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AMERICAN Illustrated News

Vol. XXIII.—No. 14.

MONTREAL, SATURDAY, APRIL 2, 1881.

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DRESSED FOR THE BALL.

PUBLISHERS' NOTICE.

Our agent, Mr. O. Aymong, will visit Ottawa and all places on the Q. M. O. & Q. R. to Hochelaga during the next fortnight, for the purpose of collecting subscriptions due to this paper, and obtaining new subscribers. We trust that those who are in arrears will make a special effort to settle with him.

TEMPERATURE

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

THE WEEK ENDING

March 27th, 1881.			Corresponding week, 1880		
Max.	Min.	Mean.	Max.	Min.	Mean.
Mon.. 45°	33°	39°	Mon.. 32°	23°	27° 5
Tues.. 41°	31°	36°	Tues.. 40°	25°	32° 5
Wed.. 36°	24°	31° 5	Wed.. 39°	19°	29° 5
Thur.. 36°	24°	31°	Thur.. 30°	15°	22° 5
Fri.. 36°	22°	29°	Fri.. 25°	4°	11° 5
Sat.. 34°	20°	27°	Sat.. 33°	9°	21°
Sun.. 31°	19°	25°	Sun.. 38°	11°	24° 5

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CANADIAN ILLUSTRATED NEWS.

Montreal, Saturday, April 2, 1881.

THE WEEK

THE news of the termination of the war in the Transvaal would have been welcome on almost any terms. As it stands, however, it is impossible to shut our eyes to the fact that the war has been in its result an absolute failure, and that a large expenditure of money and blood has gained absolutely nothing. The terms of peace amount in a word to the acknowledgment of the independence of the Boers in return for an acknowledgment of the sovereignty of the Queen. That there never was any unwillingness on their part to acknowledge such sovereignty may be gathered from the tenor of the original petition to Her Majesty. But, as we said before, peace on whatever terms is most welcome, though it seems a little hard that Sir GEORGE COLLEY and so many other brave men should have laid down their lives for an idea, and that idea never consummated. And, if we sympathize most, as we naturally do, with the sufferers of our own race and country, we may feel a pang of regret for the suffering entailed upon a brave race whose only contention was for that loyal independence which the Government has been driven after all to grant them. And we cannot even console ourselves with the thought that even if we do not know "what they killed each other for" at all events "it was a famous victory."

WE have a genuine grievance, and one which we recommend to the attention of Mr. BLAKE and the Opposition generally for ventilation during the recess. Time was when we had some distinctive national features, when 'Ary as he walked down the Quadrant would unhesitatingly pronounce upon the identity of a Canadian portrait in the windows of the Stereoscopic company. Toboggan, snow-shoes, with a sleigh and possibly a snow-plough in the middle distance, and an ice railroad puffing in the background would even now lead many a man to say with Sir WALTER, "This is my own my native land," if he happened that is to be a Canadian. And yet such a man would have too much, far too much confidence in the traditions of his country. We had reluctantly some time ago to admit that snow was to be found elsewhere than in the Dominion, and that the delights of bursting water-pipes and blockaded passenger trains were not unknown to outer barbarians—but now, with an ice railroad in St. Petersburg, "Montagnes Russes"

(which being translated become toboggan slides) by the dozen in Paris, and, worst atrocity of all, a snow-plough in Thuringia, which, with shame at our fallen glory, we illustrate on another page, how are we to distinguish the genuine Canadian from the European variety? And there are rumours—but these we refuse steadfastly to believe—of snow-shoes, actually, gentlemen, snow-shoes—being used in Great Britain! Heaven grant that we may be preserved from this last humiliation.

COLONIZATION is the means by which it is now proposed to conquer the difficulties connected with the journey to the North Pole. Colonies are to be established amongst the Esquimaux as near as possible to the Pole, and gradually pushed to the north. Nothing could be more charming for everybody except the colonists and possibly the Esquimaux, who may have objections not hitherto published to being pushed pole-wards and made to do "all the hard work," as the proposal contemplates. The pleasures of the climate, the abundance of game and other luxuries, and the delightful sensations attending the three or four months during which it is not necessary to get up in the morning, or rather when there is no morning to get up in, will, it is expected, attract colonists in large numbers to this favored region. It is understood that a Syndicate has been formed for the purpose of providing proper means of transportation, and that alternate blocks of territory between Smith's Sound and the Pole will belong to them. This is expected to greatly encourage forthcoming settlers, and applications for allotments should be made early to insure attention.

AN amusing scene was provided in the House of Lords the other day—and they don't have many amusing scenes there either—by the absent-mindedness of Lord BEACONFIELD. Whether he was thinking out the plot of his new novel, or engaged in the preparation of some peculiarly pungent criticism of the Government will probably never be known. So far at all events was his mind from the consideration of purely mundane affairs that he seated himself upon those sacred benches whence but a short time since he was wont to "reign supreme," and was only recalled to a sense of the mistake he had made by the Conservative cry of "An omen! An omen!" which filled the House. When he did discover his position the ex-Premier joined heartily in the laugh which attended his crossing to the ranks of the Opposition.

It is probable that managers of railroads in Russia as elsewhere conceive that in setting apart a *coupé* on their passenger trains for ladies only, they have done all that could be reasonably expected of them to ensure the fair sex that convenience and comfort which they naturally expect as their due in travelling the world over. Neither is it strange that it has never occurred to the said officials to place any restrictions upon the behaviour of the ladies who occupy such compartments, or to provide, as in the case of the more objectionable male, a special compartment for those addicted to the consumption of the fragrant weed. Consequently when a lady recently at the St. Nicholas Station in St. Petersburg, applied to the conductor for a seat in the ladies' *coupé*, and found it for the most part occupied by lady smokers, and filled with smoke to an extent which would have rendered even a non-smoking male thoroughly miserable, the lady was surprised, and the conductor was in a difficulty. Application to the chief station agent revealed the fact that no rules existed prohibitory of such indulgence on the part of lady smokers in the compartment reserved for their sex, and the complainant had the choice of being asphyxiated with the approval of Mrs. GRUNDY or of sharing the comparatively small space allotted to the few outer barbarians of the male population who do not smoke. For be it remembered, instead

of one or more cars set apart for smokers as in this country, in Russia and Germany and elsewhere on the continent it is the compartment reserved "for non-smokers" which is alone the subject of any restriction. Our correspondent does not relate the choice of the fair traveller, but we may conclude that she preferred the temporary society of dreadful men to the stifling atmosphere of the sacred refuge of unprotected females.

THE applicability of the electric light to photographic purposes has been known for some years, and made occasional use of for the photographing of objects where sunlight was not procurable, as in subterranean chambers, or in the night time. It is a new thing however to find electricity in direct competition with the sun, as the source of light for portrait photography. Mr. J. von Ronzelen has recently arranged his studio in Berlin expressly with a view to the accomplishment of this object, and has succeeded beyond expectation. The time of exposure is scarcely longer than that required in ordinary daylight (from 7 to 9 seconds) and the portraits are said to be actually superior in sharpness of outline and distinctness of feature, no less than in the delicacy of their shading. The motive power which supplies the electricity is a 4-horse power electro-dynamic machine situated in the cellar of the house, and the studio is placed on the first floor, in itself no small convenience to those who are accustomed to climb up sky-high to the operating room. It has been found that the direct impact of the light casts too deep and sharply defined shadows, and to obviate this, the light itself is enclosed in a parabolic mirror which throws its beams upon a metallic reflector of about 1½ meters diameter, fastened to the ceiling, thus distributing the light over the whole surroundings of the sitter. By this means the original light power, equivalent to 3000 candles, is reduced 30 per cent. The reflector is arranged for easy adjustment, and the light can be directed at the pleasure of the operator. The advantage of the new system in a country where the photographer, especially in winter time, is so much at the mercy of fine weather, is very marked, and the process will no doubt speedily come into more general use. We give an illustration of the studio in this issue.

THE SEAT OF GOVERNMENT.

CLOSING SCENES—A REVIEW OF PROCEEDINGS, &c.

(From Our Special Correspondent.)

OTTAWA, March 26th, 1881.

On Monday afternoon the Parliamentary session was brought to a close by His Excellency the Governor-General. The prorogation took place with all the ancient forms. His Excellency was driven up in a carriage and four, escorted by the Princess Louise Dragoons, who rode very well, and looked very handsome. At the Parliament buildings the Foot Guards, with their band, formed a guard of honour. A salute was fired as His Excellency entered the grounds. The day was fine and there was a large crowd. The cheering was hearty.

The members of the House of Commons who had remained, while waiting to be summoned manifested great good humour. The Speaker was complimented; and he being a thoroughly able man, much above the common, deserved it. Sir John gave notice that next session he intended to move a resolution in recognition of the services of Mr. Patrick, the late clerk, of whom he spoke in the highest terms. Mr. Alonzo Wright good-naturedly remarked that the Opposition had not followed the advice of the late Abraham Lincoln, in that they had "swapped horses," that is, had changed their leader, while trying to cross the stream. Mr. Trow, who was the acting leader for this day, Mr. Blake and Mr. Mackenzie having left, asked the Minister of Agriculture some question about the Mennoites. Mr. Pope did not immediately respond, and Mr. Kirkpatrick caused a good laugh by remarking that he was gathering his census (senses). Mr. Pope, however, very well retrieved his position by remarking that it was not everybody who had senses to collect. Amidst this good humour the three traditional knocks were heard, and the order given to admit the messenger. The Black Rod entered, with his three profound obsequies, and stated that His Excellency desired the presence of the Commons at the Bar of the Senate Chamber.

The first and main topic of the speech was, of course, the measure for placing the responsibility of constructing and operating the Canadian Pacific Railway in the hands of a company of capitalists, an assurance being expressed that this act would be followed by the most favourable results and secure the rapid completion of this great national enterprise. The belief of His Excellency was further expressed that it would be the duty and interest of the Company to dispose of and cause settlement to be made on their lands without delay. But he added that his Ministers did not intend to relax their efforts to promote immigration. Further assurance of great importance was given from the Throne—namely, that the system of free grants of land to actual settlers would be maintained in its integrity along the whole line of the railway, while the belief was expressed that the proceeds from those lands reserved for sale would be sufficient to recoup the expenses for building the railway. Reference was further made to the Manitoba Boundary Extension Act; to the Naturalization Act; and the Railway Consolidation Act; of all of which I have given you the leading features in this series of letters.

The temperance people will be glad to learn that the Scott Act Amendment Bill which was passed by the Senate did not succeed in passing through the House. It was the same with the Patent Law Amendment Bill, which the Government did not manifest any desire to press. In fact, it was clear that it embodied at least a doubtful principle. It was really a bill to revive a number of patents, which their owners had allowed to expire, and which by proper attention they might have had renewed before the date of the expiry. It is a doubtful principle to legislate to cure carelessness.

The leading feature of the session which has closed was the extreme bitterness and persistence of the Opposition, under the leadership of Mr. Blake, to the Pacific Syndicate measure. It was attended by a failure as manifest as its own bitterness and persistence. At the first, some of the members were shaken by the boldness and confidence of the denunciations of the measure. But as the debate went on and the several lines of argument became more clearly defined and hardened, the confidence of the Ministerialists became strengthened; while it became apparent from such outside manifestations of public opinion as could be obtained, that the sense of the country was favourable to the measure, and that the violent denunciations against it had failed to enlist any active sympathy—a clear proof that they were a mistake. Notwithstanding Mr. Blake's greater brilliancy as a debater, it yet remains to be proved whether the act of deposing Mr. Mackenzie to make way for him was wise. It certainly was not gracious.

I noticed that the attacks upon the Pacific Syndicate have already been used as a very powerful handle by those who have interest to divert the current of immigration from the Canadian North-West to the railway lands in the United States. A very serious injury is thus done to the country, compared with which the mere interests of parties, as between the ins and the outs, are as nothing; and it is to be remarked that whatever other evils may find in the party strifes of our neighbours across the frontier, we do not find this particular form of suicide. There is nothing more sensitive than either capital or immigration. Both are very easily frightened away, and thus it is that the neighbouring country is enriched by the folly or worse of Canadian factions. If the operations of the Syndicate could now be discredited by streams of vituperation, this country would be put back for more than a quarter of a century, and every man in it made poorer.

There was one other short passage in the speech from the Throne, which calls for notice. The Governor congratulated the House of Commons upon sufficiency of the revenue. This is, indeed, a matter for congratulation and satisfaction. It is a proof of revival of prosperity; and a further proof how very unwise it often is when men are heated in debate to make predictions respecting matters which are certain to be answered by facts.

The session being over, this letter closes the series for this season.

SCIENTIFIC.

THREE cases of antiquities from Mr. Rassam have arrived at the British Museum. They are principally of objects found at Kouyunjik and the Nebbi Yunnis.

AT the petition of the Parisian refiners of beet root sugar, the Prefect of the Seine has proscribed bees in the neighbourhood of the city. A single refiner in the 13th arrondissement estimates his losses at 25,000 francs.

THE ingenious idea of lighting buoys with gas has been now for some time demonstrated to be of great practical value. A number of them are already in use, and one is about to be dispatched to the Suez Canal.

WOOL.—Manufacturers of woollen goods may look forward for some time to a cheap and full supply of wool. The first arrivals for 1881 are the greatest known, being 310,000 bales, as against 215,000.

AN examination has taken place at Brussels of the railway employés in order to test their eyes. More than one-twentieth of them have been found defective, and consequently will be discharged as being unable to fulfil their functions with a sufficient security for travellers.

THE LICK OBSERVATORY TELESCOPE.—The trustees of the Lick Observatory have finally closed the contract for the optical part of the great telescope. There has been considerable doubt whether a refractor or an enormous reflector would be selected, but the decision is in favour of the former. The object glass is to be three feet in diameter, and the Clarks of Cambridge, Mass., are to make it for \$50,000.

VERNAL FAITH.

When heaven was stormy, earth was cold,
And sunlight shined the world and wave,
Thought burrowed in the church-yard mould,
And fed on dreams that haunt the grave.

But now that heaven is freed from strife,
And earth's full heart with rapture swells,
Thought soars through fields of endless life
Above the shining asphodels.

What flower that drinks the south wind's breath,
What sparkling leaf, what Hebe morn,
But flouts the sullen gray-beard Death,
And laughs our arctic doubts to scorn?

Pale scientist, scent of healthful blood,
Your ghastly tones one moment close:
Pluck freshness from a spring time bud,
Find wisdom in the opening rose.

Mark the white lily, whose sweet core
Hath many a wild-bee swarm enticed,
And draw therefrom a honeyed lore
Pure as the tender creed of Christ!

Yes, even the weed, which upward holds
Its tiny ear past bower and lawn,
A lovelier faith than yours unfolds,
Caught from the far faint winds of dawn.

PAUL H. HAYNE, in Harper's Magazine for April.

OUR ILLUSTRATIONS.

OUR frontispiece this week has displaced the ordinary cartoon by the right of the courtesy extended to the fair sex the world over. *Place aux dames*. Even Mr. Blake himself could not refuse to concede the place he occasionally occupies to so fair a beauty as this. We wish we were going to meet her at the ball for which she has attained herself so carefully.

We give a charming fancy sketch this week by Giacomello, the great inimitable delineator of the feathered tribes, emblematic of the month of April.

We had hoped with the illustration of the old barracks, now in course of demolition, to have been able to present a chapter of French Canadian history, to which they should serve as a motive, but we have been disappointed in the arrival of the G.M.S. in time, and must consequently refer our readers to the next number of the NEWS for a full account of the barracks, and the reminiscences which cluster around their antiquity, leaving the illustrations for this number at least to make out their own case.

THE expedition of General Skobeleff against the Turcomans—or Turcomen, as the proof-reader insists it ought to be spelt—will gain an additional interest in our readers' eye from the clever sketches by the celebrated Dick, which we reproduce here from *Weker Land und Meer*. A full description of each subject will be found at the foot of the page, and the story of the campaign itself is too stale now for repetition.

THE INNER LIFE OF MEXICO AND THE MEXICANS.—One of the sights of the capital is the street letter-writer. He is to be found in a shaded nook in close proximity to a piazza, or place of public resort, the *portales mercaderes* being his happiest hunting ground. Attired in *sombbrero* and *zarape*, he awaits his customers, while he munches a *tortilla* or indulges in the dearer luxury of *pambazo*. His clients are chiefly composed of young Indian girls, with copper coloured skins, blue-black hair and eyes black as sloes. The master passion urges them to commit their feelings to paper through the medium of the letter-writer, and as he clumsily performs his task, droning the "gush" while he reduces it to writing, the absorbed and eager expression of his client is a wondrous study. Young fellows, in from the neighbouring ranches, also come to him in their distress, and no matter how knotted the complication, how delicate the situation, he is equal to the emergency, preserving a stolidity of face that would reflect credit on one of Montezuma's stone idols. The sidewalks of the principal thoroughfares are striped with bars of gold. These bars are rays of sunlight coming from out the tenement courts. The court is usually an oblong square surrounded by galleries, the keen full blue sky serving for a canopy. The Mexicans are passionately fond of flowers, and the inhabitants of these courts vie the one with the other in having the most gorgeous and deliciously perfumed flowers all the year round. Yellows and crimsons and purples, fit to set the teeth of an enthusiastic horticulturist a-watering, absolutely dazzle, while orchards worth thrice their weight in gold, and ferns of luminous green, hang in festoons, the molten sunshine actually illuminating them. Water is scarce in the capital, and the appearance of an *aguador*, or water-carrier, never fails to bring the inhabitants of a court out to their respective balconies.

A PAGE of domestic life will be welcome to many of our readers, amongst whom the children are never forgotten. The story of the monkey, who made the cat's paw take the place of his own in helping himself to hot chestnuts off the hob, has added a word to our language and will serve as a good story for the youngsters, and many a mother wishes for as quiet a *menage* as seems promised by the other picture of "Harmony."

PROTESTING AGAINST THE CHANGE IN THE SCOTCH TARTAN.—There has been great excitement throughout Scotland and the Scotch circles of London over the proposed changes in the tartans of the Highland regiments, and an enthusiastic meeting to protest against the contemplated action, held in the hall of Stafford House, London, is the subject of our illustration. The particular moment chosen by the artist was

when Lord Archibald Campbell, son of the Duke of Argyll, and brother of the Marquis of Lorne, with earnest action and voice quivering with emotion, swore upon his drawn dirk to preserve the tartan. As the weapon was passed round to be kissed by the MacIntosh, who occupied the chair, the Duke of Sutherland, the Duke of Athole, Lord Elcho, Donald Currie, and others, the audience, who had watched the action of Lord Archibald silently, and with keen, wistful looks, burst into an irrepressible shout of heartiest approbation. A petition was drawn up for presentation to Her Majesty, praying that the change be not made, and, after receiving upwards of sixteen thousand signatures, was delivered at the War Office.

OUR illustrations of the electric light in Berlin, and the snow-plough in Thuringia will be found alluded to in the editorial columns, and scarcely need any further remarks. The usefulness of the snow-plough in clearing the gullies through which the mountain roads of Thuringia run is out of comparison even with the service which it does us here in Canada.

AMUSEMENTS.

Last week the frequenters of the Theatre Royal had an unusual treat in the production of the "Banker's Daughter," by the Union Square Company of New York. The play itself abounds in strong situations and good dialogue, and the acting was far better than we have been accustomed to see here. Where the special excellence was shown, to my mind at least, was in the superiority of the all-round acting, to which the Star system has rendered us unaccustomed, it becomes very difficult to pick out individuals for special notice. The story is based upon the marriage of Lilian the banker's daughter to a rich cousin, who has long loved her, but whom she has looked upon only as a friend, to save her father's house from bankruptcy; she stipulates that her future husband should be told of her love for another, but the father suppresses this and under such a mistake the marriage takes place. So far the story is old. The novelty in the plot consists in the discovery of the truth by the husband, who at once leaves his wife, who did not know how she had learned to love him until departed from his side, and their ultimate reconciliation, (after the old lover has been conveniently killed in a duel) by the good offices of their child. Mr. Bangs as John Strebelow, the husband, made an excellent type of the best kind of American gentleman, a type by no means common, while Lilian fell to the lot of Miss Anna Boyle, whose acting on the whole was very creditable though a little overstrained at times and wanting in tenderness, a greater show of which might have often taken the place of melodramatic passion with advantage. The necessary foils to the serious cast of the piece are found in Mrs. Brown the typical American girl who marries an aged millionaire and gets rid of him in time to marry the early object of her liking in the person of George Washington Phipps the equally typical American tourist, who does Paris in three days, and London in four, and who proposes to his lady love in the intervals of checking his pocket order-book. Both these characters were capably represented by Mr. and Mrs. Walcott who were a host in themselves. The Count de Carojac a French nobleman whose chief utility appears to be to polish off the troublesome early lover, fell to the lot of Sig. Majorini who played in a natural and unaffected manner which won him many friends. I did not think a great deal of the "Petite Edna Bankson" as the bills call her, who moreover is surprisingly well developed as the result of a six year marriage only—I nearly forgot Mr. Forberg's old man which should not be forgotten as a finished piece of character acting. I hope Mr. Sparrow will give us many melodramatic treats as this. I am sure he only needs a little encouragement to do so, and the good houses of last week should prove such.

Mrs. Otis Rockwood announces a series of 4 Chamber Recitals at 959 Dorchester street on April 4th and following Mondays. The subscription list I am glad to see is filling up rapidly at DeZouche's, and I trust they will have the support of all music loving people. Mrs. Rockwood's own merits as a musician are well known, and she will be well supported by professional talent.

MUSICUS.

VARIETIES.

SUCH is fame. Only a few days ago, Congress was crowded to hear eloquently told the old and ever new story of the privateer General Armstrong. The sword presented to her heroic commander, Samuel Chester Reid, was recently, and probably still is, for sale at a second-hand store on the Bowery, in New York.

GENERAL NOYES, our Minister at Paris, said a very neat thing the other day when a host of people pestered him to obtain invitations for them to Mrs. Mackay's grand entertainment. "Ladies," said the Minister, firmly, "Mr. Mackay is an American citizen, and it is my duty to protect him."

THE Hugo celebration had, inevitably, its ludicrous features. Probably the funniest thing connected with it was the poem presented by the students of Albi, who alluded gracefully to the "mystery" of his initials—"Victor like Virgil and Hugo like Homer." This reminds one irresistibly of the toast offered by a much impressed admirer of the bard, "I drink to Victor Hugo, so worthy of that great name!"

CHRONIC CACHINNATION.

A correspondent of the Philadelphia Times writes the following stupendous story from Frenchtown, New Jersey:—

Straight across the Delaware from here and back among the hills which run parallel with the river for many miles lives a family concerning whom the strangest stories are told. The father and son are farmers, and all live in a large, substantial house, a few yards from the road to Doylestown. They are all chronic laughers, having an affliction of the muscles of the mouth and throat which compels them to give vent to apparent merriment at stated intervals. The malady first appeared in the father about ten years ago. He was usually a very quiet man, enjoying fun, but manifesting his enjoyment without much noise. He was seated at the dinner table one day in the spring of the year, eating steadily and not engaging in any of the conversation which the other members of the family were carrying on. Suddenly, without any cause, he burst into a loud fit of laughter, so extremely different from his accustomed laugh that all were attracted by it at once. When asked what was the reason for his sudden outburst he made no reply, but continued his merriment. Some of the boys thought he had hysterics and pounded him on the back, but it did no good. After a few moments he made motions for pencil and paper and wrote that he was unable to control his risibles, and asked them to send for a doctor. The rural physician came, but could give no remedy that stopped the laughter. Peal after peal of what sounded like the heartiest kind of fun came from him, and nothing would avail to prevent it. The doctor finally came to the conclusion that he was the victim of a nervous attack, and, leaving a nerve, departed. The father continued laughing until about sundown, when he suddenly stopped and fell on the floor, completely prostrated. He soon grew better, however, ate a hearty supper, and spent the evening much as usual. No signs of a return of the old trouble appearing he went to bed and was soon fast asleep. About 2 o'clock in the morning, however, his wife was awakened by his laughter, and the same symptoms manifested themselves as on the afternoon previous. He kept it up until 7 o'clock, laughing loud and long. At 7 o'clock the noise suddenly ceased and did not return again until dinner time. Thus it continued, recurring each day shortly after noon and in the night about 2 o'clock, and has ever since. As the weeks passed he grew so accustomed to the disease that he was caused very little inconvenience by it. He did not get tired out, as at first, and soon was able to go about his work—sowing seed and planting corn, digging vegetables and watering the cattle—while laughing immoderately. He could not talk while under one of the spells, but carried a slate and pencil about with him, after the fashion of a deaf and dumb person. The trouble was very regular in its coming and going, and only occasionally broke forth at unlooked-for seasons. Once the old man was taken in church, just when the minister was exhorting his hearers in the most solemn strains, and spoiled the effect of the discourse, besides disturbing the equilibrium of the clergyman. Another time he was found by one of his neighbours along the road, lying beneath a bag of flour, laughing at a terrific rate. He has been taken while driving home from the mill, and the suddenness of the sounds frightened the horse, causing it to run away and dump the man and part of his load out in the road. For eighteen months the father was the only one of the household afflicted with the malady. Several of them had complained from time to time of an inclination to join the father in the laugh, but none of them did so until nearly two years after he was taken, when Susie, the youngest child, suddenly burst into a similar fit during one of her father's attacks. From this time on she has laughed at about the same hours as her father does. One by one the remaining members fell victims to the strange complaint, until about three years ago there was but one left free, and that was Charles, the eldest son. His long exemption led him to believe he would escape the contagion. But he was mistaken, and it is said he had his first attack while petitioning for the hand of a Harrisburg damsel. So frightened was the lady by the queer behaviour of her suitor that she ran from the room, and it was weeks before the proper explanations could induce her to see him again. She is now one of the family here, and, escaping the malady, never minds the hideous chorus of laughter which twice a day resounds through the house or grounds. It is regarded as rather strange that none of the neighbours should have caught the infection, but such is the case, although many of them mingle constantly with the family. Everything possible has been done to alleviate or remove the malady, but without perceptible effect. Several eminent physicians from the leading cities have visited the home and grown exceedingly interested in the case. They all confess themselves baffled by the malady, and want one or two of the family to go to the city, where they can receive constant treatment. This they steadily refuse to do. Their peculiar trouble, so noticeable and odd, has made them very sensitive, and they will not travel where they will be subjected to public scrutiny and remark. They go to church or the store in the village close by, and attend social gatherings occasionally in the neighbourhood in the evenings, but only among life-long friends. People within a radius of a few miles are so accustomed to the thing that they never

mind it or mention it. Consequently very few people outside of the immediate vicinity and the physicians who have attended them are cognizant of the circumstances. People passing the house, especially in the summer time, have been filled with curiosity by what they saw and heard and have carried accounts to distant places. These reports are very vague, for the passers-by have no definite idea of the matter. They only know that it looked remarkably strange to see a father and his sons out in a field ploughing and sowing many rods apart, yet each one laughing as though he had heard the best joke in the world.

Curious stories are told of the travellers who went that way. Several years ago two young men came from Doylestown to attend a party at Erwinna, a summer resort on the Pennsylvania side a few miles below here. It was a warm night, and they did not start back until late. They drove past the house of the laughing family soon after the regular attack had begun. The windows were all open, and every sound could be clearly heard. As the young men approached they heard the most unearthly noise their ears ever received. It seemed like a perfect pandemonium, and they felt sure they must have struck the entrance to the lower regions. The horse took fright and nearly ran away with them. Coming to the conclusion that, at the least, the place was haunted, they hurried home, and the next morning, spread the news. Parties were formed to investigate the matter, but none of them solved the problem till informed by a man in the village near at hand as to the nature of the case. We were urged to remain reticent about the matter and have done so. The years of incessant laughter have told somewhat on the faces of the family, but not so as to be very noticeable. There are scores of lines under the eyes and above the cheeks, caused by the drawing up of the skin. Then their mouths have become wider and they keep them closed with difficulty. The most marked result of the disease, however, is in the voice. The entire family talk in the same tone, resembling as nearly as anything the voice of an alto-singer. Males and females have the same inflection and intonation. Most of them have more or less trouble with their eyes, several having become near-sighted. The pupils have contracted and the entire eyeball is diminished in size. This is accounted for by the contraction of the eyes in laughing and the effort required in working or reading while undergoing an attack. Very little physical annoyance is caused the laughers. They read and write, sleep and work without any trouble. The only thing they seem unable to do, while attacked, is to eat, and that can be readily understood. Several grandchildren have been born, and in all but one instance they were taken, soon after birth, with stated attacks at the same hours as their parents. Of course they do not laugh as the older ones do, but they crow and express all the signs of baby glee twice a day and never cry while in that state.

NEWS OF THE WEEK.

PEACE has been finally declared with the Boers.

NAVIGATION on the Hudson river opened last week.

THE public debt statement of Mexico shows a deficit of \$142,000,000.

AT a land meeting at Woodford, County Galway, on Sunday, Dillon made a strong attack on the Irish judges. The matter is to be brought before Parliament.

THE prisoners in Kilmainham jail have formed themselves into a branch of the Land League.

A proclamation of the late Czar's marriage with the Princess Dolgorouki will be issued by the new Czar.

A GREAT international conspiracy has been discovered by the St. Petersburg police, which has led to numerous arrests.

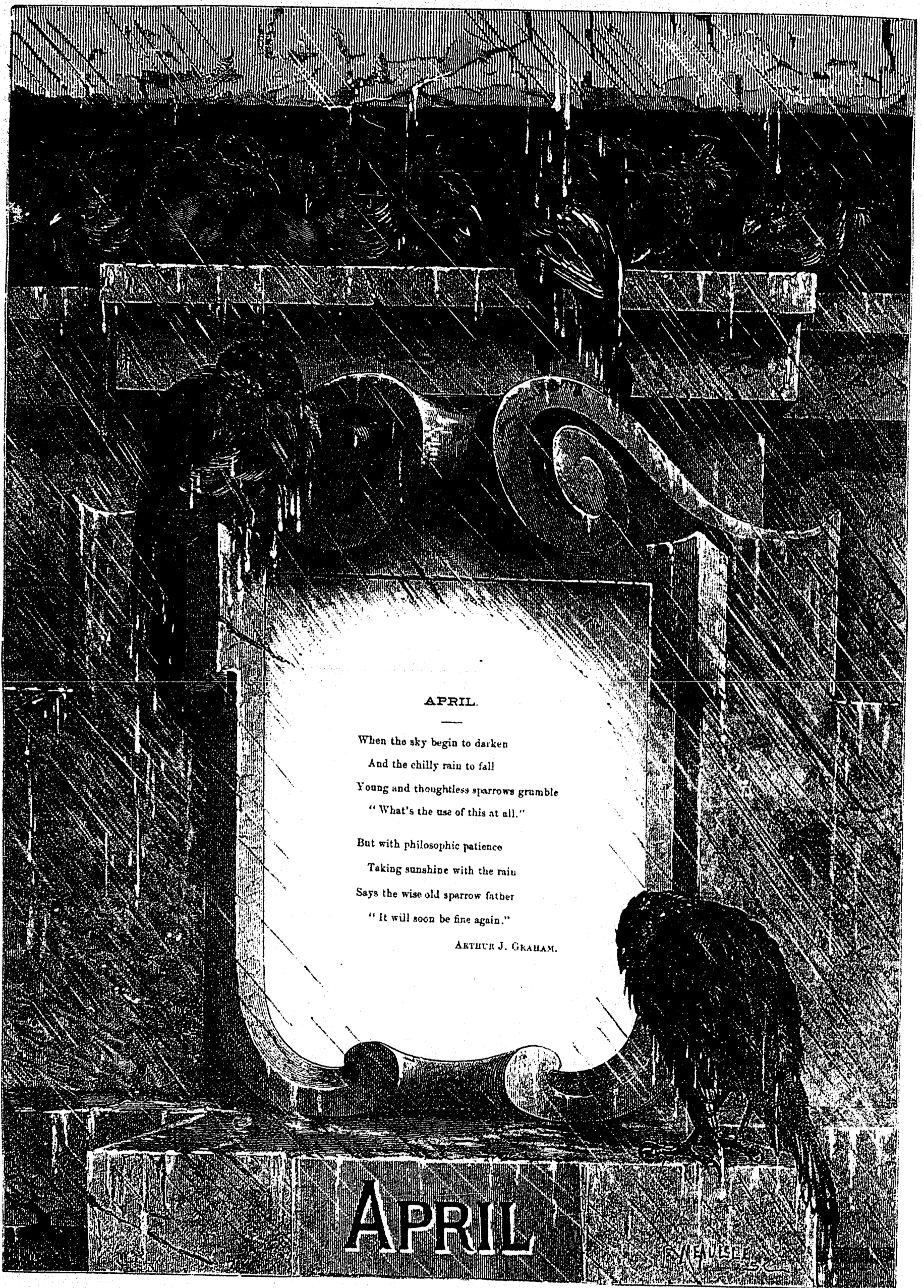
A Constantinople despatch says anarchy prevails on the Armenian frontier, the Kurds openly defy the Turks, and a general outbreak is feared.

MR. Gladstone proposes to announce in his coming budget a reduction of 1d in the £ of the income tax.

A CHICAGO despatch says a large excursion party from Ottawa to Manitoba had been snow-bound near the former city for several days.

TOURISTS, commercial men and others will do well, when in Toronto, to visit the Walker House, one of the best appointed hotels in the Dominion, having ample accommodation for 200 guests. This hotel overlooks bay and lake and stands in its own block, thus giving light and air to each room. Visitors will find all the comforts of a home at moderate rates. The Walker House has been supplied with all the most modern improvements, and every new feature which can tend to enhance the comfort of its guests has been introduced. The Walker House is within three minutes' walk of the principal steambout wharves and railway stations, where omnibus and porters are in constant attendance.

Mr. J. H. Gould is at present on a tour through Ontario in the interests of the NEWS, and is now in Toronto, where we trust that he will meet with a good reception from our friends that are and those that are to be.



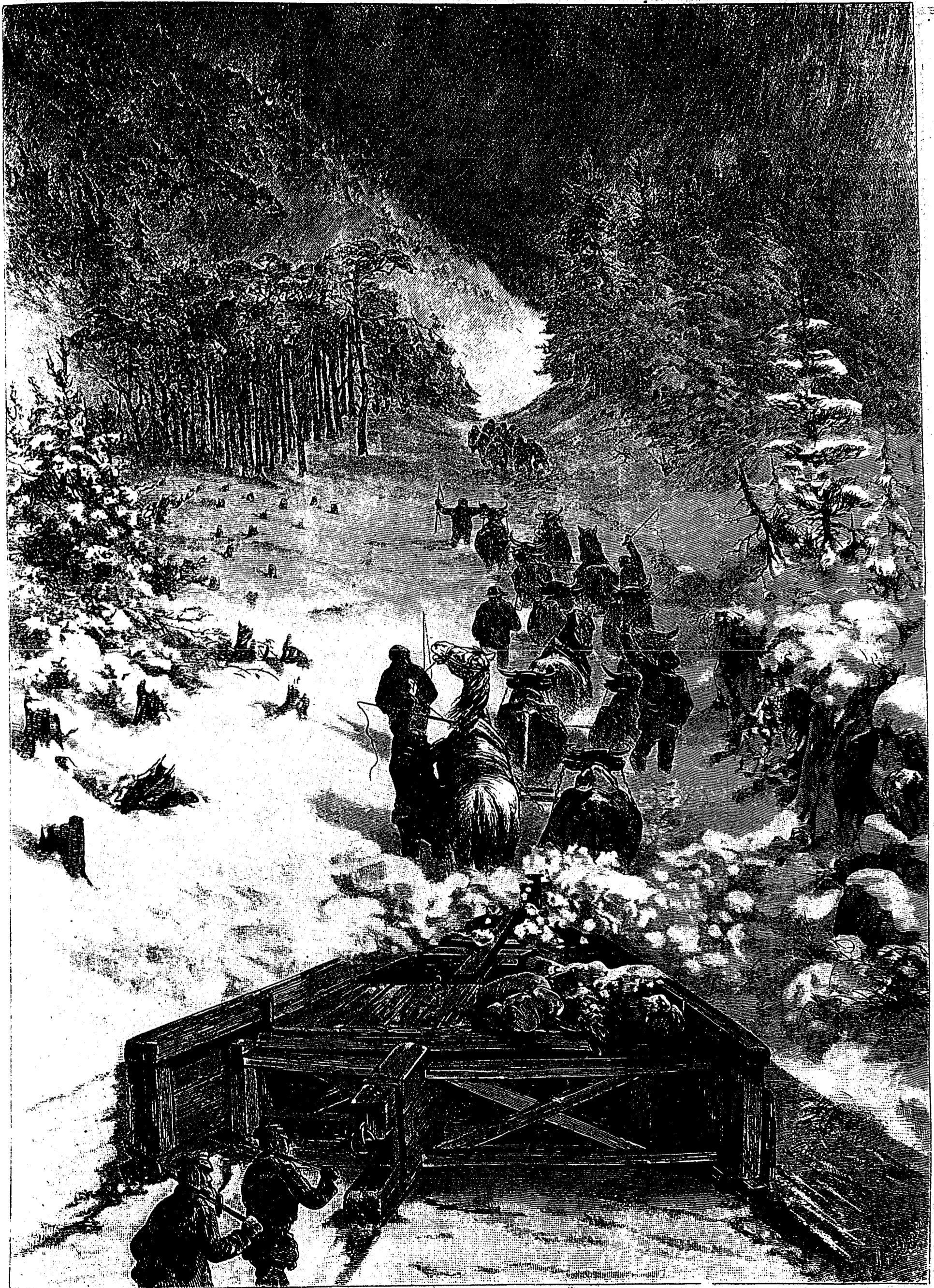
APRIL.

When the sky begin to darken
And the chilly rain to fall
Young and thoughtless sparrows grumble
"What's the use of this at all."
But with philosophic patience
Taking sunshine with the rain
Says the wise old sparrow father
"It will soon be fine again."

ARTHUR J. GRAHAM.

APRIL

W. W. WOOD



A SNOW PLOUGH IN THURINGIA.—DRAWN BY FERDINAND LINDLER.

[Written for the News.]

THE LORD OF THE HARVEST.

The fields are ready for harvest,
And the Dawn with her tender eyes
Looks down on the thousand ears of corn
That wait for the sun to rise.
And the winding path thro' the bending grain
Is weeping with fallen dew.
And the birds are waking one by one,
And the stars creep out of the blue.
Up there like wings of angels
The pearly cloudlets lie;
And the bliss of Heaven speaketh
In the silence of the sky.
Sure, a happy day will follow
Such a fair and blessed dawn!
Sure, the evening must be gracious
That is crowned by such a morn!

II.

The sun has risen, his glory
Streams over all the plain;
And the wind shakes out the tassels
Of the corn and bearded grain.
One by one the reapers gather
Singing as they pass along,
For the burden of their gladness
Would be heavy without song.
One alone, of all the reapers,
With no heart for work or play,
With dumb lips and soul of anguish
Toils through all the weary day:
For before that dawn of promise
The Lord of the Harvest came
With his own hand gently gathered
One ripe ear of precious grain.
"Oh, my Lord!" the lonely watcher
Had sobbed in her agony.
"Stay thy hand out of pure pity,
Hear me in my misery.
Reap me, reap me, if thou wilt, but
Oh, this other gently spare."
"Child," the Master's voice made answer,
"Child, thou knowest not thy prayer.
Trust me fully and forever,
Only best the thing I do:
Shall I stay my hand and leave her
The old life when I have new?
Canst thou spare her on the morrow,
Pain and sorrow at thy door?
I will stretch my hand and spare her
All earth's woes for evermore."
Out into the solemn darkness
Of the deep and silent night
Went the Master of the Harvest
Bearing something out of sight.

III.

Go, the weary day is over,
And she goeth home again:
Oh, her feet and hands are weary:
At her heart a sharper pain.
In the evening sky above her
Wakes a solitary star:
And the young moon lifts her forehead
In the western skies afar:
And a dim ethereal glory
Clothes the fields and dusty road,
All around her and above her
Speaketh of the peace of God.
Then the reaper's tears are falling,
Yet, through all the blinding rain,
Hope creeps back into her bosom
And she gathers strength again.
Through the silence of her spirit
Heavenly sweet the voice she hears:
"Ye who go forth in the morning
Reaping amid bitter tears,
Shall return again with gladness,
Larger than thy soul conceives,
For within the Father's store-house
There are garnered all thy sheaves."

Montreal. MAPLE LEAF.

ONE TOO MANY FOR HIM.

A COMPLETE STORY.

CHAPTER I.

"I NEVER WILL MARRY A WEALTHY WOMAN."

"So this is Aspern Court. A very fine place, Madge; a great deal too fine for you and me, so I'm very glad there's no chance of your having it."

"I'm not!" is the quick, feminine reply. "I should not find it too fine. If it went with me you wouldn't say 'no' to it, Archie?" looking up, with a winning smile.

"Most decidedly I should," he says, warmly. "I never will marry a wealthy woman. The world might say I'd married for money."

"It wouldn't matter what the world said, surely, as long as your wife knew otherwise."

The young couple—a pair of lovers—are proceeding along a gravelled carriage-drive, over which the splendid elms arch and interlace their hoary arms. They emerge presently close to a fine old country mansion built of gray stone, and which has long been a home for the trailing ivy. It stands amid its hot-houses, and fair lawns, and shrubberies, which extend away to the belt of wood and park-land yonder. Everything about it is in good preservation, and very trim and nice. It is spring-time, and the quaintly-shaped flower-beds on the lawns are bright with snowdrops and crocuses. Only the house itself looks dismal; the blinds are all down, and there is not the least sign of animation about the closed doors and windows.

"When does your aunt's funeral take place?" asks the young man, as they stand looking at the old house.

"To-morrow, Archie," is the sad-toned reply. "By her special instructions none of her relations are to attend it, you know."

"Strange! Tell me how it was, Madge, that she quarrelled so with everyone, and lived alone? Stay, though! We won't go any further; it looks like intruding. Shall we return?"

They retrace their steps down the avenue in silence. The girl has a pensive look. The young man—a stalwart, handsome fellow, with crisp-curling flaxen hair and bright blue eyes—looks at her fondly from time to time as they walk.

An old man hobbles out from the lodge as they approach, and undoes the park-gates for them.

"Good day, Miss Margaret—good day, sir," he mumbles, in a quavering falsetto. "Hi, it's a bad day for me—a very bad day for me!" And, passing out along the country road, they hear him mumbling this to himself as he closes the gates behind them.

Archer Darrell and Margaret Grey are in love, and engaged to be married. They are both orphans, and have nothing in the world but what they earn for themselves. He is a tutor in an academy, and she a governess in a private family, both in the neighbouring town, Hambleton, about three miles away. This being Sunday afternoon, they have passed it together in walking out as far as Aspern Court.

"Now, Madge, can you tell me why your aunt would always live alone?" he asks, tucking her little black-gloved hand under his arm.

"Because I think she was very morose and ill-tempered," says Madge, sighing. "And I am forced to say that she was very cruel to poor mamma. When mamma married a soldier, aunt said she would never see nor hear of her again, although her own sister. Neither did she, not even when poor papa died, and we were dreadfully poor. Then mamma died, and I went and lived with her cousins, the Turnbells."

"And so your aunt has left all her wealth to charities?" exclaims Archer, after a minute or so.

"Yes, everything! She has told that over and over again to all her relations, until no one expects a farthing now. Aspern Court and all the property is to be sold. Doesn't it seem a shame, Archie?"

"Yes, indeed. The will is to be read the day after the funeral, is it not?"

"Yes; and all the relations have been invited. Of course I sha'n't go—where's the use?"

"I suppose your cousin, Mr. Turnbull, will be there?"

Mr. Turnbull is a builder and contractor in Hambleton. He is continually looking out for "jobs," and getting bankrupt.

"Very likely, he has nothing to do now that he is bankrupt again. Poor Mrs. Turnbull sits and cries all day long."

"If she has done that on each occasion, she must have nearly washed herself away by this time," observes Archie, with grim humour.

"For shame, Archie! Poor Mr. Turnbull can't help it. He says it's all through the mortar in that last job being so bad. He's going to look out for a job in Canada now."

"Better luck to him! But don't you consider, Miss Madge, as an instructress of youth, that 'job' is an objectionable word!" casting a sly glance at her, and drawing a cigar from his pocket.

"Now, Archie, don't be a tease! 'Job' is a very proper word in the proper place, as Mr. Turnbull uses it. Sir, you haven't asked me permission to smoke," turning on him, and playfully confiscating the cigar before he has time to light it.

She withdraws her arm, and moves away from him a little with her prize.

"I warn you, young lady, you will draw stern retribution on your devoted head, unless you restore that property," he exclaims, following her up.

"Really, Mr. Darrell, you don't mean it?" her brown eyes dancing with merriment, as she waves the cigar temptingly before him. "And, pray, what form will it take?"

He looks up the road, then down the road; but twilight is coming on, and it is quite deserted. Thereupon he seizes her in his arms, and half stifles her with kisses, despite her struggles.

"Oh, Archie! how dare you? Leave off, sir!"

"My cigar, then."

"Never, you bad, naughty—ther—, there!" giving it him, and being released, disclosing a flushed, charming countenance and panting little figure.

"I would never have given it up," she retorts, smoothing down the dark, wavy hair which had been ruffled, "if I hadn't been afraid of some one coming."

"I see," he says, laughing; "you were rather enjoying my stern retribution."

She only bestows on him a comically indignant glance, and they walk on separately now.

"Cigars are extravaganzas," she says, after a few minutes' silence. "I thought, Mr. Darrell, you were saving up to get married?"

"So I am. This one was given me," he returns, more humbly. "By the way, Madge, talking of saving, that little house we were looking at is to be let, I understand early in the autumn. I have been calculating and considering, and I really think we might— we might get married, and take it by that time."

"Do you, really, Archie?" she exclaims, in high glee, and quite forgetful of her mock anger. "It is a nice house, and we could arrange the rooms as we said, and you could have the little one for a study."

"No; it should be your sitting-room."

"No; your study, Archie. It would suit admirably. What a dear, kind, considerate love you are!" taking his arm again.

He smiles. They are approaching Hambleton now, by the lights that are beginning to twinkle through the trees, and the people they meet.

"And you are contented enough not to have a fortune, Madge?" he asks. "You think, with

me, it would be a shame to spoil all our little plans?"

"Why should it spoil them?" she says, with a saucy, demure glance. "Oh, I see! You could never bring yourself to marry a woman with money, Archie."

"Again, Miss Madge, take care. I can tell you that more unlikely things have occurred than that a fortune should be left me. My father's cousin was disappointed in love, poor fellow, and went to New Zealand. He grew wealthy, but always wrote and said he should never marry; and my father, who knew the man, said he would be sure to keep his word. He has not been heard of for years; but suppose I should come into money from him! The tables would be turned, my lady, and how would you look?"

"Oh, I could never marry you!"—with a waggish shake of the dainty little head. "It might be said I married for money, you know. I never could bring myself to that."

Archer twisted his tawny moustache with a look of amused forbearance.

"It's lucky for you, Miss Madge, there are too many people about!" he says, in a meaning whisper.

"But is it true, Archie," she asks, after she has indulged in a little rill of laughter, "that you have a rich cousin abroad? What is his name?"

"Joshua Hawthorn. We last heard of him at a town named Blenheim, during my father's lifetime."

"Here we are at Mrs. Audley's! What a happy walk we have had! Our walks are always happy, Archie. Good-bye, dear love!"

And he takes his farewell, as they part in the time-honoured fashion that lovers follow, and will continue to follow, to the end of the chapter—of love.

II.

IS IT FAREWELL, THEN?

"Hallo, Mr. Turnbull, where are you rushing off to? Got another job on hand?"

A stout, middle-aged man is pursuing an impetuous course down the Hambleton High Street, when he is arrested and addressed thus by Archer Darrell. His full, red countenance shines with perspiration above a blue, spotted choker, and he is a good deal out of breath; but this is Mr. Turnbull's ordinary state of being, suggestive, in the first place, of having twice as much to do as time to do it in; in the second of "beer." At the present moment, however, he is labouring under some unusual excitement.

"Mr. Darrell, by Jupiter! Have you heard the news, Mr. D.? You're the luckiest man on this earth! By Jupiter, you are, I tell you! Here have I been waiting, and the missus and the youngsters have been waiting all our blessed lives for a bit of luck, and here you are—by Jupiter!"

Mr. Turnbull would seem to be on intimate terms with the great heathen deity, whose aid he invokes to a large extent in his daily conversation. Archer stares at him in some surprise.

"What is the news, Mr. Turnbull? I've heard of nothing unusual."

"Not heard that Miss Crompton, my own cousin, has left everything to little Madge Grey? I mean it, by Jupiter! Everything to her, and not a shilling for me or the missus! Isn't that luck enough for you? It's something to be engaged to Miss Grey, of Aspern Court, by Jupiter!"

To do Mr. Turnbull justice, he doesn't seem to bear Miss Grey any ill-will on this score, and glows more with exultation than envy.

For a moment Archer has a look of glad surprise; then it gives place to a gloomy expression.

"So that's the great news!" he says, moodily. "I don't mind telling you, Mr. Turnbull, that I should have been better pleased to hear that the property had been left to you. I would rather have had Miss Grey as she was than as she is. I don't believe in 'marrying money.'"

"Nonsense, man alive! You know she's the truest-hearted girl in the world. Money makes no difference in that. By Jupiter, you're in luck every way, I tell you! There's many a man would snap at your bargain, and have no scruples about it, neither. But, there, I must hurry! Good day—good day!"

And off rushes good-natured Mr. Turnbull, having, in his brusque manner, left behind him the most unfortunate words that he could tangle in his listener's ears.

"Snap at the bargain!" repeats Archer Darrell, retracing his steps with a slight frown, to his little lodgings close to Hambleton Academy.

Though it is a half-holiday, and the afternoon sun is glorifying his shabby sitting-room as he enters it, he flings himself into an old arm-chair in high dudgeon, and resigns himself to morose reflections.

"Archie!"

He looks round at the low musical utterance, to find the door has been opened softly, and to see pretty Madge peeping round it at himself.

She closes the door as he rises, and, tripping across the room, throws herself into his arms.

"Oh, Archie, let us be joyful! You will be master of Aspern Court. It's too good to be true almost!"

But he doesn't seem to reciprocate her raptures, and she stands back to see the cause of his coldness.

He is pale, and has a look of pain, as if her rejoicings grated harshly on his ears.

"I could have found more happiness in the little home we planned than in a dozen places like Aspern Court," he says, stiffly, and avoiding her gaze. "Miss Grey must have forgotten that—"

And he pauses abruptly, and walks to the window.

The shadow of a great dread has fallen on Madge.

"You don't mean, Archie, that this fortune can make any difference in—in our love?"

"I mean that it must make a great difference in our lives," he returned from the window. "Has Miss Grey forgotten what I said on Sunday, or did she think I was jesting? I was never more in earnest. The lady I marry must bring me no fortune but herself."

"Oh, but, Archie, you cannot be so cruel!" And she goes to him piteously. "Everyone knows that we were going to share our poverty; and, now that wealth has come, what can they say to our sharing that? You cannot mean it, Archie."

But his interest must be a good deal absorbed by the game of cricket going on between the school-boys in the sunlit field yonder, for he turns not towards her, and answers only by a little shrug of his shoulders.

And Madge is shedding silent tears as she murmurs, brokenly, "What is to become of me, my love? I hate the wretched fortune if it is going to part us. Oh, Archie, we must not let it! I'll give it all away at once, if you say so."

"I think, Miss Grey, we had better spare one another," he says, in a low, bitter tone. "This is a painful matter. Of course, now that your aunt has left you well to do, you cannot refuse her generosity, nor dispose of it summarily. It would be absurd, and the world would justly sneer if we were married afterwards. No; we must accept the inevitable, and make the best of it. It is hard, I must admit; but you, at least, will have a good salve for your wound."

"Archie, Archie!" she wails, and letting go his arms, leaves him.

There is silence a few minutes but for her sobbing, and when he looks round at length, she has cowered down in the old easy-chair, with her face buried in her hands on its shabby, leather-covered arm.

At this moment a shrill little voice is heard from the road below.

"Mr. Darrell, Mr. Darrell! Tommy Bowles won't play fair. He's been 'out' twice, and won't go 'out.' Will you come to him?"

The young tutor nods from the window, and says, somewhat huskily, "In a little while."

A minute later, and the shrill little voice is heard gleefully in the distance.

"Hurrah! Mr. Darrell is coming, and Tommy Bowles will catch it!"

Archer Darrell hears the rustling of a woman's dress behind him, and turning, finds that she has risen, and is confronting him with flushed, tear-stained cheeks.

"Then I am to understand, Mr. Darrell," she exclaims, with a touch of defiance in her tone that is new, "that you wish to deliberately break off our engagement in order to gratify this absurd whim of yours?"

"Not so!" he replies warmly. "I do it because I would not sacrifice honour for love even."

"I'm sorry Mr. Darrell's honour is so feeble that an ill-natured sneer from the world could blight it."

"My honour is not concerned in what the world may say, Miss Grey," he cries, almost fiercely, "but in my keeping the word I passed on Sunday, rashly perhaps, but still binding, not to marry a wealthy woman."

She makes no reply, but as she lowers her veil preparing to go, he notices a curious expression on the charming features, which he cannot explain. It is not one of resignation, nor of sorrow, nor of pique, even.

"Is it farewell, then?" she asks, without a tremor in the musical tones.

"I fear it must be so," he says, doggedly, but with a great pain at his heart.

She holds out her little hand frankly, and again he sees an expression of feature that puzzles him more than before. Now that the moment of parting has come, he has a feeling of disappointment that it should seem easy to her. However, he takes the little hand and presses it passionately to his lips.

But she snatches it from him, and darting to the door, is gone, leaving behind her a murmured "Good-bye," like the whisper of a soft, sweet breeze.

III.

"I WONDER WHAT SHE'LL SAY TO ME."

"Dr. Worboys' compliments, sir, and he sends you the Times. He says you will read the place he has marked."

The maid-servant speaks thus to Archer, as he takes his seat at his solitary breakfast-table one morning.

Dr. Worboys is the principal of the Hamilton Academy, and for him to send his favourite journal, though only the advertisement sheet thereof, thus early in the day for the young tutor's perusal, is something so unprecedented that Archer gazes at the part pointed out with considerable eagerness.

"If the next-of-kin of the John Edward Darrell who, ten years ago, was dwelling in Percival Square, London, will communicate with Pyke & Carpit, solicitors, of Bedford Row,

they will hear of something to their advantage."

Archer reads this through twice. Yes; there is not a doubt of it. This John Edward Darrell was his father.

In the course of the day he wrote to Messrs. Pyke & Carpit, and then awaited the result.

It is some weeks now since Madge Grey and he parted, and he has neither seen nor heard of her since that afternoon. It has left a great blank in his life, and he feels like a ship drifting without a rudder. It came so suddenly, passed so hopelessly, that a shade of regret will steal sometimes into his heart that he acted so peremptorily when he held that happiness in his hand.

In due course he receives a letter from Messrs. Pyke & Carpit, the result of which is that he obtains a holiday, goes to London, and proceeds to the offices of these worthy solicitors.

On first entering, he is welcomed by a sour visaged clerk, with the rather sharp inquiry, "Well, sir, what can we do for you, pray?"

Archer hands his card, which produces a magical effect on the clerk. "This way, Mr. Darrell!" he says.

Archer is shown into a room marked "Private," and there sits a little decrepit old man whose small head is sunk low between his shoulders, and whose yet black hair is combed down to meet a pair of bushy eyebrows, giving him a very sinister appearance.

"Mr. Darrell, we have some good news to announce to you. Your father had a cousin, one Joshua Hawthorn, who went abroad many years since?"

"Quite right!" replied Archer.

"Before we go any further, we may inform you that our agents in New Zealand—here the lawyer pauses with importance, and clears his little throat—"our agents in New Zealand have supplied us with the particulars which we are putting to you. This Mr. Hawthorne was so eccentric as to allow himself to be disappointed in love, we understand, and in consequence remained a bachelor all his life?"

"When we last heard from him it was so."

"And that was—"

"Oh, some years ago; during my father's lifetime."

"Just so—just so! Well, Mr. Darrell, we hope it will not prove a shock to you to learn that Mr. Hawthorn departed peacefully from this world of woe and care during this last winter."

"Indeed!" ejaculates Archer, expectant.

"And, moreover, that Mr. Hawthorn died possessed of a goodly fortune?"

"And that, after bequeathing much of it by will to his New Zealand connections, he leaves your father—believing him to be still alive—the sum of twenty thousand pounds, which sum, our agent informs us, is invested in English Government securities, and can, therefore, pass immediately into your possession."

Archer stands up. He feels a tightness across the chest, as if he could not breathe. Oh, if this had only come six months—three months earlier! What use is it to him now?"

"We are afraid, Mr. Darrell, it has been somewhat of a shock to you!" exclaims the firm from its high chair. "May we offer you a glass of our old port?" striking a hand-gong. "A rare old wine, we can assure you; laid down by our senior partner some forty years ago!"

"And now, Mr. Darrell," concludes the firm, after gulping down its own glass, with blinking eyes, as if in memory of its senior partner, "it only remains for us to place our check-book entirely at your disposal until such time as you have realized a portion of your securities. The particulars of identity you sent us in the first instance are quite satisfactory to us."

"I am much obliged to you," returned Archer. "This is a great surprise to me, no doubt. I shall have much pleasure in accepting your offer."

And half an hour later, Archer finds himself in the express for Hambleton. He is a wealthier man than he had been in the morning by a weighty roll of bank-notes, but scarcely a happier one.

What is twenty thousand pounds to him? He is much obliged to his deceased cousin, but it doesn't place him on a par with the wealthy Miss Grey, of Aspern Court, who must be worth three or four times that sum. Six months ago it would have seemed a godsend to them, and they would not have desired a farthing more. Now, it comes too late; his life is a weary dejection to him. And what of hers? He wonders. Perhaps, like most women, she has found consolation in her sudden prosperity, and he is already among the forgotten shadows of her past.

His thoughts have about landed him in these forlorn depths, in which he finds a certain melancholy enjoyment, when the train comes to a standstill at a small station, the last before reaching Hambleton.

Just as it is on the move again, Archer perceives Mr. Turnbull, shiny and red of visage as usual, rushing frantically through the station barrier to catch it.

"By Jupiter! Hi, hi! Sto-op it!"

Archer flings open the door of his compartment, and the next instant Mr. Turnbull is precipitated in headlong by a sturdy railway porter, who slams the door to again.

"A close shave, Mr. Turnbull!" exclaims Archer, assisting the breathless contractor on to the seat opposite himself.

They are alone in the compartment. Mr. Turnbull gasps and grunts for the next few minutes in his attempt to get back his breath,

and mops his shiny forehead with a yellow silk handkerchief.

"Train started—two minutes—before time," he pants, wrathfully. "No punctuality—on railways, by Jupiter! Mr. Darrell—how are you? You haven't been up—to see—my new place yet?"

"What place?" inquires Archer, surprised. "I understood last that you were going out to Canada."

"Canada, by Jupiter! Ha, ha! You're joking, Mr. Darrell! The Squire of Aspern Court go to Canada! That was before I came in for—What, haven't you heard?"—as he meets Archer's astonished look.

"Nothing; I've heard nothing about that," cries Archer, anxiously, as a strange presentiment dawns upon him.

"What, not about the will that was found—Miss Crompton's later will—executed a week before her death, leaving all her fortune and the Court to me, my missis, and the young 'uns? By Jupiter! I thought all the town knew it. My creditors did, precious soon."

"And—and Madge—Miss Grey, I mean?" falters Archer.

"Oh, Peggy! She's—"

"What Peggy? I mean—"

"That's right. We call her Peggy now. It's the short for Margaret. She's had to come down in the world, you know. Pride had a fall. By Jupiter! she was Miss High-and-Mighty while she thought she'd come in for the lot. I can tell you this, of course, now that you've broken with her. You had enough of her uppishness, I should say. Now she's going to teach our young 'uns, and glad of the job."

Archer is too much astounded at this intelligence, or he could not have failed to notice how Mr. Turnbull has been vainly endeavouring to distort his rather jovial features with a vindictive frown as he speaks.

"Hambleton! Hambleton!" and the train runs into that station before Archer has had time enough to recover his self-possession and question further.

He and Mr. Turnbull descend together, and the young tutor follows the whilom contractor out of the station mechanically.

There, sure enough, waits a little phaeton from the Court for Mr. Turnbull, in which he places himself accordingly.

"Now, Mr. Darrell," he exclaims, offering a great rough paw to shake, "I shall be delighted to see you up at the new place; and so will the missis and the young 'uns. Come up any afternoon this week, and take us as you find us. We don't care for style, you know. By Jupiter! come to dinner to-morrow. Biled leg o' mutton and caper sauce, at one punctually—missis is a rare 'un for dishing up to time. That's fixed now. You mustn't be surprised at the look of the place; I must have my job, you know. I'm doing it up myself—single handed; we don't want a lot of men about. We packed all the servants off, and just live sociable-like in the down-stairs rooms. Here,"—beckoning for Archer to approach his ear for a whisper—"one of the county families called the other day to congratulate. Jupiter! when they saw me mixing the mortar, and the missis with her arms in the wash-tub, how they stared and drove off again! Ha, ha, ha!" and with this powerful joke, and a strong wink to back it up, Mr. Turnbull rolls away in his phaeton, chuckling merrily.

"And these are the people," reflects Archer, as he betakes himself to his lodgings, "who are lording it over the poor little girl—'taking her down,' as that fellow would put it. Poor little Madge! I wonder what she'll say to me!"

IV.

"DO YOU WISH TO SPEAK TO ME, MR. DARRELL?"

It is a warm, sunshiny afternoon in early summer as Archer Darrell walks along the road to Aspern Court. He thinks to himself of the last time he came this way, with Madge Grey's little hand tucked under his arm. What change and heartache have come to him since then! Now her great inheritance is all a myth, as far as she is concerned, and he is comparatively wealthy.

"It may all come right yet," he exclaims, as he quickens his pace at sight of the lodge.

"Hullo! What does this mean?"

The lodge is deserted, and its neat trimness has fled. The thatch is off the roof, and the pretty trellis-work is all broken and trailing on the ground. The great gate is chained and padlocked. Archer can find no bell-handle nor other means of making his presence known; but, looking through the bars of the small side-gate that serves for pedestrians, he perceives a huge white board, with the inscription, "Pull the handle once, and wait."

The handle in question is just before him on the other side of the gate. He is able to reach it by putting his long arms between the bars. He does so, and gives it one vigorous tug.

One is quite sufficient. The effect is prodigious! From inside the lodge comes a deafening brazen clanging, as if a bell almost as big as the small tenement were in full swing. Archer puts his hands to his ears with a start. The country-side must be ringing with it.

"What a din!" he ejaculates, sheering off into the road. "Whatever can Turnbull be about! This is one of his absurd notions!"

Presently he hears footsteps coming down the drive, and then the head of a loutish-looking lad is projected between the bars of the small gate.

"Who's there?" he shouts, staring hard at Archer. "Air you Muster Darrell?"

"I am," replies Archer, in astonishment at this method of welcoming guests at Aspern Court.

"Then the dinner be all done," observed the boy, unbaring the gate and holding it open. "There ain't a bit left, 'cause I had the mutton lone!"

This gratuitous piece of information does not distress Archer, as he has come late on purpose to miss that same dinner. He enters, and proceeds up the drive, while the boy fastens the gate again.

Inside, everything is changed for the worse. At a glance he notices how the gravel is cut up by the heavy wheel-ruts; how here and there the green turf that borders the drives is disfigured by mounds of lime and clay.

"Well, this is a pretty state of things!" he mutters to himself, as he sees the present proprietor hastening down the drive to meet him with every demonstration of joy.

Mr. Turnbull, who is in his shirt-sleeves—a red-striped shirt—looks as rubicund and jolly as ever.

"Jupiter! but I'm glad to see you!" he exclaims, shaking Archer's hand furiously, and puffing over the exertion. "Knocked off work directly I heard the front-gate bell. You're rather late for a feed, but I told the missis to save you a bit."

Archer responds as warmly as he can bring himself to do, and states that he has dined. As they walk towards the house, he makes an inquiry about Mr. Turnbull's "front-gate bell," as he calls it.

"Ah, isn't that a brilliant idea, Mr. Darrell! My cousin, Miss Crompton—queer old lady—paid a lot of money for that bell. Had it stuck up in a turret—sort of alarm bell for fire—where it was no earthly use. 'By Jupiter,' says I to the missis, 'that's the very thing!' We'd kicked out that old chap at the lodge—I've seen enough of money flowing away in those sort of extras—and locked those gates up fast. Consequence was a man came over from town about a job, and shouted himself hoarse in two hours outside, and went home in a bad temper. So I has that bell down, fixes it in the lodge, and there it is—better than a man, 'cause it's always at home, and wants no keep. The only thing was the boys would be up to their larks, and there was I the first day dancing up and down this drive every ten minutes. Then I conceived the idea of sticking the handle inside, just beyond their reach. Brilliant, ain't it?"

"Yes, but are there no complaints in the neighbourhood?" asks Archer.

"Complaints! By Jupiter, the first day I had the fire-brigade over from Oakside! It seems my cousin—queer old lady again—had promised them a guinea if they came every time they heard that bell. They went back pretty quick as they came, I tell you. Then there's the deaf old maid lives at Singleton Hall, down the road, sent a message about the bell setting her nerves off, and one or two others round about that grumble, but it's all their ill-nature. What I say is, why won't folks be friendly and sociable, and not so uppish! But that's the way with them round here."

By this time they have arrived within view of the old house, and Archer stares again, and with a rising sensation of wrath at what he considers such desecration.

The fine, stately portico is choked up with rubbish; the front of the house is ornamented with scaffolding poles and ladders of all descriptions, appearing to be a sort of repository for them; the trim, quaint flower-beds—evidently the late owner's pride—are trampled and scattered quite out of shape; long stacks of burnt bricks and huge mortar puddings make a disgusting appearance on the lawn, and everywhere around him is nothing but havoc, dirt, and disorder, where last he had seen rural charm and beauty.

"Well, how do you think things are looking?" inquires Mr. Turnbull, with an air of profound satisfaction, as they pause. "Pretty tidy, eh? I'm making a good job of it. From the side of the old house, just where that greenery is, I'm going to run my shop out, just to do odd jobs in, you know. It'll pay, 'cause I shall always be pulling about and repairing a big place like this; it's something to do. Now, all that tackle," pointing to the superb old ivy that literally clothed half the house, "that'll have to be peeled off, you know, and a precious long job it'll be. It regularly spiles good bricks and mortar. Well, let's go in and see the missis and the young 'uns."

Archer says very little, for fear he should be induced to say too much. His attention is divided between the ruin before his eyes and his thoughts of Madge. Has she seen him? How will she meet him?

Mr. Turnbull seems quite equal to talking for the two of them, however.

"Come this way, Mr. Darrell. I'm so glad you think things look nicely. We always use the back way. What's the good of two doors, say I, 'cept to go out at one to look for your friend just as he comes in at t'other?"

Across the rubbish and wreck of glass-houses and cucumber-frames, for all of which Mr. Turnbull has a supreme contempt, they make their way, till they come to a flagged yard at the back of the house.

In the middle of this yard are at once discernible two children, engaged in a great tussle, in the course of which they roll over and over, and enjoy the favours of a slimy pool with perfect impartiality.

"Peggy, Peggy!" roars Mr. Turnbull; "those children are at it again! By Jupiter!"

they're always at it! Peggy! Why don't you look after them? Here's a pretty game! Bobby and Dicky up to their eyes in mud!"

For an instant Archer is aware that some one has come forth from a low doorway in response to Mr. Turnbull's wrathful appeal. Then his heart gives a great bound, and the colour mounts to his cheeks, as he sees the young blushing face and graceful figure in its demure brown dress.

It is Madge Grey.

She starts when he bows to her, then turns towards the squabbling juveniles without a word.

"Now then, girl; don't stand staring!" resumes Mr. Turnbull, with unnecessary severity. "Just separate those children, and take them in and make them decent. I've got company."

She seizes them, one by the sleeve, and the other by the coat-collar, and they go in willingly enough with her. Mr. Turnbull superintends the operation of removal, while Archer stands apart, with a very unpleasant, grim expression about the lines of his mouth.

"Now that job's done we'll go in, Mr. Darrell—eh?" and the ex-contractor gives a sharp side glance at Archer. "Those young 'uns are always at it—fighting from morning till night. There's no doing anything with 'em. Come, the missis is expecting us, I fancy."

The curious look of patience and repression on the features he loves so well has touched Archer to the quick.

He thinks he can read it. This man Turnbull must be a bully, and she is helpless, and in his hands.

"One moment, Mr. Turnbull,"—he speaks rapidly, in a low, thick voice. "I want a word with you about—about Miss Grey."

"About what?" exclaims Mr. Turnbull, in open-mouthed surprise.

"About the young lady"—accenting the words—"whom I have just seen you treat worse than any household drudge. I wouldn't take up the cudgels for Miss Grey more than for any one else, but I couldn't stand by and see any young lady bawled at like that without expostulation, and something stronger, if necessary. I wish to know, does Miss Grey submit to this under compulsion, or of her own free will?"

Mr. Turnbull edges a little away from Archer, and both dismay and astonishment are depicted on his red, round countenance as he stares at him.

"Whatever's the matter with the man? One would think I'd been ill-treating the girl. I told you she'd had to come down a bit. It's good for her. She can't be a fine miss now on nothing a-year. By Jupiter! I board, and lodge, and dress her, and all she has to do is to look after my young 'uns. She's treated like one of ourselves, and free enough to go if she likes."

"She can go if she chooses?" queries Archer, pale with suppressing his anger.

"Of course she can. When the rights about the property came out, I told her she might stay and share with us—loing her bit, of course—or she might go. So there's no need to flare up, Mr. D. She's all right, or she wouldn't be here, I can tell you. Don't you get hothering yourself about her, or I shall think you haven't got over that bit of a fancy—eh? By Jupiter! here's the missus come to find us."

A small woman, pale, and with watery eyes, stands feebly in the doorway, gazing towards them.

"Well, Mr. Turnbull," says Archer, as they approach her. "I don't understand it. It appears to me Miss Grey was better off as a governess. By-and-by I may have an opportunity of speaking with her, perhaps?"

"Certainly, certainly!" responds Mr. Turnbull, good-naturedly. "Well, mother, here's Mr. Darrell at last. He's been saying how well he thinks the job's looking."

"I'm glad to hear it, James," says Mrs. Turnbull, shaking her head sorrowfully. "I hope I see you as well, Mr. Darrell, as can be expected. We are here to-day, and gone to-morrow,"—heaving a deep sigh.

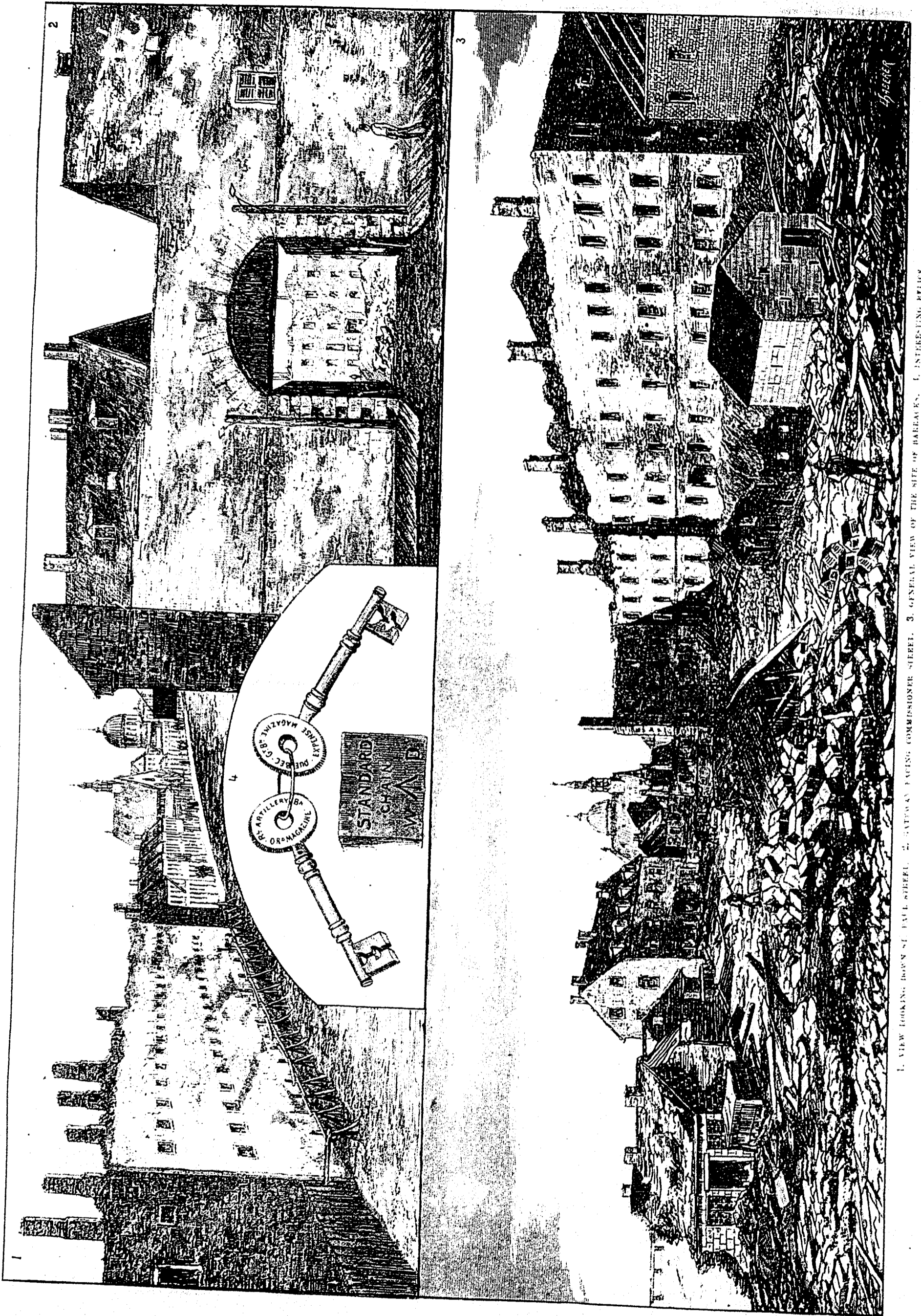
Mrs. Turnbull is one of those women to whom grief—of a certain fretful description—seems congenial; who manages to extract as much sorrow out of the good things of life as most folks do pleasure. But though a self-made martyr, she likes the world to fret with her. She renounces all the delights and sweets of life as things not conducing sufficiently to its mournfulness.

Archer has met her once before. If it were not that he knows Mrs. Turnbull is really a hard working housewife, he might be surprised at there being any wedded bliss for Mr. Turnbull. As it is, the latter gentleman is quite content. He seems to appropriate all the happiness, leaving its reverse to his wife, after the manner of the legendary Jack Sprat and partner with the fat and the lean.

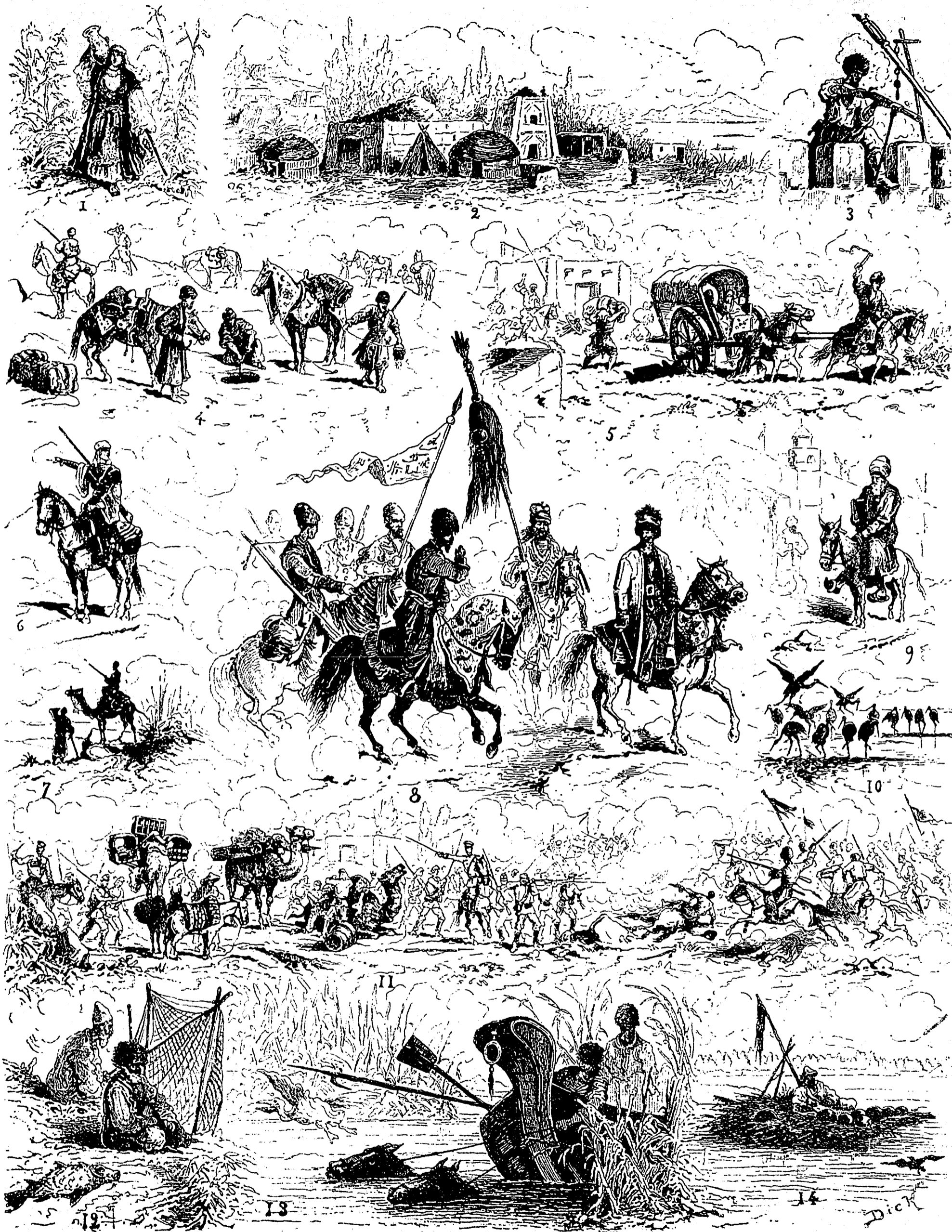
They enter, and for the next hour Archer has to endure an exploring excursion through the house, in company with Mrs. Turnbull's mournfulness, and Mr. Turnbull's talk about "jobs." Neither Madge nor the two juvenile Turnbulls appear on the scene. Archer perceives no sign of a servant, with the exception of the loutish lad, whose duty it seems to be to lounge about the back-yard. Two-thirds of the house are shut up, and Mr. Turnbull frequently announces that the tasteful and luxuriant furniture is not to his mind.

"I shall sell it all off," he says. "What's the good of keeping a lot of capital locked up in queer-fangled stuff like this?"

His wife makes no complaint, though Arthur



1. VIEW LOOKING DOWN ST. PAUL STREET. 2. GATWAY FACING COMMISSIONER STREET. 3. GENERAL VIEW OF THE SITE OF BARRACKS. 4. INTERESTING VIEW OF THE OLD BARRACKS IN MONTREAL NOW IN COURSE OF DEMOLITION.



1. TURCOMAN WOMAN.—2. AUL (TURCOMAN VILLAGE).—3. ON THE RAMPARTS.—4. A GROUP OF TEKKE AT A WELL.—5. BURNING THE AUL.—6. AN AMAZON.—7. VEDETTES.
 8. CHIEFTAINS WITH THEIR STANDARDS.—9. A MOLLAH (PRIEST).—10. AN ARMY OF CRANES.—11. ATTACK ON THE BAGGAGE.
 12. TURCOMAN FISHERS.—13. FERRY DRAWN BY HORSES.—14. FISHERMAN'S RAFT.

GENERAL SKOBELEFF'S EXPEDITION AGAINST THE TEKKE TURCOMANS.

opines that her sudden accession to wealth is a very great trial to her, yet she bears it with the fortitude of a martyr.

They return down-stairs to the room used as the living room of the family, which is, in fact, the servants' hall.

Archer is disgusted, and it is as much as he can do to conceal his feelings in silence. That this fine old place should come to such people as the Turnbells, people who cannot appreciate its refinements, whose vulgar tastes only desecrate its beauty—this is bad enough! but that his old love, Madge, whom, whatever he may have thought of herself, he believed to be in full possession and enjoyment of the luxuries of life—that she should be living with these people, and daily have her finest feelings outraged—as she must have—by what was going on around her, maddened him.

He would ask her now to be his. He would entreat for her love. And here his thoughts paused with a bitter sense of remorse. Would she be willing still?

"Now then, mother, let's have tea," exclaims Mr. Turnbull, briskly. "It's quite half a day's job getting the run of this place—eh, Mr. Darrell? I speculated first whether I shouldn't let it out in lodgings; but there! lodgers don't pay, and I don't want their money. Peggy! Jupiter! where's that girl? Come and help the missis get tea. Not she! That girl's enough to provoke—Ah, I forgot, Mr. Darrell—yes, yes!"

This break-off is caused by Mr. Turnbull's suddenly catching sight of Archer's pale, stern features.

After this the ex-contractor sits moodily abstracted for a while, and his wife prepares tea submissively, and as if she might be expected every moment to burst out crying.

Meanwhile Madge makes no appearance. Every five minutes that he remains in the house is purgatory to Archer; but he must wait to see her.

Tea is duly announced, and he endures it, though he doesn't want any: and Bobby and Dickv, who have bundled into the room, will persist in pawing him all over with greasy fingers.

Still no Madge. At last he can endure no longer, and rises to go, resolved to see her first, despite whatever construction may be put on it.

"Before I leave, Mr. Turnbull, I should like to see Miss Grey a few minutes," he says, coldly.

"What! Peggy? Of course you can, if you can find her. Mother, what's Peggy doing?"

"In the wash'us, I expect," responds Mrs. Turnbull, with a sigh. "She's taking her turn at the wash-to-day. Ah, Mr. Darrell, pride's had a fall there!"

"Washing!" cries Archer, excitedly. "You don't mean to say that you force her to do washing?"

"And why not?" asks Mr. Turnbull, a little nettled at last. "My missis does washing; why shouldn't she?"

Archer turns away with open contempt.

"Will you be so good as to send for her?" he says, calmly, to Mrs. Turnbull.

"There's the wash'us, across the yard!" shouts Mr. Turnbull, warmly. "We don't keep servants here. Go for her yourself."

Restraining himself, Archer goes out into the yard, and crosses to the spacious, cleanly laundry on the other side. He looks in. It is quite empty; there are no signs of anyone having been there.

"What can have become of her?" he wonders, as he retraces his steps.

Suddenly a terrible suspicion flashes across his mind. Are they keeping her from him—detaining her by means of force—against her will, perhaps? His opinion now of that man Turnbull is that he is fit for anything. How does he (Archer) know there was any second will? Why shouldn't Turnbull have fabricated the account of it, come in, made himself master of the place, and now be keeping Madge locked up, so that she shouldn't tell the tale of it? For the moment he overlooks that he has seen her. It is possible—nay, such things have been done.

His brain swims as the ideas flood in. He can see nothing clearly. A minute he stands at the entrance to the yard, debating whether he shall seek further, go for the nearest constable or enter, and violently wring the truth out of Mr. Turnbull.

At that instant he feels a light touch on his arm, and a low voice from behind that sends a sweet thrill through him, says, "Do you wish to speak to me, Mr. Darrell?"

(To be continued.)

PEOPLE who suffer from Lung, Throat, or Kidney diseases, and have tried all kinds of medicine with little or no benefit, and who despair of ever being cured, have still a resource left in Electricity, which is fast taking the place of almost all other methods of treatment, being mild, potent and harmless; it is the safest system known to man, and the most thoroughly scientific curative power ever discerned. As time advances, greater discoveries are made in the method of applying this electric fluid; among the most recent and best modes of using electricity is by wearing one of Norman's Electric Curative Belts, manufactured by Mr. A. Norman, 4 Queen Street East, Toronto, Ont.

THREE EVENINGS IN A LIFE.

In a bright and pleasant drawing-room on Sherbrooke St., Montreal, a young girl was standing one winter afternoon. It was the last day of the old year—and as she stood looking down into the glowing coals with fixed abstracted gaze, her thoughts were busy with the past and what it had brought to her. Joy, all joy, she could think of nothing else just now, with her lover's words sounding in her ears and filling her heart. Life seemed too bright almost, and in such new and complete happiness she thought with a vague pity of those to whom married or single, that crown of woman's existence, a true and perfect love, had been denied. Isabel Hamilton was the only and petted daughter of a rich man; her short life had never known a care, hardly even an ungratified wish. She was very beautiful, tall, almost too slight, but the graceful lines of her figure wanted only greater fullness to be perfection, and in the fair, sweet face with its large, soft violet eyes, and tender mouth, few were critical enough to discern a certain weakness of expression. In her first season she had met Arthur Verner, an officer in one of her Majesty's regiments then stationed in Montreal. His frank ways and pleasant words completed what his handsome face had begun, and before they had known each other many months, they had both quite forgotten that this matter-of-fact world requires to make what is called a suitable marriage, something besides a large store of mutual affection. Their dreams of bliss, would probably have lasted some time longer, but Mr. Verner had been called home to see his mother, who was dying in England, and he had gone with the happy confidence of a young man and an Englishman to ask Mr. Hamilton for his daughter, and Isabel was waiting in the fire-light, her pretty lips curling in involuntary smiles as she pictured the coming meeting. As the door opened slowly, she raised her head, and the glad look of welcome changed to one of perplexity and distress when she saw the cloud that rested on the handsome face of the newcomer.

"Well, Arthur," she said quickly. Without answering he put his arms around her and smoothed back her soft fair hair. "Well," she repeated, "Is it all right, what did papa say?"

"How can I tell you, my darling," he said in a low unsteady tone. "He says, your father says, that it must be all over between us, you must forget me as soon and as completely as you can."

"Forget you!" she repeated, drawing herself from his embrace, and standing upright. "Forget you! It is rather too late for that. What does he mean?"

"He means simply this," said Arthur, "that he will never let you marry me. He says plainly enough he will give no child of his to a beggar."

"But you are not a beggar," said Isabel, opening her blue eyes to their widest extent. "Is that a reason? What nonsense!"

"No great nonsense, Isabel, dearest. I am very poor as you know well, and I told your father I could not give you the luxuries you had all your life been accustomed to unless he provided them, and he was angry at such plain speaking. God knows I don't want the money for myself."

"But, Arthur, could we not do without them altogether?"

"I am willing to try, my own darling," he said, bending to kiss the fair face raised to his in such perfect trust and confidence. "I am afraid you have small idea of what poverty really means."

"I suppose it sounds very sentimental, like a girl in a novel, but truly, Arthur, I don't think I would mind it, if you did not," she added after a pause.

Arthur looked her with his heart in his eyes. "I wonder what in the world a fellow would mind with you for his wife, my sweet. But we have not even a choice. Your father is going to forbid you positively to have anything more to do with me. I am only here now to say good-bye forever."

At the last words, Isabel's face grew very white, and the large eyes dilated with pain and wonder. "He cannot be so cruel," she gasped rather than spoke. "You are trying me, Arthur!"

"Indeed, it is only too true," he said. "Unless—but that would be folly and only lead to misery in the end." Then half to himself, he added, "I dare not tempt her to that. Poor sweetheart," he said aloud, and drew the pretty, slight figure nearer to him. "You are a delicate little flower and not fit for knocking about in the world."

The long silence that followed was broken by the soft strokes of a little old-fashioned clock in the room beyond. "The train leaves at eight, I must go now, Isabel, my darling." There was no answer, only two living arms pressed closer round his neck. "It is hard lines to leave you," he went on, "if the poor old mother were not so ill, I would stay and risk Mr. Hamilton's anger, and I dare say some other fellow will be luckier than I have been. I don't like to think of that, I wonder how long it will be before they make you forget me, Isabel?"

"I shall never forget you," she cried in a low tone. "But oh, Arthur, I cannot, oh I cannot, let you go. Why can't I speak to papa? surely he must listen to me, oh, do let me, dearest."

"No, Isabel, no. I'll take nothing from your father now. He has said words that cannot be

recalled, but if he will give you to me—you without a penny—I will gladly accept the gift, and I'll do all in my power to make you happy. But I won't ask you to come to me against his will. Some day you would reproach me, and hard as this is to bear, that would be harder still. But for now it must be good-bye. A long good-bye I am afraid."

"I cannot say it, Arthur. It is like tearing my heart out."

"My darling, be brave, don't make it worse for me, give me one kiss before I go, of your own sweet will."

She raised her lips to his obediently, and he strained her close to his heart for a moment, short indeed, but touching in that brief time the bliss and torment of an eternity, and then putting her gently from him with one last look at the slender form buried in the wide, low crimson chair, her white dress and bowed golden head, looking like a lily bending before the storm, he turned and was gone.

One year had passed, and robed in white satin, her golden hair crowned with orange blossoms, Isabel Hamilton stands, Isabel Hamilton no longer, a bride of an hour. Her lovely face is calm and serene, and only a very close observer would notice when her flickering smile dies away, the sweet lips have a mournful downward droop, and the violet eyes have lost that bright outward glance that only belongs to the very young or very happy.

It is evening, but the wedding has been by special license at six o'clock, and Mr. and Mrs. Murray are to leave by the 8 o'clock train for their wedding journey. Drawing off her gloves, she sinks wearily into a low chair beside the fire while the maid lays out her travelling suit, and numerous cousins and bridesmaids stand round, chatting, laughing and teasing each other as only gay, light hearted girls can do. There was a knock at the door, and a maid entered with some letters on a small salver.

"These are yours, Miss Isabel," that habit getting the better of the girl. "They came this morning; I gave them to Miss Alice," turning to one of her consins, but she must have forgotten, for I found them on the mantle-shelf in the little sitting-room."

"Oh, yes, to be sure," said the young lady addressed. "They are the English letters. I gave Aunt Matilda hers and put yours aside for you."

Isabel took them listlessly, but even as she took them, that strange magnetic influence which so often warns us of something about to happen, thrilled through her, and it scarcely seemed a surprise when she saw the straight, firm writing of her old love. It was enough to send the blood from her cheeks however, and her hands shook as she tore it hastily open. The letter was long and closely written, but the first few words were sufficient, and Isabel sat as if turned to stone.

Delicate and fragile as she looked, she was not given to fainting, or she would have done so then, for she learned that the love she had mourned as lost—the man she had believed married to another—was still her own, and now with riches and honours newly gained, ready and longing to claim his promised wife. How she did it she never knew, but she rose quickly from her seat, and saying in a low, constrained tone—

"Tell mamma I want her immediately, Ann," she crossed the wide hall and went straight to her mother's room. When her mother came, Isabel handed her the letter in silence. She read it and looking at the face of absolute despair before her, trembled for the consequences.

"Isabel, my darling, you must not think of this now, what is done cannot be undone." "Did you know of this?" was the only answer she got. "Do you believe such a thing possible, my daughter?"

"Where is papa? I must speak to him," and she moved toward the door.

"No, no!" said her mother, standing before her. "Not now. You would say what you would repent of later, you must make the best of it now, you have a good husband—"

Her words were cut short. "Mother," said Isabel, in a low deliberate tone, "I never will be his wife—his wife in name I must be—but in reality, never—you can tell him that, and my father, too. Tell him he has ruined my life. I believed him when he said Arthur was married. I believed that lying paper, God help me, what a blind fool I have been." And the unhappy girl covered her face with her hands. Her mother looked on in silent misery.

"Dear Isabel," she said at last, "it is a trial harder to bear than even death, but it has to be borne, my own darling child, if I could only suffer for you, how gladly would I do it, but each one must bear her cross alone. This great sorrow has been sent for some wise purpose I am sure, and you will accept it bravely."

"Mother, I cannot, indeed I cannot, do it, I don't wish ever to see Mr. Murray again."

"But, Isabel, be reasonable, think of the scandal."

"What do I care for that?" interrupted Isabel, raising her head, her beautiful eyes flashing through her tears. "When everything you care for in the world is lost, do you think you mind what people say?"

"But what good will it do you?" urged her mother. "You cannot marry Mr. Verner now."

"Why not," said Isabel sharply. "Such a marriage as mine is a mockery."

"You can't do that, my child, and if you could it would be no use. Arthur Verner is too proud to marry a divorced woman."

Slowly but surely the words sank into Isabel's

heart. She knew too well the truth of what her mother said, and for the first time the utter hopelessness of her situation burst upon her with the force of a revelation. The shock seemed almost like a physical blow, something seemed to snap within her and she fell forward unconscious at her mother's feet.

There was no happy leave-taking that evening, and the bewildered guests went to their homes to tell the strange story with a thousand conjectures and rumours. In the long days and nights of mortal sickness that followed, the mother's task was a hard one, for in her delirium Isabel had her lover's name forever on her lips, sometimes coupled with bitter reproaches for leaving her, sometimes in tones of tenderest entreaty, that made the loving heart listening to her bleed with bitter self reproach, and even in the short moment that the new-made husband was allowed to stand beside the bed, words were uttered that were hard to explain away and that were laying, up as she well knew, a bitter harvest of doubt and jealousy, that would have to be reaped hereafter.

When Isabel rose from that bed of sickness, there were streaks of white in the gold of her hair, and the once soft yet brilliant color had faded to return no more. But she never recurred to the rash resolve of that night, and with a sweet and touching resignation, took up the burden laid upon her, and bore it bravely. Her position and her wealth shielded her from impatient remarks, but she well knew people talked, and the remembrance of this was a constant sting to the proud and jealous nature of her husband. Other people's troubles are however soon forgotten, and after a while even this faded into oblivion, and when strangers wondered why a woman who seemed to be fortunate above all others, should have her beauty shaded by such a look of sadness, her friends said: "She has had a story, some old love affair before her marriage, and she has never quite recovered it." So easily are the tragedies of real life skimmed over by the world which has no time to look below the surface of the ever moving, hurrying stream of existence.

A good many years after that unhappy bridal day, a lady and her maid entered the waiting-room of one of the great London stations. It was a winter's night, thick, and foggy, as such nights in England alone can be, and the lady, wrapped in furs though she was, shivered and came close to the fire, putting out her hands to try and gather some heat from the blaze which leapt up every now and then, only to make desolation more complete, when it flickered and went out.

"I don't think we will have many passengers, ma'am," the maid ventured to remark after five minutes of dreary waiting.

"No," answered her mistress, abstractedly, then rousing herself from her thoughts. "I suppose most people are too well employed to travel on New Year's eve, Joyce, but we should not have been any better occupied if we had stayed at home."

"No ma'am," responded Joyce, obediently, but not very cordially. She had her own ideas on the subject.

At this moment the porter came to inform them time was up, and a tall man who, his hands deep in the pockets of a long dark overcoat and his hat well pulled down over his eyes, had been walking up and down the platform outside, glanced curiously at the two travellers. But a long crepe veil covered the lady's face and only a knot of golden hair was visible under the heavy crepe bonnet.

Even experienced travellers take some time to settle down for a long journey, but after a while our passengers have safely disposed of their numerous traps and wraps, and having the carriage to themselves, prepared to try and obtain what rest was possible. Joyce had a great deal of philosophy in her composition, and her mind set at rest about dressing cases and shawls, she lost no time in lamenting the vanished delights of New Year's eve supper, but straightway composed herself to sleep, where perhaps, in her dreams they re-appeared more fascinating. But, alas! even more fleeting than the reality. Her mistress was less fortunate try as she might, sleep would not come, a restlessness unusual to her seemed to pervade every nerve; her limbs, forced to be still, revenged themselves on her mind, which, against her will, searched the past, and brought before her with startling reality scenes she had fancied almost forgotten, or at least put out of sight.

Two New Year's Eves long gone by came before her, and all she had suffered then, and a longing for the unattainable, the most painful while it lasts of all sensations, came over her with irresistible force. Lost in the past she forgot the present. The solitary, objectless life, the changed home to which she, widowed and childless, was hastening; and though hours had passed, it seemed only a few minutes after they left the station, when something—a swaying motion of the carriage—roused her from her dreams, and in another second everything seemed to have changed places. The seats had taken the place of the roof, and she lost sight and sense together. When Isabel Murray woke again to life with a sound of rushing waves in her ears and a dimness before her eyes, she thought she must still be dreaming, for over her was bending, not stern, as she had always seen it, but full of tenderest pity, the very face memory had brought back from the past and which tormenting conscience had transformed into the relentless ghost of a "might have been." But that this was real flesh and blood was very plain, and what-

ever Capt. Verner might have felt had he met

elsewhere, the woman who had so soon apparently forgotten her vows of love, he could not be angry with the sweet face blanched with pain, looking up at him from a hastily extemporized sofa in the rough farm house where the sufferers from the collision had been carried.

"Are you very much hurt, Isabel?" the old familiar name coming unconsciously from his lips.

"Yes! no!" she answered. "I don't know, my arm, I can't move it."

"Yes, it is broken," he said touching it tenderly. "But there will be a doctor here directly, who will put it all right for you. You have a cut here too," he said patting the soft thick hair. "It is very lucky it was not lower down."

"Where is Joyce?" said Isabel, faintly, "I hope she is not badly hurt."

"Shall I go and see?" he asked, then added, "that is your maid, I suppose?"

"Yes," she said.

"But you must not try to move. Wait here patiently until I come back."

Joyce was not hard to find. Whatever her wounds were, and they were several, though none of them severe, they had not deprived her of the use of her tongue and her lamentations were loud and very audible over her mistress' fate and her own approaching end.

Meanwhile Isabel lay quiet, slowly gathering strength to feel surprised at Arthur's presence. Where did he come from? She wondered could he have been the tall stranger in overcoat and tweed that she had passed without a second glance and who had only suggested to Joyce's careful mind, fears for her mistress' dressing-case. Poor Joyce! where was she now, perhaps dying, and at the thought Isabel tried to rise, but her limbs refused to obey and she fell back, saying faintly,—

"I must wait till Arthur comes back."

It seemed easy to say that—to depend on him—and yet she had passed him like a stranger only a few hours ago, and across her mind floated clearly something Arthur had once said to her under sunny Canadian skies, in that saddest and sweetest of all love stories, "Evangeline," where her boat meets Gabriel's on the broad waters of the Mississippi, and passes it unknowingly in the darkness, but she, a happier Evangeline, had had another chance given to her, and the pain of her broken arm seemed a small price to pay for so great a boon. At last she saw Arthur's tall figure entering the low doorway. He came up to her at once, saying—

"Your maid is all right, a few bruises which she is making a tremendous row over. She will be with you directly," and he turned to go.

"Don't leave me, Arthur," said Isabel in the lowest possible tone, with a now or never feeling in her trembling heart.

He looked surprised, but his face only grew more grave and stern.

"I can do nothing for you at present, and there are a great many who want my help. The doctor is just coming," he said more gently.

"Can't you forgive me even now, Arthur?" said Isabel, her blue eyes fixed in feverish eagerness on his face. "Did you never know how little it was my fault. Did you never hear when I read your letter?"

"Does that excuse you, Isabel, did you think I could have forgotten so soon? You must have judged me by yourself," he said, his lips curling a little scornfully.

"Don't be so hard, Arthur," she pleaded. "remember all I have endured. You seem to imagine you were the only one who suffered," she added, a little indignantly. "I could say nothing, not a word. But I had none the less pain to bear."

"It is easy to tell me this now, Isabel," said Arthur, the more coldly that he felt as if he had never loved her one-half so well, "but I can't forget that I had scarcely left your father's house before you engaged yourself to another man; a woman who is so fickle, so uncertain, is hardly worth grieving for. I have done my best to forget you. I have almost succeeded, it will only—"

But stopping himself as he noticed her crimson cheeks and eager eyes—

"I must not talk to you any more. I am doctor enough to know excitement is bad for a broken arm," he added with a faint, very faint smile, "goodbye," he said, turning to leave her, "goodbye, Isabel."

Isabel could not answer. Her breath came and went quickly, in short and painful gasps. But no words would come, only her eyes filled with unutterable pleading were fixed on his face.

Arthur hesitated as he who hesitates is lost, but he could not so soon yield. Pride came to the rescue of his fast waning anger. "You are stifled with heat here," he said moving restlessly under her steady gaze. "Shall I get a window opened?"

Isabel's only answer was to lay her hand with a weak yet firm hold upon his arm. "Wait, Arthur, don't move," she said, each word coming with an effort, "I have no strength. You may not be here after," and the blue veined lids closed over the imploring eyes, and Isabel did what was perhaps the wisest thing under the circumstances, fell back on the pillows in a dead faint. Arthur could say nothing more; that pale fair face pleaded more eloquently than any words, and to see the woman he had loved so long, before him, helpless—utterly dependent on him—was enough to soften the hardest heart.

A week after the accident, one cold January morning, whose glistening frost and clear, blue sky, recalled to Isabel the country which was to be her home no more, in the little church of the

country village where they had so strangely met, Captain Verner and Isabel were married, with no witness but the old pew-opener and Joyce, who, highly scandalized at such an unorthodox proceeding, looked anything but joyous or congratulatory. But the principal actors in the ceremony were too happy to care for surrounding circumstances, and Isabel had never looked younger or fairer than that day. Her delicate coloring contrasted well with the dark fur of her Canadian cap, the only available substitute for a bonnet which had suffered severely in the collision. And with those who believe that even in this world sorrow and joy are more equally distributed than one imagines, we will hope that the real and deep trial Arthur and Isabel had passed through apart brought with it a blessing which would over-shadow and make happy their future life together.

A. F. W. L.

NEW YORK FASHION NOTES.

Spring has come. At least we are made to believe so, not by any spring-like weather, but by the infallibility of our almanacs, and more decisive argument still, the general blossoming forth of the New York shop windows. It is rather tantalizing to promenade the busy streets, shivering in heavy winter clothing, to observe on every hand evidences of the good time coming; and among thousands of pretty things to be worn by lovely woman is an endless variety of "ducks of bonnets," ready to tempt the vanity, when the weather shall be really fine.

Among the most charming and appropriate head-gear offered for the coming season are the lovely flower bonnets—perfect gems in their way. Although the idea is by no means new among milliners, yet like the flowers they so closely imitate they are always lovely. They differ somewhat in construction this season from former years, being composed entirely of blossoms, without the addition beyond the foundation of any other material except strings, which are worn on most bonnets wider than usual. One very elegant hat shown was made up entirely of ivy leaves and jessamine. The small, glossy, rich-looking leaf formed the bed or foundation upon which were closely clustered the white starry-like flowers. Broad, white satin strings completed this perfect "love of a bonnet." Another very pretty one was made of delicate pink and white apple blossoms, with a rather large bunch of roses of several tints at the side, pale tender green leaves being placed to form a fringe round the entire shape. One other still more charming, if possible, was of purple and yellow pansies, with very wide purple satin strings; the shape was somewhat larger than the others given, and quite suitable for ladies of middle age. These bonnets, though extremely beautiful, are not suitable for any not possessing a well filled purse, because unless they are made up of the finest quality of flowers they appear tawdry and common. Ladies who are compelled to make one bonnet serve till the hot weather would do well to avoid them, notwithstanding the temptation to purchase. The season of April and May showers approaches, and a few minutes sprinkling will suffice to render their "thing of beauty" a joy no longer, but a mere vexation of spirit.

Fruit is also being made to do duty as a garniture for millinery purposes. We see on Broadway and Sixth Avenue ripe, delicious strawberries coquettishly displayed amidst their green leaves on many a spring bonnet. So natural do they look that the poor sparrows must be greatly tempted. One little girl was heard to remark whilst gazing into a shop window "they look nice enough to eat." She had evidently not learnt the vanities of life, else she would have known there is more satisfaction to be had in the wearing of a pretty thing than in eating it. Not alone are the smaller fruits used for hat trimmings, but lemons, pears, and even small-sized oranges with their foliage. The taste evinced in this caprice of fashion is, I think, questionable. It is scarcely appropriate, and the fashion is not likely to have any permanence. American ladies have the reputation abroad of being next to the ever faultlessly attired Parisiennes, the best-dressed among civilized people, and it is well, even in small matters, that they should look to it that they always deserve their well-founded reputation.

For young rosy misses the general favourite will undoubtedly be the pretty modernized poke bonnet—that fascinating head covering of our grandmothers. It has been worn to some extent during the winter. Nothing can exceed the picturesque effect of this shape, with its soft full crown, and wide shelving brim, which enhances, rather than conceals, the beauty of the face beneath. These bonnets are made of the old-fashioned Leghorn, and Tuscan straws, and various fancy yellow straws of which there is always such variety. For the hot season will be worn the fancy lace straws, which of course, will be but slightly trimmed. At present light felts are to be had in this shape, and daintily trimmed, are very pretty for the spring. There is one drawback, however, to this attractive head-dress, that although lending fresh beauty to a pretty face it fails altogether in giving grace to one lacking that quality. Ladies with small, thin faces should avoid them altogether. Youth is not so essential in this respect as full, round pleasant features, and any lady with those qualifications can wear them to advantage without reference to age. Though specially suitable for young ladies they will be very largely worn, and afford a delightful change from the small close-

fitting, and by no means becoming bonnet that has been the fashion during the past season.

Perhaps the hat that will be found to suit all requirements, suitable alike to old and young, plain or pretty, is the capote, or tuque hat, which has been such a universal favorite abroad for some time past. It is somewhat turban in shape, with usually a puffed velvet brim, and shirred crown of satin, and is made of one color; or sometimes the brim is of black velvet or plush, and the crown of some bright shade. They are invaluable as a head covering between seasons, as any lady with taste and ingenuity can easily make them herself to look as stylish as from the hands of a first-class milliner. Such are quite inexpensive when thus made. We saw in a fashionable millinery establishment a very charming hat composed of heliotrope velvet, very full puffed brim, and shirred satin crown of the same color, with a branch of heliotrope, and a small ostrich plume of the same tint. Nothing has been so popular in the millinery in London and Paris for a long time as these hats. Young ladies soon found how becoming and easily made they were, and it early became the fashion to have one to match each costume.

To make a rapid descent from head to feet it may be mentioned that stockings are to be worn this season gayer in color than ever. Stockings with stripes of half a dozen shades, stockings with crossbars, and an endless variety of plaids to match the fashionable dress material. These are not the time-honored Scotch plaids. The colors are brighter, and altogether French in style, with an audacity of color that is startling, but, nevertheless handsome in appearance. For indoor wear we have pink, skyblue, and old gold embroidered elegantly in contrasting colors, and in somewhat more sombre tints, with low shoes for the morning promenade.

Talking of stockings reminds us of shoes. High-heels, those dear delights of the feminine heart, are now things of the past, and doctors and all such sensible folks are at rest for the present. Flat-heels are the fashion, and according to the above authorities ladies will now be able to walk till such times as fashion returns to them heels higher than ever.

RED RIBBON.

HEARTH AND HOME.

I'M GROWING OLD.—There is a period at which men come to be strongly impressed with the thought, "I'm growing old." We suppose there is a year or two in which all have the feeling—it may not be a painful one, but it is a sad one; it is a tender minor feeling—"I have passed my youth; I am never to be a boy again; I am never to be young any more; not only am I a man, but as a man I have signs and tokens of the failure of some parts of my organization."

A GRACEFUL WOMAN.—What is more charming than an agreeable graceful woman? Here and there we meet one who possesses the fairy-like power of enchanting all about her; sometimes she is ignorant herself of the magical influence, which is, however, for that reason only the more perfect. Her presence lights up the home; her approach is like the cheering warmth; she passes by, and we are content; she stays awhile, and we are happy. To behold her is to live; she is the aurora with a human face. She has no need to do more than simply to be; she makes an Eden of the house; paradise breathes from her, and she communicates this delight to all, without taking any greater trouble than of existing beside them. Is not here an inestimable gift?

THOMAS CARLYLE AND HIS CRITICS.—Mr. Carlyle's severest critic, and a critic of his own school, was the old parish roadman at Ecclefechan. "Been a long time in this neighbourhood?" asked an American traveller on the outlook for a sight of the sage. "Been here a' ma days, sir." "Then you'll know the Carlyles?" "Weel that; a ken the whole o' them. There was, let me see," he said, leaning on his shovel and pondering, "There was Jock, he was a kind o' thoroughbred sort o' chap, a doctor, but no' a bad fellow Jock—he's deid, mon." "And there was Thomas?" said the inquirer eagerly. "Oh ay, of course, there's Tam—a useless mune-struck chap that writes books and talks havers. Tam stays maistly up in London. There's naething in Tam. But mon there's Jamie ower in the Newlands—there's a chap for ye. He's the mon o' that family! Jamie tak's mair swine into Ecclefechan market than any ither farmer in the parish."

BE HAPPY.—It is the easiest thing in the world to be happy, if men and women could only think so. Happiness is only another name for love, for where love exists in a household there happiness must also exist, even though it has poverty for its close companion; where love exists not, even though it be in a palace, happiness can never come. He was a cold and selfish being who originated the saying that "when poverty comes in at the door, love flies out of the window," and his assertion proves conclusively that he had no knowledge of love, for unquestionably the reverse of the axiom quoted is nearer the truth. When poverty comes in at the door, love—true love—is more than ever inclined to tarry, and do battle with the enemy. Let those who imagine themselves miserable, before they find fault with their surroundings, search in their hearts for the cause. A few kind words, a little forbearance, or a kiss, will open the way to a flood of sunshine in a house darkened by the clouds of discord and unamiability.

LITERARY AND ARTISTIC.

G. L. GOMME and James Britten are engaged upon a dictionary of English folk lore.

Mrs. HOLMAN HUNT, wife of the artist, has written a little book on Jerusalem for children.

The third volume of Mr. Lecky's "History of England in the Eighteenth Century" has been completed.

In *Notes and Queries* will shortly be published a series of hitherto unpublished letters by Dr. Johnson.

The new work on which Lord Beaconsfield is engaged is not his autobiography, but a sort of sequel to "Endymion."

Dr. J. J. JUSSEURAND is preparing a second edition of his "History of the Theatre in England before the Time of Shakespeare."

Mrs. ALMA TADEMA, wife of the artist, and an artist herself, is engaged in illustrating a Christmas book, "A Holiday Among the Mountains."

When publishers fall out, readers profit. The competition between Scribner and Harper has brought Carlyle's "Reminiscences," in cloth, down to fifty cents.

The *Examiner*, a well-known London paper, died recently, after an existence of above seventy years. The *Morning Post*, once the organ of aristocratic London, will soon be turned into a penny paper.

The N. Y. Metropolitan Museum has now about two hundred visitors a day Mondays and Tuesdays, and about four thousand a day the remainder of the week. Mondays and Tuesdays are pay-days, the others free.

"ENDYMION" did not pay, and Lord Beaconsfield offered to return the money given him by the publishers—Longmans—and place his contract on the half profit system. The publishers, not to be outdone in generosity, insisted that the original contract should stand.

The death of a great author is the inevitable signal for a revival of interest in that author's works, a fact which publishers do not always appreciate. The demand for "George Eliot's" books continues beyond the ability of the English publishers to supply, and at one circulating library in London there were over a thousand applicants in one week for "Adam Bede."

DOMESTIC.

To soften sheet-cork, so as to make it pliable and easily shaped, steam it thoroughly, or boil it in water for an hour or so.

The best way to carry flowers a distance is in a common market basket; place a layer of damp moss in the bottom, bunch the flowers as cut, each kind as far as convenient by itself, and set close together handful after handful until full. Then cover with strong brown paper.

Dogs should be washed about once a fortnight, and the operation requires more care than you might at first imagine. There is some danger to be attached to the washing of a dog, for, if the weather be not fine, he may catch cold, and inflammation of some important internal organ be the result.

A PRETTY MAT.—Cut a circular mat of white card-board; take raw cotton; card or pick it until fleecy; lay it on the card-board around the edge in a rounded form, about one and a half inches high, leaving space in the centre; when shaped evenly, slip off and spread the space to be covered with mullage; lay back into place; when dried, gum bits of bright scarlet or blue zephyr about on it.

OX TAIL SOUP.—Scald and scrape the tail; divide it at each joint, and stew it with plenty of water; peel and cut into slices two large potatoes, two large onions, two large turnips, and two carrots; chop a bunch of pot-herbs fine; when the meat is tender, skim the soup, add the vegetables, and boil till they are done; stir in a tablespoonful of burned sugar, and strain the soup; season the soup with pepper, salt, cayenne, and lemon-juice, and break in half a pound of vermicelli; boil till this is tender, then serve.

EVIDENCE IS CONSTANTLY ACCUMULATING in favor of the popular remedy for throat and lung disorders, rheumatism, neuralgia, stiffness, soreness, kidney troubles, piles, sores, scalds, burns and the maladies and injuries to which horses are liable.

Of Dr. Thomas' Electric Oil, Dr. Beaudoin, Hull, P. Q., says, "I have sold it for over three years and I have never sold a medicine which has given more general satisfaction."

G. A. Dixon, Frankville, Ont., states that he was "Cured of Chronic Bronchitis that troubled him 17 years by Electric Oil."

Joseph Rusan, of Percy, troubled with lameness for years, writes: "I found it the best article I ever tried. It has been a great blessing to me."

P. M. Markell, of West Jeddoe, N. S., who "had a horse so lame he could hardly walk," states that "two or three applications completely cured him."

But why multiply proofs in behalf of a remedy so widely recognized as efficacious?

Sold by medicine dealers everywhere. Prepared by NORTHROP & LYMAN, Toronto, Ont.

CARLYLE held the most decided views on the subject of indexes for books. And the irony of Fate therefore ordered that Mr. Froude should bring out the old man's "Reminiscences" without an index!



THE MONKEY AND THE CHESTNUT.



TRAITS OF DOMESTIC LIFE.

HARMONY.

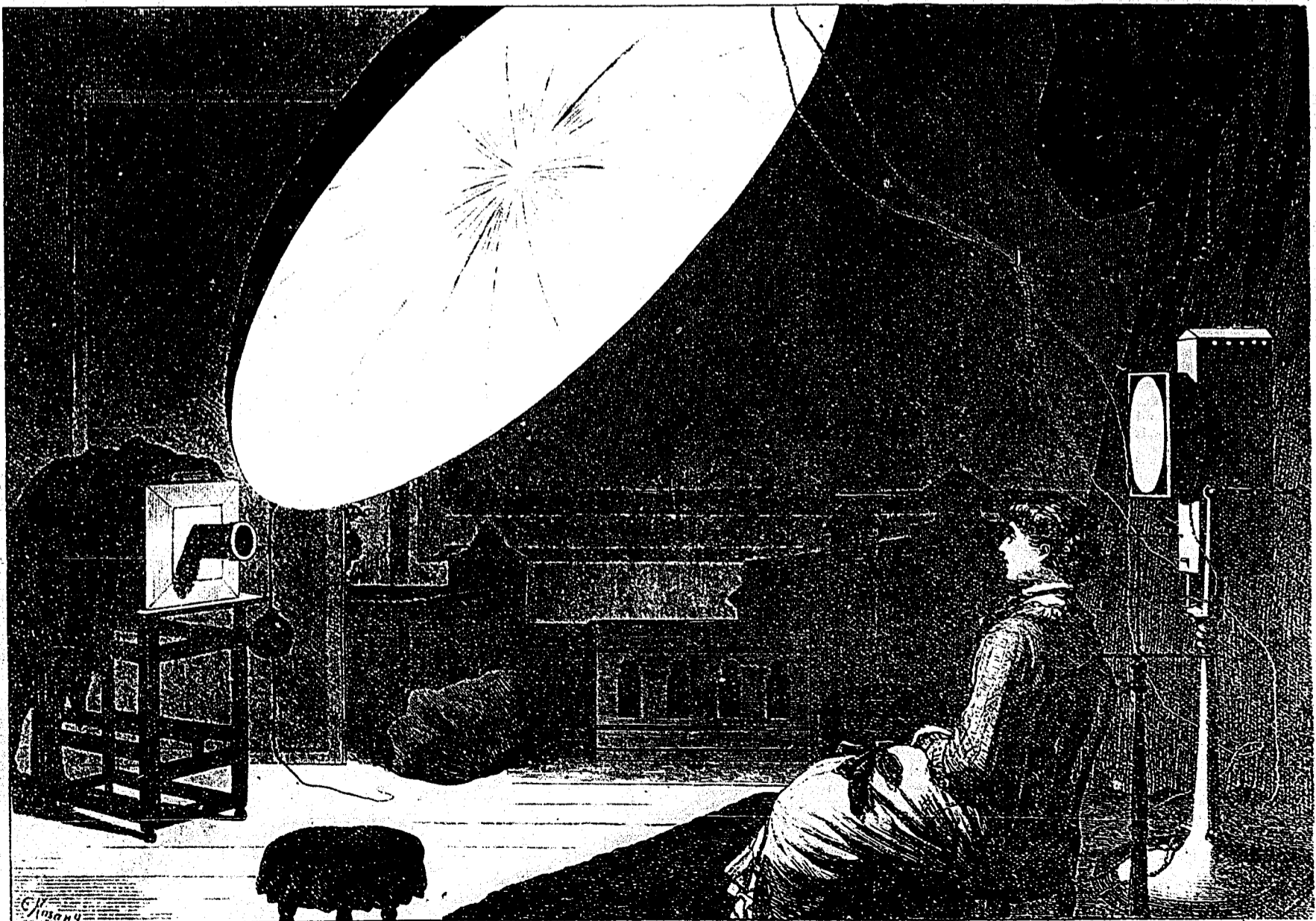


A STREET LETTER-WRITER, MEXICO CITY.



A TENEMENT COURT IN MEXICO CITY.

INNER LIFE OF MEXICO AND THE MEXICANS.



PHOTOGRAPHING BY THE ELECTRIC LIGHT IN BERLIN.

THE GIANT.

(Translated from Victor Hugo.)

Brave Chiefs! in the land of the Giants I was born. My ancestors leapt o'er the Rhine stream in scorn; I was only a babe, when my mother, fond soul!

My Father, O Chiefs! was astonishingly strong, Now alas! he is weak, for his life has been long; His hair is like snow, and deep wrinkles appear

But I will replace him; I scoff at all fear, I am heir to his steel bow, his axe and his spear. I alone can succeed the old man at his death,

I was merely a boy, when I opened a road O'er the snow peaks that form Winter's Alpine abode; My head, like a mountain that vapour enshrouds,

I fought with the storm, and my breath, as it streamed, Extinguished each flash of the lightning that gleamed. Or, bent upon sport, I would eagerly chase

From my grasp, which was merciless, nothing could save The hawk in the sky, or the shark in the wave; The bear, whose huge body my arms were thrown round,

These pastimes were only the frolics of youth, For manhood's ambition too trivial, forsooth; War now is my passion, I gloat o'er the fears

When the onset is glowing 'mid powder and blood, And the rage of the fight, like a turbulent flood, Sweeps hurriedly onward the warrior and horse,

Like a reaper alone 'mid the ripe waving corn, I stand, while the squadrons in battle are torn, When the roar of my voice is but heard to resound,

Stark naked I fight, for so dauntless I feel, That I scorn the protection of iron or steel; I laugh at your warriors, and void of all fear,

No ladders I need, when besieging a fort— To shiver the chains of a drawbridge is sport— Like a catapult formed of locomotive brass

But, Warriors! the day will arrive, when at length I must follow my victims, despoiled of my strength, Oh! leave not my corpse as a banquet for crows,

GEO. MURRAY.

ADELINA PATTI.

Adelina Patti is Italian by descent, a Madri-lene by birth, a Yankee by nurture. She was born very nearly thirty-eight years ago, that is on the ninth of April, 1843, receiving at her christening the euphonious names of Adelina Maria Clorinda. Taken at an early age to America, she made her first appearance on the stage in New York in the winter of 1859-60, before she was seventeen.

For seven years she lived fancy free, and fewer stones were flung at her than at most ladies of her profession. Then followed the first great mistake of her life. Yet the Marquis de Caux was a fine-looking man enough, of courtly presence, and of agreeable manners. His nobility too was of the most authentic description, the Cahuzacs being a very old Gascon family.

the demeanor of the first lady in France. On one point their majesties were inexorable. The husband of Adelina Patti could not retain his post as imperial charaberrain. But as the post was not a lucrative one, the marquis cared little at the time, and when Sedan supervened, still less.

The marriage took place in England, in the unsympathetic neighbourhood of Clapham. Patti called on Mr. Gye a few days before the ceremony, and lamented over the difficulties which she asserted the clergy put in her way. "I assure you I would never have married if I had known it would be such trouble."

The marchioness-elect was very anxious for Mr. Gye to be present at the ceremony, and pouted at his refusal. The fact is, Mr. Gye had made a rule, to which he inflexibly held, to hold none but strictly professional intercourse with the ladies and gentlemen whose services he engaged.

The remainder of poor Patti's domestic history is too well known. A year or two ago she learned to her cost what it is to be overpraised. She was actually hissed at Vienna, possibly because the Viennese are about the most immoral people in Christendom, and sought to make vicarious expiation for their sins.

If the Viennese hiss, the English are too polite to do so; while, if raptured adoration is what Patti seeks, she has but to go to St. Petersburg, to be sure both of incense and roubles (gold). The Eastern question was once being discussed in a London drawing-room, when a gentleman who had lived long at St. Petersburg was appealed to for his opinion as to what Russia wanted.

Patti, if the truth must be told, is alieni appetens, sui profusa. She spends her money freely, and must, perforce, drive hard bargains with managers. But she is a charitable soul, and helps many a broken-down artist with a quiet manificence of which the world never hears.

After the play she is occasionally the life of a supper party. Though lacking the gift of wit, she enjoys it keenly in others, and has a lively

sense of humour. The secret of her charm lies perhaps in her animal spirits. She is gay, and makes others gay. At one of these entertainments Verdi was present, also Patti's dog, a diminutive English terrier. The maestro hospitably handed a bone to the dog, who let it drop disdainfully on the floor.

INDIAN EDUCATION IN VIRGINIA.

The effort has been for a natural all-round growth rather than a rapid one. Books, of course, are for a long time of no avail and object-teaching, pictures, and blackboards take their place with every other device that ingenuity is equal to, often on the spur of the moment to keep up the interest and attention of the undisciplined minds that, with the best intentions and a strong desire to know English, have small patience for preliminary steps.

Nothing, however, can equal the charm of the printed page. It has the old mystery of "the paper that talks." "If I can not read when I go home," said a young brave, "my people will laugh at me." The gratitude of the St. Augustines over their first text-book in geography was touching. Reading, writing, and spelling are taught together by the word method and charts.

Another teacher was less successful with her moral, in trying to explain a hymn they had learned to recite:

"Yield not to temptation, for yielding is sin! Each victory will help you some other to win."

The next day one of the girls came to her, exclaiming triumphantly, "I victory! I victory! Louisa Ballfield got mad with me. She big temptations. Fight her, I victory!" HELEN W. BIGELOW, in Harper's Magazine.

STOCK-RAISING IN THE WEST.

The freedom to pasture cattle on excellent grazing land, together with an accessible market, are the main reasons why at present stock-farming is particularly profitable. The first of these conditions is precarious, and it is evident that in ten years there will not be much good range left east of the Missouri River.

For instance, as a practical case, there is a cattle man of Council Bluffs who is said to own 100,000 head of cattle in Idaho. He has a range of sixty square miles of land not worth one cent to the acre for agriculture, yet affording excellent pasture for cattle. He has ten men employed at wages varying from twenty-four dollars to forty dollars per month to look after the stock.

Mr. Stewart delivered over 1900 head to farmers last fall, and of these only eight were lost during the winter. The parties who receive the cattle agree to fatten them at the rate of five cents for every extra pound during a winter and where two hogs are fed from the refuse of each ox, the farmer finds that the result to him is equivalent to selling his corn at 100 per cent. profit.

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OUR CHESS COLUMN.

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

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

- J. W. S., Montreal.—Papers to hand. Thanks. E. D. W., Sherbrooke, P. Q.—Correct solution received of Problem No. 320. We have replied to your card by post. E. H., Montreal.—Correct solution received of Problem for Young Players No. 318. J. C., Peterborough, Ont.—Correct solution received of Problem No. 320.

In the issue of the 1st of March of the 18th ult. it is stated that there is no hope of a chess match taking place between Montreal and Toronto, although the club of the former, at their recent social gathering, voted unanimously to challenge the club of the latter to a telegraphic contest, and further, that although the Toronto Club has since then invited the fight, no notice has been taken of the matter.

We think it is but fair that these two statements should not be allowed to pass unnoted, as they may be easily set right, and we are anxious to show our contemporary that he has been misinformed by some one who did not take pains to give the whole of the particulars. In the first place, we are enabled to state that at the social gathering mentioned above, no challenge to the Toronto Club could have been authorized by those present, inasmuch as no regular meeting having been called, several members of the club were absent, and therefore, the Secretary would not have been justified in acting under such irregular proceedings.

In the second place, the late challenge sent by the Toronto Club was forwarded independent of any intimation from the Montreal Club that a contest was desired, but it would have been willingly entertained by the latter if business arrangements had not prevented several of the members from taking part in the encounter.

THE CHESS MATCH AT ST. LOUIS.

From the Globe Democrat.

The fourth game—French defense—in the match between Captain Mackenzie and Mr. Judd, which was commenced Thursday, February 24, was concluded in the latter's favour last Monday, to which time it was adjourned on account of the Captain's visit to New Orleans. On adjournment the game had a favourable appearance for Mr. Judd, and when the two experts resumed play he caused his opponent to resign on the 25th move. At the conclusion, the defeated player maintained that he should have drawn the game. We hardly think the position a limit of a draw, but in playing over the end game he pointed out a line of play that seemed to prove his assertion. This game was quite remarkable, for, at the commencement, the Western player had a very bad position, and on the 25th move the bystanders had but all interest as the result seemed to be foreshadowed, but by a masterly play Mr. Judd rallied his forces, made a sudden but not unexpected assault, and brought woe and death to his adversary. It is no more than just to state that we think the American champion does not seem to be putting forth his full strength, having probably underrated his opponent. These first four games, we presume, have now taught him that, since their first meeting ten years ago, the younger player has undoubtedly improved in his chess playing in a geometrical ratio, until he has become one of the first players of the age.

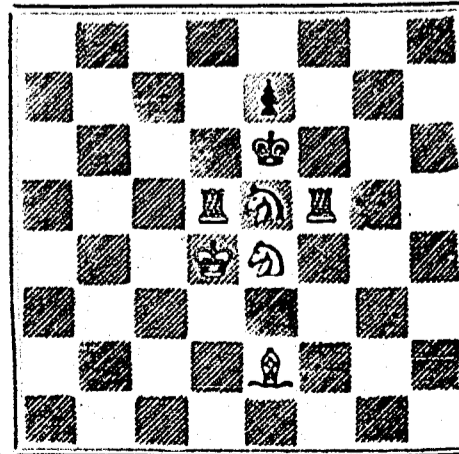
(From the Chessplayer's Chronicle.)

There were no less than 1,600 competitors, all under twenty years of age, who entered for the first quarterly Solving Competition in connection with the "Boy's Newspaper," so that the Chess Editor must have had a very laborious task in making his award. The prize was awarded to (1st) Mr. H. G. Laws, (2nd) Mr. R. Kay Leather, and (3rd) to Mr. G. Hume, Hastings. So large an entry speaks well for the interest taken by our young folks in the game of chess.

PROBLEM No. 322.

By C. H. Wheeler.

BLACK.



WHITE.

While to play and mate in two moves.

GAME 449TH.

CHESS IN AUSTRALIA.

Played in Melbourne, a year ago, between Messrs. Tullidge and Connell.

White. (Mr. Tullidge.) Black. (Mr. Connell.) (King's Gambit.) 1. P to K4 1. P to K4 2. P to KB4 2. P takes P 3. Kt to KB3 3. Kt to KB3 Not a bad defence, although rarely adopted. 4. P to K5 4. Kt to KR4 5. P to Q4 5. P to K2 then arises: 5. B to K2 5. P to K Kt 4 6. Kt takes Kt P 6. Q takes Kt 7. B takes Kt 7. Q takes Kt P 8. Q to B3 8. Q takes Q 9. B takes Q, and the books pronounce the position even. 6. P takes P en pas 6. B takes P 7. B to Q B4 7. Castles 8. Castles 8. Kt to Q B3 9. P to B3 9. B to K3 10. B takes B 10. P takes B If P to Q5 Black can play Kt to Q R4 11. Q to Kt3 11. P takes B 12. Q takes Kt P (bad) 11. Q to Q2 13. Q to R6 12. Q R to Kt 14. Q Kt to Q2 13. P to KR3 15. P takes P 14. P to K4 16. Kt takes B 15. B takes P 17. Kt to B3 16. Kt takes Kt 18. Kt takes Kt 17. Q R to K 19. Q takes Kt P 18. B takes Kt 20. Q to B4 19. R to K7 (good) 21. R to K B2 20. Q to B3 22. R takes R 21. P to B6 23. B to K3 22. P takes R 23. Q to Q Kt 4 Threatening mate again. 24. B to B2 24. Kt to B5 An insidious move. 25. P to Q B4 25. Q to K B4 Peat. 25. Q Q B3 forces the Queen for the Kt, but it allows White to delay the inevitable, a move which he cannot do now by 26. Q Q 5 ch. Mr. Connell plays the ending in the most finished style. 26. R to K 26. Q to K Kt 5 White resigns.

SOLUTIONS

Solution of Problem No. 320.

- 1. Kt to K Kt 5 (ch) 1. K to Q3 2. R to Q4 (ch) 2. K to K4 3. P to KB4 mate

Solution of Problem for Young Players No. 318

- WHITE. BLACK. 1. K to QR3 1. R to Q Kt6 2. R to KRq (ch) 2. R covers 3. Kt mates

PROBLEM FOR YOUNG PLAYERS, No. 319.

- White. Black. K at KB3 K at KB4 R at Qsq Pawns at K4 and K Kt3 Kt at K4 Pawn at KR4 White to play and mate in three moves.

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NOTICE.

SEALED TENDERS addressed to the Superintendent of General of Indian Affairs, and endorsed "Tender for Indian Supplies," will be received at this office up to noon of THURSDAY, 11th APRIL, 1881, for the delivery of the usual Indian Supplies, duty paid, at Fort Walsh and Fort Macleod for the year 1881-82, consisting of Flour, Bacon, Groceries, Ammunition, Twine, Oxen, Cows, Bulls, Agricultural Implements, Tools, &c.

Forms of Tender and full particulars relative to the supplies required, can be had by applying to the undersigned or to the Indian Superintendent, Winnipeg.

Each tender must be accompanied by an accepted cheque of a Canadian Bank for the sum of five thousand dollars, which will be forfeited if the party declines to enter into a contract when called upon to do so, or if he fails to complete the work contracted for. If the tender be not accepted the cheque will be returned.

The lowest or any tender not necessarily accepted.

[No newspaper to insert without special authority from this Department through the Queen's Printer.]

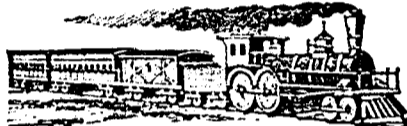
L. VAN KOUHNET, Deputy of the Superintendent, General of Indian Affairs.

Department of Indian Affairs, Ottawa, 24th March, 1881.



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C. M. O. AND O. RAILWAY.

Change of Time.

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Thursday, Dec. 23rd, 1880.

Table with columns: Train, Mixed, Mail, Express. Rows include: Leave Hochelaga for Ottawa, Arrive at Ottawa, Leave Ottawa for Hochelaga, Arrive at Hochelaga, Leave Hochelaga for Quebec, Arrive at Quebec, Leave Quebec for Hochelaga, Arrive at Hochelaga, Leave Hochelaga for St. Jerome, Arrive at St. Jerome, Leave St. Jerome for Hochelaga, Arrive at Hochelaga, Leave Hochelaga for Joliette, Arrive at Joliette, Leave Joliette for Hochelaga, Arrive at Hochelaga. (Local trains between Hull and Aylmer.) Trains leave Mile-End Station Seven Minutes Later. Magnificent Palace Cars on all Passenger Trains, and Elegant Sleeping Cars on Night Trains. Trains to and from Ottawa connect with Trains to and from Quebec. Sunday Trains leave Montreal and Quebec at 4 p.m. All Trains Run by Montreal Time.

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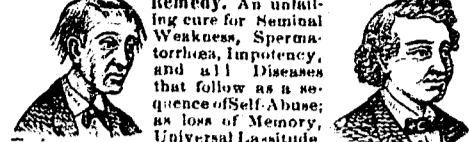
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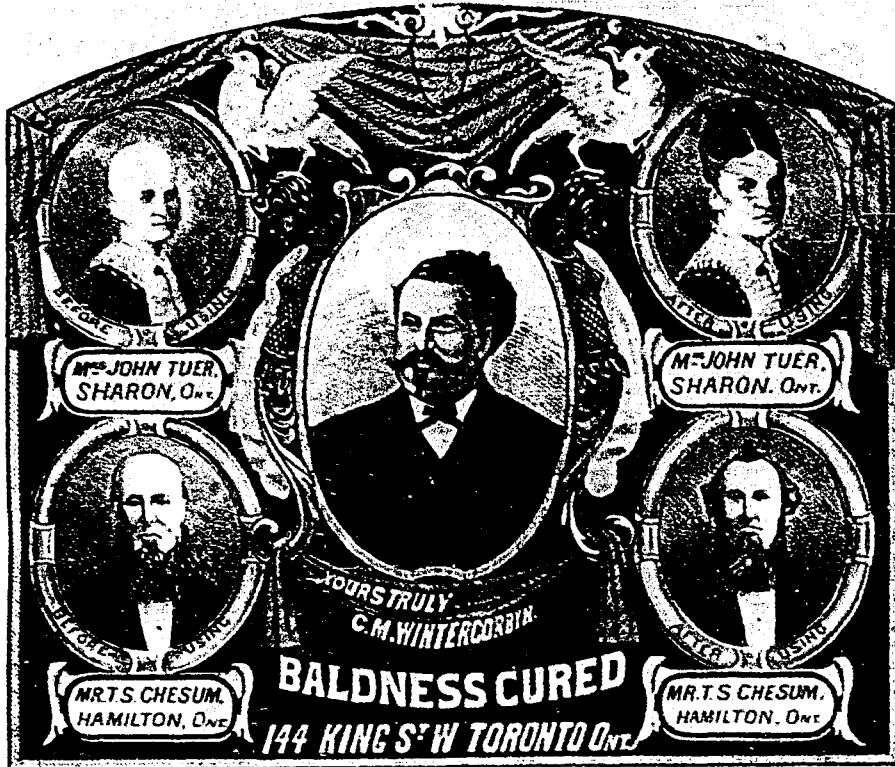
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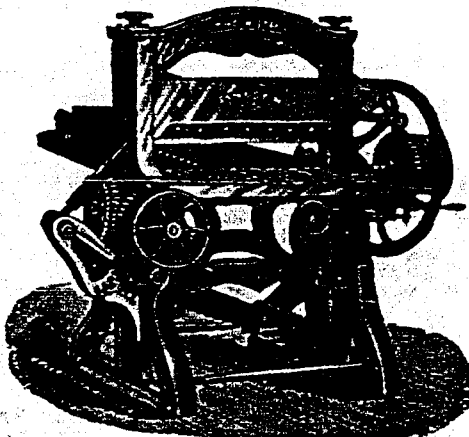
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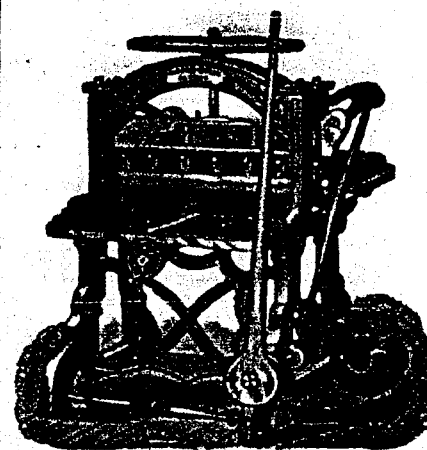
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THE STAR.

30 inch, 32 inch, 34 inch, 36 inch, 41 inch, 48 inch.

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



THE GEM.

30 inch, 32 inch.