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Montreal News

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SCENES IN THE NEW POLITICAL BURLESQUE ENTITLED "H. M. S. PARLIAMENT."

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TEMPERATURE.

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

THE WEEK ENDING

Table with columns for Feb. 28th, 1880, and Corresponding week, 1879. Rows include days of the week (Mon-Sun) and temperature readings (Max, Min, Mean).

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CANADIAN ILLUSTRATED NEWS.

Montreal, Saturday, February 28, 1880.

We are glad to see from the reports that our townsman, Mr. MACMASTER, member of the Ontario Legislature for Glengarry, is already making his mark, with the prospect of becoming one of the leaders of his party. Mr. MACMASTER is a man of solid ability, studious habits and facile eloquence, and his success, so early in his career, while gratifying to his numerous friends, does no more than justify their high estimate of his talents.

That crucial question, the legalizing the marriage of a sister-in-law, has at length, and for the first time, been brought before Parliament. Pending the discussion, we may state that Mr. GIROUARD's bill proposes a permission of marriage between a man and the sister of his deceased wife, or the widow of his deceased brother, provided there be no impediment of affinity according to the rules and customs of the church or clergyman celebrating such marriage. The second clause is retrospective, providing that all such marriages, contracted in the past, shall be declared valid, except such cases as may be pending in the Courts.

The press of Canada is largely and ably represented in the present House of Commons. We may mention Mr. Anglin, of the St. John's Freeman; Mr. Royal, of the St. Boniface Méris; Mr. Rufus Stephenson, of the Chatham Planet; Mr. Thomas White, of the Montreal Gazette; Mr. C. W. Bunting, of the Toronto Mail; Mr. Houde, of the Nouveau Monde; Mr. Vallée, of the Courrier du Canada; and Mr. Tassé, of Le Canada. We may mention also several former journalists, as Hon. Messrs. Langevin, Macdougall, Mackenzie Bowell, Laurier, and Messrs. Mousseau, DeCosmos, Desjardins and Ouimet.

The Dominion Parliamentary Library is by far the largest in Canada and one of the largest on this continent. Last year it contained 92,713 volumes; this year, the number is 96,596 volumes—an increase of 3,883. Complete catalogues have for a long time been in course of

preparation by the officials. Mr. TODD, the distinguished Librarian, states in his last report that there is not room enough for all the books that are constantly accumulating, and he asks that the Supreme Court room be annexed for that purpose. We may add that the Library building is admittedly one of the finest and most commodious in the world.

ONTARIO is always taking the lead, bearing out its proud title of the Empire Province of Canada. Its Government, with commendable foresight, has appropriated \$4,500 toward the sale of its manufactures in France. A warehouse and office are to be established in Paris under the charge of the agent Mr. CORMAN, who has gone to work already and is meeting with much success, having already several orders for cheese, barley, and agricultural implements generally. This surely is an example which the Province of Quebec ought eagerly to follow, the bonds of kindred nationality serving as a powerful incentive toward the establishment of extensive trade relations.

We have not yet reached the real facts connected with the stoppage of the wires at Ottawa on the night of the accident to the Vice-regal party. The press have stated their case, and the Telegraph Companies have made explanations. We are still in the dark as to the precise orders delivered from Rideau Hall. It seems clear that some one has blundered. This is the more to be regretted, as it would have been easy, by a polite request, to secure the concurrence of the reporters in a delay of their messages, until the full facts were known. We are sure that not one of these gentlemen would have refused to carry out the wishes of His Excellency to their utmost extent. But between a wish and an order there is quite a gulf. In a country like this, none but the Government has the right to control the wires, and that only in cases of extreme emergency. We can allow, of course, for much haste and confusion on the night of the accident, and can only hope that the lesson imparted will not be wholly lost.

We fear it shall have to be said that our American cousins have displayed an unaccountable narrowness through every phase of the Halifax Fisheries Award. Not only did Congress, the Secretary of State, and even the President, submit with ill grace to the payment of the \$5,500,000, but the press, with singular unanimity, have complained that the award was five times as much as the conceded privileges are worth; and now we are startled with the announcement, said to be made on Canadian authority, that the statistics laid before the Commission were fabricated for the purpose, the official records of the Dominion Government being deliberately falsified. It is further stated that when this extraordinary discovery was made, both the Dominion and British Governments were notified of the fact, and that neither the one nor the other paid the slightest attention to it. The matter is now brought before the American Senate, and the Executive is requested to publish whatever information regarding the alleged fraud it may have in its possession. We can only trust that the Dominion Parliament, now in session, will probe this matter to the bottom.

We are glad to be able to state that the first exhibition of the Canadian Academy of Arts will be opened about the 3rd March, and continue for two or three weeks. On the inaugural night there will be a conversazione, at which, it is hoped, His Excellency and Her Royal Highness will both be present. In any event, a speech from His Excellency is expected. The exhibition will be held in the Clarendon Hotel building, Ottawa, the walls of which have been coloured in "academy red," for the better distribution of the pictures. The main dining-room

is to be the main room, and a screen has been run down the centre and will be covered with antiquated tapestries, to be contributed by His Excellency. Oil paintings will be exhibited there, and also in the room in the rear, in the centre of which is to be placed a statue, now being executed by Mr. VAN LUPPEN, of Montreal. On the flight above, some twelve rooms six on either side, have been connected the one with the other, and will be devoted to the exhibition of water-colours, architectural designs, drawings, etc. Pictures for the exhibition are beginning to arrive in large numbers, and the success of the first public display appears to be assured. As it will be the first Dominion exhibition of the kind, a good deal of interest will naturally centre in the event, and it is to be hoped a happy inaugural will form a suitable introduction to a long and successful career. We are glad of all this, for there were not wanting croakers who opposed the Academy as a premature creation, and predicted its failure.

AN ELECTION LESSON.

The election of the Conservative candidate for Liverpool by a majority of 2,200, although our correspondence did inform us a majority of 5,000 was expected, is a political event of marked interest. This by-election had more significance than a mere contest in a great town. The eyes of all England were upon it, and it will not do as The Times, with much point, contends, simply to say that the constituency was Conservative, and the result natural. It is a proof that the attacks with which the government of Lord BEACONSFIELD has been almost overwhelmed, are not judged by a very large and intelligent constituency to have been founded on truth; and further that it is considered advisable that that Government should complete the policy it has begun. It is certain that the very vigorous and eloquent attacks of Mr. GLADSTONE in his tour in Scotland have been met by most damaging criticism, especially with respect to his financial statements, the point which ought to be his forte, and failure in which would leave him poor indeed. He has been greatly damaged on this point, and no stronger proof of this could be found than that which was contained in an explanatory note which he himself published. The Liverpool election is, certainly, not calculated to make him happy in view of the tirades which he indulged in. It cannot be considered, either, the most comfortable answer to Lord DERBY's "gunpowder and glory" denunciations of the Government. We think the instinct of the people undoubtedly is that even the commercial prosperity of England depends upon her exhibiting the will and the power to maintain it. If, in her too eager pursuit of the ordinary industrial and commercial avocations, she should let drop her Imperial position, her commerce would very soon follow, and she would be unable to feed the millions within her borders. It is beyond question that her commerce has always and everywhere followed her flag, and only a few days ago, Mr. BRASSEY, M. P. established before the Bradford Chamber of Commerce that the per capita consumption of British merchandise was, in the United States, 7s. against £2 2s. 9d. in the North American Colonies; and as between her neighbours, France and Australia, the figures are still more striking, being in the former 7s. 8d. and in the latter £8 10s. 8d.

EUROPE IN ARMS.

The sight of the military armaments on the continent of Europe is rather discouraging to those enthusiastic natures who cling to the ideals of universal peace and the general amity of nations. So far from advancing, the world is positively retrograding in this respect, and the nineteenth century, with all its mental lights and moral improvements, makes a sorry display alongside the dark ages, at which we are all pleased to scoff. One would have thought that France had

learned a lesson in 1870, which would have quelled her martial spirit for at least the remainder of this century. The Marseillaise would find no echo in the hearts of a conquered people, and the click of the Chassepot would not be heard outside the schools of gunnery. The loss of life and property was tremendous, the national humiliation incalculable, but the blood-money, which the unfortunate country was called upon to pay, reached a figure hitherto unknown in history. The official returns show that the war cost France the sum of 13,939,000,000 francs, or about \$2,700,000,000. Yet, in spite of these drawbacks, not only has the gallant nation recovered her prosperity, but has actually increased in productive wealth, and devoted a large sum every year toward the restoration of her military efficiency. Her annual outlay for military purposes is now \$180,000,000, and the consequence is that, according to the unimpeachable testimony of the North German Gazette, she is to-day better armed and numerically stronger than her victorious rival. The fact is that the present French Army is 1,600,000 strong. It is easy enough to say that so mighty an army is kept up for defensive purposes alone, but whose is acquainted with the character of the French must be aware that, on the first favourable opportunity, a terrible conflict will be entered upon for the recovery of Alsace and Lorraine. And here is where the grim farce becomes more ghastly in its hypocritical effrontery. If France kept on arming through fear of Germany, the latter now declares her intention of increasing her armament through fear of France. The philanthropic fancy of reducing all European armies to a peace footing is thus blown to the winds as a hollow mockery. Indeed, following the example of France and Germany, Austria and Russia find a pretext for strengthening their military resources, and the grand result is a total of panoplied men, whose tread, if they marched in measured time together, would shake the continent from its hinges. As nearly as we can ascertain, there are in Europe to-day, excluding England and the lesser States, not less than 6,500,000 men under arms, torn from peaceful pursuits in the field or the workshop, and absorbed in the sole practice of engines of destruction. Such a standing army the world has never seen before. It exceeds that which Xerxes reviewed from his granite seat on Mount Athos. The Roman Empire in its widest grasp, from the Tweed to the Euphrates, had no more than 300,000 legionaries under arms.

There is no use wasting sentiment on this stupendous exhibit. Man is a fighting animal, whether singly or in herds. He has been so from the beginning and will remain so to the end, and when his blood is up he will fight in spite of the teachings of philosophy or the remonstrances of religion. It is more to the purpose to take a practical view of the subject. That these armaments are exaggerated is clear; that they must prove ruinous to any nation's exchequer is a simple question of arithmetic; that they are destructive of the happiness of families and the normal laws of society is so true that we need look no further for the present revolutionary symptoms that threaten the existence of every throne in Europe. There is a limit to the patience of even the most debased clodhopper, and the time will come when he will refuse to waste the best years of his youth in a barrack, or devote the hard earnings of his middle and old age to the paying of taxes to support military establishments. Such as can emigrate to more peaceful lands will do so, while those who must remain will have recourse to violence in order to shake off the yoke of an intolerable military despotism.

ENGLISH cricketers are learning to play on skates. A fortnight ago a cricket match came off on the ice which covered a pond near Neath, the players wearing skates. The teams being composed of well-known cricketers some good scores were made, though the mishaps were numerous. Swansea scored 126, and Cadroxton 241.

WINTER SONG.

Chorus I cannot sing
Glow in soft summer skies,
Rise with the grass in spring,
Soar on the quivering wing
Of every bird that flies.

But winter, too, has gifts,
Though rough in giving;
Something of beauty drifts
Down thro' the storm-cloud drifts
To all things living.

See! Fairies white and small
Flit fast on fairy steeds—
Snow-flakes that softly fall,
Rest on the poplars tall,
Then seek the frozen meads.

Wee, cunning artists wait,
Too, in King Winter's train,
And pictures fair donate—
Pictures a king in state
Might envy to my pane.

So, though he rule ruggedly,
We'll not upbraid him;
Even if we cannot sigh
When spring comes dancing by
From state to degrade him.

Chatham, N.B. E. G. R.

THE SEAT OF GOVERNMENT.

THE ONTARIO BOUNDARY—INSOLVENCY BILL—
NORTH-WEST RAILWAY SCHEMES—THE
PRINCESS—INTERCOLONIAL RAILWAY, &c.

(From Our Special Correspondent.)

OTTAWA, Feb. 21st.—The first week in a session of Parliament is generally not productive in results, and this first week of the Parliament now sitting at Ottawa has not been an exception to the rule. The Opposition made no objection to the passing of the Address, and there were not many words lost in that debate. The topic of most interest and that which has been most debated since, is the question of the boundary of Ontario. There is enough territory and probably wealth of undeveloped resources, principally mineral, in the question debated, to constitute an European kingdom; and there is evidently some feeling that such a vast addition to the previously great Province of Ontario, might make its position too preponderating in the Dominion. But this is not the point. It is simply what is Ontario's right and due. I think also that, as a question of political economy, the larger the territory we have under one government, the better and cheaper will be the government. One can scarcely be blind to the fact that these provinces are already too much governed. We have altogether too many governors, councils, assemblies, ministries and sets of officials, for the number of our population.

Mr. Mills opened the ball by introducing a bill to ratify the boundary award. He has bestowed a great deal of study on this question, and he made at a later period a very exhaustive speech from his point of view. Mr. S. J. Dawson, of Algoma, who lives in the district, and who probably has a more intimate acquaintance with the nature of the country and its resources than any other man in the House, is not exactly of the same opinion as Mr. Mills, and does not think that the award ought to be considered final, or be carried into effect without further investigation. He, therefore, moved for the appointment of a Committee of Inquiry, the effect of which is to hang up Mr. Mills' bill while the investigation is being made; a proceeding which saves both the Government and the House of Commons from immediate decision upon a question which is by no means free from difficulty. Mr. Dawson made the statement that in the award made by the arbitrators, two important acts of the Imperial Parliament, bearing on the question, had been completely ignored.

Mr. Mackenzie, Mr. Blake and the Opposition generally, hold to the position, as a sort of Ontario claim, that the delay in settling this question had already been too great, and that the Government was really bound to give effect to the award of the arbitrators. Sir John Macdonald, and the Minister of Justice, reviewed the proceedings of the arbitration and contended that in any view of the case the Government could not divest itself of responsibility for the action taken, and, therefore, it was right and proper the fullest elucidation should be had for its information. Of course this view prevailed, and the motion for the committee was carried by the crushing vote of 123 to 52.

I give you shortly the result arrived at, without having been able to follow the debate in detail, as that would take too much space; but it is fair to say that both Mr. W. McDougall and Mr. McCarthy made able speeches, the former making one notable point, viz., that in view of the kind of questions which are involved, it will be scarcely possible to arrive at a final satisfactory solution, in the absence of a judicial decision from the final and highest court of the empire.

On Monday, Mr. Colby introduced his Insolvency Bill. He desires to simplify the proceedings by making the repeal total, leaving the settlement and disposition of estates to be dealt with by separate legislation. Mr. Béchard also introduced a bill of similar purport, but Mr. Colby caught the eye of Mr. Speaker first. There arose out of this matter some unpleasant personal questions. The correspondent of the *Globe*, in fact, accused Mr. Colby of despicable trickery in actually appropriating and introducing Mr. Béchard's printed bill of last session as his own, and the *Gazette* correspondent insinuated

that Mr. Béchard had done something of the same sort with Mr. Colby's bill. There were some curious mistakes. It happened that Mr. Béchard's bill was actually that presented in Mr. Colby's name, while Mr. Colby's bill was in Mr. Béchard's desk. It is clear that somebody had tried to play a practical joke. Both Mr. Colby and Mr. Béchard denied in the House having had anything to do with it, and I certainly believe them. The kind of attack to which this matter gave rise is certainly not worth while.

As respects this question itself it is certain that the House, from the temper it exhibited last session, will pass an Insolvent repeal Bill, and the fact is one of great importance to the whole Dominion. There can not be a question that men in weak positions have anticipated this and taken time by the forelock. Hence the very large number of bankruptcies during the past year. Mr. Girouard made a statement that if the bill passed a second reading he should move an amendment granting a discharge to all insolvents whose estates had been handed over to their creditors under existing and previous acts. This seems fair.

One meets a good many Manitoba men about, and the air is rife with railway schemes to meet the wants of the great population which it is expected will immediately flow into the North-west, and of which one begins already to hear the tramp. When it is said that a railroad can be built in that country for about seven thousand dollars a mile, and when one takes into consideration the undoubtedly great resources to be developed, there is little wonder that people are anxious to obtain charters. One of these is proposed from a point at or near Rapid City to the coalfields on the Souris, and this is a charter which undoubtedly ought to be granted, if there is confidence enough in its projectors; but charters ought not to be given for the mere purposes of speculation. It is rumored that Dr. Schultz intends to ask for an extension of his South-west Colonization Road from Rock Lake to the Turtle Mountains, which certainly ought to be granted. The road which the Emerson people are asking for, to serve the country west of the Red River from that place, is a much more doubtful project, as it would simply be a feeder of American railways; of course these may tap any South-western line but that is quite a different thing. The fact of the existence of coal on the Souris is naturally beginning to cause excitement, but I understand the government will take measures to block individual speculation in that, which will be a good thing done. While on the subject of railways in the West, I may mention I see it stated that Mr. Stephen and Mr. R. B. Angus have bought out Mr. Worthington's interest in the Canada Central, with the view of getting into their hands the construction of the line of road along the south shore of Lake Superior and via the Sault Ste. Marie, through Canada to the seaboard. This is a grand project, and probably will, for some years to come, give us the shortest line to Manitoba and the North-west, although it passes for a large portion of its way through American territory. Its construction will be a terrible blow to Chicago, the first of such a nature that city has ever had, and it is very difficult to point out all the consequences to which it would lead, but one undoubtedly is, that it would very much strengthen the position between Montreal and St. Paul. If the report as respects the two gentlemen I have named is true, their ambition aims high.

You will have seen full details of the painful accident to the Princess last Saturday evening on her way to the drawing-room. The latest bulletin from Dr. Grant indicates that Her Royal Highness will not be able to appear in public for some time, which is a damper on the festivities of Ottawa, and a universal source of regret to the whole country. The accident appears to have been owing to the driver not sufficiently understanding what is technically called the "slewing" of a sleigh in driving rapidly round a corner. The injuries were much less severe than might have been expected, looking at the distance Her Royal Highness and the other occupants of the carriage were dragged after it was upset, and the feeling among all classes cannot but be one of profound thankfulness. Mr. Mackenzie mentioned the subject in the House last night, and also the fact that many municipalities had sent in addresses of condolence. Sir John Macdonald stated that he quite agreed in Mr. Mackenzie's expressions of sympathy, but that it had not been thought advisable to take any formal action in the House, in order that the accident might not be magnified to alarm Her Majesty.

Friday brought nothing of special interest in the House of Commons. The topics were a judiciary question belonging to British Columbia; and Intercolonial Railway returns. In discussing these the Opposition contended that the boasted economies were fast making the railway a wreck. Sir Charles Tupper, as Minister of Railways, utterly denied this, and stated that assertions of this kind were playing with the best interests of the country to serve the ends of faction.

The debate in the Senate on the address was much longer and more elaborate than that in the House. This may be owing to the reporters. Mr. Read (who by the by is brother to the English Agricultural Commissioner who visited Canada during the autumn) made a very elaborate speech in which he showed that the condition of the agriculturists in England had become worse during the last hundred years and

he stated on the authority of Mr. Washburn, the United States Minister to England, that no less than seventy ships are now being built for the trade of transportation of live stock between America and England. It is probable the English agriculturists will feel the effect of this. The address was finally carried in the Senate on Wednesday.

OUR ILLUSTRATIONS.

GOLD MINING IN NORTH HASTINGS.—The Gatling location, the first of the series, is the largest claim in extent and capital invested. It is owned by an American company, presided over by General Tuttle. The mill, which we see in the middle distance, just in front of the magazine, contains four batteries of five stamps each, and is most complete in all its arrangements, but whether it is owing to having too large a directorate, or whether they began to build without first considering the cost, nothing has been done in the way of putting things in shape for actual crushing till within the last few months. Capt. O'Neil, the resident manager, has had his men at work honeycombing the quartz drifts in all directions, and the ground is strewn with heaps of mispickel, averaging \$20 to the ton, and the crushing will be commenced almost immediately. The second sketch is the Malone or Feigle mine, leased by Mr. Stuart, working night and day for some time past, crushing forty tons of quartz every 24 hours. As in the sketch, after being broken and burnt, the "dirt" is fed into the stamps and crushed wet, then being splashed through fine steel sieves is sluiced on blankets, which are washed into grinding pans and subsequently treated with mercury in the amalgamators. The last sketch shows American speculators at the Blairton iron mines, which have been lying like the "grave of the last sixpence" for so many years.

A CANADIAN CHAMPION.

We have much pleasure in publishing to-day the portrait of Robt. E. J. Summerhayes, winner of the Montreal Snow-shoe Club Cup this year, who may aptly be termed the Canadian Athletic Champion, and who has more medals for feats of speed and endurance than, perhaps, any man on this continent. The Montreal Lacrosse and Snow-shoe Clubs, of which he is a distinguished member, have, perhaps, done more than any other bodies toward the promotion of healthful outdoor sports. Mr. Summerhayes was born 14th April, 1853, at Bishops Lydeard, Somersetshire, England, and came to Canada in the autumn of 1869. He won his first race in March, 1872. Later he won the 100 yards Champion Challenge Medal of the Montreal Pedestrian Club in 1873, three times; the Champion Challenge Vase, ¼ mile, Montreal Gymnasium Club, 1874-75, two years; the Challenge Bowling Cup, Montreal Gymnasium, 1875-76. At Newport, R.I., U.S., he won the cup, valued at \$150, presented by James Gordon Bennett, for 200 yards, on Aug. 16th, 1876. At Ottawa, 1st July, 1878, he won the Governor-General's medal, ¼ mile. He has won prizes for high jump, long jump, hop, step and jump, bowling, billiards, throwing lacrosse ball, and running every distance from 100 yards to two miles. He has won in all fourteen silver medals, twenty-six gold medals, and seventeen cups, besides several other prizes. He was one of the Montreal lacrosse team on its famous European tour.

QUEER RELATIONSHIPS.

In a certain part of the British dominions, which shall be nameless, there is a child which is (I) second and third cousin to its father; (II) second cousin to one grandfather; (III) great grand nephew to the other; (IV) third cousin to each grandmother; and (V) third cousin to its mother. I suppose that few of the readers of the News could explain how these different relationships are found. Well, here is the explanation.

(I) Its father's father and its mother are first cousins. Its father and mother are, therefore, in common phraseology, also first cousins. The children of first cousins are, of course, second cousins. It is, therefore, second cousin to its father. Again, its father's mother and its mother's mother are first cousins. Its father and mother are, therefore, second cousins. The children of second cousins are, of course, third cousins, therefore, it is third cousin to its father.

(II) Its father's father and its mother—as I have already said—are first cousins. The children of first cousins are second cousins. Therefore, it is second cousin to its grandfather by the father's side.

(III) Its grandfather just referred to, is nephew to the other grandfather. Therefore, its father is his grand-nephew, and it is, of course, his great-grand-nephew.

(IV) Its grandmothers are first cousins to each other. The children of the one, are, therefore, respectively second cousins to the other. In the same way, the grand children are third cousins.

(V) Its grandmothers—as I have just stated—are first cousins to each other. Its father and mother are, therefore, second cousins. The children of second cousins are, of course, third cousins, therefore, it is third cousin to its mother.

No doubt, a little further study of this case would show other queer relationships.

OBSERVER.

GUSTAVE SATTER AMONG US.

We heartily welcome the advent in our midst of Dr. Gustave Satter, one of the most renowned pianists of modern times and one whose whole career has been an uninterrupted series of ovations and triumphs. He enjoys a double prestige. As a performer on the piano, and as a composer for this instrument he unites the fire of Liszt and the deeply emotional poetry of Chopin. In Europe he has long ago been called the only peer of Liszt and T. alberg. In the United States, for the last four years, he has been the musical pioneer of the South.

The great artist to whom we devote these introductory lines will play, on the occasion of his "début," pieces by Raff, Chopin, Mozart, Berlioz and Mendelssohn, besides his own bravura pieces which have carried his name all over the world.

In regard to Satter's execution let us here merely mention the celebrated saying of Moscheles, who when asked by Meyerbeer which of the two pianists was greater, Liszt or Satter, answered the author of the Huguenots: "My dear Meyerbeer, Liszt is the first, but Satter is the only one."

It will be a wise thing to secure seats or even entrance-tickets at Mr. DeZouche's for once. And judging by the universal interest, by the tiptoe of expectation, and by the results so far, there is no fear about one certainty, viz: about a most enthusiastic reception by probably the most fashionable and distinguished society that ever gathered together.

HISTORY OF THE WEEK.

MONDAY, February 16.—Lord Salisbury's health is improving.—The Russian fleet at Cronstadt has been ordered to the Pacific.—General Skobeloff has changed his plan of operation against the Turcomans.—O'Leary has accepted Weston's challenge to a six days' pedestrian contest for \$1,000.—Ten thousand Persian troops are about to proceed to Meshel, in the direction of Merv.—A number of Turcomans, believed to be under Abdul Rahmane have penetrated into Afghan Turkestan.—A resolution favouring extension of the Irish franchise, was rejected by the House of Commons last night.

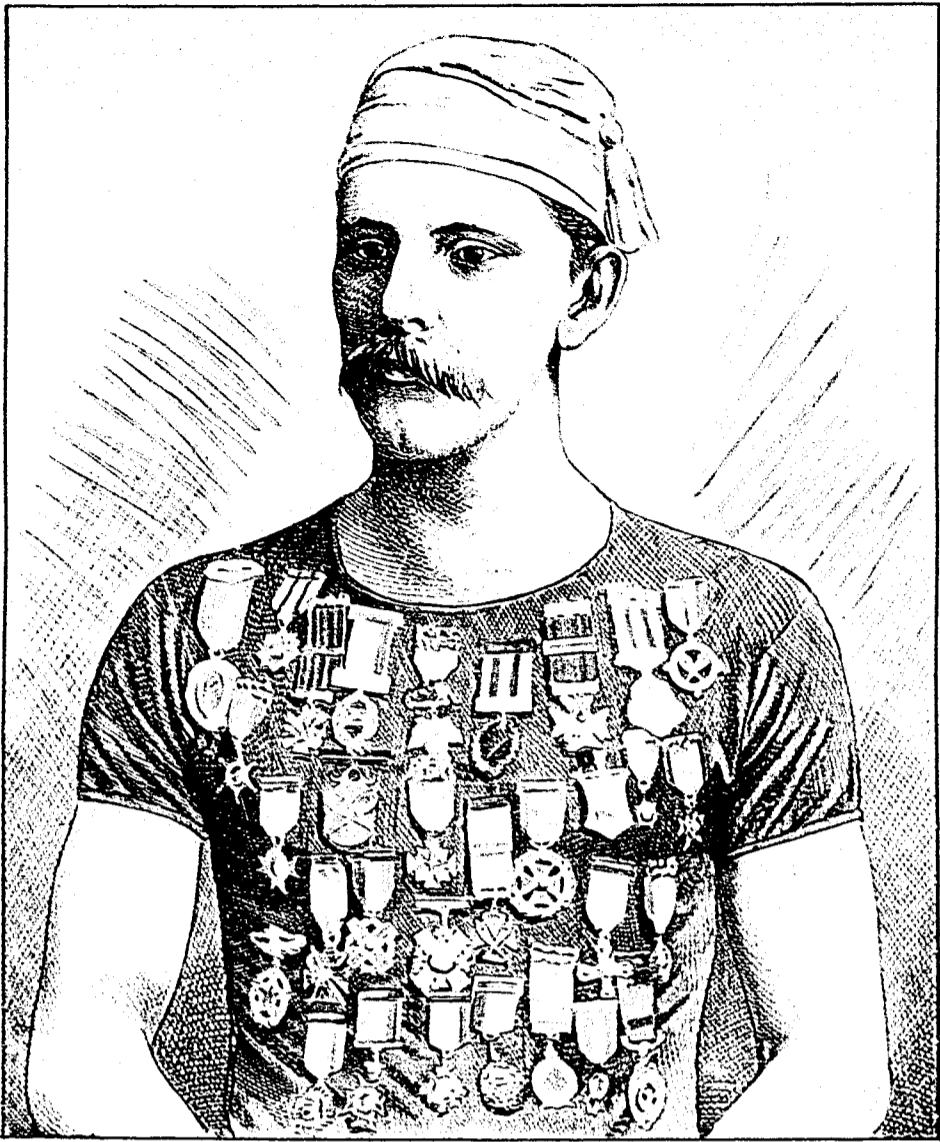
TUESDAY, February 17.—Mr. T. C. Kinnear, one of the wealthiest merchants in Nova Scotia, died suddenly yesterday of paralysis.—The British authorities at Laraca, Cyprus, have detained the Austrian mail steamer, on account of the captain having resisted arrest.—The Emperor William of Germany had a serious fall on Saturday, caused by a sudden seizure with giddiness. The return of these symptoms causes great alarm in Government circles.—Lord Beaconsfield stated in the Upper House last night, in answer to a question from Lord Granville, that the tripartite treaty of 1856, guaranteeing the independence and autonomy of Belgium, had ceased to operate.

WEDNESDAY, February 18.—A Russian has been arrested in Paris on an extradition warrant, on a charge of attempting the life of the Czar.—M. Gambetta is mentioned as a candidate for the vacancy in the French Academy caused by the death of M. Jules Favre.—The Turcomans have resolved to strenuously oppose the Russian expedition; a levy of 60,000 men has been ordered, and aid will be asked from Persia and India.—The Montreal Caledonian Curling Club and the Quebec Curling Club played in Quebec yesterday, for the Quebec Challenge Cup, the home team winning by 18 shots.—On Tuesday an attempt was made to blow up the Czar in the Winter Palace. The explosive was successfully fired by means of electric wires, but the object sought was not attained, the Czar being absent from the place where the explosion occurred. Eight soldiers, however, were killed, and 45 wounded. It is thought likely that this last attempt will hasten the Czar's abdication.

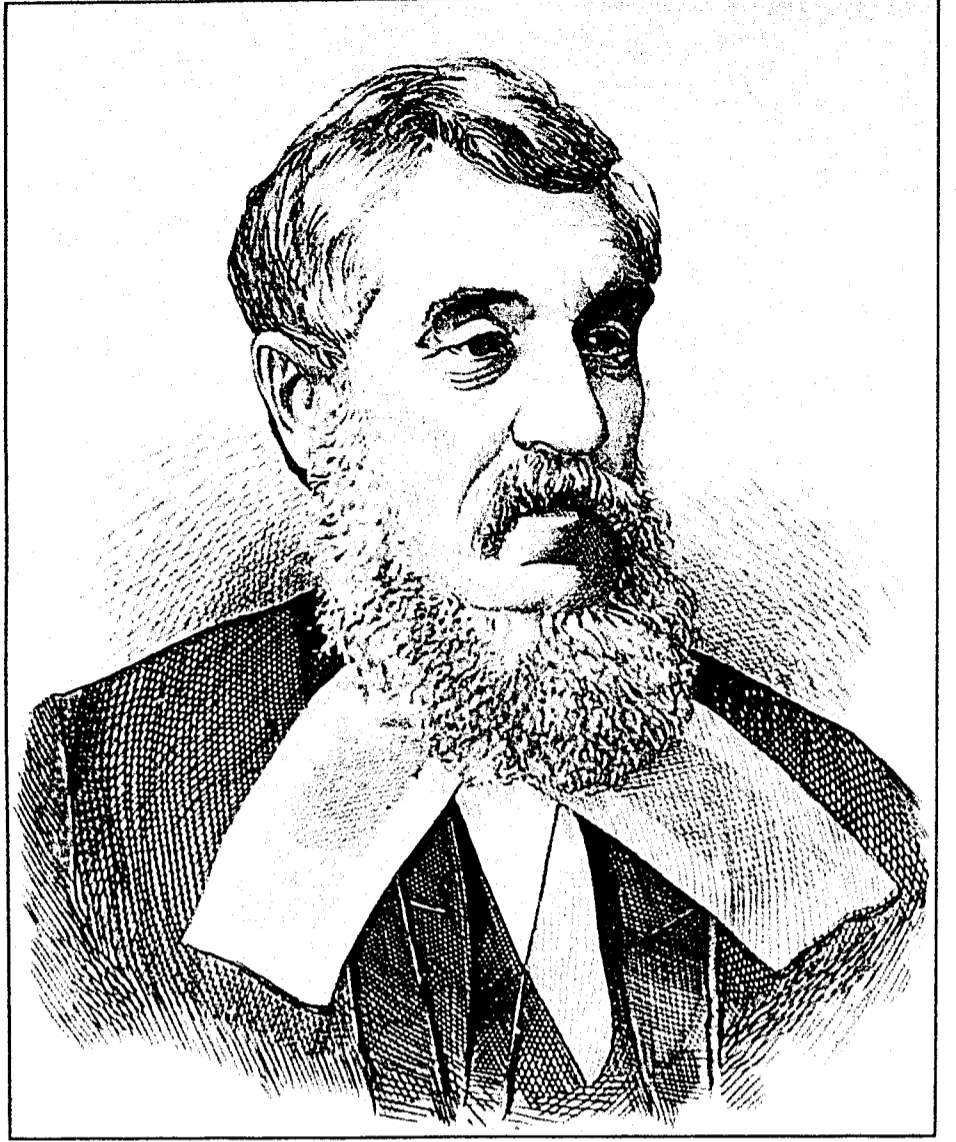
THURSDAY, February 19.—Martial law has been proclaimed in Constantinople.—Thirty-two thousand Turcomans await the Russians at Geoktepe.—Betting on the Oxford and Cambridge is 65 to 40 on the Light Blue.—Sir G. Colley has been appointed to succeed Sir Garnet Wolseley in the command of the troops in South Africa.—The Executive of the Argentine Confederation are said to be about to disarm the population, in view of the approaching Presidential elections.—In the French Chamber of Deputies the Minister of Agriculture, speaking against the tax on wheat, said the importation of foreign breadstuffs had prevented famine in France.

FRIDAY, February 20.—The Czar has determined upon the extermination of the Nihilists, at any cost.—Roumania is rejoicing over the formal recognition of her independence by England, Germany and France.—Professor Maskelyne pronounces the experiments made by Ballantyne Hanney, in producing artificial diamonds, to have been entirely successful.—The Prince of Montenegro has signified his willingness to the Powers to treat for the substitution of other Turkish territory for Gusinje and Plevna.—A marble front building on Broadway, New York, occupied by Director, Hoff & Co. and Wilde & Co. and others, was totally destroyed by fire last night. Two firemen, of No. 1 Hook and Ladder Company, lost their lives by the falling in of the roof.—In the House of Lords yesterday, the Duke of Argyll made a long speech condemning the Afghan policy of Lord Beaconsfield, and a lively debate ensued, the Premier making a slashing reply to the attacks on his administration of Eastern affairs. Finally, the Duke of Argyll withdrew his motion censuring the Government.

SATURDAY, February 21.—The Czar has decided to declare a state of siege throughout Russia.—"Blower" Brown won the six days' pedestrian contest which closed in London on Saturday night, scoring 553 miles.—General Roberts is negotiating with the Afghan chiefs, who are said to appear favourable to making terms of peace.—Deaths from diphtheria since November in the Russian provinces of Charkoff and Poltava have reached 40,000.—The famine in the Russian provinces of Saratof and Kief and in the Caucasus is increasing to an alarming extent.—Several Moscow students have been arrested for being concerned in the burning of the Petrofsky Academy in that city.—The Turcoman army was completely defeated, on the 15th inst., at Tekka, by a portion of the Russian expedition under General Kaufmann.—After the debate on the Irish question in the Imperial House of Commons on Friday night, an Irish and English member had some high words, which resulted in the former challenging the latter to fight a duel.—Despatches from Ireland indicate that the distress is spreading rapidly, and that continuous and strenuous efforts will be necessary for some months to ward off a great calamity. Feter has also made its appearance, caused by extreme want.



ROBERT E. J. SUMMERHAYES,
WINNER OF THE MONTREAL SNOW SHOE CLUB CUP.
From a Photo. by Notman & Sandham.



HIS HON. R. D. WILMOT, P. C.
LIEUTENANT-GOVERNOR OF NEW BRUNSWICK.
From a Photograph by Topley



VIEW OF OTTAWA FROM RIDEAU HALL.—FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY TOPLEV.

OUR ILLUSTRATIONS.

THE DUCHESS OF MARLBOROUGH.—Lady Frances Anne Emily Vane, eldest daughter of the third Marquis of Londonderry, K.G., was married, in 1843, to the sixth Duke of Marlborough, who, from 1876, has been Viceroy of Ireland. Two sons and six daughters are the issue of this union. Her Grace's name has of late been prominently brought before the public, because of the energy she has displayed in initiating a fund for the relief of Irish distress. In her letter, which appeared in the public journals of the 18th ult., she predicts—and her forecast has already been painfully fulfilled—that "in most of the western districts of Ireland there will be extreme suffering and misery among the poor, owing to want of employment, loss of turf, loss of cattle, and failure of potatoes, unless a vigorous effort of private charity is got up to supplement the ordinary system of Poor Law Relief." Her Grace proposed to meet this distress by organizing a Central Committee in Dublin aided by local committees elsewhere, and suggested that the moneys collected be spent on fuel, food, clothing, especially for the aged and weak, and in small sums to keep out of the workhouse the families of the able-bodied. It is only fair to state that besides the "Duchess of Marlborough's Fund," which is intended for the most distressed districts of the South and West, there is also the (Dublin) Mansion House Fund, which embraces the whole country in its object, besides considerable sums which have been collected by the Roman Catholic clergy, both in Ireland, the United States, and the colonies. Nor must we forget the loans advanced to land-owners, which are being freely applied for, and which ought, if judiciously applied, not merely to relieve temporary pressure, but to produce permanent benefit.

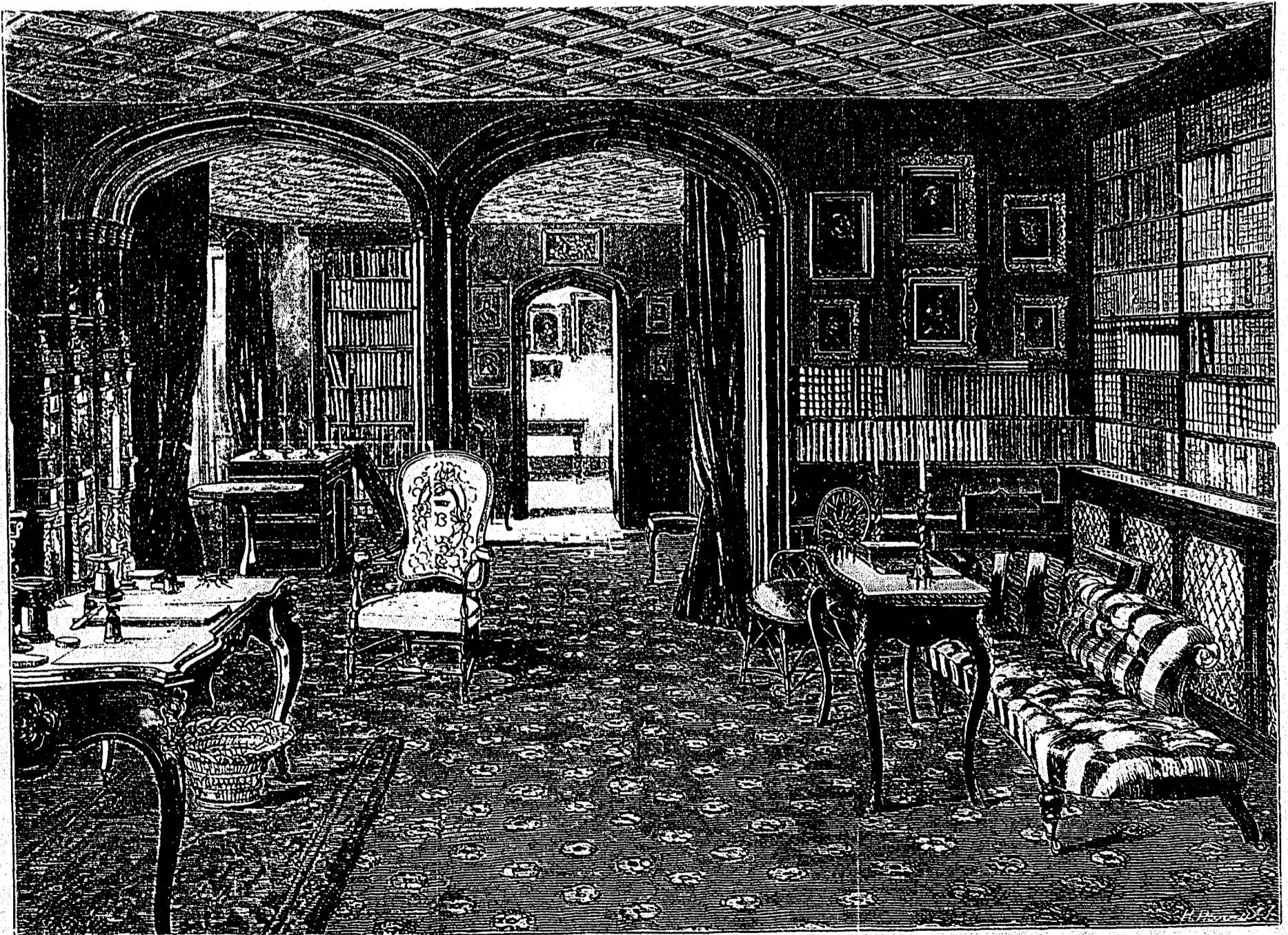
LIEUTENANT-GOVERNOR WILMOT.—The new Lieutenant-Governor of New Brunswick, is son of John M. Wilmot, Esq., who sat for St. John [county] in the New Brunswick Assembly for many years, by Susan Harriet, daughter of Samuel Wiggins, Esq., merchant of St. John, and grandson of Captain Lemuel Wilmot, formerly of the Loyal American Regiment, who settled in New Brunswick at the time of the American revolution. He was born in Fredrickton, New Brunswick, 15th October, 1809, educated in St. John, and married in 1833, to Miss Mowat, of St. Andrew's. He is a director of the Quebec and New Brunswick Railway Company. He was a member of the Executive Council, New Brun-



HER GRACE THE DUCHESS OF MARLBOROUGH.

wick, from 1851 to 1854, [from 1856 to 1857; and again in his own Government in 1865, and again in 1866 until the Union; held office of Surveyor-General from 1851 to 1854; and that of Provincial-Secretary from 1856 to 1857. He was Mayor of St. John, 1849; a delegate to Confederate Council of Trade, Quebec, 1865; and to the Colonial Conference for the Union of the British North American Colonies, London, 1866-7. He was appointed a Commissioner on behalf of Canada to the Philadelphia Exhibition, 1870. He holds a patent of rank and precedence from Her Majesty, as an Executive Councillor, New Brunswick. He sat for St. John (city and county) in the New Brunswick, Assembly from 1846 to 1861, and from 1865 until the Union. He was called to the Senate by Royal Proclamation, May, 1867, sworn a member of the Privy Council without portfolio, October, 1878, and appointed Speaker of the Senate, October, 1878.

MR. CARLYLE AND KIRKCALDY.—In Kirkcaldy, says Dr. Barnardo, I came across some reminiscences of celebrities. Near to my host's house was an old building now used by him as a store-house for flax. Drawing my attention to its aged, weather-beaten walls, he remarked: "Fifty years ago this was a school, the chief grammar school in the town. Here Adam Smith, the author of the 'Wealth of Nations,' was educated. Here Thomas Carlyle was for a while schoolmaster, having a stipend of £90 per annum. And not far from this building was another used as the High School, over which the celebrated Edward Irving presided as dominie, and earned the reputation of being the most severe schoolmaster of the whole district." My host, who is now an old man, was for a time a pupil of Carlyle, and remembers him and Edward Irving distinctly. Talking of Carlyle, any authentic information one can gather about a man like him must be interesting to everybody. A friend of mine was visiting him some time ago, and in the course of the evening Mr. John Ruskin arrived, and added, as may be imagined, to the enjoyment of the occasion. My friend drove away with Mr. Ruskin, and after a while said, "We who love and value Carlyle for his own sake, often wonder if in his hearts of hearts he has received for himself the grand truths of the love of God?" After a moment's silence, Mr. Ruskin replied, "He believes in the justice of God, and," added the great art critic, "to my mind such a faith is a cold one and brings but little comfort."



LORD BEACONSFIELD'S LIBRARY AT HUGHENDEN.

MADELEINE DE VERCHERES.

VERCHERES, ST. LAWRENCE RIVER, OCT. 22, 1692.

Beside the glorious river,
She heard the workman cry,
"The Iroquois are on us!
Fly to the fort-gate, fly!"

The Seigneur's little daughter
Turned at the word of woe,
And saw her people in the field
Shot down before the foe.

Then, to the open fort-gate,
She like an arrow sped,
And swift those savage shadows
Chased after as she fled.

She gained the fort before them,
The gate shut in their face,
"O Holy Mother, help me!"
She prayed, "to save the place!"

And what had this French maiden,
But fourteen summers old,
To hold the fort and keep at bay
The red wolves by the fold!

She had two younger brothers,
One old man near the grave,
The workman that had warned her,
And two stout soldiers brave.

She ran to the block out-house,
Reached through a covered way,
And there were her two soldiers
Where the store of powder lay.

And one stood by the powder
And held a burning brand,
"What are you doing, madman!"
She asked, and caught his hand.

"Better this than fagots,"
He gasped, "Stand back!" she cried,
"Stand back, and use the powder
For honour and for pride!"

She spoke to her two brothers:
"Our father is away;
But you and I have courage
To take his place to-day."

"Our father and our mother,
Both of you well know,
Have taught us always to uphold
This holy cause below."

"A gentleman's true glory
Is to die for God and King,
Hold ye our father's spirit,
Nor fall in anything!"

And the blood of old French warriors
In the maiden's veins did bound,
And she took her gun and stationed
Her little band around.

Four mounted the four bastions,
Two at the loop-holes—fire!
And six as well as a hundred
Saved them from Indian ire.

But in the forest border
Low lurk the tiger eyes,
And death to panting soldier
That forward pathway tries!

As Madeleine looked onward
On the river at her feet,
She saw a settler rowing
To gain the fort's retreat.

She said to her two soldiers,
"Go down and bring them quick,
The Iroquois will not come out—
They'll think it a French trick."

But her bold soldiers trembled,
Nor further would be sent,
Then from the gate the maiden
Down to the river went.

And she brought back the settler
And his pale wife with her,
Nor did the tremor of her heart
Upon her features stir.

She spoke: "With my young brothers
These two and I will stay,
And man the bastions through the night,
And keep the foe away."

"You, soldiers, take your station
In the block-house, to-night,
With the women and the children,
Nor sleep you in our plight!"

To the dark level forest
Sank the wan autumn sun,
And from the cloudy northern sky
A keen wind had begun.

And, as the chilling darkness
Spread o'er the river strand,
A whistling storm of hail and snow
Rushed on the ghostly land.

And on her darkened bastion
The young Canadian stood,
And heard the tempest shrieking
On river and in wood.

The deep night all around her
Was pale with clinging snow,
"All's well!" she cried, and loudly
The words rang to and fro.

And as she hugged her musket
And stamped the frozen stone,
The wind upon the river
Seemed a derisive tone.

"O, my beloved river!"
The maiden captain cried,
"Why dost thou flow beneath me
With such a mocking tide?"

"Have I not played beside thee,
And fondled thee, and sent
My laughter on thy ripples
In past days of content?"

"And on thy azure currents
Have I not lived with thee,
Until our spirits were as one,
Sere, and bright and free?"

"And how dost thou repay me
For all the love I gave?
Or is't my fear that chills me,
And not thy speaking wave?"

"No! thy voice is full of valor,
O, grand Canadian stream!
Thou biddest me to rally
From every timid dream."

"Thy voice is all heroic—
This is the charge, to-night—
To fight, to die, for Christ and King,
And wear the crown of light!"

And through that night and many—
A week—it seemed a score—
That band stood on the bastions
And watched the stream and shore.

At last, upon the river, one night,
Was a low plash:
"Who is it?" questioned Madeleine,
While hope and doubt did flash.

"Frenchmen," came the quick answer,
"Come up to bring you aid!"
She ran down to the river,
And her salute she made.

"Right welcome here, lieutenant!
I give you my command!"
"My brave girl!" cried the officer,
And he best and kissed her hand.

Known to P.Q. C. L. CLEVELAND.

UNIVERSITY LIFE IN FRANCE,
ENGLAND AND GERMANY.By HUGO VON RADOWITZ. Translated from the
German for the "Canadian Illustrated
News."

II. ENGLAND.

Student life in England has been essentially different from that in France. The universities there are far more exclusive and scholastic institutions, and the student youth has had far less opportunity, than in France, of taking part in public life, into which they enter only after having completely finished their studies. The only two English Universities that from their scientific importance deserve the name, are the institutions at Cambridge and at Oxford. The University of Cambridge is the older, that of Oxford in some measure the most distinguished. The first beginnings of the University of Cambridge are referred to Siegbert, king of the East-angles, who is said to have founded a school of *scriptors* there. The oldest document relating to the founding of the University bears the date 1229, and is given in the reign of King Henry III.—so this King is, if not really the founder, at all events, the thorough reformer of the University of Cambridge. This University was also, after the manner of the Paris University, divided into the same four faculties, that of arts, however, falling into two subdivisions, of the Trivium, embracing Grammar, Rhetoric and Logic, and the Quadrivium to which Arithmetic, Astronomy, Geometry and Music belonged,—and in each faculty there was the degree of Bachelor (Baccalaureus) and Master (Magister). Already in early times, colleges came prominently to the front; these were large boarding institutions founded partly by the church and partly by modest private donations, and provided with special teachers and superintendents; in these the students dwelt, had their meals, and worked—the inner affairs of the University being carried on by a College of Magisteri at whose head was the Rector. Queen Elizabeth gave the University its present organisation, she united the separate colleges into one, which formed a magnificent large institution. Each of these single colleges, which since the time of Queen Elizabeth, has been decorated in various ways, contains dwellings for the teachers of the University and for the students, has its own library, chapel, dining-hall and garden, and each of them has its own statutes and its own visitor, who is either the Lord Chancellor, the Bishop of Ely, or a commissioner appointed directly by the King. The Professors or Fellows elect their own masters, and these masters again collectively form the government of the whole University; they choose from their midst the Chancellor, who remains in office two years. The Senatus Academicus is formed by all the Masters and Doctors of the University, and is divided into an Upper and Lower House. To the Upper House belong all those Masters and Doctors who have been such for five years, and are distinguished from the rest by wearing caps of white silk, while the Masters of the Under House wear black. Among the Professors and Students there exists a very strict gradation, and the conditions of promotion are very severe; one needs, for example, four years and two examinations to become Baccalaureus; for Master seven years are necessary; for a Doctor of Law and Medicine eight years; for a Doctor of Theology twelve years. The University has the right of sending two members to Parliament, and has thus, as a corporation, considerable political significance. The students themselves, however, lead in their colleges, often under pedantic surveillance, the life of school boys, and have little freedom, and no opportunity of mixing in public life. The Cambridge University is mostly frequented by the sons of rich men, who for a good fee find welcome reception in the Colleges; or by poorer young men who as a reward for their diligence in the preparatory institutions, often also, through patronage, receive free places (stipendienplätze).

The University of Oxford rests essentially on the same principles. It lays claim, however, unjustly, to a greater antiquity than Cambridge—to be sure there was a school here as early as the time of Alfred the Great, but its proper importance and its formation as a University, first dates from the time when under the Queen Blanche of Castile in the year 1226 numerous teachers and scholars of the Paris University

emigrated and settled in Oxford. In the year 1249 University College, the first of these Colleges, was founded, and then a great number of others richly endowed soon followed. They are all, outside and inside, gorgeous, and architectural-ly noteworthy buildings, each forms a corporation by itself, possesses a complete supply of Professors and all the necessary scientific apparatus; for instance Christ Church College which was founded by Cardinal Wolsey and enlarged and richly endowed by Henry VIII., has eight Canons, one hundred and one Fellows, eight Chaplains and eight Clerks. Oxford was from the beginning the University of the higher nobility, and as a consequence the whole arrangement is infinitely finer than that of the University of Cambridge. There is room in the Colleges for a numerous retinue of servants for the students, and the buildings are surrounded by beautiful gardens, upon the two rivers Isis and Cherwell, which flow around the town and unite to form the Thames, there are a large number of elegant rowing and sailing boats for the amusement of the students, among whom there are numerous boating clubs with all sorts of badges. The interior of the Colleges, the separate dwelling, dining and society rooms, are everywhere gorgeously arranged and adorned with the portraits of almost all the pupils of the High School who have in later years become famous, and the gardens are laid out in noble walks, riding-paths and lawns for croquet and cricket. Young men enter the Colleges at from fourteen to eighteen years of age, after they have undergone an entrance examination which, however, is omitted in the case of scholars of the schools immediately under the inspection of the University of Oxford. Instruction is imparted by the fellows, who are at the same time superintendents (Aufseher) of the students in matters affecting discipline. The instruction is given in classes in the Colleges, and there are very few so-called professional lectures (Kathedervorträge) in which students from all the Colleges of the whole University take part. Especially diligent students are rewarded by honours (Ehrenpreise), poorer ones by money (Geldstipendium). The time of study lasts three or four years, then follows an examination before a special commission, by which the degree of B. A. is obtained; then three years later, they receive the degree of M. A., without needing to pass a new examination; in the same way the dignity of Doctor of Theology, of Law and Medicine is obtained not by examination, but after a longer term of years of study. The greater part of the students content themselves with the dignity of B. A., which by a somewhat stricter examination receives the special designation "cum honore." Only those who have obtained all their degrees can become Fellows, that is almost the same as Professors of the University.

One may see even from this short sketch that the life of the English student is essentially the same as that of Seminary scholars (Seminarschuelern), and that their education has very much the character of Seminary instruction. They live shut up in their Colleges, and come into no contact with the outer world. Of course their life is a highly aristocratic one. In addition to the sciences these young fellows are brought up for all the amusements and all the sports which later form a large part of the business and interest of the best English society, but, although they commit follies and extravagancies enough (Tollheiten und Ausschweifungen), yet they are completely wanting in the freedom, as well of daily life as in the pursuits of knowledge, and there can be absolutely no talk of any influence exerted by the students on public life in England—their study is a task (Zwang) and they are in many respects under an almost cloister discipline. For some time past there has been a party in England that desires the reform of the Universities, and above all endeavours to lighten the way to professorships and at the same time to facilitate the access to University education for young men outside of the Colleges. These attempts fail, however, on account of the persistence with which they adhere in England to old customs, manners and institutions, and the opponents of reform say, and perhaps not without reason, that by this present arrangement, although a high scientific training is to be sure less universal, yet it preserves in the more exclusive circles greater solidity and thoroughness than would otherwise be the case.

The consequence of this is, that the worth of knowledge and culture is more respected in society, than elsewhere; as when for example the Doctors have the privilege of presentation at court, for themselves and their wives, and have also the right to appear at the drawing-rooms of the Queen among the highest aristocracy.

This sketch though in some respects not as accurate as could be desired, is nevertheless interesting as the opinion of an intelligent and educated foreigner, and will in some measure form an introduction to the next article on "University Life in Germany."

Translated from "Über Land und Meer" of Jan. 11th, 1880, for the "Canadian Illustrated News," by James W. Bell.

Leipzig, Germany, Jan. 17th, 1880.

When a peer is created a Knight of the Garter the insignia are lent to him for his life, and the robes are paid for out of the public money. They cost about £100, and at the death of each knight his robes are claimed as a "perquisite" by the Dean of Windsor. An investiture of the Thistle or St. Patrick comes to about half the expense of that of the more important order.

THE BIRTH OF LOVE.

(From Alfred de Musset.)

Go, bend above a limpid stream,
And straightway thou shalt see,
A torn reflection that doth seem
With smiles to welcome thee:

So, too, within the human heart
Love summons love to rise,
And love to life will coyly start
At meeting of the eyes.

Montreal.

GEO. MURRAY.

VARIETIES.

BEACONSFIELD.—Lord Beaconsfield "at home" is greatly beloved by his intimates and his retainers, for few men are so little given to finding fault as those who despise human nature too much ever to quarrel with it. As a host, he is amiable, but not companionable. He seldom joins in conversation, but sits nursing his own thoughts, and if addressed, replies with some mystic truism. At the recent royal visit he condescended to whist—a game which he plays execrably. The original name of Lord Beaconsfield's family was Lara, which was changed to D'Israeli on the migration of his ancestors to Venice.

DE MILLE.—James De Mille, the novelist, whose death was recently announced, was a native of the United States and a graduate of Princeton College. Among his works are "Eleanor's Household," "The Dodge Club," "Cord and Creese," "The Lady of the Ice," "The Cryptogram," "The American Baron," "The Living Link," and a text book entitled "The Elements of Rhetoric." Harper & Brothers have now in preparation a new novel by Mr. De Mille, entitled "A Castle in Spain," a story of the adventures of an Irishman among the Spaniards. Mr. De Mille was forty-eight years of age; his death was caused by congestion of the lungs.

OLE BULL.—Ole Bull celebrated his seventieth birthday, last Thursday evening, at his residence in Cambridge, Mass. Many offerings of flowers were received, among them a floral violin, the body being composed of white pinks, with scroll of red pinks on each side of the bridge, a band of violets beneath the strings and with roses for screws, the gift of Mr. and Mrs. Houghton. Among the guests were: Professors H. W. Longfellow and Horsford, Mr. and Mrs. James T. Fields, Thomas and Nathan Appleton, Dr. O. W. Holmes; Dr. Doremus, of Bellevue Hospital, New York; ex-United States Minister Stoughton, Madame Lynde-Kyon, wife of the Danish Minister, and E. F. Waters of the Boston *Advertiser*. Letters were read from Mr. Whittier, Mr. Louis Agassiz and others.

THE ADAMS.—Charles Francis Adams is a late hour man. He likes to sit up half the night, reading or writing, as he feels inclined. He has three sons, Charles Francis, jr., a well-known writer on railroad topics; John Quincy, popularly known as "Jack" Adams, and who possesses more of the Adams' look than the other sons; last of all comes Brooks Adams, a red hot democrat, who wanted Mr. Tilden sworn in at New York, and then to march on to Washington. He is a handsome fellow, bright, positive and with a liberal dose of what the Springfield Republican calls "that choleric old pepper-pot, John Adams." All the Adamses look as if they enjoyed their morning tub as keenly as did their presidential grandfather his winter morning's plunge into the Potomac. They have a ruddy, well-groomed look, and all earn their own living, a matter upon which their father is "con- siderable set," to use the rural New England phrase. "Millions to inherit, and not a cent for subsistence," is the Adams' motto. It is a good stock that of the Adamses, and the fourth generation is as keenly intellectual, and as full of vigor as the first.

LORD DUFFERIN.—In an account of a Paris studio, the following appears:—a noted Englishman drops in and out again before we know what angel we have entertained, or rather, what angel has entertained us, for, have we not all drank of his punch! Some two months since an elderly gentleman appeared who signed the Monday list as Mr. Temple. He was tall, and had a little lisp and a little eye-glass, a well-trained moustache and a gold-headed cane. He called the young ladies "my dear" in the most fatherly manner. One of them, in her reading, having mixed the Bourbons, he kindly disentangled the branches during the posing of the model one Monday, and was graciously complimented by her upon his astonishing memory. No one paid much attention to Mr. Temple, for he did not draw very well, and that is the only distinction in our democracy; but he was voted a gentleman, for he paid an extra punch on departing. We now know that he who passed for Mr. Temple was no other than Lord Dufferin, late Governor-General of Canada, and that he was called away as Minister from the Court of St. James to St. Petersburg. Lord Dufferin told a gentleman who was in the secret of his *incognito* that he had enjoyed hugely going down in the early morning and "roughing it" with the rest.

ANSWER THIS.

Did you ever know any person to be ill without inaction of the Stomach, Liver or Kidneys, or did you ever know one who was well when either was obstructed or inactive; and did you ever know or hear of any case of the kind that Hop Bitters would not cure?—Ask your neighbor the same question.

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CLARA CHILLINGTON; OR, THE PRIDE OF THE CLIFF.

A STORY OF ONE HUNDRED YEARS AGO.

BY
THE REVEREND JAMES LANGHORNE BOXER,

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

EDITED BY THE

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

CHAPTER XVII.

A FORMAL DECLARATION.

When Charles Freeman discovered that Clara seriously loved him, it became a matter for grave thought how far he should encourage such affection. It is true that he also loved, but he had not so far lost his soul in affection as to reduce the strength of his reason. He, therefore, knew that to encourage even a speaking intercourse with Clara would, in the esteem of some persons, be sufficient in itself to expose him to the scandal of being a fortune hunter.

This thought wounded his pride, for although his patrimony was not large, it was equal to his desires, and the thought of obtaining a wife for her wealth, his soul revolted against. Never before had he been discontented with his lot, nor annoyed with the arrangement of society, but now his heart rebelled, and it demanded all his moral force to restrain his feelings.

Had Charles Freeman moved in the same social circle, he would have at once avowed his affections, and solicited of Sir Harry the hand of his daughter in marriage, but to do so in the position society placed him, he knew would be to subject himself to contempt, if not to insult and abuse.

The dogma of a peculiar destiny for individuals, be it right or wrong, was not conceived without an apparent cause. The incidents forming the so-called accidents of life are frequently but too lightly thought of, and are permitted to pass on without the care of bestowing on them a transient thought, yet in many instances they appear as an irresistible stream, carrying persons forward without any exercise of volition toward a position they never indulged the hope of attaining.

The act was only common for Clara on that fine afternoon to indulge in equestrian exercise. She was a good horse-woman; her strength of character gave her that command over a horse the more timid do not possess. It was likewise perfectly natural that in the month of May she should choose to ride down a green lane leading from the Priory, and made inviting by the wild flowers of the season. Clara might have chosen another and smoother road.

The doings of Clara were natural, nor were those of Charles Freeman otherwise, for, having pursued his customary walk, it was but a common act for him to ascend the steps cut in the face of the cliff that he might take his homeward walk by another route. Yet this conduct of them both was bringing them into the presence of one another, but without knowing it. Yet that they should meet on that occasion another incident was required, for, naturally, Charles Freeman would reach the top of the cliff and leave the place long before Clara would reach the spot. But the link which was to form an event of importance in their history appeared in the person of a disbanded soldier, attended by his dog.

The day being warm and the soldier weary from his long march toward his native village, had seated himself on a heap of stones which lay by the wayside. The soldier's dog, being also weary, followed the example of his master. This was the condition of the soldier and his dog when Clara's attention was arrested by the whistling of a goldfinch, as it leaped from spray to spray of the prickly hedge which marked the boundary of the road. Only a groom was in attendance on Clara. The horse she was at that time riding was as free from vice and timidity as it was possible for such a creature to be, and as though a horse had never been other than proper in its behaviour. But as she drew nigh to the end of the lane where the disbanded soldier was still resting, the cur at his master's feet, aroused by the tramping of horse-hoofs on the road, began to yelp and bark at the top of his voice. The barking of the cur startled the horse, and regardless of the exertion made by its fair rider, dashed off at a furious speed.

In vain it was that Clara tried to stop the course of the frightened racer, and it was an equally vain attempt on the part of the groom to try to overtake her. The creature disdained every effort to check its race or to capture it, and the closer the proximity of the attendant, the faster the horse flew. The clatter of the hoofs of the horse in pursuit did but stimulate the runaway to renewed exertion.

The danger attending this wild ride of Clara was not so imminent did the horse but keep the road. She was a good horse-woman, and could easily retain her seat until it had exhausted its strength in the unnatural race it was running. But should it take to the turf which skirted the edge of the cliff, and was separated only from the road by a low embankment, the chance of her life being saved was not worth a moment's thought. Blinded by fear, or from the excitement of racing, it was then more than probable

that the creature might swerve from the straight line, and plunge with its fair rider into the depths below.

Such an accident had occurred on that part of the road Clara was now riding, and this fact being known to her, retaining her presence of mind, she tried by gentle words to soothe the disturbed feelings of the creature, and by means of a tight rein to keep its head from turning toward the cliff.

Clara had now ridden two miles at the highest speed the horse could command, and in the hope that the strength of the creature would soon become exhausted, the feeling of danger was losing its hold upon her mind, indeed, she considered the danger to be past. But that horse, when excited, possessed an obstinate will of its own, so that the very means she employed to prevent an accident seemed suddenly to increase the danger, for, regardless of all restraint, the beast leaped the embankment, and sped along the cliff with increased rapidity.

On seeing the danger to which his mistress was now exposed, the groom, who had been following as fast as possible, shrieked with horror, and, reining up his horse, sat paralyzed from very fear. Every muscle in the man's body was fixed rigidly from apprehension, and he gazed on the flying racer with the vacant stare of a hopeless idiot, or with the meaningless look of a dead man. The horse, still running at the top of his speed, and with foaming mouth and flanks smoking, appeared as fresh as when it started on its mad race. Mentally Clara now prayed for deliverance, and turned her beautiful countenance, so pale and troubled from a sense of the danger which threatened her, toward the blue dome of heaven, imploring aid from the Preserver of men.

Ignorant of what was passing on the top of the cliff, Charles Freeman lingered in his walk, nor did it quicken his pace that at the instant a beautiful frigate in full sail appeared rounding the South Foreland, and standing in close to the land. As the gallant vessel pursued her way, dancing over the wavelets, she laid her broadside to the cliff, and exposed her beautiful form from her topmast to her hull. For a moment, as he stood looking at her, the wish arose in his mind that he had followed the calling of a sailor. From his father he inherited the love of a sea-faring life, but subdued the passion that he might remain ashore. To him, therefore, the frigate appeared an object of great beauty, and anxiously he watched her course, until a jutting crag on the face of the cliff shut her out from view. Being desirous to see again the gallant frigate, he mounted the steps cut in the side of the precipice, and had once more caught sight of her when the dull thud of horse-hoofs running upon the grass fell on his ear. The sound startled him, and he exclaimed:

"It is impossible that any person can be so mad as to venture to ride on the narrow strip of grass which separates the road from this fearful abyss!" Urged by the curiosity excited by his own suggestion, he hurried to the top of the cliff, and had scarcely raised his head above the level, when the fearful sight burst upon him. But a short distance from him Clara was dashing along pale and trembling on the back of a runaway horse. Her light form, which appeared but as the weight of a feather to that mad creature, had lost its equilibrium, and was swaying to and fro as though its next motion would appear in being jerked from the saddle over the side of the cliff. Her long, light hair, which had broken loose, was now flying in streamers behind her back, while the vacant expression of her countenance told that consciousness was fast leaving her.

Horror filled the soul of Charles Freeman at what he saw, but how could he act? What could be done under the circumstances to arrest the creature? All that man could dare he was willing to risk to save her life, although the attempt should destroy his own. But there was no time to do anything, for the horse was upon him, and to attempt to seize the bridle might cause the brute to start aside, and dashing over the cliff destroy them both, or what he most feared, jerk Clara from her seat to immediate destruction.

Without appearing to regard the presence of the man the horse came rushing on, and it was not until within twenty yards of him that the creature saw him. But immediately it beheld him the horse stopped,—then turned,—darted,—took a leap,—and falling short, fell on its side on the embankment.

The life of Clara was saved. The concussion produced by the falling of the horse threw her from her seat to the grass, while the brute being now wearied by his long and frightful run, lay motionless where he fell. To pick up the unconscious Clara was the work of an instant, and then Charles Freeman shouted for

aid to some labourers at work in a distant field. These coming, and procuring for him water from a spring close by, that he might apply it as a restorative, they proceeded to lift the horse, which beyond trembling from the excitement of his mad race, was without injury.

Bending over the prostrate and senseless form of Clara, Charles Freeman laved her face with the cooling water. The refreshing application soon produced signs of returning consciousness; the palor of her cheek soon yielded to renewed circulation; the bloom of her youth began to return; her lips quivered, and losing the paleness of suspended animation again assumed their coral aspect; her body became slightly convulsed; opening her eyes she looked wildly around, and then resting them on him who still bent over her, she whispered, "Where am I? How came I here?"

Being now sufficiently restored to permit her to converse, it became a matter of consideration how she should return to the Priory. But just then the groom, who had in some measure recovered from his fright, came to the place where Clara was, and Charles Freeman, who now took upon himself to direct matters, immediately despatched him to obtain a carriage and a servant, while one of the labourers led home the weary horse.

Matters being thus arranged, the two were left alone on the border line of eternity. The sun shone brilliantly on the waters of the English Channel, and their sheen lighted up the vast expanse with cheerfulness and beauty, the chalk cliffs being illuminated from the same cause stood out as pale barriers to the mighty Atlantic; the growing crops in the adjacent fields nodded their heads to the passing breeze as though in reverent thankfulness to Heaven; the wild thyme rendered the air fragrant with its delicious perfume; all nature appeared as being thankful for the escape from death of Lady Chillington; and that celestial warbler, the sky lark, as he mounted into the blue ether, seemed to be pouring out a song of gratitude at the very gate of heaven that a human being had been snatched from the jaws of destruction. An awkward silence followed the departure of the men, which was quickly removed by the overflowing thankfulness of Clara. Mutual explanations being given as to the causes leading them to meet the second time in the face of danger, Clara continued,

"My dear sir, how can I ever show my appreciation of the services circumstances have enlisted from you toward myself?"

"Clara," Charles Freeman made answer, now for the first time employing such a familiarity, "My thankfulness is that I could render you the least assistance, although I am distressed that you should again be exposed to danger."

This freedom of expression filled the soul of Clara with delight; it seemed to throw down the barrier of reserve over which her innocent heart would have long before leaped in an avowal of affection, had not modesty forbade it. But now that he himself had cast it to the ground, the way for more familiar intercourse seemed open, and the incidents which led to their acquaintance were recited with religious reverence. To them both it appeared that having twice saved the life of Clara, these events should be construed into the fact that it was the will of Heaven that Charles Freeman should become the guardian of the heiress of the Priory. This conclusion led to a declaration of reciprocal affection. But it was no sooner done than the latter felt that he had placed himself in a false position. The thought of the accident of his birth entered his mind, and he felt that he was deceiving himself and raising an illusion in the soul of her he loved. That he should ever obtain in marriage the hand of Clara Chillington seemed to him an impossibility, and at this thought the shadow of sorrow passed across his countenance. He was willing to endure to the death for her happiness, but that barrier of class, that fiction of society, which he knew to be magnified into such proportions and strength by Sir Harry, precluded the hope that he could ever call her his own. This change of aspect was quickly observed by Clara, who permitting her hand to be taken in his, looked into his face with loving blue eyes, and in the innocence of her nature inquired of him the cause.

With a manly frankness he told her his apprehensions, and the guiltiness he felt in encouraging an idea which could never be realized. In silence she heard the recital of his doubts and distress, and when he had finished she smiled and replied,

"What is the worth of rank and title to me? But for the false notion of title I should have had a father to love me, and a living mother as my counsellor and friend. All the sorrow I have ever known can be traced to that one word TITLE."

This expression of feeling on the matter of social distinction removed in part the shadow from his countenance, and raising her hand he pressed it to his lips. Again they vowed a mutual, ardent and undying love.

The carriage having now arrived, although it brought with it plenty of assistance, and among the rest, old Alice, yet it was thought necessary, from the weak and excited state of Clara, that Charles Freeman should accompany the party to the Priory. This would truly be bringing him to tread on forbidden ground, and might possibly be bearding the lion in his den; but his courage was equal to any emergency that might arise, especially as a declaration of affection had been made between Clara and himself.

On reaching the Priory, Charles Freeman delivered up his charge in safety, and then bade

an adieu to her he loved. In vain did Clara urge upon him the use of the carriage; he had more than one reason for refusing her kind offer, honourable in themselves, but such as her guileless heart could not know, and he therefore walked home by the way he had come.

(To be continued.)

THE GLEANER.

PARIS ladies are agitating for woman suffrage.

THE Prince of Wales and a select company have left on a cruise in the Prince's yacht *Formosa*.

LAST year 117,914 emigrants left the Mersey. This is an increase of 46,762 over 1875.

DEAN STANLEY says it has been determined to erect the monument to the late Prince Louis Napoleon in Westminster Abbey.

EXPERTS estimate the losses of farmers in the United Kingdom during 1879 at from £100,600,000 to £150,000,000.

DR. COLENSO characterises as diabolical the blowing up of caves where Secocoeni's women and children had taken refuge.

VIRGINIA has 676 coloured schools taught by 415 coloured teachers. The male teacher's salary averages \$30 a month, the female's \$24.

THE Madrid Catholic papers have resolved not to report cases of suicide, their belief being that such reports suggest the commission of the act.

THE Duke of Connaught will continue to hold the command of the 1st Battalion of the Rifle Brigade until the summer, when he will join the staff of the army.

LITERARY.

MR. RUSKIN is to lecture at the Royal Institution, London, on St. Patrick's Day, when his subject will be "A Caution to Snakes."

Bell's Life in London has just changed hands, and this old paper is now the property of two well-known sporting journalists.

MR. TOM TAYLOR thinks of resigning his editorship of *Punch*, owing to the pressure of other work. It is possible that Mr. Burnand will succeed him.

THE undertaking to establish a London publishing company on the business of Chapman & Hall has succeeded, and one of the first books that the new house will publish is a life of the late Mr. Delane, editor of the *Times* of London, which has been prepared by his brother-in-law, Sir George Dasent. It is announced to contain many interesting letters from Lord Palmerston.

BRELOQUES POUR DAMES.

THE wise man telleth his love, but the foolish man willeth it in a letter.

A SEALSKIN sacque is very good in a house where girls are all of nearly one size.

"WANTED—A plain cook," reads an advertisement. Wonder whose wife put that in the paper.

THIS world without woman—lovely woman—would be like a blank sheet of paper—not even ruled.

"So yes kape nothin' but dry goods here!" "Yes, ma'am." "Then where will I be aither goin' for watered silk?"

THE young lady who can peel a potato in five seconds is as useful as the young woman who speaks five languages and as ornamental.

MANY a man who has been a negligent husband decorates his dead wife's grave with flowers. Why not take the bouquet home beforehand?

CARE drives the nails in our coffins, but what man can feel jolly when his wife daily hands him a list of neighbours who have got twice as many bonnets as she has, and their husbands not earning half his salary.

THERE'S a great difference between house-keeping and boarding out," said Mr. Youngusband: "for when I boarded out I had to wait sometimes half an hour for my dinner, but now I have it just when I can get it."

"SHALL a husband keep his wife informed of his business affairs?" asks an innocent. There is no necessity. She will find out five times as much as he knows himself, without the least trouble.

"WHAT is home without a wife?" asks the *Yonkers Gazette*. It is the dining-room to the parlour, the coal-bin in the kitchen, the clean shirt in hiding, a depot for soiled clothes, a trying place for divorced stockings, a smoking furnace, a private pandemonium, a cavern of profane rumbles, a lunatic asylum. More.

A WESTERN artist has applied for a divorce from his wife, one of his grievances being that she sent a broken frying-pan to an art show, where some of his pictures were on exhibition, with a request that the hanging committee would give it a position as "an example of the way in which the talented Mr. — provided for his family's necessities."

A LITTLE girl being asked on the first day of school how she liked her new teacher, replied: "I do not like her; she is just as saury to me as my mother."

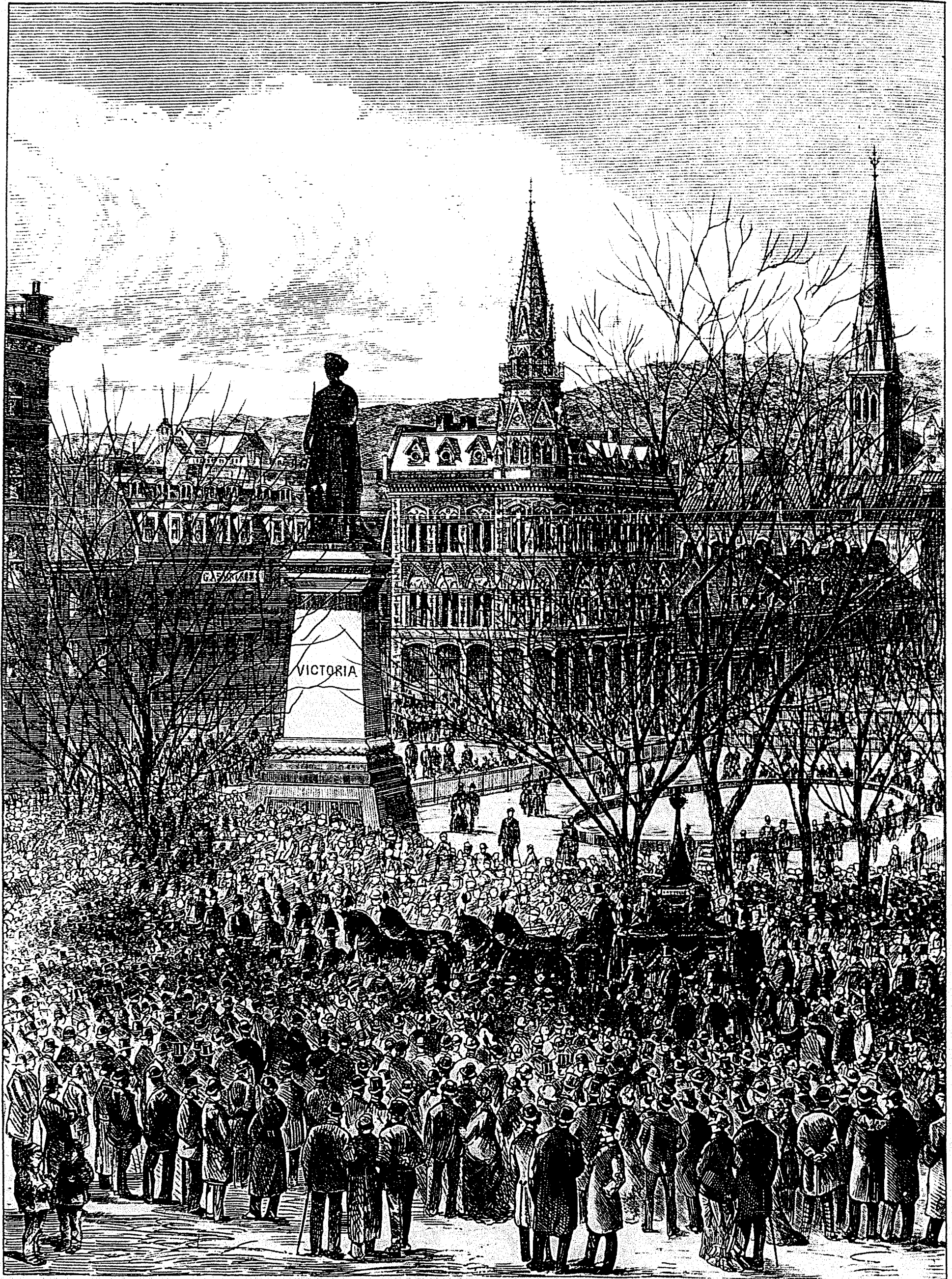
She was my idol when I rooded,
My idol when I won;
My ideal when, in after years,
Ways idle she had none.

THEY are having a warm time just now in Kansas Sunday-schools, and the question under discussion is whether the boy who has fairly won the prize Bible by learning three thousand eight hundred and sixty-seven verses in three montas can be ruled off the track for putting furniture tacks and a wad of shoemaker's wax in the superintendent's chair?

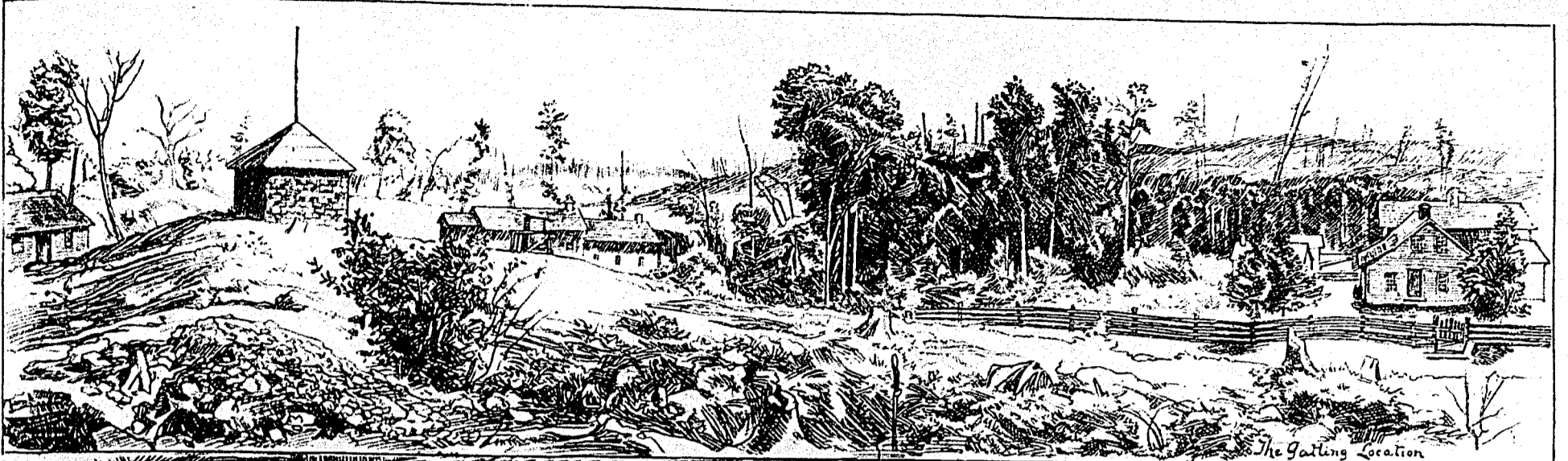
Take her up tenderly,
Fashioned so slenderly,
Young and so fair;
Handle her carefully—
Talk to her prayerfully—
She's cross as a bear.

Father is Getting Well.

My daughters say, "How much better father is since he used Hop Bitters!" He is getting well after his long suffering from a disease declared incurable, and we are so glad that he used your Bitters.—A lady of Rochester, N. Y.



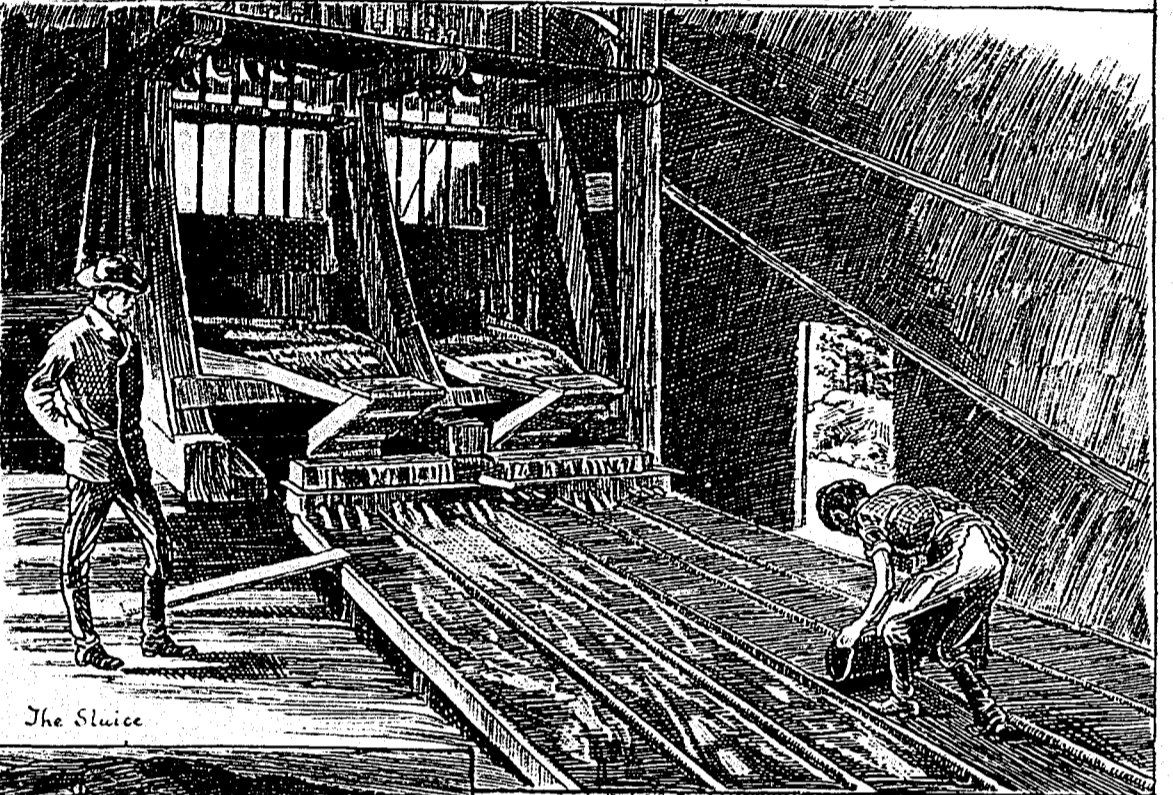
MONTREAL.—FUNERAL OF THE LATE BERNARD DEVLIN. CORTEGE PASSING THE VICTORIA SQUARE.



The Gaiting Location



Feeling the Stamps



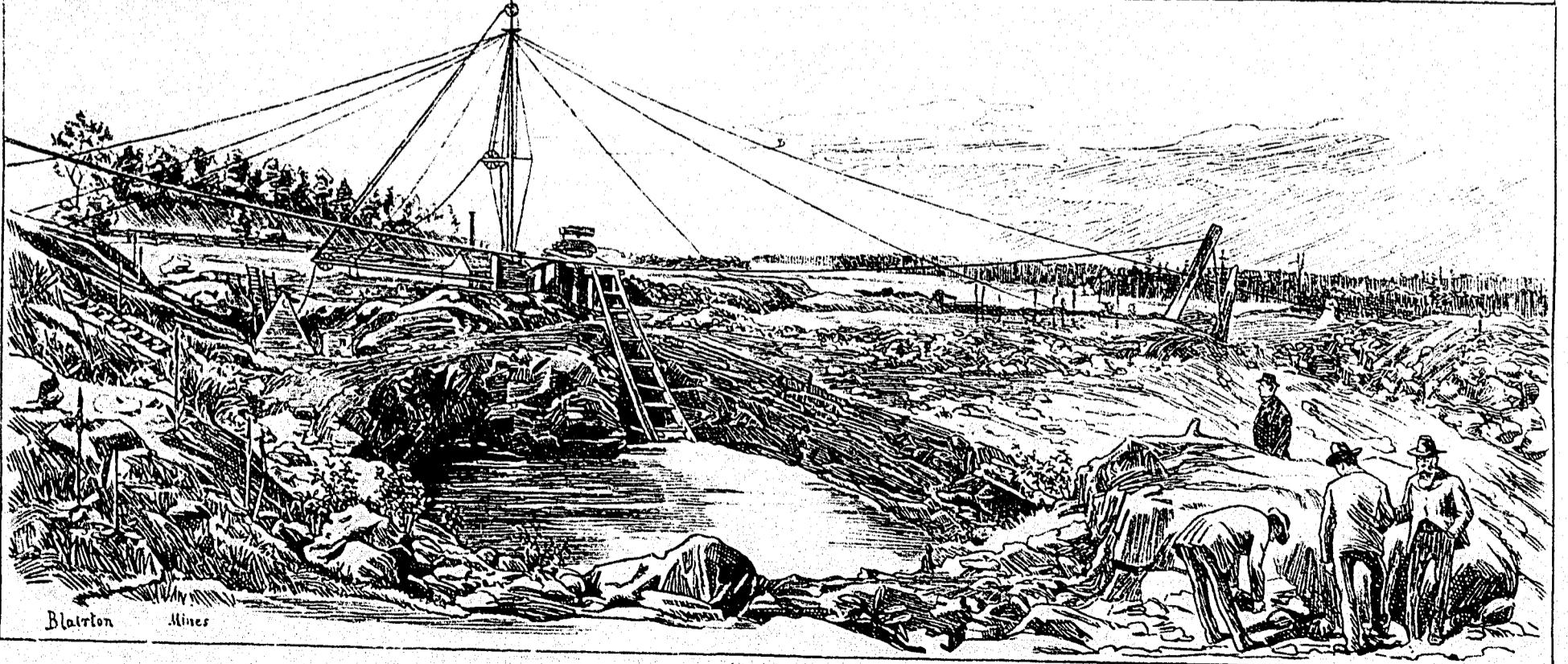
The Sluice



Malone



Grinding part and Amalgamate



Blairton Mines

GOLD MINING AT NORTH HASTINGS, ONTARIO.

THE LITTLE GIRL'S SONG.

A MOST PATHETIC POEM BY SYDNEY DOBELL.

Do not mind my crying, papa,
I am not crying for pain.
Do not mind my shaking, papa,
I am not shaking for fear;
Though the wild, wild wind is hideous to hear,
And I see the snow and the rain,
When will you come back again,
Papa, papa?

Somebody else that you love, papa,
Somebody else that you dearly love
Is weary, like me, because you're away.
Sometimes I see her lips tremble and move,
And I seem to know what they're going to say;
And every day, and all the long day,
I long to cry, "Oh! mamma, mamma,
When will papa come back again?"
But before I can say it I see the pain
Creeping up on her white, white cheek,
As the sweet, sad sunshine creeps up the white wall.
And then I am sorry, and fear to speak;
And slowly the pain goes out of her cheek,
As the sad, sweet sunshine goes from the wall.
Oh! I wish I were grown up, wise and tall,
That I might throw my arms round her neck
And say, "Dear mamma, oh, what is it all
That I see and see and do not see
In your white, white face all the livelong day?"
But she hides her grief from a child like me.
When will you come back again,
Papa, papa?

Where were you going, papa, papa?
All this long while you have been on the sea?
When she looks as if she saw far away,
Is she thinking of you, and what does she see?
Are the white sails blowing,
And the blue men rowing,
And are you standing on the high deck
Where we saw you stand till the ship grew grey,
And we watch'd and watch'd till the ship was a speck,
And the dark came first to you, far away?
I wish I could see what she can see,
But she hides her grief from a child like me.
When will you come back again,
Papa, papa?

Don't you remember, papa, papa,
How we used to sit by the fire, all three,
And she told me tales while I sat on her knee,
And heard the winter winds roar down the street,
And knock like men at the window-pane;
And the louder they roar'd, oh, it seemed more sweet
To be warm and warm as we used to be,
Sitting at night by the fire all three,
When will you come back again,
Papa, papa?

Papa, I like to sit by the fire,
Why does she sit far away in the cold?
If I had but somebody wise and old,
That every day I might cry and say,
"Is she changed, do you think, or do I forget?
Was she always as white as she is to-day?
Did she never carry her head up higher?"
Papa, papa, if I could but know!
Do you think her voice was always so low?

Did I always see what I seem to see
When I wake up at night and her pillow is wet?
You used to say her hair it was gold—
It looks like silver to me.
But still she tells the same tale that she told,
Sings the same songs when I sit on her knee,
And the house goes on as it went long ago,
When we lived together, all three.
Sometimes my heart seems to sink, papa,
And I feel as if I could be happy no more,
Is she changed, do you think, papa,
Or did I dream she was brighter before?

She makes me remember my snow-drop, papa,
That I forgot in thinking of you,
The sweetest snow-drop that ever I knew!
But I put it out of the sun and the rain:
It was green and white when I put it away,
It had one sweet bell and green leaves four;
It was green and white when I found it that day,
It had one pale bell and green leaves four;
But I was not glad of it any more.
Was it changed, do you think, papa?
Or did I dream it was brighter before?

Do not mind my crying, papa,
I am not crying for pain.
Do not mind my shaking, papa,
I am not shaking for fear,
Though the wild, wild wind is hideous to hear,
And I see the snow and the rain,
When will you come back again,
Papa, papa?

LITTLE ANGEL.

I.

I cannot tell how I fell in love with Lucy Arden. I do not think I fell in love at all; I just grew into that condition, and I have never outgrown the ailment. She went to New York every morning in "my train"—that is, in the seven-forty—and when I was fortunate enough to catch the five-thirty up-train in the afternoon I was sure to see her—that is, I hunted through the cars until I found her, and then secured a seat for myself in such a locality as would allow stolen glances occasionally at her pleasant countenance. She lived in Balden, two stations above mine, and she invariably occupied the same place, which was a single seat in a corner. She invariably bestowed her attention upon the scenery, and in the three or four months in which I was her travelling companion I never knew her to speak to any one except the conductor. She always carried a neat music-case of red morocco. When I looked at her, which was frequently, I peeped over the edge of my newspaper or through my fingers, lest she should catch me gazing at her and take offence. She grew upon me so rapidly that I was very far gone when I missed her one day.

You understand that I was so completely in the toils before I knew it that I shrank with increasing jealousy from attracting anybody's attention to the girl. I asked no questions about her. I saw "L.A." in gilt letters on her music-case, and that was all I knew about her. And I got to calling her Little Angel when I conversed with myself about her amid the cares of my business life or in the quiet of

my own room. Of course I imagined a dozen names that must fit her initials, but this seemed most appropriate.

On the third day of her non-appearance I took her accustomed seat in the corner, after satisfying myself that she was not on the train. When the conductor took my ticket to punch out the date he startled me by his remarks as he passed on. "So," he said, carelessly, "you have taken Miss Arden's seat, I see, Mr. Granger? Well, she is not likely to claim it. Tickets!" And he was gone.

All through the long day I thought of her, and wondered what might be involved in his words, "Not likely to claim it." Was she ill or dying? "Miss Arden"—Laura, Letitia or Lydia? no matter which. I should go mad if I did not satisfy my—my curiosity, now thoroughly aroused, and I made up my mind to find out all that could be found out by diligent investigation that very evening.

It was not much in the way of information. It was an awful weight of calamity in its possibilities.

Miss Arden was a music teacher; she gave lessons in New York. She had lived in Balden some months, boarding with an old widow, Mrs. Hunter, and she had left the village a day or two ago, taking her trunk, which was checked to New York. Nobody knew her except Mrs. Hunter, and she knew very little. Miss Arden made no acquaintances, and she had just passed off the scene and would be entirely forgotten within a month.

You will please remember that I, Philip Granger, was thirty years old. None of your stupid boyish fancies about me! I was chief book-keeper in the enormous house of Pinch & Plugget, drawing a large salary and putting away a comfortable sum of money each year. I had ten bonds of the city of Cincinnati for \$1,000 each in the book-keeper's drawer in the big safe, and I had earned and saved every dollar myself. I did not spend any salary now-a-days. My revenue was \$730 from my coupons, and I had something over each year besides my salary. I did not indulge in rum or cigars; I had no relations that were dependent upon me, and every year made me richer. I cannot say I was a miser, but could never see where the fun began in squandering money. I did not deny myself anything I really desired, but I did not desire anything extravagant or wasteful. I may say my habits were exemplary and pretty firmly fixed. And when I had thought of matrimony at odd times, I had always postponed the consideration of the subject until I should have thirty bonds instead of ten.

Nevertheless, while I lay awake that night I decided that I would freely give my ten bonds to the man who would bring Little Angel back to her corner-seat.

I was very unhappy about the matter as the summer drew on, the girl was constantly in my mind, and I could not drive her out. Nay, I never thought of driving her out. I looked forward during the day to the quiet hours of the night, when I might think of her unmolested in the solitude of my room. I concocted various schemes, and abandoned them one after another, and at last the Fourth of July arrived.

On that glorious anniversary I bought a ticket to Balden, and took the first up-train. I had a great curiosity to see what the village was like. I knew several men who came down from Balden every day, but I never asked any of them about Little Angel. When I stepped from the train at the station I found three or four of these Baldenites equipped with fishing-tackle and taking the train as I quitted it for a day's sport still farther up the country, where there was a lake having a reputation for pickerel. These gentlemen no doubt concluded that I had come to Balden to enjoy a ramble in the woods, and I am certain that no one suspected of the desperate mental condition under which I was suffering. I was going to get some definite intelligence of the girl if it could be obtained by mortal prowess.

There was one long street. There were flags upon the poles, and there were very few people to be seen. Some pretty houses and well-kept grounds, but the window-blinds were all closed, and the village was taking a siesta. A drug store on a corner was open, and a boy was drinking soda-water at the counter. I wanted soda-water too.

"Can you tell me where Mrs. Hunter resides?" I asked as I sipped ten cents' worth of that delicate fluid.

"Yes, sir," responded the clerk; "it is the house with the broad porch. Willie, you are going that way, show the gentleman Mrs. Hunter's house."

I paid the dime and followed the boy out, trying to quiet the unusual thumping of my heart. I must make some sort of a story now. What should I say to Mrs. Hunter?

"This house," said Willie, trotting away and talking over his shoulder. "Bell don't ring; knock."

No backing out. So I opened the gate, went up the steps and knocked as boldly as I could. The door opened. Yes, Mrs. Hunter was in; would I please walk into the parlour?

II.

An old lady with a pleasant face and a soft voice invited me to sit by the window, where I might have the benefit of the breeze. Then she placidly waited for my opening address.

"My name is Granger, madam," I began. "I beg to apologize for my intrusion, but I cannot obtain the information I desire from any

one but you. My inquiries relate to Miss Arden, and I hoped you might be able to give me her present address." This was a very fair opening, and far better than I expected. My courage rose as I proceeded.

"I cannot tell you where Miss Arden is now," answered the widow. "She went to New York from here, but I think she was going out West immediately. I hope there is nothing—that is, no bad news from her friends?"

"Oh, no," I replied promptly—"nothing amiss, madam. I failed to learn the names of her New York acquaintances, and indeed, I was told that you could probably tell me more than any of them. She was some months with you," I continued rapidly, "and you have doubtless heard her refer to her friends or kindred in ordinary conversation."

"Never," said Mrs. Hunter. "She did not seem inclined to talk of her relations, and I did not feel warranted to make inquiries. May I ask if you are related to her?"

"No, madam," said I, getting slightly confused.

"As I do not know her address," continued the lady placidly, "I do not see how I can serve you; and, as you are not related to Miss Arden, I do not know how far I might answer your questions with propriety."

"I perceive you distrust me madam," I said, rising and taking my hat, "and I am unfortunately unable to present my credentials at present—"

"You are mistaken, sir," interrupted the widow; "I am only cautious lest some chance word from me might do mischief. You may be a lawyer, for instance—"

"Heaven forbid, madam!" I answered fervently.

"Or you might represent some one whose interests were antagonistic to hers."

"Heaven forbid, madam!" I answered again. "No one lives who cherishes a more earnest desire to befriend Miss Arden than I."

"Pray be seated, Mr. Granger," said Mrs. Hunter quietly, "and let me know what you wish to learn from me."

"I only wished to learn where I can find her."

"For what purpose, may I ask?"

Here was a corner. What could I say? Suppose I told the truth? That would never do. Half a dozen men who travelled in my train lived in Balden, and probably they knew Mrs. Hunter. It would be a nice mess for me if these rude fellows should chaff me about my Little Angel. No, I could not make a clean breast of it just yet.

"I regret that I cannot answer that question, Mrs. Hunter," I answered, maintaining my composure with some difficulty.

"Suppose you leave your address with me," said the lady, after a minute's reflection, "and if I can discover Miss Arden's residence I can write to her saying you called and asked her permission—"

"Pardon me, madam," I said interrupting her; "I am sure you are Miss Arden's friend, and I am sure such a course would be fatal to my—my purposes and hopes. If you will kindly refer me to any gentleman in New York or elsewhere who knows this young lady I can easily satisfy him that these purposes and hopes do not involve harm or annoyance to Miss Arden."

"You prefer then," said Mrs. Hunter, "that I should not tell Miss Arden about this visit?"

"It would do no good, madam," I answered: "Miss Arden never heard my name."

"This is very mysterious," said the widow, with a perplexed expression. "This orphan girl—"

"Orphan?" I exclaimed eagerly.

"Yes. Did you not know that? This is still more unaccountable. Really, Mr. Granger, you must see that I can give you no information."

"I throw myself upon your mercy, madam," I said desperately, drawing my chair near her. "I will tell you the exact truth. I have been going to New York every day for three months, and Miss Arden has travelled by the same train. I have never spoken to her, but when I missed her three or four days ago, and then learned from the conductor that she had gone, I discovered that my heart had gone with her. I have not slept three consecutive hours since she disappeared. I know next to nothing about Miss Arden, but I know she is the only woman on earth that I can ever love. She may be the promised wife of another man; she may never consent to look with favour upon me. All this must sound like insanity, but I cannot help it; I cannot be diverted from it. I am thirty years old, and this is my first experience. You can judge if it is a transient fancy. I asked for her address, intending to gain access to her by some means, and intending to marry her if I could. That is the whole story, and every word is true."

"You do not even know—"

"I know she is pure and good and lovely; I would risk my life upon that much. I did not know her name a week ago, and now I know she is the queen of my life. Now, madam, I beg you to grant me two favours: first, consider this candid avowal confidential; second, investigate me. Mr. Clasty lives here and he is frequently in New York. I am book-keeper for Pinch & Plugget. If Mr. Clasty can bring you a satisfactory report of me, I will venture to call on you again, if you will give me permission."

"Well," said Mrs. Hunter, "you have quite

taken my breath away. You are right; Lucy Arden is all you say. Leave your card, if you please, and I will see what I can do. I will keep your secret, anyhow. What a man! To think of going mad after a poor music-teacher at your age! Ha! ha! ha! There! don't get so red; I shall not tell. Good-morning."

III.

On my return to Norville—which is the name of my town—I felt far more comfortable, though I could not give any satisfactory reason for my contentment. It was a great relief to have somebody else acquainted with my passion. And Mrs. Hunter looked so kindly upon me while I told my story, and shook hands so cordially at parting, that I felt sure of her good wishes at least. I was not afraid of Mr. Clasty's investigations; Pinch & Plugget would give me a good character. Indeed, I felt tolerably secure of Mr. Clasty himself, as we were well acquainted, and as he sold me a house and its grounds at Norville some six months ago at a good price. I rented this pretty residence to a family recommended by Mr. Clasty, reserving two rooms for myself, and, like all other property-holders, I got about one per cent. interest on my outlay over taxes and insurance. It was pleasant to own a house upon which I could easily spend \$300 or \$400 annually in repairs and improvements.

The house was empty when I got there; everybody had gone to the Fourth of July. There was a Sunday-school picnic a mile out of town, and the town moved out to the picnic.

I got an arm-chair out on the porch, and was settling myself down to a thirty-page article in the *North American Review*, when a telegraph-boy opened the gate, walked up the steps and gave me a despatch. It was as follows:

"New York, July 4, 1873.

"MR. PHILIP GRANGER, Norville:

"Meet me at eight to-morrow morning at Erie depot, Chambers street, prepared for a week's absence.

"WILLIAM PINCH."

This was a decided change of programme. I had made a dozen plans, all relating to my search for Little Angel, and all centreing in New York. But there was no escape from this "week's absence." I knew Mr. Pinch's habits, and had taken many sudden trips, generally armed with a sharp stick for delinquent debtors. After a second reading of the message, I concluded to go to New York by the four o'clock train, get dinner up town and visit Mr. Pinch at his residence.

I found him in a state of excitement, and soon learned the cause of his disquietude. "Jones & Co. broke," he began.

"Jones of Rochester?" said I.

"The same. Confound him! First bills, and all domestics!"

"They owe us twenty thousand dollars," I observed.

"Nineteen thousand nine hundred and eighty-four," gasped Mr. Pinch, "and the odd eighty-four would cover all the profit. It is abominable! Never saw the colour of his money. Something radically wrong there, Granger. You must go off to-morrow and see about it!"

"Why not to-night, sir?" said I.

"Ha! certainly; I had not thought of that. You'll be first on the ground. Got any money about you?"

"Twenty or thirty dollars—plenty. I can draw on you if I need more. Please write down my instructions, and I will get off by the night express."

"No instructions needed," replied Mr. Pinch; "it is all in a nutshell. Get the money—all of it—or security; make no compromise. Better lose all than a part."

"You know, sir," I suggested, "that they can go into bankruptcy; and if they do—"

"You must prevent that, somehow. Keep your wits about you, and save the debt. Bankruptcy! That would be ruin to everybody concerned. My dear boy, you must certainly prevent that. Do the best you can. I shall not hamper you with instructions; only get the money or security. You can be liberal as you please as to time, but get security. Here, I must give you authority"; and he wrote rapidly on a sheet of note-paper as follows:

"New York, July 5, 1873.

"To whom it may concern:

"Mr. Philip Granger is authorized to settle our claim against Messrs. Jones & Co., of Rochester, N.Y.

"PINCH & PLUGGET."

"There!" he said, folding the note, "that is simple. You may meet some legal shark who is after the assignment. I give you *carte blanche*, you see; only no compromise. Get the money—any way you like that is honest and legal. If you bring me nineteen thousand nine hundred and eighty dollars, I'll charge the other four dollars to you, by jingo! Now you know my sentiments. First bill, and not two months old! Just think of that!"

"That reminds me of another little difficulty, Mr. Pinch," I observed quietly; "our bill is not quite due."

"I know that as well as you," he answered testily. "Now, understand the case. They are not exactly broke. Here! you had better read their note; I thought I would show this. They have marked it 'Private,' you see."

I took the note and read it carefully twice. It was from the junior partner, Mr. William

Lawton. The only sentence in it that was alarming was in these words: "It may, and probably will be necessary to ask a little indulgence from a few of our largest creditors. Collections have been so backward and shrinkages so heavy that we cannot hope to meet our next maturing obligations promptly."

"Perhaps the case is not so desperate, Mr. Pinch," said I as I gave back his "private" note, "but I can tell better after I see their books. It is urgent enough to demand prompt action, however, and I will do the best I can. Good evening, sir."

While I rattled along over the Hudson River railroad that night I worked out the problem: "Mr. Pinch is frightened. The dread of having it said Pinch & Pluggett had been 'picked up' by a new customer to the extent of twenty thousand is a stunner. Perhaps this Mr. Lawton is frightened at nothing. Well, I shall go to sleep now, and be fresh in the morning."

So I turned over in my berth, shut my eyes and dreamed of the corner-seat and the Little Angel who had slipped away from it.

IV.

I am compelled to say my first impressions of Rochester were the reverse of favourable. It was hot and dusty, the lavatory arrangements on the train were not perfect, and the hotel accommodations suffered by comparison with my home surroundings. But I managed to get a bath, and then a breakfast; then I sallied out in search of Messrs. Jones & Co.

A very nice-looking establishment indeed—everything in order, a good stock on shelves and counters, and no customers. Mr. Lawton would be in presently; would I take a seat in the office? Very dull at present—no trade to speak of. Was I a stranger? Going to the Falls, probably? I would find the morning paper on Mr. Lawton's desk. Mr. Jones was absent from the city, and Mr. Lawton was going to the Falls this afternoon. Mr. Blinker, the book-keeper, was in the office if it was a business. Ah! wanted Mr. Lawton? Well, I should not have long to wait for him. The glazed door on the right.

"I am waiting for Mr. Lawton," said I as I entered the office; "they say he will return presently."

"Take a seat, sir," said Mr. Blinker, "unless I can transact your business."

"Thank you," I answered cautiously, "but I think Mr. Lawton can give me all the information I need. Very dusty. Ah, this is the paper. May I sit here? Thank you, no, I don't smoke; have never been able to learn the accomplishment. I do not object to the odour, however."

While I read the Rochester *Daily Eagle* I took some bird's-eye views of Mr. Blinker. He impressed me disagreeably. His diamond pin was too big, and he had waxed the ends of his moustache. He was in his shirt-sleeves, and his sleeve-buttons were gorgeous. Confound the man! I was book-keeper for Pinch & Pluggett, and I could not afford such adornments. And Jones & Co., could not afford to pay Mr. Blinker a fourth of my salary. No doubt about the reality of that diamond. What a hang-dog expression on the fellow's face!

"Holiday yesterday," observed Mr. Blinker, throwing his half-smoked cigar out of the window. "I was on a sort of frolic with a lot of fellows—fishing party, they called it—and to-day I feel like the devil. Champagne, you know, and the hot sun. He! he! It's a good thing the old man is away."

"You mean Mr. Jones," said I pleasantly.

"Yes, nothing to do, though; got my balance-sheet off first pop. Finished on the third."

"Balance-sheet!" said I.

"Yes. You probably don't know what that means. Well, it is only a sort of proof that my books are all right. We close up twice a year, December and June. Lots of work up to the end of the month, and if there are no blunders, I have an easy time. Here comes Mr. Lawton; I know his step."

I had never met Mr. Lawton, and when he opened the door I suddenly decided to say nothing about Pinch & Pluggett until I had him alone. My mission was very unsatisfactory to me, as I had no line of action marked out, and as there was a kind of confidential "temporary embarrassment" in the affairs of Jones & Co., I might do great mischief by an incautious word. Perhaps the festive Mr. Blinker did not know of the "temporary embarrassment." I remembered that expression in Mr. Lawton's letter, which was "private and confidential."

"Papers ready, Blinker!" he said, as he entered. "Ah, all in this envelope!—Good morning, sir. Keep your seat; I have a few minutes to spare. What can I do for you, sir?"

His face was careworn, but there was an off-hand honesty of manner that pleased me; he would tell me the truth, anyhow.

"My business is not urgent, Mr. Lawton," I said, taking my hat, "and if you will allow me I will postpone it until—I meet you on the train. You are going to the Falls, I hear; may I join you in the cars?"

"Thank you," he answered promptly; "I am a little behind this morning. I shall take the noon train—smoking car. Good morning, sir."

The train was not crowded. The larger part of the excursionists were going the other way, having had their "Fourth," and there were not a dozen men in the smoking-car when I entered

in search of Mr. Lawton. I reversed the unoccupied seat before him, and began business at once: "My name is Granger, Mr. Lawton, and I represent Pinch & Pluggett, of New York. I came out here in response to your letter to our senior."

"Indeed!" he replied, startled; "and why did you not say so at my office? I could have shown you my books there, and Mr. Blinker, my book-keeper, could have explained."

"But there is time enough for that, sir," said I. "Your note was marked 'confidential,' and I did not feel authorized to refer to the matter until I had some private conversation with yourself. May I ask if any one knows of your note to Mr. Pinch?"

"Nobody—that is, nobody except Blinker. My partner is in Chicago."

"And I infer from your note that you have made similar application to other houses?"

"No," he answered; "yours was the only one."

"May I talk with perfect candour, Mr. Lawton?"

"Undoubtedly."

"Well, then, I happen to know that your affairs were thoroughly investigated by our house when you bought, and I know your firm was solvent at that date. It is only two months ago."

"I hope, Mr.—Mr. Granger," said he, drawing himself up, "that we are still solvent. This temporary—"

"Excuse me, Mr. Lawton," I interrupted, "but this must be far more serious than you intimate. It is not credible that a firm in good credit—like yours, in fact—would ask an extension on a closely-sold bill on the first transaction with Pinch & Pluggett, who have the name of hard creditors, unless some very serious trouble made it necessary. Have you made any important losses?"

"None. I have the last balance-sheet in my pocket, and the previous sheet of December, and I was going to spell them out to-night. It is a mystery to me how we should be in this place."

"May I help you in your investigation?" said I; "I am an expert, and may see something that might escape you."

"Certainly; and many thanks, too. You will go to my hotel? My wife and niece are there, and we will not bother with these papers until after dinner."

While the waiter was taking my valise and duster in the wide hall of the hotel, and while I was still stupified by the muffled roar of the cataract, two ladies were greeting Mr. Lawton very impressively.

"Mrs. Lawton," said he at last, turning to me, "and Miss Arden. My friend Mr. Granger."

It was my Little Angel!

V.

While I sat at dinner that afternoon, Mrs. Lawton on my right and Little Angel on my left, I suppose I presented a fine picture of abject imbecility. I had appalling fits of trepidation induced by the reasonable dread of awakening from a dream. When I looked at the placid face of my left-hand supporter I felt my heart bound up against my ribs, very much in the style of jumping-jacks of my infantile days, and then I felt my brain-buzzing very much like the rattle of the main-spring of a watch, or rather the internal machinery of a watch when the main-spring breaks. The edibles were of excellent quality, and the waiters were very pressing in their invitations, but I cannot recall any portion of the bill of fare. I was never so stupid; I had positively nothing to say. When the ladies spoke of the weather, or the rumble of the great cataract I endeavoured to make proper replies, but I cannot remember what I said. My voice sounded harsh and strange. Did you ever address an audience of five hundred people suddenly and for the first time? I have, and I distinctly recollect that I could not recall one sentence of my oration when I sat down, though I had talked twenty-five minutes.

After dinner Mr. Lawton proposed a walk to the falls. And while he and his wife were a little distance ahead I began to absorb the consciousness that Little Angel knew me—knew that I was the man that had been stealing looks at her—knew that I had selected the seat in the car that gave me the proper position for stolen glances. Had I fancied that she took an unusual colour when I was introduced? Was it mere imagination that saw the rosy glow on her face when we went into dinner?

During the short wait, which came to an end when Mr. Lawton's cigar was finished, I did some considerable stealing in the old style. But I was too bashful and too much absorbed in my present blissful companionship to make the slightest reference to the past. I found out that she had big brown eyes, but I did not get one straight look into them. I did not dare. I knew my eyes would tell her everything if she caught them once, and I could not risk the loss of the present delicious intercourse. Not just yet.

"Suppose we go in, Mr. Granger," said Mr. Lawton, "and look into that business a little?"

"Ready, sir," I answered.

"We shall rejoin the ladies at tea-time. Shall we leave you here, my dear? It is cooler than the house. All right!"

As I parted from her I took one more theft, and met the brown eyes with an appealing glance in them that nearly took my breath away.

"May I offer a suggestion, Mr. Lawton?" I said. "Let me take the papers to my room, and do you remain with the ladies. I can get along a thousand times better alone; you know I am accustomed to this sort of work. If I need explanation I will make memoranda and consult you after I finish. Besides, it might excite comment if you and I closet ourselves together. Only answer me one or two questions; first, have you lost much by shrinkage in value?"

"Nothing to signify. We always deduct ten per cent. from the inventory. But the gain on the December valuations will balance the June deduction."

"Thank you. Then, second, do you owe any borrowed money, or have you any debts of a confidential nature?"

"Not a dollar."

"That is all. Now let me have the envelope. Ah, here are some letters."

"Yes. I forgot them—one for Mrs. Lawton and one for Lucy. You are very kind, and it is a great relief to me to have a gentleman of your ability investigate my affairs in so kindly a way. I'll have another cigar and wait your re-appearance."

There was quite a formidable array of "statements," and as the package contained the corresponding statements of the previous half year, I was soon immersed in a maze of comparisons. As I proceeded with my work I became more and more interested. The books were well kept, evidently, and Mr. Blinker grew upon my admiration as I followed his figures from one paper to another. Once and again I came to a result that startled me, but once and again I found a memorandum in his beautiful penmanship that seemed to explain the difficulty. The firm was clearly solvent last December. Why should it not be solvent now? Well, I would make a statement of liabilities and assets from the two balance sheets and see where the difference appeared.

I heard the gong roaring, announcing tea, while I was engrossed in this work. I had made some blunder and must check back. Ten thousand dollars error somewhere. I checked back carefully. All in vain. Then I added the balance sheet for June 30. Ten thousand dollars excess on the credit side. I added again, taking it in sections. No possibility of a doubt; Mr. Blinker had made a mistake of ten thousand dollars in getting off his June balances, "first pop." Then some one tapped at my door: I stuffed the papers in my valise and admitted Mr. Lawton.

"Tea ready," he said. "Dear me! what a time you have had up here! You have been here four hours. Found anything?"

"There is an apparent error in the balance-sheet of last week," I replied; "I will look over it again after tea."

"Error! Why, Blinker is a very prince of accountants. Luckily, he is here—came down in the late train to spend the night. We'll have him up here after to explain. Let us go down now."

"Does Mr. Blinker know I am looking at the papers?" I asked as we descended the stairs.

"Oh, no."

"Then oblige me by saying nothing at present. You see, an accomplished book-keeper is always sensitive about his own work. Let me look a little more before you tell him anything about me."

"Have it your own way," said Mr. Lawton, "I have so great confidence in Blinker that I am sure he can explain in a minute. Why, he has our power of attorney. Mr. Jones' nephew, you know, and very sharp; too much of a spend-thrift, though. But I shall say nothing about you until you give me leave."

The ladies were already at the table, and Mr. Blinker had my seat. There was an old lady on the other side of Little Angel, so I took my place by the side of Mr. Lawton. Mr. Blinker was very attentive to Little Angel, and did not see me at all. I scalded my throat with hot tea, ate some berries with cream, and then slipped away and back to my room.

I took up the December balance sheet and tried the additions. Six thousand dollars too much credit, that made sixteen thousand dollars exactly. I put the papers in the envelope, walked downstairs and out under the trees. Mr. Blinker and Little Angel were promenading, in sight, but out of hearing. Mrs. Lawton was talking to the old lady whom I had envied at the table. Mr. Lawton was on a bench a little apart enjoying his smoke. I placed the envelope in his hand and sat down by him.

"Mr. Lawton," I whispered, "some one has been robbing you. Some one has stolen \$10,000 from you in the past six months, and some one stole \$6,000 in the previous half year. The deficiency of debt is in your cash account; and no book-keeper could pass two errors of such dimensions if he were sober. They are not errors, they are thefts."

VI.

The result of a private interview between Mr. Lawton and Mr. Blinker was the prompt departure of the latter for the Canada side, while his employer was looking for me. Immediately after my announcement, as recorded in the previous chapter, Mr. Lawton called Little Angel's escort from her side, and taking him to his own room in the hotel, locked the door and opened his case.

"Will you accept me as a substitute for Mr. Blinker?" I said, taking the absent Blinker's place. "I am probably going back to New York to-morrow. May I offer you my arm?"

She laid her hand on my arm without answer, and I led her down the path to the bridge.

"I have not seen the falls yet," I remarked, "let us go across. The moon is full and the view must be grand."

"You saw them this afternoon," she answered.

"No; I only saw you. I missed you from the train, and have been unhappy ever since. You did not know me, but I was a daily passenger, and I used to watch you every morning. I did not know your name until you disappeared. You do not remember seeing me, of course?"

"Oh yes, I do," she replied. "Oh, Mr. Granger, uncle told us—Can you do anything? It is dreadful! I did not know I had an uncle then, when I rode in your train. And now, when I have learned to love him so dearly—"

"Let us sit here," I said, leading her to a bench. "See! there are ten or twelve couples in full view, but they cannot hear. How came you to leave—me? I do not know how to tell it, but when you were gone, and when I could not find you, I thought I must die. I had been loving you so ardently, and I did not know it. I went to Mrs. Hunter and begged her to tell me only yesterday, and I told her why I sought you. Do not interrupt me please. I am going straight back to New York, and I know you cannot say a word to me yet. But I begged Mrs. Hunter to make enquiries, and your uncle can easily find out all about me. And I will wait as long as you say; only let me write to you and tell you once a day how I love you. And you need not answer my letters; I would not dare to ask that. You think I am drunk or mad. No wonder. But while I seem to utter a stranger to you, I seem to have known and loved you all my life. Now I will not say another word. Please tell me how you came to teach music, and how your uncle found you."

"I am English," she answered turning her placid brown eyes upon mine. "I came to New York six months ago as governess for Mrs. Pinch—"

"Mrs. Pinch?"

"Yes; and she found music scholars for me when her daughter was married; and Uncle Lawton found me by accident in the house of a New York friend where I had a pupil; and my mother was his sister. That is all."

"And why would not Mrs. Hunter tell me all this?"

"Because I had told her about you, sir," she answered shyly.

"About me?"

"Yes, sir. I knew Mr. Phillip Granger. Mr. Pinch told me a dozen stories about you before I went to Mrs. Hunter's; she is Mrs. Pinch's cousin. And I saw you looking at me on the train every day, and Mrs. Hunter and I talked about you. And I have a letter from her to-day—uncle brought it when you came—and she tells me all you said to her yesterday. And she says you are too old for me, sir."

"Oh, Little Angel," I said, stupefied "maybe you will love me some day?"

"Maybe," she answered, gravely. "But tell me about this dreadful business. Ah, when I saw you coming with uncle I thought you—"

"Do not stop, Little Angel."

"I thought you had—come to look for me. Because you have been saying all these things that Mrs. Hunter writes when you peeped at me from behind your paper, I thought you would find me some day."

"Do you know you are setting me crazy?" said I. "If you talk in that way I'll never go back to New York. Oh, Little Angel—"

"Why do you call me that?" she said, pouting. "My name is Lucy."

"I saw your initials on your music-case. I did not know your name; I could not bear to ask. I could not attract another man's attention to you; I could not speak of you to another man. And so I filled up the initials, and just loved you all by myself. Too old! I am thirty."

"And I am twenty-six," she whispered.

"You are squeezing my hand, Mr. Granger, pretty hard."

"Forgive me," I answered penitently; "I did not know it. I will not transgress again, Miss Arden, if you will pardon me. And let me hold your hand a little while; you know I am going away to-morrow—before you are awake, perhaps. It is only bidding you good-bye."

"And Uncle Lawton?" she said anxiously.

"I am greatly interested in him for his own sake; I am doubly interested for yours. I will do all I can to save him from trouble or loss."

"Then all will be well," she said joyfully.

"Mr. Pinch told me many times that you could do anything. And if you undertake uncle's affairs I shall feel entirely happy. And you may write to me—sometimes."

"Do you think you will love me a little some of these days?" I whispered. "Of course not for a year or two. But if I only thought I had a mortgage on you I could do—anything, as Mr. Pinch says. When you know me better—"

"I know you better than you know me, already. Ask Mrs. Hunter. She says you—But I cannot tell that."

"Please, Lucy. May I call you Lucy?"

"Of course. She says you are an old maid. There!"

"Well," I replied, stunned, "I am eager to change my condition. I will marry as soon as you will take me—to-morrow. I have a pretty little cottage—"

"Yes, I know; it was Mr. Clasty's, I have seen it—from the car window."

"I will give you a deed of it, Lucy, if you will take it with an encumbrance."





ON THE MARCH FROM MOSCOW.—FROM A PAINTING BY PITTS.

"Wait until uncle has his old smile on his face. Oh, how I longed for you to come! I mean for uncle's sake, sir—of course."

"Suppose I can get Mr. Lawton out of this mess, Lucy? Suppose he tells you that all is plain sailing before him—"

"Then I— I will answer your letters; I mean some of them. I have always liked you—a little bit," she continued, shyly, "but if you help uncle now, I—"

"Come over here," said I moving under the trees: "the moon glares in my eyes so impudently. This is far nicer. Now, may I kiss you—just once? To bind the bargain, you know. Oh, you darling!—my darling forever!"

"Where the devil are you, Granger?" said Mr. Lawton racing down the path; "I have been hunting you this hour. Oh, you have Lucy with you?"

"Yes, sir, and I am going to keep her with me. She says she will take me as soon as you get out of this mess—"

"No. I only said you might write to me."

"Don't interrupt me, child. My dear sir, exchange congratulations with me. This darling Little Angel will make you my uncle, and your nephew already sees easy egress from all your troubles. To-morrow I will unfold my plans."

VII.

It may seem that my courting was unusually easy in its initial steps, but I discovered afterward that it was a regular conspiracy, and that I was the victim. Mrs. Pinch had spent a year in Europe with her daughter, and had found Little Angel over there and made her "governess." Then she brought her home when she returned, and very easily secured a dozen pupils for Lucy, whose sturdy independence compelled her to work for herself. She was, and is, an accomplished musician, and she got good prices for her lessons, earning over a thousand dollars a year. Mrs. Pinch loved the gentle girl very tenderly, and being a good friend of mine she openly schemed to make a match between her *protégé* and me. I was pointed out to Lucy before I ever saw her while I was poring over a big ledger. Mrs. Hunter took her over to board at Balden and these two old ladies intended to get us acquainted with each other on the train. But they met a very obstinate obstacle in Lucy herself who announced her intention to return to England if they dared take any steps toward the accomplishment of their designs.

But the vixen could not help feeling a little conscious whenever she saw me. There was some occult magnetism between us two, and while her maiden modesty kept her eyes averted when mine were turned in that direction, she also indulged herself in sundry sly glances at me. She discovered my enslavement before I did, and Mrs. Hunter's letter did not reveal much to her. All this came out by degrees in little conversations that occurred within sound of Niagara during the following days. After Mr. Blinker's disappearance I worked steadily at Jones & Co. for four or five hours a day, and went back to the Cataract House by the noon train, or the two-thirty. Mr. Blinker had only stolen some twenty thousand dollars in all, and this abstracted capital would be replaced with a few months from the proceeds of some Michigan property which Mr. Jones was then selling. My afternoons at the Falls were simply gorgeous.

Meantime, Jones & Co. needed ten thousand dollars to "put them through" the summer. It would not do to borrow this from any of their correspondents, as the fact of their loss and of their consequent shortness was the very fact that must be concealed to keep their credit unimpaired. I was to tell Mr. Pinch, in confidence, about the defalcation, and Blinker was to be shielded for the sake of his uncle, Mr. Jones. By the by, the whelp had made several tender speeches to my Little Angel, and was actually on the very threshold of a declaration to be confronted by the false balances that moonlight night. He wilted immediately, confessed the sixteen thousand steal, and while Mr. Lawton sought for me Blinker took a carriage and drove over the bridge to the Clinton House. He has never found it convenient to return to the land of the free.

At the end of the week I went to New York, taking a sight draft for \$10,000, payable to Pinch & Plugger or order. I told Mr. Pinch, who fairly danced with delight, that I was not at liberty to tell him all about Jones & Co., but I felt tolerably sure that their "embarrassment" would be only temporary. Then I got my ten bonds from the safe, took them to Wall street, and got in exchange a cheque for \$10,000. The next day I told Mr. Pinch I should like to have two weeks' vacation, as I had been working pretty hard on "that Jones & Co. business." The old gentleman acquiesced promptly, and when I was bidding him good-bye he whispered, "I guess we can afford an additional five hundred per annum on your salary, Granger—that is, up to January next. After that—we shall see."

The next morning found me in Rochester, and Mr. Lawton had my cheque for ten thousand dollars as a loan to be returned at convenience. The same afternoon found me and Mr. Lawton at the Cataract House, where we dined. I may say here that I had my ten bonds back before the year was out, and that they were placed in my hand by— But that is anticipating.

Lucy took my arm in the gloaming, and we walked over to Goat Island. We climbed up the tower-steps and looked at the Canada fall. No-

body there, only we two, and the mad water rushing and roaring below.

"Miss Arden," I began, "I am happy to—"

"If you meant all you said the other evening," she said, "I think you had better say 'Lucy.'"

"And will you always call me Philip?" said I, looking into the brown eyes. It was quite dusky, and nobody was near, and my eyes were quite close to the brown ones.

"Yes, that is, when we are out here or when nobody else can hear me. You need not hold me; I shall not fall. Now, what are you happy to announce?"

"I have forgotten. I love you: that is all I can say now."

"Then," she answered severely, "I must take back that promise. I cannot always call you Philip; I must call you 'goose' sometimes."

"And 'old maid'?" I asked, looking for a speck on the brown pupils.

"No; that was a slander. By the by, I wrote to Mrs. Hunter to-day. I told her she need not trouble herself to make investigations. I told her you had—had said things to me the other night. Now go on with your happy announcement, sir. What were you going to say?"

"I was going to tell you that your uncle would not be bothered any more about business matters. He has smooth water before him from this time out."

"Yes," she replied indifferently. "I knew all that; uncle told me himself since dinner. Somebody has given him very efficient and sufficient aid, he says."

"And I was going to say that my revenue is increased. Mr. Pinch added largely to my salary without solicitation. I am in condition to marry as soon as I can find a Little Angel who will take an old maid and a goose."

"Don't you think," she whispered, with her rosy lips near my listening ear—"don't you think ten thousand dollars was a terribly high price for one Little Angel?"

You see why it is that I rate my wife so extravagantly; she was very costly. But it was from her dear hands that I took back my bonds on our wedding day. I regard them as her dower, however, and I pay her the interest quarterly, every cent of it.—The Author of "The Clifton Picture."

H. M. S. "PARLIAMENT."

Last Saturday night brought a very successful week at the Academy of Music to a close.

H. M. S. "Parliament" a nice little parody, spicy and full of fun, was presented every night to a full house at this theatre, and if our readers will recall to their memory the poetry of the "Specific Scandal" which we published and illustrated in the News about six years ago, after the downfall of the Macdonald Government, they will at once observe that H. M. S. "Parliament" was launched from the same pen which ably specified the "Specific Scandal." The author of this parody has adapted his little work to the music of H. M. S. "Pinafore" and though nearly every one is tired of it, the Canadian Pinafore with its harmless fun and political peculiarities, plus the attention of every one.

No one can take offence at the good-humoured *taps* which some of our prominent officers of the "Ship of State" come in for, as each party got their share. In fact we are inclined to think that the author hit more on his side, perhaps, because the Government can stand a little more, and thus he excludes any censure which party spirit might find in the "Health Papers" of the "Parliament." We are fully convinced that the author reached his aim, for all shades of politicians witnessed the *debut* of the "Canadian Pinafore," and enjoyed the fun, even when strong allusions were made, though out of no animosity.

There can be no doubt but success is assured, for, when this extravaganza is produced in cities where the weaknesses and peculiarities of the prominent leaders in the *little roles* are more intimately known, the pleasure derived from the play will be the greater, and the author's capability in harmonizing the various characters must be acknowledged as complete.

The making-up of those heads for which the *taps* are intended, is so cleverly done that the expression leaves no doubt as to who is meant, and the striking resemblance of the Canadian Household which are busy with grinding axes in the opening scene, indicates that the hits are really good. Capt. McA., Commander, is simply immense in the hands of Mr. Charles Arnold, who explains his position with Mrs. Butterbun very effectively, and when he allows love to give way to political considerations the audience can read deep designs in the countenance of the Captain who will not run the risk of losing his interest.

Sir Samuel Sillery, represented by Mr. Sydney Smith, in describing his early career by singing "When I Was a Lad," gives good advice to rising politicians, and his dissatisfaction at Angelina's want of appreciation of the chief of the N.P. portrays offended dignity to perfection. Sam Snifter finds in Mr. E. A. McDowell a true exemplifier of the duties of a Government Clerk, and his ambitious views as to his cork-screw business create great laughter.

Alex. McDeadeye, the misanthropic member, is capably acted by Mr. Stuart, who dances his Highland fling in great style and brings the "house down" by the attitudes which he assumes whenever the Ministerialists get a rap. Mrs. E. A. McDowell has more admirers than

ever she had, and it cannot be denied that her appearance on the stage is more dignified and amiable than when she was known as Miss Fanny Reeves. Her Angelina in the dialogue with Captain McA., is full of pathos and her love for Snifter, Clerk of the Sealing Wax Department, is well expressed in all the movements peculiar to a loving, womanly heart.

Mr. Butterbun, a monopolist, very clearly shows the beneficial effect of the N.P. and presses Capt. McA. for the promised appointment with such force that the great chieftain will give her the inspectorship as soon as they decide about the Coteau Bridge. Britannia and Canada have a little discussion whereby cousin Jonathan is fully remembered.

With regard to the singing we must refrain from making any remarks as it would be a damper on the whole company's efforts, for we cannot do full justice in this direction without hurting the singers who otherwise succeed in every way. And to the credit of Mr. McDowell it must be said that he spares no expense in mounting his plays, for both scenes in "Parliament" are very good; particularly the Parliament Buildings illuminated called forth immense plaudits, and the "hum" thrown upon canvas by a reflector cannot be any better, though the singing of "Silent be, it is The Hum," leaves much to wish for.

A FEW GEMS FROM AMERICAN POETS.

One of the most graceful American writers in prose and poetry is Thomas Bailey Aldrich. He was born at Portsmouth, New Hampshire, in 1836, and has lately attained high rank as a lyric poet and a novelist. His youth was spent in Louisiana. After having spent three years in a mercantile firm in New York, he sought a literary occupation, and worked as "reader" for a New York publishing establishment. After this he went to Boston, and became editor of *Every Saturday*, a publication which was afterwards discontinued. He has spent some years in travel, visiting the chief cities of Europe. He has not attempted anything grand in poetry, but what he has attempted he has accomplished with the utmost beauty and perfection. Among his poems are "Babie Bell," "The Face Against the Pane," "Friar Jerome's Beautiful Book," and others, which are delicate and charming productions. His principal novels are "The Story of a Bad Boy," "Marjorie Daw and Other People," and "Prudence Falfrey," which are deservedly popular. Marjorie Daw is one of the most unique and original conceptions of modern fiction. The leading characteristics of Aldrich's poetry are humour, playfulness and chaste pathos. He is a poet of refinement and beauty, his amiability and virtuous nature beaming through all his works. Everything he writes exhibits a polished and cultivated taste. Aldrich fills two spheres in literature—that of poet and story-teller. What could be more fascinating and exquisite than his "Story of a Bad Boy"? It is so natural, so full of boy character, and yet so healthy in its tone of manliness and truth. A better sketch of boy life than this has not been written. Truly Aldrich is the daintiest and, at the same time, soul-full of story writers. But let us weave a garland from the garden of his poetry. What could be more beautiful and pretty—yes, sweetly pretty—than his poem, "The Tiger Lilies?"

"I like not lady-slippers,
Nor yet the sweet-pea blossoms,
Nor yet the flaky roses,
Red or white as snow;
I like the chalice lilies,
The heavy Eastern lilies,
The gorgeous tiger lilies,
That in our garden grow!

"For they are tall and slender;
Their mouths are dashed with carmine;
And when the wind sweeps by them,
On their emerald stalks,
They bend so proud and graceful,
They are Cyprian women,
The favourites of our Sultan,
A-down our garden walks!

"And when the rain is falling,
I sit beside the window,
And watch them glow and glisten;
How they burn and glow!
O, for the burning lilies,
The tender Eastern lilies,
The gorgeous tiger lilies,
That in our garden grow!"

Many of Aldrich's poems contain great dramatic fire and spirit; but the vigor of his poetry is ever characterized by beauty, simplicity, and subdued warmth. He is never wayward or startling. As an instance of this, what could be more beautiful than the following from his poem entitled "Judith?"

"Judith knelt
And gazed upon him, and her thoughts were dark;
For half she longed to bid her purpose die,—
To stay, to weep, to fold him in her arms,
To let her long hair loose upon his face,
As on a mountain-top some amorous cloud
Lets down its tresses of fine rain."

While it is always desirable to move down the current of song without having recourse to a stroke of the ear, it is still more pleasant to be greeted on our way by a bright imagery, delicate and refined. In Aldrich's poetry we have both. We move unconsciously down the stream, yet never tire of the scenes upon the banks. Is there not something exquisitely beautiful in the imagery of his poem, "Before the Rain?"

"We knew it would rain, for all the morn,
A spirit on slender ropes of mist
Was lowering its golden buckets down
Into the vapory amethyst

"Of marshes, and swamps, and dismal fens;
Scooping the dew that lay in the flowers,
Dipping the jewels out of the sun,
To scatter them over the land in showers.

"We knew it would rain, for the poplars showed
The white of their leaves, and the amber grain
Shrank in the wind,—and the lightning now
Is tangled in tremulous skeins of rain."

Listen to this, from his poem, "The Face Against the Pane." What could be neater:

"Mabel, little Mabel,
With face against the pane,
Looks out across the night,
And sees the beacon light
A-trembling in the rain.
She hears the sea-bird's screech,
And the breakers on the beach
Making moan, making moan.
And the wind about the eaves
Of the cottage sob and grieves;
And the willow tree is blown
To and fro, to and fro,
Till it seems like some old crou,
Standing out there all alone
With her woes!
Wringing, as she stands,
Her gauzy and paled hands,
While Mabel, timid Mabel,
With face against the pane,
Looks out across the night,
And sees the beacon light
A-trembling in the rain."

He has written some charming love poems, true pictures of the tender passion of the heart. What could be more fascinating than this? At the same time, note the play of fancy in it:

"Up to her chamber window
A slight wire trellis goes,
And up this Romeo's ladder
Chambers a bold white rose.

"I lounge in the ilex shadow,
I see the lady lean,
Unclasping her silken girdle,
The curtain's folds between.

"She smiles on her white-rose lover,
She reaches out her hand,
And helps him in at the window—
I see it where I stand.

"To her scarlet lip she holds him
And kisses him many a time—
Ah, me! it was he that won her
Because he dared to climb!"

Thomas Bailey Aldrich is now about forty-three. Charming as are his poems and stories, I think we may look for a fuller and riper genius in the themes he is yet to touch.

Belleville, Ont. T. O'HAGAN.

HUMOROUS

CHINAMEN cannot understand why Englishmen hate nice little mice and love trips.

AN Ohio newspaper speaks of a man being bruised by the "emphatic gestures of a mule."

"Tis not the whole of life to live, nor all of death to die: 'tis raising cash to pay our bills, that worries you and I.

WHEN two funerals meet at the cemetery, it is embarrassing to have one undertaker call to the other, "How's business?"

WHAT was it? I went out into the woods and got it. After I got it I looked for it. The more I looked for it the less I liked it. I brought it home in my hand because I couldn't find it—a silver.

AN English coachman was asked to tie up a dog, and he resigned on the ground that it was the butler's duty. The butler declined and resigned, and after six servants had left the car tied up the dog himself.

YOUNG man, if it is 11 o'clock and she goes to the piano and plays a few bars of "The Sweet By and By," you may consider the waltz over for the night.

AT an evening party, Jerrold was looking at the dancers, when, seeing a very tall gentleman waltzing with a remarkably short lady, he said: "Humph! there's the mile dancing with the milestone!"

THE conductor of a certain train on the Union Pacific railroad charges that a fly, having alighted on one of the glasses of the engineer's spectacles, the engineer thought it was a buffalo on the track ahead, and turned on the air-brakes to avert a disaster.

A MEMBER of a school board, not a thousand miles from Boston, visited a school under his jurisdiction. When asked to make some remarks, he said: "Well, children, you spell well and reads well, but you hasn't got still."

AN old farmer was wondering "why in these days it seems impossible to have an honest horse race, when a neighbour interrupted him with the remark that 'it's because we haven't no honest human race."

"CASSIMERE," said young Chainstitch, "Dubblesole says you're a liar." "Dubblesole says so," replied Cassimere, and then he added defiantly, leaning his chin on his yard wand, "I'd like to know how he found that out!"

EMERSON says a man ought to carry a pencil and note down the thoughts of the moment. A young man who bought a silver pencil to be devoted to that purpose only, carried it seven years before he discovered there was no lead in it.

A DRUGGIST sent his Irish porter into a dark-celled cellar. Soon after, hearing a noise, he went to the opening and called out, "Patrick, keep your eyes skinned!" "Och! divil an eye," roared Pat, "but it's me nose that's skinned lovely!"

A NEW man in the country newspaper business publishes under his editorial heading: "This paper published for \$1.50 per year, if paid in advance, \$2.00 if paid at the end of the year, and \$2.50 if not paid at all."

MANY anecdotes are told of the eccentric Prindle, whose advent in Danbury we recently recorded. One time he got into a neighbour's pantry and helped himself freely to what he believed were some new kind of cookies, but which proved to be yeast cakes—of a very successful variety at that. He heaved and fumed to such a degree that for some time his native village thought it was a sea side town.

It was proposed to erect a monument in the village square to the Father of his Country, and old Aquira Higgin was called upon for a liberal donation. "I can't give anything this time," he said, "but you may know that I always carry Washington in my heart." "Well," answered the man with the subscription paper, "all I can say is that you've got the Father of his Country in a very tight place."

TO LAURA.

O, minstrel! strike the harp again,
And sing, nor heed those falling tears;
The notes of thy melodious strain
Recall to me the vanished years.

They bring before my tearful gaze—
Illumed with a tender light—
A vision of my youthful days,
When life's unclouded morn was bright.

Again I see, as in a dream,
The face of one remembered well,
Whose pensive eyes as sadly beam,
As when we parting said "Farewell."

Yes, minstrel! yes, methinks, I hear
The voice that many years ago
First poured upon my listening ear
That plaintive strain, so sweet and low.

'Tis fancy, for that voice is still,
And music's charm has lost its power
To drive away the ghost of ill,
That haunts me every day and hour.

And that fair angel face which gleams
So sad to memory's waning light,
Has faded like the last starbeams,
Which trembling leave the darkness night.

O pale, sweet Laura! thou art fled,
And joy from me has passed away;
I walk in darkness 'mong the dead—
A wretch who hates the living day!

Paris, Oct. H. W. STRAMBERG.

OUR CHESS COLUMN.

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

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

J. W. S., Montreal.—Papers to hand. Thanks.
Student, Montreal.—Solution of Problem No. 258 received. Correct.

E. H.—Solution received of Problem for Young Players No. 261. Correct.

T. S., St. Andrews, Manitoba.—Correct solution received of Problem No. 262, and also of Problem for Young Players No. 259. You are right; Q to Q R 4, in Problem 258 gives mate in three moves.

The difficulty which has arisen in connection with the late Tourney of the American Chess Congress will lead many persons to doubt the propriety of giving large sums of money as prizes for chess encounters. It is evident from all that has been stated bearing upon this unfortunate trouble among chess-players that the honor which was likely to result ultimately from the contest was not deemed the only motive which would actuate each player in his endeavour to obtain the first prize.

We are sadly afraid that surmises of this nature will lead many to class our noble game with pursuits which, although harmless in themselves, have been looked upon with much suspicion as regards their influence in a moral point of view.

We are all aware that in ages long gone by, a gift, trifling in itself, was cherished because it was a testimony of success in some arduous competition.

Now, however, as far as chess is concerned, the intrinsic value of the prize is supposed to be the only means of gathering together competitors of sufficient skill to make an ordinary contest in any way interesting.

If such is found to be the case, it would be much better to forego such enterprises altogether than to run the risk of doing an injury to our game, which has hitherto been looked upon as a scientific study, rather than as a means of winning hundreds of dollars.

There could be no objection to a gold medal, or anything of a similar nature. Such prizes are recognized in educational institutions, and are productive of good, but the increasing value of the money prizes which begin to characterize our large chess tournaments, are cannot but feel, will have a prejudicial effect in the long run, and the late difficulty at New York is a case in point.

The Russian chess magazine for December is a magnificent affair of seventy-five pages, and replete with games and problems. As Schachmatni Listok is printed in Russian we cannot tell what good things are concealed in the 30 pages of solid reading matter with which the number opens. Of late the editor has adopted the sensible plan of giving the names of the players and of the problem composers in Roman type; we do not see why it would not be equally sensible to print the whole in French—the Court language of Russia—so that we outer barbarians could read what, in appearance, is the best chess magazine going.—Turf, Field and Farm.

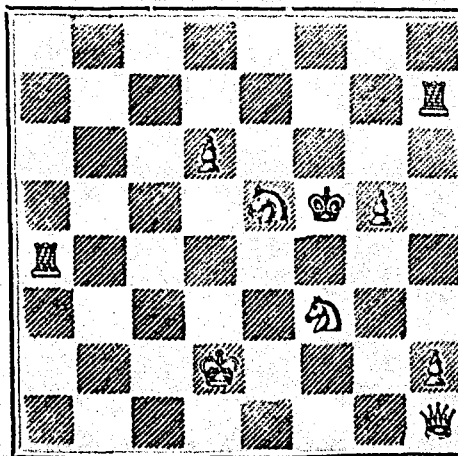
We learn that the meeting of the Lincolnshire Chess Association which met at Boston (Eng.) opened on the 20th of last month, and was a great success. Among the competitors for the prizes we notice the following well-known names:—Messrs. Bird, Macdonnell, Ranken, Thorold, Wayte, Skipworth, Coker, De Souza and Rowley. The play excited much attention, and was witnessed by a large assemblage of spectators, many of whom were ladies. The whole affair worked most harmoniously.

SCORE OF THE INTERNATIONAL TOURNEY.
Won. | Dr. |
America..... 28 | Great Britain..... 26 | 13

PROBLEM No. 265.

By W. Finlayson.
(From Chess Chips.)

BLACK.



WHITE

White to play and mate in two moves.

GAME 395TH.

(From the St. Louis Globe-Democrat.)

The first of the two games played between Captain Mackenzie and Mr. Grundy, at the close of the Congress Tourney, for the first prize and championship.

White.—(Capt. Mackenzie.) Black.—(Mr. Grundy.)

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

NOTES.

- (a) A stroke of play characteristic of the Captain.
(b) White plays thus, seeing that the pawn will queen if black attempts to capture the pawns.

SOLUTIONS.

Solution of Problem No. 263.

- WHITE. BLACK.
1. R to Q B 7 1. Any move.
2. Mate according to Black's play.

Solution of Problem for Young Players No. 261.

- WHITE. BLACK.
1. Q to Q 6 (ch) 1. Kt takes Q
2. Kt mates

PROBLEMS FOR YOUNG PLAYERS, No. 262

- WHITE. BLACK.
K at Q B 2 K at Q 5
Q at K B 3 R at Q Kt 3
Bat Q 6 B at K 6
Kt at Q B 3 B at Q 2
Kt at Q B 7 Kt at K B 7
Pawns at K 2 Pawns at K 3,
and Q Kt 3 K R 2, and Q Kt 4

White to play and mate in two moves.



CANADIAN PACIFIC RAILWAY.

Tenders for a second 100 mile section, WEST OF RED RIVER, will be received by the undersigned until noon on Monday, the 29th of March, next.

The section will extend from the end of the 48th Contract—near the western boundary of Manitoba—to a point on the west side of the valley of Bird-tail Creek.

Tenders must be on the printed form, which, with all other information, may be had at the Pacific Railway Engineer's Offices, in Ottawa and Winnipeg, on and after the 1st day of March, next.

By Order, F. BRAUN, Secretary.

DEPT. OF RAILWAYS AND CANALS, Ottawa, 11th February, 1880.

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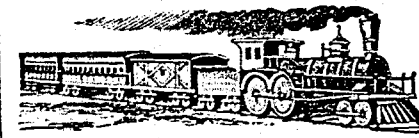
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TENDERS are invited for furnishing the Rolling Stock required to be delivered on the Canadian Pacific Railway, within the next four years, comprising the delivery in each year of about the following, viz:— 20 Locomotive Engines. 16 First-class cars (a proportion being sleepers). 20 Second-class Cars, do. 3 Express and Baggage Cars. 3 Postal and Smoking Cars. 240 Box Freight Cars. 100 Flat Cars. 2 Wing Ploughs. 2 Snow Ploughs. 2 Flangers. 40 Hand Cars.

The whole to be manufactured in the Dominion of Canada and delivered on the Canadian Pacific Railway, at Fort William, or in the Province of Manitoba. Drawings, specifications and other information may be had on application at the office of the Engineer-in-Chief, at Ottawa, on and after the 15th day of MARCH next. Tenders will be received by the undersigned up to noon of THURSDAY, the 1st day of JULY next.

By order, F. BRAUN, Secretary. Department of Railways and Canals, Ottawa, 7th February, 1880.

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By order, F. BRAUN, Secretary. Department of Railways and Canals, Ottawa, 7th February, 1880.

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

By Order, F. BRAUN, Secretary. 19th Feb., 1880.

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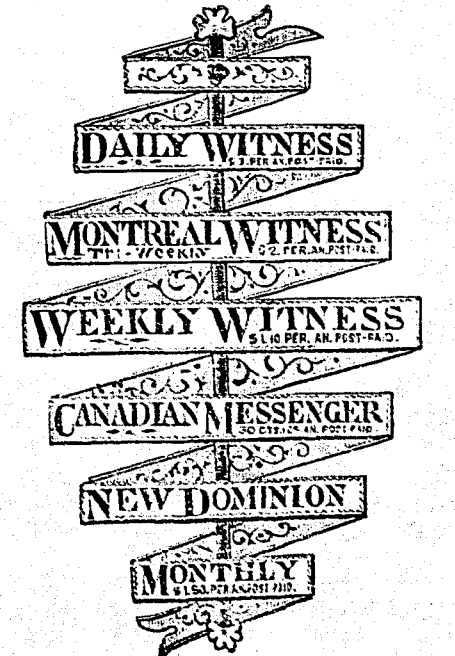
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