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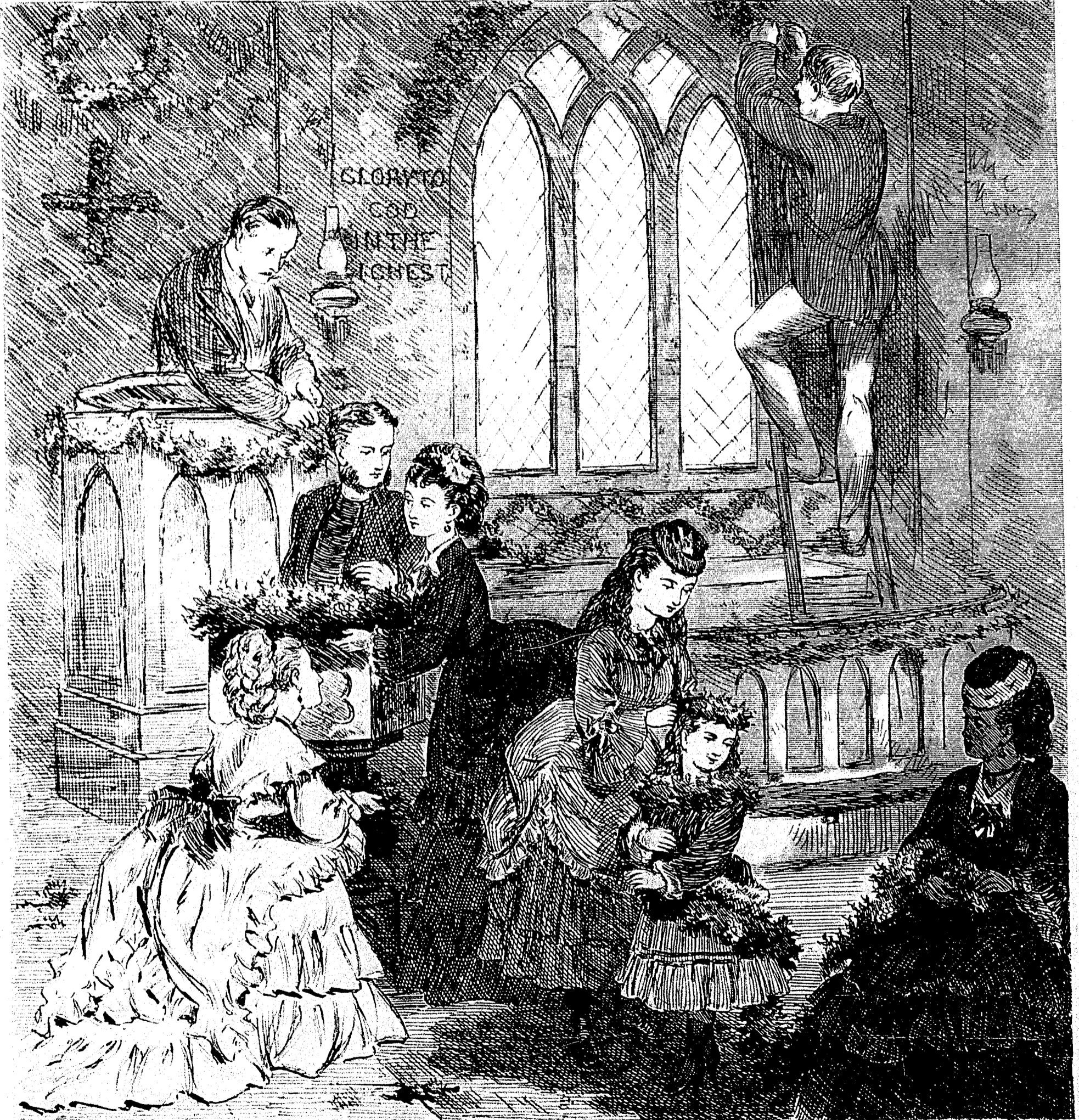
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DECORATING THE VILLAGE CHURCH FOR CHRISTMAS.—FROM A SKETCH BY C. KENDRICK.

DEER HUNTING IN THE CANADIAN FOREST.

MONTREAL, Nov., 5, 1872.

MY DEAR PHIL:

Instead of giving you the promised description of my excursion in the bush last month, I feel almost inclined to give you a sound rating for again disappointing me after so many assurances that you would make one of my party.

Much as I missed you, you have lost more than I.

What more pleasant than to take a passage in one of Allan's steamers from Liverpool to Quebec about the end of August; reach here early in September, after a peep at our thriving city take rail to "The Falls," and return to Montreal by steamer down Lake Ontario and the grand St. Lawrence with its thousand isles and splendid rapids; just in time to accompany me to the Backwoods.

I merely mention these as a sauce to the attractions of the chase. Early in October my party, which consisted of three besides myself, was organised; our friend K—, who as you know is very clever with his pencil, being one of us. It was a lovely morning when we took the Ottawa boat; the foliage was in that glorious state of transition of colour which would well nigh baffle an artist's skill. Were it possible to produce on canvass the effect of dazzling beauty that our Canadian forests display in the fall, you—who have never seen the like—would pronounce it an exaggeration. Lover of the beautiful in nature as I am, my sporting instincts overcame me, and I could not refrain from exclaiming to K—, who was lost in admiration:—"Oh! for a good frost after all the rain we have recently had, then soon will the trees be bare, and there will be less to intercept the thrilling music of the hounds."

"What a Goth you are," this in semi-indignant tones from K—.

At night we disembarked with our camp equipage, provisions for the inner man—not omitting a keg of "Old Rye"—and our four pairs of hounds, which latter seemed thoroughly to understand the nature of the errand on which they were bound.

The next morning an hour was consumed in loading up the waggon with the baggage, and after a hearty (?) breakfast off greasy pork, bad tea, and potatoes, we started from the haunts of men.

I will not run the risk of cooling your ardour by describing minutely the state of the roads, suffice it that near night-fall we accomplished our land-journey without the loss of anything more serious than sundry and frequent strong ejaculations at the condition thereof. They would be more difficult to depict than the foliage; that is if fidelity and not the picturesque was the object sought.

When we made a halt, these same roads had run their course. We were on the banks of a small river, about seventy yards across,—a tributary to the Ottawa—that runs meandering through the very heart of the forest.

Here we found canoes awaiting us; these are hewn out of the solid trunk of the soft maple, and are much better for hunting in smooth water than bark canoes, being more noiseless and less influenced by wind. Our men who were with us, had taken the wise precaution to be provided with a number of boards, after placing three canoes abreast, about one foot apart, we laid the boards across them, and then proceeded to load up on the top. When this was accomplished we had as steady a water conveyance as you could desire, carrying men, dogs, and baggage in the greatest safety. Our only concern was that as the day-light was departing, the river was full of "snags" (advertisements would say replete with), and we had still ten miles to go, we might come foul of one of these said snags, and thus have our aquatic vehicle parted, and thereby have to take a cold bath against our consent.

Fortunately, however, everything went on swimmingly, and we reached our camping ground about ten p.m.

The first operation was to make a roaring fire, which at last we succeeded in doing, though with much difficulty as everything was saturated with water. Much time did not elapse before some good strong poles were cut for the tents; as these were being pitched, tea, biscuits and a cold boiled round of beef was being prepared.

Never was a repast more enjoyed, nor justice to it dealt out more liberally, as we had not broken our fast since morning.

The keg of "Old Rye" was tapped, and all the thirsty and weary souls needed no pressing to "mop up." I must tell you how we make our beds: for each one we cut four posts with a fork at the top, and drive these firmly into the ground covering a space of about 6 ft. 6 x 2 ft. 6 in., then we cut two poles to go lengthways and two short ones as braces. The long ones we lay in the forks of the posts, and the short ones we lay across, then these are securely fastened at each corner with twine. Having done thus much we have a piece of canvass about 6 ft. x 2 ft. perforated at the sides and ends with eyelets 6 in. apart, and this we lace with cord to the poles quite tight. This, when properly made, is one of the most comfortable beds you can possibly sleep on. They proved so that night, no lullaby was needed. The next day was consumed in "putting things to rights" and making a warm camp for the dogs. In the evening we discussed some "hot stuff," and planned the morrow's campaign.

If you have any friend suffering from dyspepsia send him out to me, and let me employ him to "put out the dogs." After climbing fallen trees, wading through swamps, and threading his way through endless masses of tangled twigs for four or five miles of dense forest, if he would not eat old boots, for lack of something more tempting, I would eat him. It will beat hollow all the Doctor's nostrums in creation, as our Yankee friends would sweepingly remark. Well, for this work we have men hired for the purpose. I have described the river as meandering, it twists and twines like a snake. You will remember the words of the Psalmist: "As pants the hart for cooling streams;" the same words apply to the red deer of Canada. "When heated in the chase" they seek the water and endeavour to throw the hounds off their track. This they often accomplish, but we hunters strive to circumvent their little game, by stationing a canoe freighted with a rifle and some one to pull the trigger, at some point on the river, in the vicinity of which the deer is most likely to cross, thus our three canoes, or "watches," as we call them, will not unfrequently keep sentry over six or eight miles.

Our friend K— preferred taking a ramble with his sketch book instead of a rifle, and was lucky enough to witness a bit of sport of which he has made an excellent drawing. I had him waiting for a couple of hours since day-break on my watch in a canoe, almost fearing the dogs had not got a start, when in the dim distance I heard the long note of a hound. Nearer and nearer it came, until the echoes and his voice were almost blended; then, oh! perdition! the sound grew fainter and more faint, the deer had wheeled and was heading away on the ridge. "He's gone up," I exclaimed to Harry (my man in the stern) "let us paddle on as fast as we can." The water flew by us, or rather, we sped through the water, and the perspiration flowed from each pore as we strained every muscle; two miles had we gone at this killing pace, when, by Jupiter! he wheeled again, and down he headed, the hound giving magnificent music all the time. We followed—going over the same course, exerting ourselves as though our future bliss depended on the result, and just as a bend in the river intercepted our view, I heard the dog close to the bank down below us.

"The deer is in the water," says Harry, and he was too; in another moment we rounded the point and saw a splendid stag nearly across, on the other side of the river, about a hundred yards down.

"Steady, Harry! Steady, my boy, wait till he is rising out of the water." Bang!! his neck is broken, and he tumbles head over heels into the water again. Hurrah, boys!! We soon had him by the horns and were doing our best to haul him up the bank, no easy matter—250 lbs. of venison—especially up an incline of a moist clay. The knife did its work, and there lay as noble a deer, with as fine a head of antlers, as ever trod the forest.

"Now Harry, my boy, where's the flask?" That was soon found, and our friend K—, who had witnessed the death from the other side of the river, was speedily paddled across, and joined in the toast of "Death to the deer!" Of course he meant at the hands of sportsmen, and not at the hands of a set of ruffians who kill deer in season and out of season as they would kill pigs, to sell their carcasses.

Our game laws on paper are good; the penalties are too light, and unfortunately the means to enforce them are feeble. In Ontario, Deer, Moose, and Cariboo can be shot from September 1 to December 19; in Quebec, from September 1 to February 1.

More deer are killed by the lumbermen on the "Crust," than by the rifle, and that at a time when the skin is poor and the flesh worse. Were the railroad companies and the steamboats prohibited from carrying game during the close season it would do much to check this wholesale and desultory slaughter. I wish some influential member of our Legislative Assembly would take this matter up and deal with it as it deserves to be dealt with—with energy and determination. We shall know the value of our game when it is exterminated.

All this *par parenthèse*.

There are two other modes in vogue of hunting the red deer: One on the "Runways," the other by stalking. The latter plan is generally adopted when the snow has fallen, so that the track may be followed by the eye. Softly must you creep along, and many a weary mile may you have to trudge before you get a shot, and then if successful at last, it is no easy undertaking to bring your game out to the "clearing."

K— has given you a very spirited drawing of a buck killed on a runway by S—. The dogs were put out one morning as usual. K— said he would go—sketch-book, and all with S—. Two canoes were at their stations, and S— concealed himself behind a big tree, about thirty yards from a runway, or deer path, and about a mile and a half from the river. Some of the same episodes transpired as in the other hunt I have described, when presently his stagship came bounding full well along his forest road, with the hounds in full cry, not more than five hundred yards in his rear. The click of the cocks of S—'s double barrel arrested his attention for an instant, in another ball pierced his heart.

S— made a capital shot, and I am delighted he did. He is a thorough sportsman, as steady as a tree, and can hold his rifle straight—which is saying much—but he is most profoundly unlucky, he gets so few chances.

Luck is very capricious: there is luck in sport, as there is in the serious matters of every day life; in both cases the ability to take advantage of the chances that present themselves is necessary. Halt the world is cursing its luck, when, in truth, either stupidity or want of skill is at the bottom of the trouble.

There is no need for me to recount the doings of each day; you must be content to know that our three rifles (K— never shot) brought down fifteen head, and this during a period when rain fell (a most unusual thing in October) eighteen hours out of twenty-four.

If you come out next Fall bring with you warm flannels, a suit of dark grey tweed, and a double barrel breech loading rifle, central fire, about .44 calibre conical ball—double grip lever action is the best.

If you shoot well, as I believe you do, you do not require a larger ball. I cannot see the utility of saving your cook trouble—for which she will not thank you—by making mince-meat of your venison before you skin it.

A double barrel is by far the best for runaway hunting. For stalking or shooting from a canoe there is a very excellent American rifle (you had better buy one here when you come) made by Smith & Wesson; it will shoot either a rim cutting or central fire cartridge, by the simple adjustment of a very ingenious mechanical contrivance on the hammer. It is very accurate, has a long range, and is rapidly loaded; in the hands of a good marksman it is the best piece I have seen, and is very cheap, only some £9 or £10 sterling; in England such a piece would cost double that amount.

It is odd that England can defy the world in the construction of shot guns, but our cousins across the "line" can "whip" all others in the manufacture of rifles—price considered.

Now, my dear Phil., after this long effusion I have nothing more to say, except that I shall strike you off the list of my sporting friends (you having plenty of time and ample means) if you do not join my Deer Hunt next Fall.

Ever yours sincerely,

B. F. T.

P. S.—Since putting down my pen, I have been cleaning my rifle, and I find it is made by Frank Wesson, not Smith & Wesson: the latter only make revolvers, and splendid weapons they are.

B. F. T.

(Written for the Canadian Illustrated News.)

THE MIDNIGHT MASS.

BY JOHN LESPERANCE.

It was Christmas Eve. I was sitting in my room, at the St. Lawrence Hall, listlessly smoking a cigar, and feeling very lonesome. A stranger in a strange land, my mind reverted sadly to the scenes of cheer I had left behind me, on the banks of the Mississippi—the roysterings, meetings, eggnogg, and singing of the *Salvete dilectissimi*. I heard the great bells of Notre Dame echoing the Angels' glad tidings to the earth, but their festal music, instead of finding an echo in my heart, only served to make my nostalgia more real and burdensome.

I was in the deepest of my brown study, the fire in my grate was smouldering, and the light of my cigar dying out, when a boisterous Canadian friend came in, stamping, and rubbing his hands.

"What are you doing here?" he cried.

"Moping."

"Bah! What do you intend doing with yourself to-night?"

"Nothing."

"Nothing? That will never do. I have come for you. We must be up to something. What do you say to hearing Midnight Mass?"

I answered that I had no taste for the devotion.

"O, not in Montreal," pursued my friend; "we shall go into the country—Terrebonne, for example. It is only fifteen miles off; the weather is delightful, there is a fine moonlight; after the mass we shall have a nice luncheon at the best village tavern, and, altogether, I promise you a good time. Come."

There was a smack of adventure in this proposal which roused me from my lethargy. I accepted my friend's offer. An hour later, just as the Post Office clock pointed to ten o'clock, we set out in one of Martin's best sleighs.

I.

Up St. Lawrence Street at a smart trot. Then out into the lonely spaces leading to the Ottawa. The wind blew more keenly, and the cold increased, but we soon reached the pleasant tavern at the Sault, and there had our first "nip." None of your epicene Martell, or meretricious Old Tom, on such a night as this, but a goodly draught of Molson's stiffest high wines, clear as the crystal of the rock, and sweet as the hydromel of gods. Leaving the covered bridge on our right, and thus saving a toll, we crossed the river on the ice, scaled the steep sides of the Ecorts and struck the main road direct to Terrebonne. The scene here was grandiose, such as can be witnessed only in boreal climates. Montreal mountain, looming gigantic in the back ground, cast long shadows over the snowy reaches, and the round moon, doubled in size by the vapours which encircled it, hung low, like Elaine's magic shield, on the broad surface of the Rivière des Prairies. The air, too, was full of strange rumours. There were shrill cries, as of winter birds calling from their eyries in the firs, low monotonous as of niveids making love under the cliffs, loud explosions of air-holes bursting near the banks, and the weird music of the telegraph wires, as full and enharmonic as that of a Cathedral organ. To all these sounds of Nature we added our rollicking songs. My friend, accompanied by the driver, went through the whole repertory of native chansons, from the plaintive "*Le Canadien Errant*," to the wild and rather questionable "*Mariens-nous tout dret, tout dret*." I enjoyed all these things very much. Ensnoring myself still more deeply in my furs, I took in the novelty of the scene, compared it with previous experiences of travel, and congratulated myself on having accepted my friend's invitation.

Suddenly, at a bend of the road, our driver pulled up his horses and turned round to us inquiringly.

"Did you hear?" said he.

We answered that we had heard nothing particular.

He continued to advance, but on the principle that a slight sound or even a deep silence will check the loudest noise, he ceased his singing and continued to listen.

"I heard it again," he said, after a time.

"I think I hear something too," said my friend.

We stopped the sleigh completely, and bent over to hearken. Presently we all three distinctly heard a female voice singing the following words:

"Qui passe par ce chemin si tard,
Compagnons de la Majolaine?
Qui passe par ce chemin si tard,
Toujours gai?"

"Hallo!" said I, sitting up. "These are strange words, but I have heard them before."

"Yes," answered my friend, laughing, "it is the song which Rigaud sang to Cavalletto in the prison of Marseilles. But to us, in Canada, it is well known, and has generally a superstitious meaning. It is the song of high-way robbers, or of the dead riding in the night air to summon belated travellers to join them in the other world."

I smiled; our driver shivered. Even my friend looked solemn, spite of his words of banter.

"Drive on," I said, "we shall be late for the mass."

The horses seemed reluctant to start. They snorted, fell back upon their haunches, pricked up their ears, and gave the other usual signs of instinctive terror.

"Look ahead," said the driver, pointing with his whip. Sure enough, under a clump of trees by the roadside were a couple of dark objects distinctly visible in the moonlight. My companions hardly knew what to make of them, but I thought I distinguished a horse and sleigh struggling in a snow drit, and two figures standing alongside. However, I lost no time in discussing the matter, and urged the driver to push on. Working up all his courage, he snapped his whip, gave a loud cry, the horses sprang forward at the top of their speed, and before any of us sufficiently recovered his wits, we had passed the suspicious objects, and were far on our way. A silvery laugh greeted our hasty passage, and I caught the words:—

"Toujours gai!"

Turning in my seat, and waving my hand in response, I shouted:

"Toujours gai!"

II.

We reached Terrebonne on the stroke of twelve. The little church, lighted from floor to dome, flashed out upon the night

like the star of Bethlehem, inviting all to adoration of the New-born Babe. *Veni adoremus.* We had barely time to put up our horses at the tavern, before the beginning of service. When we reached the church, we found it so crowded that we could not obtain a seat in the nave.

So we had to stand for a while, until the sexton, dressed in his triple-caped cloak, bordered with scarlet and bearing the wand of office, came up and, learning that we were strangers, blandly offered us seats in the organ gallery. From that station we heard and witnessed the whole of the Midnight Mass. It was a most impressive ceremony. The altar was gorgeously decorated with flowers and lights.

There was in the sanctuary a pyramidal piece of confectionery adorned with little flags of different nations. This was taken down at a certain point of the service, cut up into diminutive pieces, and distributed in baskets to the congregation. Every one, on receiving his piece, signed himself with the sign of the cross, and ate a piece of it. I confess this distribution of blessed bread, in memory of the *Agape* of the early Christians, was very pleasing to me. In a side shrine, there was a rustic imitation of the stable of Bethlehem and in the centre thereof a waxen image of the Infant Saviour lying in the manger. This shrine was richly ornamented and many votive offerings hung around it. But what impressed me most in the whole service was the chanting. For a country parish the choice of mass music and its execution was unusually good, but there was a special pathos in several of the Latin and vernacular hymns, for which at first, I was at a loss to account. The "Adeste Fideles" had a mediæval charm of its own; a Pastoral which had a smack of the Rossini School, was fraught with tender beauty, but when it came to a French hymn of simple construction and of simpler words, I found myself so rapt in admiration, that I stepped short to analyze the cause. I had not long to inquire. My eyes wandered instinctively into the choir, and I fastened myself with the keenest fascination on the singer. She was a young girl of singular beauty, tall, well formed, full of health, and her voice, without being remarkable for its compass, had a wondrous richness and romance. Who could she be? Had I not seen her before? Was not that voice, at least were not one or two notes in it, familiar to me? I was engaged for several minutes in pondering these questions, when the last strophe of the hymn was concluded and the singer turned partially towards me. I noticed, or fancied I noticed, that her eyes fell upon mine and that there was a merry twinkle of recognition in them. This, of course, increased my curiosity and perplexity, I examined her more closely. I observed—

what seemed at first only a trifling circumstance—that she had retained her travelling dress, a beautiful pelisse, trimmed with costly furs, and set off with the daintiest of ornaments. I was still in the midst of my inspection and as far as ever from determining the identity of the fair singer, when the service drew to a close. The priest gave his blessing to the congregation, the acolytes filed out of the sanctuary and the sacristan began to put out the lights of the altar. Every body was on the move, but I determined not to lose sight of the stranger. She stood for a few moments conversing with the organist, then gathering her cloak about her and drawing her hood over her head, thus making the sweetest of pictures, advanced to the little wicket which opens out of the organ loft. Elbowing my way through the crowd, I took my station at that point to see her pass. As she did so, she looked up and gave me the same knowing, tantalizing glance which she had given me in the choir. I was tempted to speak to her then and there, but the crush of the multitude and a lingering bashfulness prevented my doing so. But I followed her down the steps. When she reached the vestibule, she was met by a stoutish old man, who took her around the waist, hurried her a few feet out upon the road, raised her into a sleigh, tucked the buffalo robes about her and then sprang into the seat at her side. I was standing only a few feet off, watching all these movements with the most eager curiosity. The horses giving a lurch forward, the young lady turned about, bent her head, waved her gauntlet and in a merry voice exclaimed:

Tonjours gai!

I did not answer this time, or I was utterly dumbfounded and before I had recovered myself my tormentor was out of sight.

III.

I was soon joined by my friend, who, suspecting nothing of what had occurred, was profuse in his praise of the ceremonies of the midnight mass, asking me over and over again how I had enjoyed them. When I had satisfied him on that point as well as my distracted mind would allow me, he proposed that we should go over to the inn and have luncheon. I hesitated a moment. My inclination was to roam about the village in the hope of finding the unknown beauty at one of the family gatherings, which I knew were just about to take place in all the houses, or else jump into my sleigh and pursue her until, after the Indian fashion, I had at least discovered her trail. But my friend would listen to no objection. We had ordered this luncheon, it was still quite early in the morning to enjoy it at our leisure; he was hungry, when is a French Canadian not hungry?, and I ought to be, and so we both walked off to the tavern.

The *recillon* after midnight mass is a national institution in Lower Canada. Much as the religious ceremonial is prized and faithfully observed, Christmas would be only half a holiday without this matutinal repast. There were gay lights in every window of Terrebonne as we moved down the principal street to the inn. In every house relations were gathered together, families being reunited for a few hours which had, perhaps, been separated during the whole year. Children came up to the parental knee to get the father's blessing and the mother's warmest kiss of love. Brother shook hands with brother, sister embraced sister, the little ones ran about the floor displaying the contents of their Christmas stockings, not the fancied gift of Santa Claus, as with us, but of the Infant Jesus himself. Then all collected around the board, and the feasting began. And then such feasting in the Septentrion! None of your namby pamby fruit tarts and jelly comfits, diminutive buns or diaphanous slices of ham, but mountains of golden *beignes*, huge platters of head-cheese, labyrinthine windings of blood pudding, immense sides of pork marbled with layers of frozen fat, and multitudinous delicacies, the bare sight of which would give the average American or Englishman an attack of dyspepsia for a week.

I envied these good people both their gaiety and their appetite, for I had little of either. On reaching the tavern, however, the sight of the well-lighted refectory, the cheerful fire in the stove, and the bountiful spread on the table, revived my spirits a trifle.

"Ah! let us eat," said my friend, "since we can't do any thing else."

I agreed with this sentiment, and fell to. The repast proved very agreeable. I made it a point to taste of every dish and to sip of every beverage presented to me. The consequence was that before the first half hour had elapsed, I had forgotten all about my adventure, and was vociferously employed in firing off bad puns and swelling the chorus of my companion's convivial songs. We were in the height of this uproar when my ear caught the faint tinkling of sleigh bells in front of the tavern, and, unaccountably to myself, I sobered down at once.

"It is our driver," said my companion, who noticed that I was listening. "He is getting his sleigh ready. You remember we told him we should leave at four. But never mind, we have plenty of time. Take another glass."

I poured out a drop of sherry, drained it hurriedly, and arose, assuring my friend that I was not equal to a mouthful of anything more. He promised to join me in a few minutes, so I lit my cigar and sauntered out of the room. When I reached the hall I heard the echo of music and merry-making in the adjoining parlour. I paid no particular attention at first, presuming the party to consist of the guests of the hotel, who were enjoying their Christmas. But presently all other sounds ceased, and some one played on the piano a well-known nocturne of Lefebvre-Wely. There was something in the appropriate character of the composition, but more in the delicacy of the touch, the fullness of the expression, and the evidently artistic mastery of the keys, which captivated my attention. I followed every note with the keenest delight, and when the last died away, gave vent to my feelings by loud applause. This met with a response within doors; the shape of an elegant uproar of approbation. A chorus succeeded, in which, to my amazement, I at once distinguished the voice which I had heard at the midnight mass. It was almost more than I could bear. My first impulse was to throw away my cigar, rush into the parlour, and satisfy my curiosity at the risk of being rude and intrusive. But just at that moment the stout man whom I had seen at the church door rushed up from the street, precipitated himself into the parlor, and, announcing in a loud voice that the sleighs were ready, broke up the musical party. The guests passed out pell mell from the drawing-room—a small group of ladies and gentlemen, laughing, talking, and all in the best of spirits. They soon disappeared outside, but not before I had discovered in their midst the presence of the mysterious lady.

IV.

It was resolved that she should not escape me this time; so summoning my companion from the table, where he was still immersed in a huge *tourquere*, I threw on my overcoat and sallied forth in quest of our driver. He was waiting for us. The three sleighs containing the drawing-room party were just rounding the corner of the main street of the village, when we jumped into our own and started in pursuit. They took the Montreal road, and we followed, all going at a rattling pace. I expected them to stop either at St. Vincent de Paul or at the St. Sulpit. But no. After crossing the *diviers des Prairies* they struck the high road for the city. All this time, so long as I had them in sight, I kept my curiosity well in hand; but when I saw that we were going the same way home, I ordered the driver to pass them, in the hope that I would catch another glimpse of the beautiful stranger. I was not disappointed. As we swept by her sleigh, she waved her hand again, and thus sang out:

Qui passe par ce chemin si tard,
Compagnons de la Majoraine?
Qui passe par ce chemin si tard,
To jours gai?

In a few seconds we were far ahead, but they kept up with us smartly, and it was not long before we reached the outskirts of the city. I kept a sharp look out for the sleighs should they come down any of the side streets. But to my intense satisfaction, they did nothing of the kind. They followed us down St. Lawrence Street to Craig, up Craig to St. Lambert Hill, thence to Place d'Armes, then up St. James. We stopped at the Hall; they all stopped too. We got out; they got out. I was completely nonplussed. What in the name of *Majoraine* or all his or her companions could this mean? However, there was no time for further deliberation. The party walked into the Hall, and I followed. As I passed by them, standing in a group and shaking the snow from their clothing, I overheard a little ripple of merriment, and simultaneously felt a little hand laid upon my shoulder.

"John, is it possible that you don't know me?" said the musical voice which I had heard so often that night. And the eyes that looked up at me were very fair, and the lips that smiled on me were as sweet as love. I lifted my cap, bowed deeply and answered:

"You surprise me, Madame. I have not that pleasure."
"And you really do not remember Estelle?"
"Estelle... Estelle. You cannot mean."
"Yes, I mean Estelle Gilbert."
"Cousin Estelle! Impossible!"

But it was Estelle, none the less—the wild, the rollicking, frolic girl, lively as a bird, fair as a flower, good as an angel. A few words soon explained all. She had arrived the previous morning in Montreal on her wedding tour. Yes, she was married, and she presented me at once to her husband, the stout man, whom I did not like at first on account of his size and his age, but whom I found out later to be a sterling good fellow. After spending the day looking about the city, a party of friends proposed that they should drive out to Terrebonne to attend midnight mass. They had inquired for me several times at the hotel, knowing that I boarded there, but were as often told that I was out. In the evening, however, when they learned from the proprietor that I had just left to get a sleigh to go to Terrebonne, she decided on going too, and enjoying a lark at my expense. Ah! *Criolla mia!* thought more of the lark than of the mass, that was just like you. On the way, they fell behind their companions, were spilled into a snow drift, and were just recovering themselves when we passed them. She avers that she recognized me at once by my broad shoulders, (I think that was a fib of Estelle's, but my shoulders, reader, are Atlantean), and sang out to me the provoking song. The rest of the adventures of the night then explained themselves to me quite intelligibly. I shall never forgive myself for not recognizing my sweet cousin, but it was five years since I had seen her, and she was then a child of thirteen.

Six years have passed since that eventful night. Last sum-

mer Estelle and her husband paid another visit to Montreal. The girl had grown into a mother; the bud had ripened into fruit. She was as lovely as ever, and as full of spirits. She laughed when I told her that I was always a *vieux garçon*, always late upon the road, but "always gay," and that I made it a religious practice, in memory of her, on every Christmas to bear the Midnight Mass.

[Written for the Canadian Illustrated News.]

SOMETHING FOR CHRISTMAS.

The old man sat by his cheerful fire.
The ruddy blaze leaped higher and higher;
It filled the room with its pleasant light,
And seemed to laugh at the stormy night.
Without, the wind blew loud and long,
And filled the air with its dismal song;
While snowy flakes went eddying round,
As if loth to rest on the dark cold ground.
Swift busy feet went hurrying past,
In spite of the rude and angry blast;
There were fathers, mothers, children small,
There were eager youths, there were maidens tall;
And many a bright and fearless eye
Looked joyously up at the wintry sky;
And many a laugh and merry shout
On the chill night air were ringing out;
The street seemed full of bustle and light,
Of business and pleasure far into the night.
For the Christmas frolic and Christmas fan
With the Christmas Eve were fairly begun.
There were things to be bought, and things to be sold,
There were long kept secrets and jokes to be told,
There were paddings to stitch, and stockings to fill,
Long after the little ones' voices were still;
And many a head on its pillow that night
Was filled with visions of coming delight.

But ah! there were feet that moved slowly along,
There were hearts that knew neither merriment nor song,
There were stony eyes that had lost their light,
There were youthful cheeks grown haggard and white;
There were lips that echoed no joyous sound;
There were homes where no glad welcome was found;
The Father above us only knows
How many the griefs, how bitter the woes,
That fill the cup of life for aine
To whose sad lot few sunbeams come.
Oh ye, with eyes and hopes so bright,
Who gather in fair homes to-night,
With mirth and song and laughter glad,
Think of the poor, the sick, the sad,
We speak of Him, the Holy Child,
The Blessed One, the Unconquered,
Who left his radiant home on high,
And stooped to earth to live and die;
Thro' whose dear hands to us are given
Our earthly joys and hopes of heaven.
Oh! while we join the angels' song
That echoed Judea's hills among
And raise the swelling notes again—
"Glory to God, good-will to men!"
Let acts of thought and generous love,
Our thanks and our devotion prove,
Let other hearts be made to sing,
Let other homes with laughter ring;
So shall our living souls be saved
An offering worthy of our Lord.

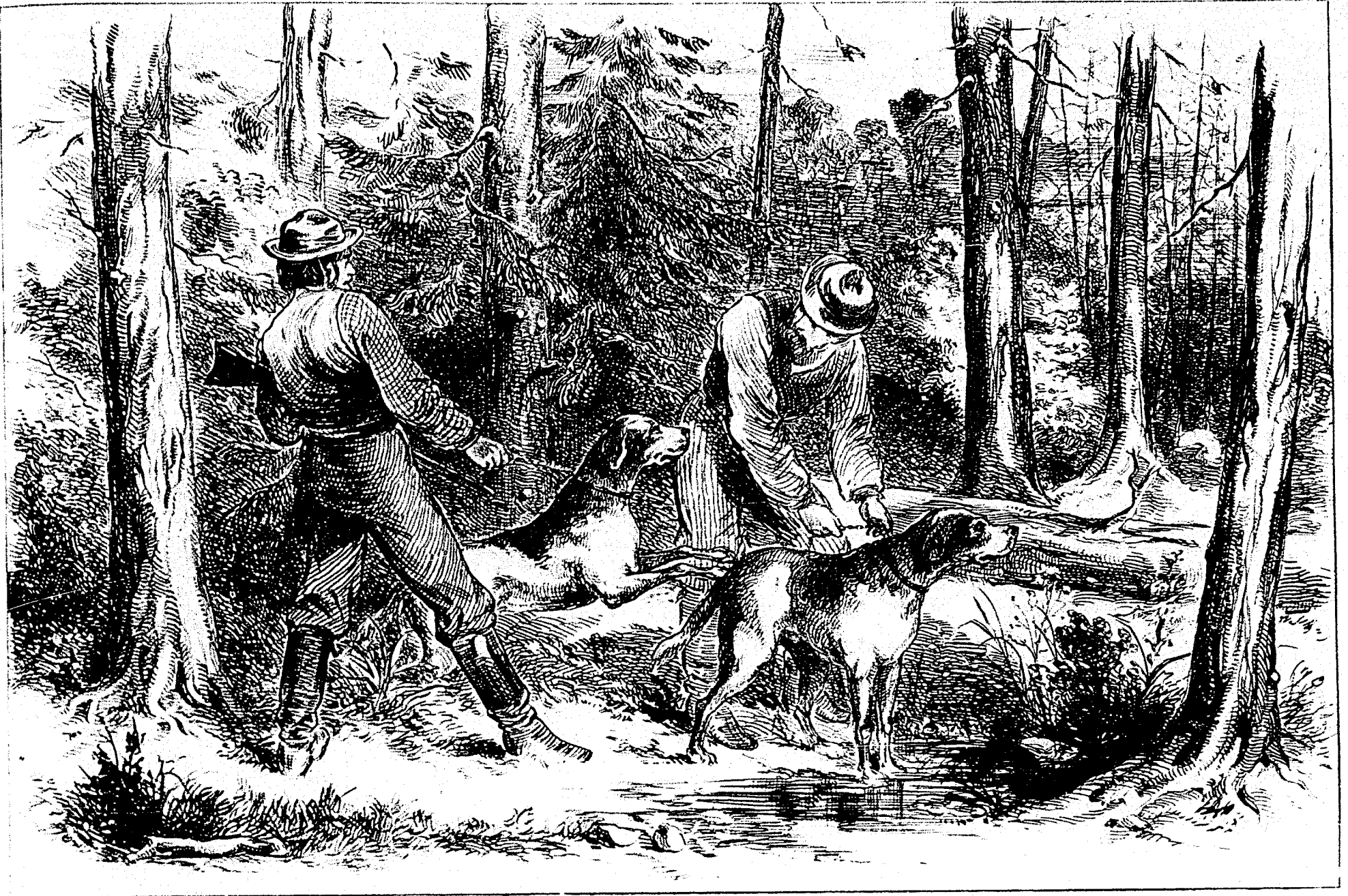
The old man sat by his cheerful fire,
The ruddy blaze leaped higher and higher;
But in his shaded eyes, no light
Gave back an answering gleam to-night;
For his thoughts were wandering far away
Across the ocean wide,
To the well-loved native land which lay
In the arms of the briny tide;
To the early home of the far-off time
When first he heard the Christmas chime;
To the gentle hand on his boyish head,
The loving voice of fond words that said:
To the bright young brother and sister fair,
With soft blue eyes and sunny hair,
How quickly passed those childhood hours,
Short-lived and sweet as the fresh Spring flowers;
But the summer of life can be smiling no more,
The birds still sang, the sun still shone;
He sees again his blushing bride,
As proudly he stood that morn'g at her side,
And what he felt for the low sweet tones that broke
From her trembling lips, as her vows she spoke:
Those lips were pale and silent now,
The seal of death had touched her brow;
But the old man mourned not for his love;
He knew she was safe in the home above;
And a tender light stole over his face
As he thought of all her winning grace—
The loving heart so warm and true,
So strong to suffer or to do;
And what he knew of the Father's hand,
That bore her to the better land,
Had only snapped love's earthly chain,
For purchase kind and wise,
To reunite the links again
For ever in the skies.

He thought of his son, and daughters three,
Who had danced around the Christmas tree,
Growing taller and stronger as time rolled on,
Till their happy childhood and youth were gone.
"They were all Canadian born," he said,
As he tenderly thought of each curly head,
And the baby smiles that had seemed to come
To win their hearts to their new found home.
His boy, his noble and gifted boy,
Was now, a ever, his pride and joy,
And had written his name in letters of light,
On his country's annals; his daughters bright—
Young Canada had scarcely seen
More lovely girls than his had been—
The old man rose and paced the floor,
His memories were sweet, but more
"Poor Mary," he muttered, with hand clenched tight,
"How pale and sad she is looking to-night."
"Twas on Christmas Eve, just ten years ago,
And the air was thick with falling snow;
How lovely she looked in her robes of white,
With her starry eyes, and her tresses bright;
Ah! she was my roanest, my sweetest best,
The pet and plaything of all the rest;
How I loved to trace her features to trace
The winning look of her mother's face;
And yet on that eve she bestowed her hand
On the blackest villain in all the land;
A villain so smooth, and false, and fair,
You might think an angel of light was there;
But he gave her a thief and drunkard's name,
He made her his wife to load her with shame;
Now pale is her cheek, her bright eye dim,
And all because of her love for him,
My life-long curse let the villain take,
I'll never forgive him, for Mary's sake."

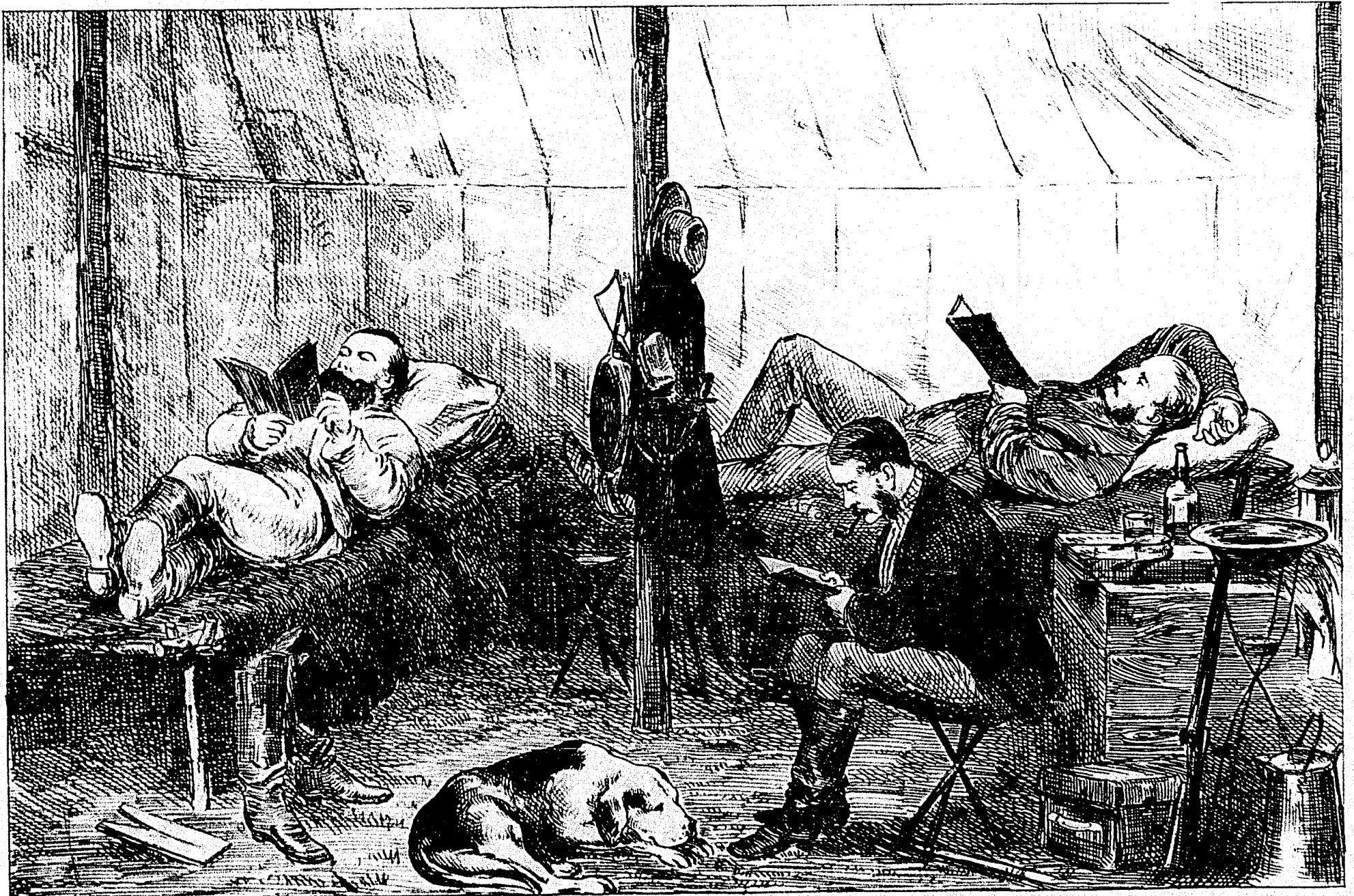
The old man sat in his easy chair,
And bowed his head with its silver hair;
The cheery fire at length burnt low,
Shedling a dim, uncertain glow;
The flickering flames crept in and out,
The lights and shadows went dancing about,
The room was chill, and still and lone,
And the wind swept by with a howl and moan;
But the old man slept in his easy chair,
And dreamed of the sister with golden hair,
Of the dark-eyed wife he had loved so long,
His grey-haired sire, his children young;
He sees fair angels with garments bright,
Who change into figures of darkest night;



DEER HUNTING IN THE CANADIAN FOREST — FROM A SKETCH BY C. KENDRICK



DEER HUNTING IN THE CANADIAN FOREST.—STARTING THE HOUNDS.—FROM A SKETCH BY C. KENDRICK.



DEER HUNTING IN THE CANADIAN FOREST.—IN CAMP ON A RAINY DAY.—FROM A SKETCH BY C. KENDRICK.

And now as a man, and now as a child,
He takes his part in these fancies wild;
But a veil o'er the pictures seems to fall,
At the sound of the bell in the servants' hall.

The old man starts from his slumbers light,
'Tis late to turn out in the stormy night;
But one who has known him in years long past,
Is sick among strangers, and dying fast;
He longs for his presence, has something to say,
So the old man goes on his dreary way;
He hastens along with eager feet,
Till he comes to a dark and dirty street,
And here, in a tenement under ground,
A feeble, suffering man is found.
Sunken the eyes, and wan the face,
No line of beauty might you trace
Thro' all those features dark,
But want, and woe, and sickness dire,
Consumed him with their hidden fire,
And left their deadly mark.

A light leaps up in the sick man's eyes,
While the other looks on in mute surprise;
He offers a paper, cries "Yes, all right;
Read, read, I beg, by the candle light."
The story was written lest tongue should fail
Ere it could utter the pitiful tale;
It told of a life that was sinful and sad,
So little of good, so much that was bad;
Of a fair young wife, so loving and bright,
Who kept him awhile in the pathway of right;
But the indwelling evil had conquered again,
And he fled from her, rather than look on her pain.
It spoke of the wine cup that chained him so long,
Of yielding to sin, when he knew it was wrong;
But it told of the mighty arm round his soul cast,
Through whose pity and help he was victor at last;
It told of repentance and sorrow for sin,
Of striving an honest living to win.
Alas for his hopes! his endeavours were vain,
A life of transgression was ending in pain.

The old man reads with a frown on his brow,
For he knows 'tis his daughter's husband now;
The sad story fails his purpose to shake,
No! he cannot forgive, for Mary's sake,
With a hard stern face he has turned aside,
And bent his head that his thoughts he may hide;
But the sick man has seen, he utters a moan,
Ah! then he must die, unpitied, alone;
He struggles the other's hand to take,
And murmurs "forgive, for Jesus' sake!"
FOR JESUS' SAKE! the words were low,
Why do they thrill his bosom so?
The silvery head bends lower still,
The heart is fighting with the will:
He sees a feeble infant laid
Beneath a stable's humble shade,
With eastern sages bending round,
And shepherds kneeling on the ground;
He thinks upon the weary feet
Toiling through many a dusty street;
The holy hands outstretched to bless,
And add to human happiness;
And seems to feel the voice of love
Drawing his thoughts and hopes above;
And now he looks to Calvary's hill,
There Jesus is before him still;
A crown of thorns upon his brow,
The blessed hands are bleeding now.
He sees no more; the blinding tears
Fill eyes that have not wept for years;
"For Jesus' sake! oh, blessed word!
My Saviour, and my Sovereign Lord;
Yes! yes! this wasted hand I take,
Forgiving all, for Jesus' sake."

The morning sun is shining now
Within a chamber wide;
It rests upon the old man's brow,
And shimmers at his side;
The Christmas sunshine! doubly bright
Each golden ray of living light,
That chases gloomy shades away
Upon this happy Christmas day.
Now feet are hurrying to and fro,
Tossing about the crisp, white snow,
And merry bells are jingling out,
With laugh, and song, and joyous shout.
Soon to the old man's pleasant home
His children's blooming children come;
And son and daughters greet their sire,
And gather round the Christmas fire.

No Christmas games were tried that day,
The little ones even were hushed at their play;
In a room above, with struggling breath,
A spirit was waiting the angel of death;
And Mary was there, with her golden head,
Bent sadly down by the dying one's bed;
But many a line was gone from her brow,
Her sorrow was mingled with gladness now,
As her heart went forth in grateful love
To the pitiful Father who rules above,
Who had given her thus her love to meet,
In his right mind, clothed, at the Saviour's feet.

And had not the blessed Jesus come
That Christmas day to the old man's home?
Oh! turn to the volume of holy lore,
And read those wondrous sayings o'er—
Whene'er in sorrow, want, or woe,
My feeblest brother ye may see,
And help, and comfort him, then know
Ye do it unto Me.

Owen Sound, Nov. 30, 1872.

MARIE.

CALENDAR FOR THE WEEK ENDING SATURDAY, JANUARY 4, 1873.

SUNDAY,	Dec. 29.— <i>First Sunday after Christmas.</i> Alison born, 1792. Malthus died, 1834.
MONDAY,	" 30.—Roger Ascham died, 1568. Van Helmont died, 1644. Marshal Prim died, 1870.
TUESDAY,	" 31.— <i>St. Sylvester, C.</i> Wycliffe died, 1384. Erastus died, 1583. Boerhaave born, 1668. Boyle died, 1691. Montemery repulsed at Quebec, 1775. Marmontel died, 1799. Disraeli born, 1805.
WEDNESDAY, JAN. 1.— <i>Circumcision.</i> St. John's Nfld., destroyed by the French, 1708. Baron von Trenck born, 1710. Wycherly died, 1716. Burke born, 1730. Helvetius died, 1772. Silvio Pellico died, 1854. Bytown changed to Ottawa, 1855.	
THURSDAY,	" 2.—Gen. Wolfe born, 1727. Dr. Ure died, 1857. King Amadous entered Madrid, 1871.
FRIDAY,	" 3.—Cicero born, B. C. 107. Gen. Monk, Duke of Albermarle died, 1670. Wedgwood died, 1795. Douglas Jerrold born, 1803. Parliament House, Toronto, burnt, 1825.
SATURDAY,	" 4.—Archbishop Usher born, 1580. Jacob Grimm born, 1785. Rachel died, 1858.

THE FAVORITE.—We would call attention to the advertisement in another column of this new candidate for public favour. The *Favorite* is a sixteen page, illustrated story paper, and contains sixty-four columns of the best reading matter weekly. It is to be devoted principally to Canadian interests, and developing native talent; and promises to fill a blank which has long existed in Canadian literature. The subscription is only \$2 per annum, fifty per cent. cheaper than the American papers of the same class. We strongly recommend the *Favorite* to the consideration of our readers. We will send the two papers, *Canadian Illustrated News* and *Favorite*, for \$5 per annum to any one address.

OUR CHROMO FOR 1873

will be ready for distribution to Subscribers early
in the year.

CANADIAN ILLUSTRATED NEWS.

MONTREAL, SATURDAY, DECEMBER 28, 1872.

To all our readers we right heartily wish a Merry Christmas and very many happy returns of the joyful season. This is the fourth time that we have had occasion to offer our good wishes to our friends, the number of whom during the coming year we trust to see largely increased. We have endeavoured in the past to cater as much as possible to the general taste of the Canadian public, and we flatter ourselves we have not been altogether unsuccessful. During the coming year we will do our best to keep up the reputation of the *News* as a high class journal. No effort will be spared to give it the stamp of a readable literary and scientific periodical, as well as of an illustrated newspaper. We trust, then, that our efforts will not be unappreciated; that we shall meet with fresh encouragement; and that all those who have found instruction or amusement in these pages will show their gratitude by renewing their subscriptions and sending us new subscribers.

CHRISTMAS.

The very word Christmas has in it a magic which operates on the heart of every son and daughter of Great Britain, reviving fond recollections of kindly greetings, affectionate pledges and cheerful evenings spent with friends and in the family circle, meeting for once a year faces they love so well and from which the pursuits of business, and other causes, may have separated them during the rest of the year.

There is not a Christian who, either from motives of piety, or force of tradition, or the early souvenirs of home, does not on this great Feast of the Church endeavour to add to his own physical enjoyment or contribute to the gaiety, happiness and comfort of others.

Most heartily do we wish a Merry Christmas to all our readers. May the hallowed feelings of charity and good-will dominate in every heart, may the pleasing remembrances of the past and joyous anticipations of the future cluster round their family gatherings, and may they fully realize by active deeds of kindness and benevolence the ecstatic hymn of the angel band on the plains of Bethlehem—*Glory to God in the highest, on earth peace, good-will toward Men*; perhaps, the sweetest melody ever echoed from the skies.

The quaint and inestimable Jeremy Taylor, referring to the *Gloria in Excelsis*, says:—As soon as these blessed choristers had sung their Christmas Carol, and taught the Church a hymn to put in her offices for ever in the anniversary of this great feast, the angels returned into heaven.

There is a popular belief that these angels often revisit the earth. Why disturb it? We are assured that angels appeared at the resurrection. The belief has travelled down through many ages, it has been held by many wise and learned men, and it seems consonant with Scripture that angels do protect good men. There is a beautiful legendary Christmas lyric from the Swedish, entitled "The Angel's Portion," it is so apt to the present that we give a couple of verses which, in order to understand them, demand the argument of the lyric. It seems that a poor man who had been receiving a rich man's bounty was wending his way homeward across a wild world in the face of a pelting and drifting snow-storm, when he discovered a half-frozen, half-starved lad, whom he took up and carried to his humble cottage,

—"and deemed he entered doubly blest,
With cheering food and starving guest."

The cottager's wife chafed the boy's limbs, sat him by the glowing fire, and after he became warm sat him down with her family to their Christmas Eve supper—after grace was said the boy, with tears in his eyes, said:—"Blest are the offerings of the good," scarcely had he finished the sentence when the whole family were suddenly amazed at his altered appearance,

His eyes were like the stars of light;
His cheeks were glowing, rosy bright;
The rags of earth away were borne,
Like mists before the breath of morn;
It was an angel smiling there,
And fair as only heaven is fair.

Beam'd brighter still the seraph boy;
Beat every heart with holy joy;
Long to the peasant's hut may cleave
The memory of that Christmas Eve
For nobler board was never drest,—
The angel stay'd to be their guest.

Ever afterwards on Christmas Eve the peasant and his wife set a portion of their repast aside, and when,

—asked whose portion yonder lay?
" 'Tis the good angels'," answered they.

What a comfort there is in Christmas time, when estranged

friends are willing to forget their grievances and feel thankful that such a season is vouchsafed to erring man to humbly imitate the Great Forgiver, and again to bestow their alms on the poor and relieve the distressed in body and estate in humble imitation of the Great Giver. Those fond of the old Christmas observances with their accompanying festivities, hospitalities, and hilarities, will sympathize with the following lines from the poet, John Gay:

Now, heaven-born Charity! thy blessings shed;
Bid meagre Want uprear her sickly head;
Bid shivering limbs be warm; let Plenty's bowl
In humble roofs make glad the needy soul!
See, see! the heaven-born maid her blessings shed;
Lo! meagre Want uprears her sickly head;
Clothed are the naked, and the needy glad,
While selfish Avarice alone is sad.

The readers of the *Spectator* will doubtless remember the picture which Addison sketched of Coverley Hall at Christmas time. What a faithful representation it is of the English hospitality of the period. Sir Roger de Coverley beautifully and feelingly says:

"I have often thought it happens very well that Christmas should fall out in the middle of winter. It is the most dead, uncomfortable time of the year, when the poor people would suffer much from their poverty and cold if they had not good cheer, warm fires, and Christmas gambols to support them. I love to rejoice their poor hearts at this season, and am wonderfully pleased to see my tenants pass away a whole evening in playing their tricks."

May the spirit of good old Sir Roger de Coverley animate the breasts of all Englishmen to provide Christmas cheer for the poor inmates of our orphan asylums, and for the afflicted,—those that are sore distressed and troubled "in body and estate." Ye sons of Scotia, think of the words of the author of *Marmion*:

Heap on more wood! the wind is chill;
But let it whistle as it will,
We'll keep our Christmas merry still.
England was merry England, when
Old Christmas brought his sports again.
'Twas Christmas broached the mightiest ale;
'Twas Christmas told the merriest tale;
A Christmas gambol oft would cheer
The poor man's heart through half the year.

Old George Wither, the author of many tender and graceful poems, speaks thus of Christmas:

The client now his suit forbears,
The prisoner's heart is eased;
The debtor drinks away his cares,
And for the time is pleased.
Though other purses be more fat,
Why should we pine and grieve at that?
Hang sorrow! care will kill a cat,
And therefore let's be merry.

Thomas Tusser, a georgical poet of great popularity about 1570, a chorister and agriculturist, whose writings are admired for their piety and benevolent simplicity, in referring to the season, says:

At Christmas the hardness of winter doth rage
A griper of all things, especially age;
What season then better of all the whole year,
Thy needy poor neighbour to comfort and cheer?

The custom of relieving the poor and necessitous at Christmas time will, we hope, never be forgotten. If at this time we are impelled to forgive and forget "man's ingratitude," so ought we to be moved to compassion for his wants. Alfred Crowquill, in a little poem called "Scatter Your Crumbs," says:—

All have to spare, none are too poor,
When want with winter comes;
The loaf is never all your own,
Then scatter out the crumbs.

Soon winter falls upon your life,
The day of reckoning comes:
Against your sins, by high decree,
Are weighed those scattered crumbs.

Fitting it is that hospitality, charity, and forgiveness should abound when that season comes

"Wherein our Saviour's birth is celebrated,"
a season, according to Shakespeare, when

No spirit doth walk abroad,
The nights are wholesome, then no planet strikes,
No fairy takes, no witch hath power to harm,
So gracious and so hallowed is that time.

Therefore, let every one according to his means hallow the time, and make it gracious to the poor, by cheering their hearts and making them forgetful of their sorrows and privations, and taking the cup of bitterness from their lips, so that one and all, both rich and poor, may be able the better to join in singing some of those glorious old Carols which were sung early in the Church in the memory of the Nativity, as the many hymns for that season manifestly declare.

Tertullian says:—It was customary among the Christians, at their feasts, to bring those who were able to sing into the midst, and make them sing a song unto GOD. Durand tells us that on the day of the Nativity it was usual for the bishops of some churches to sing among their clergy in the episcopal house, which song was undoubtedly a Christmas Carol.

Some of the early specimens of these Carols are very curious. The term, according to Bourne, is said to be derived from *Cantare*, to sing, and *rola*, which is an interjection of joy; for in ancient times the burden of the song, when men were merry, was *rola, rola*.

There is a very curious specimen in the Scotch language, preserved in "Ane compendious booke of godly and spirituall songs, Edinburgh, 1621," one verse of which precious relique we subjoin:—

This day to yow is borne ane child,
Of Marie m-ike and virgine mylde,
That blisit barnie bling and kynde
Sall yow rejoice bath heart and mynd.

This poetry, if it can be called so, came from a school which enforced penalties against parish officers for permitting the docking of churches, and even for allowing Divine Service to be performed therein on Christmas morning. A spirit was then rife that called forth this plaint from old John Taylor, the water poet:—"All the liberty and harmless sports, the merry gambols, drawings and frisks with which the toiling ploughman and labourer once a year were wont to be accredited, and their spirits and hopes revived for a whole twelve-month, are now extinct and put out of use, in such a fashion as if they never had been."

The efforts of this party "to keep Christmas Day out of England" did not succeed so far as the rural districts were concerned, for John Taylor brings forward old Father Christmas, who informs us that certain hot, zealous brethren were of opinion that from the 24th of December at night till the 7th of January following plum pottage was mere Popery, that a collar of brawn was an abomination, that roast beef was anti-Christian, that mince pies were robes of the women of Babylon, and a goose, a turkey or a capon, were marks of the beast.

After a few words of remonstrance, Father Christmas proceeds to describe his visit to a "grave fox-furred mammonist," by whom he is received with anything but cordiality; and taking his departure, he makes his way into the country, where he meets with the "best and freest welcome from some kind country farmer: I will describe one," he observes, "for all the rest in Devonshire and Cornwall, where the goodman, with the dame of the house, and everybody else, were exceedingly glad to see me, and with all country courtesy and solemnity, I was lead into the parlour; there I was placed at the upper end of the table, and my company about me, we had good cheer and free welcome, and we were merry without music. After dinner we arose from the board and sat by the fire—where the hearth was embroidered all over with roasted apples, piping hot, expecting a bowl of ale for a cooler (which presently was transformed into warm lamb's wool). Within an hour we went to church, where a good old minister spoke very reverently of my Master, Jesus, and also he uttered many good speeches concerning me, exhorting and exhorting the people to love and unity one with another, and to extend their charities to the needy and distressed. After prayers we returned home, where we discoursed merrily without either profaneness or obscenity; supper being ended we went to cards; some sang Chapin and merry songs (suitable to the times); then the poor labouring hinds and the maid-servants with the plough-boys, went nimble to dancing, the poor toiling wretches being all glad of my company, because they had little or no sport at all till I came among them; and therefore they leaped and skipped for joy singing a catch to the tune of Hey,

"Let's dance and sing, and make good cheer,
For Christmas comes but once a year."

Thus at active games and gambols of hot-cockles, shooing the wild mare, and the like harmless sports, some part of the tedious night was spent; and early in the morning we took our leaves of them thankfully; and though we had been thirteen days well entertained, yet the poor people were very unwilling to let me go; so I left them, quite out of hope to have my company for a twelvemonth's space, that if I were not banished in my absence, they should have my presence again next 25th December, 1653."

We trust we have made our few remarks on Christmas entertaining, we take leave of our readers thankfully, hoping to have the pleasure of their worshipful company on the 25th of December, 1873, when we trust we shall give them a rare bill of intellectual and pictorial fare. Again wishing them all a "right merrie Christmas," and that mirth and gladness may every breast pervade, we conclude in the words of a Carol published in "Poor Robin's Almanac," 1700—

"As God hath plenty to thee sent,
Take comfort of thy labours,
And let it never thee repent
To feast thy needy neighbours."

THEATRE ROYAL.—During their stay in Montreal, the Holman Opera Troupe have, as usual wherever they appear, been winning golden opinions. For Christmas they promise a bill which drew enthusiastic crowds in Toronto. On Christmas night will be produced the grand oriental musical spectacle, "Cherry and Fir Star," with new and costly scenery, prepared expressly for the occasion by the celebrated scenic artist, Mr. G. Morris, Sen. This is perhaps the most gorgeous theatrical performance ever produced in Canada. What with splendid costumes, pyrotechnic displays and illuminations, and all the other resources of the theatrical arsenal, it promises to be irresistible.

BOOKS FOR THE HOLIDAYS.

THE TWO YSONDES, and Other Verses. By Edward Ellis. London: Basil Montague Pickering.

To poetry the *poet*, and to poetry of the kind and quality Mr. Ellis furnishes the honour will be gladly ceded. Unfortunately the quantity is limited—very much more so than we would willingly see—being comprized in forty-two demy-octavo pages, charmingly bound in blue and gold, and got up in a manner worthy of a printer whose title pages bear the proud motto "Adi Discipulus Anglus." "The Two Ysondes" is a Tennysonian ballad of much power and pathos, in which the author relates the tale of the crossed loves of Sir Tristrem of Brittany, and of

"Ysonde of Cornwall, wife to Mark the King,
(Who loved her lightly.)"

Sir Tristrem wedded another Ysonde

"Call'd of the White Hand, being lily fair,"

whom he in turn loves but lightly. It happens that as the newly-joined couple are returning from the church the knight drops the keepsake ring given him by Queen Ysonde. The om-ni-rekindles the strong love for his first betrothed, against which he had so long battled, and breaking away from his bride, he sets off on a mad and hopeless journey.

"He brake from her with a mighty oath,
'Hear'st not her voice?' I follow where she calls!—
And thenceforth life was bitter pain to both."

"For Tristrem wandered forth none knowing where,
She mourned with flickering hope in Brittany."

Sir Tristrem, after one last interview with his love, goes in search of knightly adventure, and being sorely wounded in a fray is carried back to Brittany, where he is tenderly nursed by his maiden-bride. During his delirium his secret escapes him, and poor Ysonde, the lily white, learns that her King's love is not her's, but belongs to another Ysonde. Meantime, Sir Tristrem grows worse, an irresistible longing to see his beloved seizes him, and he finally despatches his friend Ganhardin to Cornwall to bring Queen Ysonde, bidding him, if successful on his mission, to hoist a white sail as a signal on his return, and a black sail if unsuccessful. Ysonde overhears the arrangement. Day after day she watches for the signal which is to decide her fate. At last it comes.

"Tristrem was sleeping, and she urged her sight,
For life was in her eyes, and hope, and death;
And when she knew the herald sail was white,
In quick short gasps she felt her ebbing breath."

"Forsake her; and she would have fallen in swoon,
But Tristrem waking, sought her anguished eyes,
With the old words began to impertune,
And to her lips but one word would arise—"

"Black, black! her hoarse voice uttered unaware,
Her stone-cold lips refused another cry;
Then with the shuddering horror of despair,
She saw him veil his face, and fall, and die."

Queen Ysonde arrives to find her lover dead. "With a grief too terrible for tears," she lays herself down beside him, and breathes out her life on the dead man's bosom.

"Like a weary child, she sobbed to sleep
Upon her lover's breast, they who at last
In wonder would arouse her, turned to weep
When they perceived her slumber was so fast."

The story has a pretty ending after all.

"King Mark of Cornwall long the story cou'd,
Then buried them together and forgave;
Placing a statue of the fair Ysonde,
Her likeness, as she lived, above her grave."

"And from Sir Tristrem's side an eagle's line
Grew round that statue which thrice three men
Grew thrice again, and ever would entwine
In its soft arms the image of Ysonde."

"The Two Ysondes" will doubtless obtain many readers. The story is an attractive one, told in verse of beautifully rhythmic cadence. There are many touches of exquisite pathos, and evidence of descriptive power is by no means wanting. We cannot refrain from quoting the account of the coming of Queen Ysonde to meet her knight; as a charming bit of word-painting it is unsurpassed.

"What time she heard that in a little wood,
Held by Sir Tristrem walled, worn with woes,
Her feet were swift as torrents after flood,
And her fair cheeks two petals of the rose."

"The perfume of her white robe filled the air,
As she tripped by the flowers scarce were sweet;
A streaming banner was her golden hair,
And small soft grasses kissed her flying feet."

In his shorter poems Mr. Ellis is quite as happy as in "The Two Ysondes." Some of these pieces are very beautiful—notably "Isaac," "Old Hope and New," "At a Shrine," and two others which bear no name. The prevailing sentiment is hope, strong trust, and unswerving faith. In fact he has a claim to the title of the Poet of Hope. This is how he sings in one of the pieces mentioned:

"No clouds so heavy that they never drift,
No whets so constant but they sometimes shift;
As clouds and winds both pass away,
Thy sorrows may."

"The winter rains make sweet the summer air,
The winter snows melt into flowers fair;
Since sweetness springs from snow and rain,
Why not from pain?"

"There is no blossom save the seed first die,
Roots creep far down to let the tree grow high,
From a dark bed grows each green leaf,
So peace from grief."

"The orchards greet the sunshine and the shade,
And the fruits ripen when the flowers fade,
If rains and dews cooled not the sun,
There could be none."

"The suns that all sorrows serve lie deep,
For some love us softly, like a sleep,
From which we wake refresh'd—but some
Like thunders come."

"Yet even thunders clear the murky air."

And if the lightning strike like some despair
But leave no suffering where it fell,
Struck it not well?"

AUNT JO'S SCRAP BAG, SHAWL-STRAPS. By Louisa M. Alcott, Author of "Little Women," &c. Boston: Roberts Bros. Montreal: Dawson Bros. 16mo. Cloth gilt, pp. 226. Price \$1.00.

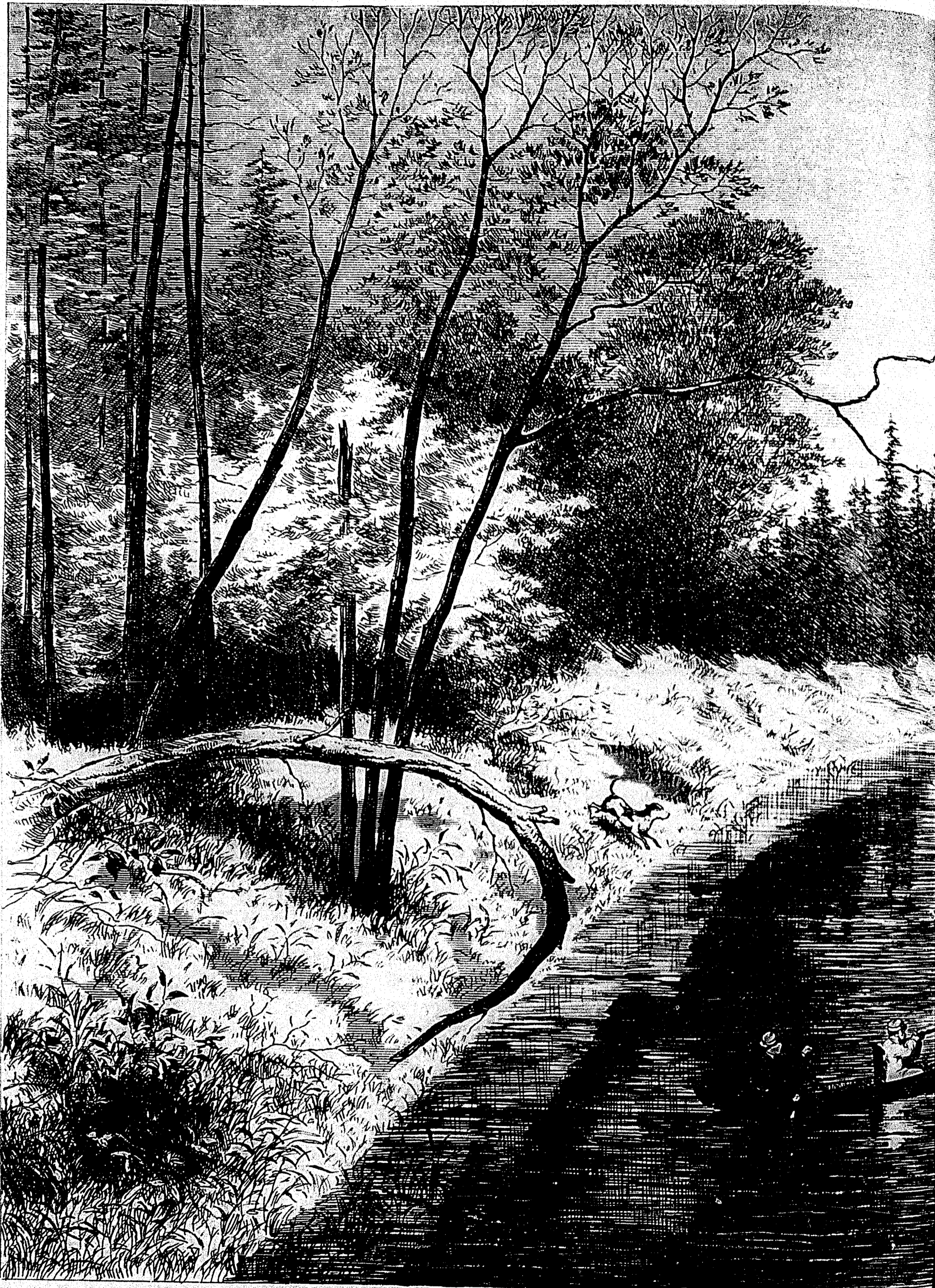
"Aunt Jo" is so great a favourite, not only with the "little men" and "little women" she knows and loves so well, but with the grown-up folks, that the holidays would seem incomplete without something from her precious pen. This time she comes out as a traveller, and is a success, as we believe she would be were she to attempt a volume of sermons or a legal treatise. Books of travels have been pretty well overdone, but our authoress, wisely avoiding the trap of statistics, and the temptation to show off her knowledge of Europe, and of European ways, confines herself to relating the adventures of the three merry maidens who are the heroines of her book. Spirited daughters of Columbia are these same maidens, for, without the aid and countenance of masculine attendance, they visit France, Italy, Switzerland, and England, and return home in triumph after having "lived happily together for twelve long months," "travelled unprotected safely over land and sea," "experienced two revolutions, an earthquake, an eclipse, and a flood, yet met with no loss, no mishap, no quarrel, and no disappointment worth mentioning." The account of the travels of this fair sisterhood is delightfully sketchy, and is rich in the quiet, light humour with which Miss Alcott has the knack of flavouring her literary dishes. Her description of life in the old Breton village is delicious, and the Dickens chapter at the end of the book makes one join in with a will—and perhaps an envious wish—with Miss Matilda's farewell war cry, "London and Turner!" Those who want a charming book, a book to chase away unwelcome and troublesome cares, a book to carry over by a cog fire, will do well to invest a dollar in "Shawl-Straps," and having done so will thank us for our advice.

THE ROMANCE OF AMERICAN HISTORY.—Early annals. By M. Schele de Vere. New York: G. P. Putnam & Sons. Montreal: Dawson Bros. Cloth 8vo. pp. 254. \$1.25.

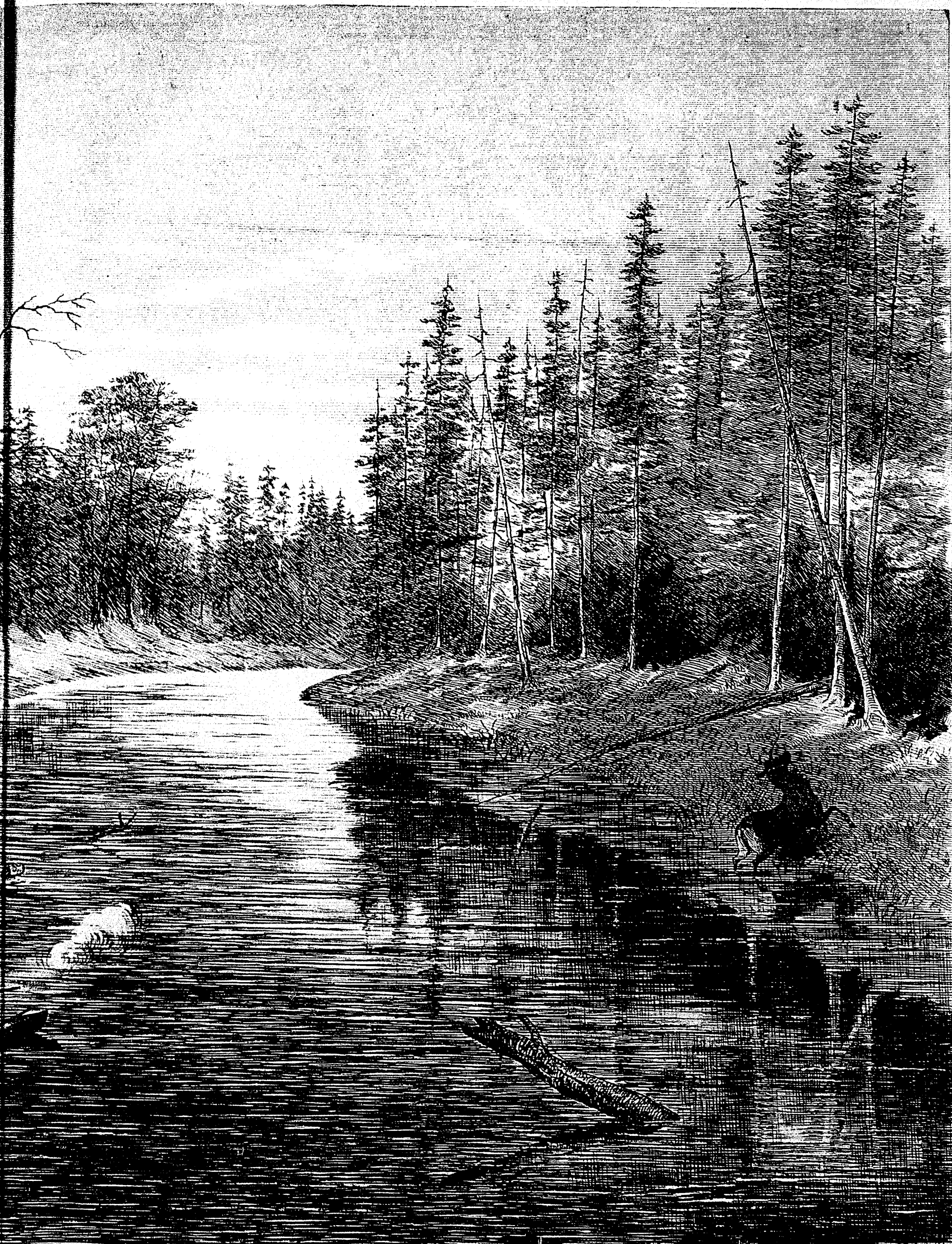
This is a work of more than ordinary interest, which will be eagerly perused not only by the antiquarian and the lover of the curious, but by all who desire to improve their acquaintance with the history of the early settlement of the northern half of this continent. The facts related—for the romances of American history are all based upon facts—are told with great clearness, in a brief and concise, but without attractive manner. Much information is given of a kind not usually to be found in the ordinary histories, which too often partake of the nature of mere recitals of bare facts, the dryness of which is totally unrelieved by any effort to interest the reader. In the volume before us Mr. de Vere has succeeded in making the facts he relates interesting even to the most superficial reader. The book is divided into seven chapters, in the first of which—being duty is an introduction—the author discusses the ethnology of the American Indians, briefly touching upon the theories of various authors respecting the origin of the race, and relating the efforts made from time to time, with varying success, to civilize and christianize the "savages." In the second chapter we have an account of the various attempts to explore the Mississippi, with a short narrative of the travels of Jacques Cartier, Cabeza de Vaca, Berville, De Soto, Father Marquette, Father Hennepin—the Mandeville of the Western continent—La Salle, and of other daring travellers for whom the mysteries of the "Hidden River" possessed such great attractions. The third chapter, entitled "Our First Romance" tells us once more the old, familiar story of Pocahontas, which the author supplements with some valuable information respecting the power and state of Powhatan—the great Emperor of Virginia, as Captain John Smith insisted upon calling him. The fourth chapter will be found particularly interesting to etymologists. In it the author gives the derivations of many of the names of the American cities, with an account of the principal events connected with their birth and childhood. American potentates and kingly orders form the subject of the fifth chapter—one of the best in the book. "Lost Towns" and "Lost Lands" complete volumes which, being the result of careful study and patient research, must prove of great historical value, and as such should have a place on every student's shelves. It is to be regretted that the printer's work is marred by several glaring mistakes and inconsistencies, as, for instance, where Cabeza de Vaca's name is anglicized into meaningless "Low-head," in the place of "Cow-head," and throughout the volume the changes are rung upon the spelling of Hakluyt's name in a most astonishing manner.

THE OLD RECOLLET MONASTERY AND THE RECOLLET HOUSE OF THE PRESENT DAY.

The two pictures on page 412 offer a strange contrast, that might well set a thoughtful man a-moralizing. A period of two hundred years are embraced by those two views—two hundred years of change and improvement since the Recollet fathers created the Church and Monastery the memory of which, though they have both disappeared, is still kept alive by the stately pile which occupies their site. The church was built about the middle of the seventeenth century by the fathers of the Recollet order. It was, like many of the churches of that time, an humble edifice of rubble and mortar, but no doubt it was looked upon as a very superior building, of which the good fathers had just reason to be proud. We know that they were not chary in lending the use of it to congregations of other denominations. We have already seen in a former article on this subject how in 1791 they permitted the Rev. John Young, minister of the first Presbyterian congregation organized in Montreal, to conduct worship within its walls after the manner of the Covenanters—a graceful and a noteworthy act, which we subsequently find acknowledged by the elders of the congregation by presenting the fathers with "one box of candles, 56 lbs., at 8d.; and one hhd. of Spanish wine, at £6 0s 5d." At that time the Recollet buildings extended from Notre Dame to Lemoine Streets, and from McGill to St. Peter Streets, and were planted around with "venerable elms of great magnitude." In the early part of the present century the Government, who had acquired the property by confiscation, exchanged it for St. Helen's Island, then owned by Baron Grant, the proprietor of the adjacent seigniory of Longueuil. Soon after this transfer the Baron sold several lots on St. Peter and Notre Dame Streets to the Hon. James Leslie. The church and schools were purchased for £4,500 by the Fabrique, and the rest was laid out in lots and streets. Col. Bouchette, writing about this time, says:—"The old monastery of the Recollets stood at the western extremity of Notre Dame Street. The church is still used for divine worship, but the house itself is demolished, and the extensive ground belong-



DEER HUNTING IN THE CANADIAN FOREST



—ON THE STREAM.—FROM A SKETCH BY C. KENDRICK.

ing to it was exchanged by Government for St. Helen's Island, opposite the city, that belonged to the Hon. Chas. Grant, and upon which military works have since been thrown up. The church is chiefly frequented by Irish Catholics, and the grounds are laid out into streets that are rapidly building upon." When the old French Parish Church was taken down in 1830 its cut-stone front was transferred to the Recollet Church, which continued to be used by the Irish Roman Catholic citizens, until they removed to St. Patrick's Church. In 1866 the old church was finally taken down, and shortly after the present Recollet House was erected on its site.

The Recollet House of the present day is so well-known to Montrealers that we hardly feel justified in saying anything of its merits. Ever since its opening under the management of the present proprietors, Messrs. Brown & Claggett, it has enjoyed the reputation of a first-class dry goods store. Just now, decked out in its holiday attire, the spacious interior wears a brilliant and most festive aspect. In the windows are charming ball dresses and dress materials, expressly imported from England, rich silks and airy laces, irresistible to the unwary fair one who lingers too long and whose thoughts are resting on the appearance she will make at the approaching ball to the Governor-General. But all is not show here. Within are goods too precious to be exposed to the vulgar gaze. Here are silks stiff enough to stand alone and costing—think of it, ye husbands!—seven dollars and a half a yard! Here are new dress silks in every variety of shade, from the brilliant Solferino to the delicate tea-rose and peach blossom. Here are laces two inches deep, worth thirteen dollars and a half a yard! Tiny lace collars, of most undeniable and exquisite point, which may be had for twenty-three dollars! Here are gloves, of every make and colour—18,000 dozens of pairs of them, stowed neatly away in their paste-board beds. Here are flowers, satins, muslins, ribbons, with any number of et ceteras. And here lastly, but far from least, are bevy of fair ladies and rosy damsels, with minds all intent upon the coming ball aforesaid.

MESSRS. SAVAGE, LYMAN & Co.'s NEW STORE.

As a supplement to the view of the new store on St. James St., rented by this well known firm of jewellers, we reproduce in this issue an interior view of the store as arranged for the Christmas holidays. The gorgeous display in the shop windows has for the past few days had such an attraction for admiring passers by, that the pavement has been thronged literally "from morn till dewy eve." But what shall we say of the interior, where the visitor is dazzled by the magnificence which surrounds him, and the virtuoso, while contemplating the works of art—bronzes, faience, statuary, and other objets d'art—heaves a sigh of regret that his pocket is not as long and as well lined as the purse of Fortunatus. But sighs and regrets are alike in vain, and he is at least free to indulge in the pleasure of admiration, even when the luxury of possession is out of his reach. So with this optimist's consolation he sets to work, to look and to admire his fill. Along either side of a spacious apartment admirably adapted for the exhibition of works of art are ranged huge terra-cotta vases, on which are painted scenes from the Iliad and Odyssey—the death of Patroclus, the departure of Briseis, the return of Ulysses, &c., &c.; at intervals these are relieved by handsome bronzes, and clocks of every make, shape, and material known under the sun—in bronze, gilt, ormolu, malachite, black, white and grey marble—the last a new and very effective material. Plate there is too galore,—salvers, goblets, chalices, baskets, flagons—and in one corner, just beside the staircase, a small case where the visitor—being as we pre-suppose a man of taste and appreciation for the beautiful—lingers in rapt admiration of some lovely reproductions of the antique in oxidized silver. Upstairs are laid out hundreds of those pretty little knickknacks that are in such demand at Christmas-tide—busts and statuettes in Parian marble, book-slides, writing-books and desks, and by itself at one end of the room, a marvellous set of fruit dishes in majolica. Downstairs once more, where by this time the musical-boxes are in full play: through groves of clocks; past shining lakes of gold and silver watches, from the tiny lady's toy, the size of a twenty-cent piece, to the giant hunter, in massive gold case, stem-winder and repeater, striking hours and minutes, and which costs \$800; or the jewelled beauty in the face of which a tiny thermometer is let in. Ranks of costly rings and trinkets are there too—crosses which may be had for \$1,800, and pins of proportionate value, thickly clustered with diamonds. These all are here in endless variety, and almost endless profusion, dazzling the visitor, who after a thorough inspection finds himself utterly bewildered, doubtful whether he has not been dreaming a scene from the Arabian Nights, and recovering, takes his departure with a thoughtful comment after the style of the Cordelier Calatagrone, "Veramente, queste gioiellerie sono cosa stupenda." And he is not far from wrong either.

SEASONABLE NOTES.

A cold at Christmas! Is there anything more unpleasant and yet more uncommon? A shocking influenza and a rasping, hacking cough that make existence unendurable, and Christmas festivities a hollow mockery—these are afflictions under which thousands are labouring this bright winter weather. *Que faire?* Grin and bear it? Certainly not. Did you never hear of Dr. Nelaton, physician in ordinary to the ex-Emperor Napoleon?—Dr. Nelaton, stories of whose skill are current in every capital of Europe? Thanks to Dr. Nelaton there is hope for the sufferer by the horrors of influenza—hope! there is more than hope, there is an almost absolute certainty of cure. His lozenges are warranted to relieve croup in thirty minutes, to relieve colds, asthma, coughs, sore throat and hoarseness. They are pleasant to taste and speedy in their operation. There is nothing cheap or impure in their composition, and they are prepared by a new chemical process by which they acquire therapeutic properties hitherto unknown to medicine. The proprietors of this excellent remedy are Messrs. Lafond & Vernier, of 252 Notre Dame street, Montreal; and 57 St. John street, Quebec, where they may be obtained at wholesale or retail.

Those who experience any difficulty in selecting presents for their friends will do well to look in at T. Lafreca's, 302 Notre Dame street, who has a large collection of Parisian novelties and fancy goods of a kind seldom to be found in this country.

In choosing Christmas and New Year's gifts utility is the first thing to be borne in mind—ornament after. Where the two may be combined so much the better. Such are the goods now offered for sale by Messrs. Morton, Phillips & Bulmer, 375 Notre Dame street, who advertise a splendid stock of new cabinet goods, desks and dressing cases in a variety of ornamental woods, inkstands, purses, pocket-books, scrap-books and albums.

"A tobacco-pipe is the chimney of perpetual hospitality." So Phlegmaticus is made to say in the comedy played before King James I in 1621 by the Oxford Students, on which occasion His Most Sacred Majesty was wholly horrified and scandalized by the

praise lavished upon the divine weed, in spite of his arguments and malediction as duly set forth and published in his own royal "Counterblast to Tobacco." The Counterblast was on this occasion but little considered, however, for the darling student who represented Phlegmaticus, not satisfied with the impression produced upon the royal mind by the sentiment already mentioned, burst out into a roaring stave

"Tobacco's a musician,
And in a pipe delighteth;
It descends in a close,
Through the organs of the nose,
With a relish that inviteth.
This makes me sing, So ho, so ho, boys,
Ho, boys, sound I loudly
Earth ne'er did breed
Such a jovial weed,
Whereof to boast so proudly.

"A jovial weed" truly, but not always as genuine as it might be, especially when administered in the form of cigars. If you want to get what Phlegmaticus calls "most meteorological tobacco, pure Indian, not a jot sophisticated," pay a visit to J. Samuel, opposite the Post Office, whose stock of choice cigars and tobacco are guaranteed to be as represented. A really good Havana is always to be had at this store, and the connoisseurs know it.

The Life Association of Scotland is widely known as one of the most respectable and trustworthy insurance offices afloat. During the third of a century that it has been in existence its course has been marked by uninterrupted success—well-deserved by honourable dealing and punctuality. To intending insurers it offers special inducements and privileges of which particulars will be found in our advertising columns. The Montreal branch of the Association is under the management of P. Wardlaw, Esq., who has been indefatigable in extending the business and to whose exertions are due the popularity and success it has attained in this country.

Those who were present at the various concerts and other musical entertainments given during the past few months in this city cannot fail to have remarked the superior excellence of the pianos used on such occasions. These instruments were in nearly every case supplied by the well-known New York and Boston Piano-forte Co., the Montreal branch of which is under the efficient management of Mr. Thos. A. Haines, whose warehouse on Notre Dame Street is a great rendezvous of the lovers of good music and of good musical instruments. Among the novelties now held for sale by this gentleman is the "Colibri," or Humming-Bird Piano, a charming little instrument for accompanying, with clear liquid tones that it is a real pleasure to listen to, and which when ladies are present never fail to elicit the enthusiastic encomium, "What a perfect love!" The "Bijou" is a card table and melodon combined. Mr. Haines is agent for the Hallet, Davis & Co. Pianos; the Jewett & Co.; the Woods Organs; the Mathushek, and the Weber Pianos, of all of which he keeps a stock on hand.

MANSION HOUSE HOTEL, BALTIMORE, MD.,
20th October, 1871.

MR. JAMES I. FELLOWS.—Dear Sir: I have just finished the tenth and last bottle of your estimable Syrup of the Hypophosphites. To its use I ascribe cessation of cough, of sharp pains in my back and chest, and of copious expectoration; also, return of appetite, buoyancy of spirits, increase of flesh and strength to perform my daily duties with a degree of pleasure unknown to me for a long time. The good I have experienced from it is beyond description, and I advise all persons afflicted with consumption not to delay a day in taking it. Feeling sure that were it not for your Hypophosphites, I would now be in my grave.

Yours truly,

GEO. C. FOUT.

Science and Mechanics.

CANADIAN INVENTION AND INDUSTRY.

Inventive genius at the present day seems to be taxed to its utmost by the constant demands made upon it by every department of industry, and if we glance over the list of important inventions we are struck with astonishment, not only at the vast number and variety now in general use, but also at the nicety and perfection to which even the most complicated mechanism has been brought. Powerful labour-saving machines and implements for performing every class of work even with greater accuracy than can be done with human hands are everywhere springing into existence, and consequently we find every branch of agriculture, commerce, and the arts and sciences progressing with wonderful strides. But the hand of invention is not only busy in the construction of labour-saving machines, but also in devising articles of comfort and luxury, the little niceties which we gather about us to adorn our homes and make them pleasant and attractive. Canada may well claim her share in progressive industry and already has a record of which Canadians are justly proud. Here and there throughout her borders are springing up manufacturing, and busy hands and active brains are at work turning out articles of utility, thus building up the trade and commerce, and adding to the wealth and prosperity of the country. Here, within our midst, has recently sprung up a branch of manufacturing industry that is rapidly assuming vast dimensions and promises to soon rank among the first in the city. We refer to the manufacture of Wilson's Patent Adjustable Chair, a representation of which in different positions may be seen on page 413. The patent right of this chair was during the last summer acquired by the enterprising firm of Dr. N. A. Smith & Co., 241 St. James street, who have with commendable energy pushed forward the business until it now gives employment to a large number, and by means of agents and Express Companies is being extended over the entire Dominion, and even into the neighbouring States. The demand has become so great that additional facilities for manufacturing are already required, and we understand the firm have in contemplation measures that will enable them during the coming spring to meet the wants of the trade to its fullest extent. The chair itself is an ingenious piece of mechanism, and with its many changes and positions constitutes not only a beautiful and attractive article of furniture for the parlour, library, or chamber, but also one of rare utility as well as of luxurious ease and comfort. The framework is entirely of wrought iron, beautifully japanned and bronzed, and although at first sight may seem somewhat complicated, yet it is really so simple in its working that a child can adjust it with ease. In its first position it is an ordinary parlour chair, but can be immediately and without trouble changed into a variety of other positions from upright to reclining, even into a bed with mattress all complete, altogether constituting one of the most complete, convenient and comfortable articles for the use of invalids, or, in fact any person who desires an easy position that can well be imagined. Being an article of real worth we are not surprised at its success, and we apprehend it will find its way into every household, for people at the present day are not slow to find out the value of articles of merit, especially if calculated to administer in any way to their ease

and comfort. As a Canadian invention we are glad to see it brought out and appreciated, for it not only adds to the general industry and prosperity of the country, but it is also a credit to the genius and enterprize of our citizens who deserve that success which their energy and perseverance is winning for them.

News of the Week.

THE DOMINION.—A Nova Scotian, Arthur Halliburton, Esq., son of the late Sam Slick, has received a Government appointment in India, with \$10,000 per annum. —The Ontario Prohibitory League intend to agitate for the Maine law, and have sent out a great number of petitions for signature for presentation to the House. —The wood merchants of Toronto are indignant against the narrow gauge railways for not fulfilling their contracts to bring in cordwood. —Two young men from Quebec, who had gone down into the interior for a few weeks sport, have been missing some time, and are supposed to be lost. —It is not probable that the Government will grant the bonus of a month's salary for which the public officials have recently made application. There is no doubt that the whole question of salaries must come up before the new Parliament. Mr Campbell stated as much as that in the Senate towards the close of the last session. —Messrs. Esson & Co. of Halifax, have received a telegram from their agents in London, announcing the death of the Hon. Wm. Garvie, Commissioner of Mines and Works, N. S., on Sunday the 15th inst., in the South of France. —A collision occurred last week in Halifax harbour between the ferry steamers *Lady Ogle* and *Micmac*, owing to the prevalence of heavy fog. The ladies' cabin of the former was crushed in, and other damage done. One lady was hurt considerably. —Another outrageous case of abuse of police authority is reported from Toronto. Clara Clark, a respectable young girl, was arrested on the complaint of a female named Burt, with whom she was living, on a charge of insanity. The only ground for this was that she refused to go to bed when ordered by Mrs. Burt. She was taken and placed in a filthy cell along with drunkards, and prostitutes for all night. In the morning she was brought before Ald. Baxter, who was very indignant, and severely censured the police for their want of discrimination. He discharged the girl, and advised her to bring an action for false imprisonment against Mrs. Burt. The policemen will likely be brought before the Commissioners. —Mr. David Laird, editor of the *Charlottetown Patriot*, and member of the House of Assembly for Queen's County, has been appointed member of the Council of Prince Edward's Island. —The advertisement of railway debentures, in the Halifax papers, coupled with the remark that the Island must soon enter the Dominion, have occasioned much comment in the Prince Edward Island press. The opposite papers charge the government with having authorized the insertion of the advertisements in that form. The government papers reply that the broker who held the debentures advertised them as he pleased.

UNITED STATES.—The second trial of Edward Stokes was brought in on the 18th inst., in the Court of Oyer and Terminer. —A smart shock of earthquake was felt last week at Portland, Washington Territory, Victoria, Vancouver's Island and at other points on the northern coast. There were three series of shocks; no damage resulted. —The Senate of Louisiana on 16th inst. adopted the following resolution: Whereas there is a conflict between the constitution and laws of the State of Louisiana and an act of Congress relating to the election of United States Senators, and whereas a reasonable interpretation of the Congressional law justifies delay on the part of the General Assembly in the election of a United States Senator until the second day after the commencement of the next regular session. —It was therefore resolved by the Senate that it will not proceed to the election of a United States Senator before the second Tuesday after the organization of the regular session of the Legislature in July next. —Fifty-two shares of the capital stock of the *Tribune* Association, constituting a majority, have been sold to H. M. Orton. The parties going out, besides Mr. Sinclair and the representatives of the estates of the dead proprietor, was George Ripley, Whitlaw Reid, John Hay are Thomas N. Rooker, Philip Fitzpatrick, Patrick O'Rourke, and Dr. J. C. Ayer. Each of the old proprietors was earnestly requested to retain at least a part of his stock. Messrs. Reid and Hay refused. It is understood that eight shares are reserved for Schuyler Colfax, who is to be invited to assume the editorship. Mr. Reid was requested to remain but declined. The majority of the trustees who desired to continue the paper on the basis of Mr. Greeley's card with Mr. Reid at its head needed only eighteen shares to secure a clear majority. It is expected that ex-Governor Morgan, ex-Surveyor Connell, and others of that wing of the Republican party will unite with Mr. Orton in carrying the stock.

GREAT BRITAIN.—Fourteen of the ringleaders in the disorderly demonstration at the recent Fenian amnesty meeting have been sent to prison for various terms. —The London *Post* denies that Eliza Cook, the well-known writer, is dead, although a person bearing the same name and popularly supposed to be the authoress, died at Deptford, England. —A *World's* London special says Disraeli's health is greatly impaired. —There has been heavy snow in the north of England. In Yorkshire and Derbyshire the ground was covered to the depth of one foot, and railroad travel was obstructed. The rivers in that section are very much swollen. —Large tracts of land in Leicestershire have been inundated, and in Derbyshire snow fell to the depth of twelve inches. Telegraph lines in all directions were badly damaged. Telegraph communication with Liverpool, Leeds and Hull was interrupted. At Grimsby the gale increased to a hurricane, and many casualties are reported.

FRANCE.—The Duke de Grammont has written a letter refuting the testimony given by M. Thiers before the committee to inquire into the causes of the late war. The Duke de Grammont, who was Minister of Foreign Affairs at the beginning of the war, stated positively that the Emperor had the promise of assistance from Austria in case of hostilities with Prussia. —The river Seine continues to raise and at many places has overflowed its banks. —A Paris despatch to the *Times* says it is more than ever evident that a majority of the Assembly is in direct opposition to Mr. Thiers. One or the other must yield. The country supports Thiers.

GERMANY.—General Von Roon will act provisionally as President of the Prussian Council of Ministers, the Emperor having granted Bismarck's request to be relieved.

SPAIN.—The *Imparcial* says a ministerial crisis is near at hand. It is impossible to delay the reconstruction of the cabinet.

DENMARK.—The international convention to secure uniformity of coinage, has been signed by the governments of Denmark, Sweden and Norway.

AFRICA.—Sir Bartle Frere, who is now en route to Aden to join the British expedition for the suppression of the African slave trade, arrived at Alexandria on the 17th. He was met upon landing from the steamer, which brought him from Brindisi, by the British Consul General and a large number of officers of the Egyptian army, who gave him warm greeting. He proceeds from Alexandria to Cairo where he is to be the guest of the Khedive.

(Written for the "Canadian Illustrated News.")

THE SONG OF THE ANGELS.

A LYRICAL.

PARVUS DOMINUS ET ANIBILIS NIMIS. S. FRANCISCO D'AMBI.

Within the chapel of the stouter old— Monte Cassino is its name so fair— A curious tapestry on the wall unrolled. Related in devices quaint and rare. How that the Saviour in a manger lay, Naked and lorn upon wicks of hay.

Mary, the Mother, kneeling upon the right. Upon the left kneelt Joseph with rapt eye. And hinders twain, one russet and one white. Poured warmth from their pink nostrils, stand- (ling by); While through the open roof, upon a cloud, Were troops of Angels seen that hymned aloud.

Before this picture, on our Christmas night, St. Francis and his monks had come to pray. When sudden quickened by an inner light. The holy man called on each one to say What was the burden of the Angels' song Sound- (ing) the dex and fox- (crapes) among.

Singing the choir of hooded Cordeliers In full accord intoned the Canticle. Which now for nearly two one thousand years. The hearts of Christ's elect have loved so well— (glory) to God unto the highest and Peace to good men upon the sea and land."

Francisco's eyes with holy light were fired. An arcade beamed above his sainted head. An angel pointing to the crib, as one inspired. In sweetest accents to the monks he said: "Not so, to me 'tis this the Angels tell— (O little) Lord, exceeding lovable."

I've oft bethought me, musing on this scene— As even sinners will in happy mood— "Tis best to pass the glory and the sheen. And let our hearts upon the simple good. (believing) that St. Francis found the key To all the grace of the Nativity.

So on this Christmas Eve, when thou above. Strung loads of care are pressing on my soul. Severed from mine and seeking for a love. First shall endure throughout these days of dole. I bow my head and murmur only this: (Parvus) Dominus et anibilis nimis!"

JOHN LEBFRANCE.

REGISTERED in accordance with the Copy-right Act of 1867.

THE NEW MAGDALEN.

BY WILKIE COLLINS.

SECOND SCENE—Mablethorpe House.

CHAPTER XI.—Continued.

Julian stopped her there with one plain question, which threw a doubt on the whole story.

"The consul tells me you asked him to search for Mercy Merrick," he said. "Is it not true that he caused inquiries to be made, and that no trace of any such person was to be heard of?"

"The consul took no pains to find her," Grace answered angrily. "He was, like everybody else, in a conspiracy to neglect and mis-judge me."

Lady Janet and Horace exchanged looks. This time it was impossible for Julian to blame them. The farther the stranger's narrative advanced, the less worthy of serious attention he felt it to be. The longer she spoke, the more disadvantageously she challenged comparison with the absent woman, whose name she so obstinately and so audaciously persisted in assuming as her own.

"Granting all that you have said," Julian resumed, with a last effort of patience, "what use could Mercy Merrick make of your letters and your clothes?"

"What use?" repeated Grace, amazed at his not seeing the position as she saw it. "My clothes were marked with my name. One of my papers was a letter from my father, introducing me to Lady Janet. A woman out of a refuge would be quite capable of presenting herself here in my place."

Spoken entirely at random, spoken without so much as a fragment of evidence to support them, those last words still had their effect. They cast a reflection on Lady Janet's adopted daughter which was too outrageous to be borne. Lady Janet rose instantly. "Give me your arm, Horace," she said turning to leave the room. "I have heard enough."

Horace respectfully offered his arm. "Your ladyship is quite right," he answered. "A more monstrous story never was invented."

He spoke in the warmth of his indignation, loud enough for Grace to hear him. "What is there monstrous in it?" she asked, advancing a step towards him defiantly.

Julian checked her. He too—though he had only once seen Mercy—felt an angry sense of the insult offered to the beautiful creature who had interested him at his first sight of her. "Silence!" he said, speaking sternly to Grace for the first time. "You are offending—justly offending—Lady Janet. You are talking worse than absurdly—you are talking offensively—when you speak of another woman presenting herself here in your place."

Grace's blood was up. Stung by Julian's reproof, she turned on him a look which was almost a look of fury.

"Are you a clergyman? Are you an educated man?" she asked. "Have you never read of cases of false personation, in newspa-

pers and books? I blindly confided in Mercy Merrick before I found out what her character really was. She left the cottage—I know it, from the surgeon who brought me to life again—firmly persuaded that the shell had killed me. My papers and my clothes disappeared at the same time. Is there nothing suspicious in these circumstances? There were people at the hospital who thought them highly suspicious—people who warned me that I might find an imposter in my place." She suddenly paused. The rustling sound of a silk dress had caught her ear. Lady Janet was leaving the room, with Horace, by way of the conservatory. With a last desperate effort of resolution, Grace sprang forward and placed herself in front of them.

"One word, Lady Janet, before you turn your back on me," she said, firmly. "One word, and I will be content. Has Colonel Roseberry's letter found its way to this house or not? If it has, did a woman bring it to you?" Lady Janet looked—as only a great lady can look, when a person of inferior rank has presumed to fail in respect towards her.

"You are surely not aware," she said with icy composure, "that these questions are an insult to me?"

"And worse than an insult," Horace added warmly, "to Grace!"

The little resolute black figure (still barring the way to the conservatory) was suddenly shaken from head to foot. The woman's eyes travelled backwards and forwards between Lady Janet and Horace with the light of a new suspicion in them.

"Grace!" she exclaimed. "What Grace? That's my name. Lady Janet, you have got the letter! The woman is here!"

Lady Janet dropped Horace's arm, and retraced her step to the place at which her nephew was standing.

"Julian," she said, "you force me for the first time in my life to remind you of the respect that is due to me in my own house. Send that woman away."

Without waiting to be answered, she turned back again, and once more took Horace's arm.

"Stand back, if you please," she said quietly to Grace.

Grace held her ground. "The woman is here!" she repeated. "Confront me with her—and then send me away, if you like."

Julian advanced and firmly took her by the arm. "You forget what is due to Lady Janet," he said, drawing her aside. "You forget what is due to yourself."

With a desperate effort, Grace broke away from him, and stopped Lady Janet on the threshold of the conservatory door.

"Justice!" she cried, shaking her clenched hand with hysterical frenzy in the air. "I claim my right to meet that woman face to face! Where is she? Confront me with her! Confront me with her!"

While those wild words were pouring from her lips, the rumbling of carriage wheels became audible on the drive in front of the house. In the all-absorbing agitation of the moment, the sound of the wheels (followed by the opening of the house door) passed unnoticed by the persons in the dining-room. Horace's voice was still raised in angry protest against the insult offered to Lady Janet; Lady Janet herself (having him for the second time) was vehemently ringing the bell to summon the servants; Julian had once more taken the infuriated woman by the arm, and was trying vainly to compose her—when the library door was opened quietly by a young lady wearing a mantle and a bonnet. Mercy Merrick (true to the appointment which she had made with Horace) entered the room.

The first eyes that discovered her presence on the scene were the eyes of Grace Roseberry. Starting violently in Julian's grasp, she pointed towards the library door. "Ah!" she cried, with a shriek of vindictive delight. "There she is!"

Mercy turned as the sound of the scream rang through the room, and met—resting on her in savage triumph—the living gaze of the woman whose identity she had stolen, whose body she had left laid out for dead. On the instant of that terrible discovery—with her eyes fixed helplessly on the fierce eyes that had found her—she dropped senseless on the floor.

CHAPTER XII.

Exit JULIAN.

Julian happened to be standing nearest to Mercy. He was the first at her side when she fell.

In the cry of alarm which burst from him, as he raised her for a moment in his arms, in the expression of his eyes, when he looked at her death-like face, there escaped the plain—too plain—confession of the interest which he felt in her, of the admiration which she had aroused in him. Horace detected it. There was the quick suspicion of jealousy in the movement by which he joined Julian; there was the ready resentment of jealousy in the tone in which he pronounced the words, "Leave her to me." Julian resented her in silence. A faint flush appeared on his pale face as he drew back while Horace carried her

to the sofa. His eyes sank to the ground; he seemed to be meditating self-reproachfully on the tone in which his friend had spoken to him. After having been the first to take an active part in meeting the calamity that had happened, he was now to all appearance insensible to everything that was passing in the room.

A touch on his shoulder roused him. He turned and looked round. The woman who had done the mischief—the stranger in the poor black garments—was standing behind him. She pointed to the prostrate figure on the sofa, with a merciless smile. "You wanted a proof just now," she said. "There it is!"

Horace heard her. He suddenly left the sofa and joined Julian. His face, naturally ruddy, was pale with suppressed fury.

"Take that wretch away!" he said. "Instantly! or I won't answer for what I may do." Those words recalled Julian to himself. He looked round the room. Lady Janet and the house-keeper were together, in attendance on the swooning woman. The startled servants were congregated in the library doorway. One of them offered to run to the nearest doctor; another asked if he should fetch the police.

Julian silenced them by a gesture, and turned to Horace. "Compose yourself," he said. "Leave me to remove her quietly from the house." He took Grace by the hand as he spoke. She hesitated and tried to release herself. Julian pointed to the group at the sofa and to the servants looking on. "You have made an enemy of every one in this room," he said, "and me?" Her head drooped; she made no reply; she waited, dumbly obedient to the firmer will than her own. Julian ordered the servants crowding together in the doorway to withdraw. He followed them into the library, leaving Grace after him by the hand. Before closing the door he paused, and looked back into the dining-room.

"Is she recovering?" he asked, after a moment's hesitation. Lady Janet's voice answered him. "Not yet."

"Shall I send for the nearest doctor?" Horace interposed. He declined to let Julian associate himself, even in that indirect manner, with Mercy's recovery.

"If the doctor is wanted," he said, "I will go for him myself."

Julian closed the library door. He absently released Grace; he mechanically pointed to a chair. She sat down in silent surprise, following him with her eyes as he walked slowly to and fro in the room.

For the moment his mind was far away from her, and from all that had happened since her appearance in the house. It was impossible that a man of his fineness of perception could mistake the meaning of Horace's conduct towards him. He was questioning his own heart, on the subject of Mercy, sternly and unreservedly as it was his habit to do. "After only once seeing her," he thought, "has she produced such an impression on me that Horace can discover it, before I have even suspected it myself? Can the time have come already, when I owe it to my friend to see her no more?" He stopped irritably in his walk.

As a man devoted to a serious calling in life, there was something that wounded his self-respect in the bare suspicion that he could be guilty of the purely sentimental extravagance called "love at first sight."

He had paused exactly opposite to the chair in which Grace was seated. Weary of the silence, she seized the opportunity of speaking to him.

"I have come here with you as you wished," she said. "Are you going to help me? Am I to count on you as my friend?"

He looked at her vacantly. It cost him an effort before he could give her the attention that she had claimed.

"You have been hard on me," Grace went on. "But you showed me some kindness at first, you tried to make them give me a fair hearing. I ask you, as a just man, do you doubt now that the woman on the sofa in the next room is an imposter who has taken my place? Can there be any plainer confession than that she is Mercy Merrick than the confession she has made? You saw it; they saw it. She fainted at the sight of me!"

Julian crossed the room—still without answering her—and rang the bell. When the servant appeared, he told the man to fetch a cab.

(To be continued.)

WE SAY THEY ARE GOOD.—The Shoshonee Pills are manufactured with the utmost care, scrutiny, and exactness, from the very active principles, doubly refined and purified, of such of the choicest remedial agents of the vegetable kingdom as to possess them of properties that only meet in harmony the exigencies of every ingredient entering into the composition of the Shoshonee Remedy, and also that give the Pills themselves more desirable qualities for general use than any family pill before the public. On account of the extreme mildness and yet great certainty in action of the Pills, as well as their strengthening and healing effects on the stomach and bowels, and in fact the whole system; along with their permeating and restorative action on the liver, kidneys, skin, &c., &c., we say on account of their superior qualities the Pills are placed on sale as a Family Medicine.

6-23 d

Varieties.

A law of Pennsylvania makes the taking of money at the door of a theatre on Sunday illegal, whereof it is invariably taken at the window.

A woman in Rutherfordton, N. C., has been fined by the Mayor of that ilk, for the dreadful offence of calling the marshal "Old pewter buttons."

"Happy is the country that has no history," as the school-boy said on being flogged the third time for not knowing who was Henry the Sixth's wife.

At old Susquehanna Seminary there was a student (quite a veritable young man) who had a better knowledge of hymns than of some of his studies. One morning, when asked to spell and define *prone*, he created a sensation in the class by replying, in a solemn tone, "P-r-o-n-e, to wander."

JOSEPH BILLINGS' RESOLUTIONS.—"That I won't borrow nor lend—especially lend. That I won't swear any, unless I am put under oath. That I will stick to my tailor as long as he will stick to me." Josh's critic writes:—"Your description of yourself as an old adhesive plaster is incorrect, for by this confession you would stick at nothing."

A GLASS TOO MUCH.—The latest verdict recorded was upon a gentleman who expired in a fit of imbecillation. The jury returned, "Death by hanging—round a rum shop." This was savage, and devoid of regard for the gentleman's family. In a similar case in California the verdict was more gracefully and considerably put: "Accidental death while unpacking glass."

"WE AIN'T GOOD FRIENDS GENERALLY."—North Carolina, since the close of the war, seems to be acquiring an unenviable reputation for lawlessness and crime. As a specimen of the way in which the peaceable avocations of life are carried on in the "Old State" we give the following incident as we find it reported: "Do you wish to sell that cow?" asked one neighbour of another, as the latter was driving home one of his stray kine. "No, not by a good deal," was the reply. "Well, I guess I'll take her, then." "That means one of us, I take it," said the owner of the cow, drawing a pistol. "Well, it does," coolly replied the other, also drawing a revolver.

Shots were instantly exchanged, and the firing was kept up until the pistol chambers were exhausted. Each man was slightly wounded, and one went into his house and the other drove his cow home. The traveller who witnessed the unexcited affray had the curiosity to ask the cow-driver what occasioned it.

"Oh, nothing 'ticular," was the reply; "we ain't good friends generally, and so we jes let drive whenever we gets an excuse." Max Adler says they tell a story about a man who put the saddle hind part foremost upon his horse while in a condition of dizziness, superinduced by fire-water. Just as he was about to mount, a German friend came up and told him to hold on a minute, because the saddle was on wrong and wanted refixing. The horseman gazed for a moment at the intruder, as if in deep thought, and then said: "You let that saddle alone. How in thunder do you know which way I am going?" And the gentleman from Germany passed on.

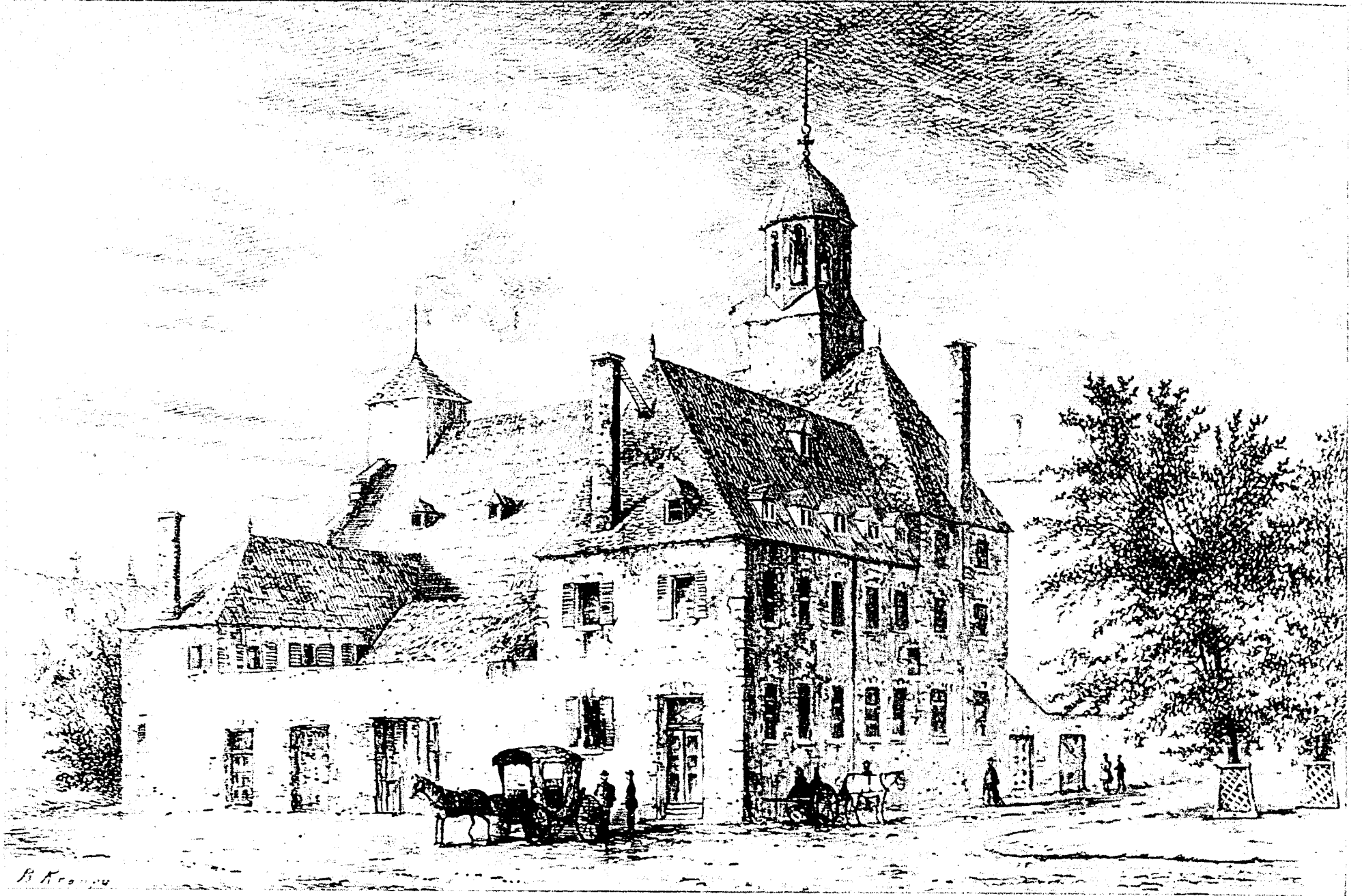
Physicians have their eccentricities, and not infrequently they appear in the old manner in which they collect their fees. A well-known medical man once sent in his annual bill for services rendered in the family of a particular friend, when, in point of fact, he had not been in the house professionally during the entire year. The bill was paid as usual, but when the head of the family met the doctor he remarked, "Doctor, I got your bill the other day, but I don't remember that any of us have been sick this year."

"Very likely not," answered the bluff man of science; "but I stopped several times at the area gate, and inquired of the servants how you all were."

Another physician, who was for many years one of the prominent medical men in New York, is said to have once sent in a bill for three hundred and forty-two dollars and ninety-two cents, or some similarly odd sum. This curious bill was also paid, but when the patient met his physician he inquired, "How, doctor, did you ever get that odd ninety-two cents in my bill?"

"Oh," said the doctor, "that is easily explained. My grocer's bill was just for that amount, and I knew of no one who would so cheerfully pay it as yourself, and so I made one pay the other."

WOVEN FABRICS FROM RABBITS' HAIR.—The *Austrian Exhibition Gazette* calls attention to a new and important industry, viz., the incorporation of rabbit's hair with wool and cotton in weaving textile fabrics. The shorter hairs which are incapable of being woven, are readily purchased by felt hat manufacturers at \$3 a pound. When properly prepared, the hair affords a good strong yarn, which is said to be in no way inferior to wool. If all that the *Austrian journal* says on the subject be true, the raising of rabbits will soon become an important business. No animal is better adapted to raising on a large scale than the rabbit; they multiply almost as rapidly as white mice, and are not confined to any particular climate. It is rather remarkable that this use of the hair has not been thought of before, particularly when we consider how many hundred million rabbits are annually destroyed. The meat of the rabbit is agreeable and nourishing, and the skins have long been prized. The *Austrian Gazette* anticipates that an important industry will grow out of the successful introduction of rabbit hair weaving in all countries.

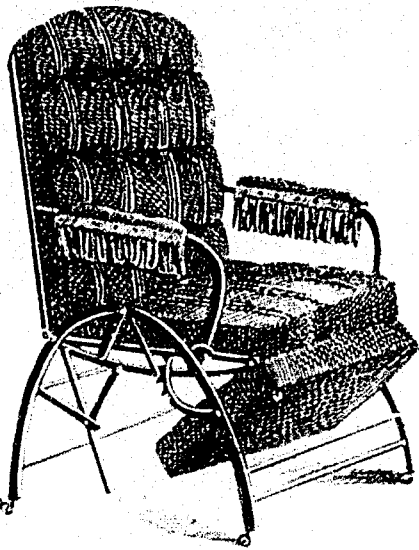


THE OLD RECOLLET CHURCH AND HOUSE.

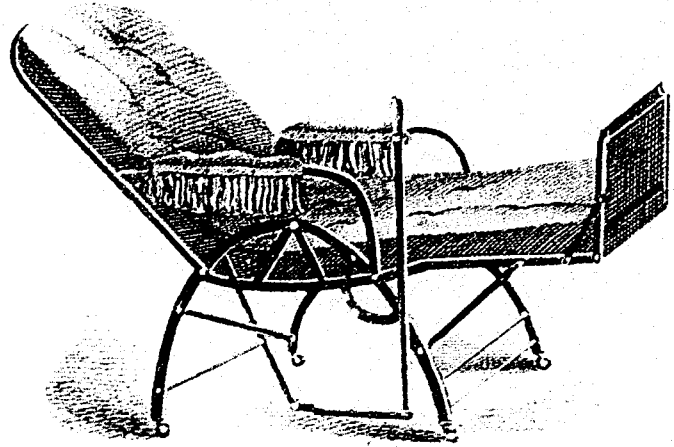


THE RECOLLET HOUSE OF THE PRESENT DAY

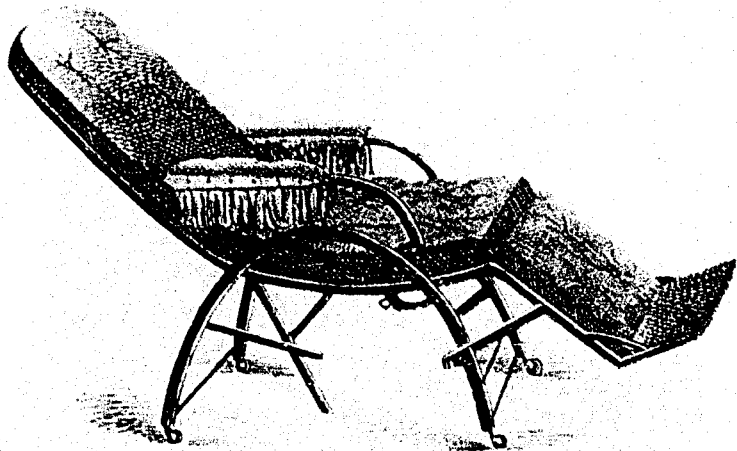
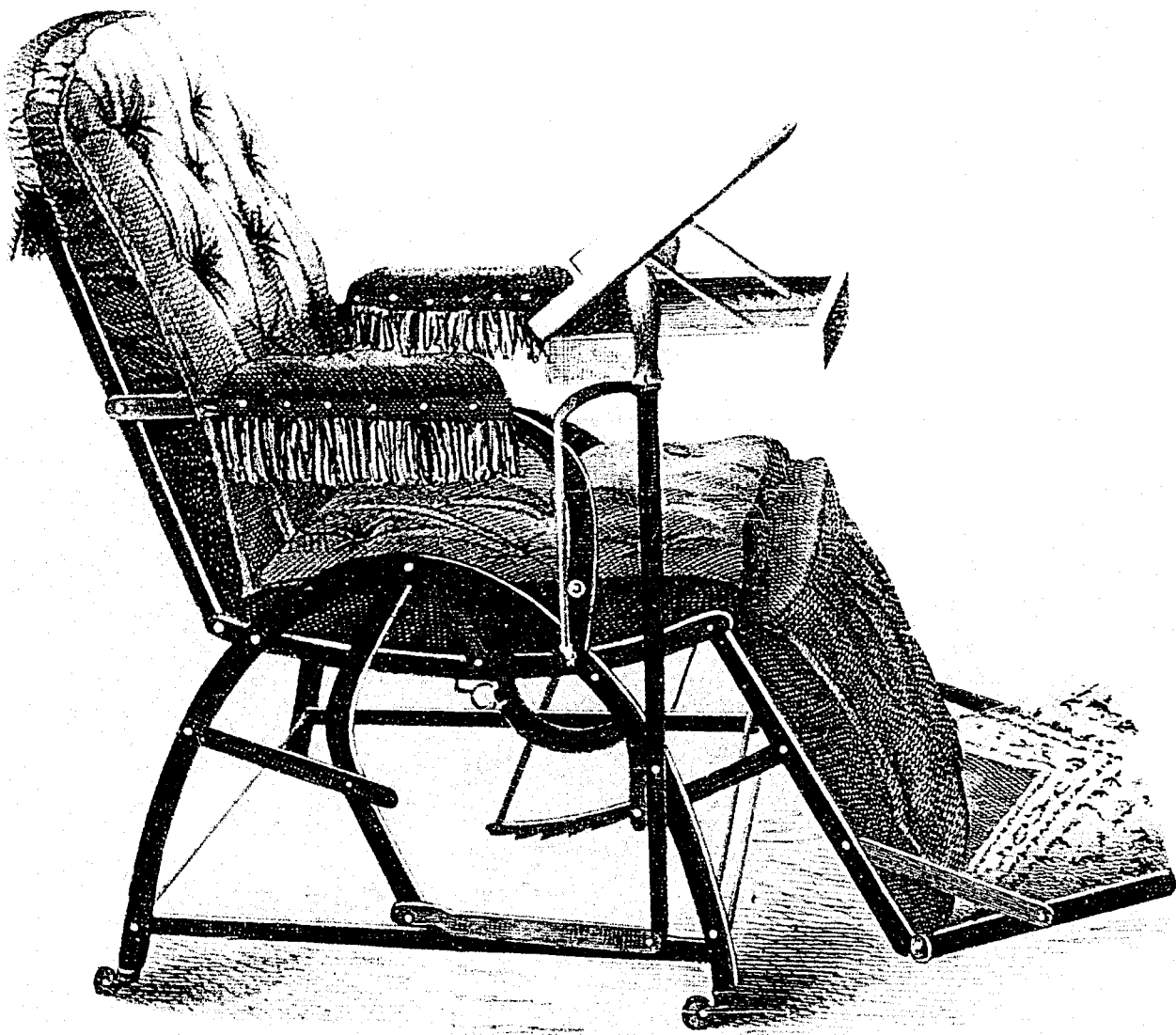
SCIENCE AND MECHANICS.



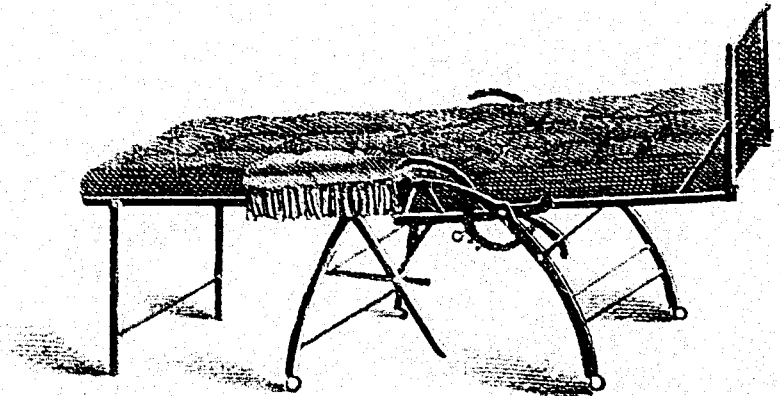
PALLOR POSITION



CHILD'S CRIB AND SWING



INVALID POSITION



BED 6 FEET LONG, 3 FEET WIDE.

WILSON'S ADJUSTABLE CHAIR, PATENTED 1871.—DR. N. A. SMITH & Co, SOLE MANUFACTURERS AND AGENTS IN CANADA,
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See name on Label. 6-14z

THERE IS NO SPECIFIC FOR CONSUMPTION and Scrofula. Dyspepsia, resulting in depraved nutrition and impoverished blood, lies at the foundation of these formidable diseases. The only rational method of treatment consists in improving Digestion, Assimilation and the formation of Healthy Blood. Dr. Wheeler's Compound Elixir of Phosphates and Calvesana, immediately restores tone and energy to the stomach, enabling the invalid to digest and assimilate a proper amount of nourishment, and thus to arrest decline. Phosphates are now the chief reliance of the medical profession in the treatment of Chronic Wasting Diseases; and every one that has used Dr. Wheeler's preparation will attest to its great superiority and elegance over every other combination, and its thorough reliability. Its action is prompt, progressive and permanent, invigorating and vitalizing all the organs of the body, with no liability of a relapse. Sold by all druggists.—6-26 a.



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STATIONERY CABINETS, WRITING DESKS, SECRETARIES, DRESSING CASES, WORKBOXES, ENVELOPE HOLDERS, &c., &c., &c.

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FOR THE ALLVIATION AND CURE OF
COUGHS, COLDS, HOARSENESS, INFLUENZA, and all Pulmonary and Bronchial Affections.

THESE LOZENGES are offered to the Public with full confidence in their wonderful power to relieve or cure the most obstinate Coughs, Colds, Catarrh, Hoarseness, or Extinction of voice, &c., &c. We do confidently say that Dr. Nelaton's Cough Lozenges are a blessing to suffering humanity. No pain has been spared to procure from this celebrated and good man his sincere opinion and advice upon this horrible and almost incurable disease Consumption; he says that nine out of ten who die from this scourge have contracted the origin of the disease from unchecked cold, that one Box of Dr. Nelaton's Lozenges would have cured.

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57, ST. JOHN STREET,
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THE LIFE ASSOCIATION OF SCOTLAND.

(FOUNDED 1838.)

PROGRESS & FINANCIAL POSITION.

From its commencement, thirty-four years ago, the business has been marked only by uninterrupted progression. The new Entrants in the year just closed (5th April last, 1872) have considerably exceeded those of any former year; and the Accounts for the year, now in the course of being made up and audited, will exhibit a corresponding and considerable advance on the Statements of the previous year 1871.

At the 32nd Annual Meeting, the following were reported as the results at 5th April, 18.1:

17,395 Life Policies in force	£7,269,051 Stg.	Per An.
338 Life Annuities do.	14,744 " "	
Annual Income	£306,715 Stg.	
Funds on hand	1,382,409 "	
Claims for the year	109,467 "	
Total claims paid	1,359,467 "	

Additional Bonuses were declared to the Policyholders, namely,—

Reversionary Bonus Additions to the Sums Assured in Class B, amounting to.....£163,521 Stg.

Cash Bonuses for the year to Policyholders in Class A, to be applied towards payment of their next premiums, and amounting to..... 38,811 "

The Total Cash Bonuses paid under Class A have been £483,907 Stg., equivalent to Ordinary Additions to the Sums Assured of nearly

ONE MILLION POUNDS STERLING.

PROTECTIVE REGULATIONS IN FAVOUR OF POLICY-HOLDERS.

The **CONDITIONS** of the Policies are unusually favourable as regards Indisputability, Non-Forfeiture, Residence, &c. In Class B there are almost no Conditions or Restrictions, the Policyholders being free to reside in any part of the world.

The **UTMOST PROTECTION** is afforded under accidental omission, or inability, to pay premiums; and the Policy-holder's convenience or wishes are met in as far as possible by arrangements for Postponing the payment of Premiums; Loans to the extent of the Value of the Policy; Reduction of Assurance and Premiums to a smaller amount, &c.

The **NON-FORFEITABLE PREMIUM** System is specially designed to protect the Policy-holder from loss if he should, from any cause, discontinue his premium payments.

IN SURRENDERING the whole or a portion of his Assurance, the Policy-holder of more than two years' standing is allowed an ample Value in cash, or (in most cases) a Paid-up Policy. A special calculation of this value is made in each case, with due regard to the circumstances of the Policy, and the interests of the other Assured.

P. WARDLAW,
Secretary.

99, ST. JAMES STREET, MONTREAL. 6-26 b

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A STONE HOUSE, pleasantly situated in the best part of the Village of Varennes, and commanding a fine view of the River St. Lawrence. The House is 48 feet front by 30 feet deep, and there is a good garden with fruit trees and about 11 acres of ground. Apply to
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SHIRTS, COLLARS, CUFFS, &c.,

BEAUTIFULLY IRONED AT
W. GRANT & Co.'s,
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Importers of Hosiery, Ties, Gloves, &c., &c.
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AGENTS WANTED.—\$150 per month. To sell the **TINKER**, the most useful Household article ever invented. Address **H. K. ANDERSON,** P. O. Box 360, Montreal, P. Q. 6-24 d

WONDERFUL!—"Dominion" Parlor Steam Engine, \$1.00; "Little Ottawa" Tug, \$1.50; "Britannia" Steamboat, \$2.00. All real working steam models. Sent, carriage paid on receipt of price. Address **McINTOSH & CO.,** Wholesale Dealers in Novelties, Brockville, Ont.
THE TRADE SUPPLIED. 6-24



Welland Canal Enlargement.

NOTICE TO CONTRACTORS.

CONTRACTORS are hereby informed that the Plans, Specifications &c., of the nine Locks, Weirs, and other works, on the new portion of the Welland Canal, between Thorold and Port Dalhousie, will not be ready for inspection before Friday, the 20th instant.

By order,
F. BRAUN,
Secretary.
Department of Public Works, }
Ottawa, 7th Dec., 1872. 6-24 b



TO CONTRACTORS.

INTERCOLONIAL RAILWAY.

THE COMMISSIONERS appointed for the Construction of the Intercolonial Railway hereby give Public Notice that they are prepared to receive Tenders for Track-laying and Ballasting on the following Divisions, viz:

No. 1, on Sections 3, 6, 9, and 15,—a distance of about 78 miles.
No. 2, on Sections 16, 10, and 20,—a distance of about 46 miles.
No. 3, on Sections 21, 22, and 23,—from the Miramichi River to Moncton, a distance of about 72 miles.

All the above sections are in the Province of New Brunswick. Specifications and forms of Tender can be obtained at the Office of the Chief Engineer at Ottawa, and at the Offices of the Engineers at Rimouski, Dalhousie, New Castle, and Moncton. Sealed Tenders marked "Tenders," and addressed to the Commissioners, will be received at their Office in Ottawa, up to 12 o'clock Noon on FRIDAY, the 31st of January, 1873.

A. WALSH,
ED. B. CHANDLER,
C. J. BRYDGES,
A. W. McLELAN,
Commissioners.

Intercolonial Railway,
Commissioners' Office. }
Ottawa, Nov. 30th, 1872. 6-24 d
N.B.—Separate Tenders will be required for Divisions Numbered 1, 2 and 3.

CUSTOMS DEPARTMENT,
OTTAWA, 19th November, 1872.
Authorized discount on American Invoices until further notice: 12 per cent.
R. S. M. BOUCHETTE,
Commissioner of Customs.



TO CONTRACTORS.

INTERCOLONIAL RAILWAY.

THE COMMISSIONERS appointed for the Construction of the Intercolonial Railway give Public Notice that they are prepared to receive Tenders for the erection of Passenger and Refreshment Building, Freight Building, and Engine House, at Campbellton, N. B., and for Passenger and Refreshment Building, at New Castle, N. B. Plans, Specifications, and forms of Tender may be seen at the Office of the Chief Engineer, Ottawa, and the Engineers' Offices at Rimouski, Dalhousie, New Castle, and Moncton. Tenders may be for the whole, or any less number of these Buildings, and will be received marked "Tenders for Buildings," at the Commissioners' Office, Ottawa, up to 12 o'clock Noon, on FRIDAY, the 31st January, 1873.

A. WALSH,
ED. B. CHANDLER,
C. J. BRYDGES,
A. W. McLELAN,
Commissioners. }
Commissioners Office, }
Ottawa, Dec. 4, 1872. 3-24 d

BEARINE FOR THE HAIR,

Prepared from Pure Bear's Grease; it makes the Hair Soft, Pliant and Glossy, and is delightful to use. Price 50 Cents. 6-21 z

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AN ACTIVE PARTNER wanted for a Manufacturing concern in the city, doing a large and extending business. An eighth or a quarter interest would be given to a suitable party by the proprietor, whose object in admitting a partner is to be relieved to some extent of his too onerous duties arising from a constant increase of the business. Capital required from \$25,000 to \$50,000. None but men of good business habits and requirements need apply. All communications will be strictly confidential.

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BAKING POWDER
IS THE ORIGINAL AND GENUINE. IT NEVER DISAPPOINTS.
FOR SALE BY ALL GROCERS. 3-15zf

DR. RADWAY'S SARSAPARILLIAN RESOLVENT.—THE GREAT BLOOD PURIFIER.

Every drop of the Sarsaparillian Resolvent communicates through the Blood, Sweat, Urine and other fluid, and juices of the system the vigor of life, for it repairs the wastes of the body with new and sound material. Scrofula, Syphilis, Consumption, Glandular Disease, Ulcers in the Throat, Mouth, Tumors, Nodes in the Glands, and other parts of the system, Sore Eyes, Strumous Discharges from the Ears, and the worst forms of Skin Diseases, Eruptions, Fever Sores, Scald Head, Ring Worm, Salt Rheum, Erysipelas, Ache, Black Spots, Worms in the Flesh, Tumors, Cancers in the Womb, and all Weakening and Painful Discharges, Night Sweats, Loss of Sperm, and all wastes of the Life Principle, are within the curative range of this wonderful Modern Chemistry, and a few days' use will prove to any person using it for either of these forms of disease its potent power to cure them. If the patient, daily becoming reduced by the wastes and decomposition that is continually progressing, succeeds in arresting these wastes, and repairs the same with new material made from healthy blood, and this the Sarsaparillian will and does secure, a cure is certain; for, when once this remedy commences its work of purification and succeeds in diminishing the loss of wastes, its repairs will be rapid, and every day the patient will feel himself growing better and stronger, the food digesting better, appetite improving, and flesh and weight increasing.

Not only does the **SARSAPARILLIAN RESOLVENT** excel all known and remedial agents in the cure of Chronic, Scrofulous, Constitutional, and Skin Diseases, but it is the only positive cure for **KIDNEY AND BLADDER COMPLAINTS,** Urinary, and Womb Diseases, Gravel, Diabetes, Dropsy, Stoppage of Water, Incontinence of Urine, Bright's Disease, Albuminuria, and in all cases where there are brick-dust deposits, or the water is thick, cloudy, mixed with substance like the white of an egg, or threads like white silk, or there is a morbid, dark, bilious appearance, and white bone-dust deposits and when there is a pricking, burning sensation when passing water, and pain in the Small of the Back and along the Loins.
Sold by all Druggists. 6--17 z

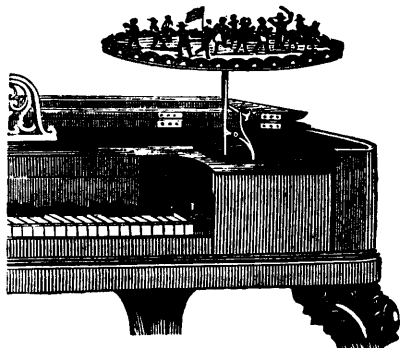
NEW YORK AND BOSTON PIANO-FORTE COMPANY.

THOMAS A. HAINES, Manager.

Christmas and New Year's Greeting TO THE PUBLIC OF MONTREAL.

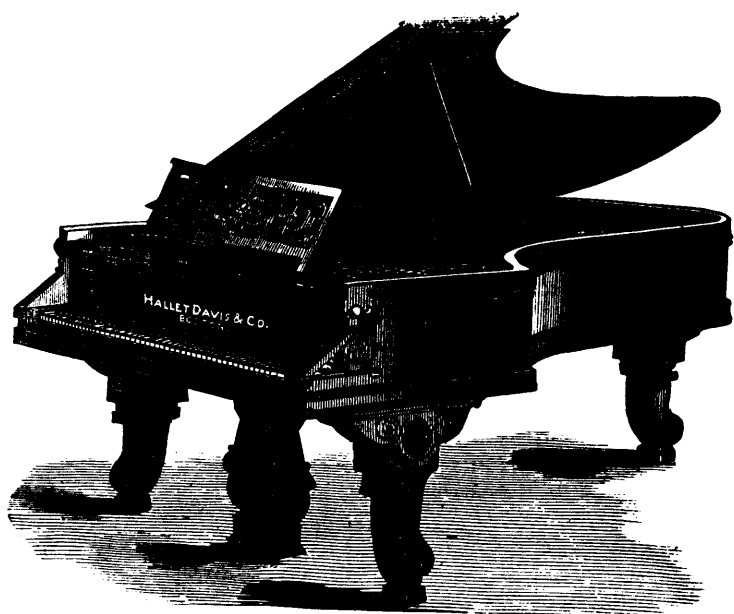
432, NOTRE DAME STREET, 432.

TERPSICHOREAN ATTACHMENT, FOR PIANOS.



BEARS, GOATS, &c., &c. SOLD SEPARATELY, FIGURES SUCH AS:

Pianos, Organs, &c., sold at the old prices during the Holidays.



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HALLET, DAVIS & CO.'S PIANOS, BOSTON, MASS.

HUMMING-BIRD, PARLOR GEM, AND ORGANS FROM \$80 UPWARDS

All parties buying PIANOS will have them at the old price till the close of the Holidays. Afterwards an advance will take place. Terms liberal, and every effort made to meet the views of purchasers, by paying in instalments.

6-25 e

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DR. J. COLLIS BROWNE'S CHLORODYNE.

THE ORIGINAL AND ONLY GENUINE.

CHLORODYNE is admitted by the Profession to be the most wonderful and valuable remedy ever discovered.

CHLORODYNE is the best remedy known for Coughs, Consumption, Bronchitis, Asthma, Fever, Croup, Ague.

CHLORODYNE acts like a charm in Diarrhoea, and is the only specific in Cholera and Dysentery.

CHLORODYNE effectually cuts short all attacks of Epilepsy, Hysteria, Palpitation, and Spasms.

CHLORODYNE is the only palliative in Neuralgia, Rheumatism, Gout, Cancer, Toothache, Meningitis, &c.

From LORD FRANCIS CONYNGHAM, Mount Charles, Donegal: 17th December, 1868.

Lord Francis Conyngham, who this time last year bought some of Dr. J. Collis Browne's Chlorodyne from Mr. Davenport, and has found it a most wonderful medicine, will be glad to have half-a-dozen bottles sent at once to the above address.

Earl Russell communicated to the College of Physicians that he received a dispatch from Her Majesty's Consul at Manila, to the effect that Cholera has been raging fearfully, and that the ONLY remedy of any service was CHLORODYNE.—See *Lancet*, 1st December, 1864.

CAUTION.—BEWARE OF PRACY AND IMITATIONS. The Inventor of CHLORODYNE; that the story of the Defendant, FREEMAN, was deliberately untrue, which, he regretted to say, had been sworn to.—See *Times*, 13th July, 1864.

Sold in Bottles at 1s. 1d., 2s. 9d., 4s. 6d., and 11s. each. None is genuine without the words 'DR. J. COLLIS BROWNE'S CHLORODYNE' on the Government Stamp. Overwhelming Medical Testimony accompanies each bottle.

SOLE MANUFACTURER—J. T. DAVENPORT, 33 GREAT RUSSELL STREET, BLOOMSBURY, LONDON. 6-12f2m

IMPORTANT TO PARTIES OWNING OR USING MACHINERY.

STOCK'S CELEBRATED EXTRA MACHINE OIL.

THIS OIL has been in very general use in Ontario for the past two years, and with the greatest satisfaction, as may be seen by testimonials from many of the leading Houses in Ontario. It will not thicken in cold weather.

From the JOSEPH HALL WORKS, Oshawa: I consider Mr. Stock's Oil cheaper at \$1.00 per gallon than Olive Oil at 50 cents. Yours respectfully, F. W. GLEN, President.

Sold in quantities to suit purchasers at Messrs. LYMANS, CLARE & CO., 32, 34, & 36, St. Paul Street, Montreal, where the testimonials of the principal consumers of Oil in Ontario can be seen. 5-8 tf

NEW YORK & BOSTON PIANO-FORTE COMPANY,

432, NOTRE DAME STREET, MONTREAL. Sole Agents for the Celebrated HALLET DAVIS & Co.'s Piano-fortes, Boston, U. S.; W. H. JEWETT & Co.'s Piano-fortes, Boston, U. S.; GEO. WOOD & Co.'s Parlour and Vestry Organs, Boston, U. S.; WEBER & Co.'s well-known Piano-fortes, warranted for five years.

THOMAS A. HAINES, MANAGER. SPLENDID STOCK OF PIANOS & ORGANS. Pianos for Hire. Organs for Hire. Pianos exchanged. Repairs properly done. Pianos sold on instalments.

Remember the place—432, Notre Dame St., next door to the Recollet House. CHEAPEST INSTRUMENTS IN MONTREAL. 5-16 ss

THE MARION WATCHES, Manufactured by THE UNITED STATES WATCH COMPANY, are unsurpassed as Reliable Timekeepers.

Read the following certificates from railroad men who have tested them:—

"UTICA, N. Y., Feb. 14, 1870. Watch No. 2617—bearing Trade Mark 'Fayette Stratton, Marion, N. J.'—has been carried by me twelve months; its total variation from mean time being fifteen seconds. I. VROOMAN, Engineer N. Y. C. & H. K. R."

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"Watch No. 1064, Stem Winder—bearing Trade Mark 'Frederic Atherton & Co., Marion, N. J.'—manufactured by United States Watch Co., has been carried by me fifteen months; its total variation from mean time being only one second per month. WILLARD DERBY, Of Derby, Snow & Prentiss, Jersey City, N. J."

"Watch No. 2183—bearing Trade Mark 'Fayette Stratton, Marion, N. J.'—has been carried by me fifteen months; its total variation from mean time being thirty seconds. W. DUNNE, Baggage Express, Utica, N. Y."

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A large stock of the above Watches on hand, Stem Winders or Key Winders, in every style of Gold and Silver Cases, by

JOHN WOOD & SON, 325 Notre Dame Street, Montreal.

The Trade supplied at Manufacturers' wholesale prices. Fine Jewellery always in Stock. 5-24 tf

MARAVILLA COCOA.

OPINIONS OF THE PRESS. "Those who have not yet tried Maravilla will do well to do so."—*Morning Post*. "It may justly be called the PERFECTION OF PREPARED COCOA."—*British Medical Journal*.

MARAVILLA COCOA.

The *Globe* says: "TAYLOR BROTHERS' MARAVILLA COCOA has achieved a thorough success, and surpasses every other Cocoa in the market. Entire solubility, a delicate aroma, and a rare concentration of the parent elements of nutrition, distinguish the Maravilla Cocoa above all others. For Invalids and Dyspeptics, we could not recommend a more agreeable or valuable beverage."

HOMOEOPATHIC COCOA.

This original preparation has attained a world-wide reputation, and is manufactured by TAYLOR BROTHERS, under the ablest HOMOEOPATHIC advice aided by the skill and experience of the inventors, and will be found to combine in an eminent degree the purity, fine aroma, and nutritious property of the FRESH NUT.

SOLUBLE CHOCOLATE.

MADE IN ONE MINUTE WITHOUT BOILING.

THE ABOVE ARTICLES are prepared exclusively by TAYLOR BROTHERS, the largest manufacturers in Europe, and sold in tin-lined packets only, by Storekeepers and others all over the world. Steam Mills, Brick Lane, London. Export Chicory Mills, Bruges, Belgium. 5-19 ss

SIGNOR HAZAZER'S ACADEMY OF

DANCING AND DEPORTMENT, ST. CATHERINE and UNIVERSITY STREETS OPENED ON SATURDAY, SEPT. 14th.

Circulars can be had at Mr. Prince's and Mr. DeZouche's Music Stores; also, at Messrs. Dawson and Hill's Book Stores. Address Box 720, Post Office.

Sig. J. HAZAZER's Book of Etiquette and Dances for sale at Messrs. DeZouche's and Prince's Music Stores, and also at Mr. Hill's Book Store. 6-13 q

CERTIFICATE FROM MR. ALFRED

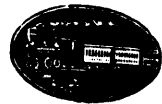
KNUCKLE, American House, St. Joseph Street:—

MONTREAL, March 7th, 1872. DEAR SIR,—I was afflicted during the beginning of this winter with a most severe COLD, attended with incessant COUGHING and DIFFICULTY OF BREATHING, which reduced me so low that many persons supposed I could never recover. I tried a great many things, which were given me both by my doctors and friends; but did not receive any benefit from anything until I commenced using your 'HOARHOUD AND CHERRY BALSAM,' which seemed to give me relief immediately. I continued using it until I was completely cured, and now I believe I am as well as I ever was in my life. I would gladly recommend it to any person suffering from a similar complaint. Almost anybody who knows me can certify to the above. ALFRED KNUCKLE. MR. RICHMOND FENCER, Chemist, corner of McGill and Notre Dame Streets.

INSOLVENT ACT OF 1869

And its Amendments. CANADA. Province of Quebec, } SUPERIOR COURT. District of Montreal. The undersigned has filed in the office of this Court a consent by his Creditors to his discharge, and on FRIDAY, the SEVENTENTH Day of FEBRUARY next, A. D., 1873, he will apply to the said Court for a confirmation of the discharge thereby effected. Montreal, 11th Dec. 1872. PIERRE GRAVEL, By CASSIDY & LAPOSTOLLE, His Attorneys ad litem. 6-24 e

CANADA CENTRAL Brockville & Ottawa Railways.



GREAT BROAD GAUGE ROUTE TO OTTAWA.

ON AND AFTER MONDAY MAY 20, 1872.

TRAINS WILL RUN AS FOLLOWS:— LEAVE BROCKVILLE.

EXPRESS at 8:00 A.M., arriving at Ottawa at 1:00 P.M., and at Sand Point at 1:40 P.M. MAIL TRAIN at 3:50 P.M., arriving at Sand Point at 9:45 P.M.

THROUGH OTTAWA EXPRESS at 3:20 P.M., making a certain connection with Grand Trunk Day Express from the East and West, arriving at Ottawa at 7:20 P.M.

LEAVE OTTAWA. THROUGH WESTERN EXPRESS at 10:00 A.M., arriving at Brockville at 1:50 P.M., and connecting with Grand Trunk Day Express going East and West.

BOAT EXPRESS at 4:20 P.M., arriving at Brockville at 9:35 P.M., and at Sand Point at 8:10 P.M. EXPRESS at 6:20 P.M., arriving at Sand Point at 9:45 P.M.

ARRIVE AT SAND POINT at 1:40 P.M., 8:10 P.M., and 9:45 P.M.

LEAVE SAND POINT at 6:00 A.M., 11:40 A.M., and 3:30 P.M.

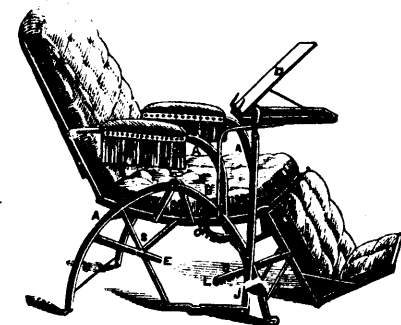
Trains on Canada Central and Perth Branch make certain connections with all Trains on B. and O. Railway. Connections made at Sand Point with Steamers to and from Pembroke, Portage du Fort, &c.

Freight loaded with despatch, and NO TRANSHIPMENT WHEN IN CAR LOADS.

H. ABBOTT, Manager. 5-21 tf

Brockville, 16th May, 1872.

WILSON'S



ADJUSTABLE CHAIR The Novelty of the Age!

AN INGENUOUS PIECE OF MECHANISM, WHICH CAN BE ARRANGED IN THIRTY POSITIONS, AND CONVERTED INTO AN Invalid, Parlour, Library, Reading, Writing, Reclining, Smoking, Student's, Physician's, and Dentist's Chair, or a Lounge, Bed and Child's Crib and Swing.

Circulars with explanatory diagrams sent free on application. Orders by mail, or otherwise, receive prompt attention, and Chairs carefully and securely packed, shipped to any address on receipt of price, or forwarded by express, payable on delivery.

DR. N. A. SMITH & CO.,

Sole Manufacturers and Agents for the Dominion of Canada, 241, St. James Street, MONTREAL, P.Q. 6-14 m

BABCOCK

FIRE EXTINGUISHER.

BEST PROTECTION AGAINST FIRE.

\$10,000,000.00

worth of property saved.

Over 1200 actual fires put out with it.

Send for "Its Record."

F. W. FARWELL, Secretary.

407, BROADWAY, NEW YORK.

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GRAY'S

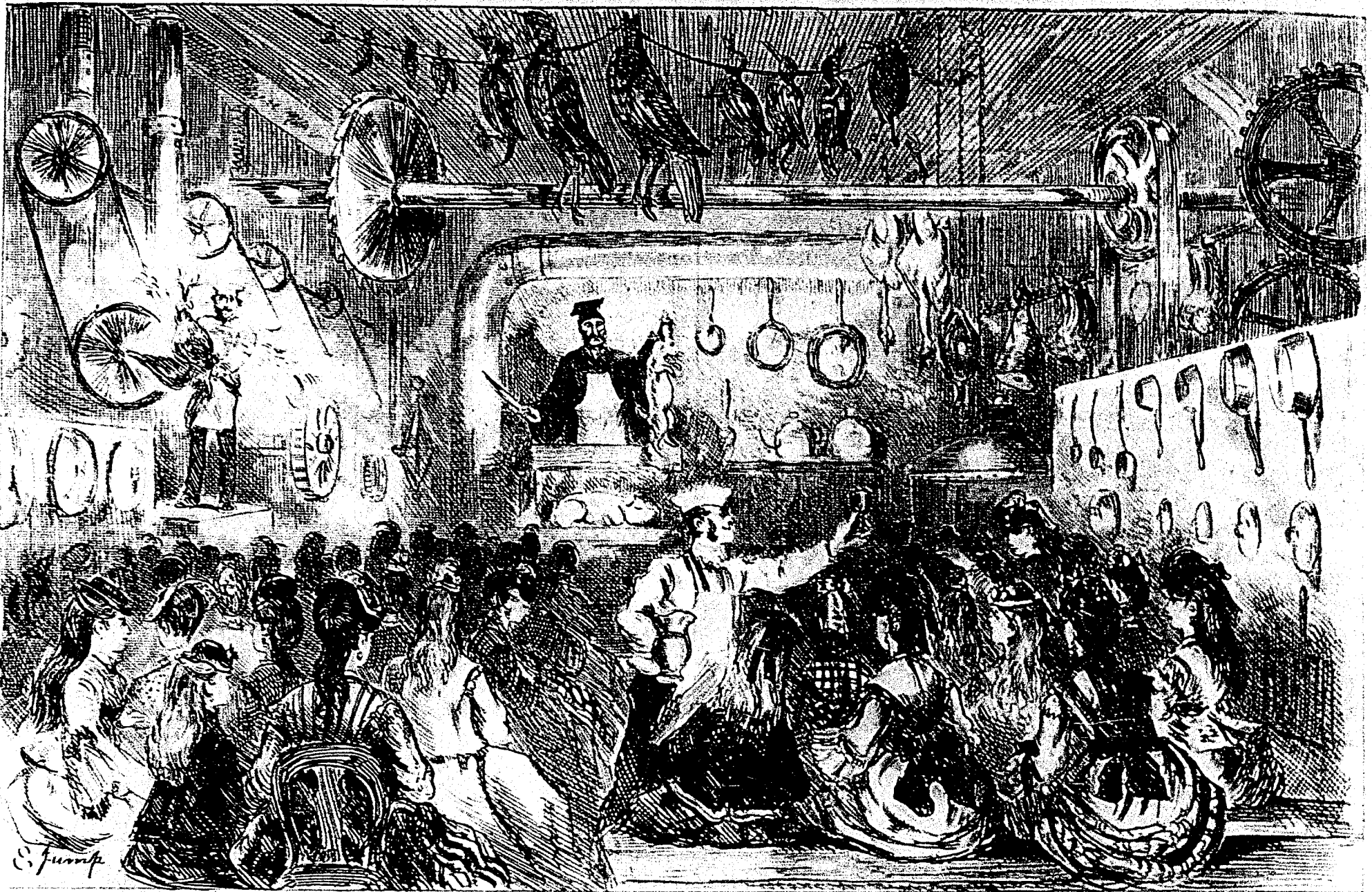
Syrup of Red Spruce Gum.

Prepared from Canadian Red Spruce Gum.

BALSAMIC, SOOTHING, EXPECTORANT, ANTISPASMODIC AND TONIC. (Delicious flavour.)

A sovereign remedy for Coughs, Colds, Hoarseness, and Throat affections generally. For sale at all Druggists. 25 Cents per bottle. Sole manufacturer, HENRY R. GRAY, Chemist, 6-10 z MONTREAL.

THE DOMESTIC QUESTION AS DEVELOPED AT RECENT MEETINGS.—From sketches by E. Jump.



THE PROPOSED CULINARY CLASS AT THE UNIVERSITY

PROFESSOR.—"The Baron of Beef requires exposure for some hours to a Temperature of from 289° to 360° Centigrade. It is important to retain the Kreatine and Kreatinine in the exuded juices, partially converting them by Torrefaction into Osmazome which is a highly nutritious Amide, for which the Carbonaceous Caramel is an insipid and worthless substitute."



RETURNING FROM THE LECTURE.

MAMMA.—"Well, girls, tell me all about the lecture."
 LUCY.—"Oh, mamma, isn't this funny"—reads, "In the manufacture of Ice Creams, the object is rapidly to deprive water of its latent heat and reduce it to a crystalline solid."
 AMELIA.—"How it makes one's mouth water. I call it a 'crystalline delight.'"
 MAMMA.—"My dear, I never heard of latent heat; it must be 'Patent Heat.' I know somebody advertises a Patent Freezing Machine; but Heat's a funny name for a refrigerator."



SCIENCE AT A DISCOUNT.

COOK.—"Please 'm, I've come down to give you notice once more, for the likes o' this I never did see, nor will I stand. 'Ere's Miss Amelie a poking her glass thing-a-bob inter my mince pies to try their tempers, and well I knows as it tries mine, a lettin' down the 'eats and coolin' the hoven. Has for Perfesser Cook, I'm tired o' 'earin' of 'm, and I don't b'lieve there's no sich person as 'ud talk sich nonsense."



A MERRY CHRISTMAS, DARLING!

(Written for the Canadian Illustrated News.)

"WEE WIFIE'S" CHRISTMAS-BOX.

A CHRISTMAS STORY.

Such a tiny fairy of a woman as it was! Seated on a low footstool before the open coal stove, gazing with intent yet dreamy eyes into its glowing depths. And such a snug little room! and such a queer little doll's-house of a place altogether! Evidently not intended as the residence of people of unlimited means, or of very large family, for it consisted of but three rooms: parlor, bedroom, and kitchen, all of the smallest dimensions and most exquisite neatness. To be sure there was the attic, but even Tom Thumb could not consider it lofty.

Not a very grandly furnished house either, I am afraid, but with an air of taste not always discerned in the mansions of the wealthy, which caused the little woman's husband to say fondly that his wee wife's skill and ingenuity would have been quite thrown away had they possessed a fortune.

I am sure the crimson carpet of that little room was drugged, but ah! how warm and cozy it looked in the snowy twilight, with the glow of the bright coal fire upon it! I have a suspicion that that comfortable lounge in the corner would have looked guilty if charged with having been a packing-box in its day; but willing little fingers, aided by fresh straw and more of that invaluable drugged, had transformed it, and when the finishing touch was added by stronger fingers bordering it with bright brass-headed nails, it would take very acute eyes to discover its origin. So thought wee wife and her husband. And the arm-chair one side the little open stove had certainly belonged at one time to the large family of flour barrels; but who would have recognized it in its neat chintz dress? after having been cut into proper shape by "dear old Fred," (who, by the way, was the aforesaid husband).

Three cane-seat chairs, a small round table, now laid with snowy cloth for dinner; a crimson-covered corner stand, on which were placed a few richly-bound books, a silver-mounted flute, and a small work basket, completed the furniture of the room—if we except a cabinet-sized painting, hanging frameless against the wall, the portrait of a beautiful lady of middle age, with soft brown wavy hair, crowned with costly lace, and having a rich brunette complexion, and tender brown eyes. About this picture hung an evergreen wreath, and clusters of evergreens decorated the room. For this was Christmas Eve, and wee wife sat in state to receive her husband,—or tried to, I should say. And she might have succeeded had it not been for the irrepressible state of delight into which she was flung by every fresh trip to the little kitchen, and peep into the oven, where, comfortably skewered down, and looking as if he were hugging himself with delight at the situation, a plump, well-stuffed chicken was doing to a charm.

"Dear old Fred," she murmured, as she flitted about the table rearranging the plain white ware and letting the fire-light glimmer on the few silver teaspoons which were her own, and looked strangely out of place, with their crest and stately name among their commoner associates. "Dear old Fred: how I wish I could give him a Christmas-box! How late he has to work, poor boy, even on Christmas Eve! And oh! how hungry he will be!" And she laughed with delighted pride as she thought of his astonishment at the chicken and her wonderful bargain. For he had given her money for the express purpose of buying a turkey for their Christmas dinner, and she had actually got the two for a smaller sum. And with the money left she should have a plum pudding. Such a housekeeper as she was growing to be, and so good at a bargain.

Little she thought how her sweet eager face and scanty little purse had touched the old farmer's heart, making him think of his girl at home about her age, and all the plenty that surrounded her. "I've had a beautiful harvest," he thought, "and I will help her to a merry Christmas. I'd give them to her if I dare, but she is a proud little lady, spite of the thin purse," and he named a sum that would not buy the chicken, and actually brought them to her door.

"A queer little nest," he told them at home, "built right against the old stone church, and the organist practising for Christmas, made the little house tremble with the noise."

But now the little woman sinks down upon her ottoman before the fire, with a murmured wonder "why *Judy* does not come," and before following her thoughts, which are wondering afar off, let me describe her to you.

Small and delicate in figure to an unusual degree, with a bright brunette complexion, and the same tender brown eyes which look out from the picture over her head; wavy brown hair, which will curl spite of her attempts at a matronly back comb, and sweet coral lips, which gave her a child-like look, though she is twenty-five!

She is thinking of that, and her thoughts go wandering backward, backward to many a Christmas Eve long past.

She sees—poring into the coals with dreamy eyes—a stately man-in on the bank of a broad river, a long avenue of giant live oaks, heavily bearded with lengths of silvery-grey moss, leads from the gate-way up to its vine-shaded veranda. She sees the group of whitewashed cabins off to the right—among the pines and magnolia trees. She can almost hear the shout and laugh of negro voices and the merry tones of the violin.

She sees her father, stately, courteous, hospitable, his heavy white hair thrown carelessly back from his broad brow, his gray moustache giving him the air of an old-time cavalier, chatting on the veranda with a group of city friends, who are spending Christmas in the country. She sees her delicate lady mother (and her eyes linger lovingly on the frameless portrait on the wall.) How all eyes follow her as she glides about dispensing kind words and bounteous hospitality. And her brother Rolf and herself, children then, chasing each other on the lawn, with a dozen dusky little followers joining in the sport. Ah! she remembers well the beautiful picture of the sun-set sky, the broad, glowing river, with its green strokes of singing negroes, a huge flat boat was gliding, with a patient crowd of sleek cattle, whose nightly pasture ground was there.

And she glances with an involuntary shiver through the window at the lead-coloured sky, which gives promise of a snow-storm ere the morning. Again she sees her father's city home, all of luxury that wealth and taste could supply, within its walls. It is Christmas Eve, and all the wealth and

fashion of the city is gathered there to honour her first appearance in society. How well she remembers her last look in the cheval glass that night, fresh from the hands of her maid, while her old nurse Judy stood beaming with delight. Rose-coloured silk, white lace, and diamonds; the family diamonds. How like a dream it is now!

And her conquests, and her gaiety in Washington that winter! How far away it seems. What an intoxicating time it was! and how she enjoyed the next two years in Europe, with Rolf—who had completed his education there—as guide. He came home with them, and then she began to notice the cloud no bigger than a man's hand, which ended in such a storm! Father and brother were both deeply interested in politics. Christmas Eve was strangely quiet that year, for both were away; and, ere another, the storm had burst in all its fury. Ports blocked; Sumpter taken; Bull Run fought; her father, by virtue of his West Point education, in command of a regiment; her brother second in command. What a year that was! spent in prayerful hope for the cause and the dear ones, spent in learning patience and faith in God from the dear mother.

Early next year her father was brought home with an arm shot off, and other wounds requiring long nursing; but they heard of her brother's bravery and promotion to cheer them on another Christmas Eve. Next year they were all in the country—their city home despoiled of all its carpets and curtains to make blankets for their brave soldiers, and the most of their silver melted up in the good cause. And then, while her father was failing in strength, word came of her brother's death at the head of a wild charge on a western battlefield. Oh! the dumb, hopeless agony of that Christmas Eve!

And the mother, whose heart was bound up in her boy, began to fail. And the negroes were all gone, except faithful old Mamma Judy, who loved her nursing more than freedom; and old Uncle Simon, who was her father's foster brother and servant, true to his massa to the end. And the weary days dragged on full of disaster to the cause, for which a devoted people had sacrificed so much. Her father was almost hopeless; her mother grown prophetic in the near approach of death, saying mournfully, "It is a lost cause, Dora, and the end is not yet."

Then came news of Sherman's march toward the sea. She remembered the helpless horror that possessed them. Oh! if Rolf had been spared to them escape might have been possible.

Escape was possible for one of them, and all other fears were swallowed up in the near approach of that silent messenger who was to bear her precious mother to the peaceful land.

And the child-like face grows pale and hard as she thinks of that night of horror, when they watched beside the dying bed, and she heard the tramp of many feet up the long avenue. Her father in helpless grief, knelt beside the pillow. Old Mamma, with covered head, was rocking back and forth with passionate ejaculations of sorrow; and in a corner, with the moonlight on his bowed white head, old Simon was praying with the tearless earnestness of the old, "Oh Lord, give de poor lamb strength for de trial," she heard him say, and then came a summons at the door, which rolled through the great empty house like the voice of thunder.

She sprung up; at any cost the dying must not be disturbed; and with no thought but this she flitted through the broad hall and flung open the door. She saw a crowd of upturned faces, and flashing bayonets in the moonlight. The dark, stern face of the commanding officer met her defiant, tearless eye. Involuntarily, as it were, she recoiled and removed his cap.

"I beg pardon, madame, we have orders to search this house for the notorious rebel, Col. Arlingford. Men guard the doors!"

For one second all things whirled about her; then, with desperate calmness, she said: "We are watching by my mother's death-bed; do not intrude upon us to-night; take all the house-articles, but leave us to our dying." His stern face softened, perhaps he remembered a mother's grave among the snow-covered hills of the North. "I can give you till morning," he said, "though the house will be carefully guarded. Warn your father to make no attempt to escape."

Escaped he did not even know his danger, as he knelt watching the light die out of the eyes he loved.

At the first gleam of morning light she started upon them all and fell asleep. But not alone! Oh! not alone did she go forth upon that voyage whose port is peace. For when her husband comprehended his loss, he lifted up his face to heaven, (that face grown so old and bagged in a single night that his daughter scarcely knew it) and crying with a pitiful voice, "All lost! wife, son, and cause!" his heart was broken, and he fell dead beside the bed.

Even in her terrible sorrow, she felt a thrill of defiant gladness. Safe! safe! she thought: they cannot take him now. Like a dream she remembered all that followed—the graves under the magnolias, the old home as it was left by the lawless soldiers; windows broken, valuable articles "confiscated," furniture broken up for firewood, her father's portrait thrust through by some insolent hand, her mother's deprived of its frame, and the lawn dug up in various directions in the search for hidden treasures. And then taking a last look, she went forth into the desolate world with only old Mamma to care for her.

By the aid of a Federal officer, who had been her father's college friend, she was enabled, after many trials, to reach Canada, and in her City of Refuge found acquaintances who had fled from the South long before. By their assistance she obtained a situation as nursery governess and music teacher in a wealthy family; while Mamma Judy, quite content to be near her nursing, supported herself by taking in washings at her humble lodgings. And now "wee wife's" face loses its hard expression, and the eyes grow soft and dreamy as she thinks of the quiet year, so grateful after her troubles. Her duties were light, her pupils loved her, and she loved music as flowers do the sunshine. And then—then she met dear old Fred. And he, just home from a German University at Christmas time last year, introduced the German custom of the Christmas-tree for his little sisters' amusement. With snowy hair and beard, and fantastic garb, dispensing gifts and bonbons to the assembled guests, not forgetting the quiet little governess, surrounded by shrieking, laughing, children.

Poor Fred! he was nearly through his law studies, but not independent of his father. Why did he haunt the sad-eyed girl in nursery and school-room? Why join her at piano and

organ, with that splendid voice, till she heard it in her very dreams? Why? because it was fate he told her one night in the dim twilight of the music room, and while he was pleading passionately that she would be his promised wife! Even while he was kissing the little hands which strove to free themselves, a stately step was heard, and a wrathful form stood before them. How the little wife's face glowed as she remembered the withering, blighting words that woman—and mother—showered upon an orphan head.

A lady by virtue of wealth alone, she scorned poverty as crime; and "her son was to elevate, not lower the family."

A few hours after, as she was sobbing out her grief on her faithful nurse's bosom, there came the step which she knew so well at the humble door. And a glad voice said—"I have left them all, little Dora, henceforth there is no one in the world for me but my 'wee wife!'"

What could she do? He had quarrelled past reconciliation with his family—and her own heart pleaded for him, she was so lonely! So the end of much entreaty was that she became his wife and mistress of this tiny mansion, and Fred, through a friend's influence, got a situation in a wholesale house with a chance of promotion. And, oh! how happy she had been these short six months! the glad tears came to her eyes at thought of such perfect peace, after so much sorrow.

But a tramping of snowy feet at the kitchen door, made her start and exclaim how "late" it was! as a shining black face thrust itself into the room, followed by a warmly muffled figure, bearing unmistakable witness of the snow-storm outside, and a cheery voice exclaimed, "Yah! yah! Heh! heh! I 'clare to goodness the chile's a settin here in the dark! thinking o' her husband, I'll be bound, an lettin de fire go clean out! Lucky ole mamma's live to see to ye, Honey!"

"Why, Judy! where have you been? I thought you was going to spend the day with me as well as to-morrow," exclaimed she. "You were gone when I came from market."

"Laws, yes! chile," said the old woman—hiding a very beaming face in the oven, on pretence of seeing how the chicken was "doing." "De markets com'd home, an I got de house tidy and de chicken ready, an den a strange gentleman as wanted a lot o' things done 'fore Christmas Day—he offered me sich big wage I was 'bleeged to go, Honey! But I's well paid, I low dat! I done got a nice Christmas-box for you an Massa Fred, an plenty left, heh! heh!"

"But, Judy, how often have I told you never to spend your earnings on us?"

"Laws, chile! who else I got to care fer, hay? but it's mos 8 o'clock! Massa Fred's late to-night."

Just then the little house trembled, as if about to take wings for an upward flight. And the organ and choir of the old church burst forth in glad unison—practising that joyful Hymn—

"While Angels watched their flocks by night!"

And the little wife, listening in the window with a heart full of unexpressed gratitude for her present happiness, saw that the storm-clouds had vanished, and the moon was shining on the white-robed earth, clad for its festival. And dear old Fred was certainly coming in the distance, but not alone! there was a tall heavily wrapped figure with him. Some friend he was bringing to dinner with him! How fortunate about the chicken! And with a last sigh, "Oh! if I could give Fred a Christmas-box!" she turned from the window to see Judy, with a hysterical chuckle, rush wildly to the door, and fling it open, to be caught in her husband's arms and kissed and cooily handed over to the figure in many wraps, who smothered her in kisses and a heavy black board! But she took it very quietly, for she saw at a glance that the brother she had mourned as dead was alive again! the lost was found! and too much joy was near to breaking a heart which had borne many sorrows bravely. She dropped her head on the dear shoulder and fainted quite away. While Judy stood wiping her flowing tears with her check apron and shouting "Glory! glory! tank de Lord I lib to see dis day!" Her energetic efforts soon brought her mistress back to her senses, and soothed the fright of husband and brother. And then clasped close in that recovered brother's arms, she listened and questioned, and wept and rejoiced, while Fred sat with glowing sympathetic face beside her, and Judy dashed in and out in a state of frantic ecstasy, doing the most absurd and unrecalled-for things, and bursting into a chuckle now and then, and a grateful exclamation such as "Tank de Lord! dey Arlingfords hold up dere heads agin now! No Arlingford niver yit born to be poor white trash! abusad so!" When a sudden memory of the oven made her utter a subdued—"Laws me! I recon dat chicken done burn up!" and set her in serious earnest to serve the dinner. But it might have been burned for all that was eaten that night. The little wife's heart was too full of her brother's story, and he too busy recounting it. And though Fred made about attempts at appearing hungry, they usually ended in putting bits of chicken in his tea instead of sugar, and pouring the contents of the milk jar on his plate for gravy.

It was a weary story of suffering and sorrow that Col. Arlingford told them in his deep, sad voice. Wounded and taken prisoner on the battle-field. Long sickness and little care in a Federal hospital. And then the horrors of prison life on Johnson's Island till the close of the war. "At last," he said, "when released, ragged and nearly penniless, to find my parents dead, my estates confiscated, and my sister gone, with no clue to her whereabouts! it made me desperate, reckless! I joined some Southern officers, going to offer their services to Maximilian. But having the good fortune to rescue a wealthy Spanish gentleman and his lovely daughter from the murderous hands of a party of brigands, and thereby winning her love, and his undying gratitude, I resigned war for peace, and strove in the love of Inez—and the care of her father (slowly dying of a wound received in the struggle)—to forget the bitter past. Her father died, leaving us his immense fortune, and weary of that land of strife and commotion, and longing to discover my lost sister—in which wish my wife earnestly joined—we prepared to come North. But on that fatal coast—my Inez, never strong, was attacked with the deadly vomits, and died in my arms." He was quiet for a while, with a look in his face which made Fred clasp his wife's hand closer, with a sudden dread he had never felt before! Then he resumed in a low tone, "I was very ill after that, I believe, but death was not ready for me—there was work for me to do. And when strong enough I sailed for Europe, and then took steamer for Canada, and on board fell in with our old friend Dick Tellfair, who had seen you in this city, knew the facts of your marriage, and gave me your husband's address. The rest is soon told. I resolved to give you a

happy surprise, and pressed your husband and Judy into my service, but knowing the latter could not keep my secret, I fairly carried her off to-day on pretence of helping me. I meant to have made myself a Christmas present to you, Dora, but was too impatient, and here I am!"

"And you actually kept a secret from me, Judy?" said Mrs. Fred, in what she strove to make an injured tone.

"Claro to goodness, Honey," protested Judy, energetically, her yellow turban all awry with excitement. "I couldn't help it! Massa Rolf he done gib me no chance! He say he want you all to dinner to-morrow, an he keep me dat busy my ole bones ache!"

"Yes," interrupted Rolf—"you dine with me to-morrow; at what hour will you be ready, and I will call for you?"

"Not till after morning service," said Dora gently.

"You are right, little sister, we have double cause for thankfulness to-morrow! we will go direct from church. And now, lest the eyes be dim which must look their brightest, I will go to my hotel. Look for me early, and look your prettiest; before to-morrow night you shall have a famous Christmas-box."

But Dora, with brimming eyes, said softly, "I have had my Christmas-box, none so precious in all the city."

And the moon-lit splendours of that Christmas Eve glided softly into the roseate hues of the blessed Christmas morning, and "wee wifie" awoke with such gladness in her heart, that her voice was ringing through the house in Christmas carols long before breakfast, spite of Judy's solemn warning—with spoon in one hand and saucepan in the other, that "she'd cry fore night, sartin." And Fred, with many smiles and kisses, invested his wife in a set of silvery gowns, which made her look, as he declared, like a fairy. And Judy, with a great display of ivory, presented Massa Fred with a pair of gorgeous Indian moccasins, on which all the colours of the rainbow combined to form a long-haired Indian girl with bow and arrow. "Noie, I reckon you comfortable for de winter, sah! You no *cill* to hab cole feet wid dese yere!" And Fred thought with woeeful countenance, that he would be expected to appear at all times, in these objects of her admiration or grieve the faithful creature. He had not forgotten her, and a coarse, but bright warm shawl gladdened her heart, a scarlet and yellow pin-cushion of beads, was then presented to her mistress, and her Christmas ceremonies were over. And now the bells pealed forth their invitations. And crowds of happy-hearted worshippers were thronging the churches, Rolf joined them as they entered the old-fashioned church beside them, and entered heartily into the services. The cheerful, helpful sermon over, they were joined by Judy at the gallery stair, looking in her best clothes, like an animated rainbow, and giving a last peep at the home-ness, to see all was right, Dora was helped by her brother into an elegant sleigh, with prancing grey horses, and liveried driver.

"Why, Rolf," she said, "this must be a private carriage."

"Yes," said he, with an amused smile, "it belongs to a friend of mine."

And resigning herself to the luxury of gliding rapidly over the glittering snow, wrapped in soft furs, she wondered vaguely to which hotel Rolf was taking them? Oh! it was exhilarating! the frosty air, the jingling bells, the crowds of people walking, and driving toward their homes; eager for Christmas cheer! One almost forgot there was poverty, sickness and sorrow in the world, but it was there, though it hid itself like a wounded creature this bright day. And Dora inwardly resolved, if ever Fred was rich, Christmas should be a glad day, in many a poor home! But a glance around showed her the coachman had left the crowded city streets, and was passing the villa residences of the West end, and before she could speak he turned the prancing greys through a great stone gateway, up a semi-circular drive, bordered with evergreens, and stopped at the stone portico of an elegant mansion. With a puzzled, doubtful look, she said "Brother! who's house is this?" "The lady friend's, who own the sleigh," he said smiling, "don't be alarmed! I will soon introduce you." And following her brother, leaning on her husband's arm, she entered the noble hall, and was warmly welcomed by white-headed Uncle Simon, who in black suit and white tie, tried to look dignified, but succeeded only in being joyful. Turning to the right of the hall, upon the tessellated floor of which the light fell from a stained glass dome, Rolf flung open a door—saying, "let me introduce you to my friend"—and led the astonished pair through a stately drawing-room, with window hangings of green velvet and white lace, across a carpet like a field of softest mosses, green and brown with scattered sheafs of lilies of the valley. Dora saw with one bewildered glance that the walls were hung alternately with lofty mirrors and sunny landscapes, with here and there a group of exquisite statuary, she felt the air heavy with the perfume of hot-house flowers, she noticed vaguely the luxurious green velvet couches and chairs, the elegant trifles scattered about; but her brother attentively led the way to the end of the room, where an archway, draped with green velvet, seemed to lead to a smaller room, and grasping the hangings said—"behold my dearest earthly friend, the mistress of this mansion!" One little pang, as she thought, "the brother found was to be lost so soon!" And lifting her eyes they remained fixed in astonishment on a lofty mirror, which filled the arch, and reflected the long room, her brother and husband, herself in the fore-ground. Fred, with a bewildered air, began vigorously pinching himself, not doubting he would wake up presently a poor clerk, on a limited salary. While Dora turned so pale, that Rolf caught her in his arms, saying exultingly, "this is wee wifie's Christmas-box!"

Such excitement as followed when they began to realize it was not a beautiful dream! and fell to inspecting each room in turn. Such a cozy yet elegant library across the hall, books from floor to ceiling: the great bay-window fitted up with massive desk, and crimson-covered chairs and couches. The old-fashioned fire-place was full of blazing logs, and above the bronze mantel clock hung a splendidly illuminated map of the world. Back of this was a noble dining-room, perfect in all its appointments. And opening from it a bright little conservatory, its fragrance and bloom filling Dora with delight. Up the graceful winding stair Rolf led them, first to Dora's suite of rooms, sitting, dressing, and bed-rooms tasteful and cozy, where a maid was waiting to remove her wraps; then the elegant guest chambers were inspected. But the crowning glory of the house to Dora was the music room, with a large stained glass window, scattering tints of purple, scarlet, and gold. Here were piano, organ and harp, and many costly pictures, two panels were vacant, Rolf told her they would be filled with portraits of their parents. And then in answer to their eager questions, how he had managed this great surprise, he told them his friend Tellfair has spoken to him of this house, just finished,

nearly furnished, when the owner died, and it was offered for sale at a price which found no purchaser. He examined it, and found that little was needed to complete it as a home for the little sister who had born poverty so well; and with aid of unlimited money he had worked miracles in a few days. "I determined not to make myself know to you Dora till my gift was in my hand." And now he said: "there is just time to examine my room before dinner. He led the way to a medium sized room whose windows and balcony overhung the garden. It was furnished with almost monastic simplicity; but between the windows and directly fronting the iron bedstead, hung a picture which fixed Dora's attention. It was the life-sized portrait of a beautiful girl, with heavy black hair braided away from a madonna brow, clear, dark oval face, and regular features, without a touch of colour, save the scarlet thread of the lips. She was clad in a robe of white India muslin, and rubies gleamed in his dark hair, and about her delicate wrists and throat; in the massive ebony frame the name "Inez" was set in rubies. "That was your sister" said Rolf, "those were the genius she loved, and it was my fancy to place them there." Over the mantel hung a southern flag draped in crape, and crossed with a gleaming sword, other ornaments it had none. With melancholy eyes upon the picture, he said "you must take the giver with the gift, Dora, he has no other home!"

Who shall paint the glories of that Christmas dinner? or the complacency of old Simon as he took a position behind his master's chair, having followed Rolf to Mexico and back, he felt he was not to be trifled with. As for Judy she told her "Missus" essentially after dinner that she "speted she'd hat to marry de ole fool to git rid of him. He'd ax'd her twenty times since her old man died, and now he'd axed her agin!" After dinner they gathered around the cheerful grate in the music room, and talked softly in the twilight of past, present, and future. "You will not be a portionless wife, Dora, said Rolf, and Fred must proceed with the law-studies which he gave up for the sake of my little sister." And as the glowing coals grew more intense in the darkness, Dora slipped away leaving them to their musings, and seating herself at the piano, while a flood of moonlight fell over her from the window, she touched the keys softly, recalling many tender memories to the hearts of both, and at last after a wild pathetic prelude, she sang a song she had composed in the first days of her exile.

“Lost! lost! all is lost!
Why do I live forlorn?
Loving father, tender mother—
Happy home, and noble brother—
All from me are torn.”

“Lost! lost! the cause we cherished!
Lost the flag we loved.
Trail it low, in dust and ashes—
Never more the cannon crashes
Will it float above!

Lost! lost! the God of Battles
Came not to our aid!
Though we strove as few have striven,
Yet we stand, forlorn, bereaven—
Though we wept and prayed!

Found! found! the Peace which passes
All we understand!
Grant that peace, O Lord, we pray thee,
May pervade the Land!
The peace of God which passes all
That we can understand!”

She ceased, and joining them at the fire, she too tried out a future in the glowing depths. Let us follow the thoughts of each for a moment. The husband saw a pathway opened before him, by which the highest honours of his country were possible to him; he saw himself honored and respected, his wife admired and beloved; children, and children's children gathering about him, brightening and cheering his pathway to the grave, and at the last closing his eyes with the deep grief, felt only for the noblest and truest of mankind. The wife saw a lowlier path of household cares, and joys and duties, she saw the sick nursed, the sad comforted, the poor and the sinful, helped, she saw God's guiding hand in everything, and all the pathway to the grave was Peace. And Rolf saw a grave on a lonely sea-shore in a strange land; he saw himself but the steward of his immense wealth, doing what good he could in his day and generation—and, at the last—Inez and Heaven.

(Written for the Canadian Illustrated News.)

A MERRY CHRISTMAS AT LAST.

By J. F. BALLANTYNE.

I.

"Ugh! this weather is enough to make a saint swear. I'll be — blessed if I stay another winter in Montreal. I'll go south again."

The speaker, Mr. John Hatton, popularly known by his intimate friends as Jack Hatton, was a tall, slender, dark-hued son of Maryland. Whenever the weather was not precisely suited to his taste he habitually gave vent to his feelings in the above threat. He had done so for four years and was quite liable to do so for ten more. The place was Jack's apartments on St. James street, "Bachelor's Paradise" it had been christened. The time was seven o'clock in the evening of the twenty-first day of December, eighteen hundred and something.

Having relieved his mind by his usual threat, Jack proceeded to divest himself of his cap, overcoat and boots. The cap he carefully deposited on the floor in one corner of the room, the coat found a resting place on an adjacent chair, and the boots were ignominiously thrust under the centre table. He then donned smoking cap, dressing gown and slippers, filled one of the brownest of meerschaums with tobacco, seated himself in a large easy chair, placed his feet upon the mantel and gave himself up to the enjoyment of a "good square smoke," as he termed it. For some minutes he puffed in silence and lazily watched the smoke as it curled upwards to the ceiling. An expression of ineffable contentment gradually settled upon his face and he began to soliloquize.

"Let me see. This is the twenty-first and Tuesday will be Christmas. Wonder how I'll manage to amuse myself. Suppose I'll feel awfully dull. Generally do on Christmas. I wish——"

Just what Jack was about to wish will probably remain forever a mystery, for at this moment his soliloquy was interrupted by a knock at the door.

"Come in, come in," he called out, without moving from his comfortable position. "Don't stand out there all night in the cold."

The door opened and Harrie Sinclair entered.

"Well, Jack, you look comfortable, I must say."

"That you, Harrie? Yes, I do feel comfortable. Nothing like it, I assure you. Take a chair."

Harrie had not waited for this invitation, but, having divested himself of overcoat and cap, was busily engaged in filling a fac-simile of the meerschaum that Jack was so hugely enjoying.

"By the way, Jack, I've got a note for you. Mrs. Carusi charged me with its delivery."

"Toss it over. Ah! thanks. Um! Mrs. Carusi requests the pleasure of Mr. Hatton's company to meet a few friends on Christmas Eve. Yes. Just so. What do you say, Harrie, shall we go?"

"I intend to be there, if possible," responded Harrie.

"Who shall we probably meet, do you know?"

"Well, no. The usual crowd, I imagine. Oh yes, I forgot. There will be one young lady present whom you have never met, Miss Grace Martin, an old sweetheart of mine."

"An old sweetheart of yours, Harrie?"

"Yes, I was once engaged to her, but we had a misunderstanding and separated."

"And you immediately turned your attention to that little red-haired Quebec girl, to whom you now stand committed?"

"I say, Jack, you ought not to speak that way of a lady you have never seen. Mary Graham is a noble woman, and her hair is not red: it is a beautiful auburn."

"Well, well, old fellow, excuse me. I meant no harm. But that curl you showed me is certainly red. Your eyes are blind: I by love and all that sort of nonsense. You are not an impartial judge."

"Oh, have it your own way if it pleases you."

With this remark Harrie knocked the ashes out of his pipe, reached for his overcoat and prepared to take his departure.

"Off already, Harrie? What's your hurry? Can't you take another pipe?"

"No, thanks, I must go. I have some work that must be finished immediately, so good-night. I suppose I'll see you at Carusi's?"

"Yes, I think I shall go. I'm rather anxious to have a look at Miss Martin."

As the door closed on his friend, Jack laughed quietly to himself.

"A young lady whom I never met. I rather guess he'd be somewhat surprised if he knew that I travelled all through Italy with her party, and had heard all about that little affair before I ever saw him. What a fool he was. By Jove, I wish I had had his chance. I do, sure as my name is Jack Hatton."

So saying he refilled the brown meerschaum, took a book from the shelf and settled into his usual attitude to read.

II.

The "few friends" whom Mrs. Carusi had invited Mr. Hatton to meet proved to be a large and brilliant assemblage. The spacious parlours of "The Evergreens" were well filled with guests, and the evening was passing merrily away in a round of dances.

Jack and Harrie were both present, the former in his usual exuberant spirits which nothing seemed to depress, the other in a rather unenviable state of mind. Three years ago that night Harrie Sinclair and Grace Martin had plighted their troth and in another year were to have been married. Some little misunderstanding, however, had intervened and Harrie in a passion had demanded release from his vows. Grace, too proud to plead, had quietly removed the ring from her finger and handed it to him, and all was over. She had immediately afterwards left for Europe and but one week had now elapsed since her return. He, during her absence, fancying that his affections had at last found their true object, had proposed to a young lady in Quebec, who after some slight hesitation had accepted him. Two weeks ago he had written to her urging that an early day might be fixed upon for the consummation of their happiness. The answer to this letter had been, to say the least, peculiar. While she assured him of her affection, she had not, she wrote, his hopeful confidence in the future. She should die without his love, but her only wish was for his happiness. She feared she could not fill the place that a wife should fill, and if he could only find some one who would enter into all his little plans and projects for the future with the interest she should, but did not feel, no murmur would escape her lips. She loved him too dearly not to value his happiness beyond her own. Harrie was perplexed. He had said nothing to call for such a response. He certainly loved her and her alone, and she assured him of her entire affection, yet she feared to marry him. He wrote again and demanded an explanation. Only that morning he had received, not an explanation, but what might be construed into an apology for her previous letter. This only added to Harrie's perplexity. All day long he had pondered over the question. "Does she really love me?" And then a second question arose unbidden to his mind. "Do I really love her?" Neither could he answer satisfactorily, and when evening came he went, sorely against his inclination, to "The Evergreens" with the two questions still racking his brain.

It was quite late when the two friends met.

"Well, Jack, have you been presented to her?"

"To whom do you refer?"

"Why, to Miss Martin, of course. Have you seen her? What do you think of her?"

"Perfectly divine. She dances like a fairy. Ah! there goes the 'Beautiful Blue Danube.' I must be off. She has promised me this waltz."

And Jack hurried away and soon glided with Miss Martin, past Harrie in such perfect harmony with the spirit of the aesthetic composer that the music and the dancers seemed inseparable. Jack's dancing was the admiration of all the women and the envy of the men, and he did not overrate Miss Martin when he compared her to a fairy. As they floated around the room more than one couple paused to watch their easy, graceful movements, and the dowagers nodded approvingly to one another and whispered that they seemed made for each other and wondered if it could possibly fail to be a match.

And Harrie, as they glided past him again and again, was struck with the same idea. At the thought his heart almost ceased to beat and the conviction flashed upon him that all





AFTER MURILLO.

CANADIAN ILLUSTRATED NEWS, 25TH DECEMBER, 1872

THE GOOD SHEPHERD.

"Pascuis Dominus et amabilis nimis."

these years he had been deceiving himself. He still loved Grace Martin, and Mary Graham was but a passing fancy. "What a fool have I been!" he said, almost aloud, "and now, only now when it is too late, I see my mistake." The air of the ball-room seemed stifling and he turned away from the gay scene before him and passed out into the night. For some minutes he paced up and down the snow covered walks of the garden. The cold wind upon his forehead gradually revived him and ere his absence was noticed, he returned to the parlor, outwardly calm, but still far from easy in mind.

"Drop in at the 'Paradise' as you go home, Harrie," said Jack, some two hours later, when the guests were beginning to disperse. "Miss Martin has placed herself under my protecting wing for the home trip, but I shall not be long. Make yourself comfortable until I come."

"All right, Jack; you will find me there," responded Harrie as he passed out and slowly turned his steps toward St. James street. Reaching his friend's apartments he entered and, seating himself in the arm-chair, lit his pipe and gave himself up to reflection. Whether the fumes of the tobacco soothed his troubled spirit, or whether the entire absence of anything to distract his thoughts acted as a balm and guided his mind into pleasanter channels, before half an hour he had regained his composure, and soon forgot his troubles in a light, peaceful slumber.

A rapid step on the stairs and a few bars of the "Beautiful Blue Danube" in a shrill whistle, roused him from his sleep. The door opened and Jack entered the room throwing his cap into the corner, as usual, dropping his overcoat on the floor and himself into a chair.

"Well, Harrie, my boy, this has been the merriest Christmas I have spent since I left old Maryland. Can you echo my sentiment?"

"No, Jack, not precisely. I have not had a merry Christmas for years and I fear I shall now never see one."

"Why, old fellow, what's the matter with you? Now I think of it, you did not seem to be in particularly good spirits to-night. What's up?"

"Light your pipe and I'll tell you the whole story. You may be able to give me some good advice."

And as Jack complied, Harrie completely unbosomed himself to his friend; told him of his early affection for Grace Martin; their estrangement; his subsequent engagement with Mary Graham; and now the incomprehensible letters he had lately received. Of the first three circumstances Jack was already aware. But he knew nothing of the letters and had supposed that a perfect understanding existed between Harrie and his fiancée.

"Have you got the letters with you, Harrie? Let me see them."

Harrie handed him the letters and Jack silently began to read. On concluding, he gave vent to his surprise in a long whistle.

"Well, Harrie, this is perplexing, to be sure. I scarcely know what to advise."

"The worst of it is, Jack, that I do not care for Miss Graham, and I love Grace Martin more than ever. I thought that feeling was dead and buried long ago, but, this evening, when I took her hand, I felt the old affection come welling up from my heart, and I could scarcely refrain from snatching her to my breast as I used to do."

"Harrie, you were a fool to let anything come between you and Grace. She is one of the finest girls I ever met. And so beautiful! Large dark eyes, that show her whole soul; dark wavy hair; rich rosy lips; teeth like pearls and such a complexion. I tell you what it is, Harrie, I'll bet a sixpence she came from the South. This cold climate don't produce that style of beauty. By Jove! I'm almost in love with her myself. You must have been mad."

"Yes, yes, Jack, but there's no need of your telling me so. Can't you give a fellow a little advice?"

Jack rested his chin on his hand and gazed thoughtfully into the fire for several minutes. At length he looked up.

"Harrie, if I were you I'd write to Miss Graham and tell her just how you feel. From the tone of that letter I imagine she would not break her heart about it. On the contrary, I believe she will be glad to set you at liberty."

"No, no, Jack, I can't do that. It would be too dishonourable. The proposal to separate must come from her."

"Dishonourable! Now look here, Harrie, I don't know what your idea of honour may be, but it strikes me very forcibly that it would be far more dishonourable in you to go to the altar and swear to love, cherish and protect one woman, while your heart belongs to another, than it would be for you to go to her like a man and tell her that you do not love her, and think of the consequences. Sooner or later she would discover the truth and she would be miserable. You yourself would be miserable from the start. Last, but not least, I firmly believe that Grace Martin still loves you, and if you marry anyone else, it will break her heart."

"There is no use talking, Jack, I have made up my mind."

"In that case I have nothing more to say."

A few minutes later, Jack was alone.

"Poor Harrie," thought he, "is in a bad scrape. But it'll come out all right, I'm sure. Grace loves him as much as he does her. I think I'll try and make him jealous. If I succeed in that, he'll soon take the advice I gave him to-night, and first thing I know he'll come and ask me to act as best man."

So thinking, Jack retired and was soon wrapped in the sound sleep of a man who has nothing to trouble his mind.

III.

The winter passed rapidly away in one round of amusements, spring followed as quickly and the hot days of August soon arrived. Montreal was almost deserted. All who could had gone to the sea-side, and all who could not go wished that they could. Of the latter number was Jack Hatton. Business compelled him to remain in town, and his only recreation consisted in grumbling at his hard fate and consoling himself with the never-falling meerschaum. The partial resolve he had made on Christmas night he had carried out with perfect success. The favour his friend seemed to find in Grace Martin's eyes had been absolute torture to Harrie, and for nearly two months he had scarcely visited "Bachelor's Paradise." But Jack did not mind this neglect. He was bent upon serving his friend, and felt sure of success, so he was willing to wait. Grace Martin had gone to Biddeford Pool and Harrie had gone to Portland. As the two places were only a short distance apart, the probability was, there-

fore, so Jack thought, that the pair would return to Montreal re-united.

One evening towards the latter part of the month Jack was sitting in his room, his feet, as usual, carefully shelled upon the mantel, his meerschaum in his mouth, making a vigorous effort to solve some knotty problem with the assistance of "Smith's Wealth of Nations" and "Mill's Political Economy." The task was a decidedly unpleasant one, for Jack detested anything practical. He was about to throw down the books in disgust when he heard somebody coming up-stairs three steps at a time. The next minute the door opened and in rushed Harrie Sinclair.

"How are you, Jack, old fellow? Been mouldering here all summer?"

"That you, Harrie? Give us your hand. How did you happen to get back so soon?"

"Wait till I light my pipe. I've got a great deal to tell you."

"All right, my boy, take your time."

Harrie, having comfortably disposed of himself in the large arm-chair, began:

"Well, Jack, you see—that is—do you remember the conversation we had last Christmas after Mrs. Carusi's ball?"

"Perfectly. What of it?"

"I told you that I could not take your advice; that I had decided what course to take."

"More fool you. Well, go on."

"Well, I thought I had made up my mind to marry Miss Graham, but I was mistaken. I kept growing worse and worse and at length got almost desperate. Last month I went to Portland. I fully intended to stay there. But I knew that Grace was at the Pool, and the temptation to run down there was very strong. However, I felt that I would be wrong in yielding to my inclination, and for some time resisted successfully. Finally I began to feel such exquisite torture that I resolved to follow your advice, and did so."

"I thought you would come to it sooner or later," interrupted Jack. "Well, what was the result?"

"In answer to my letter Miss Graham said she had long seen that we were not suited to each other and gladly freed me from my promises. She hoped I might be happy —"

"Yes. I know the rest. What then?"

"Then I went immediately to Grace and we had a long interview. And, Jack, I want you to stand up with me on Christmas Eve. Of course you will?"

"With the greatest pleasure in life, my dear fellow, with the greatest pleasure in life."

"Thanks, Jack, thanks. Do you know, old fellow, I thought at one time that you were smitten with Grace yourself, and that my chances were all over?"

"Smitten with her! Of course I was. How could I help it. I fell in love with her nearly three years ago, when I met her in Italy. I proposed to her then and she rejected me, but in the kindest manner possible. She told me all that past history which you have so frequently rehearsed to me. She hoped I would not feel offended at her refusal, for next to you, Harrie, she liked me best. As to my attentions to her last winter, they were only intended to keep all her other admirers at a distance, and to make you so jealous that you would break off your engagement with Miss Graham. And I succeeded, did I not?"

"Well, I must confess it was jealousy as much as anything else that forced me into your way of thinking."

"I thought so, Harrie, I thought so. And now I suppose you have changed your mind about never seeing another 'Merry Christmas,' have you not?"

"I may not see a Merry Christmas, Jack, but I hope to see very many happy ones. And for that I owe you all thanks. You sacrificed your own feelings to my happiness, Jack."

And the two friends clasped hands in silence. Perhaps it was the tobacco smoke which made Jack's eyes moisten and gave him a severe fit of coughing, in the midst of which Harrie slipped quietly away.

Written for the Canadian Illustrated News.

A STRANGE STORY.

I.

The story which I am about to tell you, I feel myself bound to believe, it having been related to me by a lady whom I honour and respect very much, as an event of which she was personally cognizant. It runs somewhat in this wise:

In one of the South Eastern counties of England, there stood until a recent date a fine old mansion named Castlewood Hall. It had formerly been the residence of the successive proprietors of a large landed estate. The land had however been sold bit by bit, as the fortunes of a decaying family became less and less brilliant; and at the time of which I speak not more than a hundred acres of park land remained of the once splendid property.

Accumulating embarrassments at last drove Sir William Mordaunt abroad, and Castlewood for many years remained unoccupied save by a caretaker and his wife.

At Sir William's death, the exigencies of his heir, forced him to sell what remained of the estate. The purchaser was a Mr. Barnard, the son of a wealthy London Banker, who seems to have acquired it as a resort during the hunting season, and those other times such as Christmas which English people prefer if possible to spend out of town.

I said a moment ago, that for a good many years Castlewood had remained unoccupied, but I forgot to mention that its being vacant arose from the fact that no tenant could be found to live in it; and rumour had very generally established it that the place was haunted, and that the only tenant who had ever attempted to take up his abode there had been driven away by ghosts. Barnard was not a man to be frightened by ghosts; in fact I fancy that he would rather have liked to meet one than otherwise; for although he was much given to hunting and other field sports, and spent a great portion of his time on horseback, he was still a close reader and was of a speculative turn of mind. In his manner he was a little strange, and at times would propose and carry out things which were slightly outlandish. I need scarcely add that he was unmarried.

It was no doubt a singular coincidence that among the guests who were assembled at Castlewood at the Christmas tide of 18— were a young man named Charlie Mordaunt, an old school-fellow of Barnard's, together with his mother and sister, who were in a distant way related to Sir Robert Mordaunt, the former proprietor of the place. Mordaunt was an officer in the Indian army; having entered that service on leaving school. He had but recently returned home on leave. He met Barnard shortly after his return to England, and a renewal of their acquaintance led to a warm friendship. Miss Mordaunt, Barnard had never met before she became his guest.

It was the day before Christmas. The dinner that evening

had been an unusually brilliant affair. It was now a thing of the past and the party had been for some time assembled in the great drawing-room when Barnard proposed a ride to Edgcombe abbey. Although the proposal was a somewhat startling one, many of his guests readily chimed in with it; Miss Mordaunt being among the number. A short time, not more than half an hour, sufficed to prepare the equestrians, and without further delay they set out. A ride of an hour or more, over a wild country brought them to the ancient and picturesque ruin, on which the silver rays of a bright December moon had a peculiarly romantic effect; and it was while enjoying the beauties of the scene, that Miss Mordaunt and Barnard engaged for the first time in anything like intimate and unrestrained conversation.

After some general remarks about the old place and its history Barnard said to his fair companion, "Do you see that lonely tower there, to the right? It looks dark and cold as if the moon beams scarcely liked to rest upon it. It is of much later date than the rest of the pile; and if report speaks true was erected by an ancestress of yours as a penance for a crime committed by her, by means of which the succession to the estates was changed from the elder branch of the family to which you belong to a younger branch. The tradition, however, is a very misty one, and much of the original story seems to have been lost."

"Strange, is it not," Miss Mordaunt, replied, "that I should never have heard of this? But I have never been at Castlewood before, and the kind of life that mamma and I have led has not been of a nature to create a taste for family traditions. What should you say though, Mr. Barnard, were Charlie and I to turn out to be the rightful owners of Castlewood, and not you?"

"I should make a tough fight before I relinquished my hold on it," he answered, laughing, "and I should invoke the aid of the ghost who is said to have tormented the former occupants of the place to such an extent that they were forced to fly from it."

"So Castlewood has a ghost!" cried Miss Mordaunt, "I all along thought it too respectable a house not to be under the protection of at least one spirit. But pray, tell me more about it, for as it belongs to my family, I already feel an interest in it which no other ghost that I have read or heard of ever excited."

"I have told you already nearly as much as I know myself. The story goes that a person who leased the Hall, was forced to go away on account of this spirit; but all the inquiries that I have made have failed to elicit any information with respect to its habits or appearance. I have questioned old Giles and his wife who have lived in the house and taken care of it ever since Sir William Mordaunt went abroad, forty years ago, but I cannot get a decided answer as to whether they believe in the existence of this supernatural visitor or no. But I see the other gentlemen and ladies are growing impatient to return home, so pray excuse me a moment, while I go and gather them together."

As he said this he turned his horse about and rode to a group at a little distance off, and warned them that it was time to be going. Ere he could rejoin Miss Mordaunt, the party had already begun to ride back across the wood in the way that they had come, and he had but just reached her side when her mare took fright at a large white stone that lay beside the path, and rushed madly off towards its home. Miss Mordaunt was a sufficiently good horse-woman not to be alarmed and wisely determined to give the animal its head, believing that there was nothing in the way to make such a course dangerous. Barnard, however, who knew the country thoroughly, saw at a glance, the eminent peril in which she would be placed should her horse swerve from the right way, and giving his mettlesome steed the spur he started in pursuit. Allowing for the difference in weight of their respective riders the two horses were pretty evenly matched, and with the distance lost at starting, Barnard could hardly have overtaken the runaway had not Miss Mordaunt pulled hard enough to check her mare's speed a little. As it was he came up in the very nick of time, as the mare had turned out of the path and was about to rush headlong into a sand pit, concealed by a fringe of bushes which grew around it, when with great dexterity he seized her bridle, and turned her aside.

"I hope you are not very much frightened," he said, so soon as the horses were brought to a standstill. "I should like to think of what might have happened had my good 'Jack' been one whit less fleet, or had you kept the mare less in hand."

"I don't think I am very much frightened, for I did not know of my danger until it was over; but I cannot help shuddering now I know what my fate would have been, had you not come up as you did. I thank you more than I can tell, Mr. Barnard, for my own sake and for mamma's. It was very brave of you."

"O! pray do not mention it; I run as much risk any day in the hunting field. The people about here say I am mad, and I often think so myself, for I have a perfect passion for risking my neck."

As he said this they turned their horses' heads towards the path; and having reached it, he asked, "Shall we go on, or shall we wait for the others to come up?"

"O! let us go on," Miss Mordaunt replied; "I must confess to feeling a little bit tired, and should like to get home."

As they rode on they talked together very sociably, and Barnard was led to tell some of his exploits after the hounds. He had just concluded the tale of one of his adventures as they emerged from the shelter of an avenue of elms, which led up to the main entrance of Castlewood. The fine old place was bathed in moonlight; all the hard and unshapely lines were toned down, and it looked so grandly beautiful that they both stopped to look at it for a moment.

Here, perhaps, you will allow me to leave them for a little, to say that Castlewood had been built in the early days of the reign of King Henry the Seventh, in the place of an old castle, which had once stood on its site. Although surrounded by a moat, it had no other pretence at being a fortress, save that its main entrance was by a drawbridge and through a gateway, which gave admission to a court-yard. All around this court were large stone galleries, with stairways leading up to them, and it was from these that one entered the house. I must not, however, leave Miss Mordaunt longer in the cold.

After a moment or two of silence she said at last, "It's a fine old place, Mr. Barnard, and well worth fighting for. But we can't admire it all night, so, if you please, we will go in."

"With pleasure," he said, and added, as the bell of the great clock that was placed over the gateway began to toll, "It is high time, too, for there goes midnight."

They then rode forward and crossed the drawbridge and had penetrated far enough into the gateway to be able to see objects in the court dimly, when the horses stopped suddenly and trembled with terror. At the same instant Miss Mordaunt clutched Barnard by the shoulder and said in a shrill whisper, "Great Heavens, sir, look!"

Her words had scarcely died on her lips when a low, wailing cry was borne across the court, and as Barnard turned his eyes in the direction indicated, he saw the figure of a woman bent over a large stone basin, in the water of which she was laving her hands and arms. A perfect flood of moonlight was pouring into the court, and upon the strange apparition. Her long black hair hung down her back and made a startling contrast with the white night-dress that was her only apparel. Her feet and ankles were bare and were stained red, as if she had trodden in blood. As she rubbed and rubbed at her hands and arms with a fearful energy, she uttered low wailing cries, full of indescribable anguish. Suddenly something appeared to startle her,

and with a piercing shriek she turned full round, till the shuddering occupants of the gateway could see the glare of her awful black eyes and the ghastly glimmer of her pale face; but, fearful as these things were, there was a sight still more ghastly in hands and arms stained red with blood, a blood-bespattered night dress, and the fact that the terrible creature seemed to carry with her a light which made everything about her distinctly visible, and showed the red stains as bright as if they had been quite fresh.

She stayed but an instant, when, gathering her scanty garment about her and hiding her hands in it as well as possible, she ran swiftly across the yard, mounted a stairway, proceeded a little way along the gallery, and disappeared at a place where there was no apparent opening in the wall.

Meanwhile, the two people in the gateway remained transfixed by varying emotions, in which it must be confessed that fear predominated. For a moment after the creature had vanished both remained silent and almost breathless, looking for it to appear again, but it did not; and Barnard at last broke the silence by saying, "I think, Miss Mordaunt, that we have just been favoured with a visit from the ghostly protectress of Castlewood, and by Heavens! I do not like her looks, and shall not rest until I am rid of her."

"Then you do not believe in the supernatural character of what we have just seen?" asked Miss Mordaunt nervously.

"I will not commit myself yet by giving an opinion," he answered; "but I intend to sift the mystery to the bottom; and then, if tricks are being played— But I must request you in any case to say nothing inside about our adventure for the present."

"You lay a rather heavy load upon a woman's tongue, Mr. Barnard," she said. "I cannot look upon this with the same sang-froid that you appear to do. I confess that I was very much frightened, and all the time I felt, and still feel, a sensation of pity for that dreadful wretch, who carries about with her such revolting evidences of crime and misfortune. For what ages she must have tried to wash them away one may know by the terrible despair which sounds in her cry."

"That may well be," he replied, "if there be any meaning in the vision. But, Miss Mordaunt, you must be tired and shaken. Pray, let me conduct you to the house."

So saying he dismounted, and, turning to his companion, lifted her out of the saddle. He then rang a bell, the rope of which hung close by his hand; and a groom having come to take charge of the horses, he led Miss Mordaunt into the house, where he bade her good-night. A moment or two later the riding party arrived, and Barnard had to receive them and answer the oft-repeated questions as to Miss Mordaunt's safety. So soon as he could separate himself from his guests he sought out Mordaunt, with whom he sat late into the night discussing what had occurred, and maturing a plan for the clearing up of the mystery.

II.

Barnard courted sleep in vain that night, and rose at the first peep of dawn to ride off some of the disagreeable effects of the visions with which he had been haunted. At breakfast time he met his guests with his usual manner, and gave and received the greetings of the season. So soon, however, as he could do so with decency, he excused himself, on the ground of very urgent business, and, with Mordaunt, began to put in operation the scheme of the preceding evening. First, by minute enquiries among the servants, they ascertained that no one else had seen the strange apparition. Their next care was carefully to examine the place at which it had disappeared, but they found no opening in the wall or in the floor of the gallery that would have allowed even a mouse to pass through. The wall was solid and substantial stone, and the stone flags with which the gallery was paved did not seem to have been disturbed for ages. In one of these, however, a bit of iron was found, which looked as if it might have been a portion of a staple, and in that case it was not improbable that it had held a ring and been used as a handle to pull open a trap covering some hidden passage-way like those often found in houses of the same date and character as Castlewood.

This discovery lent a new zest to their search, and as their own efforts would have been utterly unavailing to move the ponderous stone, the necessary appliances for such work were at once procured, together with two strong farm labourers to handle them. Under the vigorous application of an iron bar the flag gradually yielded, and in a little time was so much loosened that it was easily removed. When this had been done, an aperture of about three feet square was revealed, giving admission to a stairway built of narrow blocks of stone. Barnard at once stepped upon the topmost stair, and began to descend, but soon found the darkness so impenetrable and the way so dangerous that, without great risk to life and limb, he could not proceed further. The steps were covered with damp and slime and completely blocked up in many places with loose stones and rubbish. Returning with difficulty, Barnard procured a light, and directing the servants to go away and say nothing about what they had seen, turned again to the strange stairway, followed by Mordaunt.

With infinite trouble and danger they went down and down until Barnard thought they must be on a level with the foundations of the Hall, when the descent ceased, and they found themselves in an arched passage, running at right angles with the stairs. It was too narrow to permit of more than one advancing at a time, and so low that a man of ordinary stature could not stand erect in it. Some difficulty was at first experienced by the explorers in deciding which way to turn, but Barnard, after having

made excursions on either hand, resolved to go to the left, being determined in this course by the fact that the floor was in this direction strewn with loose stones of a similar character to those which had impeded their descent. As they advanced, they were several times obliged to creep over almost insurmountable barriers of the same material. At last a bar was presented to their further progress, in the shape of a loose wall of small stones, built across the path, and reaching to the ceiling. The work had been roughly done, and looked like that of an inexperienced person, who had not the strength to lift stones of a size sufficient to give his structure anything like substantiality. There was nothing for it but to remove this wall, or to turn back, and both men decided at once on going forward. As they proceeded with their work, they found that three courses of stone had been built up, and began to think that they had come to the end of the passage, when Barnard encountered with his hand a wooden door. This discovery imparted a renewed vigour to their labours, and they toiled on until at last a space sufficient to permit of the opening of the door had been cleared. It opened outwards without difficulty, and gave admission to a low vaulted chamber, with ceiling, walls and floor of solid masonry. A dim ray of light stole in through a grating in the wall and fell upon a mouldering skeleton, which was the only object to attract attention. About this place there was none of the dampness met with in the passage and stairway, but its atmosphere was dry and warm compared with that they had just left. Beside the skeleton there was a dark stain upon the floor, with a human foot-print distinctly visible in it, and near the bones of one of the outstretched hands a piece of parchment, the only other object that seemed to have resisted the ravages of time and decay. For a long time the two friends looked at each other without speaking. At last Barnard broke the awful stillness and said:

"Charlie, what in God's name can this mean?"

"Heaven knows," Mordaunt answered; "but let us look about a little; perhaps we may find something that will clear up the mystery."

Nothing further was found, however, save the scrap of parchment, on which the only thing that could be deciphered was the name of Sir William Mordaunt.

They returned with what speed they could to the upper regions, and with the aid of a couple of servants had the bones removed. Meanwhile the long absence of Barnard and Mordaunt had been remarked upon by the guests, and as there was nothing to conceal, everything that had occurred was related to them, and was, in a little time, noised abroad over the whole country side.

A diligent enquiry which Barnard caused to be made left no room to doubt that the remains which he had found were those of Sir William Mordaunt, who had disappeared during the reign of King Henry the Seventh, and shortly after the completion of the new Hall. By his demise his mother, of whom tradition still spoke as the wicked Lady Mordaunt, had found means to secure the succession to the estates in her younger son Robert and his heirs, and partially to disinherit the children of the ill-fated Sir William. From all the circumstances connected with the case, too, it would also appear that this wicked woman had with her own hands taken her son's life, and that her wretched spirit was condemned to hover around the scene of her crime, and perhaps to act it over and over again. However this may be, Castlewood was never again troubled by a ghost; and Barnard, on learning these facts, at once offered to restore Castlewood to Mordaunt, who, as being the only remaining heir of the elder branch of the Mordaunt's, might, perhaps, have laid claim to it. But the latter positively declined to accept this sacrifice on the part of his friend.

Notwithstanding this, a Mordaunt did actually come to reign in Castlewood again, for on the following Christmas Day there was a mistress to preside over the festivities of that hospitable mansion, and Barnard was heard to bless old Lady Mordaunt's ghost for having led him to see in her descendant a woman worthy to be loved, for he vowed that he never could have cared for a simpering miss who would have cried out at anything that frightened her.

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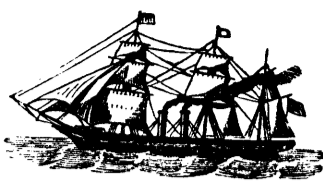
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