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THE LATE CARDINAL CULLEN.

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When an answer is required, stamp for return postage must be enclosed.

City subscribers are requested to report at once to this office, either personally or by postal card, any irregularity in the delivery of their papers.

NOTICE.

Complete arrangements have been made to present our readers with illustrations of the Arrival and Reception of Their Excellencies

THE MARQUIS OF LORNE

AND

PRINCESS LOUISE

at Halifax, Montreal and Ottawa. The next two or three numbers of the CANADIAN ILLUSTRATED NEWS will therefore prove of exceptional interest. In the next number we shall be able to give fuller particulars. Meantime, our subscribers and agents may look out for their supply.

BENEATH THE WAVE.

This interesting story is now proceeding in large instalments through our columns, and the interest of the plot deepens with every number. It should be remembered that we have gone to the expense of purchasing the sole copyright of this fine work for Canada, and we trust that our readers will show their appreciation of this fact by renewing their subscriptions and urging their friends to open subscriptions with the NEWS.

CANADIAN ILLUSTRATED NEWS.

Montreal, Saturday, Nov. 23, 1878.

CANADIAN CONSOLS.

The finances of the country are in such a condition as to require a new loan. The accumulated deficit amounts to five millions, and we are assured that there are six millions of liabilities in the Department of Public Works alone. This creates a serious situation for the new Finance Minister, which will tax all the resources of his undoubted ability. On last Saturday, Hon. Mr. TILLEY sailed from Quebec for England, in company of Sir ALEXANDER GALT, who is understood to be entrusted with the patriotic task of co-operation. These two distinguished men will, in London, meet Sir JOHN ROSE, whose interest in Canada is unabated, and who will doubtless assist them both by his experience and his intimate relations with the principal fiscal institutions of the metropolis. Fears are entertained in some quarters that difficulty will be experienced in the negotiation of this loan, and we regret to notice in other quarters that sneers are in advance cast upon the attempt. Somehow we do not share these apprehensions, while we denounce the taunts with all our might. The existence of this double feeling, however, prompts us to express our surprise that we do not essay another mode of raising money for the country. Why, for instance, do we not try to effect a loan at home? Why expose ourselves to the humiliation of a refusal or to the hardship of elevated rates abroad, when our people would be only too willing to assume the burden at a fair interest? We have abundant examples, under our eyes, of the advantage of domestic over foreign loans. The United States are a striking instance, and France is even a more salient one. The immense war debt of the latter nation was taken up almost wholly by Frenchmen. Within the past five years two heavy loans of the City of Paris were assumed by its inhabitants and those of the Departments within thirty-six hours after the official call. And the same system is

pursued in several others of the old countries.

We see no valid reason why the scheme should not be tried here. Two points are patent—that there are hoards of capital in the Dominion awaiting investment, and that our people are eager to find the means of investing it. There is in all the banks a plethora of money which the hardness of the times has diverted from the ordinary channels of circulation. People put their money in new banking institutions, insurance companies, building societies, joint stock associations and other corporations, and still these do not suffice to absorb all the surplus capital. Nay, more, the insecurity or poor business of many of these only stimulate the desire to find other fields of investment safer, if not more remunerative. An example, in point, is the popularity of the Post Office Savings Department, which increases in patronage every year, notwithstanding that the rate of interest is only four as compared with five which is the usual rate of other Savings institutions. We believe our people would ask nothing better than to invest their funds in Government securities, at interest varying from five to six. They would thus acquire an additional stake in the country, and persons of all shades of opinion would be interested in the financial condition of the Dominion, outside of the narrow spirit of party. The credit of the country is as firm as a monolith. The people know and feel this. Hence they would be only too glad to invest on the strength of it. Small money-holders, representing the bulk of the people, would be specially benefited by the plan, and we know of no more secure means of placing money destined for young children to be used by them only after a long term of years. Among the French people of this Province there are thousands who have small savings which they do not know how, or are afraid to invest in ordinary ways. If they were asked to loan it to the Government they would at once understand the advantage and seize the opportunity. Nowhere would a Government loan be so popular as among them. We need not insist, as a further argument, on the fact that such a plan would keep the interest in Canada instead of sending it abroad, nor upon the further fact that the expensive employment of brokers, agents and other middlemen would be dispensed with, as the negotiations would be carried on directly by our own Government officials. At all events, the subject is worthy of consideration, and we may follow it up next week by a detailed account of the manner in which late domestic loans have been taken up in France.

THE ELECTRIC LIGHT.

Ours is not a scientific paper and we need not, therefore, enter upon a technical discussion of the new electric light; but inasmuch as it is a matter of public convenience and economy, amounting in some respects to an industrial revolution, a few descriptive words about it cannot fail to be of general interest.

Its first introduction, on a large scale, is due to M. Jablochhoff, who first brought it out in the Magasins du Louvre, at Paris, whence it extended to the Avenue de L'Opera, and the different theatres in Monaco, St. Petersburg, Madrid and London. The savings by this apparatus are set down at thirty per cent. over ordinary gas, with a far superior light. The only drawbacks to the Jablochhoff system are said to be the use of apparatus with alternate currents as well as the short duration of each light, with the difficulty of rekindling it when once extinguished.

Another, and a more recent system is called the RAPIEFF. A single apparatus suffices to feed twenty jets, a circumstance which recommends its use in large printing houses and other establishments, where an abundant light is required without the annoying concomitant of too great a degree of heat. This RAPIEFF system is employed in the offices of the London Times, where six jets only are sufficient

to light the vast hall where the WALTER presses operate.

The great American inventor, EDISON, is also at work perfecting a scheme of electric illumination. He has already succeeded, in his own way, in dividing the light and rendering it as superior to ordinary gas, as the latter is superior to a sperm candle. The question of economy, through a method of sure and simple regulation or registration, is the one which he is now grappling with. On this latter point we are still comparatively in the dark, but sufficient is known to make it certain that the saving will be considerably over twenty-five per cent.

It follows that we are on the eve of great changes in the matter of artificial light. This does not mean that gas will be immediately or entirely superseded, but for the illumination of streets, squares, public buildings and large establishments there, is little doubt that it must soon make way for this wonderful discovery. In Montreal, for instance, it has already been tested for lighting the port, and we may expect that the Harbour Commissioners will have made up their minds about it before the opening of navigation next spring.

RECEPTION OF THE MARQUIS AND PRINCESS.

The enthusiasm over the arrival of the new Governor-General and the Princess Louise is increasing every day, and we may look for a greater expression of popular welcome than was at first anticipated. Montreal being exceptionally favoured with their presence for a few days prior to their arrival in Ottawa, it behoves the metropolitan city to use her advantage to the utmost with this view. We heartily approve of the programme laid down by Mr. John Horne, in a letter to the Gazette, as altogether the best under the circumstances, and we trust that it will be fully carried out. The plan is that instead of disembarking at the Bonaventure station, the special train be run along the wharf to the foot of Jacques Cartier Square, there the party to leave the cars, and a grand reception dais or platform to be erected on the lower end of this Square, facing Nelson's monument. From this, the Mayor can read the citizen's welcome. The Square should be profusely decorated from one end to the other. This point would give our illustrious visitors a good impression of the city. The Court House and the new City Hall could also be nicely decorated. The military, drawn up on each side of the Square, would present a fine appearance. A vast concourse of our citizens would be thus enabled to see the ceremonies. The procession should start from here, along Notre Dame street, St. James, up Beaver Hall Hill, along Dorchester to another handsomely decorated dais opposite the Windsor Hotel, where all could be reviewed again. All our societies taking part could rendezvous on the parade ground, and fall in line at the proper time. The whole line of the route indicated would no doubt be handsomely and profusely decorated. The occasion is an unusual one, and the illustrious persons who are to rule over the Dominion for the next five years, should receive from us such a reception—out of the old beaten path, as will create a favourable first impression, and be not soon forgotten—worthy of this grand old city.

THE fluctuations of gold in the United States are an interesting study and the record deserves to be kept for reference. During the civil war, the price of the precious metal rose gradually from 103, on the 13th January, 1863, to 285, on the 11th July, 1864. This was the culminating point. On the 31st December of the same year, it went down to 227½. The year 1865 opened at 226 and closed at 155. Since then the descending ratio has continued, with only slight variations. In December, 1870, it reached 110½, which rate was pretty well maintained till

1877, when it rapidly fell to 103. Last July, during the discussion on the Silver Bill, it floated between 101 and 100½. Par was nearly reached on the 14th inst., and the premium will have entirely disappeared in a few days. If the Secretary of the Treasury authorized the payment of Customs duties in legal tenders, the resumption of specie would be virtually accomplished.

It is generally conceded that the enforcement of the Weights and Measures Act caused a great deal of confusion and annoyance to nearly all those who were affected by it, and it is stated to be the intention of the Government to give it a thorough revision. This is well enough, but it is a pity that, at the present time of day, the Imperial Standard should be enforced at all. In a recent editorial article we went into details to show how almost universally the Metric System is being adopted, England and her colonies being the only recalcitrants. In the United States the system is gaining ground, and a society, with headquarters in Boston, is advocating it by an energetic method of pamphlets, fly sheets and other means of information. With the Decimal System already applied there to money, it will be an easy matter to adapt it to other forms of measurement. Canada having accepted the decimal counting, why should it be forced backward in other respects?

THERE has been mention lately of the establishment of a permanent military force in the Dominion. We have reason to know that, while the idea is entertained, the present financial condition of the country will prevent the Government from giving it serious attention for the present. We shall, therefore, have to wait, but the question is one not to be lost sight of. We had occasion, only recently, in these columns, to advocate the formation of a military nucleus in our midst, if only to obviate the disagreeable employment of our volunteers in the role of policemen and patrols as has been the case this year in Quebec, Montreal and elsewhere, and the favour with which our remarks were cited by our contemporaries showed that the project was very generally popular.

It is a matter of sincere congratulation that technical education is spreading in Canada, on the French and Continental system of giving scientific training to those engaged in manufactures, whether masters or men. The Toronto School of Mines was lately opened, and Nova Scotia has followed with a Technological Institute. In Montreal we have the School of Art and Design for the Province of Quebec, under the control of the Council of Arts and Manufactures, which has just been opened for the season, with classes free to the public.

AND now it is the turn of the King of Italy, and the assassin's weapon was the poniard or the Italian traditional stiletto. The King was entering the City of Naples in state, on Saturday, when he was attacked. Both he and his Prime Minister, CAROLI, showed fight and both were wounded. The latter laid hands on the miscreant and was wounded in the thigh. The King struck the man with his sword and received a slight scratch. The assassin was secured and, it is hoped, will be dealt with as summarily as was the Spaniard MONCASI, who lately attempted the life of the King of Spain.

THE 4th of December has been set aside by the Government as a day of thanksgiving throughout the Dominion. While we have all suffered and are still suffering from the stringency of the times, we have all much to be thankful for, and the spirit of gratitude for the past has this quality that it lightens the heart and leads to a feeling of hopefulness and confidence in the future.

TWO CANADIAN HISTORIES.

Some weeks before the final departure of Lord Dufferin, a gentleman accosted us on the street and made the following remark, which struck us by its appropriateness. He said that the addresses which had been presented to His Excellency were all well enough, but that, considering the great services which our Governor-General had rendered the country, and the immense popularity which he had achieved, a more substantial testimonial should be offered him, something which might be treasured in his family and descend as an heirloom to his children. "For instance," added our interlocutor, "I would propose a double service of massive gold plate, with the Earl's armorial bearings and other suitable inscriptions—a truly princely gift, costing about \$25,000." We both affirmed that subscriptions for such an offering would pour in from every town, village and hamlet of the Dominion, and that the whole amount could be raised within a month. The conversation ended there, but the proposition did not escape our memory, and we were about to put it forward in the columns of this journal, when one morning we found two portly volumes lying upon our table. One, coming from Toronto, was intitled, CANADA UNDER THE ADMINISTRATION OF THE EARL OF DUFFERIN, by George Stewart, Jr., author of "Evenings in the Library," "The Story of the Great Fire," &c., &c.; Rose-Belford Publishing Company. The other hailed from Montreal, with this title: THE HISTORY OF THE ADMINISTRATION OF THE EARL OF DUFFERIN IN CANADA, by William Leggo, author of "Leggo's Chancery Practice," and compiler of "Leggo's Chancery Forms;" Lovell Printing and Publishing Company. A glance at these magnificent volumes and a glimpse of their contents forcibly suggested this reflection: "Here is the fittest of all monuments to Lord Dufferin. Better than marble or precious metals, these volumes testify to the worth and the services of a remarkable man, whose name will for ever be a household word in the Dominion." And in this opinion all our readers will agree with us. We believe it is an unprecedented thing that any public man, immediately on the close of his term of office, should see the publication of two splendid works, containing the history of his administration, and preserving in imperishable record the memory of the highest services which talent and patriotism could prompt a public man to render his fellow-subjects. Lord Dufferin will need no other testimonial. These volumes, penetrating into thousands of households, will keep his memory green, and while wealth, fashion, art, statesmanship, with all other grades of social life, have striven to do him honour, it is a subtle gratification that the literature of Canada has outstripped them all by the grandeur of the tribute embodied in these histories.

We have another reason for welcoming the works of Messrs. Leggo and Stewart. More than a year ago, we urged the propriety of collecting and publishing in book form all the great speeches which Lord Dufferin delivered in different parts of the Dominion. We argued that His Excellency could leave us no better legacy than these discourses, not only as models of academic eloquence, or statesmanlike discussion, but also as authorities on many points of constitutional practice and British precedent. Our suggestion has been carried out in these two volumes, both of which contain the principal of His Lordship's discourses, revised and corrected by himself, and so distributed that the avowed object of each author was simply to supply a thread of narrative connecting them together.

Having written thus much concerning the scope and spirit of these two books, we must devote a few lines to the discussion of their literary merits, which we are pleased to recognize as of a high order. Mr. Stewart does not deal in much retrospect, but introduces us at once to Lord Dufferin as he appeared at the Belfast banquet, on the eve of his departure for Canada, and where he delivered the first of those speeches which have made his reputation as an orator. After a description of his arrival and reception in Quebec, we are met with a full account of the magnificent welcome tendered by Toronto and Hamilton. Mr. Stewart has evidently made it a point to dwell particularly on the manner in which His Lordship was entertained, at different times, by the people of Ontario. And he is right in doing so, because our chief Province always led the van in this duty of respectful homage. The Pacific Railway Crisis is very fully discussed, all the documents bearing thereon being given in detail, so that in the matter of reference we need go no further than these pages. The author strives very hard to maintain an impartial attitude, and in so far as the sketches of persons go, he succeeds very well. Indeed, the talent of Mr. Stewart shows to best advantage in these portraits, several of which are remarkable for their insight into character and felicity of delineation. Into the picture of Hon. Peter Mitchell, for instance, he throws a deep knowledge of New Brunswick politics, blending compliment with complaint in the most piquant fashion. In the appreciation of events, the political leaning of the author is more apparent, notwithstanding his strenuous exertions to be fair. But from all these entanglements he manages to detach the figure of Lord Dufferin, and maintaining it in its proper light as the fearless upholder of strict constitutional forms. He does the same thing, with keen insight, in regard to the question of the Métis Amnesty, where, amid the intricacies of this unfortunate question, he calls attention to His Lordship's

masterly despatch to the Colonial Office, which virtually solved the problem, and served more than any other single circumstance to calm the public mind. The author is very full on the British Columbia difficulty, skillfully marshalling his facts so as to lead them up to the climax of Lord Dufferin's famous Victoria speech. A sequel to this deliverance was the discourse pronounced before the Toronto Club, which we are pleased to see also given in full. Mr. Stewart is very happy in his accounts of the literary and social festivities of which their Excellencies so frequently partook, and, while he never cumbers us with useless details, he always prepares a suitable framework for His Lordship's tasteful utterances. In dealing with the Quebec Crisis there is less political reserve than in the first portions of the volume, sympathy with Mr. Letellier being expressed in a few bold, trenchant words of approval, but the Governor-General's connection therewith, in so far as he expressed himself in public speeches, is as usual given without reserve. The Halifax speech presents his views on questions such as this, but the Windsor Hotel discourse, coming almost simultaneously with the event, may be deemed more explicit, as also the speech at Quebec, in reply to the address of the Ontario Municipalities, when he alludes to the Whig lineage of the Marquis of Lorne. We commend these speeches to Mr. Stewart's readers. The last chapter of the work appears to be a little too rapidly sketched, as if the author were hurried to chronicle the closing scenes, and have them published almost synchronously with His Lordship's departure—a feat which was accomplished. The elections of the 17th September are, in consequence, dismissed in three or four lines. But these are only slight blemishes, perhaps unavoidable under the circumstances. On the whole, Mr. Stewart has produced a noble volume, which will enhance his reputation as a writer, and merit the consideration of all the admirers of Lord Dufferin. The Rose-Belford Company have put forth no finer specimen of book-making, and the British American Bank Note Company deserve credit for the handsome frontispiece portrait which they furnish.

Mr. Leggo's scope was the ambitious one of treating minutely the history of parties and political events. He deals largely in retrospect, thus rendering his volume very useful for purposes of future consultation. He makes no secret of his opinions, and while we should at times have preferred a less explicit expression of them, we cannot do otherwise than acknowledge that he always faithfully gives both sides of every question. Especially is he scrupulous in separating his own views from those of Lord Dufferin. The volume is graced with two splendid portraits due to the British American Bank Note Co., and it is satisfactory to know that we have an institution capable of producing works of the highest art. One represents the Earl and the other the Countess of Dufferin, with autographs of both. The work is inscribed to the latter in a tasteful dedication. The first and second chapters are very valuable—the former giving the life and lineage of the late Governor-General, and the latter containing a sketch of Imperial rule in Canada from the beginning down to the close of Lord Lisgar's administration. With the third chapter opens the career of the Earl of Dufferin in Canada. Mr. Leggo does not deal much in delineations of personages, but confines himself to the narrative of events, which he does in a style of much clearness and dignity. He is quite minute in the enumeration of details, and the publication of the names of persons who figured in official receptions. This will make his work valuable to hundreds of individuals—as was undoubtedly the author's intention—but it not unfrequently impedes the march of the narration. All the principal speeches of Lord Dufferin are given, as in Mr. Stewart's work, revised and corrected by his own hand. In matters of appreciation our author displays much judgment, and a thorough knowledge of his subject. The Pacific-Scandal is treated fully, with a fair distribution of praise and blame. More heat than is perhaps necessary is shown in the treatment of the Quebec Crisis, but the reader will thank the author for a report, otherwise inaccessible, of Sir John A. Macdonald's great constitutional speech on the subject. For the first time, he, as well as Mr. Stewart, gives us the exact text of the Greek address and reply, on the occasion of Lord Dufferin's receiving the degree of Doctor of Laws from McGill University. The story was current at the time that these papers were refused to the press of the city, on the ground that wittlings and sciolists would amuse themselves by picking flaws therein. A perusal of the documents shows how groundless was this fear—if it really existed—inasmuch as they are draughted in strict academic form, and are thoroughly irreproachable in syntax. In this connection we are glad to learn from a note of Mr. Leggo's, in reply to an American paper, that "Lord Dufferin never writes a speech, never dictates one, never repeats one in private, and never speaks from notes. Of course, he therefore never commits one to memory." On page 824, there is a *fac simile* of His Excellency's hand-writing in the shape of a letter addressed by him to the Governor of the State of New York, on the subject of an International Park at Niagara. In respect to the last general elections and the departure of Lord Dufferin, the author has an ample account up to the very last moment. With his usual taste and talent for generalization he devotes many final pages to a sketch of His Lordship's character, a summary of the principal features of his administration, and a view of the effect of

these upon the destinies of the country, thus rounding off his whole subject in the most satisfactory manner. An appendix to the two works contains a list of the institutions and persons to whom no less than five hundred Dufferin Medals have been awarded. The Lovell Company have sustained their well-earned reputation by the artistic manner in which they have printed this large volume.

We repeat, in conclusion, that the appearance of both these books is a matter of public congratulation. They are worthy of their noble subject, worthy of their gifted authors, worthy of their spirited publishers, worthy of the Canadian people who guarantee and encourage their publication. We heartily recommend them both to all our readers. A copy or copies of both should be found in every library, public and private. Our Federal and Provincial Governments, our Educational Boards, Colleges, Academies and Schools, our institutes and societies should make it a duty to procure them for preservation and reference.

OUR ILLUSTRATIONS.

CARDINAL CULLEN.—His Eminence Paul, Cardinal Cullen, D.D., Roman Catholic Archbishop of Dublin, Primate of Ireland, and Apostolic Delegate, died on the 24th ult., at his residence, Eccles-street, Dublin, in his seventy-sixth year. He was born April 20, 1803, in the parish of Ballymore, in the county of Kildare, and received his first education at Shackleton's famous school in that town. He belonged to a family of the middle class, long settled in the counties of Kildare and Meath, and still resident there as opulent graziers. The Cullens are an old Celtic race, and the name "Paul" occurs among them more than a century since. Passing through the ecclesiastical college of Carlow, he completed his studies in the Irish College at Rome. In theology he achieved eminent success, and won many honours. Subsequently admitted to the priesthood, he became Rector of the Irish College at Rome, and also held for a time the Rectorship of the Propaganda. In 1849 he was selected by the Pope to fill the vacancy in the Archbishopric of Armagh, caused by the death of Dr. Crolly, although he was not one of the three whose names were submitted by Ireland to the Vatican; and in 1852 he was appointed Archbishop of Dublin in succession to Dr. Murray. Finally, in 1866, he was created a Prince of the Church as Cardinal, and took for his title that of St. Peter in Montorio, the burial place of the exiled Irish Earls, Tyrconnel and Tyrone. Dr. Cullen was not distinguished either as a preacher or a writer; but, as a theologian and as the fervent unflinching asserter of Catholicity and his Church's rights and dignity, he was one of the most prominent figures of his time. Churches, hospitals, convents, orphanages and asylums, besides the Diocesan College of Clonliffe, of which he was always so proud, the Catholic University, and the Mater Misericordie Hospital are memorials of his energy, piety, and zeal. His Eminence felt the deepest interest in the question of Irish Education, and cordially approved of the measure with reference to it now about to be brought into operation. Despite of popular clamour, and at the risk of personal odium, he rendered the British Government infinite service in extinguishing the flames of insurrection during the Fenian excitement, when his great influence was thrown heartily into the scale of Constitutional authority. He was at the same time a staunch advocate of every measure likely to decrease intemperance in Ireland. The remains of the Cardinal were removed from his residence in Eccles-street to Marlborough-street Cathedral, in the presence of a large concourse of people. The funeral cortege was of a strictly religious nature, and, like the habits of the deceased, of an unostentatious and simple character. On reaching the cathedral the coffin was placed on a catafalque, where it lay in state until Tuesday, when the ceremony concluded with the Office for the Dead, a Requiem High Mass, and the Absolution Office. All the Bishops of the Roman Catholic Church in Ireland, except the Archbishop of Tuam and the Bishop of Cork, were present. In the evening the remains were privately interred in Clonliffe College, near Dublin. The Pope was deeply grieved at the news of the Archbishop's death, and dispatched his condolences to Dublin.

ROBBERY OF MR. STEWART'S BODY.—New York was thrown into a high state of excitement on Friday, November 8th, by the abstraction from the family vault in St. Mark's Churchyard of the remains of Alexander T. Stewart by unknown parties. An attempt had been made on the night of October 8th to desecrate the temporary burial-place, but the body-snatchers had evidently been frightened before consummating their ghoulish work. The affair was kept a strict secret by the few persons who were aware of it. New locks were attached to the gates of the churchyard, and a man was employed to keep watch over the church and the yard, without being informed, however, of the object in view. It was supposed that the purpose of the robbers was to gain money, either by the offer of a large reward for the return of the body, or by a species of blackmail on Mrs. Stewart or Judge Hilton. After watching a few weeks, the hired man was discharged, and on the following night, Wednesday, November 6th, or before sunrise on Thursday, the vault was broken into, the cedar box, the metallic case and the casket were broken and cut open, and the body, although in an advanced state of decomposition, was taken away. The

discovery of the outrage was made shortly after eight o'clock on Friday morning by the sexton's assistant. He promptly notified the sexton, who, in turn, informed Judge Hilton, and within a few minutes the police were examining the vault and churchyard. That the outrage was committed by parties thoroughly conversant with the yard, the location of the vault and casket, and the secret means taken after the attempt of October 8th to prevent the robbery, is apparent for several reasons. The work was done on a stormy night, immediately after the discharge of the special watchman. The vault was found without difficulty, although the slab bearing the inscription had been moved to a spot some feet away from its true place to embarrass a search. The robbers knew just where to cut the sod in order to strike, of the three slabs covering the descent into the vault, the one which gave direct access to the stairs. And they were also familiar with the interior of the vault because they disturbed only the casket containing Mr. Stewart's remains, although there were five others in the vault. The sod over the lifted slab was cut sharp to the edges of the stone. It is alleged that the work must have been done by persons engaged in the undertaking business, because few but such could endure the stench arising from the decomposition or know how to handle human remains after such a lengthy burial.

H.M.S. NORTHAMPTON.—The Northampton, a sister ship to the Nelson, is another of the new type of ironclad ships, having only their vital parts protected, and having a reserve of flotation. The Nelson and the Northampton may be considered in some measure as rival ships, both having been built by private firms. From the periodical return of the strength of the Royal Navy just issued we find that within the past six months nine vessels, of various tonnage and power, have been launched, and that at the present time there are seventeen others under construction or about to be built at the various Government dockyards and by private firms. The vessels now being completed for service are five out of the six screw-corvettes built of steel and iron and cased with wood; they are each of 2383 tons, and have engines of 2300-horse power; and are to be armed with fourteen guns each. The steel hulls of these vessels are encased in teak and covered externally with copper sheathing. They have been named Carysfort, Champion, Cleopatra, Comus, and Curacoa. Their machinery and boilers are protected by a strong armoured deck.

THE ERUPTION OF VESUVIUS.—During the past month this celebrated volcano has been in a state of eruption. Our illustration will be found timely and interesting as showing the interior of the crater and the formation of the lava cone.

THE PARIS EXHIBITION.—We supplement the numerous illustrations which we have given, for the past six months, of this marvelous Exhibition, by two pages presenting a general view of the Machine Gallery and of the Trocadero Hall during one of the official concerts. Full descriptions of these have already been given to our readers.

LITERARY.

NEXT session the *Times* will give only summaries of the Parliamentary debates, except on important occasions.

THOSE articles by George Augustus Sala in the *Telegraph*, headed "Paris after the Peace," will be reprinted—when the series is finished—in a separate form.

MR. CHENERY, who is now editor of the *Times*, has resigned the Oxford professorship of Arabic, which he has so long held, and has been succeeded by Mr. G. F. Nichol, of Balliol College.

JOAQUIN MILLER is to lecture during the coming or current season on "Literary London;" also on "What is Poetry?" and on "Old and New Rome."

DR. TODDUNTER has just finished his drama of "Alcestis." He has treated his subject in the spirit of the nineteenth century, placing modern thought in ancient mouths, and striving to follow the example that Shakespeare has set.

THOMAS HARDY'S novel, "The Return of the Native," will shortly be published. A bird's-eye view of the scene of the story will be given, to show at a glance the bearings of the different hills, paths, and other spots in which the action takes place.

LADY ANNE BLUNT, the grand-daughter of Lord Byron, is about to publish a volume on a "Winter Residence Among the Bedouin Arabs." She spent last winter with her husband among the wandering Arabs of the Syrian desert, and they were admitted by their hosts to the privileges not only of hospitality, but of sworn brotherhood, honoured as friends, and protected by a royal escort.

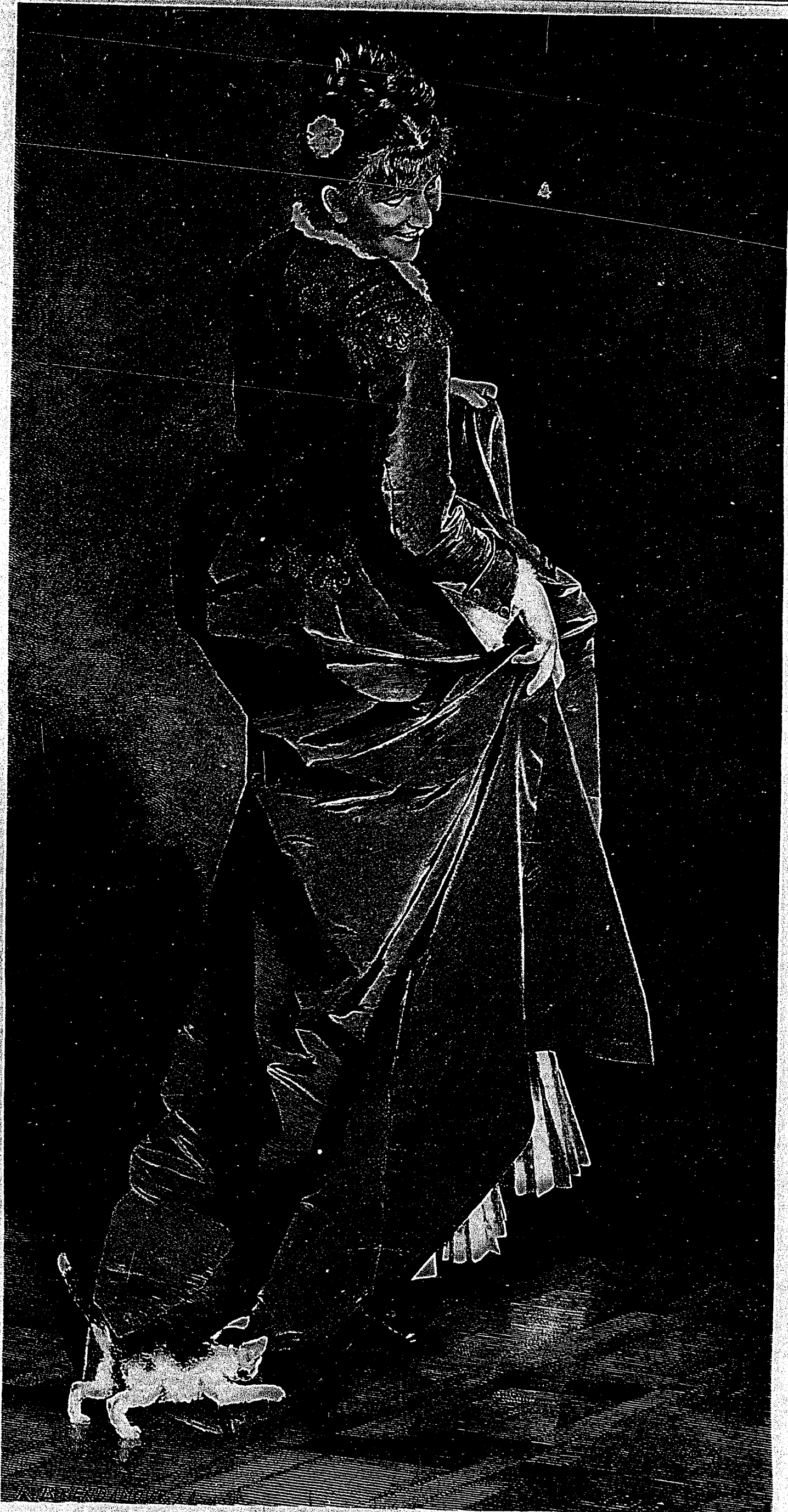
SOUTH Australia not only seeks to be classical, but is ready to pay for the classics. It is a fine commentary upon the progress made in the colonies that the agent-general of the colony is offering to English University men \$1,000 a year if they will go out as professors of Latin and Greek literature to the Adelaide University. The Adelaide University was established by an act of the Colonial Parliament. It is endowed with \$40,000 in money.

MR. JOHN PAYNE is not contented with the laurels which he has won as a translator by his version of Villon's Poems, recently issued to subscribers. He has undertaken the translation of the "Thousand and One Nights," without any omission or retrenchment from the original Arabic, and has already completed the larger portion of this huge task. It is undoubtedly, says the *Athenaeum*, one of the most important literary enterprises of our day.

A GENTLEMAN who is an excellent Latin scholar, wrote a poem wherein, in the most elegant verse he called the editor of a low London weekly every name of opprobrium he could think of. He described him to the letter. The fellow, in his ignorance, published the verses. Another good Latin scholar took up the parable, and for some weeks the paper was the laughing stock of everybody. Fancy the feelings of the "editor" when the trick was pointed out to him!



THE VILLAGE OF SIN, NEAR DOUAI. ONE OF COROT'S LATEST MASTERPIECES.



MILADY AND THE PLAYFUL KITTEN.

HEARTH AND HOME.

We can imagine nothing so little or ridiculous as pride. It is a mixture of insensibility and ill nature, and it is hard to say which has the largest share.

WHEN thou forgivest, the man who has pierced thy heart stands to thee in the relation of the sea-worm that perforates the shell of the mussel, which straightway closes the wound with a pearl.

IDLENESS is the Dead Sea that swallows up all virtues, and the self-made sepulchre of a living man. The idle man is the devil's urchin, whose livery is rags, and whose diet and wages are famine and disease.

TRUE politeness consists not merely in a strict adherence to forms of ceremony; it is in exquisite observance of the feelings of others, and an invariable respect for those feelings. By this definition it claims alliance with benevolence, and may sometimes be found as genuine in the cottage as the court.

CARE OF PLANTS.—Plants, unless they have a green, thrifty appearance, are not worth house-room; therefore they should be stimulated gently once or twice a week. Rain water, so refreshing to summer flowers, always contains ammonia, which also abounds in all liquid manures. If you take an ounce of pulverized carbonate of ammonia, dissolved in one gallon of water, it will make spring water even more stimulating to your plants than rain water. If you water your plants once in two weeks with guano water (one tablespoonful to a pail of water), they will grow more thrifty. Chicken manure dissolved in water is excellent. Always keep the soil in your flower-pots loose. A common hair-pin used daily will stir the earth sufficiently.

SUSPICIOUS PEOPLE.—Every now then we stumble upon nervously suspicious people whom we can scarcely approach without giving offence in some way. Such people are in a state of chronic affliction, somebody is always coming short of treatment of them. If you look at them, it is a stare: if you do not look at them, it is a slight. There is no safe way with the over-sensitive but a straightforward one. If you try to avoid one corn, you are sure to tread on another. The suspiciously exacting person is one of a fine-spun ingenuity. He can piece your words into a sense you never dreamed of; he can make a chain of circumstantial evidence strong enough to hang you from occurrences the most innocent. Almost everything you do has a suspicious meaning. Now the highest sort of a gentleman is one who can overlook such ungentlemanliness in others. A politeness that stands ever on the watch to exact an equal politeness in return is more annoying than a generous rudeness. No man is more uncomfortable than he who not only weighs his own words and gestures, and measures the exact significance of his smiles and frowns, but who makes you feel that he is also weighing and measuring your motions. Such an one may think himself a gentleman, but he is only a social collector of customs in a gentleman's shell. A true gentleman is not careful to keep the balance even.

THE PERFECT HOST.—The perfect host is as rare a being as a great poet; and for much the same reason, namely, that to be a perfect host requires as rare a combination of qualities as those which are needed to produce a great poet. He should be like the lord-in-waiting of whom Charles II. said he was "never in the way and never out of the way." He should never degenerate into a showman, for there is nothing of which people are so soon weary as of being shown things, especially if they are called upon to admire them. He, the perfect host, should always recollect that he is in his own home, and that his guests are not in theirs, consequently those local arrangements which are familiar to him should be made familiar to them. His aim should be to make his home a home for his guests with all the advantages of novelty. If he entertains many guests he should know enough about them to be sure that he has invited those who will live amicably together and will enjoy each other's society. He should show no favoritism, if possible; and if he is a man who must indulge in favoritism, it should be to those of his guests who are more obscure than the others. He should be judiciously despotic as regard all proposals for pleasures, for there will be many that are diverse, and much time will be wasted if he does not take upon himself the responsibility of decision. He should have much regard for the comings and goings of his guests, so as to provide every convenience for their adit and their exit. Now I am going to insist on what I think to be a very great point. He should aim at causing that his guests should hereafter become friends, if they are not so at present, so they might, in future days, trace back the beginning of their friendship to their having met together at his house. He, the perfect host, must have the heart to lead conversation without absorbing it himself, so that he may develop the best qualities of his guests. His expense in entertainment should not be devoted to what is luxurious, but to what is comfortable and ennobling. The first of all things is that he should be affectionate, indeed a loving host, so that everyone of his guests should feel that he is really welcome. He should press them to stay; but should be careful that this pressing does not interfere with their convenience, so that they stay merely to oblige him, and not to please themselves. In considering who should be his guests, he should always have a thought as to

those to whom he would render most service by having them his guests; his poorer brethren, his sickly brethren. Those who he feels would gain most advantage by being his guests should have the first place in the invitations; and for this consideration he will be amply rewarded by the benefits he will have conferred.

TWO CLASSES OF WOMEN.—The streets of almost any large city at night present a spectacle more saddening, more pitiful, more fearful than any picture to be found in Dante's "Inferno." Beneath the gas-lamp, from dark until long after midnight, wander unceasingly thousands of young girls. Their eyes are fixed. They stalk like shadows. There is no merriment in their gait; no joy, no peace, no happiness in their look. However well dressed, it is the same whitened sepulchre. For mile after mile these sad spectres saunter along. At each side street they carry off their victims. Who are these desolate ones that fill the city with their ceaseless tramp? Do they come forth at night because they care not for the society of their mothers, and fathers, and sisters? Alas! no. These lost ones have no homes. They are alone in a great world too busy to notice them or their misfortunes. Without a knowledge of the world, they are driven into the midst of its vices, and forced to earn a living by the only means that is within their power. They knew not the horrible abyss of shame, the amplitude of suffering, the depth of the distress to which that first step leads. And so, having begun, they are carried on by the swift current of crime about them. Do they ever seek to escape? They turn blindly for the means, but on every hand they seem shut in by a high wall separating them from the respectable world. There is no resource, and so, year after year, they fall lower and lower, and their despair grows deeper and deeper, until death takes them for his own, and their poor bones are laid away in the potter's field. There is another class of women in our cities. They are not as numerous as their miserable sisters. They have wealth. They live in comfortable homes. They have husbands and happy children. Their time is almost a burden on their hands. With the arrival of each day, it is a question, How shall the hours be passed? They look out into the night, and behold the closely-wrapped female figures hurrying by in the darkness. The sight means nothing to them. It does not even excite a shudder. They themselves are comfortable. Many of them are highly intelligent ladies, who long for a vacation. They do not know what to do with their time. They think of devoting themselves to art or to literature. O women, who seek a higher sphere of life, who long for something to do, for some field of usefulness, for something higher and better than a life of idleness, entertainment, and novel-reading. O women, you have before you the opportunity. There are your poor erring sisters passing your door at every hour. They need your assistance. If you have compassion, pity them. Do not condemn, but weep for them. You have the power to save: your wealth and position give it to you. Go out among them. Gently, patiently labour to bring them to a better life. If you succeed in a whole lifetime of labour in raising up but one such, you will have performed a grand charity. Do not complain that you have nothing to do; that you are dying of ennui. Here is your opportunity. Embrace it. Go. Save.

TRUE IN OUR WORDS.—But the root and the life of all real courage—courage that is not a mere brilliant flash, like a firework let off at occasional times just for amusement, and only lasting a moment, but courage that is like a steady fire, lasting and useful, as well as bright and dazzling—the root of all such courage is the love of truth, uprightness, righteousness—that is the right. And if you wish, as I have no doubt most of you do, that you also may perform some great and worthy deeds, may be brave and courageous, then you must begin and cultivate the root of the thing, you must learn to be true—true in all things, true in words and deeds and thoughts. True in your words! It requires a great deal of courage sometimes to speak the truth. When we have done anything of which we are ashamed, or for which we fear we may be punished, how difficult we find it to say out boldly that we did it. And if we do not get the truth out on the first spur of the moment, it becomes more and more hard to do so every moment afterwards. That is just the mean way in which the Evil Spirit acts. He first asks us to do wrong, and when we have foolishly yielded, he does all he can to make us afraid; and when we give way to fear, then we say or do the false thing, tell the lie, perhaps, and so get further into the mire. But do not listen, do not yield; try and be true in word; own the fault and bear the punishment, if it has to come, quietly, bravely. Sometimes even your own sense will admit that it is a just thing that the punishment should come; sometimes you will feel that it is not a just thing, but a wrong, sinful, cruel thing. But never mind; speak the truth and bear the pain. You have often read how brave men and brave women have borne pain to the very uttermost sooner than speak the thing they know to be false. Fully do you admire them; strive, then, heart and soul, to be like them. Speak the truth, whatever it may cost you, and speak it because you feel that to be true is the grandest and first duty given you to do. It is by no means an easy thing to keep all our words strictly true. Words want watching; they are slippery things, and pass "the breastwork of our teeth" before we have thought about them. Do not let your words go round about the truth, so to speak; let them go in a straight line to it.

A straight line, as many of you know, is the shortest way between two points, and is generally the best way in all things. Let your words fit the facts as neatly as you can. Exaggeration is one form of untruth—the words do not fit, and in relating anything, any incident, it is necessary to be careful, for though we may not exactly say the false thing, we shall, unless we are on our guard, very likely say more than belongs to the actual truth. Then, if you make a promise, keep it. Let your "given word" be a sacred thing, so sacred that you feel you dare not, could not break it. But just because it is such a sacred thing, do not give a promise hastily, lightly, thoughtlessly, much less in the heat of temper. A promise made in a passion must sometimes be broken, or we should, perhaps, commit a great wrong, and cause much trouble and evil to some one or other; but it is a grievous thing to have to do. Therefore be very careful how, and when, and what you promise, for when your word is once given it belongs no more to you.

REVIEW AND CRITICISM.

We have received a green (suspicious color) covered pamphlet by J. P. Tardivel, of Quebec, containing a series of charges of plagiarism, against Mr. J. M. LeMoine's work, "The Chronicles of the St. Lawrence." As a rule we deprecate and are disposed to ignore such attacks upon our literary men, who deserve all the encouragement they can get, instead of hostile criticism. Besides, our estimate of Mr. LeMoine's writings, as contributions to general and local Canadian history, is well-known, and we plead guilty, along with the *Montreal Gazette*, the *Quebec Mercury*, and *Rose-Belford's Monthly*, of having published a highly laudatory review of Mr. LeMoine's last work. However, as Mr. Tardivel is a responsible gentleman, and makes definite charges, he shall have no reason to complain that we have slighted him by overlooking his pamphlet. Of its merits, we have nothing to say, because we know that Mr. LeMoine is abundantly able to take care of himself, and should be choose to answer Mr. Tardivel, it may be some satisfaction to him that our columns are open to his pen.

BRELOQUES POUR DAMES.

THERE'S only one thing stronger than a woman's will, and that's a woman's "won't." The *New York Mail* says that four brides at an hotel table will waste more food than would make a dinner for four average families. SINGULAR, isn't it, that when a man gives his wife a dime to buy a box of hairpins or a gum ring for the baby, it looks about seven times as big as when he plunks it down on the bar for a little gin and bitters for the stomach's sake?

THERE are two things in the world of fashion that puzzle many minds. One is why a woman but half-clothed is said to be in full dress, and the other is why a gentleman is in full dress when he wears the same style of clothes as he who attends him.

"I think, my dear," said she, "that I will escort Clara to the ball this evening. Everybody will say, 'How like she is to her mother at her age.'" "Yes," replied her husband, "but it is barely possible that they may say, 'See how she will look when she is of her mother's age.'"

RUDOLPH GRAVES, says the *Philadelphia Transcript*, had not been married long—not long enough to have become an expert nurse. In fact this was the first pledge of love that had blessed the Graves union, that Rudolph, with a total failure to regard or recognize the responsibilities incurred, promised to keep for an hour, during his wife's absence, shopping. When she returned, she found Rudolph playing the garden hose over baby. He tried everything else, he said, to keep it quiet, and this seemed to soothe it.

ECHOES FROM PARIS.

It is understood in Paris that a collection of important documents, proving that the International was mixed up in all strikes which have recently taken place in various parts of France, is in the hands of the French Minister of Justice, and will be communicated to the Chambers.

So great has been the sale of tickets in the National Lottery, that seven series of a million each have already been disposed of. The date of the commencement of the drawing was originally fixed for the 15th of November, but it has now been postponed to November 20.

THE debris of the cloak room at the Versailles Ball for the million have been brought to Paris and deposited in the store room of the Elysée, where owners are invited to call and identify the remains of their lost garments. Really they manage these things better in France.

THE City of Paris commenced last year the publication of a general inventory of the artistic riches contained in the different municipal edifices of the capital. Two volumes have already been issued. The number of edifices in the twenty arrondissements is so great that the task is far from being terminated.

M. GEORGES CAVALIÉ, better known as "Pipe-en-Bois," is dead. He was banished for the part he took in the Commune, but was allowed by Government to return to Paris a fortnight ago, to obtain medical advice. M. Cavalie was at one time an intimate friend of M. Gambetta, and occupied a post in the Defence Government of Bordeaux during the war.

THE Duc de Nemours is reported to be about to marry a Polish Princess, Helen Sanguszko, who is forty-two years of age, but extremely young-looking and handsome. The Duke, who has been a widower since 1857, is regarded as the only Legitimist and Ultramontane of the Orleans Princes. The Princess's mother was a Czartoryska, into which family one of the duke's daughters has married.

It is the dream of M. Geoffroy Saint-Hilaire to pass the whole world in review at the Jardin d'Acclimatation. The Nubians, Esquimaux and Guachos are now succeeded by a tribe of Laplanders from Koutukeino. The tribe consists of ten persons, men and women, accompanied by two dogs and thirty-two reindeer. These strange-looking denizens of the Pole are now busily engaged in building subterranean huts, in which they will pass the cold weather.

THE Prince of Wales is determined to leave no Parisian experience untried. He went up in the captive balloon, accompanied by the Princess of Wales, the Prince and Princess of Denmark, and the members of their respective suites. There was no wind; but there were frequent showers of rain, which ended in preventing one—the last of the four free balloons—from being filled. Three, however, were got off, and as two were started at the same moment the spectators below were witnesses to what threatened to be a collision; but the aeronauts managed to avoid any catastrophe.

FOR so elegant and courtly-looking a personage, Monsignor Dupanloup led a very abstemious life. He never slept in his gorgeous bedchamber, in that way imitating Pio Nino—the whole furniture of his apartment being an iron bedstead, a table, and two chairs. His room had not even a fireplace. In the Versailles Chamber his neatness of attire was remarkable, yet he spent little on clothes, but he made them last. And although the income of his diocese was large, he died poor. His money was spent in his latter years in relieving the families in his diocese orphaned by the Franco-Prussian war, and in the renovation of the churches. In that way he indulged his undoubted taste for the luxurious.

THERE is a fashion in perfumes, just as there is in hats and dresses. In French high life penetrating colours are now prescribed, and pure flower scents are alone permitted, particularly one made from lime flowers. A truly distinguished lady, as Bachaumont tells us, and he surely is an authority, will never use violent perfumes. Her clothes exhale only the light, natural odour of the flower, which is preserved by the best perfumery. Moreover, we are told, good taste forbids a change of scents. A lady having adopted a certain perfume must abide by it, so that her friends may recognize her even without seeing her. The same elegant *ingéniosité* may also be extended to colours, and even flowers. Most ladies, perhaps, are too fond of change to wear the same cloak, the same flower, and to use the same perfume all their life long. Still, it is a pretty idea.

NILSSON.—An "old New Yorker" writes, October 26, from London:—Madame Christine Nilsson, notwithstanding the heavy pecuniary loss she has recently sustained in the United States, expresses a great desire to renew her acquaintance with her trans-Atlantic friends, and I should not be surprised to see her once more among us next year. I saw her only yesterday, just returned from a most successful concert tour in the north—a little stouter than when she appeared in New York—dressed in the simplest of walking costumes, white flannel, with black Rubens hat, faced with cardinal velvet. I may say I never saw her look better, never more bewilderingly pretty.

BISHOP AND POET.—The late Bishop Dupanloup is said to have been the possessor of an unpublished tragedy, in five acts, by Lamartine. When young, he happened once to be staying in the same house with the poet, who one evening read aloud his tragedy to their hosts. These hosts were people opposed to the rising romantic movement, and its influence was so apparent in the work, that they counselled Lamartine not to publish it. He left the manuscript on the table that night, and next morning, concluding to follow their advice, destroyed it, saying that he had no other copy. The young Dupanloup, however, was so impressed by the poem that he had crept down stairs in the night and copied the whole of it. Lamartine is said to have never known of the existence of this copy.

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A CANADIAN IN EUROPE.

EXTRACTS FROM PRIVATE LETTERS WRITTEN BY A GENTLEMAN TRAVELLING IN EUROPE.

III.

PARIS, 1878.

MY DEAR FRIEND,—I believe my last was devoted to crows, and I am afraid it had little to interest you. Cork presented a strange sight. There was not a modern-looking structure of any kind to be seen within a circuit of several miles. The original houses had been extended with wings and elevations at so many different times, and in such a variety of devices, that all semblance of regularity, uniformity, or purpose of the original design had vanished long ago. The roofs are all pitched, and at every conceivable angle, and covered with slate of different degrees of thickness, varying from two to four inches. Much might be written about Cork; but I must hurry along.

After a general view of the tower, the most interesting trip by jaunting car is to Blarney Castle. I will not wait to tell you about the charming scenery on the way to the famous old ruins, but will repeat a dialogue with the carman—a very ordinary-looking chap, with a wheedling voice, who seldom or never smiled during the drive, but whether designedly or not I cannot say:

(Give the replies as much of the brogue as you know how, and I promise you a laugh.)

Myself—What force have you over there? (pointing to the Cork barracks.)

Carman—Three thousand men or upwards, sir; more than formerly, sir, she having called in the reserves, sir.

Myself—Can you kill those crows I see flying about everywhere?

C.—No, sir. There is a law, sir, that doesn't require us to carry fire-arms, sir.

Myself—What is that large building on the hill?

C.—An asylum, sir.

Myself—Will you drive up there and let us see it?

C.—I would not advise you to go there, sir.

Myself—Why not?

C.—It is a dangerous place, sir.

Myself—But why is it dangerous?

C.—It is a lunatic asylum, sir, and they might lock you in, sir.

Myself—Is there much snow here in winter? Have you any sleighing?

C.—There does not be much latterly, sir. The climate in Ireland is very mild, sir; but they have a skating rink beyond, sir!

Myself—How do they freeze the water, then, if they have so little frost?

C.—By some combustibles they have for the purpose, sir.

Myself—You have lots of rain in Ireland. It seems to me to rain every day.

C.—Yes, sir, some days.

On the way to the castle the air was black with crows, while they were by thousands in the fields, on the fences, and in the roadways. Fearing neither man nor beast, they merely slipped aside, or rather hopped aside (crows don't slip), to let the car pass, and on the hedges they struck the most impertinent attitudes, looking down disdainfully as the passer-by walked past within arm's reach. These birds have a peculiar interest for me in view of many and many a tramp for hours at a time, in a vain endeavour to get on shooting acquaintance with members of the Canadian branch of their family.

After Blarney Castle, I went to the beautiful Lakes of Killarney, surrounded by most delightful scenery, which want of time prevents me from making any attempt to describe.

From Killarney I went to Mallow, Dublin, Belfast and the Causeway, spending at each place sufficient time to get a fair idea of their various attractions.

The Ireland of my dreams was a poor, poverty-stricken country, badly farmed, and peopled by a down-trodden race, but I found it everywhere beautiful; the soil, for the most part, well cultivated, and, although the houses of the peasantry are behind the times, yet the people as a whole are as contented and as prosperous as you will find anywhere. Only those are disloyal who represent the discontented class the world over—those who are too lazy to work, but not too honest to steal.

Taking the steamer at Belfast, I went to Liverpool, then to Preston, Manchester, and London, remaining in the metropolis fourteen days, seeing those sights of which I will tell you something in my next.

IV.

DIVONNE, 1878.

MY DEAR FRIEND,—As I promised to give you something about London in my next letter, I will pass it altogether for the present, and give you, instead, a glimpse of Paris. In selecting a route from London to the gay city of the French, I found it difficult to decide between the competing lines *vid* Ostend, Dieppe, Calais, and Boulogne. I chanced Dieppe, without any definite reason whatever, for each has its admirers. The country between London and the coast has nothing of surpassing interest. It is, nevertheless, pretty, for splendid trees, well-kept hedges, and beautiful fields, make all England pretty. At Newhaven we embarked on a rather unpretentious-looking craft, that was neither a steamship nor a steamboat proper, but, having in a very poor way, features of both, and, being rather dirty to permit of any admiration, my ideal floating palace vanished in a twinkling.

I will not tell the time-honoured fib by saying

the sea was like glass, but it was really very smooth, and, in consequence, I had a very good appetite for the very bad lunch, or dinner, or whatever they might choose to call it. With all its disappointments, however, the Captain was a good-hearted, sympathetic, kind old man, and he did an act of charity that made the passengers quite oblivious of personal discomforts. Outside Dieppe there was a becalmed fishing-smack, and our noble-hearted old Captain went away out of his course to do for the poor little boat what the elements seemed to deny it. Had you seen the faces of that crew of poor fishermen when the kind intentions were signalled to them, I am sure you would have said "Bravo! Captain."

At Dieppe we experienced a decided improvement in the baggage system and the conduct of the Custom House officers. They weighed the parcels, and for every twenty pounds charged five centimes, or one cent, for a hundred miles, giving, as a voucher, a paper check bearing a number corresponding with its counterpart pasted on the package. The Customs officer stood on a platform, and as the passengers approached to claim their trunks, they were merely asked if they had any tobacco, and a negative answer entitled them to their property, with a polite bow, that had nothing of a suspicious appearance, nothing but innate French courtesy.

The cars resemble those in England, each being divided into three compartments, intended to accommodate ten persons, sitting five on either side, facing each other. The whistle of the locomotive makes the most fiendish noise I ever heard in all my life; it is the shrillest kind of a screech—a scraggy, harsh, and mournful yell that threatens to shatter the very drums of your ears, and it is repeated oftener and continued longer than would be endurable were it musical. It is a fortunate thing, indeed, that the journeys are not very long here, for it is quite conceivable that a person with sensitive nerves might be driven stark mad under the infliction of such a torture.

At Rouen, where I stopped only thirty-six hours, I visited the Cathedral, which, I freely granted, was very grand, but rather because everybody else said it was, than as the result of my own judgment. However, I am getting so that I can endure a long look at these antiquities, and perhaps before I go home I will have learned how to appreciate some of their beauties. There is at Rouen a *Bonsecours* church, full of stained glass and complimentary tablets to about one hundred and nineteen modern saints—ordinary kind of sinners, no doubt, who remembered the church in their wills. It is situated away up on a hill that furnishes a very good *coup d'œil* of the city and the quiet Seine, studded with beautiful islands. In a ramble through the town you see a monument erected to Jeanne d'Arc, with wreaths of fresh flowers hanging all about it, which tell that the memory of this wonderful maid is still dear to the French.

You will find a few modern streets and many ancient ones, narrow and crooked, and fronted with old gabled houses that seem reaching over to each other, as if in their decrepitude they would lean on their fellows for support. They have this advantage: a cat concert-troupe might perform in different parts of the town on the same night without the expense in time of leaving the roofs. In walking through these old streets the residents look very sociable, especially when you find them sitting on their door-steps, and playing French checkers with their neighbours opposite on a table in the middle of the street. Overhead you see little ragged strips of skylight that add to the quaintness of the place. Some of the novelties of Rouen are white-capped garlic-peddling women in heavy wooden shoes, and clean, naked children.

The only evidence I could find of the day being the Sabbath, was the sight of a few people with books in their hands, straggling into church. I joined the devout company and witnessed the service silently performed by a priest and a small boy, whose duty it was to elevate the tail of his master's robe, and ring a table bell at intervals of quarter of a minute to indicate some new stage in the proceedings. The jingling of this bell was the signal for the people to kneel or rise, and they did their worshipping with a precision and uniformity that gave evidence of long training and thorough discipline. After this preliminary part of the service was concluded the main feature was initiated by a woman who circulated systematically amongst the congregation, getting from each a *sou*, and insisting with rare honesty on giving the necessary change when a larger coin was offered. When this young person had concluded her labours, a gorgeous church collector carrying a silver plate, and accompanied by a church policeman with a cocked hat, proceeded to take up the collection proper.

On the way from Rouen to Paris there was nothing to be seen worthy of mention, except evidence of fertile soil and bad farming. The fields looked rough and irregular; there were no hedges, or fences, or anything whatever to show where one farm ended or the other commenced. I saw three women herding three cows, each animal being kept in check by means of a string tied to its horns. It looked to me as if female labour must be a drug on the market when they could afford to give the undivided attention of a full-grown, able-bodied woman to a \$35 cow.

My first sight of Paris almost took my breath away. It fairly stunned me, for I was not prepared for such marvellous beauties. There is everything there that constitutes a magnificent city; beautiful buildings, clean, broad streets

with ample sidewalks, a pure atmosphere, the very best of lighting, and shops whose windows, for taste of decoration, abundance, variety and novelty of contents, can defy the world. How tame, dull, dingy, and even dirty London seemed after Paris, you cannot well imagine.

I will mention a few of the particular objects of interest in the order in which I saw them, but I will not promise more than enough to give you a very faint idea, for a description would be impossible.

As I turned the corner of one of the boulevards, on my first ramble, I was startled by the appearance of a building that seemed to me the grandest I had ever seen. It looked musical all over, and no one, at all capable of joy on beholding the grand, the majestic, the sublime, could see that building for the first time, at any rate, without experiencing a most thrilling emotion. I will not attempt a description of it, for the thing I could build on paper would fail to give you the slightest conception of its grandeur. It was the National Academy of Music, built by the Government at a cost of thirty millions of francs, and it is a building that in all its details is thoroughly characteristic, and well may the French be proud of it. Le Louvre, which is well worthy of its world wide celebrity, is devoted to painting, sculpture, mosaics, and antiquities of all kinds, including human and animal mummies, jewellery, household articles of the ancient Egyptians, the arms and ornaments of barbarous tribes and nations; in fact a perfect city of art treasure, where a person of the right turn of mind for these things might spend weeks, and even months, in a way that I can easily believe quite enjoyable.

Adjoining the Louvre are the magnificent Palaces of the Tuileries, or at least, as much of them as escaped the ravages of the ruffianly Communists. Then follow the garden of the Tuileries, *La Place de la Concorde*, *l'Avenue de la Grand Armée* and *Le Bois de Boulogne*, with its shaded drives and walks, beautiful lakes, military review grounds, race-courses, and arrangements of all kinds for the amusement of the public. From the gardens of the Tuileries, along the Seine to the outward limits of the *Bois de Boulogne*, are embraced the pleasure grounds of Paris, in a continuous stretch of six miles. Here you find people riding, driving, walking, according to their tastes, and, in some cases, according to their means. You will find here panoramas, hippodromes, museums, open air theatres, dance gardens, cafés, boulevards, fountains, and statuary with beautiful trees and charming flowers.

In that part where the *Champs Elysees* end, and the avenues begin, is placed the *Arc de Triomphe*, designed and commenced by the first Napoleon in honour of the French army. It has inscribed on it the names of only ninety-six victories, but the whole structure, which cost eleven millions of francs, seems to attest the pride of the then victorious French. The boulevards are great wide streets, about forty in number, running around the city, and across the city, here running parallel, there diverging from a circus, or a square. They are lined with beautiful shops, and in most cases have their distinct roadways, and four distinct walks, or promenades, lined with prettily-trained trees that form continuous arches, for miles together.

The abattoirs are immense sheds constructed of stone and iron, and covering a space of sixty-seven acres, where nearly all the slaughtering is done for the city. There are employed there upwards of a thousand men, who butcher about twenty thousand animals a week. Adjoining the abattoirs is the great cattle market with accommodation for thirty-two thousand animals. The sewers are marvellous constructions in their way. They are intended to drain the city, and to be used as a means of military communication in times of civil strife. Visitors are accompanied by a staff of Corporation employes into the bowels of the earth, where for about a mile they are carried in a comfortable *bateau*, and from thence much further on rail cars, through a great tunnel, sixteen feet high, and seventeen wide, containing the water distributing pipes, and telegraph wires of the city.

L'Ecole de Médecine is a perfect chamber of horrors to which the nervous visitor pays a very short visit indeed. The Palace of Luxembourg, with a beautiful garden, is devoted to painting and sculpture. The *Hotel de Cluny* is another of those interminable museums, where twenty thousand objects of interest so confuse and confound the mind of the casual spectator, that he remembers very little about it. The *Hotel des Invalides* is the home of decayed soldiers and sailors. I do not mean that it is a graveyard; the French, and English too, use this word to designate the men who have fought their battles and who through loss of limb, or burden of years, are unable to fight again. Strictly speaking, the word may not be used in this sense improperly, but I think they might find a more poetical one for such a use.

La Bourse is the name of the stock and merchant's exchange where the stock gamblers run a sort of bedlam from twelve to three, to be succeeded by a milder class of lunatics called merchants, from three to five. The *agents de change*, sixty in number, have the entire control of the stocks, railroad shares, and bills of exchange, while sixty *courtiers de commerce* certify the price of goods and silver, fix the price of merchandise, and rates of freight, and the *courtiers d'assurance* fix the rates of insurance. The Cathedral of Notre Dame is undoubtedly a fine old pile (I believe that is the correct phrase). My mind had got so thoroughly educated to a proper appreciation of tombs and trinkets,

stained-glass, and statuary, that I gave it up freely and unreservedly to an inspection of the place for a whole quarter of an hour. You can see all the outside, and nearly all the inside for nothing, but to take the gilt of their generosity they charge for admission to the sacristy, where a verger, haughty from a sense of his high calling, opens a series of presses and cupboards containing an immense amount of gold appropriated in the lavish decoration of Bishop's robes, a vast amount of religious relics, and the gowns of some saints which were not much to look at, and would have been scorned by a second-hand clothes dealer.

This reminds me that in Paris, as in London, you can see a great deal for nothing, and will have to pay to see a very little. They have catch-penny side shows in their cathedrals, churches, abbeys and museums, where innocent strangers are "taken in" a score at a time.

The *Rue de Rivoli* is perhaps the most remarkable street in Paris. It consists of a series of uniform arcades, extending from the Tuileries for a distance of two miles. It has a lamp every five feet, and when illuminated, is a beautiful sight. It cost one hundred and fifty millions of francs. I tell you the cost of these things because I myself can always appreciate a picture or a park better when I know how many dollars it represents.

After all these churches, museums, and monuments, I visited the cemetery of *Père la Chaise*, to see the tombs of the men who had designed and constructed most of those attractions. When you read about cemeteries as "Cities of the Dead," you do not properly understand its meaning, until you have seen *Père la Chaise*.

The sepulchral chapels and temples, with their reception-rooms, and empty chairs, look for all the world, like little streets of a miniature city. Many tombs with their wreath and tinsel decorations, bear record of repeated visits by friends who come to mourn and to weep over the ashes of those with whom perchance they quarrelled in life.

Ah! if we could but love and cherish the living reality, as we pretend to do its memory, how sweet might be the life that oft is made so bitter! There, too, I felt and understood the vanity of our ambition, with all our thirsting for applause and glory. There you may figure out the chances of even the great intellects of the world. How few amongst the thousands of tombs, alas! how very few, are even remembered by a nation. Fifty graves or less, and you have seen all that the general public of Paris itself cares to see, and even these, with one or two exceptions, are more the object of curiosity than of respect or affection.

In my next letter I shall try to tell you some more about Paris.

ARTISTIC.

MRS. BUTLER (Miss Thompson) is likely to have two important canvases in next year's Academy.

MR. ROBERT CUSHING has finished a clay model for the colossal bust of Thomas Moore, to be erected in Prospect Park, Brooklyn, United States. There is said to be a smile "lurking about the mouth."

THE French Government, so says the *Chronique*, has ordered a statue and two busts to be executed representing M. Thiers. The statue is to be placed in the Musée at Versailles, and to be the work of M. Guillaume. The busts are to be set up, one in the Institute, the other in the statesman's native town.

MR. HUBERT HERKOMER, the well-known painter of "The Casual Ward," and "The Last Muster," and who obtained the *grande médaille d'honneur* at the Paris Exhibition the other day, shares the opinion that Liverpool, hitherto famous as the most industrial of towns, is likely to become a second Athens in the creation and encouragement of art.

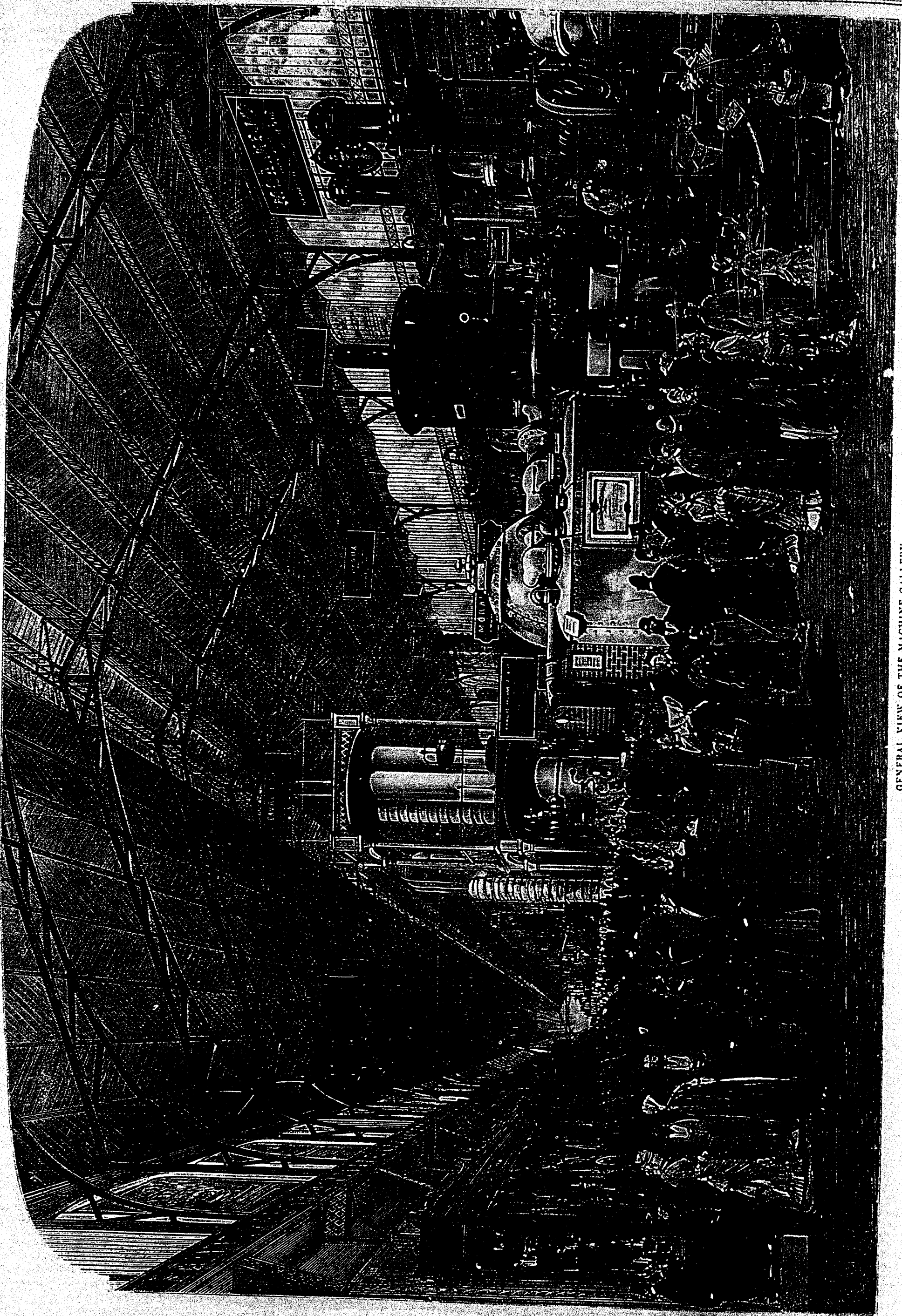
A COLLECTION of interesting coins of ancient date has been found a short distance north of Dronstjem, in Norway. The collection consists of 2,260 coins, most of them dating from the time of King Harald Harderade, of Norway, who died in 1066. There are also some German coins bearing the superscription of some Emperor Henry (though it has not yet been ascertained which Henry it is), and some few Anglo-Saxon coins.

IN the collection of pictures and sketches contributed by English artists to the Royal Patriotic Fund, and exhibited in 1855, nothing was regarded with so much curiosity and interest as the water-colour drawing by Her Royal Highness the Princess Royal, representing a dead or dying grenadier in the arms of his wife. We hear that it is shortly to be engraved. The effect of light and shade being broad and simple, and the composition being well-balanced, it is well adapted for translation into black and white.

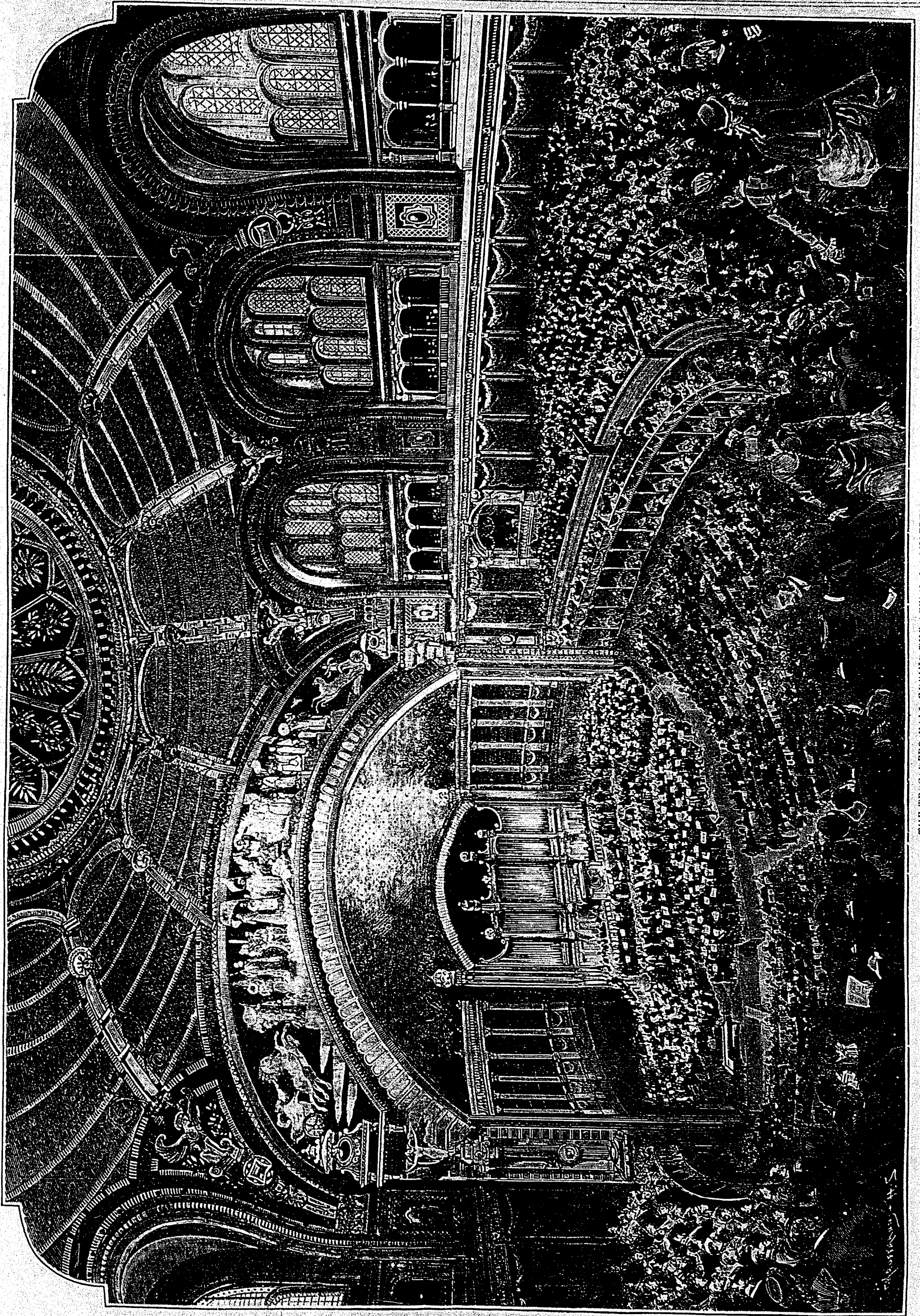
A SERIES of eight drawings by the distinguished Berlin painter Pannschmidt have lately been exhibited at Stuttgart and have excited great attention. These drawings deal with oft-repeated themes from the New Testament—such as Dives and Lazarus, the Wise and Foolish Virgins, and the Crucifixion and the Resurrection—but the treatment is such that a new interest is awakened by them. Herr Pannschmidt's drawing is chiefly distinguished by a grand severity of outline united to a true feeling for the beauty of human form.

HAMILTON ENTERPRISE.—The "Ambitious City" seems determined to continue to deserve the designation of "The Birmingham of Canada." To its already complete assortment of manufactories, has recently been added THE DOMINION TIE FACTORY. Mr. S. G. Treble, an enterprising young merchant, is the proprietor, and the factory is now turning out silk and satin ties, of every description, which are supplied to the trade only. There are but one or two similar factories in the Dominion.

HAMILTON TIE MANUFACTURING Co.—Latest styles of Scarfs for the Fall—Beaconsfield, Pasha, Salisbury, Bismarck, Gortschakoff. The Wholesale Trade only supplied. Hamilton Tie Manufacturing Company, Hamilton, Ont.



GENERAL VIEW OF THE MACHINE GALLERY.
THE PARIS EXHIBITION.



TUE TROCADERO HALL DURING THE OFFICIAL CONCERTS.
THE PARIS EXHIBITION.

JANET'S HAIR.

BY JOAQUIN MILLER.

Oh, loosen the mood that you wear, Janet,
Let me tangle a hand in your hair, my pet;
For the world to me has no daintier sight
Than your brown hair behind your shoulders white,
As I tangled a hand in your hair, my pet.

It was brown, with a golden gloss, Janet,
It was finer than silk of the floss, my pet;
'Twas a beautiful mist, falling down to your wrist;
'Twas a thing to be braided, and jewelled and kissed;
'Twas the loveliest hair in the world, my pet.

My arm was the arm of a clown, Janet,
It was sinewy, bristled, and brown, my pet;
But warmly and softly it loved to caress
Your round, white neck, and your wealth of tress,
Your beautiful plenty of hair, my pet.

Your eyes had a swimming gloss, Janet—
Revealing the dear old story, my pet!
They were gray with that chastened tinge of the sky,
When the trout leaps quickest to snap the fly,
And they matched with your golden hair, my pet.

Your lips—but I have no words, Janet—
They were fresh as the twitter of birds, my pet;
When the Spring is young and the roses are wet
With dew-drops in each red bosom set,
And they suited your golden brown hair, my pet.

Oh! you tangled my life in your hair, Janet!
'Twas a silken and golden snare, my pet;
But so gentle the bondage, my soul did implore
The right to continue a slave evermore,
With my fingers enmeshed in your hair, my pet.

Thus ever I dream that you were, Janet,
With your lips, and your eyes, and your hair, my pet;
In the darkened and desolate years I moan,
And my tears fall bitterly over the stone
That covers your golden hair, my pet.

BENEATH THE WAVE,

A NOVEL

BY

MISS DORA RUSSELL,

Author of "Footprints in the Snow," "The
Miner's Oath," "Annabel's Rival," &c., &c.

CHAPTER V.

AT SANDA HALL.

The same day that Mr. Hannaway called at the parsonage, Sir George Hamilton for the first time appeared among the family at Sanda Hall. His host had visited him in his bedroom, and the village doctor had visited him, and after Mr. Hannaway had arrived he had naturally spent most of his time with his patron. But the ladies had never seen the guest who had come so strangely into the household since the day of the storm, when he had been at once assisted from the carriage to his room.

But though they had not seen him, they had frequently talked of him, and Isabel Trevor had not scrupled to make inquiries about his private history from his man of business. Mr. Hannaway, however, gave only very guarded replies. "Is he married?" asked Miss Trevor, carelessly.

"No," answered Mr. Hannaway, gravely. "How strange!" said Miss Trevor. "A man of his age, too. Is there any romance in the case?"

"Most men have their romances, you know, Miss Trevor," replied Mr. Hannaway, smiling. "What is Sir George's, then?" asked Miss Trevor.

The lawyer shook his head. "How can I tell you?" he answered. "If Sir George has one he is not a man to confide in to his lawyer; and I do not even know that he has one."

"I shall have to ask him," said Miss Trevor, throwing back her beautiful head.

"And who could refuse to tell Miss Trevor anything she asked?" said Mr. Hannaway; and so the conversation about Sir George's romance ended for the present.

But Isabel felt curious about their guest, and grew impatient of the days that he spent in seclusion. Her father had pronounced him to be a handsome and gentlemanly man, and she herself had admired him during their brief interview. "How tiresome it is," Isabel thought, "of him to stay in his own room—I hate tiresome people."

But she did not tell him this, when he appeared down stairs. She was standing in the drawing-room when he entered it, engaged in what was a favourite occupation of hers, the arranging of flowers. That is, she took a fancy for doing this occasionally, as she took fancies for other things. When she took a fancy she was wrapped up in it for a little while, and then another fancy succeeded. This day she was quite immersed in her flowers. She lifted them up, held them together to judge of their effect, and put them down again. She had a great bunch of gorgeously-tinted camellias in her hand as Sir George came into the drawing-room, and though she heard him enter, and guessed who it was, she did not turn her head, but bent it down over the flowers.

She made a splendid picture. A woman about whose beauty there could be no doubt; a woman with a tall shapely form, dressed with rare taste, and with a sort of strange grace in every attitude of her supple figure.

She waited until Sir George was close to her, and then looked quickly round, with a smile that was intended to win his admiration. But the man who approached her was in no mood to

give it. He looked gloomy, almost sullen, and as he placed his hand in the one she held towards him, he did not even return her smile.

"I have come to thank you, Miss Trevor," he said, with grave courtesy, "for your great kindness to me."

"What kindness?" asked Isabel, with another bright smile.

"Need I answer that question?" said Sir George, fixing his eyes on her face.

He was thinking how wonderfully beautiful she was. He had only a vague recollection of her appearance as she stood on the bare brown rocks, just after he had been rescued from the sea by Hayward on the day of the storm, and he had scarcely ever thought of her since. But just now he was in a bitter mood. "She was beautiful," he was reflecting, "but what does it matter! She will only bring greater misery into the world than most of her accursed sex!"

"Do you mean by my 'great kindness' that I urged that young man to try to save you?" went on Isabel, still smiling, and interrupting Sir George's thoughts. "If you do, you need not thank me. What I did, I did selfishly, for I could not bear to see a human creature perish, without some effort being made to save him."

"Then, as I am that 'human creature,' I suppose I owe you some thanks, don't I?" asked Sir George, with a sort of cynicism in his tone, that Isabel instantly detected.

"Yes," she said, sharply, "for life is a boon, is it not?"

"Say rather that death is a dread," answered Sir George, with a sort of shudder.

Isabel turned her head away.

"I never think of death," she said. "I love life, I am young, death seems far away from me."

"No one can say that," said Sir George, moodily.

"I say it," answered Isabel, in her bright, defiant way. "I mean to live—I mean to enjoy life, and to live a long, long life."

Sir George Hamilton made no answer, and as he stood there, silent and gloomy, Isabel looked steadily in his face.

He was a handsome man, with a pale, slightly olive-tinted skin, high regular features, and a dark moustache. He was about thirty-eight or nine years of age at this time, and was tall and well-formed. Altogether he was a remarkable-looking man; remarkable for his good looks, and for his proud and distinguished bearing, and Isabel Trevor was much struck with his whole appearance.

"And are you better?" she asked, with interest. "Have you recovered from the frightful shock?"

"Yes, I am better," he answered; "and I am truly pleased to hear from the doctor this morning that Mr. Hayward, the brave young man who saved my life, is also now pronounced to be out of danger."

"So papa told me," said Isabel. "Yes, I am glad—it was a brave action."

"A very brave action," said Sir George. "But I knew he was a good swimmer when I implored him to try to save you," continued Isabel. "He swam out and brought in a woman's body quite lately."

"Indeed! Well, I have sent Hannaway to see him. In any way that I can push him on in life I shall only be too ready to do so. He is a gentleman, I suppose?"

"There is some legend to that effect, I believe, in the village," answered Isabel, carelessly, "but I have never paid much attention to it. Ah, here is Miss Marston," she went on, as Hilda Marston now entered the drawing-room. "Miss Marston," she continued, "Sir George Hamilton is inquiring about Mr. Hayward, the tutor. I tell him I know little of him, excepting that he has the reputation of being a good swimmer, but perhaps you know more about him? Miss Marston's little brother is one of his pupils, Sir George."

Sir George bowed to Miss Marston when Isabel mentioned her name, and then again when she imparted the information that Miss Marston's brother was one of Mr. Hayward's pupils.

"Then perhaps you can tell me something about him, Miss Marston?" said Sir George, addressing Hilda, who coloured softly at the question.

"Do you mean about himself, or his family?" she asked, in a pleasant, low-toned voice.

"About both, if you can give me any information," answered Sir George. "I am naturally much interested in him. I owe him a debt I can never repay."

"Yes, indeed," said Hilda Marston. "Do you know him well?" asked Sir George.

"Not very well," answered Hilda, "but I do know him, and—he is a gentleman. His father was an officer I believe, and died of sun-stroke out in India, and left a young widow, and one little boy—who is now Mr. Hayward. That is all I know, I think," she went on with a sort of sweet modesty of manner which was habitual to her, "but I believe he is very nice—and you know he is very brave."

"How do you know he is very nice, Miss Marston?" said Isabel, with a little scoffing laugh. "Do you mean nice-looking, nice-mannered, or what? I hate the term 'nice' when applied to a man. I can imagine a nice tame cat, but not a nice man."

Hilda Marston looked annoyed.

"I mean," she said, "that he seems agreeable."

"I wish I had noticed this paragon of perfection before," continued Isabel with another laugh. "Is he very good-looking? I really forget."

"He is clever-looking," answered Hilda Marston.

"Which is much better than ordinary beauty," said Sir George. "A clever face is always an attraction."

"I think so, too," said Hilda.

"I don't, then," said Isabel. "A handsome face to me is always an attractive one." And she looked at Sir George with her beautiful eyes as she spoke.

After this, the conversation about the tutor was dropped. Isabel volunteered to show Sir George her conservatories, and led him thither, without asking Hilda Marston to accompany them.

"Who is that young lady?" asked Sir George, when he found himself beneath the gorgeously flower-festooned glass roof of one of the conservatories, which was filled to profusion with the rarest and choicest plants.

"My companion, Miss Marston," answered Isabel. "I was lonely here after I returned from school, for there is so little society that I care about, and papa therefore proposed for me to have a companion. She is a clergyman's daughter, and is very useful to me."

"And you never had a sister?" asked Sir George.

"Yes," said Isabel, "but she died when we were children. She would have been twenty-one now—one year younger than I am."

"And you are twenty-two!" said Sir George, looking at Isabel fixedly.

"Yes, twenty-two," she answered laughing, and showing her white teeth. "An old woman of twenty-two!"

She was standing, as she said this, beneath a long trailing festoon of some bright green creeper, and she saw that Sir George was admiring her. This was what she lived for, but another idea crept into her heart at this moment.

"He is rich, he is well-born," she thought.

"Why should I not marry him? I must marry some day; why not marry Sir George Hamilton?"

There was a marvellously subtle grace about this woman which fascinated men. Had anyone told Sir George Hamilton that he would spend two hours this day with any woman amid her flowers, when he rose sullen and desponding in the morning, he would have laughed them to scorn. Yet he did spend them. He sat down by Isabel's side, and talked to her and the perfumed air. He was not very communicative about his past life, though. He had spent the last five or six years abroad, he told Isabel, and that was about all the information that she gained.

"In what country?" she asked.

"In many countries," he answered. "I have wandered to and fro upon the earth, Miss Trevor."

"Have you been in Spain?" said Isabel.

"Yes," answered Sir George, and a flush passed for a moment over his usually pale face.

"Why do you ask?" he inquired, the next minute.

"You remind me of Spain, somehow," she answered. "There is something romantic even in this prosaic age, I think, about Spain."

"But there is nothing romantic about me," said Sir George.

"Is there not?" said Isabel, softly. "Ah, you cannot tell." And she gave a little sigh.

"It's best to keep out of romances," said Sir George, rising from the seat by her side. "They are dangerous things, ending sometimes—" And he hesitated.

"In tragedies?" said Isabel.

"Or comedies," went on Sir George, with affected carelessness of manner.

"Tragedies or comedies," repeated Isabel, rising also, "in which shall we act our parts? Well, we shall know some day; shall we not, Sir George, before the curtain falls?" And with a light laugh she turned away.

CHAPTER VI.

A FAREWELL WORD.

The next few days Isabel Trevor spent in trying to fascinate Sir George Hamilton. She was an adept in the art, but Sir George was either cool or wary. At least, he gave no signs of being an easy victim, and yet Isabel felt sure that he admired her. But he was gloomy and taciturn at times in spite of all attractions. He spoke, too, of leaving Sanda; of leaving as soon as he had seen the young man who had saved his life, and Isabel began to be somewhat doubtful about her success.

Mr. Hannaway left the Hall the day after his visit to the parsonage. He had professional business to attend to, he said, when Mr. Trevor hospitably asked him to stay.

"But I dare say we shall meet at Massam?" said Mr. Hannaway pleasantly. Now Massam was a place of Sir George Hamilton's, in Yorkshire, to which he had heard the baronet invite their present host during the evening before.

"Yes, I hope to see Mr. Trevor at Massam," said Sir George, who was standing by.

"And don't you hope to see Miss Trevor at Massam?" asked Isabel coquettishly, who was also standing near.

"Yes, if Miss Trevor pleases to come," answered Sir George, looking at her with a smile, "but there is no lady to entertain you there."

"I hate ladies in general," said Isabel, tossing back her head. "I get on far better with men. Ladies in general are jealous, narrow-minded and spiteful. Yes, Sir George, you need not try to make that excuse," she added, smiling more coquettishly still.

"I do not wish to make excuses," he said. "If you will come, of course I shall be delighted to see you."

"Miss Hilda Marston can accompany my daughter," said Mr. Trevor, in his pompous fashion. He was not very brilliant, but he had penetration to see through his daughter's design, and he perfectly approved of it. He, in fact, was very anxious that Isabel should marry, because he wished and intended to marry again himself. But he knew he could not do so with any chance of domestic comfort if his daughter was still unwedded. Sir George Hamilton he believed to be a suitable person to marry Isabel, and he therefore cultivated the baronet's intimacy, and was very cordial (for him) in his manner to their guest. But a painful episode suddenly ended Sir George's stay at Sanda Hall.

This was the news which was conveyed to him, a day or two after the conversation about Isabel's visit to Massam, that the sea had once more given up some of its dead. Two bodies had been washed ashore at Sanda, and they were supposed to be part of the crew of Sir George's lost yacht, the *Endymion*. Sir George could scarcely control his emotion when he heard of this. His pale, dark face grew paler, and his lips quivered nervously in spite of his efforts to appear calm. Isabel Trevor, who was with him at the time when the Squire told him the news, looked at him in absolute surprise.

"How strange he is!" she said to Hilda Marston afterwards. "Why he knew these poor men were all dead, so why should he be so agitated at their bodies being cast up? It is rather unmanly, I think."

"It naturally must painfully remind him of what was so nearly his own fate," replied Hilda.

"But it's folly always to be thinking of tiresome things," said Isabel, carelessly.

"But death is such a solemn thing," said Hilda, and she went to the window, and gave a sigh as she looked out.

This girl had had a very different experience of life to Isabel Trevor. She had passed through the great winnowing machine of troubles and had seen a father, that she dearly loved, die, with anxiety and poverty to embitter his last hours. It was a sad and common story, which had ended one summer morning at the country parsonage where Hilda had been born. Mr. Marston, her father, was a well-meaning, kind-hearted man, easily betrayed into extravagancies, to escape from the consequences of which he had (without any knowledge of business) embarked in speculations. He died a ruined man, heart-broken at the prospect of leaving his portionless children to the mercies of a cruel world.

His wife (who was dead) had been a cousin of Mrs. Trevor's, of Sanda Hall—a poor relation in fact, and on his death-bed he wrote and implored Mr. Trevor to do something for his peniless children. Death is always terrible, but oh! reader, does it not add to its terrors when there is not money enough in the house to bury the dead! This was the case at Welldean Parsonage on the July morning when Mr. Marston died. Hilda's eldest sister Marion was forced to beg Mr. Trevor to advance them a small sum for their present necessities, and Mr. Trevor was not hard-hearted enough to refuse her request.

He was touched indeed when he went to the funeral of his distant relative, to see the piteous grief of the second daughter, Hilda, for her dear father. The poor girl's white face, and overwhelming sorrow, when he tried to say a few words of comfort to her, moved him to compassion, and induced him to offer Hilda a temporary home at least, at Sanda Hall. The eldest daughter, Marion, was several years older, and better able to face the inevitable struggle for subsistence before them. Mr. Trevor, therefore, after much mental hesitation, decided to offer Hilda a home for the present with his daughter; and he also, with yet more mental hesitation, determined to undertake the expense of educating Ned Marston, the poor dead Vicar's youngest child.

The family, which consisted of four, was finally disposed of thus: Marion, the eldest daughter, procured a situation as governess to the six children of a neighbouring clergyman; Paul, the eldest son, went into the merchant navy as a midshipman, Hilda to Sanda Hall, as companion to Isabel Trevor, and Ned, the youngest, as a pupil to the Rev. Matthew Irvine.

This had all happened only two years ago, and so death seemed still very sad and solemn to Hilda Marston. She had not laid her mourning aside yet for her poor father, nor had the painful memories of his death-bed faded from her heart. But she seldom spoke of such things at Sanda Hall. Isabel Trevor would have considered them "a bore," and the Squire loved not to be reminded of our mortal tenure.

But her naturally tender and sympathetic nature had grown more tender and sympathetic during these hours of trial. She understood, therefore, what Sir George Hamilton must feel, when, one after the other, the dead faces of his late companions reappeared upon the earth. He was called upon to identify them as the one survivor of the crew of the lost *Endymion*. All this seemed exquisitely painful to Sir George. At the inquest held on the bodies of the poor sailors he was forced to enter into the details of the wreck. The twelve jurymen who sat to listen to his account, had not often the satisfaction of questioning a real baronet, and they therefore did it to the best of their ability. The proud and reserved Sir George was required to tell the history of his cruise, the number and names of his crew, how

the storm came on, and to answer questions which he considered utterly irrelevant to the inquiry. His replies were brief, cold, and to the point; but he said when it was over that he would not care to encounter it again.

"If any more of these unfortunate men should be cast up," he told his host, as they returned together to Sanda Hall after the inquest, the painful scene that I have just passed through would have to be gone over again, if I remain here (as you so kindly wish me to do) any longer. No, I will leave Sanda to-day."

"But," replied Mr. Trevor, "only to return, I hope, when these painful recollections have faded from your mind?"

"That can never be," answered Sir George, in a low tone.

"Time is a great physician," said Mr. Trevor, in a tone as if he considered that he was uttering new and very sagacious sentiment.

"True," said Sir George, briefly, and then he changed the conversation, adroitly complimenting the Squire on the architecture of the cottage which they were then passing, and which Mr. Trevor (so the polite architect allowed him to think) had assisted in designing.

"Yes," went on Mr. Trevor, gratified, "it gives me no small pleasure to think, Sir George, that this visit, which for you began so unpropitiously, has not ended so. Mr. Hannaway also admires the peculiar construction of this cottage, and I promised to send him the plan, as he says that you propose to build some labourers' cottages at Massam. When I visit you there I shall be proud to see my humble ideas carried out on a more extensive scale than it would be judicious of me to attempt here."

Sir George assented carelessly. He was not thinking of the Squire of Sanda and his model cottage. He was thinking what a madman he was himself. What! had he allowed Isabel Trevor's beautiful face to bewitch him already, he thought—he who had no right to seek her love. The Squire went on talking complacently, and the Baronet walked on gloomy and taciturn by his side. Then, just as they reached the gates of the Hall, Isabel, well-mounted, and followed by her groom, rode up to them.

"Is it over?" she said almost in a whisper to Sir George, as he assisted her to dismount at the Hall door. "I have felt for you so much," she went on, in the same soft undertone, "that I could not bear to stay in doors."

How could he tell that she was lying to him! She had a skin so soft and fair that the colour came and went in it, with every passing emotion of her heart. She was wishing him to believe in her at that moment, and so her bloom deepened, and her scarlet lips parted, as the false words lingered upon them.

"I thank you," said Sir George, in a low earnest voice.

"You must tell me all about it?" continued Isabel, and she looked up into Sir George's face with her changeable, brilliant eyes.

"No, no," he answered, and his head fell. "I must go away—better for us both, that I should go away."

They were the first words that Sir George had ever uttered to Isabel, which had not been spoken in the ordinary language of society, and her glittering eyes glittered more brightly, as she caught his tones.

"No," she said, after a moment's thought, "let me try to make you—forget the past."

Sir George absolutely started, and his pale face flushed deeply, as these few words reached his ears. Then he spoke—

"It is a gloomy past," he said, "and I must learn to bear its memory as best I can—alone—"

Had he offered to confide in her, Isabel would probably have cared very little about his confidence. As it was, her interest in his past life grew intense. But they were entering the hall door at the time that he said these words, and as a servant or two were loitering near, Isabel was compelled for the present to abandon the subject. Then the luncheon bell rang, and before that meal was over, Sir George rose, with an apology, and asked leave of Isabel to go at once and pay his promised visit to Mr. Hayward.

"I must leave Sanda in time to catch the five train for the south," he said, "and it would ill become me to do so without seeing the brave young man who saved my life. Therefore I must beg you to excuse me, Miss Trevor?"

Isabel coloured, but it was with vexation. She had intended to make a conquest of Sir George, and she had always hitherto succeeded when she had intended to make a conquest. But before she could recover from her surprise, Sir George had left the room, and then Isabel looked quickly and inquiringly at her father.

"This is a sudden resolution of Sir George's, papa?" she said.

"He was much affected when viewing the bodies of the unfortunate sailors," replied the Squire. "He told me in returning that he could not bear to do so again; and as in all probability more of these poor men will be cast up, he has determined to leave Sanda at once. But from what I gathered," added the Squire considerably, "he will certainly at some future period return."

"Oh," said Isabel, and then she finished her luncheon while Sir George proceeded direct to the parsonage.

When he arrived there he was ushered into Mrs. Irvine's drawing-room. This was one of those rooms in which the shabbiness of the furniture is attempted to be shrouded by antimacassars. Amelia Shadwell had apparently spent her time from her earliest infancy in manufacturing these doubtful adornments, for they were

of so many descriptions, and of such divers kinds. Mats, also, of brilliant-tinted wools, whose borderings were of raised flowers of unnatural dimensions, were placed in every possible spot that was capable of supporting them. Then the walls, on which a mildewed brown and grey paper hung, were adorned with photographs, and faint, water-coloured drawings, also framed by the industrious Amelia, in straw frames and stamped leather frames, and various other ingenious devices. The photographs chiefly consisted of the late numerous little Irvines, and were of the gloomy and blotchy description usually produced by travelling photographers. Altogether it was a dismal room, and lacked the essential quality of comfort which can so easily be given by a tasteful woman's hand.

Presently the door opened, and Amelia Irvine's stiff, plump form, and rosy, commonplace face appeared.

"Oh! Sir George Hamilton," she said in much confusion, "Ma's so sorry, but she's not well. She's bilious," went on the loquacious Amelia, "yellow, almost saffron in colour, and she can't come down, and Pa's out. He's just gone out and may be back in a minute; and Ma told me to ask you to sit down and wait, or, if you are in a hurry, to send a message up to her by me."

"I came to see Mr. Hayward," answered Sir George to this prolonged address. "Perhaps you will ask your mother if I can see him?"

"Well, I don't know, I'm sure," answered Amelia, blushing at the mention of the tutor's name. "You see he's to be kept quiet. He's had his arm dressed this morning with a new kind of bandage, and he seems fidgety. I offered to read the lessons to him, and the Psalms, or even a light book, but he said his head ached too badly to listen. But he's taken his beef-tea. As I always say to Ma, that's a comfort. Beef-tea's so nourishing that he can't go down as long as he takes it."

"Well, kindly ask your mother if I can see him?" said Sir George.

But at this minute, while Amelia still hesitated, anxious to prolong her conversation with a baronet, the Rev. Matthew entered the room, and held out his hand cordially to Sir George.

"They told me that you were here, Sir George," he said. "Allow me to congratulate you on your happy recovery."

"Thanks," replied Sir George. "I am leaving Sanda to-day, Mr. Irvine, and I wish, before I go, to have a short interview with Mr. Hayward."

"No doubt, no doubt," said the genial parson. "Run, my dear" (this was to Amelia), "and tell your mother that Sir George wishes to see Hayward."

"Yes, Pa," answered Amelia, and she hastily left the room, running as fast as her substantial feet could carry her, to the tutor's.

"Hayward," she said, in her hurry, addressing him by his surname as her mother always did, "Sir George Hamilton's come! Such a grand man! So handsome! Let me put the pillows straight, and pop an antimacassar or two on the chairs, to make the room look decent, before he comes in."

"Is he coming up to see me?" asked Hayward, and his pale face flushed.

"He's come on purpose to see you," answered Amelia, hurriedly opening a drawer, and producing several clean antimacassars. "There! they'll make the room look better. Good gracious!" she cried the next minute, "here they are!" And in her haste, her antimacassars fell on the floor, just as Sir George and her father entered the tutor's room.

"I came to tell him, Pa," she said, now absolutely scarlet at being found in the tutor's room; "Ma's so bilious she can't lift her head from the pillows, so I was forced to come."

"No excuse is needed, my dear," said the Rev. Matthew, good-naturedly. "Sir George will understand that in a small household like ours we cannot stand on much ceremony."

Somewhat comforted on the score of propriety, Amelia, after glancing at Sir George, and seeing that his eyes were fixed on Hayward's face, now tried to kick the fallen antimacassars under the bed.

"We will leave you together," went on the Rev. Matthew, addressing Sir George, and then glancing with a kindly smile at Hayward. "I need not introduce you, I suppose," he continued in his semi-pathetic tones, "the sea did that for ye." And then with another kindly look at Hayward, he beckoned to his daughter, and together they left the room.

The two men that they left were both embarrassed. When last they had exchanged words, they had been face to face with death, and each thought for an instant of that solemn moment now. Then, though not quite in the cold and haughty tones that were habitual to him, Sir George spoke, holding out his hand as he did so.

"I have come to thank you," he said, "to thank you for my life."

"I—I—am very glad," faltered the tutor, "that I was able—" and then he paused.

"I have incurred a debt to you," went on Sir George, recovering his composure, "that I can never repay. But in some sort you must allow me to try to show my gratitude to you. You received my message by Mr. Hannaway, did you not?"

"Yes," answered the tutor.

"Have you decided on any profession yet, then?" continued Sir George. "But how can I ask—how can I suppose that you, lying here sick and ill, can have come to any real decision. We will leave, therefore, the question of your profession to a future time, and for the present

we will only arrange something that I hope will be of benefit to you. I leave Sanda to-day, but before I do so, let us fix when you will come and pay a long visit to me."

"You are very good," hesitated the tutor, "but I am still so weak—"

"The very reason you require change. Massam (my place in Yorkshire) is only a short journey from here after all, and when you are there I promise you that you shall be regarded as a complete invalid, and allowed to get well at leisure. I can even promise you beef-tea," added Sir George, with a smile, "though you may not have Miss Irvine—is that the young lady's name?—to administer it."

Hayward smiled, too, at this, and looked into Sir George's face with his thoughtful, clever eyes. He liked that face—the handsome, proud, sad face of the man whose life he had saved.

"You are very kind to me," he said, and he held out his hand to Sir George.

"It is settled, then," said Sir George, returning the tutor's grasp. "You saved my life at the risk of your own, and in return you are coming to stay with me until you get well? Not quite an equal bargain, is it, eh?" he added, with another smile.

But it was not a bright smile. There was an indescribable shadow nearly always on Sir George's face. "He is not happy," thought the tutor, and this feeling somehow drew his heart nearer to Sir George.

After this they fixed it all. As soon as Hayward could travel with safety, he was to go to Sir George's place in Yorkshire, and there they agreed to settle the plans for Hayward's future life. They separated without any professions, but each felt that they liked the other, and that the acquaintance they had formed was likely to be lifelong.

"I shall ask Miss Irvine for the receipt of the beef-tea," said Sir George, smiling and looking back at Hayward, as he left the room, and with that little joke they parted. But Sir George had a few words to say to the Rev. Matthew before he quitted the parsonage, and he said them very briefly.

"Mr. Irvine," he began, as he met the parson in the hall, just after he descended the stairs, "can I speak to you for a moment?"

Then, when the Rev. Matthew led him into his study, he went on—

"I have a cheque here," he said, "that I drew this morning to leave with you for your poor. Don't offer me any thanks," he continued, as the Rev. Matthew naturally began a complimentary oration. "I wish to give something, and besides I owe you so much for your kindness to Mr. Hayward."

"The dear boy is as a son to me," said the Rev. Matthew.

"But sons all cost money," said Sir George, smiling his ordinary cold smile, which had warmed somehow in Hayward's presence. "Pray accept my cheque, Mr. Irvine, and do with it what you like." And then, after a few more courteous words, Sir George left the parsonage, and when the Rev. Matthew opened the cheque he found it was for three hundred pounds.

"It is a thank-offering for his life," thought the parson. "Well, now at least" (and his semi-comic look stole over his face) "there'll be many a poor soul in the village glad that he was saved."

Sir George walked hastily back to the Hall, after he had quitted the parsonage. He had, indeed, barely time (with the long drive that he had in prospect before he could reach the nearest railway station) to catch the train south that he intended to travel by, and he was determined, if possible, to do so.

But as he went quickly up the staircase to his own room, after he reached the Hall, he suddenly encountered Isabel Trevor. She had been watching for him, and still wore her riding habit, and as she stood on the dark oaken staircase, one step above him, never had she appeared so strikingly beautiful to Sir George.

"Well," she said, "and are you really going to-day?"

"Yes, I am really going," he answered. "For a stranger like myself, I think I have intruded long enough on your hospitality."

"A stranger!" repeated Isabel. "You are not a stranger. You can never be a stranger any more."

"Shall I not," said Sir George, fixing his eyes on her face. "What shall I be, then? Will you not quite forget me?"

"I will never forget you," answered Isabel, "never," and as the last word fell from her lips, she passed him, and Sir George, after hesitating a moment, ascended the staircase to his own room.

(To be continued.)

THE GLEANER.

MAIDA-VALE, London, is to be turned into a handsome boulevard.

DURING the season just closed over 2000 Mormons have left Liverpool for Utah.

MR. TENNIEL has not left Punch. He is only taking a holiday—the first for twenty-seven years.

THE Emperor of Russia has forwarded to Dr. William Playfair a valuable diamond ring in recognition of his recent attendance on the Duchess of Edinburgh.

THERE is no volunteer force in Ireland. The Irish team at Wimbledon consists of Irishmen in Scottish and English volunteer corps.

THE Archbishop of Canterbury has issued in-

structions that in future no licenses for the marriage of divorced persons are to be issued from the Provincial Court.

THE Sultan has given orders to his Ambassador in Berlin to have a life-size portrait made there of the late Mehemet Ali Pasha. It is intended for the Military Academy at Constantinople.

MR. Walter Gooch, of the Princess's Theatre, London, has purchased the captive balloon which has excited so much interest in Paris. It is to be exhibited in London.

SIR HENRY THOMPSON, the eminent surgeon, has just received a fee of a thousand guineas for a successful operation on a wealthy German Jew at Vienna.

THE Duchess of Saxe-Meiningen, daughter of the Crown Prince and Princess of Prussia, is expecting a happy event, which will make our Queen a great-grandmother.

THE Queen is preparing Windsor Castle for the approaching marriage of the Duke of Connaught. The State apartments are being cleaned, and the old furniture is being recovered.

IN Ireland in 1871 the Catholics numbered 4,141,000 and the Protestants about 2,000,000. The number of Roman Catholics in the world is estimated at 170,000,000 and of Protestants at 76,000,000.

THE United States Commissioner of Inland Revenue estimates from statistics in his possession that \$596,000,000 are annually expended in the United States for liquor, a sum which in three years would pay off the national debt. For the 45,000,000 of inhabitants it amounts to \$13.25 per head.

THE German Emperor's physicians have recommended their august patient to spend the winter in Italy, but the Emperor appears determined to return to Berlin and to resume the government in its full scope.

MR. HENRY STANLEY, in a recent lecture said he believed the course of events at Zanzibar must, in a few years, lead to its annexation to England. This would be the natural result of the absorbing interest shown in it by British travellers and residents.

By an accident an empty champagne bottle was placed on an hotel dinner table the other day. After examining it carefully, turning it round and round and upside down, the diner turned to the waiter, and calmly remarked, "I did not order 'Extra Dry.'"

CAPTAIN Cameron's expedition in Asia Minor has, it is said, been undertaken for the purpose of writing a book for one of our well-known firms of publishers. The Royal Geographical Society, which paid all the expense of his journey across Africa, has nothing to do with the present enterprise.

THE Bank of England has gone in for reform. The other day the directors issued an order prohibiting the wearing of shooting-coats and low crowned hats. Many years ago, there was a standing rule in the Bank against moustaches, but it was given up as the fashions changed.

CARDINAL Nina, the Secretary of State to Leo XIII., is a great smoker. In his study, near a bronze crucifix, is a pipe rack, well filled with old pipes, for the most part of the cheapest kind. The Cardinal smokes the ordinary coarse tobacco of the régime, and does not disdain the inferior kind used by the soldier.

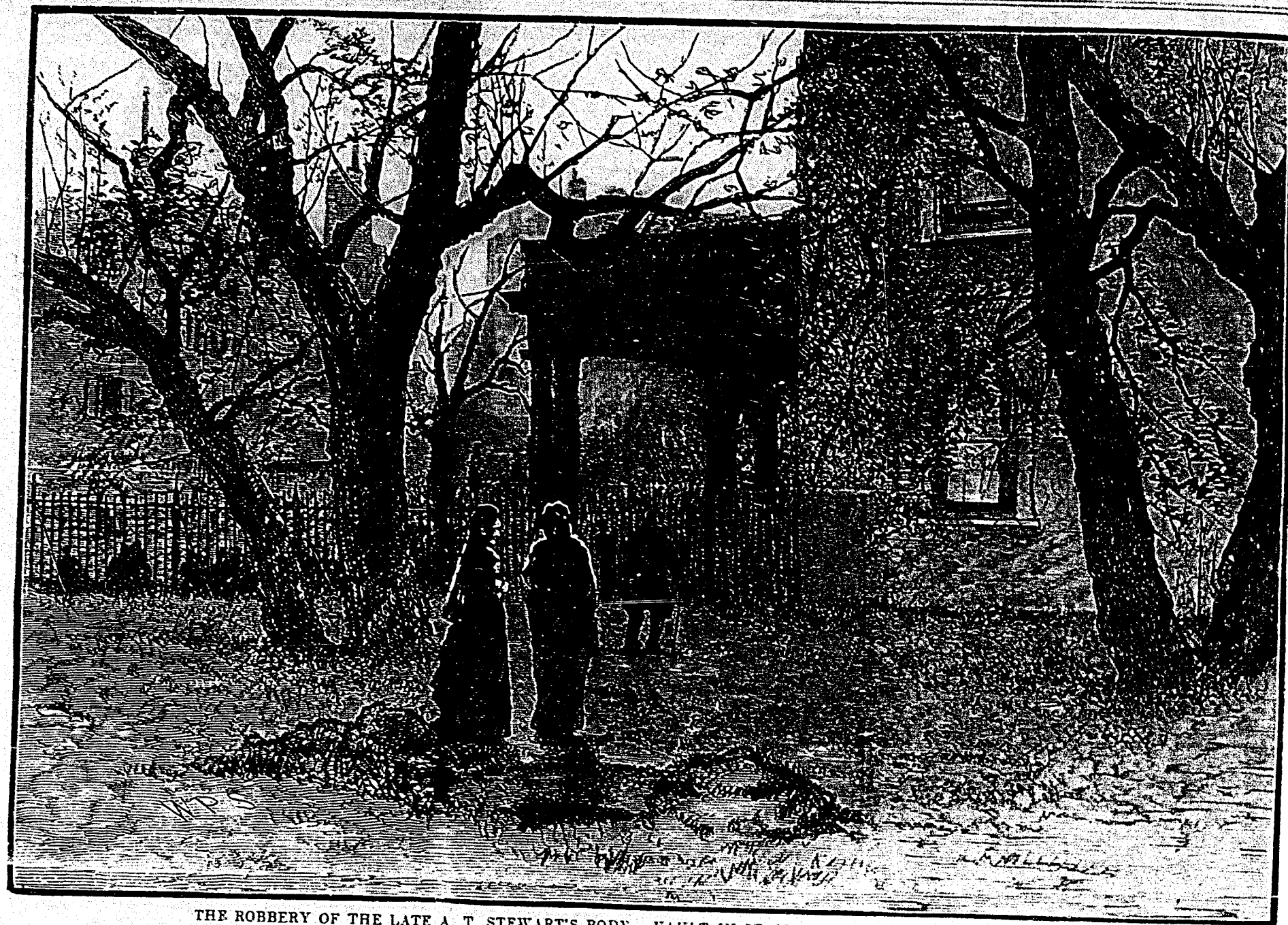
WINTER has set in very early in England. There was a snowstorm in London on October 30th, and the weather throughout the forenoon was bitterly cold. In North Staffordshire on the previous night there was a heavy snowfall. In Scotland the air was piercingly cold, and in most districts the ground was covered with snow.

In a few years' time Londoners need not be surprised to see London covered with boulevards. The same gentleman who offered a few years ago to give £100 to each of the metropolitan parishes, to be expended on the purchase and planting of trees in the principal thoroughfares, has made a similar offer to the Hornsey Local Board, and at a meeting of that body the offer was accepted.

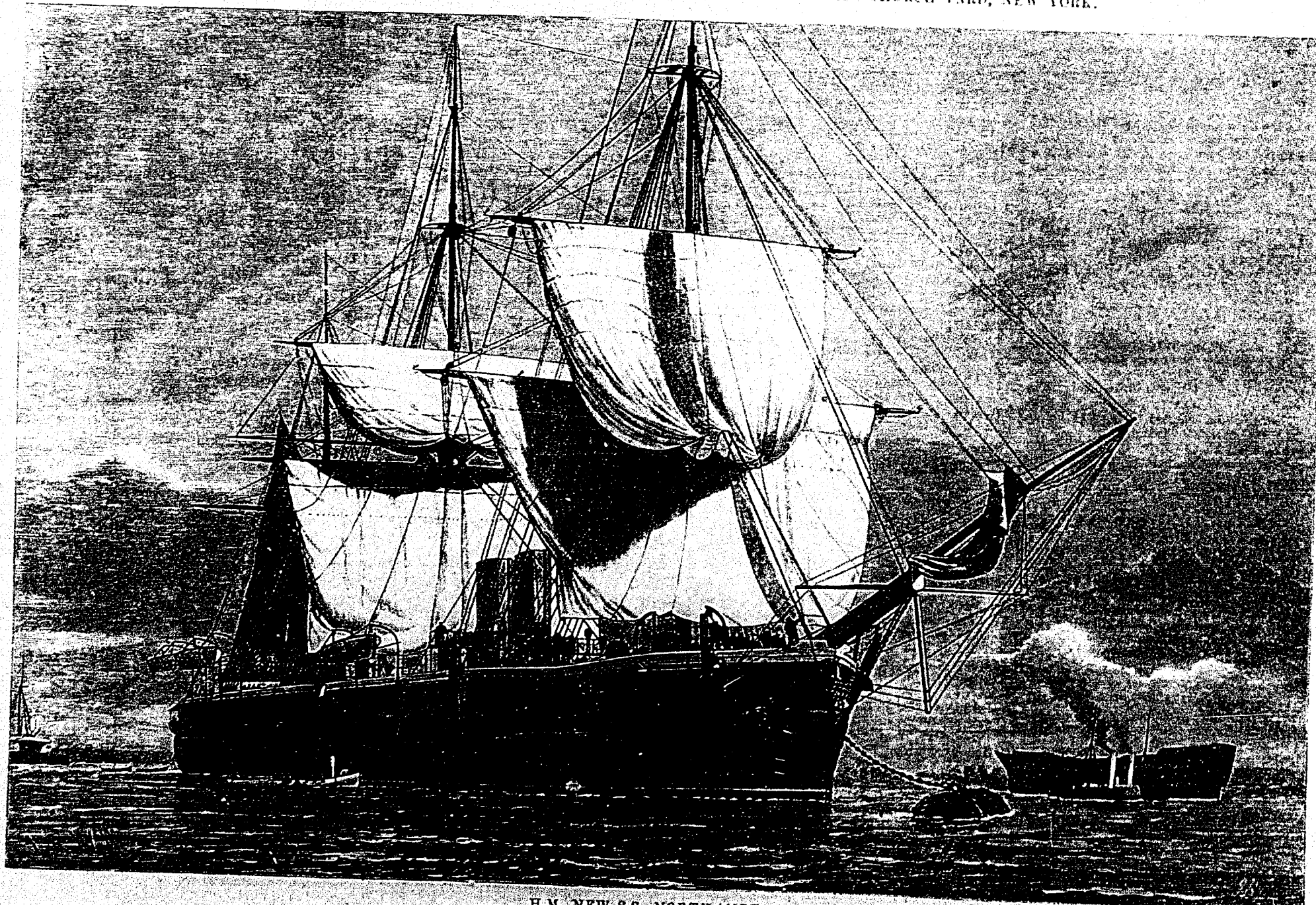
SINCE 1840 nearly every cathedral in England, many in Wales, and several—including St. Patrick's and Christ Church, Dublin—in Ireland, have been restored. The first, and perhaps on the whole the most magnificent of these restorations, was that at Ely, where the cathedral, a superb edifice, stands on the one elevated point of ground in a very flat country, where it is a landmark for fifty miles round.

THAT excellent lady the Baroness Burdett-Coutts is still working away at her project for finding the Mussulman refugees from Bulgaria and Roumelia homes in Asia Minor, and Mr. E. L. Ashmead Bartlett is carrying out the details of the scheme which is likely to be adopted. A large amount of money will be required for the proper working of the project, towards which some is already in hand, but further subscriptions will in all probability be solicited.

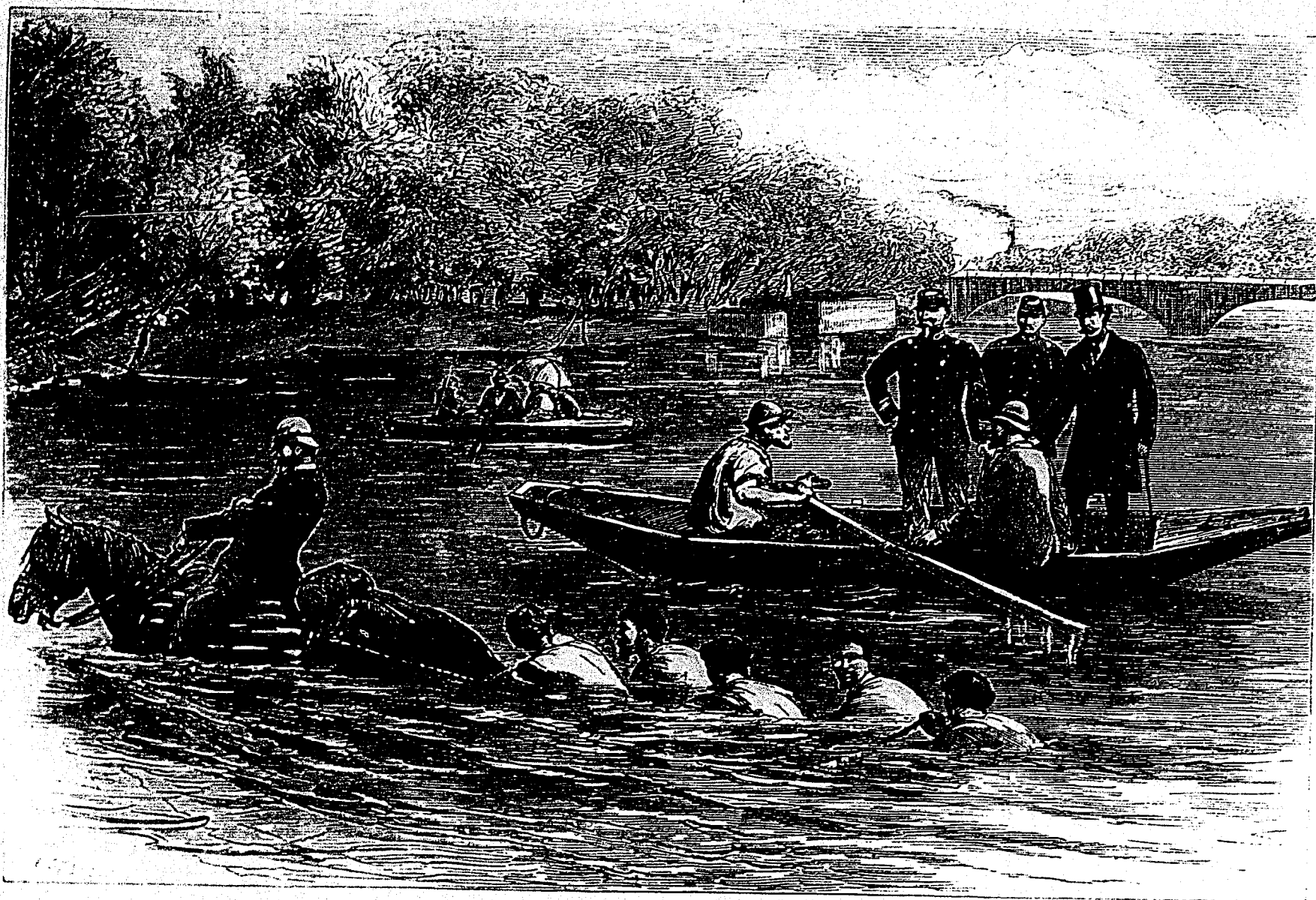
THE Lancet is enthusiastic on the subject of tricycles. Obviously the danger of falling is minimized in the three-wheeled machine as compared with the bicycle. The great objection to the bicycle, according to our medical authority, is the vibration communicated directly to the spinal column. In the tricycle, it says, the motion is not either so great or so directly propagated as in the bicycle, while the leg action is as good, and the seat is comparatively safe, and admits of a change of position at will.



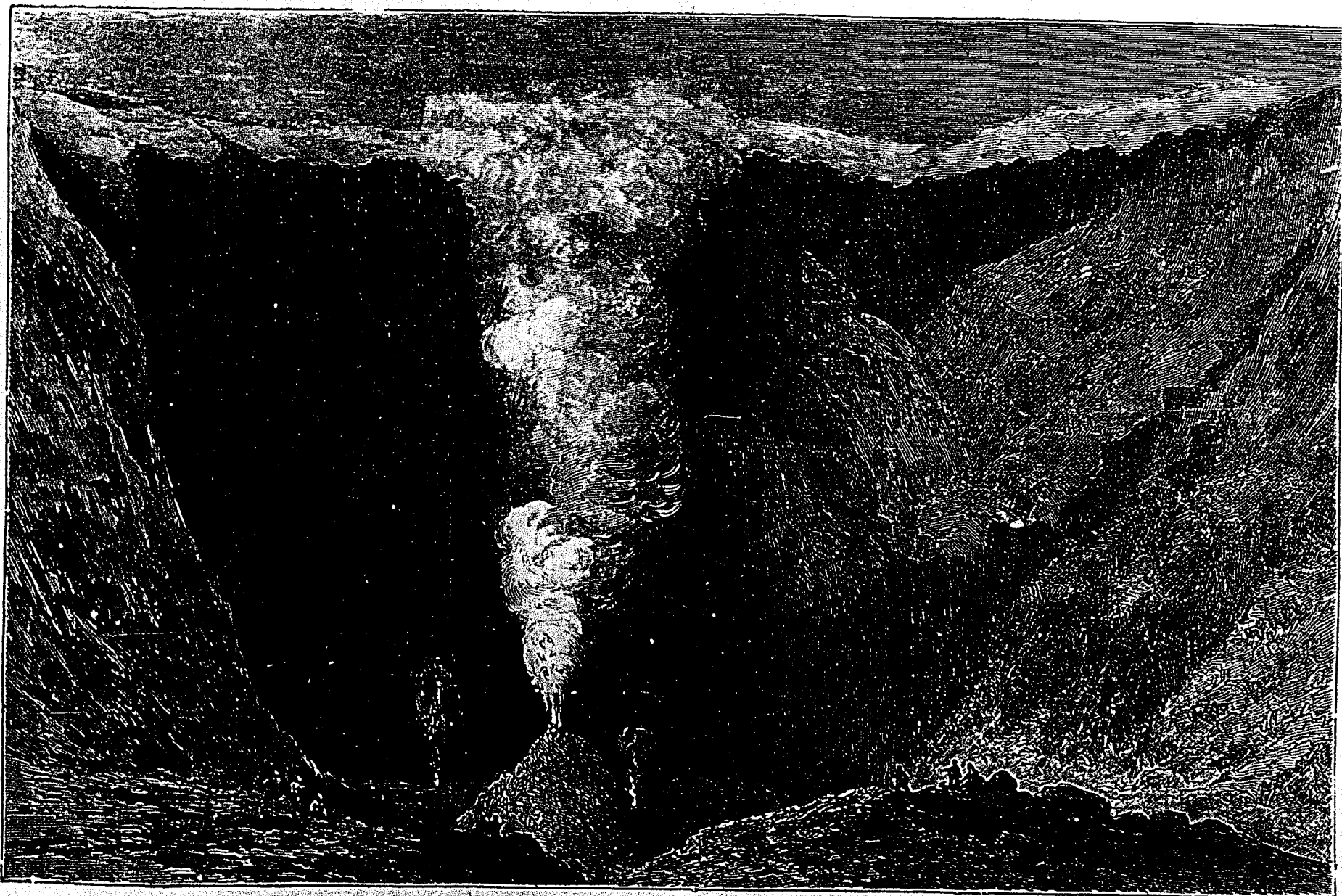
THE ROBBERY OF THE LATE A. T. STEWART'S BODY VAULT IN ST. MARK'S CHURCH YARD, NEW YORK.



H.M. NEW S.S. NORTHAMPTON.



THE ZAMOWITZ APPARATUS FOR SWIMMING CAVALRY.



THE NEW ERUPTION OF VESUVIUS. INTERIOR VIEW OF THE CRATER.

THOUGHTFUL, MOTHER.

My darling and joy,
My bright little boy,
This morning begun
His frolic and fun,
By feigning to drink
From a bottle of ink,
And bespattered his clothes
From his head to his toes.
Shall I whip him? No, halt!
It was none of his fault.
I must keep ink and such
Quite out of his reach.
I know he's so careful,
I'll in future be careful,
My love, you're tired out
And beginning to pout,
And look void of joy
At your Noah's Ark toy.
Undress and to bed,
Is all that is said.
Lamp lit, and up-stairs
The couple repairs.
Now, darling, don't frown,
And before you lie down,
Kneel with mamma to pray,
She will teach you to say—
This night when I
Lie down to sleep,
I pray the Lord
My soul to keep.
Kiss me! That's right.
Bless me! Good night!
Good night!

THOUGHTLESS MOTHER.

You're the plague of my life!
Oh, you trouble some imp!
With mischief so rife,
See you spilling the ink
All over your clothes,
From your head to your toes,
Smothered from head to foot,
Black as a negro or soot!
Oh, what shall I do?
I will give it to you.
I slap you in vain.
Will you do it again?
And where is your hat?
Oh, you trouble some brat!
Just look at his head!
I wish you were dead!
Come, now, Mary Brags,
Just pull off his rag,
And get ready the tub;
Give the wretch a good scrub;
Put him quick into bed,
Without wakening Ned.
No good-night or prayer is said,
The young imp shouts to waken Ned.

Chatham, Ont. A. MACFIE.

THE OPEN VERDICT.

It was a very pleasant feeling that of liberty from all business care of whatsoever kind, if for only a few weeks, when one's avocations for the remainder of the year confine one to a busy brain-devouring city like this mighty London of ours, and therefore it was with no slight degree of anticipated enjoyment that some year or two ago I accepted an oft-repeated invitation to visit an old school-chum, Dr. Henry Gladden, at the village of Claystone, in one of our northern counties.

I arrived, however, at an unfortunate period, and found that what I had pictured to myself as being a happy, jolly country-house, was at that time a house of mourning; Gladden's uncle and predecessor, old Mr. Williams, had died only a few hours before my arrival. I would willingly have gone on my way; but this my friend with his wife would not hear of, and everything was done to render my visit as cheerful as circumstances would permit. I attended the funeral; and as we turned to leave the churchyard, was struck by an expression of Gladden's, which appeared to be uttered without any knowledge of it on his part. It was: "The grave has closed over the last." I felt greatly tempted to ask for an explanation, but for obvious reasons checked my curiosity.

A few mornings afterwards, while accompanying my friend on his round of visits, we came before an old, large red-brick house that stood close beside the road, being separated from it merely by a hedge and small lawn.

"Why, what's this?" exclaimed Gladden, as we saw a number of workmen engaged in erecting scaffolding, digging up the lawn and otherwise demolishing the place. "What are all these men about?—Hi! (calling one of the people) What is it you are doing here?"

"Pulling down t'house for railway," was the laconic response.

"Then the final link is being broken," mused my companion as we drove on.

My curiosity was again aroused, and this time I resolved to satisfy it, so I came to the point at once by thus addressing my friend, "Hal, you are not generally given to ambiguous or unsatisfactory sentences, and therefore—if I am not presuming too much—would you mind telling me to what you alluded in your last remark, and the equally strange one uttered at your uncle's funeral?"

"Well, Dick," he replied, "it is a strange story, and one perhaps, that does not reflect much credit upon my poor uncle; but as the actors in this little drama have passed away, and even the very scene of action will, in a few days, be plowed up, I may and will set your mind at rest on the subject. You remember that after I had walked the hospitals in town, I came down here partly to study under my late uncle. But I found a greater attraction than any I had anticipated, in the person of my cousin Lucy, with whom I soon fell over head and ears in love. Her father was not averse to it, and things were shortly in a good train for our marriage. I was to be taken into partnership by my uncle when that event took place; and the day before the deeds were signed, the old gentleman called me into his room, and narrated

the following story, which I will tell you in his own words.

"Harry," said my uncle, "as you are to be my son-in-law and partner, I think it but right you should become acquainted with an adventure which befell me in my younger days, and for my share in which—justifiable as it then appeared to me—I have never ceased to reproach myself. At the time I am speaking of, I was studying medicine at Manchester, but while on a visit to a distant relative, a Dr. Seyton, who occupied this very house—"you see, Dick, this is quite a family practice," parenthetically Gladden—"I was one night awakened by a shake of the shoulder, and looking up, saw, by the light of the moon, which streamed in at my window, Dr. Seyton standing by my bedside. 'Come, get up,' said he. 'I have been sent for; and as Poor (his assistant) was out last night, I'll get you to accompany me now.' While he descended to the surgery and stables, I speedily donned my habiliments; and by the time I reached the front gate, the doctor was seated in his gig waiting for me. It was a most magnificent moonlight night.

"Along the clear white road, as fast as the horse could draw us, on we went; past cottage, farm and mansion, past pond and park and stream; beneath long avenues of trees that bordered the roadside and drooped over us, now veiling all in shadow, now showing some stray moonbeam that danced upon the quivering boughs to the soft cadence of the night-breeze. Sharp and crisp rose the echo of our horse's tread; and as we came within sight of our destination, we heard the gallop of another horse; and, as we sped past a turning, saw a horseman riding up—as we imagined, the messenger who had been dispatched for the doctor, and who has said he must return by way of Merlton. We stopped before Mazeborough House, the residence of the Hon. Frederic Wellester, presumptive heir to the title and estates of the Earl of Caultdale. There was great commotion in the house; for its owner, who had been ailing for some time past, had that night been taken seriously ill; and while the doctor ascended to the sick chamber and our horse and trap were put up, I lit a cigar and stood under the veranda, looking out upon the night and musing. Presently, one of the domestics emerged from the house and passed out into the road, walking briskly on; and just as my cigar was out, I heard Dr. Seyton's voice inquiring for me.

"Take this," said he, handing me a paper, "and ride home as fast as you can." Get Poor to make it up; and come back with all speed; it is life or death. Here is one of Mr. Wellester's horses for you." I then perceived a groom standing with one ready saddled at the gate, on which I mounted and galloped off.

"For upwards of a mile the road lay open and clear enough; but beyond that it was darkly shaded by copses and plantations, through which the moon's rays found little space to shine. I had barely penetrated a dozen yards into this dark and lonely spot before I received a summons to 'stand and deliver.' My horse, being very fresh, quite entered into his rider's feelings, and had not the least intention of checking his speed, but continued his journey; while behind came he who bade me 'stand,' threatening to put a bullet in me if I did not draw rein. This only made me urge my animal to greater speed; but my pursuer did his best to keep his word, for he fired, and the bullet just grazed my left arm; and at the same instant a hand was laid upon my horse's bridle so suddenly as to throw him on his haunches and cause me a speedy and ignominious dismount. But be that as it may, it served me a good turn, as I was enabled, not being at all hurt, to slip away in the darkness and conceal myself in the plantation.

"Where is he?" inquired the horseman, riding up.

"Stunned, I s'pose, close by," was the reply. "The fiend take him for a plaguy horse-dealer," rejoined the first speaker, as I fancy they searched for me. At last, the same voice said: "Here, Stevens; I can't see him. Take this note to Walters and Garforth, and bring me back an answer sharp. Take my horse; that other brute might get you recognized."

"Beside," said the other, "the animal has trotted off;" which was true and much to my regret.

"I will wait for you at the corner of Deadman's-lane," said the first speaker, as his companion mounted and rode on; and he continued his search for me, little thinking I was creeping away from him through the plantation, out of which at length I emerged, and, crossing some fields, regained the road, and had the unspeakable gratification of seeing the horse I had ridden fastened to a gate. This, I suppose, had been done by Stevens when he overtook him. I was soon once more in the saddle, and away we went as fast as horse could go. About three miles from here the road to Garforth branches off to the right; and as I came down the hill towards the turning, I perceived Stevens riding along it. Quick as thought, I threw myself flat on the horse's back, thinking it just possible he might hear the galloping; turn round and try his hand as a marksman; fortunately he did not; and I arrived at my destination without further adventure. To call up the assistant, have the description made up, and attend to the horse, were things speedily done; and, ere long, I was again in the saddle.

"Now I looked before, beside and behind me; but all was peaceful. I neared the plantation where I had been stopped; but no one barred my progress; so on I rode, not quite reassured though, for I had not forgotten my pursuer was

to wait at the corner of Deadman's-lane and I did not know where that was. And now the open road, shining in the clear moonlight, lay before me. I could distinguish Mazeborough House; and nearer, the lane up which, when coming with Dr. Seyton, we had seen a horseman riding. Then it struck me that as that horseman was not the messenger who had been dispatched for the doctor, that functionary having arrived before us, it might have been the one who had stopped me, and that that was Deadman's-lane. There was no help for it; I must pass the spot; so, feeling for the pistol I had taken the precaution to bring with me this time, I pressed the horse's sides and urged him on. I was not four or five yards from the lane when a man started into the roadway and stood directly in front of me; his figure was slight and his face concealed by a mask; but when he spoke, I recognized the voice that bade me 'stand and deliver.'

"Not quite so fast, young sir," said he, as he perceived my intention to draw on one side. "We don't part company so easily this time. I must have the medicine."

"What medicine?" I asked.

"Oh! none of that stuff for me. I want that physic you have been sent for; and that bottle I must and will have. So take your choice; that bottle and life; or," producing a pistol, "this barrel and death!"

"It was a serious moment; but my plan was at once decided on; so putting my hand in my breast as if for the bottle, I reined close up beside him and as he eagerly stretched forth his hand for the expected prize, I drew my pistol and fired. I saw him stagger, and in a few moments after, as it seemed, I was at the gate of Mazeborough House.

"Once inside and safe I had no sooner delivered the medicine to the servant, to be taken upstairs to Dr. Seyton, than the state of tension to which my nerves (not of the strongest) had been strung, gave way, and but for some stimulation from the steward I should have fainted away. However, I soon recovered sufficiently to narrate my adventure to him; but he only laughed at my attributing a literal meaning to the robber's demand for the bottle, and suggested it might be slang for plunder; so I held my peace on that head, feeling the force of the lines:

A man convinced against his will
Is of the same opinion still.

The conversation with the steward soon changed to the family, and I learned from him that the Hon. Frederic Wellester had a half brother Ernest, a very wild, dissipated person, who had been the favorite of the Earl until his character was found out. This Ernest used to live at Caultdale Place, one of the Earl's seats, some fifteen or sixteen miles off; but owing to heavy gambling debts, he was compelled to break up his establishment, and only retained one servant, whom, after a time, he also discharged. This servant, Mr. Frederic had engaged, "and," continued the steward, "a very decent servant Stevens was."

"Stevens!" I ejaculated very loudly I dare say, for a man looked into the apartment and inquired: "Did you call, sir?" I was struck dumb; a thousand ideas rushed through my brain. "No; it was nothing," replied the steward; and the man disappeared, but not before I had recognised in him one of the men concerned in my late adventure. Just at this moment there was a great disturbance in the house; and, going out to enquire the cause, I found Dr. Seyton standing on the staircase interrogating Stevens, the other domestics being grouped around.

"How is this?" exclaimed the Doctor. "How came you to bring me this? It contains a slow poison."

"The gentleman brought it, sir, and of course I gave it to you."

"But, surely, Poor could never have made this up. Look at it, Frank; what do you say?" and Dr. Seyton held out the bottle; but before I could reach it Stevens had taken it, and at the same moment his foot slipped, and the vial was dashed to pieces on the ground. The doctor looked annoyed at what appeared to him to be an accident; but to me there was design in it; so as he reascended the stairs, I called to Stevens, who followed me and the steward into the latter's apartment; when, shutting the door and placing my back against it, I thus addressed him: "How did you become possessed of that bottle you let fall just this minute?" (for I could see it was not the one I brought), "and for what motive did you stop my horse a few hours since, and who was your companion?" These queries poured out rapidly, not giving time for any distinct reply; but when I paused for a moment he answered with a look of the utmost astonishment, "Sir, I really do not understand you. The bottle you brought I gave the doctor; and as to stopping your horse and about a companion, I am quite at a loss to know what you allude to."

"But I need not enumerate the answers by which he fenced off my inquiries; suffice it to say that he denied all knowledge whatever of my adventure, and stoutly affirmed he had not left the house since the previous day. What annoyed me still more was the conduct of the steward, who appeared to regard my statements as proceeding either from a weak intellect or a too free use of the means supplied for my recovery."

"There was nothing to be gleaned from Stevens, so of course he went his way, and I remained with the steward. Soon after daylight Dr. Seyton rejoined us; the invalid was sleeping, and

all immediate danger was over, so orders were given for our horses to be put to. In a few seconds news was brought in of some of the farm laborers having discovered the lifeless body of a man lying in the road; the remains had been removed to one of the outhouses, whither we proceeded. It was a dreadful spectacle; the features were quite undistinguishable, and presented the appearance of having some firearm discharged close to them. The steward and Dr. Seyton minutely examined the body, and after holding a whispered conversation together, the doctor advised me not to mention any of the circumstances connected with my late adventure, but to wait until the inquest; then, as medical aid was perfectly useless, we took our departure and drove home.

"Two days afterwards a letter was received desiring our presence at Mazeborough House; and, immediately on our arrival, I was ushered into Mr. Wellester's private room. Our interview was a lengthened one; we then descended to where the inquest was being held. The best report of the proceedings was given in a local paper published a day or two afterwards, which, if I remember rightly, ran thus: "As some farm laborers in the employ of the Hon. Frederic Wellester of Mazeborough were proceeding to their work early on Tuesday morning, they discovered the dead body of a man on the highway. The remains were at once removed to one of the farm-buildings, where they remained till Thursday last, when an inquest was held upon them. No satisfactory evidence was produced tending to throw any light on either who the unfortunate person was, or by what means he met his death, although it is conjectured, owing to the frightful spectacle the face and head presented, that some pistol or gun must have been discharged close to him; but whether by himself or by some one unknown, no clue could be obtained. A pistol, ready loaded and capped, was found in one of the deceased's pockets, but no papers or other means of identification. A strange fact in connection with this case is the disappearance on the same morning the body was found of one of the domestics, named Stevens, formerly in the service of the Hon. Ernest Wellester (half-brother to the proprietor of Mazeborough House), a gentleman who for some years has resided on the continent. This occurrence has only tended to throw greater obscurity upon this mysterious affair. In consequence of the utter want of all evidence, the jury returned an open verdict—'Found Dead.'"

"Such," continued Gladden, "was my uncle's story. You have followed him to the grave, and seen the preparations for razing to the ground Mazeborough House; the Caultdale title has become extinct; the Hon. Frederic Wellester, who succeeded to it, died a few months' afterwards without issue; and, although diligent search was made for the next of kin (his half-brother Ernest), no tidings could possibly be obtained of him."

"But," said I, "surely your uncle—"

"Lived at a time when wealth and interest could influence everything and almost everybody."

"I see," I rejoined; "it is what is called 'hushed up.' But I suppose the body that was found was that of half-brother Ernest?"

"Precisely."

MUSICAL AND DRAMATIC.

MR. IRVING has been offered 10,000*l.* to play in New York for 100 nights, but has thought fit to decline the offer, at least for the present.

MISS ADELAIDE NELSON, in January, will begin an engagement in the United States of 100 nights. At the conclusion of her dramatic tour there she will go to Australia, where she will take her farewell of the stage.

MR. DION BOUCAULT's new drama, which is to be produced at Wallack's Theatre, New York, in December, will be called "Qui Vive." The heroine will be an Irish girl, Norah Kavanagh, and the scenes will be laid in England and India.

JOHN GILBERT, New York's favourite comedian, will complete the fiftieth year of his public service shortly. Many prominent citizens of New York and Boston have expressed a desire to celebrate this event by some sort of public testimonial to this veteran of the stage.

APTOMAS' musical lecture, the oral portion of which, consisting of critical and biographical remarks upon ancient minstrelsy, the origin of semitones, the invention of the piano, classical, operatic and other compositions, are varied by performances upon the harp, made a very favourable impression upon a New York audience.

MME. CHRISTINE NILSSON recently began her English concert tour with Mr. Pyatt, aided by Mr. Midge, Mr. Stanley and Mr. Sims Reeves. The English journals report that the great Swedish singer has been brilliantly successful, and at Liverpool, where she had not been heard for some years, she received an enthusiastic welcome.

THREE theatrical managers in New York have reason to be happy in financial success—Mr. Star'n, of Niblo's, whose Deluge is an overwhelming attraction; Mr. Henderson, of the Standard, whose engagement of Emmet in Fritz has proved a mine of wealth; and Mr. Hill, of the Lyceum, whose faith in the merit of Denman Thompson's Joshua Whitcomb is now meeting with its just reward.

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PRINCESS Thyra is twenty-five, and her betrothed, the Duke of Cumberland, is thirty-three. They are said to have met about three years ago, in Rome, and to have become greatly attached to each other there.

LONDON Bridge is again thrown open to passenger traffic, and will be open for all purposes in a week or two. The work of re-paving has been executed with remarkable speed.

THE effect of the freedom of Waterloo Bridge is not very remarkable during the day time, but at night it is very apparent. The Strand is emphatically the thoroughfare of the metropolis between ten and twelve p. m., and it would seem that many hundreds of Surrey-siders must have been debarred hitherto by the half-penny toll from enjoying a coveted nocturnal promenade.

AN amusing example of British patriotism was witnessed the other evening at Madame Tussaud's, to the attractions of which place a figure of Shere Ali has been added. The imitation potentate holds crowded levees, for the rush is to behold in the wax, if not in the spirit, the foe who has bearded the lion.

LIFE'S DISCIPLINE.—It is not the best things—that is, the things which we call best—that make men. It is not pleasant things; it is not the calm experiences in life. It is life's rugged experiences, its tempests, its trials.

HUMOROUS.

No one cares about the size of your foot except yourself; therefore be comfortable.

AN exchange says Maggie Mitchell plays "Cricket" better than the Australian team.

THE season approaches for organizing Gertanium Social clubs and "Beautiful Snow" literary societies.

EVERYBODY will regret the calling in of white neckties, which the cold weather necessitates. While they were in vogue a fellow could look like a banker for five cents.

THE man who can't leave thirty-two feet of air-holes in piling one cord of wood upon his wagon has something yet to learn in this world—something which is of great importance to his heirs.

THE expression of a boy's face at the end of a straw that lacks two inches of reaching the cider in a barrel is supposed to be the model that the artist selected in the delineation of Adam leaving paradise.

A SUBSCRIBER wrote to a journal to make some inquiries about the next world's fair, whereupon the wicked editor replied that he was under the impression that the next world would not have any fair.

A NEWSPAPER writer asserts that his ancestors had been in the habit of living a hundred years; to which another responds: "That must have been before the introduction of capital punishment."

WHEN a new boy appears at school, the other boys don't say anything to him at all, unless it is to inquire: "Say, you, what's yer name?" "Who's yer daddy?" "Where d'ye live?" "What reader are yer in?" "Is them yer Sunday clothes?"

THE finest tribute to a departed wife was that engraved on a tombstone by a broken-hearted husband who can never hope to repair his loss: "We were married twenty-four years, and in all that time she never once banged the door."

WE never realize how awkward, how needlessly stupid, how excessively and deplorably faulty nature is, so strongly as when we reflect on the painful fact she has never yet been able to create a man that will fit a custom-made shirt.

THE man who waits to get three cats in line before he shoots will some day find the poor-house waiting for him. It is the man who peppers away at the cats whenever chance offers who will lay up ducats for his old age.

ABUNE THEM A'.—Dougall: "This is a fine morning, Tam; did ye hear the news?" Tam: "Na, man." Dougall: "Weel, our guid mither, the Queen, has made the Marquis o' Lorne King o' a' Canada." Tam: "Guid man, loch keep me, they'll mak' him King o' Breetin yet."

A GENTLEMAN in New Orleans was agreeably surprised to find a plump turkey served up for his dinner, and inquired of his servant how it was obtained. "Why, sir," replied Sambo, "dat turkey has been roosting on our fence tree nights. So dis morning I seize him for de rest of de fence."

IT is about time, young man, for you to withdraw from society and become a nun for the next three months, or else save up every nickel you can earn and borrow for Christmas presents. This advice, it may seem to you, is a trifle early, but you just think of it Christmas eve, and you will wish you had commenced about the fourth of July.

OUR CHESS COLUMN.

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

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

J. W. S., Montreal.—Thanks for several communications. Correct solution of Problem No. 200 received.

Student, Montreal.—Correct solution of Problem No. 200 received.

W. J. W., West Lorne, Ont.—Letter received. We will answer by post.

T. S., St. Andrew's, Manitoba.—Problem received. It shall receive attention.

F. A. K., Montreal.—Correct solution of Problem No. 200 received.

E. H., Montreal.—Correct solution of Problem for Young Players, No. 197 received.

We were much pleased to see recently from a notice in the Toronto Globe that the Chess Club of that city had just held its annual meeting, and elected its officers with every chance of a successful season before it.

As regards the Toronto Chess Club, there is no reason why it should not take a leading position in Chess matters in the Dominion. Its connection with the Mechanics' Institute, and the small sum required to constitute membership give it advantages which every Chess Club does not possess.

In the Province of Quebec, we have, we believe, only two clubs, one at Montreal, and the other at Quebec, and as regards the former of these, its list of members is not as large as it should be considering the population of the city.

The Quebec Club, which has shown much vitality lately, has among its long list of members a number of players who are second to none in the Dominion for skill and knowledge of the game.

CHESS IN QUEBEC.

The match between Greeks and Trojans, which was begun last Thursday, was concluded on Saturday night, resulting in favour of the Trojans by one game, as shown by the following score of all the games played:—

Table with columns for GREEKS and TROJANS, listing player names and scores.

The crowd in the rooms was even greater than on the first night, showing how much interest was taken in the contest by many who did not join in it, as well as by those who played. Arrangements for another match of a similar nature, to be played at an early day, will be made at this evening's meeting of the club.

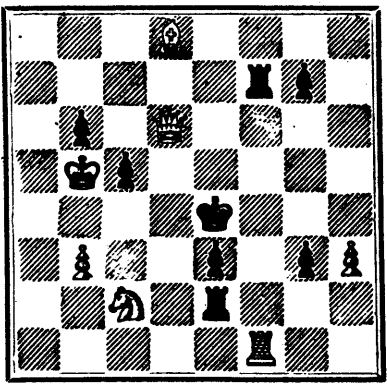
The death of Herr Rudolph Willmers, the famous piano performer and private pianist of the Emperor of Austria, which occurred a few weeks ago, at Vienna, is mourned alike amongst musicians and chess-players.

(From the Huddersfield College Magazine.)

CHESS IN CANADA.—The Tourney of the Canadian Chess Association was still dragging its slow length along at the date of our latest advices, so we are again compelled to defer our account.

PROBLEM No. 201.

By A. CYRIL PEARSON. BLACK.



White to play and mate in three moves.

GAME 314TH.

Played in the Handicap Tourney at the last meeting of the Counties' Chess Association, England.

(From the Chessplayers' Chronicle.)

(French Game.)

- WHITE.—(Mephisto.) 1. P to K 4, 2. P to K B 4, 3. P to Q 4, 4. B to Q 3, 5. P to Q B 3, 6. Q to K 2, 7. B takes P, 8. Q takes B, 9. Kt to B 3, 10. Q to Q 3, 11. Kt takes P, 12. Q takes Kt, 13. Q to Q 3, 14. B to Q 2, 15. P to Q Kt 4, 16. Castles, 17. P to Kt 3, 18. Kt to R 3, 19. Kt to B 2, 20. P to Q R 4, 21. Kt to Q 4, 22. P takes P, 23. P to Q B 4, 24. P to Q B 5, 25. R takes P, 26. K R to R sq, 27. P takes R, 28. Q to B 4, 29. P to R 7, 30. B to K 3, 31. Q to Kt 5, 32. Q to Kt 8 (ch), 33. Kt to Kt 5 and wins.

NOTES.

- (a) Perfectly sound, but inferior to the line of play given in the books—P to Q 4, P to Q B 4, &c.—in allowing the adversary too much time to consolidate his centre. (b) At this point we greatly prefer Mr. Coker's position, but he would have done better now to play the B to B 4, at once, and then the Kt either to Kt 5 or K 5, unless White moved Q to K 5, in which case Black would Castle, with a fine game. (c) We should have preferred Q to B 3 here, followed, if White replied Q to K 2, by Kt to K 5 and P to Q Kt 4, and by Castles if White played Q to Kt 3. (d) By no means good, but the last few moves of Black have allowed his wily opponent to recover lost ground, and he now rapidly turns the tables. (e) This is objectionable, but he had really nothing to do now. Kt to Q B 2 would only briefly delay the inevitable result.

GAME 315TH.

Played by correspondence between Mr. J. W. Shaw, of Montreal, and Mr. T. S. Norris, of Lycoming County, Pa., U.S.

(Vienna Opening.)

- WHITE.—(Mr. Shaw.) 1. P to K 4, 2. Q Kt to B 3, 3. P to K B 4, 4. P takes K P, 5. K Kt to B 3, 6. P to Q 4, 7. P takes Kt, 8. B to R 3, 9. B to Q 3, 10. Castles, 11. Q to Q 2, 12. P takes P (a), 13. Q to B 4, 14. B takes P (ch) (b), 15. Q to R 4 (c), 16. Kt to Kt 5 (ch), 17. Q to R 7 (ch), 18. R takes P (ch), 19. Kt takes Q, 20. R to K B sq (ch). BLACK.—(Mr. Norris.) 1. P to K 4, 2. K Kt to B 3, 3. P to Q 4, 4. Kt takes P, 5. B to Q B 4, 6. Kt takes Kt, 7. B to Q Kt 3, 8. Kt to Q B 3, 9. P to Q B 4, 10. Castles, 11. P takes P, 12. R to K sq, 13. Q to B 2, 14. K takes B, 15. K to Kt sq, 16. Kt to B 4, 17. K to B sq, 18. Q takes K, 19. K takes Kt, 20. K to K 3.

And White announced mate in two moves.

NOTES.

- (a) The young player will perceive that if White had taken the R with B, he would have lost his Q. (b) This sacrifice seems to be perfectly sound. (c) And Black's game is hopeless.

SOLUTIONS.

Solution of Problem No. 199.

- WHITE. 1. B to B 7 (ch), 2. R to Q R 6 mate. BLACK. 1. K takes P.

Solution of Problem for Young Players No. 197.

- WHITE. 1. B to K Kt 3, 2. Kt to K B 6, 3. Kt to K 6 mates. BLACK. 1. P moves, 2. P takes P.

PROBLEMS FOR YOUNG PLAYERS, No. 198.

- WHITE. K at K B 3, R at K Kt 7, B at K 5, Kt at K B 7, Kt at Q 7, Pawns at K K 5, K B 4 and Q B 6. BLACK. K at K sq, Pawns at K R 3 and K B 4. White to play and mate in three moves.

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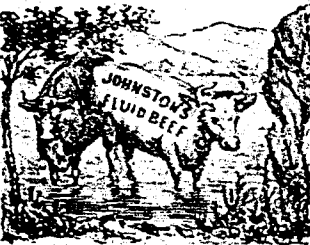
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Monday, Second Day of December next. The Transfer Books will be closed from the 16th to the 30th November next, both days inclusive.

R. B. ANGUS. General Manager. Montreal, 15th October, 1878.

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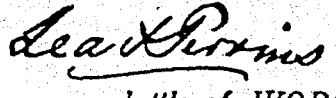
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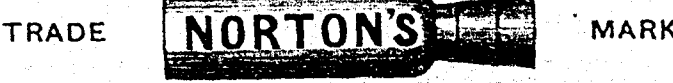
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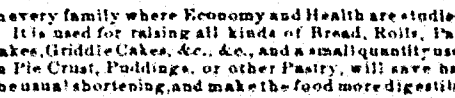
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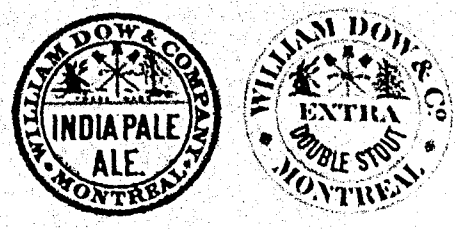
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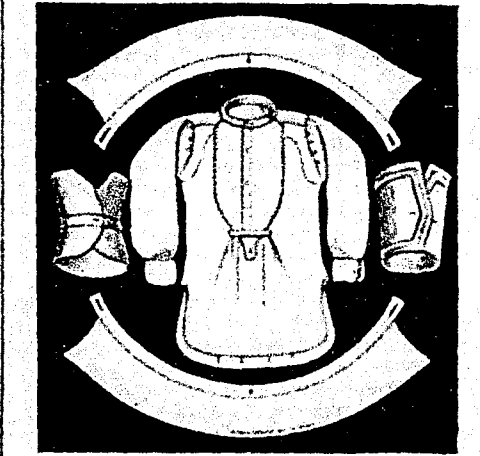


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