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Wholesale News

Vol. XXV.—No. 5.

MONTREAL, SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 4, 1882.

SINGLE COPIES, TEN CENTS.
\$4 PER YEAR IN ADVANCE.



AN UNFORESEEN CALAMITY.

CHORUS OF MILKMEN :—Whatever are we to do for milk this morning! There's that beastly pump froze again!

The CANADIAN ILLUSTRATED NEWS is printed and published every Saturday by THE BURLAND LITHOGRAPHIC COMPANY (Limited,) at their offices, 5 and 7 Bleury Street, Montreal, on the following conditions: \$4.00 per annum, in advance; \$4.50 if not paid strictly in advance.

All remittances and business communications to be addressed to G. B. BURLAND, General Manager.

NOTICE.

OUR Mr. Nolan is about to start this week on a Western tour for the purpose of collecting subscriptions and canvassing for the CANADIAN ILLUSTRATED NEWS. We trust our friends and subscribers will give him every assistance, and facilitate his work as far as may lie in their power.

TEMPERATURE

as observed by HARRIS & HARRISON, Thermometer and Barometer Makers, Notre Dame Street, Montreal.

THE WEEK ENDING			Corresponding week, 1881			
Jan. 29th, 1882.	Max.	Min.	Mean.	Max.	Min.	Mean.
Mon...	23	23	25	13	7	3
Tues...	4	-12	-4	19	5	12
Wed...	-6	-24	-15	8	6	12
Thurs...	4	-12	-4	20	0	10
Fri...	30	0	15	20	-5	7
Sat...	35	22	28	18	4	11
Sun...	22	6	14	25	10	17

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THE WEEK.—The Guiteau Trial—Sensational Journalism.

MISCELLANEOUS.—Congenial People—Humorous—Twilight Thoughts—Our Illustrations—A Philosophic Explanation—Distinctive Features of Philadelphia—News of the Week—Bonny Kate (Illustration)—Musical and Dramatic—Too Late—Harry—Children's Drolleries—Eoboes from Paris—A Literary Success—Straightening the Accounts—Cornwallis' Bookies—Eoboes from London—Charged by a Buffalo—Our Chess Column.

TO OUR SUBSCRIBERS.

A few weeks before the close of last year we addressed an appeal to those of our subscribers who consider that the fact of their having ordered the paper to be sent to them does not impose upon them any corresponding obligation to pay for it, requesting them to change their opinions upon that subject and forward us without delay the amount of their subscriptions in arrears.

It is an old story, but one it seems that must be repeated until it is taken to heart, that no newspaper can possibly continue long without prompt remittances on the part of its subscribers. We have every week to meet large expenses incident upon the publication of an illustrated paper, and we need large sums of money for this purpose, for which we not unnaturally look to those who owe us money. It is not fair or reasonable to suppose that in addition to the expense of supplying the paper we should be put to the inconvenience and cost of collecting small amounts throughout the country.

Our recent appeal has been only partially successful, and while we thank those who have promptly responded to it, it becomes necessary to warn those who are still in arrears that it will shortly become necessary to discontinue sending the paper to all persons who have not settled for their subscriptions of the past year. This step has become imperative, and we trust that those who wish to continue upon our subscription list will see the propriety of promptly settling their accounts.

This notice is not intended otherwise than as the announcement of a disagreeable necessity,—the impossibility of our going to the expense of supplying the paper to those who will not pay for it. We feel that, as the only Canadian illustrated literary paper, we have claims upon our subscribers which their patriotism should lead them to recognize, and we hope that we shall not be disappointed in our expectations of support from those who owe it doubly to encourage and pay for the paper.

CANADIAN ILLUSTRATED NEWS.

Montreal, Saturday, Feb. 4th, 1882.

THE GUITEAU TRIAL.

At last the dreary farce which was the afterpiece to the tragedy of the murdered President—or rather but the prelude to its legitimate conclusion—has come to an end. An appeal is to be made to reverse the decision of the court on the technical question of jurisdiction, but the main issue has been decided and the law we may believe will not interfere further than, it may be, in delay of sentence. The prompt decision of the jury has been a surprise to many. While the world outside were calculating with breathless interest upon the effect of counsels' speeches and the disgusting antics of the prisoner upon the jury, the twelve men on whom the decision ultimately rested were influenced by little but the main facts of the case fully proved and amply sustained. After a most impartial trial, so impartial indeed as to bring a large share of ridicule upon its conductors—a trial, hitherto unheard of, in which the accused bullied, and laughed at, by turns, judge, jury, counsel and spectators—half an hour sufficed to prove how useless had been the despairing efforts of the assassin jester.

We are not disposed to blame GUITEAU for the part he has played during these last days. That he deliberately set himself to play the part of a lunatic, as he conceived it, we have never for a moment doubted. That he failed utterly to sustain the true character, and that his inordinate conceit and vulgar egotism led him on from one extravagance to another, in the course of which the original object was almost forgotten, is but what we should expect from the history and character of the man all through. Neither was he altogether unsuccessful. Time at least he has gained, and when a man josts with the rope about his neck, every day, every hour is precious. GUITEAU but played a hard game for a big stake, and now that he has failed, we may at least be lenient in criticizing his moves.

The trial has been, as we have said, a farce which could have been played in no other country in a court of justice. None the less for that it is hard to see how in a court constituted as those of the United States are, any other conduct of it was possible. It has been long since understood that to gag GUITEAU would have been to open a way to an application for a new trial, which the court in *banco* would have been unable to refuse, and upon which the murderer would have had even more freedom than at the first. All has been subordinated to the main object of getting justice done, and done in a way to which no objection could be taken. And if men point to the GUITEAU trial as one of the most disgusting travesties of criminal procedure ever given to the world, at least no man will be able to point to it as a picture of a criminal, even of the most degraded type, hurried to his grave without every opportunity given him to prove his innocence or irresponsibility.

SENSATIONAL JOURNALISM.

It has long been the reproach of our brethren of the press in England against Cis-Atlantic journalism, that everything is sacrificed to sensation. News, comment, telegraphic despatch, all must be headed by exciting black-line announcements, the promise of which happily is unfulfilled in many cases in the text.

The many drawbacks of this plan are almost self-evident. When we read at the head of a column "The avenger at hand. The war whoop of the red man is heard in our midst," we are apt to barricade our front door and take our dinner in the coal cellar, in the anticipation of being presently scalped and roasted over a slow fire by the avenging hordes of the dusky foe. It is very little consolation to

us, when our nerves have been thus rudely shaken, to learn, when we are sufficiently composed to read the horrid details, that the heading in question was the reporter's poetical way of describing a row between a couple of half-breeds in a down town saloon. Such however is life, and journalism.

However, it is not only in head lines unfortunately, that sensation holds sway in our daily press, though this is one noticeable feature of it. Items of barely digested news are seized upon without any effort to ascertain how far they are or are not reliable, and made the text of thrilling paragraphs and paralyzing editorial comments. It was well said by a French paragraphist of this kidney that he preferred a false item to a true one because it gave him a second paragraph by way of contradiction.

We have had a somewhat striking instance of this evil, as it exists in our daily papers, in the recent *emeute* aroused by the discovery of the somewhat novel mode of punishment adopted by the matron of the Hervey Institute. We are not prepared by any means to endorse Mrs. GREIG's conduct—although so far as the direct evidence goes she would seem to have been guilty, rather, of an error of judgment than of any intentional cruelty. The whole matter is now however, where it should have been in the first instance, in the hands of a properly appointed investigating committee, whose report, unless we are much mistaken, will differ materially from the sensational descriptions to which we have been treated *ad nauseam* during the past two weeks.

The extreme unfairness of violent newspaper attacks on the character of an accused person before the other side of the case has been heard, has been pointed out a hundred times. It is opposed to every principle of our law, which insists that the accused should have the opportunity of confronting his or her accusers and opposing testimony to theirs. In the present case we do not hesitate to say that an impression was given to the public by the first articles which appeared in the *Star*, which was entirely inconsistent with the evidence which was produced on the inquiry. This was of course in no sense intentional, but was the necessary result of a craving for sensation, which led to the publication of half the case in the most attractive form to the horror-loving public.

The cry was taken up by nearly all the dailies, and the head line fiend had his share in increasing the excitement. What for example is one to say of this heading at the opening of the investigation, and that too in a journal usually of the soberest:

"The Horrors of Hervey—The little inmates blistered by day, and incarcerated in the cellar by night."

Now it is only just and right to say that this heading did not in any way represent the general tone of the evidence given on the trial. Any more than if we were to head a column:

"The awful condition of Montreal—Its citizens hanged by day and burnt to death by night!"

would it be any accurate description of our city at this moment, though hangings do occur as a rule in the day time, and people have been burnt to death quite recently during the night.

As we have said, we propose, so far as comment on the main issue is concerned to leave the matter in the hands of the investigating committee. We should be sorry ourselves, to endeavour to prejudice the public mind against the vilest criminal, or deny him that chance of fair play which the law allows him. Has there not been a little difference, think you, between the treatment of GUITEAU and Mrs. GREIG—the one an acknowledged assassin, swindler, blasphemer—the other accused of cruelty in the discharge of a most difficult task.

There is great indignation in Madrid over Senor Sagasta's appointment of General Castillo to the post of Captain-General of Madrid.

CONGENIAL PEOPLE.

BY NED P. MAH.

As one touch of nature makes the whole world kin, so it is by several touches of a common nature that congenial people are made specially akin to us. Sometimes the bond is that of a common calling, a kindred yearning, ambition, aspiration, pursuit—oftener perhaps the subtle sympathy of a common weakness. Yet, sometimes where the views on many vital subjects may be widely different, an indescribable, indefinable congeniality exists. We know it at once. We see it in their faces, we take their hands with the grasp of an old friend, we converse as if we had known each other for years. And the tie thus formed can never absolutely become obliterated. Years may intervene, oceans may roll between us, the vicissitudes of life, elevating the one on a pinnacle of fame and fortune, flinging down the other into the quagmire of adversity or degradation may separate us—the greed of gain, the exactions of social distinction, a selfish ambition, the whirling torrent of some engrossing pursuit may engulf us—but there, buried, rusted over, hammered out, forgotten, willfully ignored though it be, still in the depths of our secret soul the old sympathy is harbored yet.

Probably mere congeniality rarely if ever ripens into love. You see its nature is something altogether distinct from love. Coolness on one side is necessary for the creation of a grand passion. In love one merely tenders the cheek, the other bestows the kiss. But here the attraction is more equally balanced and the result is a more or less complete knitting of the souls in friendship—yet, be the bond more or less compelling, so it must remain until the end. Passion may flare up suddenly with a great scorching flame and then flicker and die out: but here, where the attraction was conceived in cold blood, it must ever remain of equal power. We do not say that sometimes—and this is especially the case where the congeniality consists in a common weakness possessed by one in a greater degree than by the other—that the judgment and the will do not rise up and endeavor to root it out, and strive to ignore its existence as unworthy, but the effort will meet with no real, lasting, absolute success, for the congeniality has its root in nature and so old Horace says with quite as much truth as poetry: "Expel Nature with a fork and she will return."

And when the congeniality has existed between individuals of different sexes how often has the carping of evil tongues, the comments of the world, the intricacies of relationships, the due observance of "les convenances" rendered a surcease of the intimacy it engendered imperative. The self denial thus necessitated is among the bitterest trials of existence. You see it is seldom permitted to women, unless they occupy some position placing them above the reach of ordinary gossip, in which they can afford to trample underfoot the petty malignities of the Dorcas party or the tea table, to indulge with impunity these platonic intimacies. The great authoress, the renowned actress, the famed musician, to these the world permits a license in the choice of companions which it denies to the ordinary matron in her household existence, nor will allow to pass unpunished in the young unmarried girl be her conduct never so modest and correct. And thus, many a sweet, harmless, brother and sister intimacy has doubtless been rendered impracticable.

How many really congenial people do we meet in a lifetime? Can we not reckon them on the fingers of our two hands? And of these how many remain to us? Some have died perhaps, others are afar off, for it would seem that a cruel fate found a special delight in severing us from those best fitted to be our companions.

Let us not be lazy then, when we are fortunate enough to have met really congenial people, in keeping up the friendship, but grapple them to our soul with hooks of steel. There is nothing which may make existence a more dreary blank than the neglect of this during a busy period of life, and to find, when leisure returns to us and the necessity of exertion is no more, that our friends have drifted out of our knowledge, and we are left alone when most longing for their society and their sympathy.

HUMOROUS.

OSCAR'S favourite song is understood to be "Lily Dale."

RAILWAY Edition of "Lock on the Understanding."—The Permissive Block.—Punch.

DR. HOLLAND wrote, "There's a song in the air." Investigation would have shown him that the air was in the song.

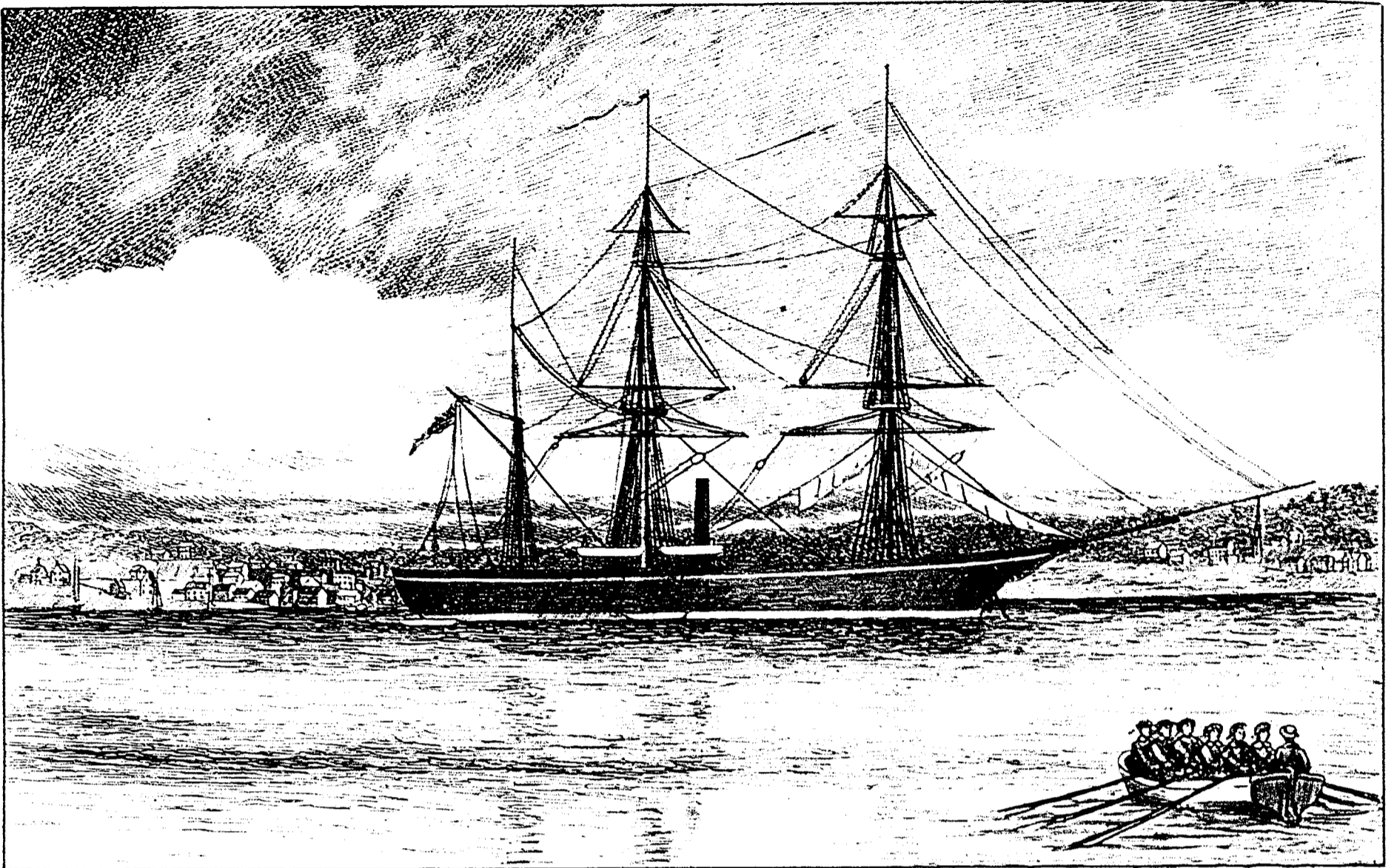
IT may be right occasionally to take a bull by the horns, but it is always well to keep in mind that the horns belong to the bull.

MRS SMITH: "Oh, this fog! Hasn't it been terrible? We were obliged to have gas for dinner yesterday." Young hopeful: "Oh, ma, I'm sure we didn't; we had boiled beef!"—Fun.

No, ma," she said, "Charles can never be anything to me more. He has come out in his last season's overcoat; and oh, ma, if it only matched my new dress I wouldn't care so much; but it doesn't, and we have parted."

IT is a kind of disgusting to a clergyman, after he has pointed to the situation of a condemned murderer as a warning against crime, to have the deacon rise up and say: "The man was pardoned yesterday."—Boston Post.

THE Lord Lieutenant of Ireland will not allow the freedom of the City of Dublin to be presented to Parnell and Dillon, even within the jail.



THE ALLIANCE IN HALIFAX HARBOUR.—FROM A SKETCH BY H. E. TWISING.



THE RUSSELL HOUSE, OTTAWA.—FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY S. TOPLEY.

"BONNY KATE," A TALE OF SOUTHERN LIFE.

BY
CHRISTIAN REID.

CHAPTER XI.—(Continued)

The afternoon is at its highest tide of mellow brightness, when the party of equestrians ride out of the gate of Fairfields, several hours later. Kate, as usual, is mounted on Mignon, and Tarleton, as usual, rides by her side; but Mr. Lawrence is on the other side, and there is no opportunity for private conversation, if either were minded that way. In truth, however, they are not. It is enough for them, at present, to be together; enough to talk lightly and



"You'll only make things unpleasant."

gayly of indifferent things, to breathe the soft air, to canter side by side over the smooth road, which winds like a yellow ribbon by the banks of the river.

Southdale is only six miles distant; and six miles, with good horses, count for little. The way has seemed very short to Kate, when Tarleton

Curiosity, more than any need to rest, make the girls accept this invitation. They enter the room indicated, and look round. Since Tarleton's boyhood, Southdale has been rented—first by his guardian, then by himself; consequently, very little of the furniture is by this time in a condition to be used; but all that the ravages of careless tenants have spared is gathered here. It is quaintly old-fashioned. Mahogany tables with elaborately-carved legs, straight-backed chairs covered with faded red damask, a high book-case, and a small piano with the yellowest of keys, which seems listening to itself with amazement, as it gives forth a rattling waltz under Janet's fingers.

"Dear me!" she says, pausing in this performance, "I thought we were old-fashioned at Fairfields; but this looks fairly antediluvian. These household belongings must surely date back to Frank's great-grandfather."

"Very likely they do," says Sophy; "but it is respectable to be old-fashioned. I wish Frank would marry an heiress, and fit up the place nicely. He would make a charming neighbour."

"He would have to go elsewhere to look for the heiress," says Janet, returning to her jangling music.

"Oh, Janet, spare our ears!" cries Kate. "You are torturing us and breaking that old piano's heart with your now-fangled melodies. I am sure it has not heard anything later than 'Auld Robin Gray.'"

"It is asthmatic enough to have been a contemporary of his," says Janet, rising.

Then Kate sits down, and, touching gently the keys over which fingers now dust have lingered, begins to sing. The piano has probably heard such tones before, for there is a strain of half-forgotten melody in its cracked notes, as her sweet, sympathetic voice rises in some tender old words:

"How brightly bloomed the gay green birch,
How fair the hawthorn's blossom,
As underneath its fragrant shade,
I clasped her to my bosom.
The golden hours, on angel wings,
Flew o'er me and my dearest;
For dear to me as light and life
Was my sweet Highland Mary."

She is singing, when Tarleton returns and pauses in the door to listen. By a motion he bids Sophy and Janet be silent; but Kate,



He obediently holds up his hat.

stoops from his saddle to open the gate which leads into the grounds.

"I don't know whether you have been here lately," he says to Mr. Lawrence. "If not, you will find the place much gone down. The last tenant abused it shamefully."

Gone down and neglected though it may be, Southdale is still an attractive place. The house has no architectural pretensions, and, in fact, very little unity of design; for wings, piazzas and bay-windows have been added to the original edifice, until the whole spreads over a considerable space; but it is not unpicturesque, and would evidently prove most comfortable.

"Too pleasant a place to give up, Frank," says Mr. Lawrence, as they approach the front of the building. "Sell the race-horses, by all means, if by so doing you can keep this."

"I have quite made up my mind to that," Tarleton replies, as, having dismounted, he turns to lift Kate from her saddle.

"How familiar everything looks!" says Sophy, who, together with Wilmer, comes up at a canter. "Oh, Frank, what a charming place you could make it again!"

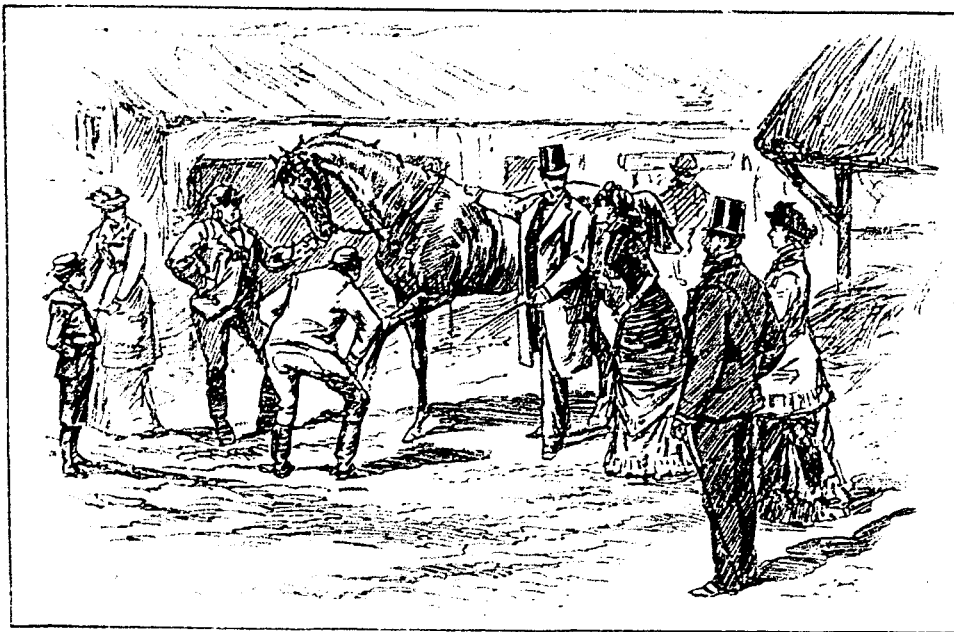
"Yes, with plenty of money," answers Tarleton. He crosses the piazza as he speaks, and opens a pair of Venetian blinds. "This is the only habitable room," he says. "Will you ladies come in and rest, while we go down to the stable and have the horses brought out!"

glancing into a mirror, sees his face reflected, and stops, with a laugh.

"There," she says. "I think the piano knows that."



The expression of his eyes makes her lashes droop. "I am sure it knows it," he says, coming forward. "It was one of my mother's favourite songs. I have not heard it since she sang it."



"I haven't seen a vicious trick in him."

"Was it one of your mother's songs?" asks Kate. "It seems strange that it should have occurred to me; but I am very fond of old ballads."

"Then go on and finish that."

She shakes her head. "I think it is best to leave the lovers with the golden hours under the hawthorn's blossom. The last verses always make me want to cry. Why is it that some words have such power to touch one's heart?"

"Because the heart from which they came was touched, I suppose. Ah, well! to none of us do such golden hours come often. But I have had some of them lately."

Lawrence. "I've been with him six months, and I haven't seen a vicious trick in him."

"Thoroughbreds are rarely vicious," says that gentleman.—"Well, Frank, he is magnificent."

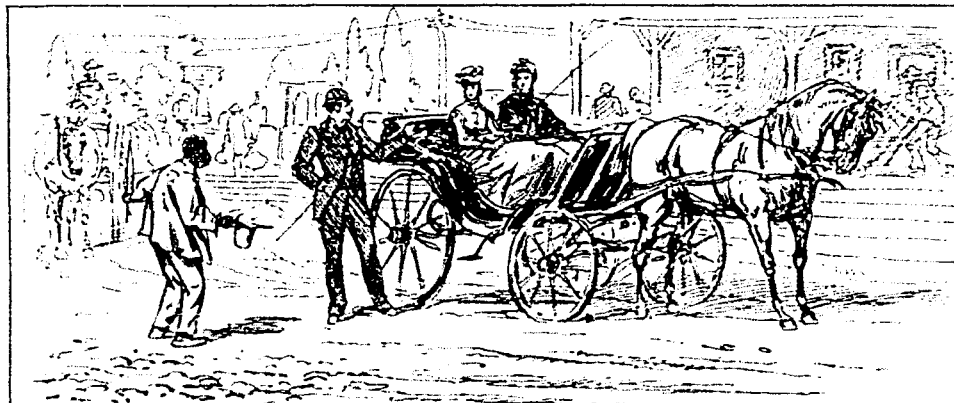
"And his performances are magnificent, too," says Tarleton.

"Since you think of selling him, what do you ask for him?" inquires Wilmer.

"Ten thousand dollars."

"It seems an immense sum for one horse," says Sophy, in an awe-struck tone.

"Not for a horse like this," says Will, walking around and about, and regarding him from every point of view.



"Here is Milton, who will take charge of them."

He looks at her as he speaks, and the expression of his eyes makes her lashes droop, and the colour flicker more brightly into her cheeks—cheeks that never hung out such a flag under all the enamored Mr. Proctor's gazes. There is an instant's pause. Sophy and Janet have stepped to the piazza outside; the soft sunshine slants into the room, touches the yellow keys of the piano, and gleams on the surface of the old-fashioned mirror, which hangs against the wall in a tarnished frame of black and gold. Many such scenes has the old mirror held in its depths and smiled over, but never one which surpassed in meaning that which is here. Their pulses are beating to one accord; the moment, as it passes, is fraught with the culmination of all that they have been feeling for many days; but no instinct warns them that it is one of the critical opportunities of which life is full. Should Tarleton speak now, the future may be all in his own hand; but he does not speak. Scarce ten paces distant, half a dozen people are talking eagerly; any instant an interruption may occur; so, the minute, with all its possibilities, slips from his grasp. Some one calls. Kate, with a start, takes her gloves from the piano, and, saying simply, "We have certainly had some very pleasant hours," moves away.

He follows her to the piazza, where the rest of the party are assembled.

On the turf in front, several horses, held by their respective grooms, are undergoing inspection. They all have the clean limbs, the fine skins, the beautiful heads, of racers; but on one, in especial, the attention of the group is centred. This is Cavalier, famous for his victories on many fields. It is impossible to look at him without recalling those telling lines of Whyte Melville's which Janet has just quoted:

"A head like a snake, and a skin like a mouse,
An eye like a woman, bright, gentle and brown,
With loins and a back that could carry a horse,
And quarters to lift him right over a town."

How shall one by no means deeply versed in equine knowledge, speak of his points! Yet, even to the inexperienced eye, his great powers are evident. In colour he is a rich, dark chestnut, and the oblique shoulders and depth of girth, together with the breadth and muscular development of his loins and quarters, indicate both speed and endurance; while nothing can surpass in beauty the graceful neck and deer-shaped head.

The groom who holds him is answering various questions.

"Yes, sir; gentle as can be," he says to Mr.

"Meanwhile, you must not forget my pet," says Tarleton, walking up to another animal—a beautiful dark-brown filly, shaded almost to black. "She has her reputation yet to make, but I have the highest hopes of her. Her trainer says that he has never known a horse put forth greater power on her trials."

"I have been observing her," says Will. "She is a splendid creature—and pretty as a picture. What do you call her?"

Tarleton stroked the filly's neck caressingly, as he answers:

"I intended to call her Psyche, but I have decided to name her Bonny Kate."



"There can be no possible drawback to my candour with regard to Mr. Ashton."

There was a general laugh.

"You ought to consider yourself highly complimented, Kate," says Will, addressing his cousin.

"Of course I am complimented," she answers, readily, though blushing like a rose—"that is, if Mr. Tarleton really names her after me."

"I should have asked your permission before bestowing the name, should I not?" Tarleton says, looking at her. "But I fancied you would not object to such a namesake."

HERR SCHMIDT'S MISFORTUNE

THE LAY OF A LUNCHEON.

(From the German.)

Herr Schmidt, when to the chase he's bound,
Of nature's wants full careful,
His hunting bag so large and round
He takes, besides his "horn and hound"
With eatables choice and rare, full.

"Away, away to the woods we ride
'Tis well to be merry and free"
But 'tis well, more by token, to look you provide
Roast beef and tongue and Lord knows what
beside
In your game bag like him, don't you see

"Come hares and rabbits and partridges
I'm ready for one and all;
A man with a stock of provisions like this,
Cares little whether he hit or miss.
He'll not starve, let what may befall."

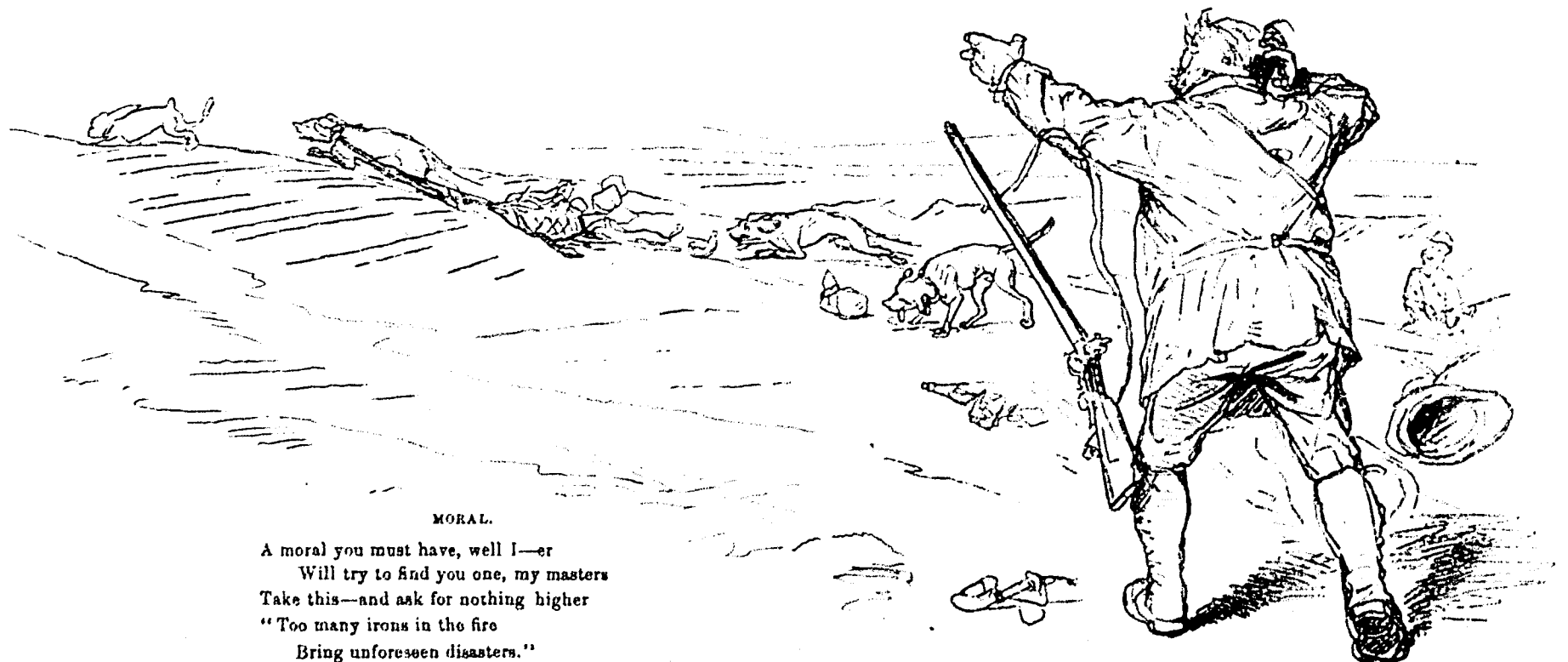
Mark where she goes. Hallo, prepare.
Piff, puff,—hi, Carlo find him.
Herr Schmidt jumps up, when, which, what,
where!
For all the world there's nothing there,
For Carlo points behind him.

Up starts the hare. In vain, in vain
Poor Schmidt shoots wild and frantic;
With panting tongue does Carlo strain
To burst his leash and scour the plain—
I'm growing quite romantic.

Now Carlo to the game bag's tied—
'Tis easy so to mind him—
A jerk, a wrench, a break, a slide,
Off goes the dog, and woe betide!
Off goes the bag behind him.

Smash goes the wine, "You"—(blank, in brief:
"You"—language that won't bear repeat-
ing)
"Come back I say—oh, there's my beef.
My tongue is gone, my ham—you thief
I'll give you such a beating."

On goes the hound—immense the pace is—
The other dogs are wiser;
For while behind the hare he races,
They calmly follow in his traces
And hunt the roast beef and pie, sir.

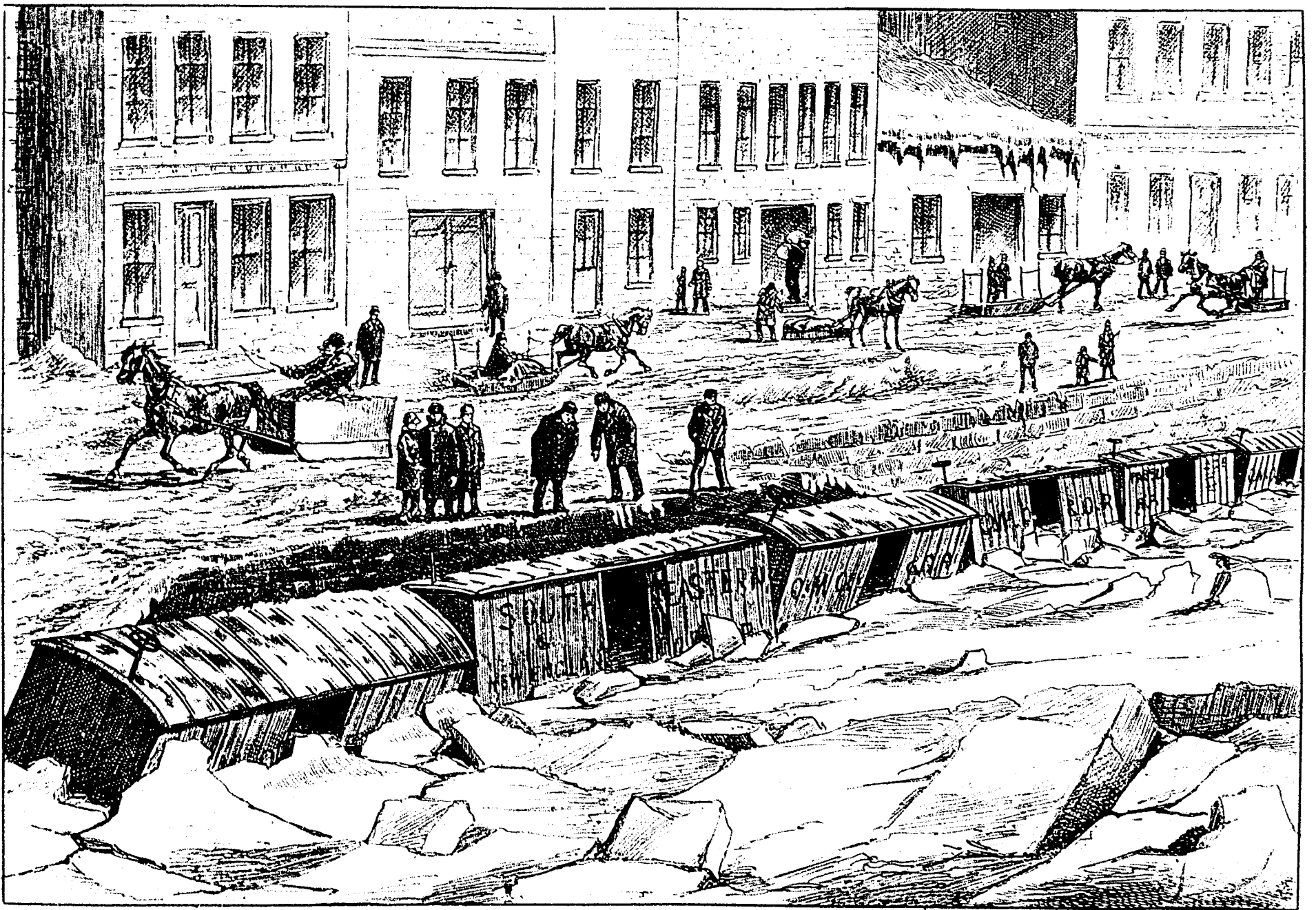


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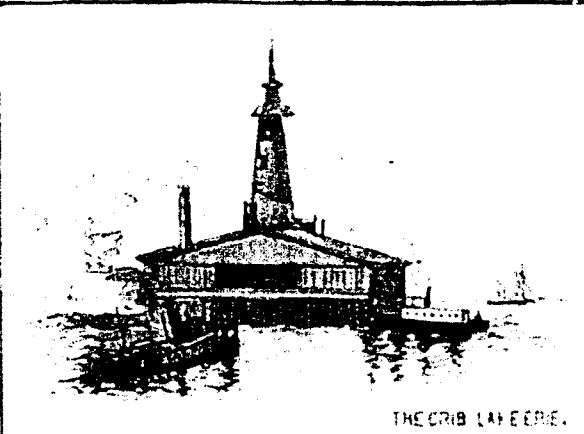
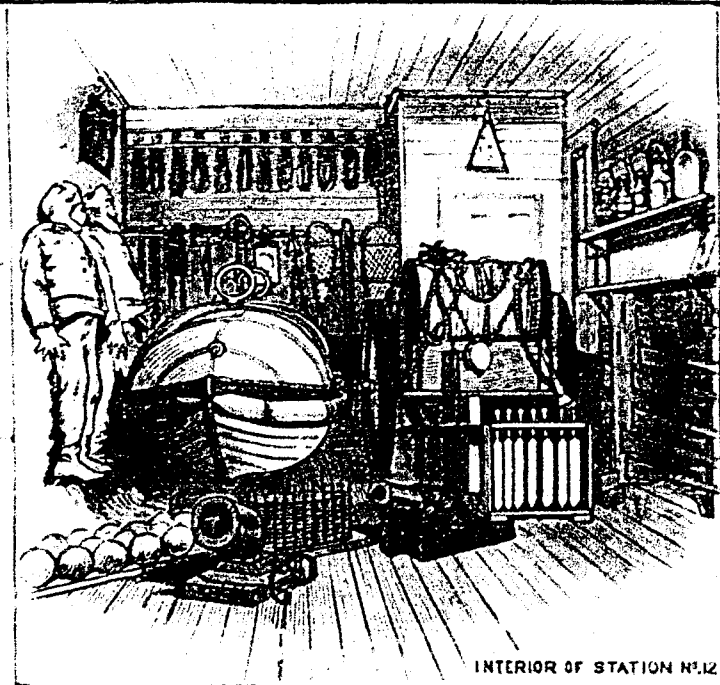
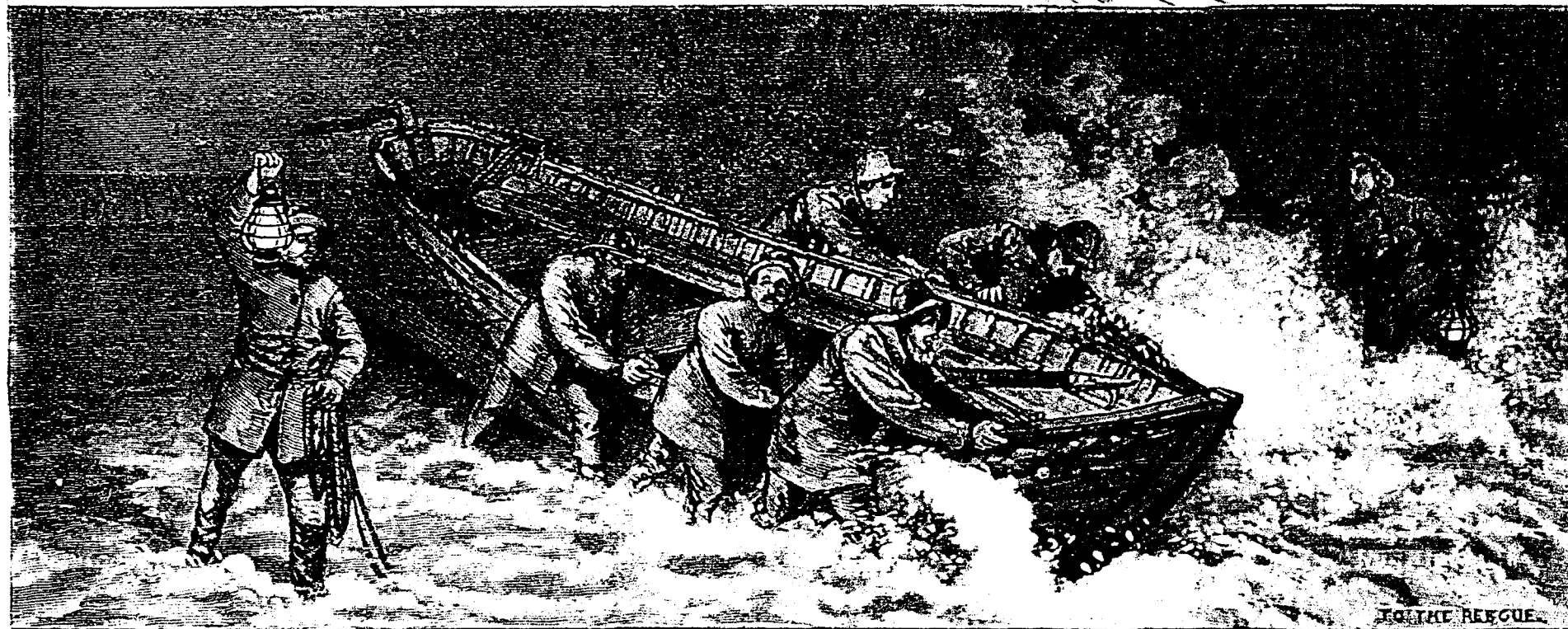
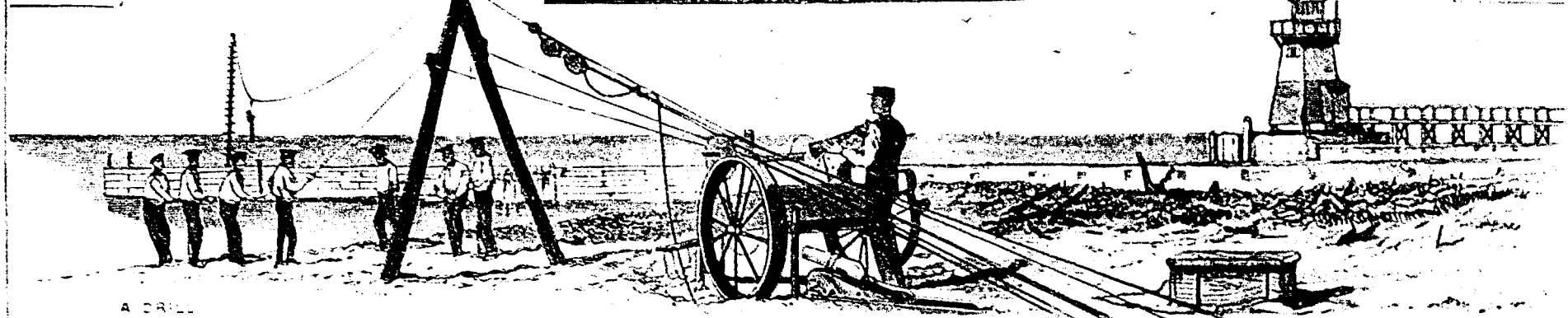
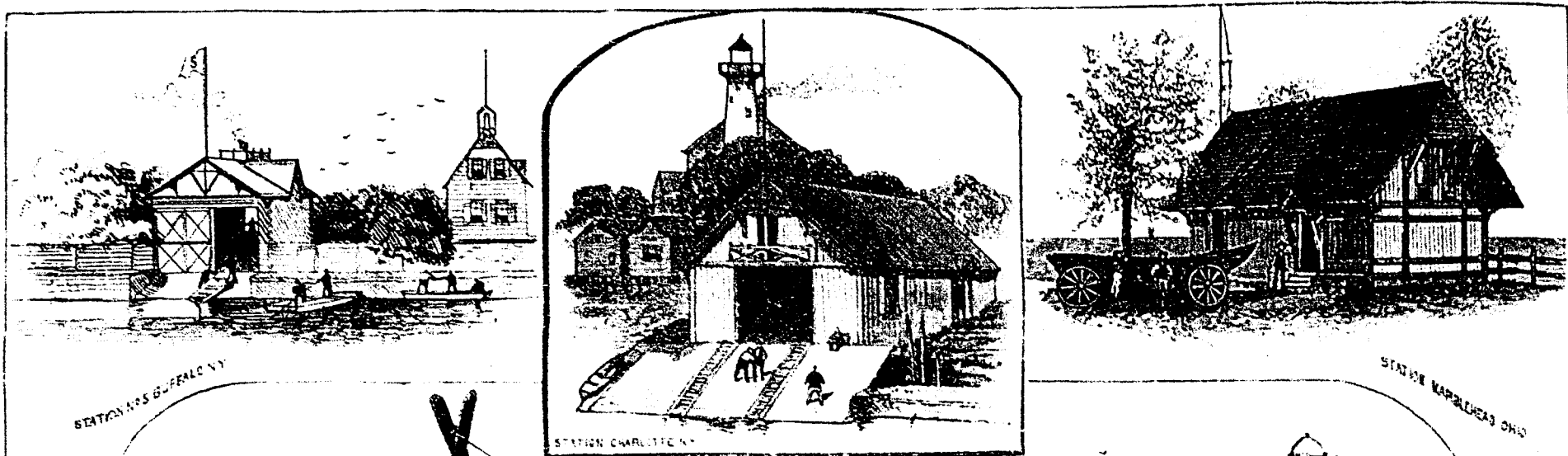
A moral you must have, well I—er
Will try to find you one, my masters
Take this—and ask for nothing higher
"Too many irons in the fire
Bring unforeseen disasters."

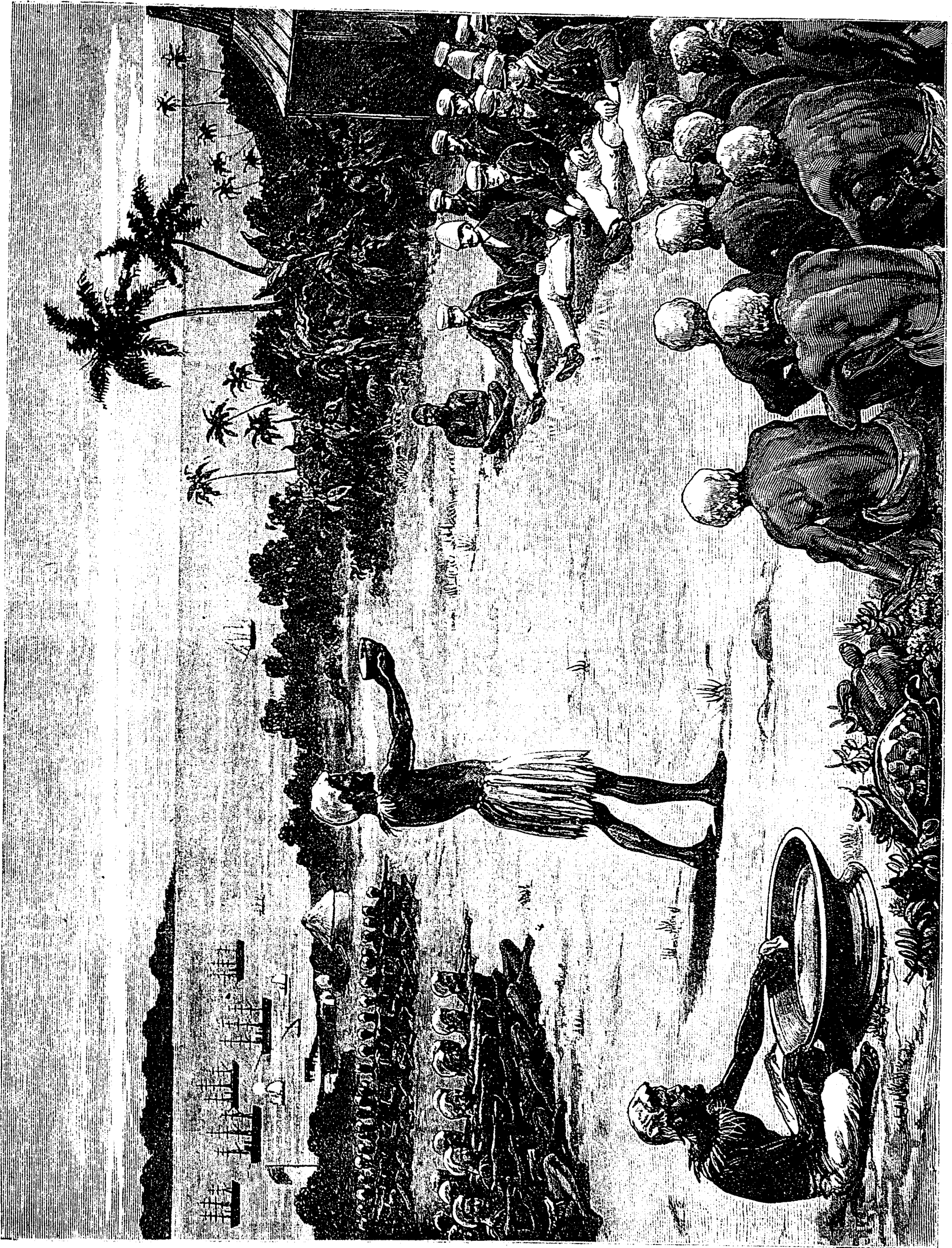


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CARS FROZEN IN BY THE OVERFLOW ON THE MONTREAL WHARVES.—FROM A SKETCH BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST.





AN INCANTATION SCENE IN THE FIJI ISLANDS. (SEE PAGE 67.)

A LITERARY SUCCESS.

An honest—therefore poor—young man, just cut adrift from college. Was driven to devise a plan for bartering his knowledge. He thought and thought a weary while, then off his coat he stripped. And in one heat reeled off some seventeen pages of manuscript. Note size, and written only on one side, from which you'll guess That it was meant for nothing less than "copy" for the press. Naught mean about this youth: He quoted French, and Greek, and Latin; He pressed ancient and modern history into service; and, though he had only a small stock of metaphysics on hand, he didn't hesitate to work that in.

HENRY TERRELL, in The Century.

STRAIGHTENING THE ACCOUNTS

"Now, my dear," said Mr. Spoopendyke, "if you'll bring me the pen and ink, I'll look over your accounts and straighten 'em out for you. I think your idea of keeping an account of the daily expenses is the best thing you ever did. It's business like, and I want to encourage you in it." "Here's the ink," said Mrs. Spoopendyke, growing radiant at the compliment. "I had the pen day before yesterday. Let me think." And she dove into her work-basket and then glanced nervously under the bureau. "Well, do you suppose I'm going to split up my finger and write with that?" demanded Mr. Spoopendyke. "Where's the pen? I want the pen." "I put it somewhere," said Mrs. Spoopendyke. "Ah! here I have it now. Now, you see," she continued, "I put what money I spend down here. This is your account here, and that is the joint account. You know—"

and I don't know what you spent it for. Look at my account now—" "What is this man pulling a gig for?" "It's nothing of the sort. That ain't a gig it's \$1 for wiggin. You see I've only spent twenty-two dollars in a month, and you've spent a hundred and eighty-four." "You can't tell by this what I've done," growled Mr. Spoopendyke. "What's this rat-trap doing in the joint account?" "That's fourteen cents for fruit, when you were sick." "And this measly-looking old hen, what has she got to do with it?" "That's no hen. That's a 2. It means two dollars for having your chair mended." "What have you charged me with this old graveyard for?" "That's fifteen cents for sleeve elastics. The fifteen ain't plain, but that's what it is." "How do you make out I have spent so much? Where's the vouchers? Show me the vouchers." "I don't know what you mean," said Mrs. Spoopendyke, "but you spent all I put down." "Haven't done anything of the sort. Show me some vouchers. Your account's all a humbug. You don't know how to keep an account." "Yes I do," pleaded Mrs. Spoopendyke, "and I think it's all right." "No, you don't. What do you mean by getting up engravings of a second-hand furniture store and claiming that it's my account? You're a great bookkeeper, you are. All you want is a sign hung up between you and the other side of the street to be a commercial college. If I ever fail in business, I'm going to fill you up with benches and start a night-school. Give me that pen." And Mr. Spoopendyke commenced running up the columns. "Two two's four and eight twelve and four sixteen and carry one to the next and three is four. Here it's wrong. You've got an eighteen for a twenty here." "Eh?" jerked out Mrs. Spoopendyke. "This is 204, not 184. I knew you couldn't keep accounts. You can't even add up." "That makes your account even bigger," replied Mrs. Spoopendyke. "I didn't think it was so much." Slam went the book across the room, followed by the pen, and the ink would have gone too, but Mrs. Spoopendyke cautiously placed it out of harm's way. "Dod gash it!" howled Mr. Spoopendyke, as he tore off his clothes and prepared for bed. "You ain't fit to have a pen and ink. Next time I want accounts kept I'll keep 'em chained up in the yard, and don't you go near 'em; you hear me?" "Yes, dear," sighed Mrs. Spoopendyke, as she slipped the obnoxious book into the drawer.

CORNWALLIS'S BUCKLES.

I am not quite sure of dates, but it was late in the fall, I think, of 1777, that a foraging party from the British camp in Philadelphia made a descent upon the farm of Major Rudolph, south of that city, at Darby. Having supplied themselves well with provender, they were about to begin their return march, when one of the soldiers happened to espy a valuable cow, which at that moment unfortunately made her appearance in the lane leading to the barn-yard; and poor Sukey was immediately confiscated for the use of the company. Now, this unfortunate cow happened to be the pride of the farm, and was claimed as the exclusive property of Miss Anne Rudolph—the daughter of the house—aged twelve years. Of course, no other animal on the estate was so important as this particular cow, and her confiscation by the soldiers could not be tolerated for a moment. So, Miss Anne made an impetuous dash for her recovery, but finding the men deaf to her entreaties and the sergeant proof against the storms of her indignation, the high-spirited child rushed over to the stables, saddled her pony, and was soon galloping off toward the city, determined to appeal to the commander-in-chief of the British army, if nothing less would save the life of her favourite. Meanwhile, poor Sukey trudged along, her reluctant steps urged now and then by a gentle prick with the point of a bayonet in her well-rounded side. To reach the city before the foraging party, was the one thought of the child, as her pony went pounding along the old Chester road at a pace that soon brought her within the British lines. She was halted at the first outpost by the guard, and the occasion of her hot haste was demanded. The child replied: "I must see the general immediately!" "But the general can not be disturbed for every trifle. Tell me your business, and if important, it will be reported to him." "It is of great importance, and I cannot stop to talk to you. Please let go my pony, and tell me where to find the general!" "But, my little girl, I can not let you pass until you tell me whence you come, and what your business is within these lines." "I come from Darby, and my business is to see the general immediately! No one else can tell him what I have to say!" The excitement of the child, together with her persistence, had its influence upon the officer. General Washington was in the neighbourhood, with his ragged regiments, patiently watching his opportunity to strike another blow for the liberty of the colonies. The officer well knew that valuable information of the movements of

the rebels frequently reached the British commander through families residing in the country, and still, in secret, friendly to the Crown. Here might be such a case, and this consideration determined the soldier to send the child forward to head quarters. So, summoning an orderly, he directed him to escort the girl to the general. It was late in the afternoon by this time, and Cornwallis was at dinner with a number of British officers, when "A little girl from the country with a message for the general," was announced. "Let her come in at once," said the general; and a few moments later Miss Anne Rudolph entered the great tent. For a moment the girl hesitated, overcome, perhaps, by the unexpected brilliancy of the scene. Then the spirit of her "Redwolf" ancestors asserted itself, and to her, Cornwallis in full dinner costume, surrounded by his brilliant companions, represented only the power that could save her favourite from the butcher's knife. "Well, my little girl, I am General Cornwallis," said that gentleman kindly. "What have you to say to me?" "I want my cow!" Profound silence reigned for a moment, then came a simultaneous burst of uproarious laughter from all the gentlemen around the table. The girl's face reddened, but she held her ground, and her set features and flashing eyes convinced the general that the child before him was one of no ordinary spirit. A few words of encouragement, pleasantly spoken, quickly restored the equanimity of the girl. Then, with ready tact, the general soon drew from her a concise narration of her grievance. "Why did not your father attend to this for you?" "My father is not at home, now." "And have you no brothers for such an errand, instead of coming yourself into a British camp?" "Both of my brothers are away. But, General Cornwallis," cried she, impatiently, "while you keep me here talking they will kill my cow!" "So—your brothers also are away from home. Now, tell me, child, where can they be found?" "My oldest brother, Captain John Rudolph, is with General Gates." "And your other brother, where is he?" "Captain Michael Rudolph is with Harry Lee." The girl's eyes fairly blazed as she spoke the name of gallant "Light-horse Harry Lee." Then she exclaimed: "But, General, my cow!" "Ah, ha! one brother with Gates and one with Lee. Now," said the general severely, "where is your father?" "He was with General Washington," frankly answered the little maiden; "but he is a prisoner now." "So, so. Father and brothers all in the Continental army! I think, then, you must be a little rebel." "Yes, sir, if you please—I am a little rebel. But I want my cow!" "Well, you are a brave, straightforward little girl, and you shall have your cow and something more, too." Then, stooping forward, he detached from his garters a pair of brilliant knee-buckles, which he laid in the child's hands. "Take these," he said, "and keep them as a souvenir of this interview, and believe that Lord Cornwallis can appreciate courage and truth, even in a little rebel." Then, calling an orderly, he instructed him to go with the child through the camp in search of the cow, and when he should find the animal, to detail a man to drive her home again. So Miss Anne returned in triumph with her cow! And those sparkling knee-buckles are still treasured by her descendants as a memento of Cornwallis and the Revolution.—St. Nicholas, for February, 1882.

ECHOES FROM LONDON.

MRS. LANGTRY is to have a rôle in the English version of "Odette." A PAPER by the Duke of Argyll on the land laws will appear in the Contemporary Review for February. MR. TENNYSON was so satisfied with the receipts of "The Cup" at the Lyceum that, it is said, he has just written two short plays. HOLLYHOOKS and thistles are the whim of the moment for screen embroidery. The thistle-panel is placed between two hollyhocks, the sober hues of the former making a pretty contrast to the brighter colours of the side panels. HIS ROYAL HIGHNESS the Prince of Wales has accepted the invitation of the Savage Club to their grand annual dinner, to take place on the 11th of February. Sir Cunliffe Owen will, it is expected, preside. THE Daily News likens Colonel Stanley to a bottle of champagne, which "never effervesced," but is now "stiller than ever." Stiller than ever if it never effervesced! There is something Irish in this. WE have been requested to contradict a report which appeared in some newspapers recently that the Duke of Westminster is about to be

married. There is no shade of foundation for such report—moreover the lady mentioned was lately married herself! THE Princess Louise is about to contribute to Good Words a series of drawings illustrative of Quebec and its neighbourhood. They will be published immediately, with historical and descriptive notes, and a poem on Quebec by the Marquis of Lorne. THE æsthetics are carrying their style of description further than heretofore, and now describe persons in the same way that they do blue china, terra cotta, flower pots, lilies and dadas. In speaking of Mr. Irving, a lady æsthete says: "Mr. Irving's legs are limpid and utter. Both are delicately intellectual, but his left leg is a poem." THE Duke of Connaught has been married for nearly three years, and those who take interest in these matters had long since placed him among the probable childless children of the Queen. It is, therefore, an agreeable surprise to the large body of English men and English women to-day to know that he is likely to be blessed with children. IN view of the proposal to grant a marriage allowance to Prince Leopold, a motion will be made, it is said, asking Parliament to agree to the appointment of a Royal Commission to consider the whole question of future annuities and allowances to members of the Royal Family. IN the list of sworn brokers in the City of London, which occupied seven advertisement columns of the Times, recently, were the names of Lord Walter Campbell, Hon. Albert Petre, Hon. Edward and Henry Bourke, Sir Maurice Duff Gordon, Hon. Kenelm Pleydell-Bouverie, Hon. Richard Strutt, and Sir Hector Maclean Hay. IN Scotland-yard they have a horrible collection, the arms with which suicides have met their deaths, the pistols and poisons used by murderers, cords, cups and poignards—quite a "creepy" lot of property. Always, when there is a murder or a suicide, the police capture the means of death, and what they take they keep. THE valuable service of plate displayed in one of Sir Christopher Wren's churches during the "watch" ceremony on New Year's Eve had a narrow escape of being stolen. At the close of the proceedings a body of twenty roughs made a dash towards the valuables, but fortunately many of the congregation in front were on their way to the door, and the blackguards, unable to make their way through the press, had to retire. THE Daily News has made a joke that ought to be given the widest circulation. It compares Lord Salisbury and Sir Stafford Northcote to brandy and soda, and as this beverage is sometimes used to quiet the morning's reflections of the previous evening's dissipation, it is to be hoped that when taken politically by the country it will act as a specific against the political intoxication that led to the return of Mr. Gladstone to power. THE preparations for the electrical exhibition at the Crystal Palace—though incomplete—are sufficiently advanced to show that it will be a most complete illustration of the perfection to which the utilization of electricity has been brought. Mr. Fawcett has praiseworthy permitted the Telegraph Department to take a prominent part in the exhibition, and his example has been followed by all the principal telegraph companies as well as by the companies and persons who are engaged in developing the electric light. WHAT EVERY ONE SAYS MUST BE TRUE.—And every one who has tested its merits speaks warmly in praise of Hagar's Pectoral Balsam as a positive cure for all throat and lung complaints, coughs and colds, sore throat, bronchitis, and incipient consumption. PEOPLE who suffer from Lung, Throat, or Kidney diseases and have tried all kinds of medicine with little or no benefit, and who despair of ever being cured, have still a resource left in Electricity, which is fast taking the place of almost all other methods of treatment, being mild, potent and harmless; it is the safest system known to man, and the most thoroughly scientific curative power ever discovered. As time advances, greater discoveries are made in the method of applying this electric fluid; among the most recent and best modes of using electricity is by wearing one of Norman's Electric Curative Belts, manufactured by Mr. A. Norman, 4 Queen Street East, Toronto, Ont. A REAL NECESSITY.—No house should be without a bottle of Hagar's Yellow Oil, in case of accident. There is no preparation offered to suffering humanity that has made so many permanent cures, or relieved so much pain and misery. It is called by some the Good Samaritan, by others the Cure-all, and by the afflicted an Angel of Mercy.



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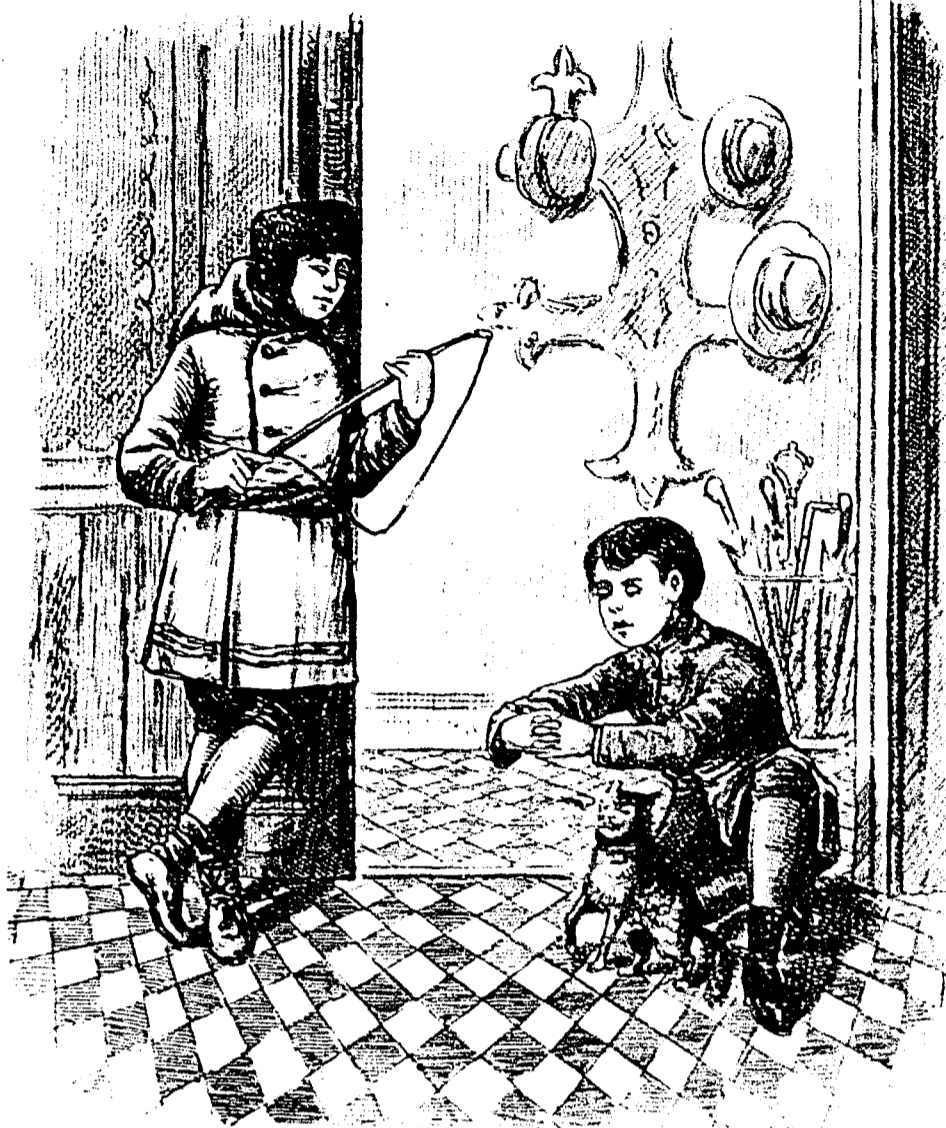
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Specifications, conditions of contract and forms of tender may be obtained on application at the Canadian Pacific Railway Office, in New Westminster, and at the Chief Engineer's Office at Ottawa, after the 1st January next, at which time plans and profiles will be open for inspection at the latter office.

This timely notice is given with a view to giving Contractors an opportunity of visiting and examining the ground during the fine season and before the winter sets in.

Mr Marcus Smith, who is in charge of the office at New Westminster, is instructed to give Contractors all the information in his power.

No tender will be entertained unless on one of the printed forms, addressed to F. Braun, Esq., Sec. Dept. of Railways and Canals, and marked "Tender for C.P.R."

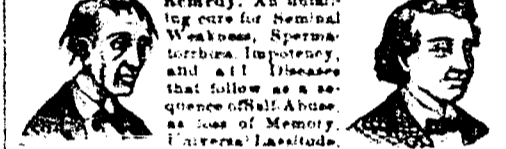
F. BRAUN,
Secretary

Dept. of Railways and Canals,
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