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# SEVEN YEARS Illustrated News

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MONTREAL, SATURDAY, DECEMBER 18, 1880.

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TOBOGANNING WITH CUPID.

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TEMPERATURE.

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

THE WEEK ENDING

December 12th, 1880.			Corresponding week, 1879.		
Mon.	Tue.	Wed.	Mon.	Tue.	Wed.
Max. 33°	Min. 27°	Mean 30°	Max. 39°	Min. 19°	Mean 29° 5
Max. 32°	Min. 17°	Mean 24° 5	Max. 48°	Min. 35°	Mean 41°
Max. 18°	Min. 6°	Mean 12°	Max. 35°	Min. 28°	Mean 31°
Max. 22°	Min. 8°	Mean 15°	Max. 38°	Min. 12°	Mean 25° 5
Max. 19°	Min. -3°	Mean 8°	Max. 40°	Min. 23°	Mean 31°
Max. 16°	Min. zero	Mean 8°	Max. 40°	Min. 36°	Mean 38°
Max. 26°	Min. 14°	Mean 20°	Max. 37°	Min. 20°	Mean 28° 5

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CANADIAN ILLUSTRATED NEWS,

Montreal, Saturday, December 18, 1880.

TO OUR SUBSCRIBERS.

Our readers are aware that our terms are cash, and that we have the right to exact from each subscriber \$4.50, when his subscription is not paid in advance. The end of the year is approaching and a large number have not yet fulfilled their obligations toward us. But we are willing to afford them another opportunity, and if they will pay up without further delay and save us the expense of sending out a collector, we will accept the \$4.00. We make this proposition with the view of avoiding any further inconvenience, and subscribers will give us credit for this timely notice.

We have done everything in our power to make the paper worthy of public patronage, but it must be remembered that our expenses are three times those of any other paper. The News is an illustrated journal—the only one of its class in the Dominion, and our subscribers cannot fail to understand that we must necessarily depend on them for adequate support in the shape of prompt and regular payment.

THE OPENING OF PARLIAMENT.

The ceremonies attending the opening of Parliament last Thursday were the same as have before been described in our columns, the old forms which time has honoured, being observed. But this time the Royal Standard did not float from the tower of the Parliament building, and the absence of the Princess necessarily made a great blank, as compared with the *éclat* of former occasions. The weather too was very cold, the cold wave, which had been sweeping from the Rocky Mountains, having that day struck. This was a little severe on the volunteer soldiers, but the Governor-General's Foot Guards and the Princess Louise Dragoons, did their several duties well. There was a large concourse of people, and the royal salute was fired at a quarter to three, the Governor-General, accompanied by Col. DYDE, Aide-de-Camp to the Queen, and Capt. CHATER, being a quarter of an hour in advance of time. People said the clocks must not have agreed. His Excellency was met by Sir A. CAMPBELL and Mr. ATKINS, Sir JOHN MACDONALD, who has not been well, not leaving his seat in the House. On former occasions, he has gone, hat off, to the carriage, but he manifestly could not do this now. There were many brilliant ladies' dresses, and these with the scarlet robes of the Judges of the Supreme Court, and the brilliant uniforms of the officers, made a very fine effect; but there was no crowd on the floor—a relief under recent arrangements having been obtained by a

reserved gallery. Lord LORNE read the Speech from the Throne in the English and French languages, with great distinctness and purity of accent in both.

The Speech explained why Parliament had been called so early; it plunged at once into the reasons, in words which had evidently been very carefully considered. In fact, the opening words made rather a difficult position for the Opposition, if they have any intention of opposing the principle of the arrangement of Ministers with a company to build the Pacific Railway. His Excellency said that the occasion of the journey of the Ministers to England to make the arrangement, was moved by an attempt to carry out the already declared intention of Parliament. That intention was first declared when Sir JOHN MACDONALD was previously First Minister, and again with great distinctness while Mr. MACKENZIE was Premier. The policy of endeavouring to obtain the services of an incorporated company for this great work of construction may, therefore, be said to be a settled one, and we do not see how any question can come, except with respect to details. But there may be a very wide open door in these, and in fact, the gossips are busily saying that some ten or twelve of the ordinary Ministerial supporters will bolt, while some five or six of the Opposition will support the resolutions. The magnitude of the pecuniary interest will probably give rise to very lively discussion.

The Speech further stated that, subject to the approval of Parliament, the Ministers had entered into a contract with capitalists, in Canada, Europe and the United States, of high financial standing, for the speedy construction and permanent working of this great national enterprise. The papers and contract were promised to be submitted without delay. And in point of fact the contract was published, at length, in the morning papers. But it is a document of such importance that we will take a little time before writing any notice of it.

The announcement next in importance in the Speech was the allegation that the new tariff had not only promoted manufacturing industry, but that it had produced a revenue in excess of the expenditure. The positive vaticinations of last session that such would not be the case have, therefore not been verified; and this is another instance which shows how foolish it is for men when they become piqued and excited to venture upon prophecy.

Another measure of importance relating to the immigration of Germans is promised, viz., the placing of their naturalization on a more satisfactory footing. We are afraid that some difficulties will be found in connection with this. But, perhaps, it will be best to wait for the production of the promised measure before entering upon discussion of the question, although there are several important points plainly on the surface.

The remainder of the Speech is taken up in recital. We are told the harvest is good, and that progress is being made with the portions of the Pacific Railway already under contract, two additional sections having been opened up for traffic, one from Winnipeg to Portage La Prairie, and the other from Cross Lake to Keewatin, making 264 miles in operation. The expenses of working the Intercolonial and Prince Edward Island R.R. are stated to have been so far reduced, that the revenue from them will this year equal the expenditure, a result which will be very satisfactory, if the railways themselves have been kept up. We are told that Her Majesty's Government have generously presented the steam corvette "Charybdis," which has just returned from the Chinese seas, to the Canadian Government, for a training ship. Further that a report of the Civil Service Commissioners will be laid before Parliament. That a measure will be submitted for enlarging the boundaries of Manitoba and that a failure of the food supply of Indians has made it necessary to furnish them with provisions. This is the Speech. There is no parade

of measures; and it would really have been idle to have attempted any. The one great thing for Parliament to consider, and also the reason for which it has been thus early called, is that question of paramount, overwhelming importance, the construction of the Pacific Railway. If any Ministry could undertake this, with the same assurance of continuity of life and freedom from change arising from political considerations, and with also the same application of business principles, based on commercial instincts, and freedom from political influences, as an incorporated company, then the argument would be very simple. The country should have the advantage. As, however, these conditions are impossible, under our system, then the highest public interests are those which would make the success of the railway and the settlement of the country, the commercial considerations of a rich and powerful company. It is in the public interest, moreover, that such company should be offered a good bargain and good inducements. The presence of these means success. The absence of them means failure, and the fact of failure would not promote the success of settlement, which means wealth to the country; or afford any guarantee that the work would be ultimately constructed without much greater expense to the country. In a word, success means prosperity; failure, disaster.

In the House, Mr. BLAKE asked when the contracts and papers would be laid before members. Sir JOHN answered, "Immediately after the Address has been carried." No papers are ever laid before the House, or any business done before the Address is carried. Mr. MACKENZIE has given notice that he will move for papers and correspondence respecting the visit to England. The Speech from the Throne promises papers on this subject.

Six members were elected during the recess, viz., Mr. JAMES BEATTY, West Toronto; Mr. D. A. MANSON, Brome; Hon. J. A. MOUSSEAU, Bagot; Hon. A. P. CARON, Quebec County; Mr. F. SCOTT, Selkirk and Mr. GEORGE WHEELER, North Ontario. All these are Ministerial, except Mr. WHEELER, and all were introduced to the House except Mr. SCOTT, who had not then arrived. This is certainly a favourable exhibit for the Ministers. The tendency at this stage of a Parliament is generally the other way.

There was a little fault finding on the part of the Opposition, at the Superannuation of Mr. PATRICK, the Clerk of the House, to which the Speaker answered that that step had become expedient in view of Mr. PATRICK's growing infirmities. We believe that he has been a Civil Service officer for half a century.

Business then promptly commenced. On Friday the Address in reply to the Speech was moved and carried the same day. The motion was made by Mr. BEATTY, the newly elected member for Toronto. He made a creditable *debut*. Mr. VANASSE, of Yamaska, seconded the Address. Mr. BLAKE, the new leader, opened the ball on the side of the Opposition. He spoke with eloquence, but diffusiveness. He took a very wide scope in his attack on the Government, and opened himself to the retort of the First Minister that it was not well at that stage to deal in generalities. He demanded that there should be full time allowed for the consideration of the Pacific contract, contending that, in view of the great importance of that measure, for all time, it would be proper to submit it to the people at the polls. This is a view which has been urged by a Toronto magazine, and there is a rumour in the lobbies at Ottawa that it is favoured by Lord LORNE, in the hope that there may come a result unfavourable to the protection policy. But we cannot believe this. Sir JOHN replied that no true parliamentarian could take a position of that sort, and that he was sure Mr. BLAKE's late leader, Mr. MACKENZIE, could not. Mr. MACKENZIE, Mr. POPE and some other members spoke, the subject of immigration being particularly discussed; but there were no facts or figures before

the House, so this was merely bootless talk. The Address was put clause by clause, without division.

The Opposition held a caucus on Friday, and the Ministerialists on Saturday. This shows a sign of unsettled feeling, and is a very natural result of the situation, especially in view of the rumours with which the air is filled.

MADAME SARAH BERNHARDT.

Our readers will doubtless be pleased to read the following charming appreciation of the great artist who is to visit this city professionally next week. The review is from the gifted pen of George Augustus Sala.

Mr. John Hollingshead, manager of the Gaiety Theatre, has happily not come to the doleful complexion of the Good Man struggling with adversity. Still, it would be unjust to withhold from this experienced and energetic dramatic director a certain meed of sympathy, for the temporary, and it is to be hoped trifling, mischance which has befallen him, and the consequent disappointment of the subscribers to the series of French performances at the Gaiety, through the churlish refusal of the committee of the Comédie Française to allow M. Coquelin to fulfil his engagement with Mr. Hollingshead, and collaborate with the wonderful talent of Madame Sarah Bernhardt in parts which he has made essentially his own. Subscribers are difficult people to deal with. They are apt to think that they have not had enough for their money, to stand upon their rights, and, on occasions, to demand the return of their subscription; and a portion of Mr. Hollingshead's *damns* may be dissatisfied because *la force majeure* has hitherto precluded Madame Bernhardt from appearing in more than three characters—Frou-Frou, Adrienne Lecouvreur, and Phèdre.

But to the general art-loving public—the public which goes night after night, season after season, to see such consummate artists as Mr. Henry Irving and Miss Ellen Terry in the same parts—the three  *rôles*  up to this time so magnificently interpreted by Madame Bernhardt should be amply sufficient *pabulum*. In the touching play of MM. Meilhac and Halévy, in the admirably constructed and nobly written drama of MM. Scribe and Legouvé, and in Racine's grand tragedy, Madame Bernhardt exhibits and portrays to intense admiration three distinct phases of human passion, and calls up three distinct kinds of emotion from those who study her extraordinary impersonations. In Phèdre she carries out precisely that which Racine thought was his master Euripides' conception of the character of the wretched wife of Theseus. She possesses the qualities which Aristotle demanded in the heroines of deep tragedy: the properties of exciting, in an equal degree, compassion and terror. She is not altogether guilty, not altogether innocent. We shudder at her frenzied confession of crime; yet we cannot withhold commiseration from the unhappy creature whom merciless fate has condemned to cherish an unholy passion. She, above all others, is appalled by the enormity of her sin. She exhausts every effort to beat down the demon under foot: she would sooner die than reveal the secret which is rending her bosom; and, when she is forced to disclose the awful truth, her shame, her confession, her remorse claim for her some degree of pity as one whose erring is due rather to the anger of the gods than to any act of her own volition. On the poor creature's white forehead there might well be stamped the terrible word ANAKH—necessity, constraint, destiny—the word on which Victor Hugo declared that he based the entire fabric of Notre Dame de Paris.

In "Frou-Frou" another order of sympathies is awakened by the most eminently sympathetic actress of the age. Phèdre, for all her monstrous sin, is every inch a Queen. But for her miserable aberration her woes would be majestic as those of Dido. But it is impossible to feel any veneration, or, indeed, any very great amount of respect, for the poor lady in the rustling silk dress. She is, at the best, a frivolous, giddy, volatile, and inconsequential personage. At the outset she is a decided coquette. Wounded vanity and feminine petulance seem to have had quite as much to do with her disregard for her matrimonial obligations as any sentiments of affection for her bygone and peculiarly worthless lover could have had. Her conduct in abandoning her husband and child seems to English judges utterly indefensible; and, if East Lynne had not been written, English compassion might have been but charily extended to this very peccant lady, whose tardily awakened conscience impels her to return to the home which she has deserted and made desolate—to ask forgiveness, and to die.

An ordinary "Frou-Frou" might fail to move us very deeply—even by the tearfullest of voices and the most skillful simulation of the symptoms of advanced pulmonary disease. But Madame Sarah Bernhardt is not an ordinary "Frou-Frou." As the thoughtless and capricious coquette she may not entirely satisfy those who look in the earlier aspects of the character for exuberant vivacity and *entrain*. But the repentant and dying "Frou-Frou" at once compels our pity and our love. In expiring accents she herself murmurs, *Pour vous, toujours la même. Mon fils... sous me pardonnez, n'est-ce pas! Frou-frou! Frou-frou! Pauvre Frou-frou!* The murmured plaint finds an echo

amidst the tears of a whole audience. The appeal is irresistible. Poor little woman! Poor thing! Poor Frou-Frou!

Compassion and terror combined for Phèdre; unmingled sympathy or pity for Frou-Frou. But what should be claimed for Adrienne Lecouvreur gloriously interpreted by Sarah Bernhardt! I should say deep veneration, the highest admiration, and the deepest commiseration. I saw Rachael in this character more than thirty years ago. I do not know whether my susceptibilities were keener or blunter when I was a young man than they are now; but thirty years since I used to see a play almost every night in my life, and of late years I have not been inside a theatre, on an average, once in three months. Still I have a tolerably good memory, and can remember all the intonations and the gestures of Rachael Felix in Andromaque, in Phèdre, in Camille, and especially in Adrienne Lecouvreur. I have even heard her sing, or rather recite, in a weird monotone the words of "La Marseillaise." I liked her best when she was awful, majestic, passionate, terrible. No drapery became her so well as the stola and the pepulum. Her arms should always have been bare, so grand did they look, uplifted in vehement expostulation, in fierce denunciation, in agonized despair. But feelings of soft and tender sorrow she (in myself at least) rarely excited. Hers was not pre-eminently the gift (as it was that of Coleridge's Genevieve) to make those who loved her grieve.

But Sarah Bernhardt in Adrienne makes you grieve, and withal rage in indignation at the cruel wrongs to which she is subjected. The people surrounding Frou-Frou are mainly very contemptible. Her father is a worthless libertine, who too late atones for the evil example which he has set his daughter, by making an *amende* undeniably pathetic, but as undeniably "stagey." A more despicable personage than her lover it would be difficult to conceive; and her husband, albeit gallant and honourable, is as weak as water. "Adrienne Lecouvreur" is, on the other hand, a very strong drama; and the characters brought in contact with the heroine are vivid, and admirably contrasted. The pathos of the *bonhomme* Michonnet, the theatrical *régisseur*, is not forced; Maurice de Saxe may be dissipated, but he is not a heartless and dishonourable profligate; the Abbé de Chazenuil is certainly Machiavellian, but he is not mean; and Adrienne's implacable rival, the Princesse de Bouillon, is about as wicked as she can well be, but she is not despicable. With the exception of good old Michonnet and the amorous yet noble-minded Maurice de Saxe, you simply hate all these people, powdered, starred, buttoned, hooped, and silk-stocked, conspiring and intriguing against the illustrious artist, the true and loving woman. She stands there, like a lighthouse, lashed by the fierce waves of calumny and treachery. The fabric is as frail as the first Eldystone; it goes down at last with a crash, and disappears in the deep for ever; but the fall is splendid and the catastrophe sublime.

I confess that I admire Madame Sarah Bernhardt in Adrienne Lecouvreur. It seems to me that she throws into it every one of the host of rare and noble qualities with which she is endowed—tenderness, alternately childishly cajoling, fascinating, passionate, pleading, and submissive. When she is roused to anger she is for a moment terrible as a pythoness on her tripod; but fury soon subsides, and the affectionate, single-minded, docile creature—the very woman—once more predominates. Her unmerited sufferings, her immeasurable love for a dissolute but wholly bad man, her heroic self-sacrifice, her almost angelic resignation, her combat with death, her final submission to the inevitable—all these, with voice, and eye, and pose, and mien, and with a thousand delicate touches, she expresses in a manner and with an eloquence not attainable by any other living actress. From first to last, the skill of the accomplished artist is thoroughly felt, though wisely kept latent. But all this artistic skill only subserves and ministers to the evolution of the artist's greater possession—that of a thoroughly heartfelt, sympathetic and womanly nature.

THE LAND QUESTION.

What is the "land question," which seems just now to lie at the root of every serious home-trouble and to form the staple topic of conversation? It cannot be said to lie in a nutshell, for it has outgrown all reasonable proportions by sending out branches and tendrils in every direction; but the central germ of discord and difficulty is recognisable in its simplicity still. The innermost and underlying facts are these. From the time when the first wandering tribe settled on a particular spot, and the first settler encroached, or threatened to encroach, on his neighbour's territory, land has been held by force—first, the force of arms openly displayed or used, or the force of law, which is, as it were, arms on paper. The leader of Israel parcolled out the promised land among the people, and it was theirs to till and plant and sow. They could not destroy it or take it away, but might use it and appropriate its fruit for their sustenance. It was also so far theirs, or soon became so, as to be treated as property and sold out of the family. If a man coveted his neighbour's vineyard, and was not a king to procure the death of the present holder, he had to buy it of him. The natural order of events was for the land to pass as property from father to son. The traffic that rose up sprang from the poverty

or covetousness of the people. This is the essence of the question, and has been so ever since the world was populated. Possession without disturbance creates a right, which is of value in direct proportion to the length of time it has been maintained. There is not only reasonable presumption that the representative of a family which has held a particular plot of land during a long period, perhaps stretching back beyond the date of any deed or register extant, is the true proprietor—so far as any man can be a proprietor of what is longer-lived than himself, and in which therefore he can have only a life-interest—but there is also an assumption that a settlement of long persistence creates an inalienable right. This will appear on a little reflection.

Now it is at first sight startling to find that the disputes and discussions of to-day are all about the old question, just as they might have been thousands of years ago. The question has, as we said at the outset, grown complicated, but it is the same in principle; and the complications which have arisen are, in fact, nothing more than the graftings of questions arising out of personal and family and class "interests" on the old stock difficulties. Thus in Ireland the peasantry are trying to assert what they suppose to be their rights as the settlers on land originally allotted to their families, and as the servants or descendants of lords of the soil long since forgotten. They take their stand on the doctrine that whoever gave them the privilege of living upon and using the soil created an inalienable right for them, and that, however, the first lords of the land may have lost, or sold, or been deprived of their property, it must have been charged with their interest in it and subject to their tenancy when it passed into other hands. It is nothing to the advocate of this view of the matter that, while on the one hand, it makes the tenant a serf to be transferred with the soil, it is assumed to give him a right of use and possession more permanent than that of the "landlord" himself. Stripped of all the technical and political jargon of controversy, this is the Irish "land question"—Is the tenant or settler on the land to be held to have an indefeasible right of possession?

In a country where leases and documentary bonds have been little used, because the people were too ignorant to understand their value, everything now turns upon "custom," and the custom—that is the value set upon the tenants' right—has been different in the several provinces. In some districts where the conqueror's foot has been planted on the land distributed within comparatively recent time, the custom is clearly formulated. If a tenant is displaced, he must have a certain notice and compensation on a fixed scale. In those parts of the island in which no modern settlement has been made, the whole question rests on tradition, and it is difficult to find precedents to determine the case. The Irish Land Act of recent date recognizes the right of the tenant to be compensated for disturbance. It therefore recognizes the right he claims; and, inasmuch as this right to the tenant at least, appears to be one wholly independent of the payment of rent, he is not prepared to accept the law in its full working. His ancestors did not pay rent; they did service. He is quite prepared to do the same service, which chiefly consisted in breaking the heads of the dependants of any neighbouring landlord with whom his own chief or lord chose to quarrel; but he will not pay rent. In old times the service rendered by the tenantry to their lords was a valuable set-off for the privilege of living upon a little plot of bog-land and feeding on its scanty produce. A repressive religious system has kept the Irish people back. Unlike the peasantry of Scotland and Wales, they have been left behind; and now this intellectually-stunted race occupies the anomalous position of being only able to render a tribute for their land which is of no present value, and of being wholly unable to wrest a livelihood out of the land to which they cling. We are not Protestant in the sense of being opposed to Roman Catholicism as an ecclesiastical system; but, as a social system, as a paralyzing, enervating, repressing system, antagonistic to the growth and prosperity as to the energy and freedom of a nation, we must, in the name of common sense and truthfulness, denounce the grip of the Papal system on Ireland, on the people of a country which, but for the burden of its own Church, would have been happy, contented, and free.

In England the people are under the direction of short-sighted agitators and pretended political economists who seem to be ignorant of the first principles of the science of which they prate—clamouring for the destruction of the very system that the Irish people are striving to uphold, or rather to renew. The English want to get rid of the entail which keeps land in a family and makes it pass from father to son by ancestral right, oblivious of the fact that, if the land of England could be brought to the hammer to-morrow, it would be bought back in large parcels by the moneyed classes and left by will to their sons. The laws of England are only really burdensome or embarrassing as they may complicate the process of cutting off an entail, and of transferring land, like other property, by sale. We have practically shaken off the last vestige of the serf system in England; and no man claims or desires any other right in land than he would have in other property—namely, the right which money gives him. As we have admitted, there are difficulties in cutting off the entail of an estate which sometimes press heavily on an eldest son or his

creditors. He cannot sell his property, because it has been so left in the family that it must go down from father to son. In cases where the inheritance has been hedged about by some long-sighted testator so that the life-holder in the succession cannot mortgage it for more than a fixed proportion of its rent-value, and subject to the charge left upon it, the spendthrift, or the son of a spendthrift, feels the inconvenience of being crippled. The same thing happens in Ireland; but there, while the inheritor is perhaps driving cattle in the Colonies, or starving in England, the settlers on the estate, the tenants who pay no rent, but are ever ready to fight, insist on what they are pleased to call their rights, let the landlord fare as he may!

There is not more difference in the land laws of the two countries—England and Ireland—than is occasioned by the different conditions of the two peoples. If the Irish peasantry were on a level in point of freedom with the English peasantry, they would be even more prosperous than the agricultural classes of England, because they are keener witted and can, when they will, do better work. Clear away the ecclesiastical system of Ireland, let the people free from the blinding and crippling effects of superstition and priestcraft, and they will rise to a higher position than the wisest and most sanguine of their "emancipators" as yet expect. The Roman ecclesiastical system—we carefully distinguish this from the religion of the ancient Church—has blighted and still blights the peasantry, as it misleads and impoverishes the nobility of every land over which it broods. The following statement, which was submitted to the Lords and Commons indirectly more than ten years ago, is still true, and may be taken as a summary of the question at issue. The land question is distinctly social in its nature and scope, and must be settled on social principles. It is a question apart by itself, and can in no way affect the abstract conditions or rights of property. What a man can take away is his own, and he may cast it into the sea. What he cannot destroy is only his in a limited sense. It is his for his lifetime and to pass on or give away when he dies; but, inasmuch as it forms a constituent part of the territory which belongs to the nation that never dies, the nation has a right which, though in no sense antagonistic to the right of the individual, is superior to and to some extent may override it. For example, this national right would come into play if the owners of land in an important district of the empire were to bind themselves together by a resolution to eject the population or to enforce such conditions of land-tenure as would reduce the mass of the people to the level of serfs. It could not be tolerated that a minority, however strong their claims, should depopulate the country. The individual must not exercise his right to the deprivation of the rights of the nation with which he is incorporated. Property in land cannot therefore, in the nature of things, be so absolute as property in movables. It is a necessity of the constitutional system that the right of property should be assured to landowners; and it is a necessity of the same supreme law that the right of equitable usufruct should be secured for their tenants. Moreover, the owner who offers his land for hire comes into the market as a trader, and the same social authority which protects his interest and gives legality to his commercial lien on the chattels of a tenant in default of rent has a clear right to require that he shall conform to the usages of the market and treat on fair terms. On purely economic grounds landlords cannot, because it would not be for their interest, refuse to let their lands, if they let them at all, upon conditions which will enable their tenants to utilize to the full the resources of their holdings and to improve them. On the other hand, the tenant can acquire no right of property in the land by his tenure, for the very obvious reason that if he could there would be no incentive for him to seek to become a proprietor.

It is important to bear in mind that economically Ireland is considerably in the rear of the other provinces of the empire. The causes, partly natural and in part artificial, which have retarded her development are not german to the business of redressing her grievances, and could only be imported into the problem with the effect of embarrassing its solution. Nevertheless the fact that Ireland is behind the age must needs be recognized, because it imposes special conditions on every attempt to legislate for her benefit. Another circumstance to which due importance must be given is the historical fact, momentous in itself and acquiring additional influence from the extraordinary power of tradition in Ireland, that the legal right of the landlords is of more recent date than the assumed right of those who now occupy the place of tenants. "Tenant-right" is a misnomer employed in a spirit of mistaken modesty, and leading to much misconception. What the advocates of "tenant-right" mean is to assert on behalf of tenants, as the first or oldest occupants of the soil, a claim to part proprietorship, the theory being that the settlement of James conferred a gift of right to rent and lordship, but not to actual property in the land. Another argument, urged with considerable ingenuity and some force, is that the tenant creates a right to something like part proprietorship when he reclaims by cultivation any waste land within his holding. These several points must be allowed to have weight in the consideration. They should have weight so far as to influence the tone and terms in which the right of the landlord is enforced in limitation of the "tenant-right" of the Irish land-holder. Even assuming

the theory to be correct which asserts that the settlement of James gave only a right to rental and lordship without that proprietorship which implies a power to dispossess the tenants of an estate, it is a fact that only a very small proportion of the present tenants of land in Ireland claim possession on the ground of legitimate succession or title by bequest from the time of James; and those who do are tenants of the old Irish families whose claims as landlords have nothing to do with the special grants made by the English King, but were only confirmed on the then existing conditions of their rights as ascertained by commission. Practically therefore the plea of previous and indefeasible sub-proprietorship put forth in support of tenant-right is incapable of argument. The allegation of a right on the part of a tenant to land which he has reclaimed, on the ground that what a man makes is his own, does not apply to the Irish tenant, because the whole of the land of Ireland, cultivated or waste, is comprised within the manorial boundaries, and the reclamer is in the position of a tenant finding minerals beneath the surface of the soil he rents—he can only work them under a royalty; or else he has trespassed beyond the limits of his own holding and is encroaching on other parts of the manor, in which case he can have no right at all. These are elements in the special system of land-tenure in Ireland, and give it those distinctive features which make it a matter apart from, and in many essential particulars totally unlike, all other land systems. Nevertheless we must take things very much as we find them, and the problem will have to be solved on common sense principles.

Looking at the matter from the landlord's point of view, two important circumstances help to determine the course which appears most conducive to his interest—the size of the holdings into which his estate is to be subdivided and the kind of farming to which it is to be subjected. Every owner of land must look to its improvement. He knows that, to keep pace with the age and to insure being as wealthy proportionally twenty years hence as he is now, he must take such measures as are likely to secure a progressive increase in the value of his property. In these circumstances it is perfectly obvious that he will not willingly let his land out in small parcels and long leases to tenants who have not the capital necessary to effect improvements. This is the practical difficulty with which those who seek to redress the grievances of the Irish farmer have to contend. It would be simply an act of injustice to require that the landlord should vest his property in hands where it would not increase in value, upon conditions which must place it beyond the power of recall. We hear a great deal about compensation for "improvements." As a matter of fact, no landlord objects to pay for *bona-fide* improvements. The difficulty is to insure improvement for the property upon any terms in Ireland. There will be no embarrassment about leases when this evil is remedied.

In England, Scotland, and even Wales, farmers are a professional class of agriculturists, and no one resorts to the business of farming for a livelihood who is not in a position to carry it out successfully. In Ireland a man takes a farm not because he has any qualification for the business of agriculture, but because he must live somewhere and do something, and it is pleasant to squat on the land and easy to live by keeping pigs and growing potatoes. It is too much to ask the owners of the soil in Ireland to give leases to the tenants of this class who are agitating to obtain them. Such a course would be simply a surrender of the rights of property; and the landlord compelled to make the sacrifice might at once sit down and calculate with the certainty of despair how long it would be before his property must be left hopelessly behind in the race of wealth, and himself and family be reduced to beggary. The value of the land in Ireland has been depreciated to its present minimum by reason of the small holdings in the possession of tenants who have neither the capital nor the wit to improve them. It is quite unnecessary to make a law which shall perpetuate this state of matters. We are told that, if the present tenants of land had leases, they would improve and develop into a class of professional farmers whom it would be a pleasure and advantage to have for tenants. Is this possible? The solution of the "land question" in Ireland cannot be effected by a law prescribing the substitution of leaseholding for annual tenancy under the present system. Any scheme for the satisfactory adjustment of the difficulty must include provisions for the improvement first of the tenants and then of the land. It is a popular fallacy that the Irish are born farmers and that we must legislate for them in that capacity.

A COMIC incident occurred at the first performance of *Charlotte Corlay*. Barbaroux was tracing the portrait of Marat:

Il m'a dit de sang froid, tout comme il le ferait, Que l'unique moyen de calmer vos tempêtes, C'est d'abattre deux cent soixante mille têtes!

FOR STYLISH and well-finished Gentlemen's Clothing, made after the London and American fashions, go to L. Robinson, the practical London tailor, 31 Beaver Hall Terrace.

FIRST CLASS TAILORING.—A fine assortment of English, Scotch and French tweeds on hand, and made up to order on the premises, under my own personal supervision, at very reasonable rates, at L. Robinson's, 31 Beaver Hall Terrace.



JOSEPH G. BIGGAR, M. P., CAVAN COUNTY.



TIMOTHY D. SULLIVAN, M. P., WESTMEATH COUNTY.



THOM. BRENNAN, SECRETARY OF THE LAND LEAGUE.



THOMAS SEXTON, M. P., SLIGO COUNTY.



CHARLES STEWART PARNELL, M. P., CORK COUNTY.



T. M. HEALY, M. P., AGENT OF THE LAND LEAGUE.

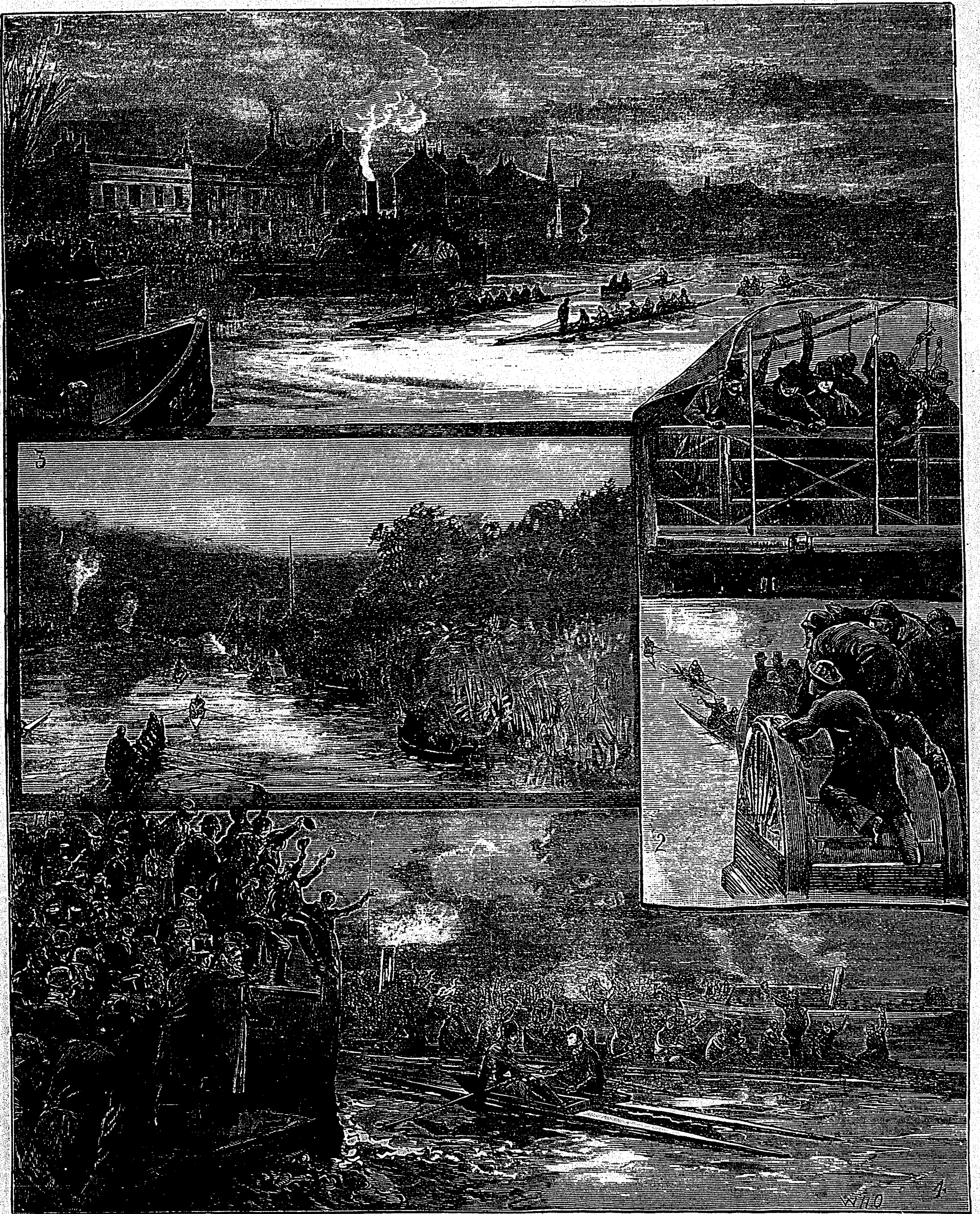


PATRICK EGAN, TREASURER OF THE LAND LEAGUE.



JOHN DILLON, M. P., TIPPERARY COUNTY.

THE LAND LEAGUERS UNDER INDICTMENT.



1. The Start. 2. Hammersmith Bridge: "Mind your heads" 3. The Finish. 4. Hanlan and Trickett shaking hands after the Race.

THE HANLAN-TRICKETT BOAT RACE.

## THE FAREWELL OF THE ARAB HOSTESS.

(Translated from the French of Victor Hugo.)

Since naught thy sojourn in our clime delays,  
The palm-tree's shadow, nor the golden maize,  
Nor plenty, nor repose;  
Nor e'en young hearts that flutter at thy voice,  
When our sweet sisters on some hill rejoice  
To dance at daylight's close;

Farewell, young stranger! I myself have girt  
(Lest 'mid sharp stones he fling thee to thy hurt)  
The saddle on thy horse;  
He paws the earth—his back firm, smooth, and round,  
Gleams like a column of black marble, found  
Amidst a torrent's course.

O restless youth! why art thou not of those  
Who ne'er forsake the indolent repose  
Of tent or leafy home!  
Who wondrous tales in dreaming ears receive,  
And sigh, while seated by their doors at eve,  
Among the stars to roam.

Had'st thou but willed it, some kind Arab maid  
Had, doubtless, lived beneath our cabin's shade  
Thy fancies to obey,  
And with fond care, while singing thee to sleep,  
Had framed a fan of cool fresh leaves to keep  
The insect swarms away.

But thou must go; all day, all night alone!  
As thy swift courser spurs each flinty stone,  
A shower of sparks is born:  
While the blind demons that career by night  
Against thy falchion in their beadlong flight  
Their pinions oft have torn.

Should'st thou return, climb yonder mountain black,  
(See! from afar it seems a camel's back)  
Our hamlet to spy;  
To mine own hut its hive-shaped roof will guide,  
And the one door that opens on the side  
From which the swallows fly.

Should'st thou return not, think upon the land  
Where sweet-voiced maidens, a barefooted band,  
Dance blithely on the sea;  
O white young stranger, brilliant passage-bird,  
Think that, perchance, more hearts than one are stirred  
By tender dreams of thee!

Farewell! Ride onwards; of our Sun beware,  
Which gilds the dark skin, but which burns the fair;  
Beware of trackless sands.  
Shun the lone hare that crawls with trembling pace,  
And those who circle in the desert trace  
With white mysterious wands!

Montreal.

GEO. MURRAY.

## THE MAJOR'S MARRIAGE.

My wife always says it was my fault! Well, what if it was? The major might have done a great deal worse. Being such an unbusiness-like sort of a fellow, it's a wonder that he didn't do worse. He has his father to thank for that, as well as for some other things.

I am a solid man in more senses than one; there ain't many wealthier, as far as money goes, in the Western city I hail from. I've always had a good appetite and a better digestion ever since I first came to the shore of the great lake, a barefooted boy with ten cents in my pocket. So, while the ten cents have been growing into millions, I haven't grown thin, and I don't mean to pretend that I am anywhere near as active as seventy-two as I was at twenty-two. I stick to facts, and I suppose I did come down rather heavy from that omnibus-stop.

It had snowed and rained for a week—hard. Now everybody knows what the streets in Chicago are capable of under such circumstances. It isn't quite so bad as in the time old settlers tell you about, when a loaded team went down into the earth in front of the court house and disappeared for ever. No; candidly, the streets are improved since then; but, naturally, water on ground as level as a table-top will stand in huge puddles when that ground is soaked, and the traffic of a city passing through such puddles riles them a considerable quantity. The North side omnibus stopped right on the edge of one of these horrible lakes, and I had to jump it. I suppose I might have called to the driver to go on, but I've never looked out much for other people to wait on me; my way is to go ahead myself. So I went ahead and landed all right, but somehow or other my leap shook the old stage tremendously, and the horses started off. I heard a slight shriek and turned round just in time to see a girl, who must have been coming out behind me, tossed off the high step, like a feather, into the mud. I was so scared that the only thing I could think of was to roar at the driver and threaten him with State's prison; but he was Dutch, and didn't either understand or didn't care. But the girl was as quick and light as a cat, had fallen on her feet and was picking up a roll of music out of the black water.

"Oh, dear, dear!" she was saying to herself when I got to her, in a shaky-kind of voice, as if she were ready to cry.

"Are you hurt?" I asked her, pretty sharp, but she didn't answer me; just stood and looked at her music, and her shoes, and her gloves, and her daubed dress-skirt, and then put out a foot plastered with mud up to the ankle so that you couldn't see the shoe at all, and looked at it. "Oh, what shall I do!" she said, and then she realized at last that some one was speaking to her, and she looked up at me with black, soft, childlike-looking eyes, full of tears. There was a lamp close by, so I could see her quite plain. It was about seven or half-past seven in the evening, and two days before Christmas. I had been looking up some presents for my grandchildren, Margaret's boy and girl; they have their tree at the old place, and my wife makes a mighty fuss about it. The State street shops were so crowded that it was pretty hard on a stout old party like me—in fact, it was as

much as a man's life was worth to get near the counters at all, generally speaking; but they knew me at most of them—but to return to my young woman.

"I am sure you are hurt," I said to her. "Wait I will get a carriage to take you home."  
"Oh, no, indeed," she replied, in a hurry. "I am not hurt—I do not want a carriage." But while she spoke two teardrops rolled down her cheeks, and she held the skirt of her dress out between her thumb and finger, and looked at it again. It was heavy with mud.

"Well, then, what are you crying about?" asked I, a little out of patience at being scared nothing but not really cross, for her eyes had for the look of Baby Maggie's when she is grieved, and some women are just fools enough to cry over spoiled clothes—they can't help it."

"Oh!" said she, "I had an engagement to play for dancing, and I need the money terribly. I cannot go in this state, and I have no time to wash my dress. Oh, dear, I must go back home!"

I looked at her steadily one minute, but she didn't notice me any more, she was watching for a far down-town stage. Her story might be true, for her face was thin and white—one of these round faces that ought to be plump—and her babyish eyes were larger than they had a right to be.

"Never mind," said I, all of a sudden, "you shall keep your engagement—you see if you don't. Where is it?" I added, to make things as straight as possible.

"At Mrs. Starr's, 94 Dearborn Avenue," she answered, quite simply.

"I know her well," says I.

"She is very particular," said the girl. "I couldn't go to her house like this."

"No," says I, "but look here. In the next block, across the street, is a nice little shop, where you can get the mud cleaned off. Come on, I'll show it to you."

She hesitated, looked at me and looked up the street doubtfully.

"Come on," said I. "It's only a few steps, and I'm in a hurry."

Well, she went with me to the little cleaning and repairing establishment. I knew the people, and that they would do well by her; in fact, I had helped Christine Hanson along when her husband broke his leg in my lumber-yard, and she was a grateful woman. I explained to Mrs. Hanson how it was that I accidentally jostled a young lady from the omnibus-step into the mud, and requested her to exert herself. Christine was ready to serve me, and promised to turn the young lady out as good as new in twenty minutes, all but her shoes.

"Those are too bad," she said, shaking her head.

"Send in to the nearest shop for some more," said I, taking out my purse; "and get some clean copies of this music." But the girl started up from the chair by the counter.

"No—oh, no, sir," she said. "Thank you—I cannot."

"Madam," said I, "I have been the means of spoiling your shoes, and I have a right to make compensation for your loss."

"It is out of the question, sir," she answered, very gently; but gentle as she was, I couldn't stir her one inch. I was quite at the end of my arguments when Mrs. Hanson, a very sensible woman, struck in.

"Borrow de money, miss. Mr. Prentiss is so good, he vill wait long."

The young woman looked more hopefully on this proposal.

"But I am afraid I shall never pay it," she murmured; "unless you shall happen to want music for a little dance some time—I play either harp or piano."

"I do," said I—"that settles it all." And I engaged her at once to come the next evening to my house—we always have a small gathering on Christmas Eve—handed her a ten-dollar bill, and was going off in some haste, when she laid her hand on my arm to stop me.

"It is too much, sir; I only want five dollars," she said.

Then I got enraged.

"Young lady," I said, "I am not used to being stirred up and contradicted, and refused the privilege of making up pecuniary losses. I have always passed for an honest man. You ask any man in the city what Peter Prentiss's reputation is. I have been poor myself, but I never was so proud as to be unfair to other people. Good-evening;" and so I shut the door in her face and left her.

I walked home from Clark street pretty fast, for it was snowing again, and my house is some little distance. A tremendous west wind had risen, and came tearing over the city right from the Rocky Mountains; it was enough to chill the blood in a man's veins. I declare when I opened the door at home with my latchkey, and felt the glow inside, and saw through the open door the bright room where my wife and Margaret sat making their things for the tree, I couldn't help thinking of that girl I had just left, going about the city alone in her thin "water-proof"—and plenty of other women like her, and even worse off—and a great shiver went over me as I hung up my overcoat. I told my wife and Margaret all about it, and while I was in the middle of my story the major came into the room and I had to begin it again. Margaret laughed and chaffed me a good deal. "I don't really think that it was I who threw the young woman off the steps. It was the stupid driver who didn't know she was getting down, and started his horses when he heard me jump."

The major was in full swallow-tail, and said

he was going to Mrs. Starr's, and would observe if my *protégé* arrived there. My son, the major, is good-looking and a good fellow—a fine, manly fellow—and I'm proud of him. But he's a very different man from his father; and if his father had been able to do no more for him than my father did for me, I don't know as the major would have got along as well as I did; for he's romantic—was always mooning about over poetry-books when a boy, couldn't be made to take any interest in lumber as he grew up, which was a pity; but I got over it. When the war broke out, he blazed up into a fury of patriotism and enlisted at nineteen, fought the war through, came home and settled down steady to romance, wrote poems in magazines and mooned worse than ever. He attended a little to the business to please me, and he went into society with his sister, but never cared for business or pleasure. After Margaret got married he went out as seldom as he could, and never seemed to have the faintest idea of bringing us a daughter-in-law to take Margaret's place, though he was getting on in life. Still, I don't mean to say I was dissatisfied with my major. He was a good son and a gentleman, and if he had his fancies—why, he could afford to have them.

"Well, Elliott," said I, next morning at breakfast, "was the young woman there all right?"

"I think so," he answered, rather slowly, as if he wasn't sure of anything, looking into his coffee-cup and stirring it moonily; "there was a young girl dressed in black, who played the harp. She looked very tired and sad. I wondered if the other girls who were dancing saw her and felt the difference."

"I wonder you didn't ask her to dance, El, my boy," said I. "It would have been quite in your line."

The major smiled faintly; he didn't appreciate my little joke, and my wife remarked very sensibly, that the girl being paid for her time, of course, preferred to earn her money, and was probably contented with her position. Nothing more was said on the subject, and I forgot all about my *protégé* as they called her.

But when I came home at night there she sat in the hall patiently waiting. I believe I told her to come early on account of the children. When she saw me she got up and came rather timidly to speak to me.

"I am afraid, sir," said she, "that I offended you last evening. I beg you to excuse it, and to let me thank you for your kindness to a poor stranger."

"It's all right," said I, trying to make her feel comfortable. "I couldn't well do any less after causing the accident."

She was a little thing, come to notice her, and all in black. She looked so small and forlorn and strange in the big hall, that I showed her into the parlour myself, and asked her if she didn't want to see if the harp was in tune.

While the children were dancing, Margaret said to me, "Papa, do you know that your *protégé* is very interesting? Her eyes are beautiful; she is lovely when she smiles; look at her now when she is watching the children. Oh, see Bertie doing his hornpipe! Oh, papa, was ever anything so cunning in this world?"

My daughter leaned forward and forgot all but her son, and I was a good deal taken up with the little fellow's steps myself—in fact, it was superior dancing for a six-year old. Margaret says so, and I believe it. When he finished and made his pretty bow, a good many clapped, and the little musician joined softly, as if she couldn't help it. The children had made acquaintance with her somehow in calling for the tunes they liked, and they seemed to think she belonged to them; she was so small and quiet, I really believe the chickens took her for another child. So when we all went to the dining-room, where the tree was set up—the servants coming in from the opposite door to get their presents, and the young lady, the only person in the house left outside—little Bertie suddenly rushed back of his own accord and led her in resolutely by the hand. She tried to stop by the door, but he insisted upon her coming in to see the tree so determinedly that she had to do it, and afterwards the major got a chair for her by the door. Nothing ever puts Margaret out, and she never puts anybody else out. My daughter, Mrs. Sinclair, is an uncommonly sweet woman; she took down some little thing from the tree—something of black lace—and carried it herself to the lonely-looking stranger. The girl's face flushed up as she sat looking at Margaret, and all at once she was quite a different person—for a moment I should scarcely have known her. She went quietly back to the parlour in a short time, and played steadily all the rest of the evening. At twelve our little frolic broke up, and then my *protégé* thanked Margaret again and all of us, she said, "for our kindness to her," and said good-night quite prettily, put on her thin cloak and started off in the storm. Then the major made the first step.

"I won't stand it," said he; and he got into his ulster, took a heavy shawl that hung up handy, and started after her. We sat and looked at each other.

"That boy is crazy," says his mother; "what a cold he'll catch! Why didn't you stop him, Peter?"

"I couldn't, my dear," says I, laughing. "I'm an old man."

"Elliott is very kind-hearted," said Margaret, looking doubtful.

"So he is, Maggie," said I, "and worse—he's romantic!"

We sat by the fire talking for nearly two

hours before the major came in, looking quite alert, as he used to when he was home on furlough.

"It is a terrible night," said he, shaking snow from his coat. "Wouldn't it have been a shame for me to have let that little young lady go home alone? The cars are blocked by the snow, and we had to walk over to the west side in the teeth of the wind. I don't believe she could have done it by herself, poor thing!"

"Who is she?" says his mother. "Did you find out, Elliott?"

"Yes, she is Miss de Lisle," said the major, holding his hands to the fire. "She made me go in to get warm, and I saw her father. I should think he was French, and he appears like a gentleman. He is partially paralysed; he looked very ill. They two seem to be quite alone. I believe they are worthy of your kind help, mother."

"I will see about it, Elliott," said my wife, sleepily getting out of her chair.

My wife before long gave one of her swell parties, and had Miss de Lisle with her harp in the orchestra. How she managed it with the other musicians I don't know. I presume it was a cash business, but it helped the young lady. I noticed her myself a great deal that night, for I was awfully tired of it all, and I am not allowed to go to bed as I should be glad to do on such occasions. How can it be amusing to watch a lot of young fools going solemnly through that stupid performance they call the German? And by two o'clock in the morning there's no one left to talk to, and you've got no brains left to talk if there was. So, as I sat in the corner, half asleep, I took to noticing my *protégé*. She looked like a child among the other musicians. She was very neat and trim in her dress. She had a black lace thing round her neck, probably the same Margaret had given her. She played, played, played! and never moved her eyes from one direction, while her little bits of hands ran about, twanging the strings. I changed my place to see what she was looking at, but I could not find out. It might have been my wife, who stood in the doorway with the major—she had on her diamonds and a new dress from Paris. My old lady has loved finery ever since I first saw her behind the milliner's counter in Milwaukee, and I shouldn't wonder if she imported a dress to be buried in.

When the musicians went to get supper the major joined them, and offered Miss de Lisle his arm. Step number two. He said afterwards that she was was so shy and frightened at going alone with these strange men, that he was sorry for her. He went home with her again—this time in our carriage.

"Elliott," I remarked, very seriously, when I heard of it, "take care that you don't do mischief by giving this little girl the notion that she is a fine lady. Don't you see, it will only make it harder for her to rough it."

"She is as fine a lady as any I know, father," said the major, gravely. His mother opened her eyes and her mouth.

"My dear boy!" said she, "you have always been aristocratic—to hear you talk so of a girl who goes round playing at houses for money! I hate to have people mixed up so! What is the good of being at the top of the first society, I wonder?"

"My dear mother," says Elliott, quietly. "Miss de Lisle is a refined and accomplished lady. She also has a most lovely disposition. You should see her devotion to her poor father; it is wonderful and touching."

"Have you seen it, Elliott?" says I.

"Often," says the major, without any hesitation, "and have tried to help her."

Well, there was no reason why he shouldn't help her if he felt like it, and so I told his mother afterwards, but she wasn't satisfied. She is very exclusive—she tells me she always was; she says the classes should be kept separate, and words that would be used in describing her daughter, Mrs. Sinclair, ought not to be applied to a common working person. With these arguments and a good many more, she made me go and visit the De Lisle family and see what I could do. I started out one day, though it was bitter weather—we had an unusually severe winter that year. Not liking the job I had undertaken, I was in a hurry to get it off my mind. I don't think I could do what my wife wanted either; but I couldn't stand so much talk, and so I was bound to try.

It was terribly cold. I knew that by casting a glance seaward—so to speak—before I felt it. One of the streets on which my house faces—I have a corner lot, of course—dumps itself into Lake Michigan, a couple of blocks or so away. Instead of being dull gray, the lake was heaped up in high blue-green waves, brownish on the top further out, where they were tossing about like a malicious imitation of the ocean. The grizzly bear of a Rocky Mountain west wind was loose again, howling over the flat country and freezing everything up under it. You couldn't be sure of your nose or your ears or the tips of your fingers if you lost sight of them a minute; facing the wind was like being cut in two with scissors, if it was at your back your clothes felt about as thick as paper. I went in the Madison street cars, for I would not take my horses out on such a day, and I noticed that the drivers were changed very frequently—as fast, I suppose, as their features thawed out to be available. It was a long way, the house was almost out on the prairie, and I had no little trouble in finding it. They had two rooms upstairs. The woman who opened the door told

me to go right up. I went right up, for the hall was cold and had an intolerable musty air in it. I knocked, but no one answered, and, getting impatient, I went in. The room was bare, forlorn, cold; there was no one in it—no one seemed to have been in it for a week. I waited for somebody to come till I was almost frozen, then I went to an inner door and knocked; again no answer, and again I went in without standing upon ceremony. It was a bedroom; no fire, the window raised a little, the air ice-cold. I saw the reason—a straight, still figure on the white bed lying unhurt by the keen wind that fluttered the linen about and over it. Crouched by the side of the bed, half kneeling, half-lying, with one hand clutching the sheet and her face hidden, was little Miss de Lisle, her hair and dress all in disorder, as if she had not slept or changed her clothes for some time. I could not say whether she was dead, too, or had fainted or what! I did not know exactly what to do. I was very glad to hear somebody coming into the first room, and went back there. To my great surprise it was the major, and in such a wide-awake state as he hasn't been seen in since the last great city fire. He rushed at me and seized hold of my hand.

"My dear father!" says he, "how good you are—how noble! You reach here even before me. I have just this moment heard of it. Where is she?"

"Hush!" said I, putting my hand on his arm, he was so excited, and leading him to the place where the forlorn, unconscious creature lay. He was quiet enough then; he lifted her up and we took her away in a carriage he had brought. She was cold and white and blue under the eye, but she wasn't dead nor quite unconscious, though she couldn't speak, and we took her into the house between us. The thought did cross my mind that this wasn't just what my wife sent me for, but I couldn't stop to attend to it then—perhaps this, on the whole, was better.

Margaret was there and ran into the hall to meet us.

"Oh, the poor little thing!" she cried out. "Mother, where shall we put her?"

"In the blue room—it's the most cheerful," said her mother, quickly, without thinking, and up they ran to get things ready.

It wasn't for her airs nor her love of finery that I married my old lady; I hope I'm too smart a man not to look for a better return for my investments than that. She did everything she could think of to make the young lady comfortable, though in an absent-minded kind of a way, as if she was asleep and didn't mean to wake up, but just as carefully as if it was for her daughter, Mrs. Sinclair. When we left the young lady to her, I thought to myself that I very seldom made bad bargains, and I certainly didn't make one when I got married.

Well, Miss de Lisle got better, and was able to go home for her poor father's funeral. Margaret and the major went, too, and brought her back with them afterwards. The evening of the second day we were sitting round the fire after dinner, Miss de Lisle looking smaller than ever in the big easy-chair, with a black shawl wrapped about her. I may have dozed a little, but I roused up and saw the major draw his chair close by my protégée's and take her hand in his.

"My dear mother," said he, looking across at her, and not at the young lady, "I have asked Miss Estelle de Lisle to be my wife. It is the strongest wish of my heart; but she refuses, fearing that her entrance into our family will not be pleasing to you and my father. Will you assure her that she is mistaken?"

I sat up straight and clinched my fists on the arms of my chair, I was so surprised. I was afraid to look at my wife, but I did, out of natural curiosity to see how she took it. As sure as I sat there she was beginning to cry. She got up, walked over to the little one, put her arms round her and gave her a hearty kiss. I immediately followed suit. The major jumped up and kissed his mother, and I thought I had better kiss somebody, so I kissed Margaret. Then Estelle began to cry so alarmingly, that they took her away to lie down, and my son and I were left alone.

"She is quite worn," said the major, sadly. "She has supported her father and nursed him in his illness besides. She would not send to me even when he died. I don't think they have a friend in the city except ourselves. Without that little accident what would have become of her?"

Then he told me her story. Her father married an English girl whom he was teaching music, married her against her friends' wishes. They came to this country—had bad luck; the mother died, and Estelle helped her father until his health failed, when she took the whole upon herself. Her music scholars fell off, and she did whatever she could find to do, but they had gone very far down into poverty. Poor thing, poor thing! How little I troubled myself about her white cheeks when I noticed them in the street that evening! That is the way we go through the world!

But her cheeks are plump enough now, and she is considered by most people to be a very pretty woman. After their quiet wedding, the major took her to Italy and the South of France for a year; then they came home and settled down with us. We are all very fond of Estelle, and if anybody in society makes disagreeable remarks—as my wife feared might be the case—about Peter Prentiss' daughter-in-law, they are very careful not to let them get to me, nor to my wife, nor to Major Elliot P. Prentiss, nor to my

daughter, Mrs. Washington Sinclair. So we are all right and very happy. My wife laughs when she says it was all my doing; and the major solemnly thanks me every year for my Christmas gift to him of Estelle.

## AMUSEMENTS.

### THE MONTREAL PHILHARMONIC CONCERT.

Musically speaking the concert given by this Society in the Queen's Hall last week was far superior to any of their previous productions. The chorus, though not over strong in numbers—one hundred and thirty-eight—was quite strong enough in point of sound, and was all that could be desired, the phrasing shading required in some portions of the work being well performed. Gounod's "Messe Solennelle" was executed with a conscientiousness that reflects the highest praise on both chorus and conductor; the weakest part in the chorus was the bass, which was a little shaky a few times. The soloists were Miss A. Crompton, soprano; Mr. Thos. J. Toedt, tenor, and Messrs. Maltby and Millar, bass. Miss Crompton sang with considerable ability, and as well as the unusual requirements of the chorus and orchestra would allow her, but her voice is scarcely strong enough for such heavy work. All the solos and trios were rather weak. The home tenors did about as well as the professional, although Mr. Toedt can sing much better than he did in the Mass. It was quite evident he was not in his usual singing form. Mr. Maltby sang fairly in the thankless solo he had allotted to him. Mr. Millar also stood and sang his part, we should judge, but we were unable to hear it. The "Benedictus" was the most satisfactory number in the Mass, and resulted in an *encore*, which was responded to, Miss Crompton singing the solo in good style. The "Credo" and "Sanctus" were also very fine. In "Domine Salvam Fac," a tired sound was quite perceptible in the chorus, but as the singers are mostly young and new to the work, this may be expected, and will, doubtless, disappear before the next concert takes place. Mme. Teresa Carreno played Mendelssohn's "Capriccio Brillante," on the Weber piano, with orchestral accompaniment, and this was decidedly the gem of the evening. As might be expected, Mme. Carreno was warmly *encored*, to which she kindly responded. This lady's playing is increasing in favor, if such, indeed, were possible. M. Adolphe Fischer, violincellist, played his part with great feeling and delicacy, and in that artistic manner which fully sustained the good opinion he earned on his first visit here. "Air de Ballet," by Massenet, was exquisitely rendered, for which he was *encored*, and responded with Mme. Carreno accompanying. Miss Annie E. Beere, contralto, was unfortunately prevented from appearing through indisposition. It is to be regretted that such utter disregard of principle should be shown in cutting up a work in the manner which this has been by whoever had the arranging of the programme. There cannot be any excuse for inserting foreign numbers, no matter how fine, between the numbers of any work, especially such a work as this Mass. The orchestra was all that could be desired, dragging just a little in one or two places was the only defect, but altogether Mr. Couture may take high praise to himself for having made the greatest success yet attained by the Montreal Philharmonic Society.

### THE AMERICAN BREAKFAST.

Breakfast may be considered the one fixed fact among our movable feasts, the very names of which are varied by the fluctuation of the social barometer. Jones, as a thriving mechanic or smart clerk, living in a nice three-story brick on a side street, has a good dinner of two courses at one o'clock, and "something hearty" with his seven o'clock tea. Melchius Jones, Esq., manufacturer or merchant prince and millionaire, gets his luncheon at a city restaurant, and subsides into the bosom of his family around a gas-lighted dinner-table, so crowded with glass, silver and flowers that meats and vegetables must be served from the side-board.

Fashion may and does push the morning meal further on into the day in households where leisure and luxury have succeeded to the hurry and toil of earlier years. But it is breakfast still, a family repast and a bountiful one that refuses to be materially modified by the pressure of imported ideas and habits which are rapidly denationalizing our homes. The free-and-easiness of the English breakfast hour,—huge cold rounds and joints and game-pies on the side table for the strong, the toast and tea for the weak; the sitting-down and the rising-up at the convenience of the several members of the company, impress the Yankee house-wife as unseemly and shiftless. She will not have "things" standing about all hours of the day, nor would American (imported) servants endure the imposition upon time and service.

But it seems strange, at the first blush, that the continental breakfast, simple, inexpensive and convenient, has not been eagerly adopted by us. A hundred jaded women,—sipping chocolate in Parisian and Italian hotels, and seeing that the family appetites are satisfied by crisp rolls, fresh eggs and butter, with an occasional treat of honey or marmalade for the children,—brighten into animation with the resolve to introduce the like order in their transatlantic homes. Ninety-nine of the hundred make the experiment upon their return. We

have never known an exception to the general failure of the pretty plan. In most instances, the rebellion begins in the lower house. Our "help" cannot work, they assert, without meat twice a day, at least. Across the sea they laboured doubly as hard and lived upon potatoes *potenta* or black bread and sour beer. In our climate they must be fed upon the fat of a more goodly land than they had dreamed of before touching our shores, or muscles grow flaccid, bones soften and stomachs collapse. We may temper the heat of our contempt for such flagitious affectation by asking ourselves why the crusty roll, single cup of coffee or chocolate and boiled egg no longer upbear our strength and spirits until the next meal is served. Why, by degrees, the bit of roasted bacon, dear to the English heart, the Scot's oatmeal, the Cuban's orange, find their way to the otherwise meagrely-furnished board. Why, as the days shorten and the cold strengthens, the children clamour for buckwheats and maple syrup, and papa endorses the draught upon caterer and cook.

Paterfamilias wastes no time in dissertation upon climatic influence or the tyranny of custom.

"I am a practical man," he says, "who does half a day's work before the French banker or advocate goes to his office. Too busy to suspend operations at half-past eleven or twelve o'clock, for the *dejeuner à la fourchette* that supplements his eight o'clock coffee and roll. I don't argue nor expatiate, I only know that in order to do an American citizen's work, I must be well-fed, and that without a substantial breakfast, I am used-up by noon—an exhausted receiver, sir!"

The question resolves itself in his mind into a clear case of supply and demand. The climate may have something to do with it. Habit probably has more. Be this as it may, the engine plays all the time under full head of steam, and boiler and fire must be fed generously.

We do well to imitate the practical man in accepting the American breakfast as it is, because it is. Our suggested reforms will not clear the table of a single dish, without offering a substitute. Because it is a substantial meal it should be tempting, nourishing and eaten deliberately. As a family gathering, the party should be cheerful and at ease. As the initial repast,—the breakfast of the new day should beget comfort and harmony, put mind and body in tune for labour which ought to be worship. Whereas, the plain truth is that the disregard of some or all of these conditions is a notorious fact in most dwellings, even among our well-to-do and wealthy classes, and their observance in our homes remarkable by reason of the rarity of the spectacle.

Goblin Care enters the chamber of the dual head of the household, at the turn of the morning tide, when the waves of physical life pulse most feebly. He takes the house-mother by the hand as she starts from her latest and most delicious doze to hurry the tardy cook. He mounts and fastens upon the shoulders of the practical man who must be at warehouse, office or factory at eight—or maybe, nine o'clock. Whatever the hour, it must be "sharp," and a series of equally keen appointments fill the day. In anticipation, it is gone—consumed,—night and the morrow pressing hard and "sharp" upon him before he cleans his teeth and plunges his face into cold water. He is in the middle of next week by the time he kicks aside the slippers for his boots, and wonders audibly, if "they" are going to keep a fellow waiting for his breakfast. The morning paper lies at his plate. Electric shocks of stock-market news contract windpipe and agitate diaphragm as he bolts breakfast and gulps down coffee. Political excitement congests the stomach-coats and transmutes buttered buckwheats into hot lead. Engrossed in the world's news, brought to his door with the rising of the sun, he throws liquids and solids into the palpitating interior of the machine, with little more thought of order and assimilation than the stoker exercises who "chunks" the black lumps into the fire-chamber and then bangs the door.

Bridget, marketing, shopping and dress-making, sit heavily upon the soul of wife and mother. The children hate early breakfasts and are seared with the de-appetizing sauce of a cereals rebuke for indolence as they struggle in. The dispersion to the different spheres of action is a disorderly rout, and the poor woman left to hold the fort, cogitates, by turns upon the cause of the dyspeptic qualms that add physical to mental disquiet, and the crossness of everybody in the morning.

"It is such a comfort to get breakfast over," is her one solace.

Our busy American citizen may demand, as a vital need, his substantial daily meal. He does not enjoy it. The running of a vast majority of human animals upon the daily course is like that of spavined horses. We are stiff and sore when first lead from the stall, but warm to our work and into suppleness with judicious management. Who of us has not experienced the desire to turn the day hind part before, setting bodily and mental depression, with the yawning and peevishness, and "goneess" that express this, at the latter end, when bed and slumber would be the natural and speedy cure? Who practices the philosophy of gentle lubrication and moderate movement, leading up to steady labour, which we might learn from a doltish groom?

The breakfast table should be a study—hygienic and æsthetic—with those who would profit thereby. Conspicuous among its appoint-

ments set the fruit basket. For those whose stomachic idiosyncracies do not forbid this order of courses, let oranges, grapes, bananas in winter, summer fruits in their season, precede the weightier matters of the meal. There is amelioration of harsh business, if not refinement of tone, in the sight and manipulation of the gracious gifts direct from the Maker's hands. The juices are a grateful assuasive and a stimulus to digestion. Oatmeal porridge, soaked overnight and steamed in the morning to a smooth jelly—emollient, not drastic—then drenched with cream, may succeed the fruit, or be served as a dessert. The Briton's toasted bacon is a potent persuasive to reluctant appetite. Fried potatoes, thin as a shaving, hot, and so dry as not to soil the enveloping napkin, come delicately and seductively into line. Let the bread be sweet and light, the butter above suspicion, coffee and tea fresh and fragrant. By time this "kirmishing is over—and the process should not be rapid—the business of the hour is fairly begun. Now should the practical man be built up with boiled eggs, omelette, beefsteak, nut-ton chops (always broiled!), chickens, stewed or broiled, savory ragouts, sausage—the list is long, and attractive to eye and imagination. The second cup of hot coffee is here in order. And—not until hunger has been appeased by deliberate and careful mastication of these substantial edibles—should the morning paper be unfolded. Wives and children have reason for their bitter aversion to the triple sheet, behind the crackling abomination of whose folds the lord of the home devours his provender. If the ill-used stomach could speak, its verdict would accord with their condemnation.

Should nature and custom crave, in frosty weather, muffins, griddle cakes, or waffles, let not the house-mother refuse them. The national digestion, like the national brain, is mighty for performance and endurance, if properly treated. Only, this class of delicacies should be light, tender, puffy, raised with yeast and eggs, not sal-volatile, and as free from clinging fat as the "Saratoga" potatoes.

There are meaning and beauty in the fable of the slave hidden behind his monarch's chair, with orders to sound his reed pitch-pipe in the king's ear should wrath betray him into loud or angry tones. And she who dignifies the common uses and needs of life into humanizing, healthful Christianizing influences upon those whose daily minister she is, serves her generation well, although her apparent sphere be no broader than her Breakfast Table.

### THEATRE ROYAL.

This theatre again closed its doors on Saturday after a week's run with Mr. Charles H. Drew's Company in the performance of *Opera Mad*. The company did not seem to receive as much patronage as they deserve. Miss Amy Gordon possesses a pleasing voice, and used it with good effect. Mr. John W. Ransome as "Peterman" was very amusing, and entertained the audience with some laughable and original jokes.

### CHRISTMAS CARDS.

We have no hesitation in recommending, above all others, the Canadian Christmas Cards issued by Mr. J. T. Henderson, of St. Peter street, Montreal. While their material execution is good, their design and spirit are excellent, reflecting the highest credit on the taste of Mr. Henderson himself, with whom the whole plan originated. The cards are twelve in number and divided into four series. All the subjects are Canadian and representative of our most characteristic Canadian scenes. Out-door sports are depicted, as well as in-door views, and we know of no better means of becoming acquainted with our winter habits. To those, especially, who desire to send their friends in Europe or the United States a remembrance of Christmas and New Year, we recommend Henderson's Canadian series of cards above every other.

### GUN PRACTICE AT KINGSTON.

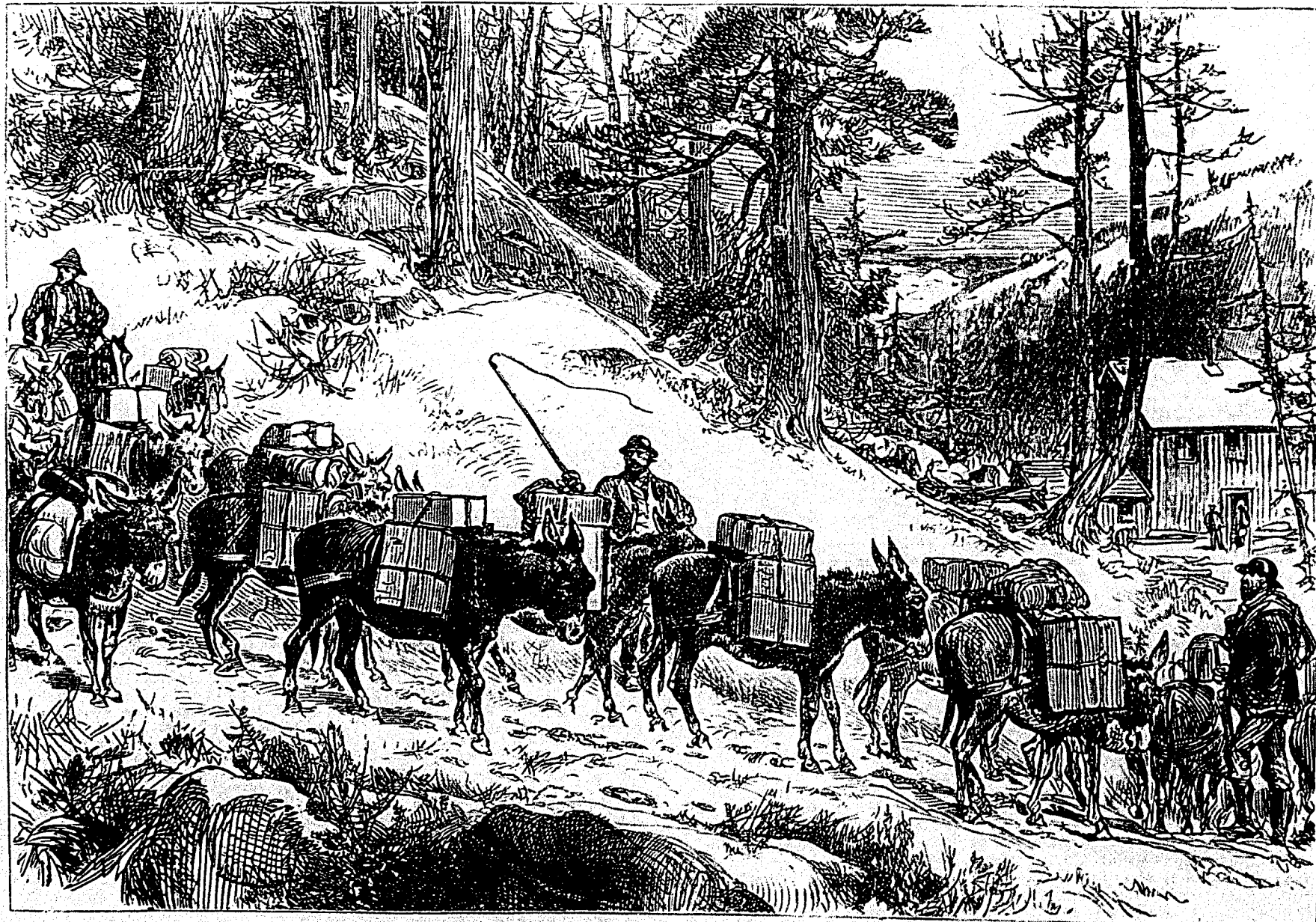
One of our sketches is a general view of the whole battery (the Advanced Battery of Fort Henry,) and the other a sketch of one of the guns upsetting. Two guns came to grief in this manner. It was suspected that something of the kind would happen on account of the defective build of the traversing platforms and there not being any contrivance to take the recoil beyond the friction of the rear transom of the carriage which was insufficient. Due precautions were therefore taken in case of accident, and the gun detachment and stores were moved to a safe distance from the gun. On being fired the two guns recoiled to the extreme end of the platform, carrying off the blocks intended to check the recoil. The weight of the gun and carriage overbalanced the platform and tipped the front of it up, and this, together with the rear part of the carriage dropping suddenly over the end of the platform, threw the gun a complete somersault in the air, so that on coming to the ground its muzzle pointed exactly opposite to its former direction.

"*Thou's physic to the dogs.*"—Shakespeare.—To invalids and sufferers from many of the ailments to which mankind are subject the Holman Pads come as a boon, and hundreds are testifying to their success when everything else has failed.





GUN PRACTICE AT THE MILITARY SCHOOL, KINGSTON.—FROM A SKETCH BY LIEUT. R. W. RUTHERFORD.



GOING TO THE MINES IN BRITISH COLUMBIA.

"FATHER" GAVAZZI.

Alessandro Gavazzi, the famous and eloquent Italian preacher, who reached New York on his third visit to the United States last week, November 28th, is now in his sixty-second year. At the age of sixteen he became a Barnabite monk in Bologna, the place of his birth, and was afterwards appointed professor of rhetoric in a college at Naples. Then he became a monk and a preacher for the Church of Rome. He grew to be as great a favourite with the masses as he was an object of suspicion to his superiors in the Church. He preached liberal views of the most pronounced kind, advocating honesty in religion and justice to the masses. He even attacked the Court of Gregory XVI., and was remanded to the solitudes of a convent—virtually placed in confinement—for his conduct. In all his preachings he never failed to remind his countrymen of their oppressed condition. He strove by all the powers of his eloquence to persuade them to unite and win their freedom.

Among his intimate friends were Hugo Basse and Count Joseph Mastai, the latter a brother of Pope Pius IX. By him Gavazzi was introduced to the Pontiff, who was so impressed with the man's ability that he appointed him to preach the sermon of thanksgiving for his miraculous escape from assassination. In that memorable sermon Gavazzi turned aside long enough to denounce the corrupt practices of the Church. This, together with the well-defined fact that he was a priest whose utterances could not be curbed, led to an order issued by the Pope forbidding him to preach longer. Gavazzi was afterwards imprisoned in the Franciscan convent of La Polviera, and also at Genzano, for his bitter denunciation of the Austrians. He was visited in his cell by 5,000 Romans, and the popular interest in him was so intense that twenty nobles waited upon the Pope and extracted the promise that he should be set at liberty—a promise which was fulfilled within ten days. He afterwards raised a legion of 16,000 men and equipped them for service against the Austrians with the funds raised at a meeting where he delivered one of his most eloquent appeals. So effective was his oratory on this occasion that women stripped themselves of their jewels and threw them at his feet.

In the revolution of 1848, Gavazzi was Garibaldi's trusted lieutenant and his chaplain, and when the troops entered the City of Rome Gavazzi established military hospitals, and organized a corps of 6,000 nurses from among the Roman women who responded to his appeals for aid. The intervention of the French, the rout

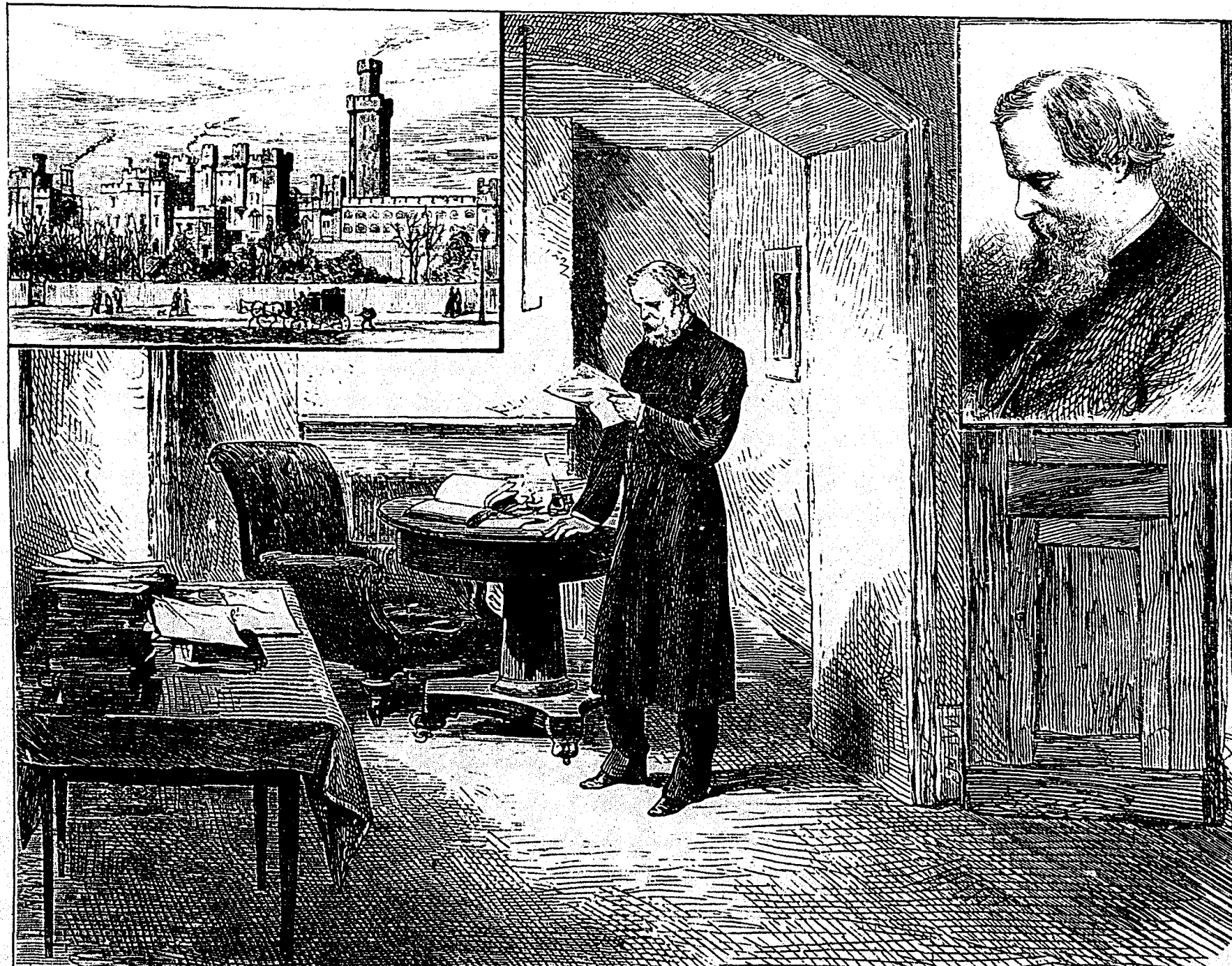


FATHER ALESSANDRO GAVAZZI.

of Garibaldi, and the flight of his forces, are matters of history. Gavazzi, through the friendship of the American Consul, was enabled to escape to England, where he spent many months in giving English audiences a description of Italy's miseries and necessities. He came to this country in 1853, and delivered lectures against popery. In Montreal he was mobbed, and his friends were compelled to smuggle him out of the city to save his life. He became a convert to Protestantism, and when the condition of affairs enabled him once more to return to Italy, he entered upon the work of evangelizing his countrymen. In this labour he has been engaged ever since. Its fruition was the foundation of the Free Christian Church of Italy.

Father Gavazzi's third visit to America is to strengthen the interest which Protestants feel in the Free Christian Church of Italy, and to secure additional funds to meet its pressing needs. Since its organization in 1870, this Church has grown steadily, and is gradually making its influence felt in every province of Italy. From a body comprising twenty-three churches with 400 communicants in 1870, it has so increased that now it has seventy-one places of worship and about 2,000 communicants. These churches are found in Rome, Milan, Turin, Bologna, Naples, Venice, Florence, and many smaller cities in Italy. In Rome there is a theological seminary within the very shadow of the Vatican, in which Father Gavazzi fills the chair of Professor of Sacred Oratory. The Church of Scotland has given the seminary a Professor of Didactic Theology, and the Christians in Great Britain have bought and presented the old Church of San Jacopio in Florence. An opportunity recently occurred to purchase a valuable church on the Piazza San Marco, in Venice. It was thought best to secure this edifice, although only half the amount necessary was in hand to pay for it. Father Gavazzi will specially interest himself in the effort to raise the remainder.

In appearance Father Gavazzi possesses little in common with the Italian physical types with which Americans are acquainted. He is six feet in height, of well-built figure, and has broad shoulders that are slightly rounded with the weight of years. His features are prominent, his complexion is light, his eyes are keen and kindly, and his hair, which is of an iron-gray, hangs in wavy locks. His thin side-whiskers, however, have been bleached to a silvery whiteness. He is as brisk in his movements as a man half his years. In all respects he is a remarkably well-preserved gentleman. His English, though somewhat broken, is clear, strong and intelligible.



REV. MR. DALE IN PRISON FOR RITUALISTIC PRACTICES.

A JEWISH RABBI IN ROME.

WITH A COMMENTARY BY BEN ISRAEL.

Fifteenth Century. Reign of Sixtus IV.

Rabbi Ben Ezra to his dearest friend, Rabbi Ben Israel, greeting—May the Lord keep thee in safety! I am still in Rome, and after months of silence, now redeem my pledge to tell you how this Christian world (Which here I came to study), nearly viewed, strikes me, a Jew born, and with steady faith in all the Law and Prophets of our land. Still, though a Jew, it is the Truth I seek—Only the Truth—and, come from whence it will, I greet it with bent head and reverent heart. I am a seeker;—though my faith is firm, I will not tie my mind in knots of creeds.

No more preamble. I am now in Rome, Where our Jehovah rules not,—but the man Jesus, whose Life and Fate too well we know, Is made a God—the cross on which he died A reverend symbol, and his words the law. His words, what were they? Love, good will to man, His kingdom? Peace. His precepts? Poverty. Well, are they followed? That's the question now. What fruit have they produced?

One moment, first. I think no ill of him. He was sincere, Lofy of thought, a pure idealist. Possessed, indeed, by visionary dreams, But wishing ill to no one, least of all To us, and to our Faith, which was his own. I will not say he was entirely wrong In the strong censures that he laid on us: For we had many faults—were, as he said, Only too much like whitened sepulchres,— And then, no good man is entirely wrong, And none entirely right. The truth is vast, And never was there Creed embraced it all. Like all enthusiasts he beheld his half, Deemed it the whole, and with excess of zeal Pushed his ideal truth beyond the stretch Of human practice. Most of what he taught The wise and good of old had said before. His healing skill, this sect calls miracles. A hundred others had as well as he. And for that claim his followers set up: And he, perhaps (though here there is much doubt) Asserted of himself, that he was sent Messias, King of Kings, to save the world,— This, surely, was no crime-deserving death. No mere opinions, void of acts, are crimes.

Besides, what sect or creed was ever crushed By cruelty? Our error was perverse, Willful, nowise. Had we but spared his life, He would have passed away as others pass,— Simon and John and Apollonius, Judas of Galilee, and many more. But, no! we lifted him above the rest; Made him conspicuous by his martyrdom: Watered with blood his doctrines; fired the hearts Of those who loved him with temperate zeal And wild imaginations, till at last They thought they saw him risen from the dead. Our folly (call it by its lightest name) Nourished the seed into this mighty sect. That takes his name and worships him as God.

Setting aside the superstitious part, I ask, What were the doctrines that he preached, And that his followers with their lips profess? Love! Peace! Goodwill to man! This was the gist Of all he taught. Forgive your enemies! Seek for the lost sheep from the fold that stray! Harm no one! For the prodigal returned Kill the fat calf! Be merciful to all! Who are the enemies, prodigals, lost sheep, To whom their mercy, love, care, gifts are given? Not we, the Jews, in truth. Is it for us they kill the calf? Are we the enemies? That they forgive! Have they goodwill for us? Not they! They hold us rather like fowl swine,— Abuse us,—lay great burdens on our backs,— Spit on us,—drive us forth beyond their walls,— Force us all slavish offices to do,— And if we join their sect, scorn us the more. If those are blessed, as he says, whom men Revile and persecute, most blest are we!

Yet was not Jesus, first of all a Jew,— Even to his death a Jew! Did he renounce His strict faith in the Prophets and the Law? Never! "I come not to destroy," he said, "the Law or Prophets, only to fulfil." So, too, his preaching, whatsoever it was, Was to the Jews. The miracles he wrought Were for the Jews alone. "I am not sent," These are his words,— "but unto the lost sheep Of Israel's house: my bread is not for dogs." Who were the dogs to whom he thus refused To lend his healing hand? What had she done Who asked his service that he scorned her thus? She was from Canaan, or a Greek—no Jew; This was her crime. "The true that, touched at last By those sad humble words of hers, 'the dogs May eat the crumbs dropped from the master's board,' He made her an exception to his rule,— But still his rule was this. This his first rule. No! But it was! Remember the rich youth Who prayed to be his follower: "Two things," He said, "are needful." First, that you obey The Law and Prophets—that is, a Jew;— And then the second, that your wealth and goods You sell, and give the proceeds to the poor. First be a Jew, then poor. Renounce all wealth; Keep nothing back. These are conditions prime, Refusing which, your following I reject.

I see you gravely shake your head at this; But read the records,—you will see I'm right. Jesus, let me repeat it yet again. Was first and last a Jew; never renounced That faith of ours; taught in the Synagogue; Quoted the Prophets; re-affirmed the Law; Worked with the Jews, and only healed the Jews, And held all other nations but as dogs.

(Commentary by Ben Israel.)

I've read the records carefully again; It goes against my will—still, I admit, Ben Ezra may be right. Here let me note One case that he perchance has overlooked— That of the Publican named Zaccheus. This man was rich, and, curious, sought to look On Jesus—for this purpose climbed a tree. Jesus, perceiving him, proposed himself To be his guest; at which a murmuring went Among his followers,—for this wealthy man Was, as they said, a sinner, or no Jew. But I note this, that Zaccheus on the spot Surrendered half his goods unto the poor: Ere Jesus went into his house; and then, And not till then, said Jesus—"On this house This day salvation cometh, forasmuch As he, too, is a son of Abraham!" That is, a Jew. Again, where did he send His twelve disciples (Judas 'mid the rest) To preach the Gospel? To the Gentiles? No! This he forbade,—but "unto the lost sheep Of Israel's house." And one case more I note,— That of the woman of Samaria, To whom he said (his followers murmuring

And second (mark this well, and ponder it), He was a Communist—denied the right Of private wealth; ordained a common purse To be administered for all alike. And all rejected who refused him this. "It is easier for a camel to pass through A needle's eye"—these are his very words,— "Than that a rich man should inherit heaven." A rich man, mind you, whether good or bad. What was the moral of his parable Of Lazarus, and Dives? What offence Did Dives, that in everlasting fire He was condemned to suffer? What good deed Did Lazarus that he at last should lie On Abraham's bosom in eternal bliss? Nothing! The beggar, Lazarus, was poor; Dives was rich. This was the crime of one, The virtue of the other. Not one hint Of any other reason for the hell Or heaven that he adjudged them,—not one word That Dives was not charitable, kind, Generous, a helper of his brother man,— No accusation, save that he was rich. No word that Lazarus, with all his sores, Possessed one virtue save that he was poor. Nay, more: why Dives in his torment sued For mercy, what did Abraham say to him? You for your evil deeds must suffer now? No! but, "You had the good things on the earth, Lazarus the evil. Therefore, now, to thee Is torment given—comfort unto him."

Working to pile up wealth Jesus abhorred. "Each man for all," he said, "and all for each. Take no thought of to-morrow—for the day Sufficient will be given. No sparrow falls Save through God's law. The ravens of the air Sow not and reap not, yet God feedeth them. The lilies of the field nor toil nor spin, Yet Solomon was not arrayed like them. Why, then, take thought of raiment and of food? Leave all to God. Blessed are ye, the poor! God's kingdom shall be yours; but ye, the rich, Woe unto you!" This was his life and text. Once only—so the record goes—a rage Seized upon Jesus, when, with whip and thong, The money-changers—all who bought and sold— He from the precincts of the temple drove. Saying, "This writ, This is the house of prayer, But ye have made it a den of thieves." Let this show what he thought of such as these. Those who were with him knew and did his will,— Lived in community of goods, renounced All private wealth. This doctrine, too, they preached After his death; and all who joined their sect Sold their possessions, houses, treasures, lands, And paid the price into the common store, To be administered to each one's need. They did not seek by subterfuge and trick To cling to Mammon while they worshipped God.

What should a Christian do, then, who accepts The doctrines that this master, nay, this God (For so they call him), clearly thus appoints?— Live by them, should he not? Not by blank words Affirm them, but by all his acts and life. First, love to God—and love to man as well. Then peace, forgiveness, kindness, poverty, What is the Christian practice? War—the sword As arbiter of all disputes of men— Reprisals,—persecutions unto death For all who differ from them—Peter's sword That Jesus bade him sheathe,—no simple lives Of frugal fare and pure beneficence. But luxury and impious tyranny In all his places,—all in earnest strife To pile up wealth for selfish purposes,— Each greedy for himself, the wretched poor Down trodden, trampled on,—the Church itself, Splendid with puerant, cruel in its power,— Pride rampant, basking through a thousand maws,— Power, like a ravening wolf among the lambs, Worrying the weakest,—prayers, lip-deep, no more— The devil's work done in the name of God.

Such is the spectacle I see in Rome. Among the poms in which this Christian Church Invests its pageants, oft I think of him Whom they pretend to worship, and his words Come back to me with which he once reproved Our priests of his own days. "The world, indeed, Has but one pattern for its worldliness,— Or now, or then, 'tis evermore the same. If we of old were stiff-necked in our pride, Desiring power instead of godliness, Avid of pomp,—these Christians are the same: They will not follow either God or Christ." Thus saith the Lord, Stand in the ways, and see: Ask, where is the good way, and walk therein; And so ye shall find rest unto your souls. But they replied, We will not walk therein." Thus Jeremiah,—Jesus much the same. Long prayers, low bowings in the market-place, Chief seats in synagogues, upper rooms at feasts, Fine linen, costly dresses, pompous rites, Grand ceremonials, purple trailing robes, Embroidered hems, and wide phylacteries,— All this he scorned. Well, still we see the same, For all his scorn, among his followers. His very words describe these cardinals As they were made for them alone,—not us. Not we alone were whitened sepulchres; Robbed widows, orphans, every one for greed: This Church still robs them, wears its purple robes, Prays at the public corners of the streets, Nor even the outside of the pinner cleans.

And what thinks Jesus of it—if, indeed, He from beyond can look into their hearts, Who call upon his name and preach of Peace. Foul hypocrites, who feed their hungry flocks With husks of dogmas and dead chaff of talk, And trample virtue down into the mire.

I ask myself, do these men ever think Or weigh their master's teaching, practice, words, That thus by rote, like empty formulas, They gabble them, as senseless parrots talk. Doctrine and life to him were one. To these Doctrine from life is utterly divorced.

Whatever Jesus was, this Church, these men, Are none of his,—or ours; his words alone They worship like a fetish; without sense,— His real inner teaching they reject; Nay, are afraid to look it in the face And seek its meaning, lest it come to this, That they must choose between the things he would, And what they covet dearer than their life.

That he should speak to her: "Salvation comes But to the Jews." Doubtless, as well we know, It was unlawful for a Jew to eat And bide with those who were uncircumcised. Upon this point, long after he was dead, Extreme contention 'mid his followers rose. If Gentiles, ere they had been circumcised, Into the Christian faith could be baptized— Some holding full adherence to the law A prime condition,—some, that it sufficed If its main principles were recognized; But this I merely note. It seems quite clear That only Jews at first could join the sect.

"Here I, Ben Israel, note the curious case Of Ananias and Sapphira, struck By sudden death, because of all their wealth They kept a part back for their private use— Tempting by this the Lord, as Peter said. But where are the Almighty's lightnings now

Jew as I am, in view of them, at times I long to see some real Christian sect Ready to take the system that he taught, And try it in this world,—not talking Peace, Good-will to men, Love, Justice, Charity, But living it in very deed,—a sect That should abjure all individual greed, All competition for a selfish end, And joining, make one common purse for all, As Jesus did among his followers. Would it succeed? Ah, you and I are Jews; Jesus has no authority for us. But were we Christians, and not hypocrites,— Did we believe that he was really God, Or even that his mission was divine,— How should we dare to gloss his teachings o'er, And twist his doctrines so that they should fit Our worldly needs, and in the very face Of his plain orders seek some verbal trick To warp them to the life we like to lead!

The Eternal One must needs look down and smile At these base wriggings of His creatures here, Filled with sad pity, too at their offence,— Seeing them do, with His name on their lips, All he forbids, and dreaming none the less They only shall be saved,—all others damned.

Would Jesus' plan succeed? The world thus far Has taken another path,—we most of all,— Believing not in him, nor in his scheme;— Not dreaming—shaking, as it were, from me All usages and habits of the world. At times I stretch my mind out in the vague, And seek upon this plan to build a world, No property, but that which all should own With equal rights,—the product of all work Held for the common good in trust for all; All, to the lowest, to be clothed, fed, housed, Freed from necessity and from the wolf Of hunger, and the pains and pangs of life; Each having claims on all to do the task Best fitted for his powers, tastes, happiness; Each as a duty bound to do his share, And not to be a drone within the hive.

What glory might the world then see!—what joy! What harmony of work! what large content! What splendid products of joint industry! All tolling with one purpose and one heart; No war, no waste of noble energies,— But smiling peace, the enlarging grace of art; Humanity a column with its base Of solid work, and at its summit crowned With the ideal capital of Love!

This is a dream that turns this world of ours Quite upside down:—I'll say no more of it.

And yet one word more, lest you deem me fool! Think not I dream: none but a fool could dream Equality of rights,—that is, the claim To Justice, life, food, freedom in the bound Of common benefit, involves the claim To equal virtues, powers, intelligence,— Since God in these unequal shaped us all, And fitted each one for his special end. So should the wise, just, virtuous take the lead, Or all at once is lawless anarchy; For what more fatal, hopeless, than a scheme Where wise and good, and fool and knave alike, Own equal powers and rights in government!

But how secure the leadership to those Whom God hath made for leaders! Ah, my friend, That is the question none hath ever resolved; For liberty, at best a negative,— Mere freedom from restraint—engenders soon License and tyranny,—dire positives: Just as Aurelius, best of emperors, Begot for son the cruel Commodus.

Danger on all sides threatens government. Choose you a king,—the very best is weak,— And fierce temptation dogs the path of power. Choose you the Demos,—it perchance is worse. For then, as in an agitated sea, The frothiest ever to the surface swims, Caprice, rage, panic, interest, sway the mob; Justice is overthrown, wisdom lies low, And noisy ignorance, swollen by the breath Of blatant demagogues, wrecks the lost state.

Why I—But because the eager lust of men, The godless strife of utter selfishness, Makes of the world a blind and brutal herd. All crowding on, devoid of common aim,— Each going his own way to make his path.

(To be continued.)

GLITZ.

I had been reading "Barnaby Rudge," and, in a fit of speculation, embracing that feature of the book which brings into consideration that subtle turning of the mind to scenes and events that have brought to its possessor calamity and suffering, and which constitutes the strongest form of fascination known to psychology, I wandered absently out of my apartment, and, arriving at the door of my hotel, saw Glitz shuffling along the sidewalk and peering hungrily in at the dining-room windows.

Glitz had formerly been a waiter in the establishment, and during my summer absence, I found, upon inquiry, had been dismissed for excessive tippling; but I had conceived a liking for the old fellow during a long course of faithful service, and it occurred to me to bring him along with me to my room and hear the story of his misfortune from his own lips.

It was too evident that the poor old boy had fared hardly since his dismissal, although his threadbare garments were brushed with a reckless disregard for their frailty, and there was still that scrupulous nicety about his linen that had made him peculiarly acceptable about one's table. Still, he was deplorably seedy, and I noticed that his hands shook and his eyes were watery and wandered as he followed me up the stairs.

Dickens was doubtless accountable for the idiosyncrasy, but as I motioned my conveyer to a seat by the fire and leisurely relapsed into my own comfortable easy-chair, the impression took hold upon me that something besides a love of spirits had contributed to bring Glitz to his present unhappy condition, particularly as, on reflection, I brought to mind the years of sobriety and thrift through which I had known him.

Why, being, as many besides myself could attest, a capable and discreet waiter, had he not sought and obtained another situation, in-

stead of constantly returning to haunt the scene of his former labours in an idleness foreign to his training and habit?

Destitution is never the choice of a naturally frugal man, such as this one had always appeared to be, and I now remembered to have been told that he had daily been seen in the vicinity of the house since the time of his dismissal, arguing that he had made little or no effort to get employment elsewhere.

On the strength of these cogitations I opened my inquiry, and immediately saw that I had struck the keynote of his distemper, since, drawing himself together with a shiver, and glancing fearfully over his shoulder in the direction of the door, as if apprehending some intrusive and dangerous witness to what he was about to disclose, the old man answered:

"Monsieur is in the right; it is not the drink that has brought old Glitz to the trottoir—it is one *edech*—one fancy most horrible, that only the absinthe gives to him the courage to support!"

Few people are superior to the throbbing gratified vanity incident to finding one's convictions borne out by the elucidation of facts. My interest was now fully awakened, and, with a little encouragement both with words and from a cut-glass decanter always kept within convenient reach in case of emergencies, I brought my visitor's courage up to the point of telling his story, which, owing to a difficulty I experienced in phoneticising, I am reduced to giving, divested of the charm of his quaint Swiss idiom and pronunciation.

"It was some time before monsieur went away to his sojourn by the sea, and on a stormy Sunday evening, that I received an order for dinner to be served, *en tête-à-tête*, in No. 50 just across the corridor from the door of monsieur's own apartment.

"It was a very pretty little dinner, and feeling myself confident of a fine *pourboire*, I made myself the assurance that it should be handsomely served.

"On presenting myself to lay the cloth, I found within the *salon* a gentleman, *tres distingué* in his appearance, but with a hard frown upon his face of which I could not approve, since his companion was a lady, charmingly *petite*, who seemed to see the sun, moon and stars all shining magnificently around his unappreciative head.

"At a glance I became aware that here was some grand unhappiness, and that the little lady had somehow to contend with the gentleman's obstinate will, for which I was extremely sorry, having had all my life the greatest sympathy with *le beau sexe*, which has become my ruin, *hélas!*

"The *garçon* who has pride in his profession has always to feel himself afflicted when, having served a dinner of merit, he has to remove *plat* after *plat* untasted; but, so strongly was the sentimental part of my nature engaged on this occasion that this gross injustice failed to produce the least mortification, and I found myself watching the *mignonne* face of the lady with the most painful anxiety, since the time was approaching when I must quit the apartment, and her companion, whose face had grown moment by moment more hard and frowning, had already drunk more wine than is good for the discretion of a man who does not eat at the same time.

"I quite brought myself to a condition of terror on madame's account, and indeed there was a tear sparkling in her beautiful black eyes when it at last occurred that I could no longer make pretext for lingering in the *salon*, and in spite of the gentleman's most forbidding air I said, upon retiring:

"I shall have pleasure to answer the bell immediately, should my further attendance be desired."

"However, and although I remained in the corridor during every available moment of the evening, there came no summons to re-enter the apartment, and indeed I found myself in no further connection with No. 50 until a week later, when again I was instructed to serve dinner in the *salon*, and, from the wines ordered, made myself certain that it was the same party whom I should serve.

"Very good! My impressions had not contributed to my disappointment. On going in to prepare the table it was to the same little, dark lady, and to the same colossal blonde gentleman that I paid my *dévoir*—quite the same both, and yet at once I told myself that madame was not so small nor m'sieur so large as at first they had appeared to me.

"Again the dinner was most beautiful—m'sieur had certainly received an education most excellent—but again the most artistic creations were suffered to be removed comparatively untouched, although, much to my bewilderment, it transpired that such food as was taken was consumed by m'sieur, and that it was the glass of madame that most frequently required to be filled.

"Nevertheless, and notwithstanding the change, that, by long experience in the observation of the countenance, which is one of the most important branches of my profession, I was enabled to discover to have taken place in the mood of the little lady, 'It still was but a canary-bird in the talons of the vulture.' I reflected, and upon retiring again said, but addressing myself to m'sieur, although my attention was solely directed to madame:

"I shall be within sound of the bell should m'sieur require anything further."

"Still, as before, the bell did not ring—there was no additional service required in the *salon*

of No. 8—and again my mysterious couple disappeared, and, but for the *pourboire* in my pocket, I might easily have imagined myself the victim of an illusion, since neither coming nor going had I seen the people whom I always found sitting opposite each other at the table; there was never anything to indicate that the apartment was to be, or had been, occupied, either before or after the dinner was served, nor, beyond the order which was given me to be filled, did I ever hear the slightest reference made to these guests by any one in the hotel.

Quite unconsciously I had come to entertain a feeling of superstition in regard to the pair, and, after waiting in much suspense for the expected order on the following Sunday evening until long past the usual hour for its appearance, I could not resist the impulse to make my way to the room and discover if the small, dark lady and tall blonde man were not in their accustomed places, and the usual dinner either serving itself or being served by another attendant.

All was dark and silent within the *salon*. M'sieur and madame were taking their Sunday dinner elsewhere; some fortunate *garçon* was doubtless at this moment feeling my *pourboire* warm within his pocket.

The next and still the next Sunday I continued to cherish expectations that I should again receive the order for the same *recherche* dinner that I had twice already served, and even betrayed myself into the folly of preparing the glasses and the cooler for the particular wine M'sieur enjoyed and of which madame had deigned freely to drink; but they came not, and in the depth of my chagrin, when the fourth Sunday night came round I resolved within myself to divest me of a chimera by throwing myself heart and soul into nothing less significant than the serving of your own bachelor dinner, monsieur, in a style to command your supremest satisfaction, when, all at once, it occurred to me that you were absent, and at that moment an order for No. 8, but for *only one plate*, was placed in my hand.

In the confusion and bewilderment which my emotion at this unprecedented event occasioned me, I started to cross the grand dining *salon* instead of going by the corridor to obtain the necessary linen, and, scarcely had my foot passed over the threshold when I became glued to the spot whereon I stood by a second and greater shock.

There, directly before my eyes, sat the small, dark lady at a table spread for three, and beside her was a child about six years of age—a boy, large and most admirable in form, with wavy blonde hair, and blue imperious eyes—while upon the other side of madame there was a gentleman, only a little less dark than herself, of medium size and with a face to inspire one with instant confidence and a disposition to turn towards him the integrity of one's character.

There were no tears in madame's beautiful eyes to-night, and yet I caught myself wishing that she would smile less often, when the child, with cries of 'Papa' and 'Mamma,' pierced through the *comia* that had befallen me, and brought me to hasten to the service required of me in No. 8.

It was with no surprise that I found the tall, blonde gentleman awaiting me in the small *salon*. That he was impatient and swore a little at my trifling seemed to me not unnatural, and, although I waited upon him with all despatch, I contrived, in passing to and from the *ordinaire*, to inform myself that the little lady and her escort were in full dinner toilet, showing that they were for the time at least in residence within the hotel.

The tall gentleman sat much longer than heretofore at table, eating and drinking with a fierce appetite that was not at all agreeable to behold, and, contrary to habit, I withdrew at last, having opened a fresh bottle of fiery red wine, and placed a fresh glass upon the table, after removing the cloth.

Mindful of my *pourboire* and of my discretion at once, I made my usual little proffer of additional attendance upon retiring, but scarcely had I made myself acquainted with the suite of apartments in which the little lady and her party were lodged and returned to my watch, when the bell of No. 8 rang furiously.

It surely could not be more wine that was wanted so soon, I thought, as I hastened up the stairway, and a seriousness not unwarranted by what followed pervaded my being as I entered the *salon*.

The large gentleman still sat at the table where I had left him, but, instead of the wine-glass which I had anticipated to see in his hand, there was a slip of white paper, folded and twisted, that he at first held out to me, and then partially withdrew, saying:

"You seem a sensible and discreet fellow, and should have sufficient address to do me a service cleverly. Find in what part of the hotel the lady whom you have seen with me here is located, learn when she is alone, and then deliver me this *billet* to her."

I bowed without speaking, since most incomprehensibly I discovered myself to be labouring under no inconsiderable agitation; but to obey was my habit, and receiving the bit of paper, I departed in pursuit of the errand.

Fortune favoured me, since I had not been in the vicinity of madame's door many minutes when it was opened by the gentleman with whom I had seen her at the table, who turned back when on the threshold to kiss the little lad running after him in its long white night-robe; then placing the child in the arms of his nurse and calling out in a cheerful, pleasant voice to

some one whom I could not see, but assumed to be the little lady, that he would return in an hour or two, closed the door and went away towards the great hall into which I watched him disappear.

"Waiting until I could determine, by the disposition of the lights and the murmur of voices that the maid was bushing the child to sleep in the inner room, I tapped gently, and with an intimation of privacy, upon the door."

It was madame herself who opened to me, and there was a startled flush mounting under the dark skin that receded, leaving her face in dusky pallor, which illumined it like the rays of a white, cold moon, as she took the paper and read the few words written in pencil thereon.

"It was, perhaps, a singular coincidence that she should have so repeated the tall gentleman's words in addressing me, but I did not think of it at the time, being only conscious of the devotion that had grown unnoticed in my breast, and now received its quickening impulse."

"You seem a faithful, discreet person, and should be able to arrange that I meet no embarrassments in leaving or returning to my room. Say that I will come immediately!"

I bowed and retired, still singularly disturbed, considering that a waiter's life necessarily embraces many little episodes which he must not undertake to explain, and when I had delivered her message to the blonde gentleman, whose frowning, harsh countenance still further disquieted me, I proceeded to station myself in the corridor in a position to justify the confidence reposed in me, and of which I appreciated the importance.

In a very short time I caught the frou-frou of madame's train along the carpet, and as she passed me every detail of her beautiful appearance penetrated me with a fascination impelling me, beyond my powers of resistance, to follow her footsteps.

No. 8, as monsieur will remember, has a little vestibule of its own, and, as I noiselessly withdrew myself into its shadow, I discovered that the little lady had left the door of the *salon* ajar, permitting me both to see and to hear what was passing within.

So great was my confusion, however, that I did not, for a short time, gather anything intelligible from what was passing, and when my agitation in a measure subsided the little madame was saying, her voice wondrously full of passion:

"Have you no feeling for the good man whom we have basely betrayed—no mercy for the child whose life must be overshadowed by this act of madness?"

"The child is mine—you are mine—and I have been too long defrauded of my rights. It is his turn to suffer as I have suffered, and, ours being the sin, it is but justice to undeceive him rather than to basely rob him of that affection which nature teaches the father's heart. As for the boy, mine be it to guard his future, and the sooner the task is begun the more sure, it may be accomplished," answers her companion, in tones, the cold, cruel intensity of which caused even me, who was not then vitally concerned, to shiver with their chill.

"Mercy, Jerome—have mercy on me! It is my ruin which you plan so remorselessly!" pleaded the little lady.

"Had you any mercy upon me when you beguiled me into a love that you knew must for ever make me an outcast from every sweet domestic joy?" exclaimed the man, fiercely. "You plead in vain. Give me my boy. You may arrange it how you will—to come with me, or, by some ingenious lie to cover your sin and remain with the man whom you have successfully duped through all these years, but the child I will have or claim him openly at the hands of the man who believes himself its father!"

"With this the blonde gentleman throws himself upon a sofa and covers his face with his hands, as if to shut out the sight of the beauty that has been fatal to his honour, and that still has the power over the stern will that animates him."

"How tiny and yet how wonderful she is, standing there beside the table in her trailing draperies of amber satin! The great yellow roses in the masses of her black hair tremble until their leaves fall and flutter away to the carpet, but I cannot see her face until by chance my eye is arrested by the long mirror that reflects her full figure."

The change that has passed over her face since I saw it in the corridor causes the very blood to chill in my veins, and the marrow within my bones to freeze; still, I can no more relax my gaze than could I move by simple strength the foundations of the hotel in which we stand. Nervously she seems to toy with the roses on her breast, and then I see the flash of the diamonds on one small hand, as it hovers over the wine-glass. Something in appearance like a crystal globe crushes noiselessly in her delicate fingers, discharging a colourless liquid into the wine, and then, lifting the bottle of Madeira, she pours out a brimming goblet of the red wine, fills up the half-emptied wine-glass, and, in a voice gentle, sorrowful and submissive, says:

"Be it as you will, Jerome. Give me until to-morrow to arrange my plans, and then you shall have the boy. Now, drink your wine with me, and give me kind good-night, for I have need of rest."

The brimming goblet is already at her lips, when the blonde gentleman seizes his own

glass, and swallowing its contents in one great gulp, waits until the little lady had finished also, then takes her in his arms with a hungering greed that is horrible to witness, and I somehow find the ability to get me from the door.

"Something detained me in the corridor much against my will. I saw the little lady come out of the *salon*, and go away to her room with eyes that shone like stars in a winter sky; and how long after this I kept my post, I am quite unable to say; but, at last, that for which I had waited came—a heavy fall in No. 8 aroused me from my stupor, and, sounding an alarm, I rushed into the *salon*."

The tall, blonde gentleman lay at full length upon the carpet, and, as I knew at a glance, dead; but, before all else, I saw an open window, and a wine-glass standing upon the table, and then, through the frantic ringing of bells and the rush of feet upon the stairs, I could distinguish the shiver of glass coming in violent contact with the stones on the street, and all else is confusion.

"I am dimly conscious that some one at some time whispered in my ear:

"You are a discreet, prudent man, and ought to be able to see that a close mouth will bring you profit where a long tongue could only work you mischief."

But it is quite certain that whatever happened in No. 8, Glitz alone is beset with fancies concerning it that shape themselves into something tragic."

Here the old fellow drew in his breath with a quaking shudder, looked nervously and fearfully over his shoulder towards the door, and then, thrusting his hand into an inner breast-pocket of his threadbare coat and drawing thence a dainty kerchief of filmy lawn and lace, held it a moment before my eyes, and said, in a terse, shrill whisper:

"Monsieur sees that it is important that I shall keep my eye upon No. 8 until the owner returns to look for this *mouchoir*, otherwise trouble might come of it, and the one thing which a waiter cannot afford to lose is his reputation for discretion; but it requires much to keep the chill out of one's bones, although the heart shall be warm with devotion, and monsieur will comprehend that old Glitz is the victim of one idea—one fancy most horrible—that only the *liqueur* lends to him the courage to support."

I pass the cut-glass decanter to the poor old chap, shivering in the rays of a bright fire, and, turning to "Barnaby Rudge," recall the conclusions of Solomon Daisy:

"Everybody now knew that the gardener must be the murderer, and though he has never been heard of from that time to this, *he will be*, mark my words." . . . . "Sooner or later that man will be discovered."

MISCELLANY.

DAMASK tablecloths with borders representing peacocks and hunting scenes are now further ornamented with silk embroidery, following out the lines of the design. The effect is exceedingly rich.

EVERY duty brings on peculiar delight, every denial its appropriate compensation, every thought its recompense, every love its elysium, every cross its crown; pay goes with performance, as effect with cause. Meanness overreaches itself; vice vitiates whoever indulges in it; the wicked wrong their own souls; generosity greates, virtue exalts, charity transfigures, and holiness is the essence of angelhood.

THEODORE DE BANVILLE says: "The true Parisienne—and herein lies her strength—knows neither the hair merchant nor the dentist nor the perfumer, and washes herself with pure water like a sister of religion;" and adds that the true cause of the German's weak eyes is that the soaps are all made with some pungent chemical or acid which gets into their eyes and hurts the sight. This is at least a better guess at the cause than attributing it to smoking, as other nations smoke as much and have not weak eyes.

A NEW FLUTE.—An English musician has invented a new flute. He asserts that by doubling the last four holes he has improved the tones of lower notes, while giving increased power, ease and brilliancy to the instrument generally, and there is nothing more to pay for these improvements. The material chiefly used by the patentee for the head and body is ebony, a preparation of India rubber, which possesses extraordinary sound-producing properties. One of the great difficulties of the flute has always been the third octave, the fingering for which differs entirely from that of the first or second octaves; and the new flutes are constructed in such a manner that the third octave can be easily played with the same fingering as that employed for the two lower octaves.

A GRAVE scandal is disturbing one of the most substantial German societies in New York, which has a museum and a curator among its properties. This curator has two convivial friends, who were recently obliged to throw themselves upon his hospitality. The rules of the society forbid the harbouring of strangers in the building, and at ten o'clock every night a near-sighted trustee was accustomed to make the rounds of the building. The difficulty was solved by the ingenious curator, who finally persuaded his guests to personate respectively a Polynesian idol and a newly-arrived mummy.

The Polynesian idol passed the inspection of the myopic trustee successfully, but the mummy was unfortunately taken with a violent fit of hiccoughs at the very moment the inspector was congratulating the curator on his excellent preservation. The curator has accordingly been asked to resign.

HEIRS OF MARY STUART.—On the opening day at the "Court," I noticed the Prince of Wales studying English History, as read through the imaginative spectacles of Schiller and the Hon. Lewis Wingfield. Closely, critically, and enthusiastically, the Prince watched the curious page of our English life; that was unfolded before him, and I wonder if this curious thought struck him when he went round for his cigar—that of Henry VIII. and Elizabeth not one single descendant is alive, and that he himself is the eleventh in direct descent from poor, much-abused Mary Stuart? Nay, more, through the marriage with Frederick of Prussia the Princess of Wales has also some Stuart blood in her veins, and if you think it out you will find that with the exception of Turkey every reigning royal family in Europe can be traced to the stock of the beautiful woman who was beheaded in Fotheringay something over three centuries ago. What a curious freak of history it was that brought the descendants of Sophia and "Beautiful Queen of Bohemia" to reign in England when the elder line was exhausted!

LADY X., it is stated, wrote no fewer than eight letters requesting an invitation to the last Blues' Ball for herself and two daughters. The first letter was honeyed with sweetness and confidence, the second was a reminder, the third was plaintive, the fourth dignified, the fifth pressing, the sixth touching, the seventh remonstrating, and the eighth imploring. On the receipt of the eighth letter an invitation was good-naturedly sent. It had scarcely been despatched, when the ninth letter was received, abusing the ball, the invitation committee, and the whole of the regiment. An attempt was made to stop the invitation; but it was too late. One of the Blues met Lady X. and bowed to her frigidly. He being an elder son, Lady X. was moved by his apparent want of enthusiasm, and, stopping him, said, "Why do you look so black this morning?" The Blue replied, "Well, my lady, I am very savage with you." "Savage with me! But why? I have always been most amiable with you. What have I done?" "Well, I find that I am the only man in the regiment you have not asked for an invitation to our ball." Lady X. straightway took her daughters out of town.

THE WORKING HOURS OF LIFE.—Suppose that a man throw away in every year fifty-two days for Sundays, thirteen days for illness, vacations, and interruptions; and suppose that for forty-five consecutive years he works three hundred days a year—a very large average—that would give a man, in the mature part of life, 13,500 days. If you please, there isn't any doubt about that. Supposing that a man have health and industry enough to work ten hours in each of these 13,500 days, he will have 135,000 working hours. A man who is forty, however, has but 90,000 hours left; a man who is sixty has so few hours left that I don't want to shock you by mentioning their number. Calculate for yourselves how much time is left you. At the end of 135,000 hours the mature working portion of a life is ended, and there is no doubt about this proposition. Positively, the pulpit knows something on this point. Time moves in a straight line, never in a circle. We say Tuesday comes back to Tuesday, Wednesday to Wednesday, January to January. The name comes back to the name, but not the thing to the thing. In no circle goes time, but in a straight line, an eagle's flight, forth and right on. The trees stay, but the leaves fall; and you and I are leaves, not trees.

GENTLEMEN, do you want nice-fitting, well-made garments at reasonable prices? Go to L. Robinson, practical tailor, late of London, England, 31 Beaver Hall Terrace.

BOGUS CERTIFICATES.

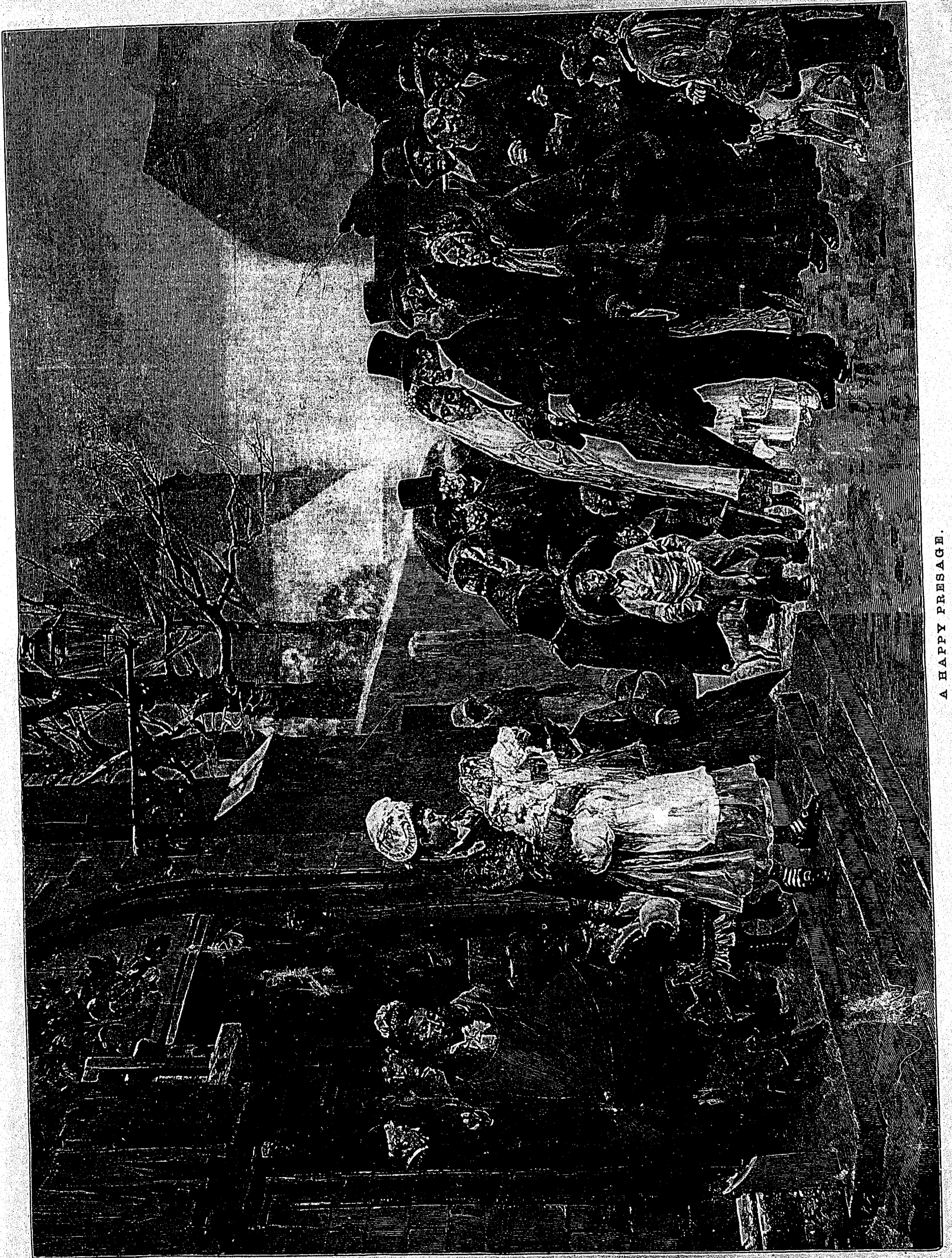
It is no vile drugged stuff, pretending to be made of wonderful foreign roots, barks, &c., and puffed up by long bogus certificates of pretended miraculous cures, but a simple, pure, effective medicine, made of well-known valuable remedies, that furnishes its own certificates by its cures. We refer to Hop Bitters, the purest and best of medicines. See "Truths" and "Proverbs," in another column.

Consumption Cured.

An old physician, retired from practice, having had placed in his hands by an East India missionary the formula of a simple vegetable remedy for the speedy and permanent cure for Consumption, Bronchitis, Catarrh, Asthma, and all Throat and Lung Affections, also a positive and radical cure for Nervous Debility and all Nervous Complaints, after having tested its wonderful curative powers in thousands of cases, has felt it his duty to make it known to his suffering fellows. Actuated by this motive and a desire to relieve human suffering, I will send free of charge to all who desire it, this recipe, in German, French, or English, with full directions for preparing and using. Sent by mail by addressing with stamp, naming this paper. W. W. SHERAR, 149 Powers' Block, Rochester, N.Y.



SARAH BERNHARDT.



A HAPPY PRESAGE.

## PRIERE.

(Song. Translated from the French.)

Ah, if you knew how I deplore  
My solitude continually,  
Sometimes before my cottage door  
You would pass by.

If you but knew the joy I took  
In meeting but your fleeting glance,  
Up to my window you would look  
As 'twere by chance.

If you but knew what comfort sweet  
My heart has known when near you stood,  
You could not hesitate to meet—  
No sister would.

If you but knew what I could tell—  
My love, and if you knew the how,  
I almost think perhaps—that well—  
You'd enter now.

GOWAN LKA.

## THE OLD MAID.

She lived in a small cottage near the outskirts of the village of Lowden. She had taken up her residence here a year before, "for quiet, and to suit her slender income," she said in reply to the curious, who wondered much at such a lady-like person's taking up her abode in the Pond Cottage, so called, because the original owner bore that name in some of the past ages of that rural village. Its unromantic situation, its shabby appearance, and the muddy stream that flowed at the foot of the garden, had caused the cottage to remain tenanted for some years past, until this mysterious family, consisting of Miss Eastman, one servant, a large Newfoundland dog, a canary bird, and a sleek Maltese cat, all characteristics of an "old maid," made their appearance in Lowden.

This household lived smoothly, for Miss Eastman was a very severe person, and the village gossips that intruded on her quiet life could discover little or nothing of her past history. That she had formerly lived in the city Miss Eastman made no secret, for she spoke of the bustle of the life in the metropolis. But beyond this naught could be gained, for the "old maid" remained impenetrable. Judging from her appearance and calm exterior, one would have supposed her life to have been one of peace, which the world's storms had not ruffled or even reached. Only a few wrinkles could be traced on her brow. On her cheek there remained a faint tint of youth's rosy bloom. But the brown hair, threaded with silver, told that old age was not very far distant in her future. "A quiet, serene woman," you would say. But ah! one glance into the large, gray eyes, shaded by soft, brown eyelashes, would thrill the observer by their passionate sadness and the depth of soul. Those beautiful eyes told a story of a life full of many cares and many disappointments. The humble inhabitants of Lowden were convinced from the first that she had a history, but beyond this fact they arrived no farther.

A bright, cheery spring morning threw a revivifying influence over the village, and nature in her sunlit splendour invited all to enjoy the balmy breeze of this particular morning. Miss Eastman was not long in responding to the call. Taking her garden hat, she went forth to enjoy the sunshine. The garden presented a neat picture, with its well-arranged beds and trim walks, different from the way it appeared when Miss Eastman found it, it being then but a mass of overgrown weeds, with but a few flowers struggling to bloom in such a wilderness.

Miss Eastman walked about the garden in a very brisk manner, pulling out a weed here and there, examining the rose bushes with a critical eye. While busily raking the soil around a shrub, she was startled by the sound of carriage wheels rolling rapidly towards her. Listening a few moments, she perceived that it had halted at her gate, and a loud rap at the cottage door announced that a visitor of some sort had arrived. A wonder as to who it could be filled her mind; but she was not kept long in suspense, for Jennie, the maid of all work, soon appeared, and said in a hurried tone, "A gentleman to see you—Miss Eastman."

"But who is he, Jennie? Did he not send his name?" And Miss Eastman looked somewhat surprised.

"Oh, yes!" replied Jennie. "He said, 'Tell your mistress that Mr. Mitford wishes to see her.'" And Jennie took her departure in the direction of the culinary department, where the odour of burnt gingerbread was beginning to perfume the air.

"Mitford!" repeated Miss Eastman, a little startled out of her habitual composure. "Why is he here? Where did he come from?"

These questions glided through her brain as she hurried up the garden path. At the parlour door she halted a few seconds to regain her self-control before entering. Then, with a firm step and quiet countenance, she opened the door and entered the room where Mr. Mitford was impatiently pacing the narrow limits of the parlour. His figure was tall and commanding, and he had a slight touch of haughtiness in his demeanour. The raven hair which shaded the broad forehead was sprinkled here and there with silver. He was just in the prime of manhood; age had not, as yet, laid its withering stroke upon this noble form.

He stopped abruptly in his walk as Miss Eastman came in, and, turning towards her, he exclaimed, "Marian! Have you come at last? I thought perhaps you would not see me."

"You are mistaken, George," said Miss Eastman, quietly. "I am very glad to see you. How is your wife?"

"Oh, Marian," he replied, sadly, "I have come to take you to her. Lillian is ill—dying, I fear. She wishes to see you, but would not allow you to be sent for; she said I must bring you, if you will come." And George Mitford waited anxiously for her reply.

Miss Eastman stood near the window, her eyes fixed longingly on the distant hills. A conflict was raging in the heart of "the old maid," a struggle between wounded pride and her better nature. But the forgiving spirit conquered in the end, and, turning to Mr. Mitford, she said, in her usual quiet tone, "I will go with you to Lillian. When do you start?"

"At once, if I can leave. We have an hour to drive to Barston and catch the train for the city. Lillian expects me to return to-day, and she knows how generous, how kind—"

Miss Eastman raised her hand beseechingly, and before he could continue she had left the room.

Neat and precise as Miss Eastman was, it did not take her many minutes to prepare for the journey. After a hurried explanation and a few directions to Jennie, she returned to the parlour and they proceeded immediately to the carriage.

Many an eye could have been observed peeping through the blinds at the carriage as it rolled swiftly through the village, and curious, indeed, were the gossips when they discovered that it contained the "old maid" and a gentleman—a stranger to the inhabitants of Lowden. Of course poor Jennie was attacked at once, but naught could be gained there; for she, like her mistress, was not loquacious. But, regardless of all the curiosity astir, the occupants of the carriage moved on in almost silence. Each one was too busy with thoughts of the past to keep up conversation. Thus they reached the station at Cutzow, just in time for the train. And just as the shadows of evening were gathering over the busy city, our travellers, weary and worn, ascended the steps of Mr. Mitford's residence.

They were met in the hall by Mrs. Seaton, Lillian's aunt, who immediately conducted them up the long stairs.

At Lillian's room all paused; then Miss Eastman turned to Mr. Mitford and said, "I think it would be better for me to see Lillian alone—for a few minutes, at least."

"Oh, certainly," replied Mr. Mitford; and turning down the passage he disappeared.

Mrs. Seaton opened the door noiselessly, and Miss Eastman passed in. The door closed upon her; all was as silent as if death had already obtained supreme rule.

Marian moved towards the bed and pushed the curtains aside. Lillian turned her face at the movement, and their eyes met.

Oh, when estrangement has parted friends who have loved each other well, what memories of the past crowd round them when brought to meet at the very brink of eternity!

How every kind act is recalled, every word of love remembered, while all former harshness or ingratitude is forgotten! Alone with Lillian at such a moment, Marian Eastman forgave as only the good and noble can forgive. And alone with their dead past we leave them.

Marian Eastman had been reared in luxury and wealth, and her young life was spent amid scenes of splendour. At eighteen society claimed her, and would probably have made an idol of her had it not been for one circumstance which changed many things.

Her father died suddenly, leaving his business deeply involved, and, after all debts were discharged, only a small income was left to support Marian and her mother. So fashionable society quietly dropped Mrs. Eastman and her daughter.

But Marian was not the one to mourn over the desertion of such friends, for wealth and pomp had not spoiled the noble nature in the least. Poverty thus coming upon them tested Marian's courage, but it did not find her wanting.

George Mitford was then but a clerk in her father's establishment. He had long loved his employer's daughter, but, not having the wherewithal to purchase the prize, he was compelled to worship from afar.

But circumstances often alter cases, and, to make a long story short, this enterprising young man, finding himself upon an equal footing, laid his heart at the feet of Marian, who accepted him; for she had long felt an interest in her father's clerk.

They had agreed to wait a few years until George had obtained a profitable position. A few weeks after their engagement he received an appointment from a firm in India, whither he was to go and remain some years, with the prospect of being promoted.

Of course the hearts of the lovers were nearly broken at the thought of separation, but Marian, like a sensible girl, knew what was best for her future. So, after many promises and an abundance of tears, they parted.

The year flew swiftly by, bringing many changes. A short time after George's departure Marian's mother died, leaving her to wait and struggle through the long and wearisome years. Letters from George, filled with brilliant hopes, and accounts of increasing wealth, brought small glistensings of sunshine into her lonely life. But the daily struggle with poverty and ill health overpowered the strong woman, and she began to look haggard and old.

Twelve years rolled by, and Marian had reached the age of thirty. George was coming home at last, and in the possession of untold wealth. She had many a time pictured their meeting to herself; but oh, the bitter disappointment when he only took her hand and ex-

claimed, "Why, Marian, how old you look!" And he, in the very flower of manhood, could not understand the change in this once beautiful girl. Ah, he knew not of the silent struggles of the heart within!

The days passed on, and George Mitford became the lion of society. The world of fashion smiled complacently on the young millionaire. He had met Lillian Seaton at Marian's home, and although there was a vast difference in the ages and social position of the two girls, yet they were fast friends. Lillian was a belle in society, but she always came to Marian with her vexations and petty trials, often brought on by her coquetry. So, when the handsome lover of her friend made his appearance, she at once began to weave her enchantments round the unconscious George. But it was not long before he was awakened to the fact that Miss Seaton was a very charming young lady. He compared her with Marian, and found, to his dismay that she outshone his betrothed in many respects. Then, too, he reasoned, Marian had grown cold and indifferent, and did not care any longer for him. And as time passed along he gradually drifted into an engagement with Lillian, and left Marian alone with her disappointment.

Lillian hastened to inform her friend of her conquest, little thinking how she stabbed the true heart. But when she saw the look of deep agony written on every feature, she expressed her surprise. Then Marian told Lillian of her lover's faithlessness, blaming her for winning him. She soon after left the city to attend the sick bed of a relative, while Lillian and George enjoyed life as much as ever. And this was the simple history of "the old maid." This was the tale the gray eyes told in their passionate sadness.

Five years had passed away since Marian Eastman had taken that hasty journey from the village; five years since Lillian Mitford had rested in "Greenwood." When Marian returned, it was in her quiet way. Calmly she took up the thread of her life.

Five years! 'Twas spring again. The sun again shed its glory on the green earth. The violets and forget-me-nots bloomed in the garden. At the window of the cottage sat Marian Eastman, but how changed! Faded and worn was the pale face, and the rich brown hair had changed to gray. The sunlight beamed softly on the weary woman whose life is slowly ebbing away. Summer came and faded into autumn stillness, and then passed into winter's snows. Spring again, and the sun shone with a softer light on a newly-made grave 'neath a weeping willow. The cottage was lone and deserted; the garden had resumed its former desolation and rank growth. All was silent; no eyes full of longing and sorrow looked from the cottage window. "The old maid" was at rest; her time of waiting was over. The eyes would never tell another history—they were closed for ever.

A traveller, dusty and tired, stopped at the village graveyard and wended his way to the grave under the willow. Kneeling at the marble slab, he bowed his head in an agony of grief.

Suddenly the face grew still, and the convulsive sobs ceased. A great calm fell on the stranger, and death claimed another victim. The humble villagers buried him beside the "old maid," for they had a faint suspicion that he was not a stranger to the woman that rested under the sod.

Thus George Mitford slept the long sleep beside his early and true love.

Fair young reader, when you are tempted to join in hurling sarcasm at the "old maid," remember you have to live yet, and do not forget that every one of these lonely beings has had her own story of early love—her own tale of disappointed affection or buried hope.

Simple is the story of Marian Eastman, but it is only one among a thousand. Truly a life of waiting for that which never came until the thread of life was sundered!

## HISTORY OF THE WEEK.

MONDAY, Dec. 6.—The Porte has ceded Crete to Germany on terms similar to those with England in the case of Cyprus.—The Marquis of Ripon, Governor-General of India, has been suffering from an illness brought on by sunstroke.—A Capetown despatch says the Pondomise have been entirely routed, and the Orange river is now clear of rebels.—A bailiff named Mulholland, while serving an execution on a farmer at Cookstown, Ireland, yesterday, was shot by the latter.—The electric light is to be tried in the streets of New York during Christmas week, when a square mile is to be lighted by electrical burners.—It is rumoured that Earl Cowper, the Lord-Lieutenant of Ireland, threatens to resign, unless coercive measures are adopted in that country.

TUESDAY, Dec. 7.—Mr. Shaw-Lefevre, Secretary to the Admiralty, in a speech at Reading yesterday, advocated the gradual creation of peasant proprietors in Ireland.—Mr. Forster, Chief Secretary for Ireland, has issued a circular to the Magistrates urging the enforcement of the law against unlawful assemblies.—The dissatisfied members of the Imperial Cabinet on the Irish policy are said to be Lord Salisbury, the Duke of Argyll, the Marquis of Hartington and Mr. Forster.—The press of Madrid are making bitter comments on the clause in President Hayes' message, which refers to aggressions of Spanish cruisers on American vessels in Cuban waters.—Mr. William Wallace, M.P., was yesterday elected President of the National Currency League. Only seventeen persons attended the public meeting of the League in Toronto in the evening.—It is reported that General Garfield has offered the State Department in the new Government to Senator Blaine; this would indicate the gratitude of the President-elect for assistance rendered him in the campaign by the Maine Senator.

WEDNESDAY, Dec. 8.—Rumours of dissensions in the British Cabinet are revived.—The Russian journals have adopted a professedly friendly tone towards England.—The Bank of England yesterday advanced the rate of discount from 2½ to 3 per cent.

A despatch from Teheran states that the Kurdish rebellion in Persia has been quelled.—Greece and Turkey have agreed to submit their differences to the arbitration of a European Congress.—Hon. Jno. Bright is undergoing treatment for the disease from which he has been suffering for the past four years.—The President of the Orange Free State believes that the South African rebellion will be completely subjugated in six months.—An outline of the Land Reform bill to be introduced by the British Government is given. It is said to be of a character to gain general acceptance.

THURSDAY, Dec. 9.—The Times says the Irish Magistrates do not feel justified in regarding the threat to "Boycott" as an infraction of the law, as it does no open violence.—It is stated that the law officers are considering Mr. Parnell's recent violent speech at Waterford, and it is not improbable that he will be indicted separately on it.—A land meeting was held at Scotstown, Monaghan, yesterday, and passed off quietly, the Orangemen yielding to the solicitations of the authorities, and abandoning a counter demonstration.—Mr. Valin, Conservative, was yesterday elected to the House of Commons for Montmorency by 500 majority; Mr. McConville, Conservative, for Joliette by 250 majority, and Mr. Sutherland, moderate Liberal, for North Oxford by 330 majority, the latter defeating the Globe candidate.

FRIDAY, Dec. 10.—Germany will have to float a loan to cover the large increase in this year's military budget.—The first number of Prince Jerome Napoleon's paper *Le Napoleon* was issued yesterday.—The Land Leaguers are preparing petitions to prevent Chief-Justice May from trying the Traversers. Prince Leopold of Hohenzollern has renounced his right of succession to the Romanian throne in favour of his eldest son.—Derwish Pasha is taking steps to disarm the Albanians, and has made the Notables sign a declaration of allegiance to the Sultan.—Existing legislation on the subject of slavery and emancipation in the West Indies is to be brought before the Spanish Cortes at an early date.—A disastrous explosion took place in one of the Rhoada Valley collieries, in South Wales, yesterday morning, by which upwards of ninety persons lost their lives.—The man charged with shooting a bailiff at New Pallas, was acquitted at Cork Assizes yesterday. The presiding Judge was threatened with assassination in open court if the prisoner was convicted.

SATURDAY, Dec. 11.—It is feared that Lord Ripon, the Viceroy of India, is suffering from typhoid fever.—Lord Beaconsfield was a guest of the Queen at Windsor from Wednesday until Saturday.—The Royal Geographical Society of London have decided to send out a new Arctic expedition.—The British Cabinet has been suddenly summoned to meet on Monday instead of Wednesday.—"Boycotting" in Ireland is now so common that only a small percentage of the cases are reported.—It is stated that the British Government has placed two more regiments at the disposal of the Irish Executive.—The latest estimate of the loss of life by the Penyrraig colliery explosion, places the number of dead at one hundred.—Public opinion in England is strongly in favour of a settlement with the United States on the disputed fisheries question.—A despatch from Cape Town, South Africa, says the colonial troops in the Leribe district have been compelled to retreat with serious loss.—Jay Gould's Conservatory, the most magnificent of the kind in the United States and valued at \$100,000, was destroyed by fire on Saturday.—The caucus of supporters of the Government at Ottawa on Saturday lasted four hours. A very full explanation of the Pacific Railway contract was made and general satisfaction with its terms expressed.—Great preparations are being made at Windsor Castle for the commemoration of the nineteenth anniversary of the death of the Prince Consort on Tuesday. The Queen afterwards proceeds to the Isle of Wight.—It is reported that the English Cabinet has resolved to anticipate Parliamentary obstruction by the Irish members by introducing a series of resolutions for the guidance of the Speaker of the House of Commons in cases where obstruction is attempted.

ANCIENT ROMAN BREAKWATERS.—The method adopted by the Romans in the construction of some of their breakwaters was as follows:—In situations where the depth or calmness of the sea would permit it, two ranges of piles, secured firmly together with chains, were driven in the line of the proposed breakwater. The earth was then taken out from between the two ranges, and the bed levelled. Mortar, consisting of two parts of a peculiar earth, found near Cumæ, and one of lime—a compound which possesses the property of hardening under water—was then thrown into the space between the piles, together with a proportional quantity of stones, until it was entirely filled. This course was not, however, always practicable, because if the sea were violent the mortar run the risk of being washed away before it became hardened. In this case they adopted a most ingenious contrivance for building blocks of concrete close to the position that would occupy when submerged, and allowing the action of the water to carry them, when hardened, into the position intended. The method adopted was to build a strong platform of hewn stone blocks immediately adjoining the sea. A portion of this platform was horizontal, whilst that part facing the sea inclined towards it. On the flanks of the inclined plane walls were built projecting eighteen inches above its face, and upon this enclosed space sand was laid. On this sand they commenced building a concrete block, and as soon as it was hardened by exposure to the air, the enclosing walls were removed, when, the sea gaining access to the sand, washed it away, and, leaving the block unsupported on a horizontal plane, it slid down the slope into the water. This process—slow, though sure—was repeated until the work was advanced as far as desired.

## NEVER RETURN.

It is said that one out of every four real invalids who go to Denver, Col., to recover health never return to the East or South except as a corpse. The undertakers, next to the hotel-keepers, have the most profitable business. This excessive mortality may be prevented and patients served and cured under the care of friends and loved ones at home, if they will but use Hop Bitters in time. This we know. See another column.

OUR CHESS COLUMN.

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

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

J. W. S., Montreal.—Papers to hand. Many thanks. Student, Montreal.—Correct solution received of Problem No. 303.

Shortly after Christmas a Chess Tourney will take place among the members of the Montreal Chess Club. About twelve players will be arranged so as to form two sides equal in numbers, and, also in strength; as far as circumstances will allow, and a series of games between the players of one side against those of the other will constitute the tourney.

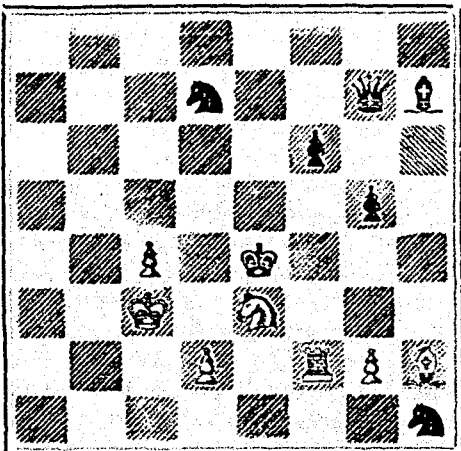
We stated in our last Column that Capt. Mackenzie was about to try the skill of some of the best players of the Chess Club of Philadelphia.

Mr. Bird has, I am informed, prepared designs for a new pattern of chessmen. The men are being manufactured by Messrs. Dean & Son, of Fleet street.

On the 12th ult., Mr. J. H. Blackburne played twenty-two simultaneous games at the Athenaeum Chess Club of Manchester, winning eighteen, losing one, and drawing the other three.

PROBLEM No. 307.

By John Barry, Montreal. BLACK.



WHITE.

White to play and mate in three moves.

GAME 435TH.

Played at the Frankfort Tourney between Herr Paulsen and Herr Stern.

(French Defence.)

- White.—(Herr L. Paulsen.) 1. P to K4 2. P to Q4 3. P to K5 4. P to Q B3 5. Kt to B3 6. B to K2 7. P takes P 8. Kt to B3 9. Castles 10. Kt to Q R4 11. P to Q R3 12. P to Q K4 13. B to Kt2 14. R to Q B sq 15. Kt to B5 16. B to Q3 17. R takes B 18. Kt takes Kt 19. P to B4 20. P to B5 21. P to Kt3 22. R to K B4

SOLUTION.

Solution of Problem No. 303

- White. 1. Kt to K R3 2. R takes Q P 3. Kt mates

Solution of Problem for Young Players No. 303

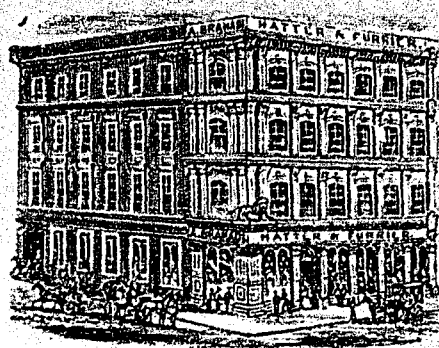
- WHITE. 1. P to Q Kt6 2. Mate acc.

PROBLEM FOR YOUNG PLAYERS, No. 304.

- White. K at Q3 R at Q R8 B at Q B7 Pawns at Q R2 and Q B3

White to play and mate in three moves.

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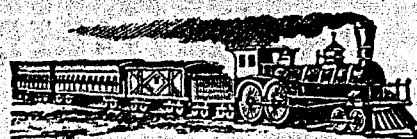
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Q. M. O. AND O. RAILWAY.

Change of Time.

COMMENCING ON

Monday, Dec. 13th, 1880.

Trains will run as follows:

Table with 3 columns: MIXED, MAIL, EXPRESS. Rows list departure and arrival times for routes between Hochelaga, Ottawa, and Quebec.

Table with 3 columns: MIXED, MAIL, EXPRESS. Rows list departure and arrival times for routes between Hochelaga, Quebec, and St. Jerome.

Table with 3 columns: MIXED, MAIL, EXPRESS. Rows list departure and arrival times for routes between Hochelaga, St. Jerome, and Joliette.

Local trains between Hull and Aylmer. Trains leave Mile-End Station Seven Minutes Later. Magnificent Palace Cars on all Passenger Trains, and Elegant Sleeping Cars on Night Trains.

GENERAL OFFICES—13 PLACE D'ARMES. TICKET OFFICES: 13 Place D'Armes, 202 St. James Street, Opposite ST. LOUIS HOTEL, Quebec. L. A. SENECAI, Gen'l Sup't.

THE COOK'S FRIEND

BAKING POWDER

It has become HOUSEHOLD WORD in the land, and is a HOUSEHOLD NECESSITY

In every family where Economy and Health are studied. It is used for raising all kinds of Bread, Rolls, Pastry, Cakes, &c., &c., and a small quantity used in Pie Crust, Puddings, or other Pastry, will save half the usual shortening, and make the food more digestible.



SAVES TIME. IT SAVES TEMPER. IT SAVES MONEY.

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MECHANICS' MAGAZINE

PATENT OFFICE RECORD A MONTHLY JOURNAL

Devoted to the advancement and diffusion of Practical Science, and the Education of Mechanics.

THE ONLY SCIENTIFIC AND MECHANICAL PAPER PUBLISHED IN THE DOMINION.

PUBLISHED BY THE BURLAND LITHOGRAPHIC CO.

OFFICES OF PUBLICATION, 5 and 7 Bleury Street, Montreal.

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The following are our advertising rates:—For one monthly insertion, 10 cts. per line; for three months, 9 cts. per line; for six months, 8 cts. per line; for one year, 7 cts. per line; one page of Illustration, including one column description, \$30; half-page of Illustration, including half column description, \$20; quarter-page of Illustration, including quarter column description, \$10.

10 per cent. off on cash payments. INVENTIONS AND MACHINERY, &c., or other matter of an original, useful, and instructive character, and suitable for subject matter in the columns of the MAGAZINE, and not as an advertisement, will be illustrated at very reduced rates.

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Incorporated by Letters Patent. Capital \$100,000.

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We invite inspection.  
**R. W. COWAN & CO.'S,**  
CORNER OF  
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**CANADA PAPER CO.**  
Paper Makers and Wholesale Merchants,  
374, 376 & 378 St. Paul Street.  
MONTREAL, P. Q.

—AND—  
11 FRONT STREET,  
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ESTABLISHED 1839.

**WATCHES** 20 p.c. discount.  
**JEWELLERY** 25 "  
**SILVER** Plated Ware 20 "  
FOR CASH, Till January 1, 1880.  
**P. W. WOOD,** 325 Notre Dame Street.  
WATCH REPAIRING.



Best Materials! Reasonable Prices!! Call and leave your orders. Satisfaction guaranteed.  
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(Late of Kemp & Co.)  
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**Christmas Presents,**  
**and New Year Gifts.**

ALL THE LATEST NOVELTIES IN  
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CONTAINS  
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All Diseases of the Stomach, Bowels, Blood-Liver, Kidneys and Urinary Organs, Nervousness, Sleeplessness, Female Complaints and Drunkenness.

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Will be paid for a case they will not cure or help, or for anything impure or injurious found in them.

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THE PRINCIPAL  
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**UNRIVALLED EXHIBITION HONOURS**

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THE ONLY **GOLD MEDAL**

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THE PERSONAL  
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"ASK FOR GENUINE OR DOUBLE SUPERFINE"

SOLE AGENTS,

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**EXTRACT  
OF MEAT**  
FINEST AND CHEAPEST  
MEAT-FLAVOURING

**STOCK FOR SOUP,  
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CAUTION.—Genuine ONLY with  
fac-simile of Baron Liebig's Signa-  
ture in Blue Ink across Label.

"Is a success and boon for which Nations should feel grateful."—See *Medical Press, Lancet, Brit. Med. Jour., &c.*  
"Consumption in England increased tenfold in ten years."  
To be had of all Storekeepers, Grocers and Chemists.  
Sole Agents for Canada and the United States (wholesale only) C. David & Co., 43, Mark Lane, London, England.

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**CAMOMILE PILLS** are confidently recommended as a simple Remedy for Indigestion, which is the cause of nearly all the diseases to which we are subject, being a medicine so uniformly grateful and beneficial, that it is with justice called the "Natural Strengtheners of the Human Stomach."  
"Norton's Pills" act as a powerful tonic and gentle aperient; are mild in their operation, safe under any circumstances, and thousands of persons can now bear testimony to the benefits to be derived from their use, as they have been a never-failing Family Friend for upwards of 45 years.  
Sold in Bottles at 1s. 1 1/2d., 2s. 9d., and 11s. each, by all Medicine Vendors throughout the World.

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Be sure and ask for "NORTON'S PILLS." and do not be persuaded to purchase an imitation.

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BREWERS and MALTSTERS,  
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**LAUNDRY BAR.**

Ask for it, and take no other.  
BEWARE OF IMITATIONS.  
Trade Mark. | Made by THE ALBERT TOILET SOAP CO.

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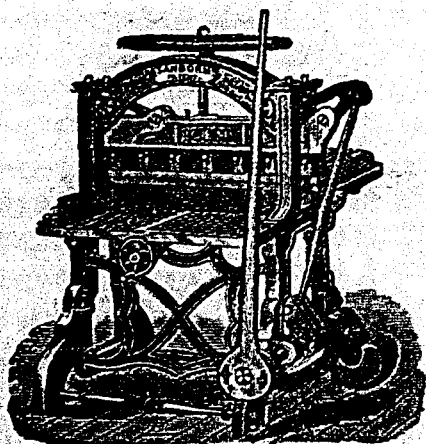
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**Watchmaker & Jeweller,**

Established 1869.  
LARGEST STOCK OF GOLD AND SILVER WATCHES IN THE CITY  
ALL WATCHES WARRANTED OR TO BE RETURNED.

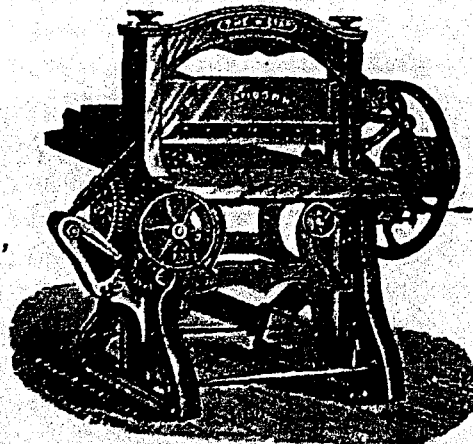


AT LOWEST PRICES.  
HIGHEST PRICES ALLOWED FOR OLD WATCHES IN EXCHANGE.  
GOODS SENT BY EXPRESS TO ALL PARTS WITH PRIVILEGE OF SEEING GOODS BEFORE PURCHASING.  
Send for Price List.



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30 inch. 32 inch.

**BOOK BINDERS'**  
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28 Beekman St.  
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30 inch. 32 inch. 34 inch. 36 inch. 44 inch. 48 inch.