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## CHRISTMAS.

THA merry Christmas time has come again, and the never-wearying round of gift making and receiving; of feasting and family reunion ; and, most noble of all, of "remembering the poor," will be trodden with the same zest as if the festive season had come upon us for the first time in our lives. This happy faculty of remembering and celebrating "times and seasons" adds much to the pleasure of life; arrests the corrosion of the best impulses of humanity by the hard, dull drag of everyday work; brightens the brightest features in our nature and reminds us, not too frequently, of the kinship that subsists among all.

But Christmas festivities have lost much of their peculiar social customs. In fact it is very doubtful whether these customs, except in some of their most prominent features, ever took fixed form among the people. The leading idea of the Social Christmas is amusement, jollity, giving and receiving pleasure. And though this may take dif ferent forms in different ages, or in different countries in the same age, it is hardly correct to assume that the "good old times" outstepped those which followed them in the art of ministering to the tastes and predilections of the people. No doubt there was a time when the "boar's head " was regarded as a wondrous delicacy; but if at the presend day for the purposes of a Christmas dinner the company prefermand partake of, because they prefer it -a roast turkey, shall we therefore conclude that manli ness has degenerated and intellect declined as a conse quence of the preference for a whole "gobbler" over a swine's head?
There is much that is traditional and formal in the celebration of Christmas; many customs that have come down, perhaps, from the Roman Saturnalia or other Pagan feasts; but while we should applaud the genius of Chris tianity that converted these December bacchanal displays in honour of the mythical son of Heaven and Earth, the father of Jupiter, into friendly gatherings among the worshippers of Him who is the God of Heaven and of Earth, and the Father of All ; we need not disparage the customs of modern society, which dispense with many of those practices formerly indulged in. If there be less of "wine and wassail," is there not more of the Christmas book, of the holiday story, with its intellectual food, of the pleasing diversion of Science into odd ways for the amusement of the people? It was, undoubtedly, a noble sight to see boor and baron for once in the year enjoy a common feast; but if the baron became more of the boor than the boor did of the baron, wherein was society a gainer? Let us oherish the genial memories of the Christmas season; 'losd our young folks with presents; exchange gifts among friends; make old age contented and youth joyful; banish resentments; and, so to speak, make a clean bill of health, in preparation for duly entering upon the performance of the obligations to be imposed upon us in the coming year. But need we therefore ever cling to the old forms for'expressing these ever new desires and intentions? Must there be no kissing but under the Mistletoe? Bah! Some of those poets and moralists who have written about Christmas ; who have told us that
"England was Merry England when,"
\&c., \&c., probably never saw a real "Yule log" burning on the hearth; certainly they never heard the jingle of the merry sleigh-bells; they knew not of the glories of the tobogan, nor of the sublime enjoyments of a snow-shoe tramp. Now, shall we in Canada, who have these special sources of enjoyment, in so much abundance, whine about departed customs that have lost their charms and only left the world when they were replaced by those which were better and more enjoyable?
Christmas has other thoughts to suggest than those of how can we best enjoy ourselves. How best can we give happiness to others? is a beautiful question for all, and especially for the rich, at this season of the year. In our severe climate there must of necessity be many cases of extreme hardship. Not from the dearth, but from the large. consumption of fuel, its cost is a serious item, and the thin-blooded, ill-fed family of the poor man, whose insufficient dietary renders them the least able to withstand the cold, are those who, by scanty raiment, badly built houses, and scarcity of fuel, are most exposed to its rigours. Our National, and other benevolent Societies, as well as Associations connected with the churches, do much towards the alleviation of the sufferings of the poor, and never more than at Christmas time does the public willingly contribute to the support of these Societies. We give the hint to charitable ladies and others, that they may not neglect to improve one of their best opportunities to successfully "beg "for the peor.
It does not come within our province to discuss the mighty Action for the celebration of which the great Christian festival was instituted. In our present number will
be found representations of some of the most artistic renderings of events connected with the miracle of mir acles at Bethlehem; these speak to the eye, and, let us hope, to the heart, of the glad tidings bringing great joy to all the people. Surely few greater social services, after the inculcation of the practice of virtue, have been rendered by Christianity to the world than that of hallowing the very enjoyments of the people; of bringing heaven and earth into close communion, in imitation of Him whose birth in the stable, and whose cradling in the manger will be, to-night and to-morrow, celebrated and meditated upon by millions of worshippers. In the full contemplation of the mystery which the Christmas festival celebrates, the petty little bickerings of weak and selfish men are dwarfed into insignificance, and the better qualities of humanity assert themselves with renewed vigour, guiding men's aspirations towards the realization of their hopes for a state to come, which gives a fresh, more elevated and inspiriting meaning to the colloquial saluation of the season -"A Mrrry Cbristmas!" May it prove a merry Christmas to all! though the wish is no sooner issued than the impossibility of its realization suggests itself. The ravages of war, of disease, of poverty and of the bad passions of men, ever supply the stream of human misery, and always offer fresh opportunities for the benevolent to stem its tide at some point, hence we may at least hope that many will seek their most cherished Christmas plessures in alleviating the sufferings of the unfortunate. That is undoubtedly a good way to enjoy "A Merry Christmas," and an exceedingly good preparation for a "HAPPY New Year!"

## S. GOLTMAN, GREAT ST. JAMES STREET.

At this festive season gentlemen will naturally desire to present themselves in the latest style of fashion. Those who are in doubt as to where they should go for a first class fit in gentlemen's clothing will be safe to call at Mr. Goltman's estabishment, where they will find everything in gentlemen's farnishings of the best durable materiable, of the
and cut and fitted in the most fashionable manner.

## THE INTERNATIONAL RELIEF SOCIETY AT MANHEIM.

Already in past numbers we have spoken at length of the International Society for the Relief of the Sick and Wounded in War, and have given some account of its labours at the diferent points throughout France and Germany, where its It is the doing good service in che cause of haman charity. illustration, that the Manheim branch of the society was one of the earliest established after the breaking out of the war, that it includes many members of the highest families of the great commercial city, and that in other respects it differs in no way from its sister-guilds.

## SHERBROOKE AND ST. FRANCIS RIVER.

The pretty town of Sherbrooke, in the county of the same name, occupies on elevated situation on both banks of the River Magog, where it empties itself into the St. Francis, at the point known as the Lower Locks. The St. Francis, one Weedon passes through Dudswell, Bury and Westbury, Weedon, passes through Dudswell, Bury and Westoury, north-west and sweeps past Lennoxville and Sherbrooke on its course into Lake St. Peter. The town one of the most thriving in the Eastern Townships, is situated on the line of the Grand Trunk, which passes for some little distance close by the river. It possesses valuable woollen and cotton manufactures and is the seat of the district courts. It sends one representative to the House of Commons and the Legislative Assembly of the Province respectively, the present representative in the former being Hon. Sir A. T. Galt K. M. G., and in the latter the Hon. J. G. Robertson, Treasurer of Quebec and member of the Executive Council of the Province. Mr Robertson also occupied for many years the position of Mayor of towands the South is after a drawing by Dr. G Bompas The population of the town may be set down at about 2,000 .

## THE MARKET PLACE AND TOWN HALL

 OF ORLEANSIn their march upon Tours, at that time the seat of the Provisional Government, the first obstacle that presented itself on the way to the victorious Prussians, was the city of Orleans. It was absolutely necessary to occupy the place, as unless this were done it would afford a strong vantage ground for the enemy, from which they could harass the rear of the forces attacking Tours, and considerably hinder the operations of the army to the south of Paris. The city therefore became the object of a hotly contested fight between the Bavarians under Von der Tann', and the troops in garrison, consisting principally of the scattered relics of Marshal McMahons army, whi a few battalions of Mobiles. The battle raged for two days, the 10 th and 11th of October, and paratively small cost of 700 killed and wounded. The vicparatively smail cost of $\quad$ torious Bavarians entered the city, and troops were sent torious Bavarians entered the city, and troops were sent
forward along the line of the railway by Meung and Beangency to follow up the fugitive army to Tours. This state of affairs, however, lasted but for a short while. Von der
Tann fonnd himelf in a trap, and being hard pressed by Gen. Aurelle de Paladines, who had assumed the suprcme command of the army of the Loire, he was compelled to evacuate Orleans and retire towards Paris, where he was reenforced by the Duke of Mecklenburg's corps and that of Duke Albrecht. Afterwards he was joined by Prince Frederick
Charles, and the combined armies, under the leadership of
the Prince, once more advanced to the attack. De Paladines was defeated, and in turn compelled to evacuate the city, Which was once more entered by the Prussians
Our illustration gives the scene before the Town-hall at the time of the entry of the Prussians in the city. In the rear rise
the towers of the beautiful old church of St. Croix the the towers of the beautiful old church of St. Croix the
Cathedral of the celebrated Bishop Dupanloup, whose name is so well known throughout the world for the able and daring manner in which he has discussed many questions of great public interest, and who recently issued a pastoral on the state of France in which he urged courage and constancy in the war, until the invaders should be repelled.

$$
\begin{aligned}
& \text { Written for the Canadian Illustrated News.] } \\
& \text { CHRISTMAS. } \\
& \begin{array}{l}
\triangle \text { PICTURE } \triangle \text { FTER THEOPGILE GAUTIER. } \\
\text { The heavens are black-the earth is white }
\end{array} \\
& \begin{array}{l}
\text { The heavens are black-the earth is white ; } \\
\text { Ring out, wild joy-bells, to the skies ! }
\end{array} \\
& \begin{array}{l}
\text { Jesus is born; the Virgin bright } \\
\text { Bends o'er Him with enraptured eyea. }
\end{array} \\
& \begin{array}{l}
\text { Around the mystic infant's head } \\
\text { No fold of slumbrous curtain streams; } \\
\text { Only the gider's airy thread } \\
\text { Drops from the stable's dusty beams. }
\end{array} \\
& \begin{array}{l}
\text { The baby, nestling in the straw, } \\
\text { Thrills with the cold in every limb; }
\end{array} \\
& \begin{array}{l}
\text { The ox and ass, in seeming arye. } \\
\text { Kneel down and warmly breathe on him. }
\end{array} \\
& \text { 0'er that thatched hovel in the night } \\
& \begin{array}{l}
\text { Heaven opens, dazzling es the morn, } \\
\text { While bands of Angels, cothed in white, } \\
\text { Sing to the shepherds, "Christ is born." }
\end{array}
\end{aligned}
$$

Montreal,

GEORGE MURRAY,

## VARIETIES.

Why is opinion like an owl ? Because it has two $z^{\prime} s$. (This poor joke is still going the round" at twenty years of age.) The new Spanish King is threatened with assassination, and
serious fears are entertained that he will never reach Madrid, the Spanish people being very much averse to a foreign Prince.
The Right Hon. Mr Bright has resigned Presidency of the Board of Trade, the state of his health not permitting him to take an active part in ministerial duties.

The French Government has dismissed Gen. Sol for retreating precipitately from Tours. The general is a distant relation of the year. (This one is new but feeble.)
The King of Prussia, in reply to an address from the delegates from the Reichstag, returned thanks for the supplies voted for the prosecution of the war, and signified his acceptance of the title of Emperor of Germany.
A London despatch says: A special despatch to the Manchester Guardian from Berlin says a conference of representatives of the neutral powers has been held at the Foreign office here, at which the following basis for peace was agreed to Acquiescence in the annexation of Luxemburg to Prussia recognition of the German Empire ; payment by France of an of two fortresses on the German frontier, and the cession of a portion of Alsace. The conference on the Eastern Question it is now understood, will meet here some time in January:

## CHESE.

ENIGMA NO. 6.
White.-K. at K. B. 7th. ; B. at Q. 7th. ; Kts. at Q. Kt. 7th. and Q. 3rd. ; Ps. at K. B. 3rd ; K. B. 4th.; K. 3rd.; Q. 2nd.; Q. B. 3rd., and Q. Kt. 3rd

Black.-K. at Q. 4th.; R. at K. R. 7 th ; B. at K. R. 6 th. ; Ps at K. 5th.; Q. 5 th. ; Q. B. 5th. ; Q. Kt. 3rd., and Q R. 4th.

White to play, and mate in three moves.

Soletion of Problem No. 23.
White.
t. to Q Black.

Kt. to Q. B. 3rd. (best.)
P. takes P.
Rook takes
P. takes Q.
Any move.

Rook takes P. mate

Temperature in the shade, and Barometer indications for the week ending Monday, Dec. 19, 1870, observed by John Underhill, Optician to the Medical Faculty of McGill University, 299 Notre Dame Street.

| Tuesday, | Dec. 13. |  | 94. M. | $\begin{gathered} 1 \text { p. м. } \\ 36^{\circ} \end{gathered}$ | 6 P. M |
| :---: | :---: | :---: | :---: | :---: | :---: |
|  |  |  | 35 |  |
| Wednesday, | " | 14 |  | $35^{\circ}$ | $36{ }^{\circ}$ | 348 |
| Thursday, | " | 15. | $17{ }^{\circ}$ | $17{ }^{\circ}$ | 110 |
| Friday, | " 1 | 16. | $18^{\circ}$ | 220 | $18^{\circ}$ |
| Saturday, | " 1 | 17. | $19{ }^{\circ}$ | $26{ }^{\circ}$ | $25^{\circ}$ |
| Sunday, | " | 18. | $18^{\circ}$ | $20^{\circ}$ | $12{ }^{\circ}$ |
| Monday, | " 1 |  | 150 | $21^{\circ}$ | $21^{\circ}$ |
|  |  |  | Max. | Mrg. | Meas. |
| Tuesday, | Dec. | 13. | $38^{\circ}$ | $28^{\circ}$ | $33^{\circ}$ |
| Wednesday, | " | 14. | $37^{\circ}$ | $29{ }^{\circ}$ | $33^{\circ}$ |
| Thursdey, | " 1 | 15. | $19^{\circ}$ | $16{ }^{\circ}$ | 1705 |
| Friday, | " 1 | 16. | $24^{\circ}$ | $10^{\circ}$ | $17{ }^{\circ}$ |
| Saturday, | " 1 | 17. | $28^{\circ}$ | $12{ }^{\circ}$ | $20{ }^{\circ}$ |
| Sunday, | " | 18. | $22{ }^{\circ}$ | $12{ }^{\circ}$ | 170 |
| Monday, | " 1 |  | $22^{\circ}$ | $6{ }^{\circ}$ | $14^{\circ}$ |

Aneroid Barometer compensated and corrected.

|  |  | 9 4. M. | 1 p. m. | 6 P. |
| :---: | :---: | :---: | :---: | :---: |
| Tuesday, | Dec. 13 | 30.10 | 30.66 | 30.02 |
| Wednesday, | " 14 | 29.78 | 29.74 | 29.76 |
| Thursday, | 15 | 29.84 | 29.90 | 30.00 |
| Friday, | 16 | 30.06 | 30.10 | 30.16 |
| Saturday, | ", 17 | 30.12 | 30.02 | 29.86 |
| Sunday, | " 18 | 29.85 | 29.80 | 29.78 |
| Monday, | " 18 | 30.24 | 30.25 | 30.16 |

## MEDICAL HALL

Opposite the Post office, and Branch in Phillip's Square.
Have you ever travelled in the Floridas, fair readers? If not, you cannot know what a sensuous, over-powering, almost intoxioating perfume loads the air. For there there
are forests of Magnolia, whose great white are forests of Magnolia, whose great white
blossoms, covering lofty trees, are bespangled with heavy dews of night, and when the morning sun comes, then these bright drops, gligtening tears of the night, impregnated with
the odour of the flower, are scattered and absorbed, while the perfume set free is nourishing the air, as Tom Moore says:-
"You may seatter the vase if you will,
But the scent of the rose will cling round it still."
Go to Mexico and there again is the royalty of perfun
flowers.
Go to Sevillel oh the odour of those bridal blossoms, the Orange. Now they fall like incense on our sense of smell.
Go to Nice and see the fields on fields, acres on acres of tube roses, heliotrope, and geranium. Then next examine the fields beyond -your sense of smell will guide you-there is a burst of roses, poetry is satisfied, all the
senses are satisfied; the eye is astonished, for here are all the roses you ever heard or read of, and all grown, not to delight the eye, not to decorate any gallant's button hole, not to form a bouquet to adorn the virgin bosom of to be plucked and crushed for market.

Bat ah, there are other flowers ; the primrose, golden as lightest hair of gold, and the weet briar, humble, forbidding-looking shrub, yet, like some homely face, what a perfume of soul there is within. And oh, ye beds of violets that beneath the fallen leaf
open your sweet eyes towards heaven, are not your delicate perfumes like the gentlest and softest zephyrs that ever blew in fairy bower. and the rich perfume of the dried flowers whose rare fragrance is yielded up to the
alembic of the Chemist. These, with a hundred other varieties, are made subsidiary to the perfumer's art.
Birds and flowers are the symbols of peace, they are the offerings of the beautiful to the brave, and the brave to the beautiful.
There are perfumes in the animal world, such as the musk ${ }_{2}$ there are perfumes in the vegetable world, and of course mostly in the floral.
The ancients used these perfumes for their grand halls, and on all occasions; and we read that even Nero had a means of filling the
whole of the Coliseum with sweet perfumes by the aid of evaporating steam. In modern times we perfume everything. Rimmell perfumes every programme at Theatre, Concert, or Ball in London and Paris. To pass his shops one would think there must be a perfect universe of flowers within, with the Ottar of Roses as the prime perfumer. The amount of perfume which is received from regular gar-
dens which are devoted to the cultivation of flowers is enormous. We read of one gentleman growing 50 acres of violets, 100 acres of moss rose, 50 acres of tube rose, and 50 more of heliotrope. They are generally obtained in the form of oils, and all the various peroils combined. Having once discovered a new combination, our soaps are at once changed, in fact all our toilet apparatus. The most popular perfume at present is the "White Rose," and Cleoperfame is of so exquisite a nature that in Cleopatra had known its secret she wonld
never have wasted a pearl on Antony, but simply have intoxicated his senses with this delicious aroma. At the Medical Hall, Caupisul co., opposite the Past Once, ther is as extensive a laboratory as any to
be found in their line in the world, and the variety of articles which is here displayed is simply marvellous. Here are Lubin's Perfumes, Pomades, and Soaps, At kinson's never dying White Rose, Rimmell's Hendries' Court Bouquets, containing banche of riolete, and a patent obtrusive fan ; Farina's

Eau de Cologne, Smith's Lavender, Gold and Silver capped Smelling Bottles, Steam Machines for the Drawingroom to load the air with perfumes, Soaps of the best English manufacsplendid stock, such hair brushes, such ornaments for the boudoir and the toilet table have never been seen before in Montreal. All the perfumes known in Europe are here to

## CAMPBELL \& CO.,

Madical Hall,
Opposite Post Office.
And Branch Establishment, Phillip's Square.
[Writen for the Canadian Ilustrated Nowo.]

## Half A Ghost!

## by trasif reaubs.

## CHAPTER I.

Two hundred years ago Asheforde Hall whe quaint, ramshackle old building of the Tudor style, standing far away from any town or vil of Staffordshire. The Hall had been built by a baronet of Henry VII.'s time, and had remained in the possession of the Asheforde
family until the Protectorate, when old Sir family until the Protectorate, when old Sir
Harry, a staunch and- stern royalist, had been farry, a staunch ande stern roce where he died some years before the Restoration, heaving an On e, and Eng End Sir Harry had left the Hall in the hands of his intendant, Jasper Bel lamy to whom shortly before his death, sup posing his scapegrace son to be dead, he had bequeathed all his belongings "as a testimony to the said Jasper's devotion to his master's interests, and a reward for many years on the old baronet's liberality to the servant Whom he was wont to speak as a scoundrelly cropear, who would dare and do all for greed,
but Jasper, Puritan as he was, had taken the oath of allegiance to the second Charles, and undisturbedy enjoyed the good-fortune that had befallen him, hearing
It was Christmas tim
before Christmas, in the year one thousand six before Christmas, in the year one thousand six
hundred and sixty-nine. But the weather was hundred and sixty-nine. Buthike. For days past anything bat christmas-1.1ke. For days past impassable, and many ol the broad Staffordshire valleys were laid completety under water. Travel was almost entirely stopped, and the inmates of many a good old English home that year lamented the absence of relations and and the state of the roads from being present at the Christmas festivities.
Three persons sat at table in the diningroom of Asheforde Hall-a great, grim, gloomy apartment, floored and wainscoted with dark, time-stained oak, and lighted by broad bay-
windows with latticed diamond panes. He windows with latticed diamond panes. He who occupied the seat of honour at the table was a man of forty-ight years of age, or thereabout, burly and heavily built, head, on which the iron-gray hair was cropped short, leaving a pair of immense ears protruding. The expression of his face was anything but agreeable. The eyes were dark and piercing, but small and deep set; and his thin lips
and sharp slightly curved nose indicated a and sharp, slightly curved nose indicated a subtile and cruel nature. His crafty face wore a sanctimonious expression that suited ill its
general appearance. He was dressed plaiply -ostentatiously plainly for one in his posi-tion-in a black stuff doublet and Flemish hose and breeches of the same doleful hue; his long straight sword had but a black leather scabbard, and on the floor af his siombere type
tall steeplecrowned hat of the sombre generally worn by the Puritans. On his right sat an individual similarly dressed, but without a sword, and wearing the Geneva bands
which betokened the non-conformist minister of the time. His finely-chiselled face wore an expression of mingled pain and resignation, as of a man who had seen much trouble, but whose lamblike nature refused to rebel, and submitted without a marmur to the cruelest Master Bracebridge had cause to sorrow. Since
the accession of the King his life had been the accession of the King his life had bees Urged by feelings of loyalty to the Parliament which he had pledged himself to sustain, and by a rare spirit of conscientiousness, which for bade him to violate this pledge, he had re-
fused to take the oath of allegiance to the fused to take the oath of allegiance to the
reigning sovereign, and had thenceforth been
subjected to incessant persecution at the subjected to incessant persecution at the
hands of the unrincipled informers of the
nime rime, wh Papist and Puritan - Sone of Belial to against Papist and Paritan-sons of Belial to
whom no
price had been set upon his head, and he had Bellamp thed to seek shelter in the house of now found to be unsafe, and he was casting about for a more secure retreat.
Opposite him sat a figure that seemed entirely out of place in such sober company-a hearty, handsome man of five-and-ube mechlin
whose bright doublet, fine rufles of M lace, and long brown hair and peaked beard
and mustache marked him out as a very difand mustache marked him out as a very dif-
ferent being from his sad-faced companions ferent being from his sad-faced companions.
He was sitting easily and gracefully on a tali He was sitting easily and gracefully on a tal
spindle-legged chair, on the high back of spindle-legged chair, on the high
which hung his gay beaver, ornamented with a long white plume, in the insouciant cavalie table, wile with the ther he toyed on the tall, whime witthed Venetian glass, newly diled from the flask before him. The Chevafamily, and, like most younger sons, had had his own way to make in the world. On coming of age he had entered the army of the
French King, where he served with both distinction and profit.
The tall room was comfortably lit up by numerous wax tapers distributed upon the used to say that it was but ill seeming to set light under a bushel-and on the old-fashioned hearth at the far end of the room sputtered and crackled a huge beech log, whose red ligh rove back the paler gleam of the candles from its own domain, and brightened the old oaken wainscoting and furniture with a crim the geaw that struck like blood-stains agains the heavy blackness of the wood. The warmth the shelter and the bright where the rein poured in hesy torrents and the wind whistled and soughed among the and trees round the Hall in a most cheerless, dispiriting manner. The conversation had for some time time past $a$ welt on the westher and the chances whether Bellamy's two sonsTemple, and was a student of the. inne bridge-would be able to make their way to the Hall in time for Christinas Day. But Bellamy now changed the sabject.
" $\Delta$ nd so, Master Gifford, you will back to Hrance. I doubt not but that the French King is ever more ready to reward his servants than is his cousin of England. Yet methinks your late father would, an he were yet alive,
have but small care for his son to serve King Louis when there be blows to strike for King Charles and England.
"Such is my intent, Master Bellamy," r plied the personage addressed, " for King Louis
was ever a kind and a gracious master and was wort to say that the Chevalier Gifford we of the trustiest of his following. As for my father, his son is not ashamed of fighting for the cause for which he both fought and fell. King breathe no word again no will drink him long life in the tallest beaker Venetia ever made. Methinks, Master Bellamy," he added, seeing that the others made over hasty to charge me with disaffection. What ! do you refuse sach a toast, man?"
Gifford," kaid the minister in slow and mend Gifford," said the minister in slow and measured accents, "that we who have pat ofi the
old man from us have nought to do with such old man from us have nought to do with such carnal vanies as the drinking of toasts and
the pledging of healths. Better is the gleaning of the grapes of Ephraim than the vintanof Abiezer. Nevertheless; though I do refuse to drink the health of King Charles at whose bands I have received much hart, yet the Scriptures do command us to love our enemies and to pray for them that despitefully use us, and therefore do I wish His Majesty both prosperity and health, and I will ever pray that the wisdom of solomon be given unto
him to rule aright the people over whom he is set."

Worthy Master Bracebridge is right," interrupted the host, hastily, while an angry scowi contracted his brow, "though his word but we have business unaccustomed smack socure retreat must be devisad for our worth pestor and to by your leave, Master worthy pardor, Chevalier Gifford, we will withdraw to treat of these matters together, and leave you to finish your wine alone."
The two non-conformists then withdrew and Gifford, rising from his seat, tossed off his bumper to the King; and commenced striding now and then to replenish his glase.
"The scarry old numbskull 1 " he exclaimed at last, "to speak thus of my serving the French King, to whom I owe my all-wife
title, and fortane. Sdeath ! tis but smal thanks or reward a true cavalier may win in England, while these cowardly crop.ears have it all their own way as though old Noll still ruled the rosst. His Majesty plays his cards but ill In thus forgetting the services of his best
friends. Wisdom of Solomon, forshoth; an lacks not

## Majesty.'

a tew more turns and another pause at the table, he resumed his soliloquy.
"I like not the look of that fellow Bellamy,
albeit he is mine host. Methinks he were one to give a sly thrust in the dark, were he anywise to be proited thereby. An I knew not Master Bracebridge for a simple, hones gentleman, Puritan and parson though he be, nethinks ${ }^{\prime}$ 'were but for ill they devise togethe o-night. God save us!" he continued, as the
 djoining apartment, "an they be not at high words.
And indeed the tones of the voices in the next room were both loud and menacing, and word was distinctly heard by the occupant of the dining-room
"I tell you then, Master Bracebridge, that will have it, cost what it may

And I tell you, Jasper Bellamy, that the sacred trust conided to me by my nisters hue band shall not be betrayed. I will keep it sure and safe, even unto the bitter end. Bu
twere well to moderate your voice, Master twere well to moderate your voice, Mastor
Bellamy, perchance the Chevalier may hear Bella
us."
F
"Fear not," returned the host," yon Chevalier, as you please to call him, is hard and placed before him by best Burgundy and Al placed before An he heve heard aught 'twill have slipper from his drowsy memory by morning. But once more, Master Bracebridge, will you no deliver me that I ask of you?
"I will not," retarned the minister, and steps
room.
"
" Yet stay, worthy Master Bracebridge," said Bellamy, in a softer tone, "we will speak he added, "to-morrow we will seek your hiding-place, where you may be safe from the nares of the hunters.'
When the worthy Chevalier rose next day it was well on to noon, for truth to tell he had not spared his host's wine, and his potaions, which had been both long and deep,
induced a heavy slumber, from which he induced a heavy slumber, from which he cured the night before. He was somewhat astonished then, on rising, to find slipped under his door a small packet addressed to him, and bearing a few lines in the corner, signed by Bracebridge, bidding him keep the packet unopened until such time as it should be required of him. His wonder was increased night's who had evidently not changed his dress since the night before, and was covered with dust and mud from head to foot. Bellamy apologised for the minister's absence, and for the condition of his dress, by saying that Master Bracebridge and himself had started in the neighbouring county, that Bracebridge had remained, and that he had but that ma remaine,
"Strange I" thought Gifford when his host left the room. Strange that Master Bracebriage should havo ear has hecing-place. Yet sure no, else would he not have entrusted me with the package. "Betray !" 一methinks I heard that word last night."

Master Bellamy," he continued as the Puritan re-entered the room, "I would fain have seen Master Bracebridge e'er he left for I have that of his that I would desire to return to him. Is it not possible for an old
friend to visit him ?" friend to visit him?"

Content you, content you, I pray, Master Chevalier. The hue and cry after our dear brother must needs soon be over, and till then
t'were dangerous to visit him. But if you were dangerous to visit him. But if you may entrust it with all safety into my keeping, and $I$ will cause it to be delivered him." "I wonld give it to none save him," returned the Chevalier curtly, and the conver
sation then dropped.
Day after day Gifford put the same question to his host, with invariably the same result. At last his supicions became thoroughly roused, and one day-it was a week since he last
had seen the Puritan minister-be determined apon presaing the demand. Bellamy at firs returned the usual answer, but finding that the Chevalier would take no refusal, he at last consented with no good grace, and with What sounded uncommoniy lize a hali-smothered oath. However, he immediately broke into a laugh-an unw.
him-and added gaily

A wilful man must have his way, and I suppone you, Master Chevalier, will even and we shall then arrive at Mestor Brace bridge's hiding-place under cover of night." At noon the Chevalier, having placed in his bosom the packet whieh he intended returning to Bracebridge, and having wrapped himself in a thick riding cloak, for the foul weather had not yet abated, stood on the steps of the Hall anxiously awaiting the coming ance, and after he had given some instructions in alow tone to an attendant, the two
mounted their horses. In so doing Gifford mounted their horses. In so doing Gifford strapped to his saddle, while a simillar one




THE MARKET PLACE AND HOTKI-DE-VILLE, OKIEANS


## Calendar for the week ending saturday,

 DECEMBER 31, 1870Sonday, Dec. 25.-Christmas Day. Champlain died, 1635. Monday, " 26.-St. Stephen, Protomartyr. Stephen crown
Tussdax, " 27.-St. John the Evangelist. Belgian Inde pendence achieved, 1830.
Wednesdax, " 28.-Holy Innocents. Buffalo burnt, 1813.
T'iursbax, " 29.-Lord Stafford beheaded, 1689.. Steam
Friday, "30.-Black Rock burnt 1813
Saturdax, $^{\text {31.-St. Sylvester, Bp. }} \begin{gathered}\text { at Quebec, } 1775 \text {. }\end{gathered}$
THE CANADIAN ILLUSTRATED NEWS.
MONTREAL, SATURDAY, DECEMBER 24, 1870.

## OUR SUPPLEMENT.

To this issue we have added a second sheet, or full size sup plement, by way of distinguishing our "Christmas Number." Its contents are:

## hlustrations.

Page 421.-Glory to God in the Highast 424.-Tha Flight into Egypt.

Doble 425 - Christ
Tris fine picture, after Titian, has been so
produced as to be dotacaced and framed
separately, or bound in with the volume
at the option of subscribers; hence it is
neither pased nor printed on
 29.-Purity.
na Beatty.
Two pictures seleoted from Dore's illus
trations of Hod's Fairy Realm.

## letter press.

Page 422.-Tha Holidays, \&o "-Tris Dodble-Bedded Roow-A Christmas story 426.-A Relise.
427.- Several Notices suitable for the season.
430.-A Poem by S. J. Watson-" The Lrasid or
 "Fairy Realm."
$W_{\mathrm{e}}$ are glad to have the opportunity of again wishing the readers of the Canadian Illustrated News "A riget merrry Ceristmas and many pleasant returns of the Srason!" Those of them who have watched the progrese of the paper since last Christmas will, we are sure, acknowledge the great progress it has made, and will accordingly, accept its congratulations with the hearti ness always inspired by a cordial recognition from a respectable acquaintance who is rising in the world. We have only to say, here, that we have made an effort to issue a number this week suitable for the season; and one which, while showing the enterprise of the Proprietor will, we hope, also meet with the approbation of our subscribers, who, having thus received their "Christmas box" from the News, cannot do better than return the compliment at Nsw Year's by making it a "gift" in the shape of persuading as many of their friends as possible to become subscribers for 1871 .

Firexinn years ago the Austrian Cabinet proposed to the Allies then engaged in war with Russia, terms of peace to which they assented without, however, agreeing to suspend hostilities. The Russian Government, though beaten in the field, was obstinate in the Cabinet. The Austrian Minister, Count Esterhazy, found Nesselrode more obdurate than the Ministers of victorious France and England. $\mathfrak{I t}$ was only when Prussia had instructed Baron Werther to earnestly press the acceptance of the terms upon the St. Petersburg Government, and when the allies had exhibited a determination to push the war with renewed vigour, that the haughty Gortschakoff recommended the young Czar to agree to the terms which his father had disdainfully refused. Seldom does death step in so opportunely to settle international quarrels as it did in the case of the late Emperor Nicholas. But it appears that even his "taking off" secured only a truce, and that the question in dispute was deferred instead of being settled. Had the Crimean war been continued for another year, it is scarcely likely that there would now have been a question about the neutrality of the Black Sea; and had Britain's navy seized, as it should have seized and annezed the Russian possessions in Azeerica, then Mr. Seward would have been saved his seven million dollar land operation, and Canada the annoyance of having some of its territory sandwiched between that of another and not always very friendly power. These and other consi-
derations make it evident that peace was rather precipitately concluded at the beginning of 1856. Russia now declares that the treaty of Paris made in February of that year is no longer binding, and will not be respected by her, and the powers, instead of restoring the condition of war to which the treaty put an end, have consented to hold a conference and reconsider the terms imposed upon the Czar, and this conference will perhaps have assembled in London before these lines reach our readers.
There is no reason why the Powers to the Treaty of Paris may not reconsider its terms; but when Russia has obtained the conference without withdrawing its claim to set the treaty aside, of its own motion, it seems as if a sub. stantial advantage had already been achieved by that power. The peculiar position of the nations made Ruseia's opportunity exceedingly tempting. With Prussia favourable or indifferent to Russian aggrandisement ; France powerless ; Italy preoccupied with the annezation of Rome; Austria fully engaged at home, and England unable, or at least unwilling, to fight, the Autocrat could have had no more favourable occasion in which to abolish, in his own interest, the neutrality of the Black Sea. . The response which the Russian note evoked from Earl Granville was so much more plucky than was anticipated that for a time it was hoped the Russian pretensions would be abandoned, but the proposition for a Conference of the Powers to assemble at London, agreed to without the withdrawal of the Russian claims, exposes Earl Granville to the suspicion of having slightly backed out of his position. The point was a delicate one to insist on, however. The parties had simply said "I will"" "You won't!" and now they meet to reconsider the treaty without reference to these angry notes. The powers again meet on the suggestion of Austria, and we hope they will succeed in patching up an agreement that'will settle the vexatious Eastern question, or at least postpone it until the natural course of events, neither accelerated nor impeded by war, may bring forth the right solution.
The prospect is not, however, altogether reassuring. Since the Conference has been accepted without the renunciation by Russia of her claim to set the old treaty aside, it is not to be supposed that a demand for this will be made now, or that if made it would be acceded to. In fact, with Prussia preparing to seize and annex Laxemburg, in defiance of treaty and without the pretence of even war; and with such things as have recently been dope in Italy, treaties to the contrary notwithstanding, we can almost fancy the Russian Government laughing in its sleeve at the farce of the representatives of such countries meeting to discuss the respect due to treaties where interest is to be served by their violation and the opportunity of setting them aside occurs. The chance is an exceedingly good one for Rugsia. It will discover by this Conference how much the other powers are willing to concede; it will gain time to prepare for contingencies, and as in the meantime the frost has forbidden the Black Sea neutrality to be disturbed for the next few months, Russia is, at the worst, losing nothing, while she is undoubtedly going to gain all that can be gained by ascertaining the views of the other governments, and seeing how far they will quietly per mit her to carry out her designs. Nor is it denied that the progress of events and the lapse of time have made some of the provisions of the treaty either unnecessarily burthensome or practically useless, so that a modification of its conditions may be certainly predicated as a necessary result of the meeting of the Conference, and that modification will undoubtedly be favourable to Russian freedom of action in the future. The advantages are therefore, so far, decidedly in favour of the great power of the North, but it would be a mistake to conclude, as some of the indignant London newspapers have rashly done, that England has abdicated her place as one of the first-class powers of Europe, because she has accepted the Conference without insisting on the retractation of the objectionable pretensions in Prince Gortschakof's note. The fact is, that from the moment when Russia assented to the Austrian proposal for a Conference, the complaint of Earl Granville against the Cabinet of St. Petersburg became a mere "sentimental grievance," far more insignificant than that for which Napoleon was so deservedly censured for having made an ostensible casus belli. There is nothing undignified in the present attitude of England; the notes of the respective Governments are simply superceded, and the course of action is now taken which Earl Granville at first declared would be admissible; that is, a discussion of the terms of the treaty with a view to their revision. There are those who believe another conflict for supremasy in the East inevitable, and some who think the sooner it comes the better it will be for British interests; but the putting off of such a struggle, if it cannot be prevented, is surely a good work, and we may at least hope with reason that the Conference will be able to accomplish this inconclusive but desirable result.

## LADY LISGAR.

We are sure that one of the illustrations most pleasing to our Canadian readers, in this, as we are vain enough to consider it, very attractive number of the News, will be the portrait of Lady Lisgar. Just think of it I A way in the shanties of the backwoodsman; around among the houses, great and small, in the crowded cities; off by the roaring billows of ocean and up to the furthest west of this Dominion, does the News introduce the gentle and noble lady as a genial Christmas visitor ! Yes! and her ladyship will indeed be made right welcome in every Canadian home ; for since Lord Lisgar (then Sir John Young) arrived in Canada, his amiable and accomplished wife has fully shared with him the respect and esteem of the Canadian people. We are also enabled to send our friends Lady Lisgar's autograph-that is, an exact fac-simile of it-and we may take the liberty of adding that no doubt these vicarial courtesies have already been preceded by her Ladyship's good wishes for a happy Christmas in every home in Canada.
Lady Lisgar is the daughter of the late Marchioness of Headfort, by her first husband, Edward Tuite Dalton, Esq , and was married to Lord Lisgar on the 8th April 1835, before his accession to the baronetage. We regret to learn that the Christmas rejoicings at Rideau Hall have been clonded by the death of her Ladyship's step-father the Marquis of Headfort which event took place on the loth of the present month the Marquis being in his 84th year.

## OUR CHRISTMAS ILLUSTRATIONS.

Who does not remember the anxiety and eager expectation with which we, as children, used to look forward to the dawn ing of Christmas Day'; how on the évening before, as we went to rest, we would make up our mind to keep awake all night, and watch for this benevolent Santa Claus who brought us so many beautiful presents; how we would struggle with the sleepiness that gradually stole over us ; how impotent our efforts were to rebel against the wiles of the drowsy god, and how at last the eyelids drooped and closed, only to be reopened next morning to gaze upon the wealth of treasures that the good fairy had brought us while we slept. If there is one moment of pure, unmixed satisfaction in the life of mortals, it is surely that minute of joyful remembrance, curiosity and gratification that follows a child's wakening on the morning of Christmas Day. Look at the urchin in our firstpage illustration-he has such a mine of treasure around him that he is almost bewildered by happiness, and is reduced to a state of helpless inertia by the quantity of his riches. There he stands on his little bed, nursing just as many of his treasures as he can hold at once, in a state of beatific coma. Our other illustrations ${ }^{4}$ are also in connection with the children's Christmas pleasures-the child's imaginary friend, good Santa Claus, at his work on Christmas Eve ; "Bringing in the Plum-Pudding," the time-honoured Christmas dish that has so many illnesses to answer for; and the return from "Grandpapa's Christmas Party."

The 9th. ult., the Birthday of H. R. H. the Prince of Wales, Herm Apparentr, was celebrated at Bristol, N. B., by the Order of the Golden Circle. Knights and Ladies of the Order held a Banquet at 1 p.m. At 3 a sermon was delivered from the text "Fear God, honour the King," followed by speeches and refreshments in the evenipg. This Institution is arrayed against Intemperance, Disloyalty, Gambling and is arrayed against Manitemperance, Disloyalty, Gambing and
municated.

## THE WAR NEWS.

Yo engagements of any great importance have occurred since those mentioned in our last week's record. Ducrot still holds his position on the peninsula of st. Manr, and active preparaions are being made by the besieged in Paris for another vigorous sortie, to follow ap the advantages gained on
the second and third inst. The Prussians who, last week, where me second and third inst. The Prussians who, last ween, where wards, after having occupied Fecamp and Y vetot. The object of the retreat is to reinforce the corps which, under the Duke of Mecklenburg, is opposed to the army of the Loire. This army, which has been reinfored by some 40,000 men, is now divided into three corps, one of which, under Gen. Chansy, is in the neighbourhood of Tours, while the others occupy Blois and the surrounding country. An encounter took place near the laft named place on the 16 h, in which the Prussians were bady beaten. Vendome has been occupied by the Prussian troops who evacuated Verneuil. In the east Belfort stil holds out; but Montmedy and Phalsbourg have both capitulated. The Biege of the latter fortress, the key of the
Paris letters of the 9th, announce the situation of the Go vernment, and the repulse of the army of the Loire, and the recapture of Orleans have not discoaraged the Parisians. There is a general demand for more sorties, and the universal approval of the answer sent by Truchu to Moltke. The people
all say they will resist to the last. The measures taken by all say they will resist to the last. The measures taken by the Government since the commencement of the siege are accepted willingly by the population. Having ensured itself gainst the waste of provisions, of which there are enough have fresh meat rationed to the inhavitants, other provisions being sufficient for 6 months.

The Kreuz Zeitung denies that Prussia has any designs upon Luxemburg, and affirms that Prussia has resolved to sabmit to arbitration her complaints relative to the violation of the neutrality of the Government of the Duchy, with a vicw to a claim for indemnity.
was attached to his companion's saddle; but Bellamy, remarking his look of surprise, whispered to him that they merely contained food and articles of clothing for the fugitive. This somewhat oalmed the Chevalier's suspicions, and made: him almost regret that he should have thought so ill of one who was so
solicitous about the welfare of a friend in distress.
After a six hours' ride through the bleak
and desolate country, the two horsemen and desolate country, the two horsemen
arrived in a broad valley, with undulating arrived in a broad valiey, with undulating
sides, thickly studded with bare and leafless trees. An hour past the rain had ceased to
fall, and though many thick, heavy clouds fall, and though many thick, heavy clouds sky, and threw a flitting darkness over the bright moonlight, the night had cleared to all intents and purposes. At the end of the valley Gifford made out, by the shifting ungrew a group of low, stunted, leafless trees.
His companion, who latterly had been watching him narrowly, remarked briefly "Tis yonder," and then relapsed into a moody

On arriving before the embankment the pair dismounted, and having secured their horses, proceeded to ascend the slight eleva-
tion before them-a work of no little difficulty, for the heavy rains had converted the
clayey soil into a thick clinging mire, into clayey soil into a thick clinging mire, into
which they sunk deep at every step, and the which they sunk deep at every step, and the cloud, it was no easy matter for them to pick Gifford, with his hand on the hilt of his rapier companion-for his suspicions had all returned, followed his host alcng a narrow pathway "This way," summit
a sharp turn to the right; and after a few more steps he stopped. Gifford stopped too.
"Where is he?" he asked in a low tone.
"Hush," returned Bellamy. "Here. H will come immediately." And he gavea long,
low cry like the call of the plover. "He comes," he continued, bending down as if to catch the sound of approaching footsteps.
Gifford heard nothing, but he stooped too. Gust then the moon emerged from behind the loud that obscured it and threw its silver lay at his very feet, hedged in by a deep border of gloom that served the more to reveal
its ghastliness-a dead, white, silent sea sunk its ghastliness-a dead, white, silent
far down in the bowels of the earth.

Where is he?" said Gifford again-
"Merciful heaven! what is this? A blow like an electric shock, a fall through spacedizziness, sickness, all the horrors of a night-
mare. Still falling ! Will it never end? is there no bottom? How long is this terrible
flight though air to last? Will it never end? What is it? A dream? A horrible midnight illusion? Where is Bellamy? Master Brace-
bridge! Will this never end? Yes. At last. bridge! Will this never end? Yes. At last. what? swim? yes I can swimg? drowning? what? swim? yes I can swim. But no, my
arms, my arms are bound. Death ? yes, t'is arms,
death!"
But it
But it was only a swoon. Gradually con-
sciousness returned. "Were am I w What is sciousness returned.-"Were am I? What is
this burning at my waist, this tightness at my
throat? Bellamy! what? he threw me here? throat? Bellamy! what? he threw me here? We came to see Master Bracebridge! Hush! we may be heard. Oh! this belt of fire, it
grips and burns, it eats into my flesh. Eh! packet? Aye, 'tis here. I have it. What?
he wanted the packet and threw me here? Fiend! Tortures of the damned, aye, I suffer them all, all! Can this last long? I strangle ! death, farewell earth! Farewell Beatrice, my poor wife! Oh God! vengeance, vengeance! Yonder is the sun-no t'is the moon! What is The right will triamph! Ha! Long live the King! Down with the crop-ears! Church and burn! water! water. Mercy, mercy! Bea,

Christmas morning, bright and fresh-a day to be ushered in with gladness, with hosannas
of thankfulness and praise. Slowly the sun
rises, gilding the rises, gilding the tops of the trees on the hiding-place: it is only juster dawne, and the white, dead sea lies still and motionless in the dim gray morning light; but at one end shapeless mass. It gets lighter and lighter. The surrounding objects - trees, hills, and ness. And this mysterious mass-as the light grows one can make out a cloak, a white, haggard face with long brown hair-nothing else.
The sun is gradually mounting the hills. It grows lighter and lighter. The day has dawned and as the sun peeps smilingly over the hills, dead sea in its midst he valley, on the cold falls on-haur a compse.

## GHAPTER II.

Christmas time, Anno Domini 1869-and everything frozen hard, and a foot of of doors the ground, that crisps and crackles under your feet, as if to wish you a merry Christmas
and many of them. Indoors, huge roaring wood fires, heavy curtains, cartloads of holly and mistletoe, and a great bustle in the re gions of the kitchen.
My last Christmas
My last Christmas as a bachelor. In Fe-
bruary I was to be married to Elsie Ashford bruary I was to be married to Elsie Ashford. I was a young fellow of six and twenty,
master of Asheforde Hall, rather proud of master of Asheforde Hall, rather proud o
my family-we are the descendants of staunch old Puritan who did Cromwell good service, and rot a substantial return in the
shape of Asheforde Hall and the broad acres surrounding it one, my income was certainly not what could be called small, and people said that plain, but rich George Bellamy was a good match for pretty, penniless Elsie Ashford, though I loved Elsie with thave matter a thought mad, blind attachment a man can experience but one in his life, and I was looking forward eagerly to the time when $I$ should have her all to myself. When I first became ac-
quainted with her, Elsie was a shy, timid little governess, supporting a widowed won earnings. Jack and I-Jack is a younger brother of mine-quarrelled about her before we had known her a week. But I had the advantage over him; he was in no position to
marry and knew it, poor fellow, so I proposed, and after some little diffidence on Elsie's part, and some delay, which I considered entirely forget how happy she made me when sher gave me,that soft, whispered little " yes" which crowned my hopes, and how I vowed that she should have a model husband, and a lot more nonsense to the same effect. And though she did add that she did not exactly love me, but she hoped she would learn to do so when she knew me better, and she would try, oh! so
hard, to make me happy, and she was so grate hard, to make me happy, and she was so grate-
ful to me, and why had I not asked some rich and beautiful lady to be my wife instead of a poor plain governess-why though these were suitor would be best pleased to hear from his adored, yet I set no count by them and put them down to the score of maidenly spend Christmas at the Hall, soming down to quaintance with her future home.
We were going to be a very quiet party at
the Hall this year, for Elsie, in her shy quiet manner, had begged that there should be no one to meet her. She was so afraid of stran-gers,-_timid little thing-so I had not the heart to refuse her. Besides whs she not all
but mistress of Asheforde Ball? That was a but mistress of Asheforde Hall? That was a queer coincidence that, Elsie Ashford to bc
mistress of Asheforde Hall. To be sure the to tell Elsie jokingly that the to tell Elsie jokingly that the old Hall was
hers by right; that it had once belonged to some ancestor of hers, in years long gone past, who had lost it and his head at the and order of his sacred majesty King Hal, or for recusancy under good Queen Bess; and
that at last old Puritan Bellamy got hold of it.
So
were only some nine of us, my party. There Fanny, my grown up sister, my mother, Jack, three little sisters and a brother, and myself The ninth was Trevor, an old college chum,
now a rising young barrister in London, who days to run deatinvitations had stolen a few Iays to run down to Asheforde Hall.
my study fire, thinking of Elfie, hour before her visit and thinking of Elsie, of course, of enjoying the warmth of the thickly currained, well-lighted room, and puffing lazily at a long delberg friend. The light the bin old Hei narcotic influence of the tobacco, had lulled me into a sort of half slumber, from which I was roused by a loud ring at the door.
now, and rushed off to meet her.
I found her in the hall, the centre of a little group composed of my mother and sister and inquiring glances of the little ones, who had heard so much of the Elsie that was coming to marry brother George.
What on earth has kept you? We've been ex. pecting you for the last three hours
She barely took the hand I offered-I didn't let it drop. So like her, shy little thing! "I am sorry I am so late, Mr. Bellamy don't know what delayed it. What a beautiful place the Hall is.
Just then my brother Jack came in. Poor fellow, how sheepish he looked as he came up our quarrel. Elsie fairly took his hand, and fairly shook it as she said
"How are you, Jack? I am so glad to see
you."

No shyness there. She greeted him heartily and looked him straight in the face as she spoke. Shyness I Who could be shy with with whom every-body, ghemselves im mediately at home. "Jack" too, not Mr Bellamy. Th
off, like boy," broke in my sister, "do be off, like good fellows, and don't stand staring at Elsie, as if she were some wild beast in a menagerie. She must be tired after her long
journey, and you keep her standing there, with the door open too, until she must be nearly rozen. I know I am.
Thus sternly admonished of our duty we recovered our senses, and allowed Elsie to be had been duly dining-room fire. After she negus in the way that cold and weary travellers have from time immemorial been treeted by their frien
to withdraw.
"Good-night, Elsie," I said as she was moving off. "I hope your first slumbers ander the roof of Asheforde Hall will be sweet
and sound. Above all I trust our family ghost won't take it into his head to pay you a ghost
visit."

A ghost!" exclaimed Elsie, with a fright ened look. "You don't mean to say the
house is haunted. You are making fun of me, George."
"No, indeed, Elsie," I returned. "Why did you ever hear of an old manor house tainer, like the old nurse, that bespeaks the antiquity and respectability of the family? But ours is a very mild sort of a ghost, a quiet, taking the west wing, evidently in search of some old' friend of his-in broad day-light even. Oh! I assure you he is a most respectable person, who keeps no late hours, and does
nobody any harm. The very children don't mind him. You needn't be afraid of him He's only half a ghost at best."
Here my mother interposed by dragging Elsie off to her bedroom, and Jack and II before turning in.
The next morning I drove over to Stafford on business, and did not return until late in me, whom I had met by appointment with railway station. We were to go to a party that evening at a friend's house on the other side of the valley, and our guests were to we found Elsie slightly indisposed. The fa tigue of the journey had been too much for her, and she had not slept over well, owing,
no doubt, to fears raised by my foolish story about the ghost. So we had to go without her, my mother, Fanny, Jack, Trevor and
myself. I begged hard to be left behind, but myself. I begged hard to be left behind, but
it was no use, my mother was inexorable, and Elsie made such a frightened face, that I was obliged to submit. No doubt she thought I infernal ghost stories infernal ghost stories.
stupid that party, and I me very slow and stupid, that party, and I supposed it did the
same to Jack. He moped sadly the evening, and created quite a consternation among the girls, with whom he was usually in high favour. I am afraid he nearly lost his temper too, when the Burton girls rallied him on his melancholy, and asked him
are you sighing after, Don Tristezo ?'
At last that wearisome evening came to an more or less anxious about Elsie. When we arrived at home, we found the whole house in a commotion. Elsie had been suddenly taken at the time ween sith the children, who said simply that the ghost had come into the room and that Elsie had fainted; and the old housekeeper, who met us in the hall, added that
she had had a terrible fit of hysterics, which had ended in convulsions.

She's in the dining-room now, Master George," added the old woman. "The doctor now.'
the dining to hear no more, but rushed off to the verdict of the village doctor Elsie lying on a sots, unconscions; 1 found bent the doctor, who was applying some re storatives. Several of the female servants As we entered they left, and the doctor laces. his finger on his lips.
I beckoned him aside, and questioned him eagerly, whila the others busied themselves with poor Elsie.
For God is it, dóctor? Is it dangerous? She is my affianced wife. Tell me the worst."

Softly, my dear sir," returned the doctor head, a spotless suit little man with a bald watch chain and seals-a man who prided himself on two things, his medical skill and his extreme politeness. "Softly, calm your-
self, my dear sir. It is nothing serious, sb self, my dear sir. It is nothing serious, ab-
solutely nothing. Mere nervous excitement.

A most interesting case. Nervous excitement superinduced by strong unaccustomed emo tions, very natural, after all, in the case of a very far from the moat There is some tall of an apparition, but, my dear sir, we know better than that now-a days," and the little man shrugged his shoul ders, made me a little bow, and laid his hands on his heart.
"You are
"You are sure it is not serious," I repeated.
"Qui
"Quite sure, my dear sir. I will stake my
professional reputation on that. You have no professional repu
cause for alarm."
"Thank God for that!" I ejaculated
"Meanwhile," continued he, "it is abso lutely necessary that our young patient be kept perfectly quiet. No excitement you fit of hysterics, and delirium has super-
A short, sharp cry of terror interrupted him ang wail that seemed rushing to Elsie wh. Thas on the point of "It might be fatal," he said briefly. "You see," he continued, as poor Elsie began to
mutter and moan, " as I said, delirium. mutter and inoan, " as I said, delirium.
Nothing dangerous," he added, observing my look of alarm. "Keep her quiet, and I wil send up a sedative draught that will do her ing. Bless me," he cried, looking at the great gold turnip that he called his chronometer, "it is almost daybreak. I have the honour to wish you good morning, sir," and he bowed himself out.
"Good heavens!" I thought, "what heart standsetches these doctors are. That man pain and case," and of her sufferings as "nothing, absolutely nothing.
Elaie was quiet now, but suddenly she broke out again :
"Jack," she wailed out, in plaintive, heart rending tone. "Jack! Oh! it's coming again Don't leave me, Jack !
Grieved beyond measure as I was at seeing her suffer I could not help turning to where Jack stood. He coloured up violently and
hastily left the room. I was just about folhastily left the room. I was just about
lowing him when my mother stopped me.
"George," she said, with something of the old tone of authority that she used to employ "o me when I was a small, unruly urchin are tired and excited. We will take care of Elsie and you shall see her to-morrow.

I obeyed mechanically, muttering as I went, Elsie? Elsie ?" I hardly knew what I said same mechanical way, my thoughts were so bitter, I could not account for my actions. At the top of the stairs I met Jack, who had been waiting for me. He said nothing, but simply the face. His great blue eyes were filled with tears.
"Jack, is this manly, is it honest?"
"George, old fellow," he said at last with a great gulp that almost choked his voice, "it
is not my doing. I have remembered my promise, aye, and kept it too, though it was out of her sight. George, I am telling the out of
truth."
"
"But, Jack," I continued, making a strong effort to remain calm, "you Nord. He understood me, however.
"Of course I do," he replied sorrowfully. Can I help loving her, so good, so gentle, so
kind? George, I have tried my best to dis like her, to hate her even, but it's useless. I can't. George, George, old fellow, never mind; it' was cruel, but she must love you, she away, I have taken you else. I shall go only wait till cear to see her again. I will shall leave the Hall, and seek my fortune somewhere, in Australia, Canada, anywhere; there are lots of places where a young fellow
can make his way, and it is time that I should think of doing something for myself. Goodnight, old fellow. God bless you," and he I walked off to my bedroom, and throwing myself upon the bed gave myself up entirely

$$
\begin{aligned}
& \text { to my bitter reflections } \\
& \text { I saw it all. She }
\end{aligned}
$$

I saw it all. She had never loved me, it was my fortune she loved. I was the elder brother, the wealthy heir, and she loved the wealth had dazzled her, and she had accepted me. By Heaven, no, it was impossible! Her mother, aye, that was it, her mother had compelled her to take this step to rescue her from her poverty. Oh ! how blind I had been. Had she the first it was as plain as daylight. my offer? had she not even told me that she did not love me, and yet, like a fool, I must needs press on her the love she despised Then, whenever she saw Jack how she brightchanged. To me she was always cold and
distant, and to him, ohl how distant, and to him, oh 1 how different. Why,
only the night before had she not called me only the night before had she not called me
Mr. Bellamy, and him Jack; and had ahe not


1.ADY LISGAR. From a morograpit av Notman.
he had not a word to say to me, except to apologize for being late? What a dolt I had not give her up-she had promised herself, bound herself to me! and I was not going to improve on my folly by giving up what I most prized on earth. Besides, she might yet love
me, she had said she would try to do so. And me, she had said she would try to do so. And Jack was going away-she mig
Just then there came a low tap at the door, and my mother entered the room. Dear, good oul! I think I see her still, her black hair, prinkled with a few lines of gray, smoothed nderser widest now though She sat down beside me, with ofe hand took one of mine, and with the other

## gently smoothed my hair. <br> "My poor, poor boy," she said at last,

 oothingly.So she too saw it all-my sorrow, my humi-
liation. Yet how could she not? It was only oo plain.
"Oh," mother," I cried, "did you notice it too ?" I could not help it. Unmanly, childish nto a flood of
trelieved me
My mother said nothing, but sat still, quietly little, weak, sickly child. God bless all mothers, they are the truest, surtst, most symhe could offer me no consolation, so she gave me sympathy, which was what I most wanted. At last I grew ashamed of my weakness. I
ose, and affecting to smile, bade my mother good-night. Ungrateful as it seemed, I wanted ob be alone.
How I slept that night I know not, but sleep I did-a troubled, broken sleep, marred by evil dreams in which Elsie and Jack in
The nexteday was Christmas Eve. We al kept our rooms tlll late, for it was long past
daylight when we had gone to bed. But daylight when we had gone to bed. But Even Elsie had so far recovered as to be able to be brought down stairs and to lie upon the sofa, propped up with pillows and cushions. pallor suited her, and I thought I had never seen her look so beautiful. We had been discussing the party of the night before, carefully avoiding any allusion to Elsie's illness. A
lull in the conversation, during which we were all occupied with our own thoughtsad thoughts enough for all of us-wes oudden y broken by Elsie.
(leorge," she said," I should like to tell but I feel that I must tell you. Do let me won't you? I can bear it. The excitement is not too great, and I feel quite strong."
"Please yourself, Elsie, I returned,
"Please yourself, Elsie," I returned, almost
coolly. It was evident she did not know that she had told her secret
"Well!" she began," after you were gone I was sitting alone by the fire, when the children came down and begged to be allowed to stay
with me. I was only too glad to have them as I felt rather nervous. I had not forgotten house was haunted, and so I readily let them remain. I had been telling them stories for some time, it was then about nine o'clock I suppose, when little Ethel asked me if I had ever seen a ghost. I said I never had, and I
did not want to see one; I did not believe in ghosts. The whole four of them were shocked at my incredulity, and began to tell me-in
fact to repeat what you said the other night. fact to repeat what you said the other night
Just then we heard the sound of footsteps on echoed on the oaken steps. There was some thing so weird in the sound-so unlike th seemed to curdle in my veins. I sat there like a statue, powerless to move, and meantime those dreadful footsteps drew nearer and nearer, a sigh of relief; they would come no nearer But I was mistaken! the door opened and ad mitted, oh! such a horrid shape, the very
remembrance of which makes me tremble. The figurence of a cavalich, makes me tremble. time. A pale, pale face, so haggard, so wan,
but with a restless, anxious look on it, that would seem to tell of hope long delayed, almost extinguished. He wore a bright-coloure ing white feather, and his brown hair fell in rich luxuriance upon his shoulders. But the strongest part of all was that only half of him was visible-yes, only half. From head to waist was there, there was no deception about
it, and from the waist there seem to dropoh! it was horrible-great red goats of blood. Only half of him-terribly real, terribly distinct in the bright light-and yet we could It was the cavalier ge advanced
"As he moved he looked eagerly about him as if he were searching for some one. Suddenly flashed, a smile-res a smile, lit up his sad wan face. Slowly he raised one delicate white hand, and still smiling, as if reassuringly,
beckoned to me. Then I must have fainted, for I remember nothing more. Do not laugh
at me, do not chide me, and say it was a mere fancy, the creation of a disordered brain, the result of fear acting upon the imagination. result of fear acting upon the imagination. bly real, this weird phantom, and I sow it as
plainly as I see you now. I was sitting in the plainly as I see you now. I was sitting in the
corner of the fireplace there, in the big easy corner of the fireplace there, in the big easy
chair, with the children on the rug at my feet, and It-this horrible thing-stood-"
Her stopper hort, paralys wer with terror. Her eyes werc almost starting ont of her head; her tongue refused its office, and her jaw fell.
For a moment I thought it was $d$ ath. But or a moment I thuoght it was d. ath. But, did I see? Great Heaven! there it stood, just did I see? Great Heaven! there it stood, just
a she had described it. I had seen this ghostly a she had described it. Thad seen this ghostly
avalier many times before, but never had the apparition struck such t rror into me. The dead whit face, that usually wore an expression of intense dejection, was lit up by a
weird smile that deepened into a wild, almost weird smile that deepened into a wild, almost
demoniac grim. The eyes were fixed, fixed demoniac grim. The eyes were fixed, fixed
on Elsie's, with a half-triumphant expression, on Elsie's, with a half-triumphant expression,
and then one of the thin, white hands was and then one of the thin, white hands was slowly r
My sister screamed and fainted, my mother hid her face in her hands, the rest of us sat as hid her face in her hands, the rest of us sat as
spell-bound. Except Elsie; the first fit of spell-bound. Except Elsie; the first fit of trol of her will and senses.
The phantom moved back to the door,
where it stopped and looked round as if to see where it stopped and looked round as if to see
if we followed. None of us stirred, and again if we followed. None of us stirred,
"Let us follow," broke out Elsie, impetuusly, turning towards me
The spell was broken Trevor and I started ap, and seizing the candles which burned on the table, prepared to follow. Elsie came with her. It was astonishing how calm and self possessed the timid girl was at that moment. possessed the timid girl was at that moment.
Slowly the phantom passed out at the door, the unseen feet falling heavily on the oaken floor, and slowly it passed up the broad staircase, pausing now and then to make sure that we followed, and each time it turned its head, the glittering eyes were fixed on Elsie. In aing round the vestibule, and on through the broad corridor that led to the western wing which had not been inhabited since the days of old Jasper Bellamy, my Puritan ancestor. On it went; those ghostly footfalls beating
time to the throbbings of our hearts-along time to the throbbings of our hearts-aling
dark, dilapidated passages, up narrow, winding, worm-eaten stairs that creaked and groaned beneath our feet, as though they would have given way and let us through. At last it stopped at the end of a narrow, dusty cor-
ridor that formed a cul de sac, and with one last, earnest look at Elsie, it disappeared.
It would be impossible for me to analyse the feelings that agitated me that moment, but fear certainly predominated. Not an or-
dinary fear of a particular disaster, but a predinary fear of a particular disaster, but a pre-
saging of evil a dull, indescribable dread ofsaging of evil a dull, indescribable dread orse-
I knew not what. Yet I determined to persevere, and sift this terrible mystery to the vere, and
bottom.
Trevor was for marking the spot where the searchion had vanished, and delaying the mined to act immediately. I remained to watch the place while the others returned to fetch help. In half-an-hour we had a couple of workmen with pick and lever, and the village blacksmith with a huge sledge-hammer.
First we tried the pick, but the end wall, which exactly resembled the rest of the walls of the passage, resisted all our efforts. The
others gave when the pick was applied to them, but this mysterious masonry only dented
Closer examination showed, however, that twas merely iron painted to resemble ex actly the other walls. After a quarter of
an hour's hard work with the hammer, a small aperture was made. The lever did the rest A thick, close, musty odour, a smell of de composition, of corruption, issued from the opening. What could it be? What dreadful secret was going to be unveiled? As soon as
I deemed it prudent, I passed in. The dim rays of the candle I held revealed a lofty, narrow, cobwebbed chamber without windows, and lighted only by a small sky-light, far up
in the roof. The only furniture was a tall in the roof. The only furniture was a tall had once bee writing materials that crumb led at the tou ed, stoppered water-bottle, or caraffe. The cupboards were full of dusty fragments, with here and there a parchment or two. There was nothing else in the room. Yes, in one
corner a smiall heap of dust, a few horn but tons, some scraps of leather, and a rusty, cor roded rapier, half encased in a leather sheath On everything the dust of ages lay thick, but what could this be? I returned to the table and took up the flask. In it was a small,
yellow mass, that looked like a roll of pale sulphur. I tried the stopper, but it was firmly set in the mouth of the botlie, and resisted a my efforts to loosen $1 t$, so I broke off the neck packet of parchment tightly rolled up. There was writing on it, too. Taking it with me, as
well as the parchments in the cupboards, I left that dreadful chamber

While I had been making my search, the the ironceeded in tearing down the whole of the iron partition, which we now saw had
been a spring door, and they now qrowded in to examine this haunted cell

When they had fully satisfied their curiosity, we returned to the dining-room. I was in a
fever of impatience to examine these docufever of impatience to examine these docu-
ments so strangely recovered, and retired ments so strangely recovered, and retired
with Trevor into my study, to examine with Trevor into my study, to examine to be of no importance, but the mysterious packet contained two documents the one evidently some legal instrument judging by the seals and stamps affixed to it The other was a small strip of parchment, cramped hand that we had great difficulty in deciphering. It ran as follows :-
'I, Jasper Bellamy, being now shortly about to appear before my Creator, do mak
this my last declaration and testament, fo the righting of them that have been wronged and for the easing and quieting of mine own mind, being much racked by fear and remorse; as also in the hope that it may in Judge, and effect the salvation of my guilty soul, through the healing intercession of Him whose birth we do celebrate this day.

Be it known then that I, Jasper Bellamy, some time intendant or steward to Sir Harry Asheforde, became upon his death master oin
Asheforde Hall, after the provisions of a certain will made and executed some years before his death, by which his son, a head-strong prodigal who had angered his father by his evil ways, was excluded from any part or participa-
tion in his father's wealth. It mattered little, tion in his father's wealth. It mattered little,
I thought at the time for it was understood I thought at the time, for it was understood
that young Julian had fallen in the Emperor's that young Julian had fallen in the Emperor's
service, and even afterwards, when I found that he still lived, I cared little, for was I not high in the favour of the Lord Protector, and was not Julian Asheforde of cavalier stock, and a pestilent royalisthrles was restored and Protector died, King Charles was restored, and my worldly wealth. It was hard after that when I had lived seven years in quiet and prosperity, to find suddenly that I held my wealth by uncertain tenure-that Sir Harry, repenting him of his harshness, had before he
died, writ another will, in which he revoked died, writ another will, in which he revoked
his former testament, and devised all into his former testament, and devised all into his only son. This testament, had been confided to his brother-in-law, one Gideon Bracebridge, a worthy minister of the gospel,
who, at the time whereof I speak, was in hiding at my house-alas! mine no longer-from the pursuit of those persecuting Sauls with Bracebridge who advised me of the existence of this document, of which I resolved to possess myself. He had imparted the seoret unto none else, not even to Sir Julian, and the times were such that the testament once destroyed none would seek to dispute my right. Therefore did I use many arguments with Master Bracebridge to persuade him to let me have the keeping of the document,
but in vain; entreaties, bribes, even threats - none would avail. But one means re-mained-force; and this I would not leave retreat for him, and I was beginning to fall into suspicion as a harbourer of disaffected persons. I made semblance of having prebouring coundy of Cheshire, and to this, one wild, stormy night, I proposed to conduct him. He fell into the trap and accompanied me unsuspectingly. By the lime-pits nigh unto Newport, I fell upon him and slew him, searched, I cast his body into the lime, thinking thus to efface all trace of the crime. Alas, how vain the precaution! There was staying with me at the time, one Gifford, a chevalier
of the French order of St. Louis. He being a friend of Master Bracebridge, called me to account for the minister's absence, but for a while I managed to delude him with evasive answers. Finally he would take no denial, and desired to be conducted to Master Brace-
bridge. I consented, intending to rid myself bridge. I consented, intending to rid myself
of him as might best be convenient. Dead of him as might best be convenient. Dead
men bear no tales. My precautions were well and secretly taken. I spread it abroad that he set out I caused to be affixed to his saddle his own travelling-valise, thereby giving went as far as the lime-pits to my tale. We the edge of a pit I pushed him in. Methinks I hear yet his cries as he fell. He had on him projecting nail, leaving him immersed as far
as the loins. I waited to the end. He was soon dead. His last words-they may come true yet, though perchance many generations then he was strangled. I fled then. This was Christmas Even, and the next day, the turned to the pit. Methought I had heard him mutter, in his agony, about a packet, and t'were well' to be sure. With much labour I raised him, as much as the devouring lime sought. Then I threw him in with the minister.
I had the packet! My triumph was complete.
"But, alas I well and truly saith the pagan ruit pede pona claudo." I betook me with my prize to the secret chamber, the chamber in which I am now fast shut and which will be my tomb. In my haste to examine the packet and I the spring of the door, it closed to, "But the light asten The son of Sir Harry Asheforde is presently at Tours in the Kingom of France where he is known as Julian Ashford. My will is that my sons or their descendants, do his descendants of all the goods and propertie wrongfully held by me. And may God have mercy on my soul.
"Writ this twenty-fifth day of December, in the year of our salvation
hundred and sixty-nine."

Jasper Bellamy."
I am in Canada now. After that fatal reve lation I could not stay a day longer at the Hall, the Hall that belonged to Elsie Ashford. I said it was hers by right. True, I conld have been master of the Hall as of old; our wedding day was fixed and George Bellamy might have held up his head again. But pride forbade such a course. And did I not know that Elsie loved Jack. She did not care a whit for me, and 1 shrunk from forcing our engagement. quietly stole hasty consultation with Trevor I made my way to Liverpool, and shipped for Montreal.
I have heard from Jack since. I didn't let him know my whereabouts until I saw the an Times, and then I wrote to him. He and Elsia Times, and then I wrote to him. He and Elsi are living happily together at the old Hall other day announced the advent of a smal George, who, they insist, is the very picture
of old George, but I don't quite see how that can be.
And
seedy, surly perbaps you think that I am a a blighted useless life-a crusty old bachelor who spends his time between nursing his gout and railing at women and matrimony. Bles thing in its way but after all it is very good the first pir wh bus we we is very lik proud of them, but they wear out in time I got over my disappointment-I think it must have been the sharp Canadian winter that took it out of me-and now I am married to a bright-eyed, rosy-cheeked Canadian girl, whose name, by the way, is not Elsie, and who does not in the slightest degree resemble my old
flame Elsie Ashford-Mrs. Jack Bellamy now. flame Elsie Ashford-Mrs. Jack Bellamy now. I certainly was not a good match for her, but then, on her side, she did not say, at a time
which shall be nameless, that "she didn't exactly love me but she hoped to do so when she knew me better,"-so after all we are not so lighter-hearted fallow in all Canada,-if you can, and I don't believe it
Yes, this Christmas of 1870 finds me a happy, thin thing to be able to boast that I owe my happi-
ness-and the happiness of others, for that matter-not to such common causes as wealth or position, not even to virtue, which, we are
told, always bring happiness, but just to such told, always bring happiness, but just to such
an extraordinary, unheard of thing asan extraordin
HALY A GHost


How many of our fashionable hypochondriac heumatic ladies, and gouty old gentlemen, believe in the waters that bubble up from springs in the earth. There are theusands upon thousands who travel over not only this Continent, but, year after year, ramble throughout Europe in the delightful occupation of drinking the various Mineral Waters. They drink waters at Baden-Baden, and gamble fearfully while they do it. They go to Cheltenham, Bath, and Brighton, in England, nd in the most business-like manner gulp down the luke-warm waters at the rate of about a gallon a morning. We have seen Germans in Prussia drink their Lager, we have watched the people of Vieana swallow down their Beer, we have watched the miraculous powers of absorption possessed by the English as they boldly attack their pots of "'arf and 'arf.' But to see the ladies that visit Cheltenham drink Saline and Mineral Water is a sight for the ancient gods. An elephant would turn away satiated with half the quantity. Then in the United States take Saratoga, Ballston,

Spa, the Virginis Bpringa, te.; 200 how the crowde ram to these Epringe daring the rummer at the very arst dawn of the morning. Young ledice drink it while they firt ; young owolle drink it because they believe the waters poscese an enlivener ; old maids drink it while they talk acandal ; and the antique folke comme here sescon after season because they bolieve it lengthens out their lives. They believe the iron boing strong, it mastetrongthen their foeble frames, and the sour and the carcastic bolieve it will make them still more ironical Bat partly from baving boen a visitor at all thece pleces year after year, after noticing the degree of disclpation that ensues, the houry dinneri, the enormous breakfacth, and the hoarty lunches that are consumed at the expense of the Proprietors of Carsvansors, and then eooing the perpetual dancing in the heated atmosphere of hot cammer nighta, and perciving the want of cantion manifested by one ad all in walking in the grounds, reeking 0 they are with perapiration, we are afraid that the Waters, if they poscess virtues, are eveporated not only by imperceptible perspiration, bot by a heated, steaming multitude of terpaichorean devotees. That there are virtues is Mineral Waters all medical testimony goes to prove; and Chemical Analyais hay pleoed their relative merits before the pubic. We would asy one word to all who reed this paper-If you are labouring ander illhealth, you want repose while under the care the physician, not med excitement, which is antagoniatic to the operation of any curative preperation. Some men will go to Paris to buy French boote, come to Geneve to buy a wetch, eome to England to obtaio their broedcloth, come to India to buy a cachmere shawl all gold-work ae the Nawabe wear, come wil viat Charlerot, because they believe only there can they taste pure Burgandy, and some will go to Baltimore just to have a Canvec back Dock and Torrapin oupper, becauce they ike to may they went to the fountain bead Jeckanapee all ! There are near your horsen cometimes richer, purer, and better thinge There is scenery wilder, grander, auld aweete than in to be fonnd anywhere olse. And the arth containg riches you have only to ceek for to ind. Take all those famed Bpriage that have drawn people to them for a centary and you will nowhere find water ao rich in a the ourstive qualities as in this Dominion The CarratracaWaters, which have been known for ffty years, havo bees pronounced to pomeen more remedial agente than any other Weter found in the $A$ merican Continent.

Their composition is :-


In taking an analyois of the moat noted Springe on this Continent, it is only neceenery to call attention to the comparative richneses of the following 8pringe, and we give a etatoment of the quantity of mineral matter contained in one gallon of the weter of the Springs claimed to be the mont effective in disense :-

Coagrens 8pring,
Empite Bpring,
High Bock 8pring,
Star Spring.
Seltser Bpring, ..
Cottyabarg Katalyaine.
Oarratrece No. 1 Bpring,

### 667.943 grine

 496.352 628.038 616.685 401.680 614.846 286.930 744.9400 775.3097 880.0800Beaides this inmenev propordaranos, the Oarritrace also poseest the Bromide and Iodide of Potandum, There is not apece to entet into - difeoumion of the ourative propertiee of the various elements in this water in the procent article, but wo cen tay 8 more pleadeg draght cannot be taken, it cools the blood, it is a gentlo larative, it holpe debility, it edves an appetite, it cures rheumatism. We hope early in the epring to Illustrate thb region where the wells are situated, and where we hope yet
to see a laxarious hotel and grounde. All those who want a charming book ahould addrees the ownert, who will forward opam phlot on application, which contaline all particulara. The Watere are for male in al draught at
. B. Buss's,

> PLACE DLRMEB,

Add at all Rotail Druggita.
WINNING, HILL \& IVARE,
389 8t. Paul 8treet, Montreel.

[Wriven for ine Comedina flumatrated Nace.]

## CHRISTMAS EVE.

sर J. a. sounimot.
Not very long dace, one Christman Eve, a largd family party ansombled aronnd a cheerful
fre in the library of a bandeome ville, prettily ituated on the benks of the river 8t. Lawrence. The oak panelled room, with ite doep recesces, well lined with bookg, looked very plogenat in the light of the noble ire of maple mounted andirons, in an old-fachioned fireplace, sach as you rarely soe nowe-days in modern houses. But the mont cheorful aight in the Lubrary was, undou stedly, the face of the venerable hoot, who wes vory happy to wee about him his mone and daughters, who had come with their families to spend the feetive Chriotman reeson under the old roof-tree.

Now, Panny, wo are all ready to hear the gentloman to hie goungert daughter-in-law, a coft-ayed, sentle young woman, not many years married to the atind, reserved man oppoo
site her- Profemor in : W eetern Univeriity. site her- Profemor in o Wontern Univeraity.
The lady thay addresed, lit s wax candio tanding on a little table by her alde; and pink "taking up e roll of manuacript, tied with pink "tanto, read the following atory in olear and well modulated tone :

## CEAPTER I.

I Rave always had a fancy for hunting up old books and papers, and depoalting them tmong my priveth treasures. Of courme young lady, bot you muat remember that have boen brought. up among books, and paght to oonsider them as my beat comrare book. havo been very iow, and jot I have manged comobow to pick up in the cities 1 bound in rich, old vellpm, which I relve more the tro proli jewalry that say friends give while riditing a friend in Quebec, I was permitted to rammage in an old oneo where dilapl dated books, pamphleta and nowapapars had bean allowed to gather for a very long time, The greater part of the contants wal the lume which cosmed to bo a treagure comparod Fronch lady, which had been written in the latter part of the eighteenth century. Bome of the lesves had been lost, the ink on others Whothor it weo worth whille making an attompt to deoiphar it. MI triend, to whom I showed it, knew sothing aboat it, brit ahe anppoeed that it hed belonged to some member of her
farnily who hed been long in the couniry. I farnily tho had been long in the country. I suppose It contained any Important encrots,
bet ahe did not for the lifs of her underntand bot ahe did not int the Ifoof her underniand sling sbout mach musty rabbinh when I might amuer majeif wh th many now masarines
and periodicals, 30 clean and oriep, from the bookstores. When I got home I set to work, thing out of this time-worn journal, bet it mee only after weoks of pelient recearoh that I was able to decipher the slmost obliterated matu. script, the handwriting of which bedides was very hane and oramped. At lant 1 enccoedid, to my griat dolight, in following pretty clowaly the tory which wai told in thooe finded pacien. Throughout the volume thare was a great deal having little connection with the story iteelf. As you might oxpect in the oase of a young lady, there wat mach rupetition and not a
Littic contimentalime which it pould be very tireeoene for my readors to have forced upon
them. It coems to men, too-and here I thal I may myeelr be open to the awfol charge of
centimentalism or affection, both of which I detoatme at comething in the light of a trued which I would fall to reapect, were I to reveal all the outpouringe of a young girl's heart for the amusement of perhape a cold, nusympe thising reader. Gome linke-I may here mayhad carefully road and analysed the Diary; but theow were anbeequently furnished mo,
whon I again vialted Quebec and rotarned the uld manuscript to my friend, who was surprised to find that it was really on heirloom of Canadian family, and had found its way by accident into the rubbieh box.
Beanvoir whe the name
Doanvoir wat the name of an old Manor Which stood very many years ago on the creat of a picturesque height, aurrounded by the tal of Canada. It had some pretensione to antiquity, for it had been erected only a ohort towards the end of the suventeenth century, When the herolc Frontenac, whose figure the early annals of New France, anccessfully repelled Phippe and a powerful feet. Like
all the old buildings of the Casadian aristo cracy, It would not be considered a model of architectural taste in theae daya when the nouvecux riches live in elegant villes with many gables, towern and all the architectural fanIt te of the Itaina, Gothic, and Fronch atyles. It whe simply a large equare house, bullt of grey stone, well darkaned With age, with a there had been, at some time or other iron shutters, but the latter had gradually fallen
or 'and boen replaced by wore modern contr!on and boen replaced by uore modern contri vanceas Tho mont intoresting and unique tower which was cloeely connected with the hower which was closely coacech for ornemen tal and defonsive purposes, at a time when the inhabitante of Canad. might expect at any bour to find the enemy at their doors. The chlteen was prettily dituated to as to overlook the river 8t. Chariet, with a glimpes of the walled town which so long represented the majenty and ambition of France in America. honse, wild grape vines and other creeping plante climbed over the old tower wherever hey could get a hold, while here and there, in come crovice near the root, there were little unfs of wild flowers, the seed of which had been wafted from the foreat clone by. The grounds were not uxtensive and were exceed-
ingly neglected, for there was no agn of an ingly neglected, for thers wae no aign of an
attempt to clear away the accumalated underuruah and dead branches near the Chateau itself, while the anly spproech to gerden
was a little plot of old-fachioned fowers, which wan kept oarefully weoded and trimmed by come loving hand.
The chatean and the fow acren about it wore now the princlpal property belonging to the do Loovilles, who once poweseed conaiderable wealth and influence. Before the conquest the aobility of Now Freace had very frequently partaken of the lavich hoapitality of their hoat, himeelf the gajeut of the throng. In many gueste wure wont to moet in pleamnt ramaions, but now hage, dusty cobwebs hupg open often called the bunters from the forest and given varning of the approech of a fox, we ailent and forgotten. In the green amon, 0 called from ite tapeatry woven in French looms, and represention socnes from the daring thone recklece times when men danced drank, and tambled, though the foe wat alroady on the march, and want and misery colony in the people of that devoted French too, had been danced within ita halla by the colfrours and the offcers of the king with the few Canadian ledifes who did their beat to raitate the ecoentric livith fachions that provailed is Paris during the days of the aneion regine, When there aeemed to be mo hmit to
the extresegance asd corraption of the Court and the manees romped under the veight of lees notied to mpply the luxuries of the faith lees nobles who the dogegbs is the lensele littlo bette than the doge is the kennele.

## no of hia father" denth, he bund! that at

 Quebece, the Chatean nf llanu voir, nad $n$ wouth. but Hobri was, in inastay repperta, vory ditterent
 inrked, wa "wilant partorer, in the buslamen of
largge fram which hind extenslvo denlinge with that West Iudies. Fortuno sasiled on
open its doora to guesta, less extravagantly, but not less hospitably, than of old. Then loss of aeveral ships belonging to the $f \mathrm{frm}$ in which he hed emberked his emall fortone and he wes forced to sell his town house and retire to Beauvoir with a very triling remamerican War of Independence without ite fect upon his wasted fortunes; for during the invacion by Montgomery and Arnold, ble chateau had been ascked and he himalf taken - prisoner.

At the time of which we are writing, M. de Leoville was a man over aisty yeare, but ntill ahowing that stately presence and courtly air of the fomily to be the natural inheritance of tho and , bat his brow, all ceained and ugged, and his oye, so sunken and reaclens, cares end troubles of hie life His earilly the was very amall for his vife had died someten year! before, and was buried in the quiat graveyard of Charlesbourg, and hif only child was a lovely girl of aineteen, Marguerite by aame, the writer of the diart which I 0 atrangely discovered.
It is early in the afternoon of a Ane Augut dsy, When we first see the father and daughter once library and parlour-in fact, ehat wame room where his gay and extraragant thener had often ast and gembled with apirlta juet a rockless as himself, until the rapis of tho rising ann peeped through some chink of the ahattore and warned them that they must close the wild play which had driven away the sleep from their eyelida. The day had been very hot, but now a dolightul cuol breese wen coming into the room througb the follage of the meples and beochee that threw their pro lecting branches about the bouse. The furniture of the room was very plain, and a fow books, none of then very valuahle, were longod on theivea againat the wall, which had long alnco been denuded of ite choice tapestry, and was now painted of a dark liac colour. mal wring-ubl. Wha placed clone wo ta Who was himeelf seeted in a queint, entiqus arm chair of dert walnot ith h, turned at the fiet so as to mikreant a log, turned at the foet 20 an to reprecent a tigor risle of the more prosperous daye of the family.
"Mía ehire," tho old man, who had just rocovered from an illness of come woeks, wha saying to his daughter, who was seated on a into bis face, while the light summer breese toyed gently with ber bright, golden carls which clastered on ber grecofal neck and ehouldere, "'Tis but a lonesomo life thou livent heru, in this grim, lonely house-thou must be wearied sometimes of waltiog on thy poor, aick father."

My father, thou must not my that-thou mutt know it is not mo. How can I foel lonely with thee to watch over, and "-here the fair otrl blushed slightly-" Charlee to talk to to often. I love this old house dearly and every jach of ground hbriat it, for have i not wandered from childhood among its lovely woodg, and know all thoir pleagnt nooks, and overy yeu see a more beanteons landece when thet yen see e more beeuteons landscape thas thet
from the hills about Besuvoir ?"

libony asilise wrmasion the viner.
The visiter was a youme man of perhnpe hihn anll, wrull-knit



 conquest. and lncume hectl rewot:ded loy the
 Mong. Hix father hat then an whil friend of
M. de matural that the fon should lose no time, niter

 unture, Charlex de Gimadrille loat no time in prowinting himself before tho Geigneur, nad
telliug him the state of hity foeliags tomarde Marguerite; thad though $\mathbf{y}$. do Leoville boad-








EAYING GRANDPAPAS.DFrom A Snrtou by our Artigt
tated or a while to accord his consent to an engagement, he yielded eventually when he saw that his danghter's heart was certainly given to the young officer. He knew he was
himself to blame for giving the young man so many opportunifies for seeing Marguerite so many opportunities or seeing Marguerite,
who would inherit only a very insignificant Who would inherit only a very litte selfish in the estate-he had been a little selfish in the the great merit of being a good listener) and had forgotten that Marguerite was no longer a
child, but an impulsive, affectionate young child,
The young officer was warmly received by the old Seigneur, and any one who noticed the greeting that Marguerite gave him would have easily detected the relations that existed
between them." The three sat, for an hour or between them." The three sat, for an hour or
more, conversing on many subjects, and then more, conversing on many subjects, and then
they were disturbed by the arrival of two they were disturbed by the arrival of two
ladies, both of whom were joyfully welcomed by the Seigneur aud his daughter. One of
them was Mademoiselle Letellier, a half-sister of $M$. de Leoville, a maiden lady of at least forty-five, with a pl asant, genial expression forty-five, with a pl asant, genial expression
in her dark blue eyes. She had been absent for some weeks in Montreal, and had now re--
turned with an old friend, who had not visited Beauvoir for many yers.

## CHAPTER II.

In the course of the afternoon the Seigneur Boucher-the visitor-through the Manor. "Madame,"-he said, with his courtly air, while apologizing for his inability to accomchanges in this old mansion. Time has not dealt more gently with Beauvoir than it has
Marguerite and her new friend rambled through the house and at last found themselves in the drawing-room, where there were a few
pieces of antique furniture, covered with blue and gold satin, much faded and defaced; but he most interesting ielics were several pic Tares, chiefly portraits of the family, by the all of which had been taken from the town honse when it had been sold by the Seigneur. One of these portraits was that of the elder
M. de Leoville, who was dressed in the brilliant costume demanded by the etiquette of the gay court of Louis Quinze, to which he had been
introduced when a young man in Paris. He introduced when a young man in Paris. He
was what most women would call a very hand was what most women would call a very hand-
some man-the full lips and wide nose were perhaps not in symmetry with the other parts of his face.
"That, then," said the vivacious Frenchwoman, "is le beau Leoville. What a pity he had not thought less of his own plea
more of those who came after him!
more of those who came after him not heard by Marguerite, who had gone out into the pas-
sage to give some directions to a servant, but sage to give some directions to a servant,
Charles, who had just entered and was standing close by, replied-
"Yet, they say, as you must know, Madame,
for, if I mistake not, you are a connection of for, if 1 mistake not, you are a connection of really wealthy for a man in this conntry." Madame Boucher, with a merry laugh. "The Seigneur was certainly a reckless gambler, and we all know that he lost large sums of money at play; but it is also said that he won
all back and more from the Intendant, $M$. Bigot, and others who so often met in the green parlour. No one, however, has seen or heard mere fairy tale. You may be sure if the old he lost little time in spending it in some shape or other."
"My father has often said," said Marguerite, foregoing remarks, that the only person who could tell the truth or falsity of the story was
Nicolas Savre, who was a faithful servant of my grandfather, always with him and entrusted with all his secrets. When my grandfather died soon after the fight, both Savre and his wife were with him and my father himself, you mast an later, Savre himself was killed in this very chateau, whilst attempting to defend it against a party, of Scotch maranders. His wife, then anly a few months, lay ill for many weeks,
ont ballets, and when she had recovered it was found that her mind wandered, and that she had entirely forgotten the sad events which bad brought her so a grave a sorrow
"Poor Vevette,", said Madame Boucher, "I
remember her well; often has she dressed remember her well; often has she dressed me
and your dear mother, when we were girls and your dear mother, when we were girls;
she had such fine sofit hair of a dark auburn colour, and lovely dark blue eyes. Is she still "Yes,"

Yes," replied Mademoiselle de Leoville "ghe lives in a little whitewashed, red-roofed cottage, down in the glen, near Late st
Charles, in the care of her only sister, Marie Nicolet. Of late years she has been much Nicolet. Of late years of the past still fails her, and she is still liable to strange, unac-
countable fite of despondency, which come on countable fits of despondency, which come on
at a moment's notice, and last for hours, during
which she seems lost to all that is going on friends who may speak to her.
"A sad history, indeed," replied Madame Boucher, "I must certainly see poor Vevette before I go away.
Then they left the drawing-room and returned to the Seigneur, who felt unusually gay that afternoon-the arrival of his sister
and her friend had no doubt raised his spirite somer friend had no doubt raised his sp ill' ness-and he expressed a wish to go out to the garden and see Marguerite's flowers. With
the help of Charles and Marguerite he walked down stairs and took a seat a pleasant, shady spot, with his alongide of him. Madame Boucher re
liest lier alongside of him. Madame Boucher re.
ferred to the conversation they had in the ferred to the conversaion they had in the salon respecting the lege
hidden or stolen wealth.
"Well," said Madame Boucher, laughingly, where shout it than she did herself, "I hope then you do come to your fortune you will card money of Canada bore the royal arms of France, and were signed by the GovernorGeneral, the Intendant, and the Controller. They were of $1,3,6,12$, and 24 livres; some
as low as 6 deniers and 1 centime. The Caas low as 6 deners and
nadian historian, Garneau, says that the nadian historian, Garneau, says that the
French King once was obliged to redeem the French King once was ebiged value-cial language Card money was never worth much, and certainly now-a-days it would not be readily exchanged for gold." "No," siid the Seigneur, assuming the lively tone of his guest ; "I do not suppose that we would even now get ten francs to the soverbless better paymaster than was his Most Graciou Majesty, Lovis XV.'
Meanwhile Marguerite and the young officer were walking up and down onder the ing the light, fleecy masses of clouds, which touched by the rays of the setting sun, wer assuming the most gorgeons colours.
"Five or six weeks hence," said the young man at length, "I may be called away; for
the ship which is daily expected will probably the ship which is daily expected wien,"
bring our orders for the West Indies."
bring our orders for the west Indies.
" $\mathrm{Oh} I$ dear Charles, I hope not-how much my father and myself would miss you. But you will soon get your company and
"Yes, then, I hope we may never leave each sentence for the blushing girl; "if I had the money now, I could soon buy my company, for I have a chance of a Captaincy in the regiment, which will probably remain here." "Would it not be pleasant to find that money of which such a strange story is told.
"If we wait till then", replied the young officer, laughingly, "I am afraid that happy time of which we have been speaking will
never come." never come.
Then all t

Then all the party returned indoors, as the shadows of ene chateau in the deepest gloom until it looked like some old keep of feudal times.
Several weeks passed by and nothing of interest occurred at the chatean ; but at the little, low whitewashed cottage, in the glen,
poor Vevette Savre had been ailing for some time, and it was yery clear that she would soon close ea life which to her had been fraught with little worldy joy. She was now confined to her bed, for previously she had al waye-except of course when her bad spells came onand found much pleasure in attending a little kitchen garden during the summer. For some time previous to her taking to her bed, her
mind had been more rational, and her old acmind had been more rational, and her old acquaintances noticed that she remembered
many little things that had happened in her many little things that had happened in her
younger days. Once she asked to see the younger days. Once she asked to see into
Seigneur, but when he came she relapsed Seigneur, but when he came she relapsed him, but sat with her face-so thin and transparent as to show every delicate vein-laid low on her bosom.

Poor Vevette, she seems very low, said the Seignear, who, even in his most straitened circumstances, had never forgotten to give keep her comfortably-" is she often this way now "
yes and for thas for days," replied Marie; now
It
It was on the day following this interview that Estelle came in to see her, and then she appeared better, and saiid
the young lady had left:
Marie, you were here when M. de Leoville came to see me last What did I tell him ?" her head despondently
No, no my poor head is yet too weakis it that I wish to say to M. Henri? Mon Dieu, I shall die soon-so they say-and yet I have never told him
This was the last occasion when any of the inmates of the chateau caw the poor woman.
for when Marguerite and Madame Boucher for wheu Marguerite and Madame Boucher
called at the eottage, they wore told that

Vevette was too excitable to see any one, and that they had better wait till she was calmer. from Marie that her sister was in a condition to see Marguerite or the other inmates, and at last they heard one morning that she had died saddenly during the night. When they saw her again, her hands were folded on her bosom in the same attitude that they had assumed when her spirit quietly passed away, while her poor, thin face paceful, resigned expression which it had ne
course of her unhappy life.
"Poor Vevette," said M. de Leoville when he heard of the death of his
"If you release for her."
Letellier, " you would indeed say so."
"I wonder what it was she wanted to say to Seigneur.
"Perhaps," suggested Marguerite, "she remembered at last how good you had always been to her, and wished to express her grati-
tude, but her poor weak memory failed her tude, but her poor weak mem
when the opportunity offered."

It may be you are right," replied the old man, "but whatever
with her in the grave."

## (To be continued.)



## HILDA;

the merchants secret.

## sy mbs. J. v: ко䒑L.

$\Delta$ uthor of the "Abbey of Rathmore,"" "Passion and Principle," "The Secret' of
Hall," " The Cross of Pride," \&c.
[Wrieten for the Camadian Illumatrad Nosoo.]

## CHAPTER XXXIII

## mabi beriejiay.

Asoct a week after the scene described in the last chapter, as the bells in the City of Montreal were ringing for the hour of noon, Champ de Mars from the entrance near the Court House. She was hurrying homeward to her early dinner, having been engaged during the last two hours in the pleasing business of shopping. At the same moment a dashing young officer, in the uniform of the Canadian Rifles, was descending the steps near
St Gabriel Street, with the evident intention St Gabriel Street, with the evident
of joining the young music teacher.
of joining the young music teacher. Blanche was aware of his approach, for her quick eye had caught sight of his figure strolling leisurely along the terraced walk of the Champ de Mars, and she cast more than one admiring though furtive glance towards him, which glances he returned with interest, for Blanche was looking very charming this morning in her neat print morning dress and coquettish little hat.
The reader will hardly recognize Mark Berkeley in that dashing son of Mars. Three years have given maniier proportions to his visibly, though still of a light hue. Altogether Mark's. appearance was much improved and he had quite a military air. His uniform was becoming; he wore it now as he had been on duty that morning. Mark has been cherishing a penchant for Blanche o Bburne now for
sometime. Her delicate girish beauty had comeght his borish fancy some four years before, when the Osburnes first came to live in Montreal, and he had continued wonderfully sonstant considering the well-known admirstancy of such juvenile adorers. The sdmir-
ation of Lieutenant Berkeley was very flattering to Blanche. Like many girls she particularly admired the military, and she quite enjoyed a fiirtation with the young officer Whenever an opportunity for one offered.
These firtations had occurred rather frequently this summer, since Mark discovered that on certain mornings Blanche was in the habit of crossing the Champ de Mars at twelve o'olock. He generally contrived to be in that Locality as soon as the bell of the Calhodral of Notre Dame rung out its first peal. The
distance from the Champ de Mars to Mrs. Ostance's cottage in Rue Dominique was considerable, but it seemed particularl Berkeley banche on those days
"Was not that a capital joke I played Osburne some days since ?" he aakked, laughong merrily, shortly aftor he joined her and they were strolling leisurely up 28t. Dominique Street, the heat of the summer day, of course obliging them to walk very slowly.
remar the anxiety she and her aunt had soffered in consequence of this one
afford Mark such amusement
afford Mark such amusement.
"Osburne did not like it
"Osburne did not li
him too great a fright $1 "$
"And caused me great anxiety tool I assure you", said Blanche, gravely
"It did, eh I am sorry It did, eh I I am sorry for that. But it really was capital fun-the governor was in such a rage !" and the young officer again broon joined. The gaiety of her companion soon joined.
was catching.
"However, I shall not try that fun again. It would not do a second time to cause the governor and others, you especialt, such he bent his head to look very lovingly into Blanche Osburne's lovely face. "Osbarne, i know, suspected me of stealing the money," Mark resumed, more gravely.
"Yes; he said no one else could have taken
"I thank him for his good opinion," broke from Mark, haughtily. "Did you believe him, Blanche?
not think you capered promptly "I could "Osburne owes me
"est-ce pas mignonne"" and Mark, he is jealous, fond of using French phrases, twirled his light mostache with a self-satisfied air.
He has no reason to be jealous of you," Blanche curtly remarked, the spirit of coquetry The brige girl to tease her young admirer. face, and the pair walked on in silence for some minutes.
"Did you not tell me, Blanche?" he re-
umed, with hesitation, "that you did not care for your cousin ?"
"II do care for him," she answered, decidedly.
Not as a lover, surely, Blanche $?^{" \prime}$ he asked, in tender appealing accents.
"No, not as a lover," and the blue eyes glanced coquettishly at the Lieutenant.
The expression of those beautiful eyos thrilled his heart with renewed hope. eyes
me! How can you love to tease me so ?" Blanche's only reply was a silvery laugh. "Are you going to the Horticultural Exhiasked, after a brief silence.
"Y'es. Stephen promised, to take me there."
"Why not allow me to call for you?"
"Thank you I but that would never do, as I
sid I would go with Stephen." said I would go with Stephen."
"It would rouse his jealousy, I suppose," said Mark, with a pleased smile. "Wellt he
cannot prevent our meeting there. I shall watch for you at the entrance opening on St. Catherine Street. Be sure you come in by that door, or we might find it difficult to meet in
such a crowd. The show of froits and flowera this year will be fine, the weather has been so favourable. The music, too, will be well worth hearing. How I shall enjoy an evening spent in your society, dearest Blanche 1 Stemy going to your house," Mark added, angrily
"And here comes Stephen following us up
street" said Blanche, laughing, as she happened to look back
"Now, you will catch it for being seen with mel" Mark remarked, with much annoyance. "It is really too bad, this confounded nonright to love whom she pleased !"
They had now reached Mrs. Osburne's cottage. Bidding Blanche a tender adiou Mark Berkeley walked on towards Sherbrooke street, Blanchiding a ${ }^{\text {d }}$ in the hos to her own room to think over this pleasant interviem with hor military admirer, whom she certainly did reged with greater preference than any of her other beaux, and these numbered not a few, for Blanche Osburne was quite the belle among a certain set.
Her cousin's attachment to her was a deeper feeling than that experienced by young Bersenior, and he loved his pretty cousin with the strong passion of a man. Unfortunately Blanche did not return this love; she felt for him only the affection of a sister. The charac ter of Mark was more like her own; both possessed the same-gay temperament, the same rather frivolous nature ; therefore, Blanche preferred the foppish, trifling officer to her plainer-looking and more sedate cousin.
A clopd was on Stephen Osburne's brow when Blanche joined him and her aunt at dinner. He was silent as well as gloomy, and although she made some attempts at conver-
sation her remarks only elicited curt replies. Mrs. Osburne, fearing that something had quired gone wrohg at the the matter
quired anxiously what was the metting he replied moodily.
Then Mrs. Osburne, conjecturing that someand Blanche wisely held her tongue. was used to these sullen fits of Stephen when was not aware of her niece's frequent meeting with Lieutenant Berkeley, which unpleasant news had that morning been communicated to Stephen by a fellow clerk who had often
geen the lovers in the Champ de Mars toseen th.

When dinner was over Stephen seated him-
and phond hereolf in the low rocking chair at and planed heraolf in the low rocking chair at
lhe open window, Nolther apoko for nome minutos; Blindole wantad to fatrodices the subject of the Floral show at the Cryatal palaco, but was nlmont arraid to atdress him to looked so repelinat. At length abo ventured to ask if lie would bo detained late in St, Paul street that evening.
"I canmol tell! why do you want to know? an akked arunfy oonicht, stephen?"
onight, stephen? and her manner insfthationg.
"No," he replled curtly, pumng nway an he did not want to be laterrapted by my mer quebtions.

Shall yon be able to go?"
"I do not cart to ges," was the ungracion
"Bul I do! and you promisud to take me: There wat convidermbe irritation in the gird ppoivemene She was begmong to foar a dia "1 tofl goul do not car- bo popt he peraint ed in the sathe grile manner, his face: dats with the own pashion that had reizan upon "Then I am korry 1 did mot incep Mark
 aptrare.

apofered gomb with me? is that what

There was mu reply, usd Bianth. potad




 anambiy.
 :4rem to
 ive wosh path hma d, opty




 beactio 'r mint ater
A mokking lantia buhe from stonheth.
 "nter her Chatme de Mark 3t her katm leoner se


 With ki,
 Mre Botselag: : And btay dial
aqied hame h. coohy
 hoase ar bubhehy st sata



 her comsia callol fartis
Stephen loben at her in ment whatation If she wouth hat lew bim! If st.. womh

 tusa, nme hog here tu have pity on hime who Glive with them, when abo was lithe more thon at child. Im there was no meswerne look of semderness in those thathine hat eve which met his ae dethasty He had panct her, wontaded her ceclines. There was no bow in that yomg hare for him! Suddenty, without rayink anotirer werd, he turned away and heft the patazas, returning sadly and slowly to


It was Mre Onturine whor paike. From the dining-rown she had hement the conversation between the cousing. The tones of her voice were mournful; she nympthised with her mons could not belp if, nunt, he was so inkulting!"

Bat he loves you sa much, Blanchel and jealonsy maker n man nalway unjust ; he does bot chre what he mays.
"I cannot help that! I cannot love him there now I have knid it, sunt 1 there is no ure in pretonding to care for him when
not-just to keep him th good temper!"
"And do you love this young Berkeley Blancho ?"
"e", was the low egitated reply

Blanche wan crying now, tears wero calming
"Doer
Mra, Oxhurnat you, dear?
ho whe loved as a diuphtenfectionate. Blangrieved, for her son's disappointment atill the could not blame the young eirl, becnuse "is preferred another and younger lover Mark does love me, Aumt, he has naked me to marry him
lage. Did you not winy not esnent to the mar"They wouro once ar poor as we wreud?" Berkeley began life as a clerk. He aloould not forget that!
"But all that is past now, Blanches and i he in a wealthy and proud man he will neve "onkent to your entering the family."
Mark hinted as much, Aunt, lint he say is of age and can marry whom he likes."
"hat he would be disinherited and I hadiy "hut he would be disinherited and I hardly
hink atientenant's pay would suguort o wife Bhanche," basid Mrs pashmate, with a suife, No my child,: she comtinued a marnexte Yuu must not thisk of that you are both foung and you can wait a few yeari till Brketey geta promotion.
Tod be continuad.

King William wor crowned an the 16 th of O-towne, 186:. In an addrese delivered on the Gth be naid:-"The milers of Prussiat receive I hatll take the crown from the torders for: that take the crown from the Lordstable ine of the txpremion - King, he the grace on
 It is sermingly pious but rery impromus
fi. If Oit: FA」L
 LITLOGRAFIIC MACHINA: cerrinq MACHINES

## 

## HACHANEIS



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## B O B O L O!

TTILE LARGE SIZE of Atkinson's London Grorinnex may bo had at One Dollar por botlle Largo Assormant juat reopired. Squareis

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Necping Cars un all nieht erains. Dageseo the ked




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 be finam and exera a tast thes will materially lessen





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T was a maxim of Eitipher elther to keep

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RED RIVER COUNTRY HUDSONS BAY \& NORTH-WESI T : hRITME:
IN REDATOS to canata


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## T.F.STONEHAM

1) F WINDOWNSHADES MONTREAL.

COALS: COALS:! COALS:"


WE hatr congtantly in
 Wegnangor hclrg coat J. sus sinaw Gard, 仵Wollingtinn Street

## $2-21-5$


GentLemen, mut ind a rist-olasi 8. GOLTMANEAND 00 AT.



THE HOLIDAYS.
As the senson of annual presentations and holiday festivities is so closely approaching, a for words of advice to onr numervus readers may not be thmorn away. There are establishments in this city which are capable of supplying the wants of the wost fastidious, and within whose walls are contained such a raricty and assortment of goods; that all elasses and all pockete may be suited. Jewellery, Furs, Satins, Silks, Shawle, Laces, Perfumes, Tonet Articles, and confer in every variety can be found to please tionsry in every variety can be found to please
the old and young, the rich and wodema poor, while beauty and comeliness can select new adornments. The fashion of presenting mementoes of our afiection one to the other can be traced nearly two thousands sears back, and we are sure there is not one of our readers but can recall their childisis days, when the gitts of those fond parents, who have perhaps passed away, filled their hearts with an ecstacy of joy, and which, in after years, hare been to us the only links between the living and the dead. How many a beart throbs with tenderness at the remeabrance that that bracelet, or that ring, or that gift, whatsoerer it may have been, was the commencement of a royal love that is living now May all such gifts this season be new ties blessed to the giver as well as to the receiver

BRIEF SEETCH OF A SCCCESSFLL COMPANY
The Trareler's Life and Aceident Insurance Company. located in the city of Hartiord, and State of Connecticat, is not only the pioneer Accident Insurance Company of America. but is now the enly Company in the States writing yearly general accident policie-all the others having logeg since retired fom the field. The
success of the Traveler's is, in fact, something remarkable, in view of the great dificulties it has had to encounter. Ample capital, abundant energy, and able manageraent, however, carried it safely through, and it has now attained to an enviable position of stability aud permanence.
The Company mas organised and commenced business on the $15 t$ of April, 1864, and has now nesrly completed its seventh year. During that period it bas writen two hundred thousand general accident policies, and paid a miltor ard a quarier in benefts to itso policy holders: ior death or injury by accident. These claims paid ragege from inve dollars to ten thousand dollars each in amonnt, and number alout thiteen thousand. Ont of two hundred and eighe death losees by acideat, paid previous to Oct. 1 , 1370 , no lezs than thirty-tro wer:-
on residents of the Dominion. The Traveler's is well known, and does a considerable business ibroughoat the Provincts.
Four rears ayo a Life Dupartment mas established for the issate of all the popular forms of life and endownent policies, on the low rate cash plan. It has met with encouraging success, and upwards of ien thounand full life,
policies hare already been writen. The cash plan is unquestionably the best in insuranes, as in other bnsinese transections. For a certain definite sum per annum, the Company grante as definite amount of insurance. The policy in alwaye worih its face, there being no notes or never larger than expected, for it is fixed tefore the policy is insored, and cannot wt increased by assessments, or interest on notes or loans, for there are none. Th. Travelers
furnishes more innurance for a given smin than furnishes more insuranee for a given sum than
ronst other Companies, and in the rital matter of security is excelled by none, its cash assets amounting to $\$ 182$ for every $\$ 100$ of liability. The bead agency for the Dominion is at No. 241 St James Street, Montreal.-T. E. Forter General Agent.

## HEADERSONS.

The two cities of the World where Fur ar to be been in all their variety and splenderas are Montreal and St. Peteriburg. In St. Petereburg the rich nobles and their wiver are
actually buried in furs when they go abroact, actually buried in furs when they go abrondid sables that have cort thous exiles in Siberia, and some of which may have been trapped by a prince once mightier than
the lord that wears them, seem to be as com-
mon there as the other is here. It does not seem for mere warnuth's Eake, but baticent hali-barbaric that they are, they love to display, wealth. We bavo seen a clouk in St. Petersbury ralued at $\$ 8,000$, which belonged to the Princess Demidotf. The Russians have, as
we said, a mania for furs, aud wo have often re sald, a mania for furs, aud we have often
thonght how little the owners reflect upon the cost of time and of labour, ypon the hair long watching, on the comkits by sea and by land, that are written in silent chameters on each and every hair of those varied furs. The history of the Sable and the Firmine briug up to our mind a worid of memories. What in long train of gaunt figures stalk lefore us,
what curses are muttered at the anine of those what cures are muttered at the mane of those
harmless animals, what sorrows have been harmless animals, What sorrows have med
written and graved in the leart through the written and graved in the leart through the
love of fashion's votaries for those animals coats. Thousands of Poles, rich, lordly, proud cants. Thousands of Poles, rich, hordyy, proud to hent amid the snows nad the ice in order to trap them: success might alleviate their
hadships, failure atailed the knout. We handships, failure contailed the knout.
never can forget a Polish lady at Macter-Maden who said to us, "Never mention the name of Sable or of Ermine; they secm black as the grave; ther are the symbins of denths the sight of them makes me shudder: oh, it hardships my countrymen hare had to bodern to obtain those wretehed furs, you would loathe them." "Butare they not teatitul?" Fe and they have warmth in them; they keop the berty and heari warm, and God knows they suit the Russians, for their hearts are cold enough." "But the Ermine"" 1 sid, not so very tuwch worn by the nobles. Hor yont judges; there ts sanetiy about your
Ermine it is the emblem of justice. Has that mite crome hithe wretch they call the
Ermine, by its atath brough jnetion to our peonte? No, Ermine is trantital ; it is
delicate to the tutch. Bofter than vivet warmer than love, chaste in its buaty as vicsia,
purity, and yet it is the emblem of orutity, purity, and yet it is the emblem of crutlit,
which you call justice your green wore it it her coronation: your Lord Chancellor wears it; Aapoleon the lst that wan to save folath
decorated his Impurial purphe with it, your great judges all wear it, and women call it
 that it is the syabol of cruelty, but which you call justice:" Well, there can be no doubr
thaz Ermine has decorated the formo of that Ermine has decorated the forms of eome
of the mest kingly soundrels that ever disof the most kingly soondrels that ever dis-
graced existence. But in Canada therr is no pecnlar misert connected with the obtaining and feet-footed Indian for the ssilor ori our coactis, for the brave and hardy hantsman and bachoroodsoan. The pursuit and continamd
development of the far trade in this country development of the fur trade in thin country
has certainly beta of incalculatle value ia one war. It has been the means of surporting the Hudzon's Bay Company
hunded years, and by their ag
hundred years, and by their aeency we bave
been mady converxant with the ceocra, beaturade converxant with the geograghat
feations which may prove of ia calculable ralue in a future tine Even now the coherts of elvilization are thandering at their gates, and soon a human sea will evere along the Assiniboine and Saskatchewan.
These will not injure the fur trade No, tho iurs are in colder regions. In Canada fars are almost a necessity, and to the stranger the
strects are a novelty; he wonders in winter where all the fure come from. As be pasaes aloug he hears the How lovely the somble lowk, their cheerfin faces perping out of the
white hoods that braderthen white hoods that border their faces; what a hald,
of puricy sems to surround them from white of purity seeme to surround them from white
hord to swan-hued wolfakin, and thento "the snow, the beautiful snow:" There is only one hue, and the uncrry bella jingle, and the frost
is crisp as they hurry along fur-clad throuph is crisp as they hurry along fin-clad through
Montreal. Furs are costly, but there is an air of richness, of solid gentility in their appearance that appertains to no otherclothing, Henderson has furs of marrellous quality and of spletudid hue. Mink of a benutiful dark or Quadroon brown. These are brought from Lower Canada, which produces the best in the
World. Then there arc Russian and Iudson'e World. Then there arc Russian and Hudson's
Bay 'Sables fit to purchase a king's ransom; Bay' Sables fit to purchase a king ransom,
South Sea Serlsking, now the most fnshionable
fur and consequenty in fur and consequently in great demand. In splendid cloaks of Seal-skin, Mink- and Ottertrimaned, just the sort of present to make to a future bride. Here are caps at all prices, and made from the most sumptoous looking furs. There are Ruge, from the Arctic Seas, Polar Bear, from the Canadat, Black Bears and Grizaly Bear, from the Rocky Mouncains; Wolf-skins and arctic fox-skins, of immaculate whiteness, readers desire furs of any kind it is only neces. sary to examine the stock at Hendermon's in
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JOHN HENDERSON \& CO'S., Hathars \& Puriers, (Cryetal Block,
283, Notre Dakry Street, Moxtreal

TEE DOUBLE-BEDDED ROOM.
my chanlas lodak.
Sove men age very oarly, 1 am one of
them. Inm very griguled and rugted, wear a shably com by preference, nad ant aot at all nuxious to erninp ny fect into boots a size or two too small for me Sommow knocklay about Conada wifhout any particular object in
life excent heifers and whiskerapunch, dowa tend to bring a man down in his persomal ngprarance.

But ten years ako, though youd neverghess he to hook at me now, I was a simart youmg low is under fivenud-twenty, whe two or three hundred a year or so for poeket money, and welve monhs marlough after beven yeard
in ladia, he can generally mange to eojoy in ladia, he can kenerally man
hituseli. I kuow 1 could, weh.
I had tecome uncommonly tired of grinding party-going amongst the merchants of Bomhar, of dangling over croquet up the conntry, add getting an exicasiomal holiday on the hills, and my great idea was Paris. That's what 1 said wh Filtom, who would have liked to come lwek with me he's on the stath corpen now, I'm
told, and dome rery woll. told, and doing rery well
and Cairs, and Faghad, nad all Paramids. Fnhem, wh we sat and wateleci the bhack fiof the himids
"Bother the lymade and the Sphan into the larpana,"
to sen Mabille
Perbape you may say it warnt in particuiarly





 is futas well to bave theremince chased ug
Whyth not to kother the remper with the oht
 "rer. comes is is a yoma matis first doty ta study the contopporanemas hiztoryof his own
 sthdied the Fremeh and Gorman papers wisict lie cut the table at galignants whe caruful nt-
tion omy, yols ace not buine a biterary farty




 the first colusha eaneht my ateration.

 I really den't think I has a grater whong


 that she hat wat on my knev, with her fait hair tumblatik all ower her shonders and my Denis arm, nad comsed for hone of the bright butions of the fromt of the tunic I 1 was so proud of! Lithe with th, she got it too, Inctur
 wonld be no gook for Alice to wait to murry
me. Litule Alico! why whe sume be a chill still. How could anyone dram of convertiag that fitte bit of a fragile thing jato a ma-
tron? Still, when I came to reflect, it wout quite some years, and dice had beed living with acumteco turned, really a moman at last be remembered the had ant me $a$ photograph sorne eighteen montha before, and she seomed oo be a good deal altered therein. Il was a very bad photokraph
the news before for no wonder I hadn't heard the news butore, for they didn't know I was fun before I paid any vieits, rither of affection or ceremony, and I reftected that if my fricuds didn't know t was in Eurnpe they coulda't be very hard on me for neglecting them, so lithe Alice had got married, and I recoived Whe first intelligence by the publie papers. Who was the man? 1 tried to think 1 had
a has of a character in a dream, of nome follow
callod Murphy of Bulrothery, whom I liud met
and hadn't llked, A handsomo man ho wan quite possiblo it wnen't a ballow face. It was over; or aven if to were, I might mani, how.
formed a wrong limprespion conc have At all events, I would go over to lrelind onces. Wind something of asigh, 1 made my mind to alandon delightini, wieked wordly, oharming Parim, nod I packed th
light luggage I had brought with of Wect aflerncon. That was to with me the sam anderscons. That was the 17th of December siver in the ntemencr. Clear, bright and and char, freshand bright the day ropened "The "pleassint Dichde of France" stretemedod on either side of the cold river, rather fiat and uninteresting, unces where the long stetch whathroken by one of the quaint old-fashione all black nod a particle of shour on the ground nadinn winter along that keen nir. No Ca
 Ronen at last, wilh its noblo ate
mome wharves, and ita kitrange infl hand gabhed hounes bebind in stangextricable con fusion of orerhanging harrow streets. And when we stop to look nlout 45 a ititle. the market place, and the bronze ktathe, with the calm, uphurned, resigued, lovely face; th binds chasping the rongh crons made of soft girl's figure elothed in the wugh mail of Foft githe figure elothed in the rough matl of hat Joan of Are, Maid of Oricans, I do theo homage fromafir.
There wan no movibe the nome night when
 now, whyhanat puther of acothern France with ita continual staith, and whentergited
altuest one on top of the other. In the: morn.
 sombhatathes inst, which was late, weme the

 myecha purtic slaty beartlesn permath almay




 Alw, 1 wns howibg riage out itate ther hary mornitig rafr. Whatemy oges were axed on the deek of the priket bint a trana passod opt of one 1 knew, whoma I could not for the life

 handsome black whiskers. He misha hav bon alout thirty-fic, bat he was an slikht clegant looking an a mank ory y yran hand in bis hatod, and manad to hase mentor

 hin face 1 did got at all like. His lip. wers

 prople mathed him at ond time narimat the bart homg was hamaning ter wery obe here atad swore in an acemedingly nasty manat
 notiocd a rather fomeniap circumatabce. Hi clobher were guite new, and of a rery fanhion
 momitge tress But the handeotme cont wa Frn from the opoling of the lapel ixht acres the breake to the armpit, and his linen, whith was hite, was molled and disordered, ns thouk sether be wax a man for remarkatife nppear

After he was gone, nad all the rest of the heterogeneous collection of men and women who crose the channel in winter-time had dis-
appeared to their respective linvena, I still rppeared to their sespective lanrens, I sth
walked up and down, ruminating on the walked up And down, ruminating on the
ntranger whom ; who had been in india for aren yeare, knew an I was gure I knew him. and ho the ducuce can he be?" I repented again nom akait, and 1 tricked my idrar tor a golu-
tion of the dilemma. i was in the depth my perplexity, when the mysteriour man re pards from histance of kome three follow who wram lounging nioul, and whom $I$ ghould have taten to be a laciudi de wheot of aork All of a moder a lamiting fo his manner or look recalled his identity to my mind

## "By Georg

Without thinking particularls of what ! whe doing, ' Whiked rapidly towneds the twa
who were taling int hurphy furned awn before 1 could reach him, and went at a amari pace winding about among the devlous ntrects In which I loat him immedintaly though nttempted to follow him. I want back to th pher, and, very curfous stil, interrognted the idlor to whom Marphy had apokon. I mo
marked previoukly that I don't anderkind
French, and I fenred that to address my friond
would but a forlorn hopos. Howeyor, I would be but a forlora hops howerar, "auld but ry - jounow-that-hentleman?" I male, "ery slowly and dialinetly, wo as to give the very
benighed forelgner evary chanca. The Beedy
whe he was dreulfully seedy, repiled, "non," wae he was drealrully seedy, repited, nothe so hint I couldn't quite maks ont whether hat maderstood mo or no. A thought wouk quicken bis apprehenten wheld butween my fugh and thumb. The seedy man's eyenglikplyasyre and expecistion
 gquird with laboriona
He did comprehend.
"Ho nok me", he kaid, "when time de
 only comment coma conaiber appictule to dhe situation.
shat computing to monther pernon's miffirs? ant hat hatice; ahe might even lef in Havre at hat moment.
"atoo gou know where he liwer?' I akked of ar frem, who appeared to consider that the
oin was a long white coming, ride whone fuce odn was a hong white consterably, thongh hoge secomed
 though I mont may f thounhas my hargsin a

 whan dat lithe Alice had married. for it
 wak ather his wolding







 man.














Ak I walked down Sack ville heret the next Boning. Whom shonki ser n hate in irme tent conscontions frinhom, fur a inhow who
 ap, with the fublith man'r watk, the lethby

 was minible, and 1 could sec mobhing lime
tis comt huttons and his great red whinkersbe calls them Rembrands hrown. I touched bitn on the shoulder. He turned round sultdenly with $n$ magnificemt exprestion
hanghey dirpleasure on his conntemance. haughty displeasure on his comntumace. He
looked me all over in quite a s mon Tappertit
 *Hisir-5" 1 smiled.
mpoired, with cutling inods for me, sir?" be I mantioned my natme.
reen his face clear ap, arad hamb intion grin
 "Clows say.
"Come thin way, Deais, ye seamp," sagn
be, lagging ne nlong hato a shide street. :i Be-
 indeed, was all whe greeting I over got irom
the worthy fellow. "Whoso bis brat
 "Oh, no," says bob; "it" reni this time. Deany. Such a ateady, kuttled amimily man, "Wared dhousamd $n$ your in ber own right."
 beyond two mamer, (Bob hasat a harthing
allows hime hat his brother thusl value); "when's the happy event coming
of ?"
"Fallen, "the fact of the mationg a little crestthink I'm not old cuongh, nad I haremit beon
nole to apeak to Mariann, yet. In fact they "Not old enough:" I laughed ; " wata chicken then," (he is thirty-three if he (1ay.)
"I Ruppone that's what they mean," baid the maguine Romeg, "for they suid $T$ didn't know how to take carce of myself, and shouldn't
be able to tuke care of a wife " " But the lady mumt be of
"Bint yee, nhe's of be of nge, isn't she ?" right enough."
"Why don't she take you, then, and hang
the relations"" "he relationa?"
"Well"
"Woll," says he, "I haven't anked her, and vomrable itrpression I made when I was first ntrelaced.
The fact of the mateser was, an 1 heard bubsequently, that ho hal only mate the fair
sfariana, who was as old an limelf once at
 or her bumefit, he had manaped to upset a map of cofter down the buck of her neck. He and received his letter back torn into neat little kquares and made up into packeta, like beindges
hers.

Ite took m. into a sort of half clab half Fobre honese to, which he had aceess. and introduced me to, mane friends of his there, wery
nice fnllowe, donblese, but withan indefimble horrinese and nhantinese about them which
 miher d-exteory, and of on dectededy sporting
 Whas berams to be a very ktrong authority bo dhade preabenere the intwer in virtue of formations. At hast nome are satid


 I pribel up my carn, lam really Murphy is

thy ghetions thengh I was barning to
The nox words. however from ano-
Mesk. $\quad$ Will he try and kerp Balrothery, or will
he let it ke?
I hook loitzerald on one side.
and
Who are they talking of, Bob, for God's ake" I asked.
"An awfal eramp; a follow who used to be sat himmarsti, but heard an awful lot atoun him, amot previous hinhe good. He did some very quer thines at he curragh, and some
 brlash atonther morth wishont getting into


Whoinherat all? I said, in a good deal
whitatont

- His marm Murphy-Murphy of Balrothery". ben armad oi this thing all along; "and what was bis hith ?"
i, Maratidan heires," kaid Boh, staring hard

 rid- (here I racollectedmyself) Never mind whom, boh, and just kecf quict about
this. Da vouknow the ladys name? clingthis. Da you know the lady's name?" cling-
ing to the last traw. there might be nome nik the the last traw there might be nome
mistake yet. He didar know, and offered to try atad find ous hut I wotidn't let him.
cos contan I bind it wouli be my duty to go down at once and ind ont the whole truth. If
all 1 forard wore tras, Alice might be left alone in ber hoshand's house, I knew she had no fortme surhas coald do anything to save a man such an this Murphy was reported "be-daly some two thonsand pounds, and in baste, when it was discorered that he had no means of meoting his eugagements. Poor litte child, I thought, its hard upon her, even if this fellow foves har, to be cast upon
he world so koon. I condid not find out in Jublin, withont making enquiry more open
than l cared to do, where this confounded Batthan 1 cared to do, where this confounded Bat
ronhery was, oo went straight of to Wexford; and there asked my way. I was nnnoyed to Ind that it was he other side of Kilkenns,
forty forty good Irish miles, and no conveynuce bu on into the day of the $2 t$ th, and I should hare Wed to reach the honse before Christmas.
We started, the coman and I, through rather blink country, nt that time of the year for there was mo chow on the grown, and the Erent routh walls looked very cold and hard and ruseed, motting the country in all directions. 'lherky was black nad leaden, and the cloma formed n hewy canopy close to the earth. I conldn't help thinking of poor little Alice looking out upon that dreary prospect
perhaps in utter loneliness, nud watching for merhaps in ther of the husband who would not como Poor child! her horizon mast be vory dark

Before we reached the border, the rain in torrents. The driver, cheerfill and highspirited as his countrymen gerierally are, more so under difficulties, perhnpes, than in prosperity, pulted the cape of his frieze cont over his hearl, and began to hum to himself beneath great coat, and I was very soon wet to the skin. Irish milf:s are rather tedious, and before very long it became evident that the horse wated asmurancesty of the driver in spite of the right, yer honour good for ancther thity right, yer. honowr, good for another thirt
miles yet." At last, jast as we got within siep of some scatered lights, the poor beast brok down altogether, and refused to move a step After trying every artifice, we both dismometed and led our equipare some two miles into the long gerect of the little town of Kilkenny
" ${ }^{\text {man." }}$
Hotel, is it? Bedad, beyant Bryan Wil kinson's public house and Molly Geraghty's liquor at atl, barrin' phace ye can get a sup and they'll let yez in for the fove $0^{\prime}$ God."
"But I want a bed, and a fire to warm no and you'll want a phace to put your horse."
"Niver moind meand the baste, yer honour well do."
"Oh, nousenee," I sisid, "let's try these places, and see if interest or charity will move theme best.'
We thun
We thundered at Mr. Wilkineon's door for
 opened, and an ominous lowking buth-monthed phand.rbus, of the 'qs pattern, appared.
"Hollo there" I yelled? "werte travelle "Hollo, there", I yelled: "wére traveller
and want

Y Yotl get rugs,: said a harse voice
"From aud sheftier," I roared.
"Sluge: divil a lose," said the bise, and the barrel of the infernat bld wapon was
lowered until it covered ns in a very mopleaEant manuer.
"Come: away," kid the driver, in a frichtened whisper. : Reger, he manes it, the o, hald rapparec."
I thonght it would be best to come away,

"Well," I said, "if Molly isn't more propi-
tious, well wtand a cood chance of bing drowned lwfore morning.
 pointed out a low, straghing, ohdahboned
lath and mud house, with a projectior first hory above the rambling ground foom, a place that looked as though a strone putf of wind would send it in cticks and tinders alwui the untidy strect. There was a light pelpirg through a broken pane in this phec, however,
and seldom was a sight more grateful to any and seldom was a sight more grateful to any
one than that glimmer in the tumbledown old one than that glim
hovel was to me.
I struck at the ricketty portal with the handle of the driver's whip and we instantly heard a rapid scuming, followed by a hash. rices of that dilapidated bar to our entrance, or I shall have to break it in." I followed up the threat with a very imperative hlow, and 1 was really prepared to corry it ont, had the silmen lasted. In of few maments there was a somad
of slipshod thick shoes beine draserd, dap. of slipshod thick shoes beine drasged, olap. clap, across a tiled door, and the rasty bolts
ratiled as they were drawn, and the: rasy hinges creaked as the door was opened a few inches cantiously. I presed fimaty against it, and in another minute was in the house
The old woman, who had, I feel sure quite The old woman, who had, I feel sure quite
ngainst her will, let me through, was a fuehte ngninst her will, mot methrough, was a cheted, eridently, hy too much old age, whacco, thenmatism, and whis-
key. She was a blear-eyed, mumbling, dekey. She was a blat-eyed, mumbhys, de
cripit hay enough, and she was whimpering cut some complaint, as she shook in her trod den-dorn shoes with the cold air the unclosing of the door tha admited, and cowning in the
core pelled her to retreat.
"Ah, thin," she whined, in a quivering shrill pipe, "who are ye at all that comes coshering intil honest folks homes at mid night, bad mannere to ye:
"Hush," I snid, "don't be foolish; I'm a traveller, and weather-hound, and I havecome on public kouse for food and
shewed a couple of sovereigns.
The old woman chambered wheezing up some stairs that led winding out of the great wild kitchen in which I found myself, with whe driver by my side, -he wantt afraid to
leave his horse, poor beast. I had time to have his horse, poor benst. I bud time to
notice that this, which seemed to be the common drinking room of the house, had but little furniture beyond halfa-dozen or eight zotering chairs and stools, none of which had eseaped mutilation of some sort or another ; placed in the corner of the wreat hearth for the grenter convenience of resting one lame vide on a box; and a large table very much on nood mayy drinking murs more or less broken hauging on uails driven into the mud-plastered wall, a rough priat or two pasted up crookediy hero and theio, without nuuch rogard to artistic effect, an old oil lamp and a
allow candle in a bottlo on the table clee tallow crudle in a botile on the table cheek
by jowl witi another botila which did not
contain a candle, and finally a turf fire, anouldering low. I stepped op to this last, andivity; it was bitterly cold. Presently we heard the old woman painfully and laboriously descending the crooked and worn staircuise, and her step was followed by another, more even, but just as blow. They came together, and the new-comer was a person such as I
should hardly have expected to see in such a should hardly have expected to see in such a place. She was very old, quite at old as the crone who had received us, but sufficiently
neat, tidy, and respectable looking nent, tidy, and respectable tooking. The servant, though what service under the broad heavens she could possibly have performed I ann at a lass to imagine introduced her briefly, as she gained her breath ——, "The Misthress.
"The Misthress," in a rather pleasant low "Martha was tellin' me, Sir, you wished accommodation." (I should judge her to have living for some time in Ireland.)
"Yes," I said, "Mrs. Geraghty, you may
see we are completely soaked and it you may can let are completely soaked, and I trust you
some sort of lodging while our clothes are drying. I have to go on to Balrothery to-morrow, but the horne is worn out, and it would be impossible to travel ten miles on fort at this time, even if I knew the way, or couli hope for admittance in the mid-
dle of the night." As I spoke the old lady's dhe of the night." As I spoke the old lady's ses diated, her mouth fen, and
sumed an aspect of perfect terror
"Where did you say? where?" she said I answered, in eome surprise, :" To Balrothery".
"Oh'! wirra, wirra!" she muttered, passing her inads rapidy one over the other as though in linin.
"What is it ?" I said quickly, "is anything Shen there
She looked up, was silent a moment, and thing, she tried to compose her face, as she answered, with a pitiful expression:
"No, no, nothing; nothine at all."
It was very strange, I didn't hnow at all
what to make of it, but I was dead tired, and I asked again if I could get a bed.

Theres nome in the hous
"Anything at all will do, matirass on the foor, a shakedown on the table, anywhere that I
can set my clothes dry and sleep a few hours. l'm ready to pay anything in reason." "I don't know: couldn't you go somewhere "How is it possible, at this hour, and
where? Come," I pressed, and I put the two woweroigns towards her, "try and find something, Mrs. Geraghty.

The money seemed to be a temptation, the lone white, two pounds is a cost sum a how, white, two pounds is a great sum in a Sbe seem
esitatingly:
:Tinere js
Tincre js a bed -" phase let me have it as soon as you can. I
don't mind another sovereign, even, in the morning.
"Mut it's a double-bedded room, and there's "I don't mind the bed.
"I don't mind that, and I daresay the othe "unts not a gentleman," she replied, "it's a I was somewhat taken aback. This intelli gence complicated the matter rather. But
Lhen it couldn't be a lady, really, in this ram Then it couldn't be a lady, really, in this ram-
shackle hole. Some old country woman, pershackle hole. Some old country woman, per-
haps, benighted on her way home from the haps, benighted on her way home trom the
countr town, who certainly might be fastidious, but whose delicacy I shouldn't mueh mind'shocking.

Ah! no," she said, with a drop in her voice that might have been a groan, it was so sud den, "young; young and beautiful.
This was awkward. I considered again. I denly math disconcerted. I remembered suddenly that the beds in the houses in the south ot Ireland that are wealthy enough to hare
bedsat all, it is by no menns uncommon to bedsat all, it is by no means uncommon to
ind old four-posters with curtains all round. hind old iour-gosters with curtains al round
Perbnps Mrs. Geraghty's were of this pattern Perhaps Mrs.

Coulda't you manage to smuggle me in dil draw the curtains close, and never touch
hem, on my honour, till the morning. I shal leep sound, and the lady may get up and dres w:hnout ever knowing naything about me. It's orth while for three pounds."
She thought for a little while
"Ah, well," she said, with a deep sigh,poor erenture! she feared to lose the shilling oren the possession of gold conld not cure har of the accustomed ieeling.
"The lady's asleep now, I suppose?"
"Sound asleep, fast asleep," Eaid sho
I took off my boots and socks and coats and raistcont, and went softly up the creaking very close, and thero was the musty, oppressive, almost offensive smell that one often
notices in old chambers when the furniture


and hangings and clothes have laid for years amidst dampness nad ill-rentiation. She slanting away in all directions into the black darkness, which a wretched Huttering candle served to shew rather than to illumizate. By the side of one of the beds, the old-fashioned sat the old woman who , on a clumsy stoul, her gaunt elbows on her shatiag tne and her wretched old head trembling with palsy and her roouth mumbling in a manuer horrible to see. On the opposite side was a similar bed, but with its legs all beut and distorted out of the perpendicular by the weight of the body, and its dreary hangings drooping irom it and clioging about it like a cloak on
the limbs of a skeleton. There was a grim thell old cabinet, or press, on the side opposite to the window, which latter was carefully tained, anat this gruesome thing stood up like a wenacing monster readr to fall and orerwhetm the whole. Whether it may have erer been polished, this awrul piece of furniture, I am anable to say, it bore no traces of anything at he kind, but was entirely dead, black, and glomay, with the exception of two brass (ugh! I wouln't bave opened them for a by the faint light, so that ther glittered like tro dull eves from out the darkness
I turper thankfully into the old lod, rolled myselt in the damp and mouldy sheets as though they had been of the most luxnrions lawh, and prepared for slumber. Bus sleep
wouhd not come so readily in that weird chamber. It was a feariul might : the wind whistled in mighty gusts down the street, and ored the house tops, and round the corners, and the hove tops, and round the corners, sad
the ratte of broken glass and of falliug chimuers was almost incessant. The crazy lattice of the room I was in gave and cracked as the wind rushed wildy at it and the rain beat in unstady sheers against it; and the
datk curam elose ninned down tappod and bellied like a sail as the cracks of the tutiant admitteit the air. The ifght of the old womats candle threw a ghastly esy of lighe thanarh tach hole in the moth-devoured curtains, and I cond hear her rock and now as she mumbled berseli into an inbecile slumber. I tried all sorts of methods to induce the sleep I needed
so muh. I thonght of the lovely lads in the so much. I thonght of the lovely lads in the
bed opposite, who was so closely bed opposice, who was so closiely guarded.
Bah! some red-checked bouncing country Baht some red-cheeked bouncing country
wench, whom the two old women thourht paragen of beauty because she resembled what ther themaselves had leen in their girlhood laughedat their precautions. Then I reffected about my juarner, and wondered how litele Alice was freparing to beep her Christams. Perhaps, afterall, Morphy was not so black as he was mainted, and besides, I might easily,
have been deerived at Harre in the persongit have been deceived at Harre in the personai-
ity ofa man l had not seen for seven or eirhil ity oi a man l had not seen for seven or cight
years, and whom I scarcely knew to bow to even then. Very likely they were making great preparations ior an old Irish jollitication the next day,-no, that same day, -and
wouldn't at ulicare to see my forgotien ince appearamong them unexpectedly, like a ghosi And at $t$
And at that moment came just under the window the wost awiul thrilling, unearthy low shtick or wail I have erer heard. It was near, dietinct, and prononnete. I never knew till that monent what ras meant by the ex-
pression that the blood runs cold. I learnt pression that the blood runs cold. I learnt made a step to teap out oi bed. The old Woman on the stool woke up with a start.
:"th, would ye, thin", she cried, under
"th would ye, thin;" she cried, onder her
breath, "remember ver promise", breath, "rementrer yer promise
"But did you bear Whisht, silence," she said, with a genced. oi cominand.
I lay down again, and heard her moaning, in her feeble way, "Och, wirrasthrue, wirras-
thrue."
By Jove, I felt uncommonly uncomfortable, and I envied the car driver, Terry O'Rousk: lying on a budcile of peat in his frieze coat op-
posite the turl cmbers. All sorts of fancies posite the turf embers. All sorts of fancies
and horrors crowded through my brain in thick and horrors crowded through my brain in thick
succession, like the figurek in a delirimm, and succession, like the figures in a deariness, omm-
it wot till sheer and uther wearine pelled the that I sank into a sleep, uncasy and brokenat fi
dreamless.
When I woke the dext morning it was nearly bright sun was shining into the old room through one corner of the window from which the curtain badd been torn. The old black presis was not nearly so grim in the morning light, and the horrible old woman had gont, though
ber botle with the marks of the figron ber botlle with the markn of the flaring cardle thing of reality.
Iahgnow of enjong so pleabant bs the refreshing
lahguor of enjogment which succeedtan long
sleep after much weariness. I washed and dresked very kisurely, and was just abont goog down stairs to get my clothes which had been left to dry, when, ass I reached the door, night before.
night vefore
bed at all," 1 said half wloud angone lu the bed at all," 1 said half uloud. "The old
women alecp there ihemgelvor, and only stood
ont for more money. Nicely I've been bitten."
whetherhing, I don't know what to call it, extmareons merely ordimary curiosity, or some to the side of the bed, and cautiousty draw the cimiains open a little way. I felt inespressibly shocked when 1 saw that the tenant of the companion coneh to my own was a patchwork bed-tamiture. I dropped my hand patehwork bedtidaiture. I aropped my hand to pry me farther into the mysteries of death, but black wo whe to suy what awful crime that bask hox might not conceal? It was duty, I softy raised the lid. By the dim light whith penctrated the narrow aperture of a girl, but faint us the light upon the poor a girl, but faint as the light upon the poor
dead face was, there was something in the look of it that sent a dreadfal thrill of nameless terror to my heart. Hastily I lifted the cover entirely away, and striped the curtains Gack to the pote. 1 tore down the hagings
from the window, and let the sull dood of the glorious sumshine into the chanker.
Fair hair, a pale swent face, eves decorously $\rightarrow \rightarrow$ forchead distigured with a terrible ear. But trom which the soit hair hat been clipped and which told too plaing the cause of death And, on the waxen cheek the livid mark of a heary brise. But as I greed, more and more
the horrible conviction grew upon me that the horrible cunvictiongrew upon me that I was looking lapon the corpse of my dest
sister. The beamiful, almost chididish iaco wis terribly distigured, and I had not shen the
girl for rears, but so surely as she had prow girl for fears, but so surely as she had grown
to be a woman, no other face in Gel's world coud so haver resembled Alice's as this proor dend childs did. I nat me down by the colth, a mint sickness coming over me for the mo-
ment. It was over difectly, and 1 roused to the necessity for action
As I ratered the kitchen, the two old women, whe were at some meal or other, hud-
ded together with herrind looks. "Oh see his white face sud his blazing mit.
manded
Grownine and welping, ater the manner of hat come to the dowe, a week berore. on a bitter and bowling night, with the blecding cut on her forchend, biating and dying. She
subl she hat tallen on her way inta bitle
 arambt a stone. They put her to bed, and doctor bad betre called in, bat from the first pronowned the cave hopeless and recom-
tanded that her friends shoults be found and tonded that her friends should be fonnd and
communteated with. It her incoherent lancommunicated with. It her incohercht lan-
gunge she called repatedy "Archur, Arthur, guare she called repentedly "Arthur, Arthur,
Arthor:" and "on! don't strike me," The doctor bad sirst thought of examining her let ters and linear, the latter of which was quite new ard rery tine It was marked (I knew what it wonld bev and droped my head into
my hands as they came to the nane) "Alice Shapy, and the letters were directed to "Mis-Aher Hachett: Poor chith! poor lithe
 whont had hend the ofy of the Bansher nader my window in Dnolin.
Her lithe pitiful story is somn told. There was feception woth on the silde of her macte
nad on that of tioe villain Murghy. The lather
 ceutleman of property, which indorthy as an only the property was cneumbered to the last acte. Alhes tuncle mat him at a ran
of the Istand hounds, and brought him of the lafand hounds, and brought him
home. The girl was represented asan heiress,
 How a man like Murphy could have been an bable that each party, knowing the deception they were practising on the other, did not care to make too close mpquiries. Of course, when the cetemony was concluded, the whole story Marne ont with regard to Alice't portion. Mntphy, keeping a good face before his wife'
ratations, took hur to his own phace and in twatays, the bailiffs here in the house, ind his person in imminent peril athouse, and cerne be atruck her with his brutal haud, and earned her out of dorss to go to her frienclaforty miles away! He himbelf, the next morting, had but time to escape with what article he could contrive to lay handa on in a litcle valise. He was arrested at the gate of his own park, and tearing himself from the hands
of the ofticer, had struck him down with a of the ofticer, hat atrick him down with a of which blow the man atierwards died
In company with an English detective
anded in Xew York three weeky nferward The doube Ne york three weekn aflerwards wats not guilty of Alices'r death, I hor,d him to have nore cruelly, more ylolently, more
wiekedly compatized her end than that of hin for whenst homitide he was to answier, hand thean no cure to concent himself, On the lithe portion, s2,boa, which he had received with laviahly, according to his custom. Wind dart
face was lighted up with tha flush of wine and he was telliag some atory of auccess ful rascally to his companions.
His evil countemance changed altshtly when Le was arrested, and he aridandy heare tor the
tirst time of the two dentha ho had oceasioned The story being concluded, he turaed cowarde mat, of whom 1 thin
intuitive pereeption.
and persou in black?" he asked the A meriesn police olticer; "the deril hitu-
self come for me? were most offensice his manner and tono I am not of a vory cool temper, though I
can command iny feelings while thore's may. thing to be done.
"By the lord!" I suid, for I couldin't bear to hear that scoundrel's volce addrensiug ise
"Ill tell you seon enough who I ana l'm ing brother of your whis, you murdering ruthing and l'm going to thrash yon withita no fact of your life.: I canght him br the collar, und had struck him once over the shoulders whe he tired. The leall hit me in the shoulder, and I dropped. As conscioumaess left imy, and
neuidat a confused rush of feet nud slamour of nmidst a confused rush of feet and shamour of
voices, 1 heard him nhout ' That's Thume,' wifh a shout of drunken hughter, amin ne the romen
 gee in the smoke which thled is. I waw hion tura his pistol to his ora hetal, and sult hi blond splash on my face as he fell beavily so the flowr.

1 could not go back to kiurope, the horror of those fone weeks had overenmes me tom mush. I went in my paycon, and came to doing meth though I could do better, bat 1 ara mise the - ture a fair whilds hemd to prose Ahationt my shoulder, nen, wot whake areh Alieg's phac
in my hesre, hut to nit the void thore. an my hesrt, hut to milt the votd

 end

Whowe is the benatiful palm facy with the dark hair, wel the grave clenr eyos that 1
rought farmer, go to Sotre bame to lowh at and to sind reat and porece in the contempha tion of that I hare never fand beforomady the two great towery" "Tin ou lote ander : nise the fetling. Les whe have the city

 Giends but but my dage and my funk fir

Edicated at Villa Marta, was dine? And

 juedy, for she is ax gonel abd monte wh here in

Aghes steets loves me and I hor, and w hall he marrimd in a forthight more
t. fous have had aome grat norto
life, Denim. Were you evermarritel in yous Y You toon, my durting that dace whe not Whys as sober as now.
"shall we exchange confindoces." (in a lom
oice and with the beatiml hend a lithe droojed, sure the beautimb hema n hath "r (1.).

I knew I ought to tell you, tefore our wed ding, (looking up for a momernt with the rank, trusting tember vers), it is a kind of mine."

And mine, my denrest, aboun a half-kinter.
Oh, but she wrat good wand "Oh, but
quickiy).
 any My brother was a very bad man He married a young lady formoner and killed he and afterwards committed suicid:
was little usely needed bo ank the name It wer the canaso of an altered face. I haew with terrible cerininty that 1, Denis Hackett, hat fixed my hopes in lifn on the nister of my own
sister's murderer.

A year hat jant, she waited for me, in apite my making she knew I would angent of my making; she knew I would come back,
khe anid; did I not love her? And indeed I do, trilly. And at lant, on of my wife Agnes, do 1 forgive her brothere Arthur Murphy, and may God merelfully re cive my praycra for the ultimite reat of his
blood-uined koul.

## A FELISE

Flert tho nocersittos, then the luxura life, and lat them ba varlous, thor should b hose that touch the roynl apteurean phat Its mort delicato spot: In all aces phiate in has bean atudied, and even the toot palate races, the moment the battlo cry has conke havo entered into the ntudy of luxury ts details. Tho Rownati in war aud endering without complajnt the nevereat privations in Atatr cnmpaigns, In their anse loved to ustonish each othor by the oplou dour and luxurlousness of their reprate Be clining (we read) on coucher, they commend by stimulating appetixern brought by alaves Then they had dinner, which comisted of tes divistons, alled Mental irima, the Arst of the and Ifenea Stconda eel Aleme, tho second courbel two thoumaid yenrm Rimet. Here was the bill of Fate:-Chyater, egon, asparagus, letluce, onions, fass, and a untsum of win mingled with water mad aweetered with honey Then mame fish, mullet, lamprey, aturgeos pike, and trixicit: and for numt, ne peacock pimasmet, a kid, g gulaen hen, deeks, geces nightingales, thrusher, and perhape a whole moar ntuitid with the terin of other antruale Co wash dowa this mbadant baquet wines were kerved up, cither mixal with water or with spice, and drank cither hot or cold Then came the burood gure ander nuse bign, olives, prapes, pistachio nute, dried
 pinemat bernels, and then kneetmentionad coniertooth, Happy odd gourmand, bucallun
 and his fricody kuew it ; be bised to have liferent roum or erichemum for ceacs ntylo on faughes. He coregare a nupper in the hall If called Apolle to Pompary and Cicero, and inemered the ca water of 50,000 demaril (equas
 Yoth, or the Maison bore fa Parix. Thofart a mopte most ant, and la it only a queation af Easte, tha ability to ohtain the artich wr demire, atal the piver: of digention that camsers o month carnety in our remats. The Chinest like bail-pup pie, hird'x-nestr amd krails, a
 hilaly rajoy twited hablew, namis young lady ricanace of bld monan, and stewod autinguc mans. The Fituch have alway showa a strong partiality for froges hind legs, (wers aicol, and stranliatk (beor Stramburg) in

 Enplinhman and the dmrrican hare a decided penduate for oysers. The Finglish apemd mil form in th, emitivation of demir native beds and cobeteder the: putay thing a dish for the ands. For ois jart they almaya necmed :c baste liken minnte pioce of fat mosked in copperak. Amuricatat pre the after-laving people They are the onty pople who thateretnad how a eat them or how to reok thom. Knowing the fincst arnters in the world are on their canter, in their extuarien and in their hayg, ther have learned to rosat, to brail, to fry, to krill, to liake, to stew, to pickle, to cra, and, nowe all, they have leardithow sumptuone. how rigal, how delicions, how exquisitely ace, bow aromatically grand, how everlasiingly tasty in the crude, legitimate mw un the hall whell. Ameticansalwnys want oysters In the coldinesk of winter or the hent of nummar; thoy mast have them. We Gunadiank are the anmf, and wio only neek where we can nad the beat. The York River oyater wat a godsend to the Vinion troops when on the fenimala in the inte war; they have never forgotten the tante. Well, if our readera want to enjoy this delfolom bivalve in all its fresb. Bess, take the advice of the writer, try the Barnegata, Mmoken River, Chernpenke Bay ; try James' River and York Miver. You can bave them by the barrel, or you can have then
freah an when opened, by jush sending to No. 17, Place d'Armea. There yon will flad them fresh every morning, whipped in large tarrela with grent iumps of ice to keep them cool, and junt an freah as to the knife had just openad thetn out. But you buy them in tho shath, In the bulk, in cons, or in kegs. To those who


oaly to send for a quart of oystera, which will cost thom 80 conth, and they may mako a ntom for a family. We heard a geatloman the other day whille lastiog oyatury at Busera remark tha bis throut noemed to fool an If it wan two mille long and Httle nagala woro kisging it all the ay down. Tho now brand for his Bamegutt'y most delfclous and dellcate oyater, is a star. All thome who give oyster partlen during Christman time, whather la tha Country or the Clty, have only to sead thair ordery to
ј. B. Buss,

No. 17, Place o'Auren,
And they will be promptly atteraded w.

## HOTELS.

The Gueon's Hubl, Tormio, Ontasio, Cama du. It ia unneremmary to tell our Toronto redern nuything aloout their hotels, and, in. deed, most of our readera from Queleec ti; Otawa know which are he bekt hokela to kojourn Hut ther: wre mell thonmads that our (wo holiday ammbers whil reach who are perhap atout vinitiag Toronto, or are perhaph golng further West. Well, there in the Queents as Toronto, faciag the lowely Bay and Iake of Ontailo, it in sumptuonsly furnixhed, good Remding-roomk, capital Billiard-parlour so reliere the irksomeness of a miny or a nnows day Then gou have a kental proprietor, who
 HII., her han mome of the eharity of Ithehard Conur de dion, and in furnmond Diek, Cempt. Thomas Dick. In the Mantigere. Mesimes. Thoman McGeir and Mark II Irikh, (b" Fendan you will fad bondemen who will exend "rory cospteny, and will, morwow, be willing to give son wery information you may require ak to the lablie Buldimige, Drives. ke.

We brirejuat herthor Fillm. The old, familiat hosels are clowed. The lateruationit is boarded round io keep aut ketay loyen and otber interloperk. The Cataract is cher same. Actose the Suspenkion Mridge we calledat the Clifon Houme, from wherion yru obtain an grand a aight of thone evert moring, wer thundering, and enternally gibling, cruahing Falls, The frosty conce wete rising at the hafe, ste mighty, rough racks were prismatic in their
 dip ends of their liratehes. Prople mukt seot. should res Niagnta, in wimer, ite weint, pure, crytal adornd, white epresding trauty, over rack and atone, tree and whrub, and its cold Whray ballime like the froach brenth of nature, in not to ke, caman be, forgotem. Well, the Spesicet Inome is opwn: the train takon you close to the door. It in a tirat-rinks, new hovel. it kept open all the grar romm, and has aceomimodntion for 300 guests. A. Gluk-k, Esq., is Proprintor. "He can kerg min hotel." The amiable Col. Parlest, of the O T. Rnilway, ia Berentway in whater.


## otrata hotal

The Proprictorx of this botel have had long experience in hotel-kerping in the Shter. They have gone to great "xpense in freacoing and decorntions genemily, and although the hotel is unexcurtionaliy a ilratclass ond, yet the charge is only $\$ 2.50$ per dny. There are hot and cold bathe on every floor. The hotel has two frontages, one on Notre Dnme Streot, and one on St. Jnmes 8treet, and our readers can percelve by the musimution the axtout of the building.


To inforin the peopleor Montreal hast Hogan $\&$ Cu. keng frst-class botel-which are an howour to the Dominion-would be simply invidfous. But as this Christmas Number will be sent to not only every part of the Dominion, but w thousands in the states and in Europe, we may perhaps inform them that Alogan and Co. are Proprictors of the St Lawrence Hall, on St. Jumes Street, and the St. James, ou Victoria square.


Mr. Samuel Montgomery in the Manager, Thed in wrill assisted by another gentleman. They have both been in the states. The st. lanerence in the oldest and hest krown; there re will find a cuisine unsurpassed. romoth and apartments not only eleganty, bat senaibly furnished, and wibla all the Eugliah conforts. The clerks have been well known for yars for their conrtesy and urbanity even we strangers. The satue may be said of the St. Jamex, which Es charmiogly kitnatad, incing a square with delightinl minabiery and fountains. Tofamihee desiring a quiet home, most reasonatio: terms ras la: made for permanent buard. In both hotels every mondern improwement has been intriduced, and the personal experinace of old eravellers, we leflieve, being the bent risterion an to judgment, we therefore resommend our readers from all parts to reat here and tw thankful.

Fred. Gerikan. Esq., dexires to annomes that at the St. Jamer Hoted they have opened a Festurant on the Detmonico seyle, ami that orsters of the best puality, fried, broind, or stewed, are always on hand

THINO OF BEAUTY is A Joy FOR ETER
It in curioun to note that history in unsaveling the customs nad manaers of nations antewdent to our own always expendengreat mesavure of wordr on the jewelsand urnaments of the women. Even the explorers of Sineveh and Pompeit, the Layards and the Kawlinsons, love to linger over the descriptions of the omments of the Quecens of Egypt and the Princesses of the Graeks and the Romans. Travel through the British Museum or the Kensington Museum in London, and there you will see how erery netion is represented, and its fastes excmplided, by cither the exqusitenexs of its jewelled ornaments or the harbarous
frinkets of iron and brass that ornamented the mostrils, earn. and even lips of the uncoush uncivilized. and depraved awage. Here you will see the dellate and exquisitc workmanahip of $n$ Saladia's adormment, the mayniticent jewels of Tiffou Shhih, or the wroughe crown of nu Antony. In rematiag of the explorntion of a lomprit in these modern times how paincil it is after the lapse of nges to read of a skeleton, with its beguiled hands and ite coronet of gold telling perhaps of beauty, youth and tove trimmphs, buried in a moment by an earthquake and the hot ashes of a Verurins. 'To adorn with gold and with precious stones was the love uven of a Solomon in all his glory, and the Queen of Shebs was glithering with flasing gems as she camo into his presence. Diamonds, Ruhies, Sapphires, Einerndes, and learls, from hast time, linve had a genealogy mory perfeet than any Emperor or Kiag. The Koh-i-noor, tho MomEaln of light, the Bexent, the Brunswick, and the Brazil dems are as well-known by every lapidary in kurope, and their history as the Cinrternt-A Ams of tirent Britain an tell you
of Baron or Earl, or Kaight. Who so phleg- only throngh his medium. If you want to matic but that is aroused to admiralion at the change your residence, if you want to sell display of splendid gems? Who can forget the gorgeous glltter of fire and rainbow hued flages that changed like the chameleon or a sumber surset before the eye at the Paris Exhibition. Thare were gums there by the Million of Pounds Sterling ; one lady, we remernber, the Counters of Dudley, had jewels on exhibition worth $\mathbf{i} 30,000$. But the glory of all sights, to our poor eyes, was the Dresa Opera given to the Sultan at London in 1867. The houme was literally a blaze: it was fairy land; it surpasaed all one can read of in the "Arahian Nights." Aladdin's lamp could do no more - a world of manly elegance and sumptuous fumal. beauty dazaling the eye and the senses with Caronuts, Nrekjaces. Brooches, Stare of Hondiar, Bigrters on Ori-ntal Turlans. India Shawls, and bujewelted forms. It proved the lowe of all for ornament ; go into a commery village, far into the backwooda, amid the Ing-houses and the ravages, and your Pionetr's wife ahall hava her Ear-ringe and her Brocola; your Squaws, Bobeloshin or Papoose shall Lave their Necklices; your Chief of a Tribe shall have his Robes adorned and decorated with leads of all colours.
But of us, who beheve in proper adornment and ornament, we know that we must neither wsine to the: Eyretes oi an Austrian Prince, nor do we desire to imitate the trash of the vulgar.

Jewellery well made, of a tasty pattern and of cenniat quality, is ever becoming, whether on man or womas, and our honses are the same; their adornmemsare anextmplincation of the character of the ruling spirits that preside there.

Sow that Clisistmas is come again, of course we are preparing to add to our household gods, we are hesitatiag and wondering what hest to give to those we admire and cherish; we are perhaps making up our minds to add to our plate or out decorative ornaments. Well, just walk fearlessly into Savage Lymon de Cras, -tinc Maneock's, the Goddard's, the Emnuuel's of Montreal. Here is an assortment of gocols that would set the thans of the Prussian Army mad to discover. Jewehlery of every imaginable description: Gold Bracelets, Browher, and Ear-rings with Diamonds, Rubies, Emeralds, Turquoises, Opals, Gurbuncles, Oriental Garnets and amethysts Secklaces, Neok Chams for Pendanes and Lockets, Goh tiags with votioures and clusters of Diamonds, Rubies. Ememalds, Pearls, Fe.; Gold Simats, Charms, Crosess, Studs, Cohhar Buthons. Cameor carved, Jet Jewellery, Bog Oak Jeweltery, Wathes Goldand silver, Chroaometers by the chebrated Llyse Sardin, Kevers, Repmang and Hunting.
Ladies benutiful gold Watches from Sw it gerland of the newest pattern: Olocks in gilt, in marble, or in bronze-a magnincent varicty.

Silver Ware, Electro-Plated Ware, Opera Glasses, Musia Boxes, Table Cutlery, Leaiher Goods, Dressing Bars.
Rronze Gowls, Figures and Statuettes, Papier Macbe Ware, Work-Tables and Handkerchief Boxes.
The mblicare invited to call and rien thi unpmenllelled stock of goods, which has never bect appronched in the Dominion.

SAVAGE, LIMAS \& CO..
2ti, Notre Dame Street,
Yontral.

## HOLSES AND LaNDS

There are thonsands of our awn citizens and ditmanmembe strangers here that find them. We have probably as select and as well-huilt dwellings in this city as thereare in the whole Dominion, and not only in the heart of ihe city, but in the suburbs there are villas and houses oftering the most tempting homes. Tho surronudings are perfect, and one conld Mlmost beheve that he were awelling in some hevely home in kent or middesex, when ho sees the charming grounds here in spring bubly possesses the largest list of unlet houses and phecs for sale of any person in this counery. At his Othice you can find a list, not only of dwellings to be let in avery portion of this Province, but you can nlso obrain information of buatiful residences that may be purchased
your property, if yon want to negotiate a loan upon it, if you want to rent a new store, by son's Bank, and you will recelve every information you desire.


## hpcollet hotab.

A. T. Stewart was a humble poor boy in Treland, now he is a milhonaire in Aew york
Marshall is Snelgrove in Oxford Street, London, are a firm not easily to be overtaken, and certainly Broun of Clagyett represent and are firm not easily to be forgoten. Having a buyer that travels throughout the Manufacturing Districts of Europes ; understanding as they do the wasts of the people of the Dominion thes have with good judgment and refined taste selected some of the most exquisite good Lyons you have in all their airiness, in all their sumptunusness, and in all that spirituelle that gossamer lightness that fascinates the belle of this city
But above all they have that solidity of
goods that delight an Englishman. Blanket. goods that delight an Englishman. Blanket. area vulgarimm, but there is a warmoth in them that in these snow-clad nights would cheer even a bridal nature Here they are to be worms glow and work on the those tiny silk from Japan and Chins and India. from Japan and China and India; they promorn; then these skeins are woven, and thei fabrications become a pecessity for all the fashionables and the wild weird stage and the sombre matron by the Christmas fireside
Then comes wool. Wrol from Somerset shire, wool from Australia, wool from Persia like Fenderson possesses, wool from the Cau casus, wool whrm, wool so naturally antagon-
istic to the cold regions of this north. How istic to the eold regions of this north. How
sumptuons the shints are woren wealth of climatic comfort there is in them then the drawers, blankets, coverlids and socks are usually good. The wild winds may whistle through the valleys, the frost may come with death s chill in his hands, but the warmith of these Englishand French thanoels may sublue all theser snow-chat sensations. But, Ladies of Montrial, parties are corniug, soirces will replace the summer walks, wed dings with all the regalia of lorely processions Felvets, if Moires Antiques. it Irish Foplins, the most charming of all himes that can stors sou, from homan Maiden to the preent period delights your uye, look at the ir Tarteton Mus-lins-pertectly beautiful are these Muslins for matrons there are no whets so royally grand ; there are no gloves manuacture Which can compare with thowe the Recollet House possesses. Shawh of Brussels Lace, How aiton Lace, Point Lace. Valeuciennes-in fac All Laces are here. And then there are such expurite, that our wachelor beiner only had moment for secing a sicht of, so that we can not describe them. Rut we rest assured as we walked from one conater to the other that there is a variety of gooms that would satisiy
For the Ball, every element is there to win he forlorn lover.
For the Drawing-hoom, there is everything o prove your taste and your refinement in dress.
For
from the presentationt you can select the series Bom the Moire - thitiqe to the simple Maslin.
But ii you desire season after season to study fasbion, to comprohend the pecmiar idiosinerasies of haman nature, you must study here. There is an evidence of a worldWide travel in relections, of a consummate anste not only intuitive, but cultirated, that it would be well if our Dry Goods Merchants could imitate. All that the most severe judge determive thet thu determining that the

RECOLLET MOUSE,
BROWN A CLAGGETT.
Dotre Dame and St. ELeten Streets, Is the Hocsk

The Dex Goons Stosm,
'Ge Stew-ant's of Monthzal



THE LEGEND OF THE ROSES.

PARTI.
The thirsty gands of the Syrian plains
Had quafted of the blessed autumn rains,



 It was in the hush of the autumn night, And porrhanging moon was shinings hing the vine leaves with ilakes of light;


In their hearts was joy. like a bridegroom crowned,

 A cloud that is nearing the moon's vexed brow
Hath passed with its spiteful veiling
 And the other's heart is failing it of the startled air And there rings through the vauit of the st
A cry for pity a moaning prayer-
The soul through the wid voice wailing. Again there was aalm on that autumn night,

 The lamps of the night were glowing. In the gloomy pride of the judgeg' state,
The chiofs of the stern Sanhedrim sate
With thes With their pitileseseyes on the floor bent down,
Ont their brows of granite a frozen frown;
 Co open only when death or doom
Can forth. tothe prisoner standing
Ahopeless as one in a a ion thair.
They sate like leopards, these judges grim, The slaughter foasts, for hor triumphs $m$
 Which placed the sands of one ebbing hour
Bowed down with terror and with shame,
Guarded and bound. a prisoner came;
 Sown to her feet her fetters hung ;
Speochess she stoo. but the moist eye
Spoke out that wordiess ahony Which comese, whene crushongy rief hath come
To strike the senses dull and dumb,
To To shate the renseno on its throne,
And leave but life and breath alone.
It is not sympathy that rreets
The maides accuser, for he mee

Harush, then uarurer, wat known
As one who firce celilight woold take
In torturing for the torture's sake;
Who jeste ot

". Harash, come forth!" the High Priest said, Heaven's wrath will tail upon his heead


 And hittie thought It at the tere
the
laid my brother in the clay That I should bave to charye a orime
Against his daughter here to-day.
One night, of late, I mused alone
Within my A sudden coorden, of ineense the blown came From the girl's casement. and a fame
Frollowet the inconss.and then died,
Like meteor at eventide.
With pain I never fielt before,
And, peoring nioce a s sight it saw

And then Came from the High Priest's lips
Words with ofor hape shed death-eclipes: In luat of heart, by ill-advice,


## Scare had he ended when a shriek That blanched the bravest hearer's

 Rang from her lips, and the shere foll,
 But doomed to wake to poignant sense
Ere reaching the grim scaffold's foot. Part II.



'Twas digmal scene. The blinking light And, as its ghastly glimmerer sprawled tt sought the nooks where reptiles crawlod,
And showed the bloated scorvion's lair
 Into the weird domain of shade. On dripenn orms moll and sligem togrow-
Like ghouls that and slimy floor, Like guouls that geented human woo,
And yearned and grinned for human goro

One of the mon who kept the guard
From which his beteor nature shrank
The
Thallon mas named; and, for reward
Of ralor, held a tribune's rank

Things whioh, when reasoned, vex the more-
Life, death, the orizin of if, The might and mystory of will.
And much he wished to loarn aright
The lessongehown in dramis by night;
And long believed they might bestow And long believed they might beest.
A glimpse of future weal or woe.
 His was a mind quick to recoive,
And quick, on beoing, to believe;

Tired of the thoughts that silenoe brings From under memory's teeming wingr,
And which, like ghost, unbidden oome, And when the brave human voice is dumb,
What Thaillon and his comirade sporer
And the opressive silenco broke.

Thallon.
"I dreamt last night a a trange, bewildering draam,
For Fance banieghod reason from my brain, For Fancy banished reason from my brain,
And filled his throne with phantoms." Quintes.
"Dreams are the ghosts of thoughts the daylight And darkness brings them back again to haunt us.." Thallon.
"Midnight hath lessons as the noondas hath,
And tis in sleep wo learn them."
"If thy dram be of Quin sugury


 Come to unman us, and to strik
Which is the soll of Courage."
 Which mose and rocked in mang an annang anve,
Each billow, iike the bountoous breast of Ceres,



 Standinnexpectant, in that heartlesi cill
Which habit givas to those whom Sets up on hitig to toanse or withems privilege All of a sudden, from the multitude
 But tat that moment oame a anatlio ovic
With the authority of mystery born
 Responding to the nightingales that sing
The myrtlos of fair Tempe into slumber And the voice said: 'Let what is bound go froe 1' Defned upon the hir an anondruas f fece
Beaming with light, and whereon Love sat throned Beaming with hight, and whereon Love sa
As in it natior heaven; upon the bro
Reposed the majesty of perffect manhood
 And look of yearning that was infinites, And deemed unnatiog foed anpor thine lipg,

 Arr Phidian Jupiter, in.burnished gold


 Of his, whom wo thave seon, and who is coalled
The 'Healer of the People.' Quintus.
"There may, perhaps, be something in the dream;
Stili. minds o'erworked by day will play by night,
Tir the For then the madman that's in allo pof us, p , And while his heoppr, Reanon, it agalep,
Aolds revel in his prison of the brain. And shakes it, as he meant to o orerthrow it." Thallon.
"Hast thou e'en seen him whom I just have named, And who for countloss deeds of timely meroy,
Is, throughout all the Judean land, adored; ; And called by fonder name than Cmsar is,
The 'Healer of the People ?

Quintos.
II have beheld him many y a time, and still
He looked more graciounthan he did before ;
 Ao do dumb war with wonder

 Thallon.
"I've heard it whispered as a thing most gtrange, Thbe ords coasod to oonverse with mortai morn
In old oracular utteranoe, Quintus.
"I now am old enough to call to mind
 Thallon. "I've heard it said among as Greeks at home, A strange thing happened on the sea at night.
Wouldst like to hear the tale? Quntus.
In mystery there is a fascination
Which all men yield to
tond
and
 Thalion.
THE FIRST CHRISTMAS."
 Heard a weird voice along the wares caerearing,
Saying in thundor toneg, "Grant Pan it doad."

 He saw no Naiad near. with tressees streaming
Like web of gold with amethyst enwore To toll him that, no mor, saze in prieote dreaming,
Pan abould hold rule oer meadow, vale and grove,
 That now fool rass disolosed what garments gol
Had hidden from all eyes in days of prime. The pilot haerd no tale like this, when loaning
Aoross his helm, to listen, but he read Some strange, doad import, in the rysitio meaning,
Of the four solemn words, "Graat Pan is Dead."
And as they went, like funeral echoos booming,
Theo stirred the pilot's soul with proscient fear ;

He left this unto Fate, bat told the warning; And, ere on noon-de's breat had swooned the
AL Groece had heard the wail "Great Imarning, ${ }_{\text {[Dead." }}$
Soaroo had the soldier ceased, when rung
Throughout the dungoon vaults a ory
 And, for a moment, strioken pala,


Crdns.
Oh woe is me for youth, and hope, and lovel
Woo, that blind Fate, in smiting, did not smite
 In neeing not its coming.
Oh it is merey more than misery
To die in age, when Love stands



At its own will, like a beloved star,
Which, watched by kindly eves, the wholo night
through, Withdraws itzolf, at it it appointed time, It barn incense to a heathen god Feil on me like a mountain, and ohoked up,
With its foul bulk, the ohannols of all thought,


Oh, arrowr thought of keosed asonil

 Of being the mother of the tromised One
Oraels Mesiah, Chief of all our race.
And what a hideons mookery of youth's dreams ! The ofaring fane to makk my bridal robe, And the smoke for my nuptial canopy. The bleseed waters of oblivion.
part III.
 Of itse by a furnace, when the beat Of its red arteries make to reel
The vory
Whiound bineath our fee

In spite of hat and dust and glare,
Around a stake there sadly stood Speaking no word, orooptin prayer,


By him who had, for lucre's lust



But there were those in whom thore dwelt A wat ore tho moment had, expired.
Which should behold the fagro firod
When
 And, ,ooming as the deathe toroth come,
To light the pile, dash out its fiame. But hope is false, and holp too lete;
The hor has cono-the hour of fate.
The pile is fired the mon

 The sound of help aponit it wings.


 So ache eye took in, at one rapid glanoe,
A glorious form whiob it taw advance $;$




Then burst asuunder every chain,

For but a pulse-beat's flying space

But soon as thought regained her throne,
And ${ }^{\text {'er }}$ the other senses shone.

And rose to Heaven. peal chasing , eal
Up and around, the cheoring rorlid.
It shook the tomple's oome of gold.
And then across the Kodron spread,
And oer the Valleor of the Dead
Then

Descended, booming, to the valos,
Loud as a hundred winter gales-
It roused the shepherd where he lay
Io drowse the noon-tide's heat awa
It woke a keen delightful thrill;
(For those enslaved still hail the strange,
And welcome aught that angers change.)
It scared the eagle as he swept
And made him turn his gaze away
From sleeping babe. he marked far pres
Eastward it
Erom sleeping babe. he marked far
Eastward it spraead to Jordan's brink,
Frighting the lion crouched to drink
Westrard it pealod, o, or der deserttrin fre
Winging toward the Midle Sea.
And now the mountain echoes ring.
With the loud shout, "well make him King!"
And, as one man, the multurue
Darted their glances where he stood,
Prepared, at once to bear him thrice,
And crown him with all reverence.
It was in vain-they only gaw
The maiden whom he saved. in prayer;
And magrent with felings of deep awe.
And learnt, with feelings of deep awe.
That he had vanished. None knew where-
Then lo, as if the more to swell
And wonder of the miracle
And splendour out of death to bring,
And cause from ashes life to springAnd cause from ashes life to spring,
The burning embers, hissing warm,
Obeying His almight Obeying His almighty power,
Change. in a moment to a form Of beanty only seen that hour.
And, as the shape of flowers, they take,
'TTis as red roses they awake. 'Tis as red roses they awake.
And next, the ashes upward rise,
And a fresh miracle disclose, And a resh miracie disclose,
Opening, the frst time to the skies
The boosom of the fair white rose
[Ther End.]

There are a variety of Bitters which have, at one time or another, obtained a celebrity in this country. We have had the Stoughton, and the Boker, which are really good Bitters, and based upon the Gentian Root, which has been believed by the red men to possess wondrous powers; the medicine-men used it asone of the main-stays of their primitive Pharmacopea. Then we have had several kinds of American bitters which for a time attained an immense sale, but it was soon discovered that they were simply composed of cheap Pennsylvania Rye Whiskj, a mere covering for cheating the Maine Liquor Law, and it was found they were a delusion and a snare, and induced a desire for drink, which led to the most painful results, and sometimes created a habit which ended with the grave. But in Bobolo we have a preparation without the slightest trace of any alcoholic element. We have a tonic, an anti-dyspeptic of the most harmless nature, and one which acts like a charm. Its odour is not only aromatic, but the flavoar is pleasing, and as a stimulant to excite the appetite it is unexcelled. It has been known for years throughout South America. It is prepared by St. Aves de Melle Cordozo, Tabatinga, Peru. It is for sale everywhere, and we can only advise our readers to try Bobolo in order to prove its efficacy

Man sometimes has his peculiar privileges as well as the human race's more beautiful companion-woman. The lovely and the fair of the gentle sex have their Milliners, whose precincts and sacred chambers we are forbidden to enter. But we poor bipeds have
our one trade sanctum too. That men wear our one trawe sanctum too. That men wear
socks, drawers, shirts, under and over, that we socks, drawers, shirts, under and over, that we
wear scarfs and neckties, gloves and cuffs, they wear scaris and neckies, gloves and cufis, they
may know, but our desire to have these articles of the latest style, of the best manufacturers, and that we are as particular about the delicate softness and nicety of these goods, select from every colour in the rainhow, we hesitate over a dozen styles and varieties. Some shops we leave, knowing that they are trying to palm old patterns on us. Now, we understand London and Paris goods, and when we walk into Mr. Gagnon's, 300 Notre Dame Street, we see at once he is a man of taste, one after our own heart. We see that his scarfs have the last charm of blended colours, that his gloves are soft as a blooming maiden's cheek, that his shirts have the make and the characteristic style of Regent Street, London, or Rue de Rivoli, Paris. To our readers we can
say G. A. Gagnon's is, par excellence, the place say G. A. Gagnon's
for gentlemen to buy

THE SLEEPING BEAUTY.

## From Tom Hood's Fairy Realms.

Mo that itranure roplon, dim nud sroy,
Whinh lion zo vory far $n$ way

Thoro wam n land wheronilionoe roignod

Soared vould you doom that eaim profoumb.
Jubroknon by tho whent tif nound.
Haki, iko ar puddun curtatio, dropt


ill wif sougho toneht It was nut much
What fevio of pages
of yarioux mpos make

Tojudgo hy thoir kokkn.
They had wrthon tha rery jrufoundout of trooks.
 They huatle,
And buste.
 Alownet mot on bith, but ar munol


 Athat hera a haxy






 At ho ect wh hathit
White the vimate all

 Atd in watacin dearees






 - Sudrantins dio quente


 Kach fairy bexbesther



 Fut hald a tarmate Arme bito micain it:


 Mivima in: wa ariok.
 Thatod Fairy spite.
Heenuse of her matwers which were not politn Sho ind a biad life,


So in bepoevin


 Shrinked pita, "Silenna, exby 1 Tho quent in a tronithe,
Said, "Hare fithotarlimg papa shotl renemble
 Oi Nen Granam, hara plenty

[^0]What scouring out or rooms
What ich mopss and broms
What meourning to nnd froo of harriod srocrna!
No lolnuro, not the least,
For lolsuro, not the least,

A bnrequet inhe houdd maki nilo
To colobrme the day hik ohild wna quito
llegend the malle of olit Fairy Snita!
It what an neme of bustio and intrunion,



Wunt to enjoy the scetery and air!
Ina room at the tho of the worror that d
An old damonsan, with neverif starned the wheel
Tha woal was an white has the friven snow wheoll
And she sauk, "Merrily, merrily turned tho wheol
The Princess looked in at the Mofirly turn the whe well
"What being whito Meribe, merrily turned the wheol!-
"Come hither. chen merily, ne: matily turned the wheel!,
Said wely old Suhe, why anprity torred the wheel!






The cosk who mingmant for the bampet chopt-
The huntann who hiv beadec forenhetid mes



Andower all the come a change:
While thickete dratherght the place;


The fall of every geal huahed and stin
Tocheeq and tril!


Down by the river that rums through the wowd
The borns are raly widiug


The achor rerest
The mutiswee:
tell of the red deer minding



It wathor hame the flowing sun
And quenoh iw ghories manifted
Before him that dense theke rast and dith

Hig step is leght un the lusuriant soml.
 hl hins neverbeent
By fiot seturnur.
so on bo fares. throweh sumbine and through shade.
By path that tede befire were tred ly
To where the dusky forests Ereen areade
On cither hand rise tofty stems: nikwe. the branches mingle:

Hesoes a firht of steve n nite dererown with truabitroses.
Waserer there fonnd
A sloeper to somnt
He thanps him and shakes hin
But that never wake hing
Not kick twak or inch
Can stir himanamb
So he felt that inveternte streper th snore
Srift aceres the comet
Now the youms rime trips
Hounds aslere in slip
Uhatsmengold. returned trou spert
All yrepred to how at mort
Sunine, harns to lips!

In the park. Illbe bound
1a so sound thars wo whance of his making a sound.
Though not wanting in bark. sineo hes shoses bound mond

Ono huntsman would have an ugiv fall
 Anoher mite drupt
[8y a butress that stands whers ilis steed by whonce sitopt.
Two mea in the downay
Appoar in A hoor why.
And whand
Thoir teol in foteors, their tomples orownod
$y$ tho sunk o-like stems in their varions inelinings.
Thintery mist mpar

As tho oxpreng,
Through Bodfordshirginto the land of Nod.
The youss Princo trod.
And ever and anon,
As ho pasged on,
In room, in hall, on stai
Ho chine un biecerers fleoping with the air
Of folks at active work by uleep o'ertaken
Notovan boing-liko physio with a sedimen
Well hbaken
All these the Prinee passed by with stealthy tread
Until ha reached the grandest room of all.
Whero on the banquet-hall. ming feast was sprean
But since the day when first that cloth was laid
had strange havor made
digh and diner on the board arrayed
HAd played strange trickg
Ind played strange tricks
With those-some five or six
Wha had people of statation
To dinner with the ruler of the nation; Had thoukht the King disgraced,
Not only by his room but by his con
The King-with balf-way to his lips the beaker, Pressing o'er his bancuet, elumbered there-amid,
Like the first Pharach slceping in his perarnid; Tike the first Pharabosicepins in his prataid;
While the Prime Minister. acute and wise. Still saw what must be drme with fast--shut ege
And as behoved him in the royal presero. And. as behowed him in the royal preseasa.
Kept nodding to his Sorereign acquiescence.
The Treasurer and Chancellor of Exchequer
For raikink con and lorrowing be was meant
And notumy contld ever sas he lant
To right or left.
The Secretary, Foreign and Domestio
Epright did less stiek.
berno lonk nugustomed to indito,
Inclined tright.
The young Prinee gazed
He shated not aninele head was raised-
No single sound upon the silence broke-
All hendendike were trowed.
As one who wishes togotroar a crowd:
He heard-
At last tired out,
And evenchats by shout
From their doentieep the slumberers about
The bumpluet-table he be be
ver towake them, neling quite in doub:
The Prince made up his mind
To leate them all behind.

And yound as tops.
Though neither man mor woman, girl nor boy stirs.
But still the Prine hiz onward course pursued,
As each frest chamber doubtfolly be siept in.
The Indies' maide so tired they're in a snooze
Throukh sleern ing-romms he'll range.

Yet onward still he strass
All undecided,
And untiecided, his step are guidied;
For round his hrad on airy pinion pla
Who lead tien forward still by devious ways.
Last he reached a silent chamber,
And the roses' red profusion. chamber
And the roses' red profusion.
And the jaimine's silver stars.
Glawed the Florious sun's intrusion-
Touching all with amber.
But-or e er that ronm he entered
Where the marie all was centred.
For a spaco. in wonder, dumbly
stepping in the snowy bed.
Where the snashine splendour shed
From the chsemene nivtured pane
保
Drawn by her swect lise' perfume
AFa bee to solden brom.
When the hraes are nill in blomm.
Stole the Priace arms the roon.
Frearstep he nearer set,
Oped the eves of iolet-
Thl the whitelider yet!-
Showed the beanties hiutden under
Showad the soft eres. full of wonder,
Openime. lowards him turned-
Till their radiance bent upon him
From his trance of marvel noo him
Anl his bown burned
With the pasision to ontpour
Allais soul her tee before.
o that he mient med.
That he loved her-and how well!
Now throurb tho palare woke the stir of lifo;
Were in the hannuet hall with rigour plied
Awoke so reat a rint after the quiet.
It soctued as if the household was Ristrif.
Mornwhila tbe red sunzet. And yet
All was surprise and wonder.
The fre was out, the cork was in a pet.
The foast tras cold the Qucon was in a ir
The hantars just returned. they thought. from hunting.
Thair came should atet so ser hipb and mita-y:
Thu housemaid. seein all the fust and dire.
It drove her almost erazimat least fighty
But oror all this din and turnoil swon
And bits ras shed on the dory grass
Forth irun the palace tha yung vair did past
And threaded the
In the areades
And so hoy took their way

hay married. livine hanpy ere nifter-


spryse, everi is it ."



[^0]:    "For if bra diph a henry sloep
    
    
    
    Thy Shermitne Benall come to wako
    
    The Kink reatheralda thronkh the land
    Proctaimine pindies contrabibnd,
    Prananneing pornaltios and min
    'Gaint diatalf, trandlas, rooke, and akeins.
    Whools wore bation ous ;
    
    
    Bat po he paxteth nuny,
    Unili nt longth tho iny,
    Approachod on whith the IVy
    What buat timen for pomat

