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Whitbread News

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MONTREAL, SATURDAY, APRIL 10, 1880.

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PROFESSOR J. W. DAWSON, LL.D., F.R.S., F.G.S.,
PRINCIPAL OF MCGILL COLLEGE UNIVERSITY.—From a Photograph by Notman & Sandham.

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NOTICE.

To prevent mistakes we may inform our readers that if they desire indexes of the two preceding volumes they will receive them on making application at this office.

TEMPERATURE.

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

THE WEEK ENDING			Corresponding week, 1879.				
April 4th, 1880.	Max.	Min.	Mean.	Mon.	Max.	Min.	Mean.
Mon.	42°	29°	31°	Mon.	41°	33°	37°
Tues.	40°	27°	31°	Tues.	42°	34°	38°
Wed.	47°	33°	35°	Wed.	36°	18°	26°
Thur.	46°	30°	38°	Thur.	35°	22°	30°
Fri.	48°	28°	38°	Fri.	31°	18°	24°
Sat.	55°	43°	49°	Sat.	34°	26°	30°
Sun.	60°	44°	52°	Sun.	29°	10°	19°

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CANADIAN ILLUSTRATED NEWS.

Montreal, Saturday, April 10, 1880.

AN EDUCATIONAL EVENT.

We grace our front page to-day with the portrait of Professor Dawson, Principal of McGill College University, who is not only well known throughout the Dominion, but whose scientific reputation is world-wide. The portrait is published in remembrance of the twenty-fifth anniversary of the Doctor's connection with McGill. A grand banquet was given on the occasion, but for reasons which we, of course, respect, the press was not present thereat, which is the more to be regretted as many facts, personal and general, connected with the educational progress of the country were doubtless given, which the press would have been only too eager to publish, and the public to read. We have learned *sub rosa* that Dr. DANIEL WILSON, of Toronto, and Hon. Mr. CHURCH, of Montreal, made speeches on the occasion which would have been specially worthy of reproduction. In the absence of this direct material, we are happy in being able to furnish our readers with a few particulars concerning both Dr. Dawson, and the great institution over which he has so long presided.

Nova Scotia—the South Carolina of the Dominion—has the honour of being the birth-place of Doctor JOHN WILLIAM DAWSON, who received his academical education in the College of Picton. He is a Master of Arts of the University of Edinburgh, and early devoted himself to the pursuit of Natural Science, having at the age of twenty-three contributed papers to the Wernerian Society of Edinburgh and the Geological Society of London. In 1849 he delivered his first course of lectures on Natural History, in Dalhousie College, Halifax, and in 1850 received the appointment of Superintendent of Education for the Province of Nova Scotia, in connection with which he reorganized the schools of that Province, was instrumental in the establishment of a Provincial Normal School, and acted as one of the commissioners on the affairs of the University of New Brunswick. In 1855 he was appointed Principal of McGill University, with the chair of Natural History, two important functions which he has con-

tinued to perform with the highest credit up to the present day.

Though, perhaps, most extensively known in this country, through his success in the organization and management of educational institutions, his reputation abroad—extending all over Europe—rests mainly on his geological investigations and discoveries, more especially in relation to the Carboniferous and Post-Pliocene formations, to fossil plants and the fossils of the Laurentian rocks. On these subjects he is the author of a number of memoirs in the proceedings of various learned societies, in scientific journals and also in official reports. He is also the author of a number of standard works, covering a large field of scientific elucidation, and more especially relating to the earliest known fossil remains, and to the discovery and nature of the now celebrated *Eozoon Canadense*. He is, furthermore, member of an exceptionally large number of scientific societies, and it may safely be said that no Canadian has done more to honour his country abroad.

The McGill University enjoys the proud distinction of being the oldest in Canada, proper, and the oldest but one in the Dominion—King's College, Nova Scotia, having precedence by a number of years in the date of its Royal Charter. The founder of the University was the Hon. JAMES MCGILL who was born in Glasgow, Scotland, 1744, and died at Montreal in 1813. Two years before his death, in 1811, he bequeathed his property of Burnside, and a sum of ten thousand pounds in money to found a College, under the management of the Board of the Royal Institution. The will was contested, and with the exception of obtaining a Royal Charter in 1821, no action was taken till 1829, when the Faculties of Arts and Medicine were organized. In 1843, a more formal opening was made in the buildings erected for the purpose. The undertaking, however, was not successful till 1852, when a new charter was obtained. An appeal was made, in 1856, to the Protestant population of Montreal, to improve the financial condition of the University, which was met in a spirit of ready and unrestrained generosity. An endowment fund of £15,000 was subscribed by a number of gentlemen not exceeding fifty. Of this sum £5,000 were given by Messrs. Molson, and the remainder was made up in sums varying from £500 to £150. These subscriptions have been followed in subsequent years by others and by large individual benefactions too numerous to be detailed here. Altogether the English of Montreal may boast of having created a collegiate institution second to none in the Dominion.

THE PICTURES OF THE WEEK.

We present a number of pictures this week, illustrative of prominent incidents which have lately happened. The attempt on the life of Senator Brown created a profound impression on the community at large, although we cannot believe, for a moment, that any but a morbid Ottawa correspondent could have insinuated the suspicion, in the mind of even the most ardent Liberal, that political spite had prompted the crime. Mr. Brown, in spite of his advanced age, showed the same physical pluck that has characterized his political and journalistic course, and he overpowered the young rascal without any assistance, thereby saving his own life. Bennett is simply a drunken stoker who had a spite against the head engineer and applied to the chief of the *Globe* office for redress. We shall doubtless be allowed to record our satisfaction that Mr. Brown has escaped serious bodily injury, and that he is spared to continue his professional and political mission. A couple of our engravings are devoted to the tommy-cod fishery, which is characteristic of the gulf districts of Lower Canada. This dainty small fish is caught in the ice, under the peculiar conditions depicted in our sketch, and as this is the season when the sport is over, we show how a fishing cabin is being hauled away to the shore

and stowed away until the St. Lawrence is once more frozen over. The assassination of a prominent and popular member of the North-West Mounted Police Force was for a long time a mystery, but the latest intelligence is to the effect that he met his untimely fate from the treacherous rifle of a skulking Indian. It is this painful scene which we depict to-day. The Mounted Police have done a great deal of good in the North-West, fully justifying the wisdom of their appointment, and the choice of the men who have mainly officered it. They deserve to be supported by the entire power of the Government, and we trust that the murderer of Constable GRAYBURN will be summarily dealt with. According to promise, we publish to-day a few of the diploma pictures which figured at the late Exhibition of the Canadian Academy of Arts at Ottawa. In almost every respect, this first test Exhibition was a success, testifying to the ability of our native artists, and giving the very best reply to the croakers who pretended that the country was not aesthetically prepared for so important an institution. Our own feeling has been all along that hardly too much can be done toward nationalizing everything that is distinctively Canadian, either in fact or in intention, and when the scheme of a Canadian Academy of Arts was proposed, we were among the first to hail it with appropriate welcome. It is true, that without the generous initiative of their Excellencies, the work might have been indefinitely retarded, through the modesty or jealousy of our own artists, but when once the impulse was given from high quarters, we felt certain that there was enough talent and enterprise in the country to support it. In this estimate we have not been mistaken. We shall continue in a couple of subsequent issues to reproduce some of the best canvases of the Exhibition. We are pleased to learn that Messrs. NOTMAN & SANDHAM, with their usual spirit of initiative, are preparing, under the auspices of the Ontario Society of Artists, an album of the principal pictures which figured on the walls of the Academy at Ottawa. From the specimens which we have seen, there is no doubt that the work will be one of special excellence, not only as an accession to any drawing-room collection, but also as a memento of the first Exhibition of our National Academy of Arts. The picture of ship-building near Dorchester, N.S., is a curious one—and literally what we have denominated it—the building of ships in the fields. It appears that the tide in the Bay of Fundy rises some fifty feet at high tide and floods the creek which is seen in the distance, till vessels of 1,000 tons can easily be launched. At low tide there is only a narrow and shallow brook, as seen in the sketch.

THE SEAT OF GOVERNMENT.

THE TARIFF DEBATE—BRITISH COLUMBIA JUDGES—SAULT STE. MARIE RAILWAY—QUEBEC AND ONTARIO RAILWAY—DETTIES—MARRIAGE WITH DECEASED WIFE'S SISTER—INTEREST BILL—BANKRUPT BILL—THE HIGH COMMISSIONER—MILITIA AMENDMENT BILL—TOBACCO DUTIES—COMMERCIAL FACILITIES DEPUTATION—BROKER'S BILL—PRINTING COMMITTEE, &c.

(From Our Special Correspondent.)

OTTAWA, April 3rd, 1880.—The general debate on the Tariff resolutions was brought to a close on Tuesday. Sir Leonard Tilley said that he had deferred his closing remarks intending to reply to the members for Gloucester and Bothwell, but they did not speak. The items were afterwards passed, so that the amended tariff, in the form I have already sent to you, may be considered to be law. There seemed to be a disappointment on the part of several members at what they considered this early closing of the debate, they having apparently some views to propound for the benefit of the House and the public; but that, certainly, could not have done the slightest good, and we may feel thankful for the deliverance.

On the same day the Minister of Justice asked the concurrence of the House in the resolutions to provide for the salaries of two additional Judges of the Supreme Court of British Columbia. Mr. Blake moved an amendment, stating that the proposed changes would involve the superannuation of five judges at an annual

cost of \$8,000. Mr. McDonald denied the correctness of Mr. Blake's statements. The figures were before the House, and the increased cost would only be about \$200, and those who best knew the country and its circumstances considered the changes necessary. The amendment was negated by a vote of 98 to 43.

On Wednesday, the Canada Central Railway Bill was before the Committee, the object of the bill being to obtain an extension of time of two years in the location, and five in the completion of the road from Nipissing to Sault Ste. Marie, to which there did not seem to be any objection, Sir Charles Tupper having stated that the Government had secured running powers over the proposed road as far as Ottawa; but there was a point of considerable importance pointed out by Mr. Plumb. He considered it necessary for the public interests of Canada that this company should be prohibited from amalgamating with any existing line on the other side of the St. Mary River. It will undoubtedly form a most important link, as Mr. McLennan stated, in the Canada Pacific Railway, and it will, moreover, be the shortest route to a large portion of the North-western States, of which St. Paul may be called the centre. It will thus strike a most serious blow at the ascendancy of Chicago, certainly the most serious which has ever been aimed at that ambitious city. Mr. Plumb said unless there were some restrictions placed in the charter, the question of vested rights would eventually come up, and much detriment to the country would ensue. It was thought, however, that this point might be better considered at a later stage. Another railway bill was also before the committee at the Wednesday sitting—"The Quebec and Ontario Railway"—to construct a railway from Toronto to Quebec passing through Ottawa, with power to amalgamate with, lease or purchase any railways or portions of railways, and to connect with railways running westward of Toronto. This railway would be a direct competitor with the Grand Trunk. I do not think there is sufficient traffic between the points of the termini to justify this, and the only question which could be raised in its favour would have reference to the kind of country it might open up, it running far back of the present line of the Grand Trunk. But as far as the city of Ottawa is concerned, I have not confidence that it will benefit it to the extent of the interest of the aid it recently voted. Action on the bill was postponed on an objection of Mr. MacKenzie until some proof was afforded that it was not a measure of a purely speculative character.

There seems to be a perfect craze among the members of the House of Commons to move for returns. They have, in fact, been at it since the session commenced, and on Wednesday, the whole time of the House until six o'clock, was taken up with motions for petty returns, the most of which were simply departmental information, which, if not found in the reports of the departments, might have been obtained by the members on personal application. It is really too bad for the time of Parliament to be wasted in this way; but many of the members seem to think they are doing something when their names are attached to a motion for returns.

After recess, Mr. Girouard's bill to legalize marriage with a wife's sister came up for consideration of the amendments. It was opposed by Mr. Jones as unnecessary and uncalled for, and supported by Messrs. Sproule and Strange who said nothing against it either on Mosaic or other grounds. The House concurred in the amendments and the bill is to be considered on Wednesday next.

Dr. Orton moved the second reading of a bill to render illegal interest on real estate at a higher rate than 7 per cent. This led to a long debate, the second reading of the bill being ultimately carried on a vote of 67 to 50, all the Ministers who were in the House voting against it, as well as all the Opposition leaders, on the ground that it was a retrograde step and would not really have the effect of cheapening money, however fair might be its promise. Mr. Blake, in fact, pointed out that the present laws by their free action had brought so large an influx of money into the country as to bring rates from 15 per cent. down to 7, and Sir Charles Tupper asked Dr. Orton, who is a friend of the Government, to withdraw his bill on the ground that it could not produce any good result; but this Dr. Orton refused, and he was supported by Mr. Thomas White and other members. There was apparently a feeling on the part of many Ontario members that the operations of the present loan societies were injurious, and the French members, with the exception of Mr. Langevin, voted to a man for the bill. The other two French Ministers, Messrs. Baby and Masson, were absent from the division. The question was made an open one and the Ministers did not appear to try to control the House on the subject. It has always been found difficult to get party votes on this question, but, for my part, I am sorry to see the old question of the usury laws coming up again.

On Thursday, the Governor-General came down to the Senate Chamber and gave the Royal assent to the Insolvency Repeal Bill. On the same day Sir John A. Macdonald introduced a bill for the appointment of a resident representative agent for Canada in the United Kingdom. The correspondence on this subject had been brought down on Tuesday, and it appears from this that the Canadian Government were at first inclined to call their agent a Minister. The Imperial Government, however, pointed out the inconvenience of this, in view of the kind of functions which there would be some call to

exercise, and the result is the bill to which I have referred and the title of High Commissioner given to Sir Alexander. I was quite unaware last week of the ground which the Imperial Government had taken when I wrote that I thought it was well the mistake had been avoided of calling the Canadian Agent a Minister. He will have the advantage in any negotiations of the use of the Imperial establishments, acting as a sort of *attaché* under the Ministers of the Imperial Government.

The amendments to the Militia Bill occupied a great part of the time of the House on Thursday. One of these proposed to make militiamen constables in certain cases, and this may prove to be of great practical utility, but it was objected to by Messrs. Mackenzie and Blake on the ground that it might be an interference with the liberty of the subject, which we should very carefully preserve. I do not think we need have much fear about the "liberty of the subject" in this country, but it is important to save us as far as possible from the effects of rows and excitements which lead wholly to evil. The Government of course carried their points.

The Inland Revenue Amendment Bill of the Hon. Mr. Baby was considered in Committee. They were of very considerable importance, especially that referring to tobacco. This proposes to charge 20 per cent. on tobacco manufactured from American leaf, and 14 on that manufactured from Canadian. The excise duty on the Canadian raw leaf is to be done away with by Mr. Baby's measure; and it is believed that the effect of the whole will be to prevent a good deal of illicit traffic, and also largely stimulate the growth of Canadian tobacco. The fines for the infringement of the Inland Revenue laws are very largely reduced.

A very large deputation was received by Sir Charles Tupper and several other of the Ministers on Thursday. It had for object to obtain concessions of restrictions and burdens so as to enable Canadian commerce better to compete with that of the United States. A reduction of the tolls on the Welland and St. Lawrence Canals was asked, and the making of Montreal a free harbour by abolishing the present duties, and charging the interest of the Montreal harbour debt to the Consolidated Revenue. Sir Charles Tupper admitted that the considerations submitted by the deputation were very important and promised they should have careful attention at the hand of the Government.

Mr. Girouard's Broker's Bill, before the Committee of Banking, is to be allowed to stand over, apparently with the intention it should not be proceeded with. There was a very strong expression on the part of several members in favour of the bill, and Mr. Abbott hinted some of its provisions would be inserted in the new Banking Act.

The Joint Printing Committee had before it the printing scandals arising from the Boyle vs. the Globe suit. An authorized copy of the evidence in the case had been received from Toronto and printed for the use of the members, and it was decided the case should be proceeded with and witnesses called. It appeared from the testimony elicited on Friday that Messrs. McLean, Rogers & Co. did put in the very lowest tender at which the work could be done, and that there will be a saving of \$35,000 in five years, as compared with the lowest previous prices. But there were some decoy tenders put in at lower prices,—one by Mr. McIntosh for which he got \$12,000 from Messrs. McLean, Rogers & Co. for withdrawing; one from Mr. Hope for which he got \$1,400; and one by Mr. Boyle for which Messrs. Cotton and Charlton got \$3,000 to buy off. The scandal, therefore, is not that the public have suffered, but that combinations and arrangements of this sort should be possible. The position of Messrs. McLean, Rogers & Co. is excused on the ground that they were justified in taking steps to secure themselves from ruin by the sacrifice of their plant.

On Friday, the time of the House was chiefly taken up with passing items of estimates in Committee of the Whole; and there was no other business of importance.

REVIEW AND CRITICISM.

An eminent English authority recently pronounced *Scribner's Monthly* "The greatest literary success of the century." The *New England Journal of Education* says: "America may be proud of such a magazine." The *Illustrated London News* considers it "one of the marvels of the day." The *London Illustrated (Penny) Paper* says: "With inimitably finished gems of drawing and engraving, it is the wonder and admiration of the art-world."

The April number just issued ends the XIXth volume, which is exceptionally brilliant. The *New York Evening Post*, *Hartford Courant*, and other papers, speak of the series by Eugene Schuyler on "Peter the Great," as "the most notable event in modern magazine literature." The style is so simple and yet so graphic that it interests not only men of letters but the young, and is read as a text-book in the schools. It is understood that the causes and beginnings of Nihilism in Russia will be traced by Mr. Schuyler in the course of his narrative.

Rev. Dr. Eggleston writes of Mr. George W. Cable and his story, "The Grandissimes," in *Scribner*: "If Cable can hold that gait, the rest of us who write American stories must surrender to him. What a superb piece of work it is!"

Scribner's is the only American periodical that has as yet established a large circulation abroad; the edition in England being 10,500.

It now enters upon its second decade, and the work of winning a second hundred thousand at home. Its readers to-day are estimated at more than half a million.

The publishers of *Scribner* announce that all new subscribers after this date who take the back numbers, beginning November last, will receive instead of the six unbound numbers the bound volume, November, '79, to April, '80 (containing all of "Success with Small Fruits," and the opening chapters of "Peter the Great," "The Grandissimes," and "Louisiana"), without extra charge. The subscription price is \$4.00 a year.

NOTES FROM HAMILTON.

MUSICAL FESTIVAL.

It is announced in the city papers that the "Stabat Mater," together with selections from the "Messiah" and "Creation," with organ and orchestral accompaniment, will be rendered in Christ Church Cathedral, on the evenings of the 13th and 16th of April.

All who availed themselves of the privilege of witnessing the renditions of the various Oratorios which have been given during the past year or two—and which have, from time to time, been more or less imperfectly described in these notes—are anxiously looking forward to the musical treat in store for them. From the names mentioned, there is every reason to believe the soloists will be good; there will be a full chorus, and a strong orchestra, backed up by the powerful organ of the cathedral.

We are of opinion that the "Stabat Mater" has never before been attempted in this city, but, the success which attended the efforts of the conductor in the production of the Oratorios "Messiah," "Creation," and other masterly compositions, leaves no room for doubt, but that the "Stabat Mater" will be given with equal satisfaction. It is, if anything, more of a secular than a sacred work. This pretty musical composition, it will be remembered, was the last effort of the greatest of Italian lyrical composers, Gioacchino Rossini. Some posthumous works of this great master have been discovered, but have not yet been given to the public. It will be well for all your readers who contemplate visiting our city to try and strike it on or about the 13th, or 16th of April.

AN AMERICAN AUTHORESS.

There has been sojourning in this city, for a week or more, a lady whose name is almost a household word wherever the English language is spoken. She is, and has been, a constant contributor to some of the popular magazines and literary weeklies, and has added several volumes to the library of fiction. Her visit to this city was of a private nature and might not have been mentioned here were it not that the story of her mission is a kind of romance in itself. It seems that a niece, the daughter of her sister, a few years ago was the idol of a luxurious home in a town in one of the Eastern States. She fell in love with a youth, who, from some cause or other, was not approved of by her parents. The result was an elopement. She married the man of her choice, and, soon after, the young couple took up their abode in Hamilton. Her father never forgave her and all communication with her parental home was cut off. She saw none of her relatives from that time until her aunt, the distinguished authoress, sought her out and came to her. She found the young couple moderately prosperous and happy in the enjoyment of each others' love, and was so pleased that she was loth to bid them good-bye after sharing with them more than a week of her valuable time. I had the pleasure of meeting her there on several occasions, and was charmed by her conversation, and was amazed to find her so learned and yet so truly womanly. She delighted in speaking of the happiness of the young couple, and impressed me with a conviction that in them she had found an apt illustration of the safety of dependence upon the stability of what is known as first love. Besides argument she had poetry at all times ready at command, and, among other quotations she cited the following lines from Prior's "Solomon":

"Soft love's spontaneous tree, its parted root
Must from two hearts with equal vigor shoot:
Whilst each delighted and delighting gives
The pleasing ecstasy which each receives:
Cherished with hope, and fed with joy, it grows:
Its cheerful buds their opening bloom disclose,
And round the happy soil diffuse odour flows.
If angry fate that mutual ease denies,
The fading plant bewails its due supplier:
With wild despair, or sick with grief, it dies."

She heartily approved of the warning contained in Mrs. Norton's beautiful lines:

"Oh! love, love well, but only once! for never shall the
dream
Of youthful hope return again on life's dark rolling
stream."

It seemed to me to be something worth remembering that this cultured woman should approve of that feeling in a maiden which prompted the immortal Juliet to frankly say:

"O, gentle Romeo,
If thou dost love, pronounce it faithfully.
Or if thou think'st I am too quickly won,
I'll frown, and be perverse, and say thee nay,
So thou wilt woo; but else, not for the world."

That is, indeed, genuine modesty. This lady was by no means a nurse of forwardness, for she is in accord with Shakespeare when he says:

"In the modesty of fearful duty,
I read as much, as from the rattling tongue
Of saucy and audacious eloquence."

None can help but admire the frankness of Juliet, and nothing could better show the

wisdom of her course than to contrast it with another of Shakespeare's maids, of whom he says:

"She never told her love,
But let concealment, like a worm i' the bud,
Feed on her damask cheek; she pin'd in thought;
And with a green and yellow melancholy,
She sat (like patience on a monument)
Smiling at grief."

She recommends us young people to make a note of the following lines from Perceval:

"Let us love now, in this our fairest youth,
When love can find a full and fond return."

She evidently has looked at the subject from all sides for she was careful to draw attention to a quotation from Willis:

"Love
Has lent life's wings a rosy hue;
But, ah! Love's dyes were caught above;
They brighten—but they wither too."

I was particularly struck with her earnestness as I heard her declare with Perceval:

"Unhappy he, who lets a tender heart,
Bound to him by the ties of earliest love,
Fall from him by his own neglect, and die,
Because it met no kindness."

And so, all her arguments were in favor of early love. The extracts given show her faith in the power of true affection. Her conversational powers are of a high order, notwithstanding which, she sometimes declared that "her business is to write, not to talk." She writes for the people; she clothes her ideas in the habiliments of romance; her heroines are noble, but human, beings; sweet, lovable maidens, more beautiful than brilliant; prizing the constancy of a loving heart above rank or station; unconsciously exerting a refining influence over the hearts of men, and ultimately, reigning queens of their own firesides.

W. F. McM.

Hamilton, April, 1880.

GLIMPSES OF A LOST LOVE.

I know not why we should rush so impetuously into the madness of love in youth, unless it be that we are too eager to catch a glimpse of the calmer life of manhood, when joys and sorrows will be larger and more probable than in the years of our verdant credulity. Yet, strange as it undoubtedly is, few are redeemed from the hand of folly, and grave experience only arrives when comes a bountiful maturity. The days of our strife are linked together with a divine purpose, and it is only by trusting in that purpose that we derive any satisfaction from the ceaseless monotony of our pilgrimage.

For myself I may say that I had tampered first of all with my own affections. Long ago, when quite susceptible and entirely subdued by female charms, I gave myself up to silent admiration of one little girl, and time, bringing about his revenge, determined that the woman should be none other than that same damsel of my tender years. I say that at that time I knew her only as it were, in admiration, a strict cultivation I neither sought for nor have I since obtained, hence the unreasonableness of passion.

The mind being still undecided in any direction, first impressions happily proved fleeting, and peace was temporarily assured for a few years. At length, with the increase of manhood, "a young man's fancy lightly turns to thoughts of love," and not merely the turning, but an obstinate forcing of the restless heart to an amorous adventure. As I write it is more than five years since I indulged in those once harmless-seeming conjectures and at this staid distance the absurdities are multiplied and the ridiculousness of the whole situation is clearly seen. But at that time I was so extremely callow, not to say comical, that I valued nothing so highly as to fall in love, for

"There's nothing half so sweet in life,
As love's young dream."

Accordingly, as deliberately and as suddenly as a suicide, I accomplished my act of folly and worshipped fervently, till in mine extremity of adoration I entirely forgot my sober senses, yea, the steady purpose of life was cancelled for the nonce and the fury dissipation rushed onward, bearing me helplessly along to the crazy and remote ending, if haply any ending has been or may be attained. I began to appear as a composer of poetry and accounted myself worthy of lofty honours in the poetic world. I began to form notions of great fame and world renown, and sought the friendship of a friend in the country to whom I entrusted the terrible secret of my long agony, and the end was still to come and is yet unrevealed. We had an interchange of amicable words for a period of years and the consequences were that we grew into a mutual respect and confidence, and neither suspected danger for the other.

In the meantime how was my summer sweet-heart prospering? Not a word either by letter or from interested acquaintances, not even a hint to explain matters and relieve me from the torture of doubt. I hoped ultimately to be emancipated and ask myself as I am, has that hope been fulfilled? and sadly, though not bitterly, answer to my own query, no. Left in a sea of silence, so to speak, and afflicted with weightier grievances,

"Pangs of nature, sins of will,
Defects of doubt and taints of blood."

I made it my special care only to rise into the delights of prosperity, and considered that the time of my chastisement was long and of a truth over-long.

My difficulties were varied, it was a slow ordeal of mental anxiety; the faculties of the mind were strained, there was excessive dark-

ness in the soul, and groping wildly about. What cause could there be to wish for love where life itself trembled in the balance? Finally the impediments of sorrow were removed, but she left her traces behind, and almost immediately Love returned and resumed his calculations this time actively, for he thought of a marriage near at hand, or at least not hopelessly remote. But silence still held sway and I was doomed to be vanquished over again by a second glimpse of my lost and found love.

On this second fortuitous occasion she had improved greatly; she had ascended almost to womanhood, and one might, had he the discernment of a lover, observe a certain wifely expression in her face, not to mention the fascination of the eyes. Nor were these attractions in vain—love now became confirmed, and I plead for some deep prophetic soul to tell me truly whether such a renewal will wholly die away. Ah! it is a sore task to banish from out the long cherished past a form so dearly prized—it is troublous not merely to burst from a beloved creed, but it is exceedingly painful, and more so, to cast off forever the only woman a man sincerely believes in for all time. Can it be possible? Even an analysis of love is insufficient. The passion so faithfully nurtured has become a hardy plant and refuses to be cut away suddenly or slain in a moment, as were the Assyrian host. No glance of anger can melt the tenderness of an immovable hope, yea, even the stormy declamation of fancied indifference waxes feeble, the irrepressible energy of affection bursts forth again and again, and criticism, no matter from what quarter, is idle, nay, impertinent.

But while these reflections are passing, I must recall to mind that it is nearly a year since we parted, and, perchance, each wished never to see the other again, for a third occasion would be critical. There may be some to whom these words will be trivial in the extreme,

"He jests at scars who never felt a wound."

and these heroes, unscathed by the battle and inglorious in their career, attempt to estimate the value of experience. I shall only remark that the lesson has not been wasted on me. It has made me purer and better; it has granted me an insight into things of which I once knew nothing, and which I prize most sacredly; it has permitted me to analyse life in all its bearings, and beyond these considerations it has shown me the path to freedom, so that my labour, well directed, may, when concentrated on a high object, never fail.

Far be it from me to deride any fellow mortal who has felt what it is to love. Surely love is the corner stone of life, for how otherwise can we be happy and perfect? Must we not be willing to do good to all purely on account of our benevolence and self-sacrifice? Let us be lifted up in grandeur of soul, let us love one another, because it is ennobling, but let us also seek out the highest good and therein be satisfied and filled. The world is very beautiful, the human beings who are in it are daily increasing in likeness to the divine character; therefore, let us who are foremost do our best to liberate their minds from bondage, whether heathen or not, and if we find that we have losses greater than we can bear to come to us, let us be mindful that

"The Lord gave and the Lord taketh away."

and farther, that in the eternal and inscrutable nature of things, there is a final blessing pronounced on all sufferers, and on all who faint, oppressed with weariness by day.

"ITHRIEL."

HUMOROUS.

A TRAMP called his shoes "corporations," because they had no soles.

THE "best boy in school" occasionally hankers to throw a paper wad.

"WHAT is heaven's best gift to man?" she asked, smiling sweetly on him. "A boss," he replied with prudence.

"Please pass the butter" is obsolete. "Allow the oleomargarine to slide down this way" is now the "propah capab."

WHEN you want coal, always deal with the man who has boy drivers. They don't weigh so much as men on the wagon.

IF you are in a circus when a lion escapes don't get frightened. The beast will be more embarrassed than any of the audience.

"TRUTH crushed to the earth will rise again," and the same thing is true of a barrel hoop, if you happen to step on it just right.

YEARS ago, according to tradition, Cincinnati was credited with the following regulation: "No whistling around sausage stands."

THE man who just came in to tell us that he had solved it will be around two months from now to inform us that he caught a 150 pound trout.

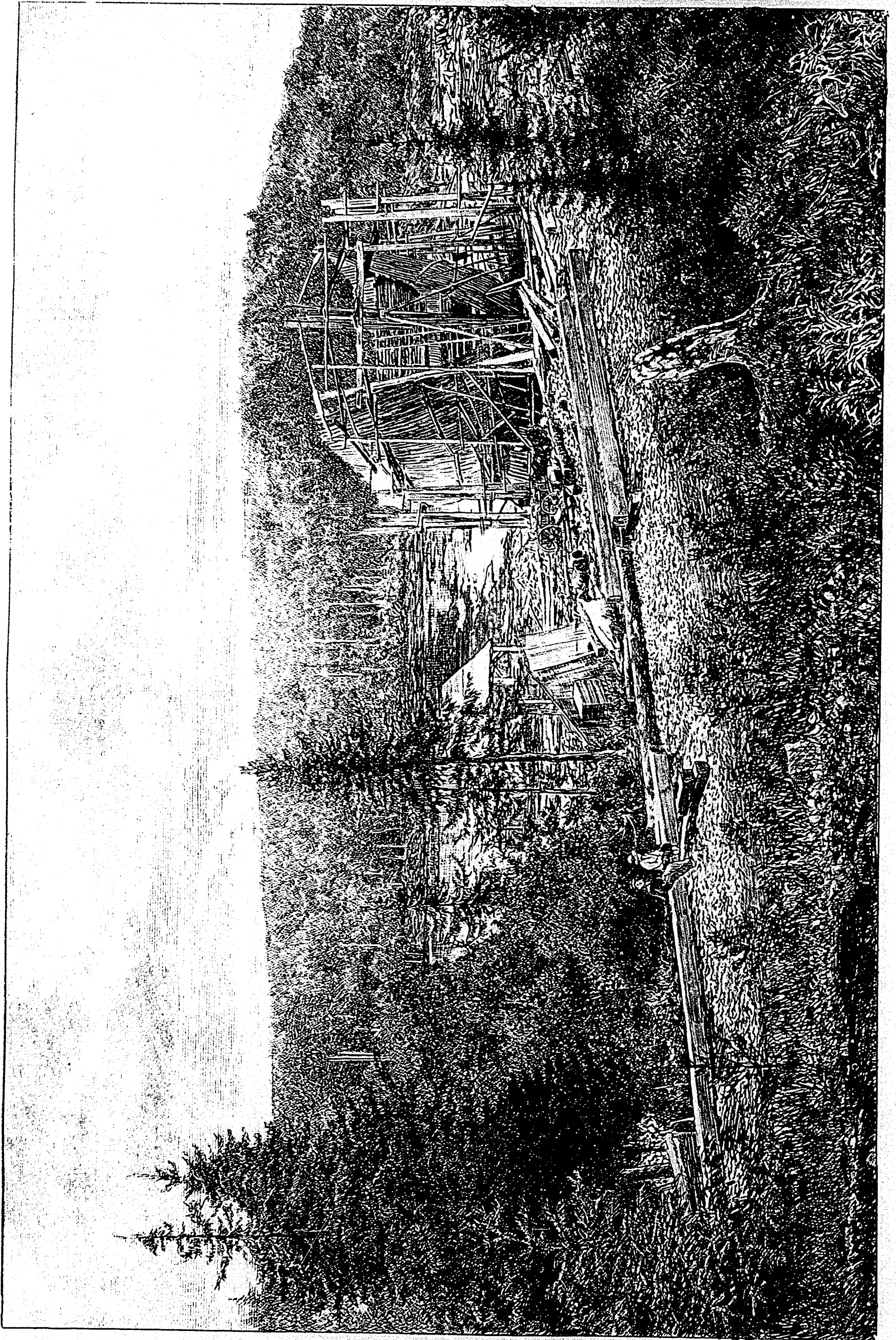
"BLESSED are the peacemakers." An Albany man clubbed two boys till they couldn't stand, to make them stop pulling each other's hair.

IF you have occasion to visit New Hampshire on the 8th of April, put a lunch in your vest pocket. The governor has ordered the people not to eat anything on that day.

IT is surprising that some of our enterprising dramatists have not constructed a scene in which a safe is hoisted into a fourth-story window. It always draws a big audience.

A LITTLE boy in a suburban school, who had been listening to a lesson on bipeds and quadrupeds, was asked, "What kind of an animal is a goose?" "A goose," he replied, confidently, "is a sort of fool."

There is sleep for the eye that is fearful,
A balm for the heart that is sad—
And a calm for the spirit that is fearful,
And for every liver—a pad.



SHIP BUILDING IN THE FIELDS, NEAR DORCHESTER, N. S.—FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY HENDERSON.



Hauling off a Fishing Codnet, Quebec.

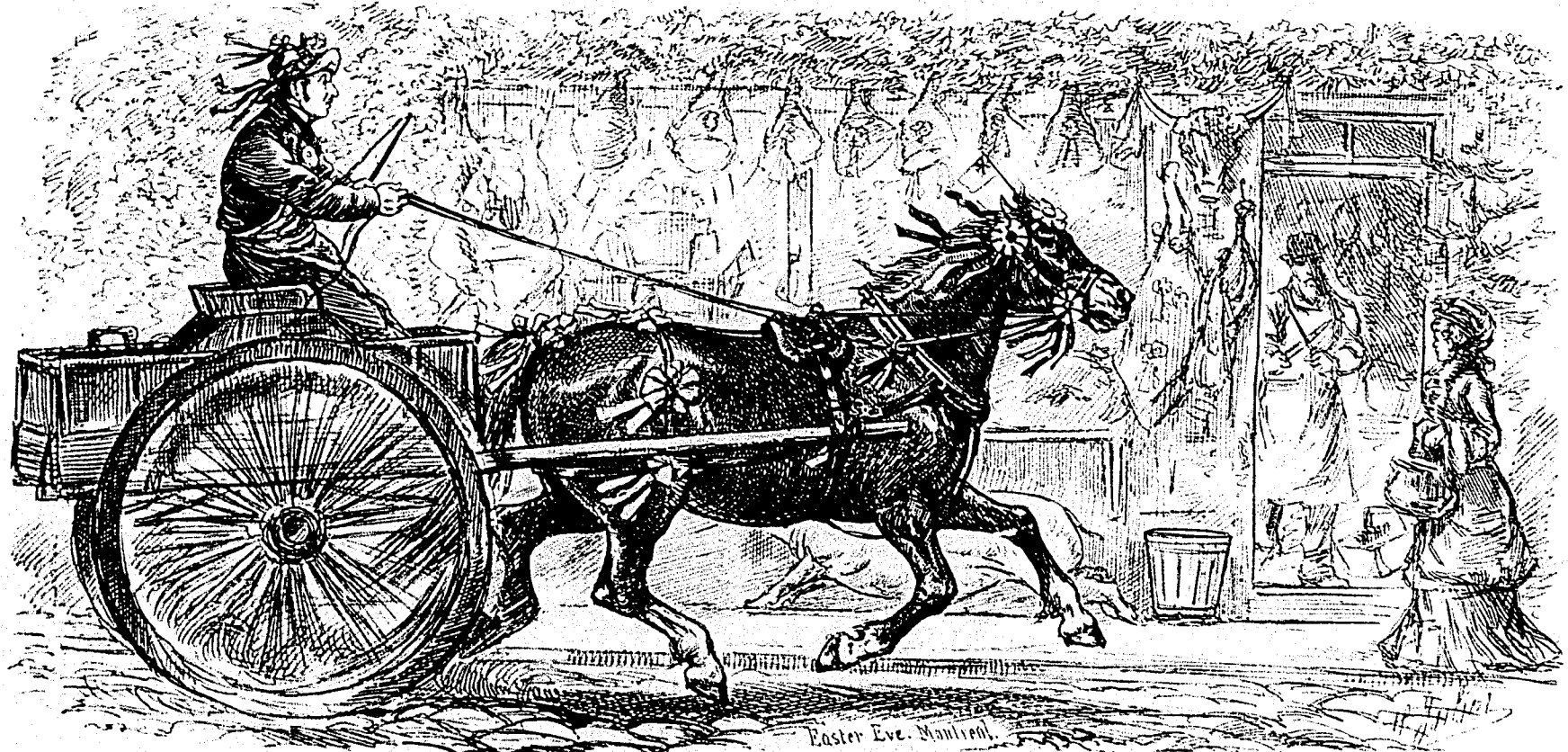
Shooting of Constable Grosberry, Manitoba.



Attempted assassination of Jean Les Bruns, Toronto.



Fishing Jimmy Cook, Quebec.



Easter Eve, Montreal.

INCIDENTS OF THE WEEK.

THE LOVER'S LAMENT.

There's a grave in yonder churchyard—
Ah! I know it well;
All of worth to me lies buried
In that narrow cell.

O'er it bends the weeping willow,
Near it runs a stream,
By whose banks I muse in sadness,
On life's painful dream.

Oh! how dark, and cold, and worthless,
Seems the world to me,
Since I saw that grave—with sorrow—
'Neath the willow-tree.

Not for me the birds are singing
Sweetly in the grove,
For no more their strains melodious
Call forth thoughts of love.

Mountain, valley, sky, and ocean,
Now no joy impart—
I am dead to all emotion,
Frozen seems my heart.

From the once fair face of Nature
Loveliness hath fled,
And my joyless life has made me
Wish that I were dead!

Paris, Ont.

H. M. STRAMBERG.

A LESSON ON DRESS.

My young friend, Cora Lee, was a gay, dashing girl, fond of dress, and looking always as if, to use a common saying, just out of a band-box. Cora was a belle, of course, and had many admirers. Among the number of these was a young man named Edward Douglass, who was the very "pink" of neatness in all matters pertaining to dress, and exceedingly particular in his observance of the little proprieties of life.

I saw from the first that if Douglass pressed his suit, Cora's heart would be an easy conquest, and so it proved.

"How admirably they are fitted for each other," I remarked to my husband on the night of the wedding. "Their tastes are similar, and their habits so much alike that no violence will be done to the feelings of either in the more intimate associations that marriage brings. Both are neat in person and orderly by instinct, and both have good principles."

"From all present appearances the match will be a good one," my husband replied.

There was, I thought, something like reservation in his tone.

"Do you really think so?" I said, a little ironically; for Mr. Smith's approval of the marriage was hardly warm enough to suit my fancy.

"Oh, certainly. Why not?" he replied.

I felt a little fretted at my husband's mode of speaking, but made no further remark on the subject. He is never very enthusiastic nor sanguine, and did not mean, in this instance, to doubt the fitness of the parties for happiness in the married state, as I half imagined. For myself, I warmly approved my friend's choice, and called her husband a lucky fellow to secure for his companion through life a woman so admirably fitted to make one like him happy. But a visit which I paid Cora one day, about six weeks after the honeymoon had expired, lessened my enthusiasm on the subject, and awoke some unpleasant doubt. It happened that I called soon after breakfast. Cora met me in the parlour, looking like a very fright. She wore a soiled and rumpled morning wrapper, her hair was in paper, and she had on dirty stockings, and a pair of old slippers down at the heels.

"Bless me, Cora!" I said, "what is the matter? Have you been ill?"

"No. Why do you ask? Is my déshabille rather on the extreme?"

"Candidly, I think it is, Cora," was my frank answer.

"Oh! well, no matter," she carelessly replied, "my fortune's made."

"I don't clearly understand you," I said.

"I'm married, you know."

"Yes, I am aware of that fact."

"No need of being so particular in dress now; for didn't I just say," replied Cora, "that my fortune's made? I've got a husband."

Beneath an air of jesting was apparent the real earnestness of my friend.

"You dressed with a careful regard and neatness in order to win Edward's love," said I.

"Certainly I did."

"And should you not do the same in order to retain it?"

"Why, Mrs. Smith, do you think my husband's affection goes no deeper than my dress? I should be very sorry indeed to think that. He loves me for myself."

"No doubt of that in the world, Cora; but remember that he cannot see what is in your mind, except by what you do or say. If he admires your taste, for instance, it is not from any abstract appreciation of it, but because the taste manifests itself in what you do; and depend upon it, he will find it a very hard matter to approve and admire your correct taste in dress, for instance, when you appear before him every day in your present unattractive attire. If you do not dress well for your husband's eyes, for whose eyes pray do you dress? You are as neat when abroad as you were before your marriage."

"As to that, Mrs. Smith, common decency requires me to dress well when I go out into company, to say nothing of the pride one naturally feels in looking well."

"And does not the same common decency and natural pride argue strongly in favor of your dressing well at home and for the eye of your husband, whose approval and whose admiration

must be dearer to you than the approval and the admiration of the whole world?"

"But he doesn't want to see me rigged out in silks and satins all the time. A pretty bill my dressmaker would have against him in that event! Edward has more sense than that, I flatter myself."

"Street or ball-room attire is one thing, Cora, and becoming home apparel another. We look for both in their place."

Thus I argued with the thoughtless young wife, but my words made no impression. When abroad she dressed with exquisite taste, and was lovely to look upon; but at home she was careless and slovenly, and made it almost impossible for those who saw her to believe that she was the brilliant beauty they had met in company but a short time before.

But even this did not last long. I noticed, after a few months, that the habits of home were not only confirming themselves, but becoming apparent abroad. Her fortune was made and why should she now waste time or employ her thoughts about matters of personal appearance?

The habits of Mr. Douglass, on the contrary, did not change. He was as orderly as before, and dressed with the same regard to neatness. He never appeared at the breakfast table in the morning without being shaved, nor did he lounge about in the evening in his shirt sleeves. The slovenly habits into which Cora had fallen annoyed him seriously, and still more so when her carelessness about her appearance began to manifest itself abroad as well as at home. When he hinted anything on the subject she did not hesitate to reply, in a jesting manner, that her "fortune was made;" she did not trouble herself any longer about how she looked.

Douglass did not feel very much complimented, but as he had his share of good sense, he saw that to assume a cold and offended manner would do no good.

"If your fortune is made, so is mine," he replied on one occasion, quite coolly and indifferently. Next morning he appeared at the breakfast table with a beard of twenty-four hours' growth.

"You haven't shaved this morning, dear," said Cora, to whose eyes the dirty-looking face of her husband was particularly unpleasant.

"No," he replied, carelessly. "It is a serious trouble to shave every day."

"But you look much better with a cleanly-shaved face."

"Looks are nothing—ease and comfort everything," said Douglass.

"But common decency, Edward."

"I see nothing indecent in a long beard," replied the husband.

Still Cora argued, but in vain. Her husband went off to his business with his unshaved face.

"I don't know whether to shave or not," said Douglass, next morning, running over his rough face, upon which was a beard of forty-eight hours' growth.

His wife had hastily thrown on a wrapper, and with slipshod feet and head like a mop, was lounging in a rocking-chair awaiting the breakfast bell.

"For mercy's sake, Edward, don't go any longer with that shockingly dirty face," spoke up Cora. "If you knew how dreadfully you looked!"

"Looks are nothing," replied Edward, stroking his beard.

"Why, what has come over you all at once?"

"Nothing, only it's such a trouble to shave every day."

"But you didn't shave yesterday."

"I know; I'm just as well off to-day as if I had. So much saved, at any rate."

But Cora urged the matter, and her husband finally yielded, and mowed down the luxuriant growth of beard.

"How much better you do look!" said the young wife. "Now don't go another day without shaving."

"But why should I take so much trouble about mere looks? I'm just as good with a long beard as with a short one. It's a great deal of trouble to shave every day. You can love me just as well; and why need I care what others say or think?"

On the following morning Douglass appeared, not only with a long beard, but with a shirt front and collar that were both soiled and crumpled.

"Why, Edward, how do you look!" said Cora. "You have neither shaved nor put on a clean shirt."

Edward stroked his face, and ran his fingers along the edge of his collar, remarking indifferently, as he did so:

"It is no matter. I look well enough. This being so very particular in dress is waste of time, and I am getting tired of it."

And in this trim Douglass went off to his business, much to the annoyance of his wife, who could not bear to see her husband look so slovenly.

Gradually the declension from neatness went on, until Edward was quite a match for his wife, and yet, strange to say, Cora had not taken the hint, broad as it was. In her own person she was as untidy as ever.

About six months after their marriage we invited a few friends to spend a social evening with us, Cora and her husband among the number. Cora came alone quite early, and said that her husband was very much engaged and could not come until after tea.

My young friend had not taken much pains with her attire. Indeed, her appearance mortified me, as it contrasted so decidedly with that of the other ladies who were present, and I could

not help suggesting to her that she was wrong in being so indifferent about her dress. But she laughingly replied to me:

"You know my fortune's made now, Mrs. Smith. I can afford to be negligent in these matters. It is a great waste of time to dress so much."

I tried to argue against this, but could make no impression upon her.

About an hour after tea, and while we were all engaged in pleasant conversation, the door of the parlour opened and in walked Mr. Douglass. At the first glance I thought I must be mistaken. But no, it was Edward himself. But what a figure he did cut. His uncombed hair was standing up in stiff spikes in a hundred different directions; his face could not have felt the touch of a razor for two or three days, and he was guiltless of clean linen for at least the same length of time. His vest was soiled, his boots unblackened, and there was an unmistakable hole in one of his elbows.

"Why, Edward!" exclaimed his wife, with a look of mortification and distress, as her husband came across the room with a face in which no consciousness of the figure he cut could be detected.

"Why, my dear fellow, what is the matter?" said my husband, frankly; for he perceived that the ladies were beginning to titter, and the gentlemen were looking at each other and trying to repress their risible tendencies, and, therefore, deemed it best to try to throw off all reserve upon the subject.

"The matter? Nothing's the matter, I believe. Why do you ask?"

Douglass looked grave.

"Well may he ask what is the matter," broke in Cora, energetically. "How could you come here in such a plight?"

"In such a plight?" and Edward looked down at himself, felt his beard and ran his fingers through his hair. "What is the matter? Is anything wrong?"

"You look as if you just waked up from a nap of a week with your clothes on and come off without washing your face or combing your hair," said my husband.

"Oh!" and Edward's face brightened a little. Then he said, with much gravity of manner,

"I have been extremely hurried of late, and only left business a few minutes ago. I hardly thought it worth while to go home to dress; I knew we were all friends here. Besides, as my fortune is made (and he glanced with a look not to be mistaken, toward his wife), I do not feel called upon to give as much attention to mere dress as formerly. Before I was married it was necessary to be more particular in these matters, but now it is of no consequence."

I turned toward Cora. Her face was like crimson. In a few moments she arose and went quickly from the room. I followed her, and Edward came after us pretty soon. He found his wife in tears, and sobbing almost hysterically.

"I've got a carriage at the door," he said to me, aside, half laughing, half serious—"so help her on with her things, and we'll retire in disorder."

"But it's too bad of you, Mr. Douglass," replied I.

"Forgive me for making your house the scene of this lesson," he whispered. "It had to be given, and I thought I would venture to trespass upon your forbearance."

"I'll think about that," said I in return.

In a few minutes Cora and her husband retired, and in spite of good breeding and everything else we all had a hearty laugh on my return to the parlour, where I explained the curious little scene that had just occurred.

How Cora and her husband settled the affair between themselves I never inquired. But one thing is certain, I never saw her in a slovenly dress afterward, at home or abroad. She was cured.

THE DEATH OF ASHBY.

HOW THE HERO OF THE SHENANDOAH VALLEY FELL.

In July, 1861, we saw the first body of Confederate cavalry which passed through the valley of the Shenandoah. It consisted of about 500 well-mounted men, chiefly farmers from the lower part of the valley and the counties along the Maryland border, looking as though they were out for a big hunt. There was no attempt at uniforms, except that most of the cavaliers had exchanged their coats for flannel hunting-shirts. There was a great variety of hats of every style, shape and material, and the weapons of the troops were as irregular as their other appointments, few of the men then having sabres, and most of them carrying such arms as they had been accustomed to use in field sports. The commander of the troop was Col. Angus McDonald, of Hampshire County, a country lawyer, the father of seventeen fine sons and daughters. Several of his sons became well known as gallant soldiers. The lieutenant-colonel of the regiment was a modest, unassuming young man who had the usual easy, graceful bearing of a Virginia gentleman. His manners were very quiet, rather diffident, and his whole appearance conveyed the idea of an amiable, easy-going Southerner. This was Turner Ashby—a man of dauntless courage and one of the chivalrous heroes of the war.

It was said that before the outbreak of hostilities, Ashby, then captain of a volunteer company, was ordered to arrest a Northern man living in his neighbourhood who was suspected

of being an abolitionist and incendiary, and who, after the close of the war, became conspicuous as Judge Underwood. Ashby's generous soul revolted at the thought of going at dead of night to a man's house to assassinate, or even to arrest him without legal authority, and he privately informed Mr. Underwood of the danger that threatened him, and having given his man ample time to escape, led his troop to its destination, only to find that the bird had flown.

Ashby early became famous from the deeds of daring and the splendid feats of horsemanship in which he delighted. In Jackson's marches in the valley, his cavalry commander soon became known to the Federal soldiers with whom he was constantly skirmishing. They often singled out his manly form for a target, and long declared that he bore a charmed life. Once when closely pressed by his enemies, some of whom had managed to pass around him and cut off his retreat to his command, he astonished his pursuers, who supposed him in their power and rejoiced in the prospect of making him prisoner, by springing from his noble white horse to the top of a high fence, then speaking to the well-trained steed and striking the fence with his hand, the horse dashed over it and Ashby vaulted into his saddle, waving his hat to his foes, who cheered lustily, as he rode off in the opposite direction.

"Col. Ashby," said a young man who had just joined his command, "I have no arms, where shall I apply for them?" "The enemy are well supplied," was the quiet answer, "you can easily provide yourself from their stores."

In June, 1862, Jackson was slowly making his second retreat through the valley, contending with the Federals every step of the way. Ashby was the hero of the hour, Gen. Jackson not then having developed that genius which has made his name immortal. The exploits of the sleepless cavalry leader, who incessantly harassed or impeded the advancing Federals, were in everybody's mouth, the soldiers worshipped him and the citizens looked at him as their defence from the invading army.

I well remember the passing of the troops through our village. As our friends were chiefly in the cavalry we bestowed little attention upon the weary infantry, who were making forced marches, and enduring great hardships daily, with wonderful patience and faith in their leaders. The army had been passing for hours, when about 10 o'clock a somewhat thick-set man, well mounted and riding very slowly, paused a moment in front of the porch where we stood saying last words to two or three young officers. "There is Ashby," whispered somebody, and all eyes were turned upon the quiet gentleman, very gentle and composed in bearing simply dressed and wearing a very heavy beard, which almost covered his face. "You ought to have seen Gen. Ashby blush just now," said a young friend, who had dismounted to speak a moment to the group of girls in the park; "a lady came out and handed him a bunch of flowers and made some complimentary speech, and I thought Ashby would faint." He could not help taking the flowers, but as soon as she went in her house he handed them to one of the boys and said, "Please take it, I cannot carry them through the streets." "Captain," said Gen. Ashby, at this instant speaking very slowly and without a trace of excitement to one of the young men, "You had better mount; the enemy are entering the town." "Tell the citizens they had better keep within doors," he said to an old gentleman, whom he met a few steps further on; "there might be skirmishing through the streets."

A few minutes later the handsomely equipped Federal cavalry dashed past the house and swarmed in every direction, a large party pursuing Ashby, others taking byways to surround him, and myriads seeming to spring up everywhere. An hour or two later, part of the Confederate infantry made a stand on a green hillside in front of a beautiful grove, about two miles from the village, and a large force of Federals attacked them. At first the Southern troops recoiled and fell back before them, and Ashby, watching the affray hard by, sprang from his horse and, waving his sword in air, rallied the faltering Maryland regiment and charged upon the Federal troops, who fled before him.

And then on that fair June morning, with the lovely scenery of his native land lying in beauty about him, Ashby, the hero of the valley, fell, pierced through the heart, and the waving grass and the wild flowers were dyed in noble blood that day. The body was borne by loving hands to a place of security, and fierce spirits bowed, and strong men wept over their early dead.

A POINT OF COURTESY.—There is one little piece of kindness which almost all, old and young, have opportunities to perform, and by the practice of which they can very materially add to the comfort and happiness of less fortunate persons. It is to avoid looking at deformities or marks of disease when they are met in the street or the home. The keen suffering given to a sensitive person—and all persons with a noticeable deformity may well be supposed to be sensitive on that subject—is such as one who has felt it can alone understand to the full. Of course, it is the most natural thing for the eye to fall upon that which is marked or unusual; but that is a poor excuse for unkindness. We ought deliberately to school ourselves not to add by look or by word to the unhappiness of those who have already enough to bear.

A QUESTION OF PRECEDENCE.

(FROM LUCIAN.)

Dramatis Personæ—Jupiter, Esculapius, Hercules.

JUPITER.

Come, Hercules and Esculapius, Cense thy contention as to who is who. 'Tis bad enough for men, but such disputes Are alien to the banquet of the gods.

HERCULES.

Is it thy will then, Jove, that this vile quack Should take precedence of a god like me?

ESCULAPIUS.

Yes, for, by Jove, I am the better god.

HERCULES.

In what, you hare-brained fool? Is it because For your presumption Jove let fly at you His thunderbolt? And then, for pity's sake, You got your patent of divinity?

ESCULAPIUS.

That's good, indeed—for you to talk of fire! Your memory is short that you forget That scene at Oeta!

HERCULES.

Such cool impudence!

To dare compare your wretched life with mine! Who am the son of Jove, for great Jove's favour, Who cleansed the world and savage beasts embued, And tamed the insolence of such as you— You, a mere root cutter, a mountebank, Fit to give pills to puny invalids, But utterly devoid of manly traits!

ESCULAPIUS.

Ha! you remind me how I leared your burns When first you entered heaven, half-consumed. What with the Centaur's tunic and the pyre, Your godship's body was a mass of sores. Besides (since you're so good at calling names), I never was a slave as you have been, I never carded wool in woman's dress, Nor let my mistress beat me with her sandal— Not to recall that graver incident Of slaying wife and children in a rage.

HERCULES.

If you don't cease reviling, you'll find out Your immortality won't help you much. When I have hurled you headlong out of heaven, Then even Oeta will not find it easy To mend your broken skull.

JUPITER.

Come, now, desist.

We cannot have our banquet thus disturbed. Or, if you still keep on, I'll send you both To some more fitting place. But, Hercules, In my opinion, the precedence goes Of right to Esculapius who died first.

Montreal. JOHN READE.

NAPOLEON AND HIS COURT.

HABITS OF THE EMPRESS.

The Empress Josephine had six hundred thousand francs for her personal expenses. This sum in no degree sufficed her, and she incurred many debts annually. A hundred and twenty thousand francs were allowed her for her charities. The archduchess had but three hundred thousand francs, and sixty thousand for her private purse. The reason of this difference was that Madame Bonaparte was compelled to assist many poor relations, whose claims on her were great and frequent. She having certain connections in France and the archduchess none, Madame Bonaparte was naturally obliged to spend more money. She gave much away, but, as she never made her presents from her own resources, but bought incessantly, her generosity only augmented her debts to an appalling degree.

Notwithstanding the wishes of her husband she could never submit to either order or etiquette in her private life. He was unwilling that any salesman of any kind should be received by her, but was obliged to relinquish this point. Her small private apartments were crowded by these people, as well as by artists of all kinds. She had a perfect mania for being painted, and gave her pictures to whomsoever wanted them—relations, friends, *févices de chambre*, and even to her tradespeople, who brought her constantly diamonds and jewels, stuffs and gewgaws of all kinds. She bought everything, rarely asking the price, and the greater part of the time forgot what she had bought. From the beginning she had signified to her lady of honour and her lady in waiting that they were not to interfere with her wardrobe. All matters of that kind were arranged between herself and her *févices de chambre*, of whom she had six or eight, I think.

She rose at nine o'clock. Her toilet consumed much time; a part of it was entirely private, when she lavished unwearyed efforts on the preservation of her person and on its embellishment, with the aid of paint and powder. When all this was accomplished she wrapped herself in a long and very elegant peignoir, trimmed with lace, and placed herself under the hands of her hair-dresser. Her chemises and skirts were embroidered and trimmed. She changed all her linen three times each day and never wore any stockings that were not new. While her hair was being dressed if we presented ourselves at her door we were admitted. When this process was finished, huge baskets were brought in containing many different dresses, shawls and hats. There were in summer muslin or percale robes, much embroidered and trimmed; in winter there were

redingotes of stuff or of velvet. From these baskets she selected her costume for the day, and always wore in the morning a hat covered with feathers or flowers, and wraps that made considerable drapery about her. The number of her shawls was between three and four hundred. She had dresses made of them, coverings for her bed, cushions for her dog. She always wore one in the morning, which she draped about her shoulders with a grace that I never saw equalled. Bonaparte who thought these shawls covered her too much tore them off, and more than once threw them in the fire; after which she would then send for another. She purchased all that were brought to her, no matter at what price. I have seen her buy shawls for which their owner asked eight, ten, and twelve thousand francs. They were the great extravagance of this court, where those which cost only fifty louis were looked at disdainfully, and where the women boasted of the price they had paid for those they wore.

I have already described the life which Madame Bonaparte led. This life never varied in any respect. She never opened a book, she never took up a pen, and never touched a needle; and yet she never seemed to be in the least bored. She was not fond of the theatre; the Emperor did not wish her to go there without him and receive applause which he did not share. She walked only when she was at Malmaison, a dwelling that she never ceased to improve, and on which she had spent enormous sums.

Bonaparte was extremely irritated by these expenditures. He would fly into a passion, and his wife would weep, promising to be wiser and more prudent; after which she would go on in the same way, and in the end he was obliged to pay the bills. The evening toilet was as careful as that of the morning. Everything was elegant in the extreme. We rarely saw the same dresses and the same flowers appear the second time. In the evening the empress appeared without a hat, with flowers, pearls, or precious stones in her hair. Then her dresses showed her figure to perfection, and the most exquisite toilet was that which was most becoming to her. The smallest assembly, the most informal dance, was always an occasion for her to order a new costume, in spite of the hoards of dresses which accumulated in the various palaces; for she had a mania for keeping everything. It would be utterly impossible for me to give any idea of the sums she spent in this way. At every dressmaker's and milliner's in Paris, go in when we would, we were sure to find something being made for her or ordered by her. I have seen several lace robes, at forty, fifty, and even a hundred thousand francs each. It is almost incredible that this passion for dress which was so entirely satisfied should never have exhausted itself. After the divorce, at Malmaison, she had the same luxurious tastes, and dressed with as much care, even when she saw no one. The day of her death she insisted on being dressed in a very elegant *robe de chambre*, because she thought that the Emperor of Russia would, perhaps, come to see her. She died covered with ribbons and pale rose-coloured satin. These tastes and these habits on her part naturally increased the expenses of those about her, and we found it difficult at times to appear in suitable toilets.

COURT FESTIVITIES.

With all this extreme luxury, the exquisite taste of the Empress, and the rich costumes of the men, the court was, as may readily be imagined, most brilliant. It may even be said that on certain days the *coup d'oeil* was absolutely dazzling. Foreigners were much struck by it. It was during this year (1806) that the Emperor decided to give occasional concerts in the Hall of the Marshals, as a certain large hall, hung with portraits of the marshals, was called. These portraits are very likely there now. This hall was lighted by an infinite number of candles, and to it were invited all those persons who had any connection with the Government and those who had been presented. Thus there were assembled usually between four and five hundred persons.

After having walked through the saloons where all these people were assembled, Bonaparte entered the hall and took his place at the end; the Empress on his left as well as the princesses of the family, in the most dazzling costumes; his mother on his right—still a very handsome woman, with an air of great distinction. His brothers were richly dressed, and they, with foreign princes and other dignitaries, were seated. Behind were the grand officers, the chamberlains, and all the staff in their embroidered uniforms. Upon the right and the left, in curved lines, sat two rows of ladies—the lady of honour, the lady in waiting, and the ladies of the palace, almost all of them young, the greater number of them pretty and beautifully dressed. Then came a large number of ladies—foreigners and Frenchwomen—whose toilets were exquisite beyond words. Behind these two rows of seated ladies were men standing—ambassadors, ministers, marshals, senators, generals, and so on—all in the most gorgeous costumes. Opposite the imperial chairs were the musicians, and as soon as the Emperor was

* Of course my readers know that these were Cashmere shawls, which the Egyptian campaign, and the Oriental mania that followed, had made fashionable.

† A court dress cost at least fifty louis, and we changed them very often. As a general thing this costume was embroidered in gold and silver, and trimmed with mother-of-pearl. Many diamonds were worn, in sprays and scattered among garlands for the hair, or set in bands for the neck and arms.

seated they executed the best music, which, however, in spite of the strict silence that was enjoined and preserved, fell on inattentive ears. When the concert was over, in the centre of the room, which had been kept vacant, appeared the best dancers, male and female, from the opera, and executed a charming ballet. This part of the entertainment of the evening amused every one, even the Emperor.

The concert and the ballet did not last more than an hour and a half. Then the assembly went to supper, which was laid in the Gallery of Diana, and there the beauty of the gallery, the brilliancy of the lights, the luxury of the tables, the display of silver and glass, and the magnificence and elegance of the guests, imparted to the whole scene something of the air of a fairy tale. There was, however, something lacking. I will not say that it was the ease which can never be found in a court, but it was that feeling of security which each person might have brought there if the powers that presided had added a little more kindness to the majesty by which they surrounded themselves.

NAPOLEON'S ADOPTED DAUGHTER.

The Beauharnais profited by the elevation of Madame Bonaparte, and continued to crowd about her. I have told how she married the daughter of the Marquis de Beauharnais to M. de la Valette. The Marquis was for a long time Ambassador to Spain; he is in France to-day. The Comte de Beauharnais, the son of the lady who wrote poetry and novels, had married early in life Mlle. de Lesay-Marnesia. From this marriage sprang a daughter, who resided after her mother's death, with an old aunt, who was very religious. The Comte de Beauharnais, marrying again, never seemed to think of this young girl. Bonaparte made him senator. M. de Lesay-Marnesia, uncle to the young Stéphanie, suddenly recalled her from Langue-doc; she was fourteen or fifteen. He presented her to Madame Bonaparte, who found her very pretty and refined in all her little ways. She placed her in Madame Campan's boarding-school, from which she emerged in 1806 to find herself suddenly adopted by the Emperor, called Princess Imperial, and married shortly after to the hereditary Prince of Baden. She was then seventeen, with a most agreeable face, great natural cleverness and vivacity, a certain childishness in her manner which suited her well, a charming voice, lovely complexion, and clear blue eyes. Her hair was exquisitely blonde.

The Prince of Baden was not long in falling in love with her, but at first his affection was not returned. He was young, but very stout; his face was commonplace and inexpressive; he talked little, seemed always out of place and bored, and generally fell asleep wherever he might be. The youthful Stéphanie, gay, piquant, dazzled by her lot, and proud of being adopted by the Emperor, whom she then regarded with some reason as the first sovereign in the world, gave the Prince of Baden to understand that he was greatly honoured by her bestowing her hand upon him. In vain did they seek to correct her ideas in this respect. She made no objection to the marriage, and was quite ready to consent to its taking place whenever the Emperor wished it; but she persisted in saving that Napoleon's daughter should marry a king or the son of a king. This little vanity, accompanied by many piquant jests to which her seventeen years gave a charm, did not displease the Emperor, and in fact rather amused him. He became more interested than before in his adopted daughter, and precisely at the time he married her to the prince he became, with considerable publicity, her lover. This conquest finished turning the head of the new princess and confirmed her in her haughtiness toward her future husband, who sought in vain to please her.

As soon as the Emperor had announced to the senate the news of this marriage, the youthful Stéphanie was installed in the Tuileries in an apartment specially arranged for her, and there she received the deputations from the governmental bodies. Of that from the senate her father was one. Her situation was certainly a little odd, but she received all the addresses and felicitations without any embarrassment, and replied extremely well. Having become the daughter of the sovereign, and being a favourite in addition, the Emperor ordered that she should everywhere follow next to the Empress, thus taking precedence of the whole Bonaparte family. Madame Murat was extremely displeased, who hated her with a cordial hatred, and could not conceal her pride and jealousy. Mademoiselle thought this very amusing, and laughed at it as she did at everything else, and succeeded in making the Emperor laugh also, as he was inclined to be amused at all she said. The Empress was much displeased at this new fancy of her husband's. She spoke seriously to her niece, and showed her how wrong it would be for her not to resist the efforts which Bonaparte was making to complete her seduction. Mlle. de Beauharnais listened to her aunt's counsels with some docility. She confided to her certain attempts, sometimes extremely bold, made by her adopted father, and promised to conduct herself with caution and reserve. These confidences renewed all the former discord of the imperial household. Bonaparte, unchanged, did not take the trouble to conceal his inclination from his wife and, too sure of his power, thought it extremely unhandsome in the Prince

* It was upon her that the poet Lebrun made this malicious epigram.

† "Egls, fair and a god, has two eccentricities: She makes her face, but does not make her verses."

of Baden that he should be wounded by what was going on under his very eyes. Nevertheless, the fear of an outburst and the number of eyes fixed upon all the persons concerned rendered him prudent. On the other side, the young girl, who only wished to amuse herself, showed more resistance than he had at first anticipated. But she hated her husband. A little later the court went to Saint Cloud, and with it the young pair. Nothing, however, could induce the princess to permit her husband to approach her. He complained to the Empress, who scolded her niece. The Emperor, however, upheld her, and his own hopes revived. All this had a very bad effect, which at last the Emperor realized; and at the end of some little time—occupied with grave affairs, fatigued by the impertinence of his wife, struck by the discontent of the young prince, and persuaded that he had to do with a young person who only wished to amuse herself by coquetting with him—he consented to the departure of the Prince of Baden, who took his wife away with him. She shed many tears at leaving France, regarding the principality of Baden as a land of exile. When she arrived there she was received somewhat coldly by the reigning prince. She lived for a long time on bad terms with her husband. Secret negotiators were sent from France to make her understand how important it was to her that she should become the mother of a prince—an hereditary prince in his turn. She submitted; but the prince, rendered frigid by so much resistance, now showed very little tenderness toward her, and this marriage seemed destined to make them both very unhappy. It was not eventually so, however; and we shall see later that the Princess of Baden, having acquired a little more sense with years, began at last to recognize her duty, and by her good conduct succeeded finally in regaining the affection of the prince and enjoyed the advantages of a union which she at first had so entirely under-estimated.

HISTORY OF THE WEEK.

MONDAY, March 29.—A proposal to reduce the Sultan's civil list is under discussion by his Ministers.—Lord Derby has issued a manifesto, wherein he expresses his sympathy with the Liberal cause.—Baroness Burlett-Coutts's sympathies are not with the Liberals at the coming elections.—The German Emperor has told his Generals that the fears of war have been dissolved for the present.—The news from Afghanistan is gloomy, and it is evident that England's troubles are not at an end in that country.—The decree dissolving the Jesuit Society in France is to be published officially to-day. The establishments are to be closed and vacated within three months.

TUESDAY, March 30.—The inundations in Spain are subsiding.—The British advance on Ghuznee has commenced.—France's Irish relief fund amounts to \$125,000 francs.—Her Majesty the Queen has arrived at Darmstadt.—Count F. de Lesseps sails this week for Europe in the *Adriatic*.—Election riots have taken place at Cardiff and in the County of Tyrone.—The *Journal Officiel* has published decrees against the Jesuits and other unauthorized religious communities.—A new Ministry has been called to office in Brazil, and if they carry out the programme they have sketched out, they will have deserved well of their country.

WEDNESDAY, March 31.—The death of the Empress of Russia is momentarily expected.—The Spanish Ministry has decided upon a vigorous Colonial policy.—The continuation of the three daughters of H.R.H. the late Princess Alice took place yesterday in the Royal chapel at Hesse-Darmstadt.—Mr. Gladstone has declared that, in the event of a Liberal success, he will be content to follow the leadership of Lord Granville or Lord Harrington.—Parcell has been nominated at the eleven o'clock for Cork City as the Nationalists do not consider the present Home Rule candidate advanced enough.

THURSDAY, April 1.—The obelisk has been embarked at Alexandria.—Bismarck celebrated his sixty-sixth birthday yesterday.—Election riots have occurred at Porsdown, New Ross and Tredgar.—One hundred and fifty persons were killed by a colliery explosion at Arderles, Belgium, yesterday.—The Conservatives have carried the city of London by a large majority.—The cattle disease is spreading in England, and there is consequently a demand for American meats.—In England, the Liberals expect a majority of 10, and the Conservatives of 29. Over 400 constituencies have yet to be heard from.

FRIDAY, April 2.—There is a great strike in the building trade in Liverpool.—Emigrants for America are numerous, to depart during April and May.—The Catholic Bishop and clergy of Cork have denounced Parnell's interference in their constituency and his persistent attempts to spread disorder.—On Prince Bismarck's 66th birthday celebration, among those who paid their respects were the Emperor William.

SATURDAY, April 3.—The Bulgarian Assembly was opened at Sofia yesterday.—Winnipeg streets were lit up on Saturday night for the first time.—The six days' walk for the O'Leary belt was started in New York at midnight last night.—The arrangement between the Corte and Montenegro has been sanctioned by the Sultan.—Peru has scored another naval victory against Chili at Arica, after a seven hours' engagement.—Latest despatches concerning the Imperial elections give the Liberals 256 seats, the Conservatives 110 and Home Rulers 19, a net Liberal gain of 36.—Calcutta despatches report prospects of an early settlement in Afghanistan. The result of the elections to the Imperial Parliament is, however, looked on with dismay throughout India, as likely to bring about disastrous consequences in the probable reversal of Lord Beaconsfield's Afghan policy.

Fees of Doctors.

The fee of doctors is an item that very many persons are interested in just at present. We believe the schedule for visits is \$3.00, which would tax a man confined to his bed for a year, and in need of a daily visit, over \$1,000 a year for medical attendance alone! And one single bottle of Hop Bitters taken in time would save the \$1,000 and all the year's sickness.—Ed.

* The Prince of Baden is brother to the Empress of Russia.

UNIVERSITY LIFE IN FRANCE,
ENGLAND AND GERMANY.

By HUGO VON RADOWITZ.

III. GERMANY.

1. The German Universities are essentially different from the French and English ones, as well in their scientific position, as in the manner, and way of life, and conduct of the students. "Science and its teachings are free"—is the principle that has found its place in the written constitutions of all the German countries, but which always lived in the spirit of the nation and made itself felt in the Universities. From the first, the German Universities, founded by the various princes, were, in the management of their public affairs, much more subjected to the control and guidance of the state than those in England and France—the Princes appointed and paid the professors out of the public funds—but the inner literary and scientific life was always controlled by the freely chosen Deacons of the Faculty, a *Senatus Academicus*, and the also freely elected Rector, in whose person the high importance of academic learning found such acknowledgement even in the middle ages, that the Rector of the University possessed the rank of Count Palatine (*Pfalzgraf*) of the Roman Empire, bore the title of magnificence, and wore on his official dress purple and ermine, the marks of princely dignity. During the middle ages the church, and in later times the Princes, interfered only in exceptional cases with the freedom of scientific teaching, when, perchance, the principles emanating from the professional chair, were in opposition to the teachings of monarchical constitutions or the established church; yet this, as remarked, happened but seldom, and even in the time of absolute government, often wonderfully free principles were announced from the University chairs with reference as well to theological as political matters; the Reformation, moreover, also found material support from the German Universities. In general the government acted on the principle of giving the greatest possible freedom to the student youth in their process of development, and many propositions and teachings which, in books for the general public would have received the severest censure, were allowed to be spoken out boldly and with impunity in the lecture rooms of these disciples of knowledge (*Missenschaft*). The same principle, of the utmost possible freedom during the development period of the youthful mind, was observed also with re-



1. SUMMER TIME. DIPLOMA PICTURE.—By T. MOWER MARTIN, C.A.

ference to the outer training of the students. With the exception of criminal cases, the German students were amenable only to academical jurisdiction, a time to sow wild oats (*eine zeit des austobens*) was granted to the exuberance of youth, and many excesses which, in other citizens, would have led to serious consequences, were punished in the case of students by a few days imprisonment. The most serious academical punishment was, rustication—by strict rustication the student was not only removed from the University which pronounced the sentence, but was in general expelled from the Republic of Letters and handed over to the civil courts; as long, however, as he was not "rusticated" (*relegirt*) and consequently still remained under academical jurisdiction, no other body had any right or authority over him, except the *Senatus Academicus* and the Rector. To this intellectual and political civil freedom of the German students was added still another essential difference from the English and French Universities, namely, the absence of the college system which subsisted in both those countries with its consequent "Seminary teaching." After the student had shown his qualification by an examination on the part either of the University, or of the properly authorized institutions, he was simply matriculated, and so became an Academical citizen and chose then in his private life, freely and independently, the public lectures of the professors he wished to hear. Not only the ordinary and extraordinary professors nominated by the state, but also every one who had obtained the degree of Doctor, was entitled to give lectures. In the choice of subjects and of Academical teachers there was no restriction; only later the government prescribed a definite course of lectures which candidates for the public service were obliged to attend.

Hence was developed that uncommonly free and unrestrained life of the German student, which was still more manifold and variegated on account of the Academical scientific life not being, as in France and England, concentrated in one or two foci, but scattered over numerous Universities founded by the German Princes throughout their dominions. The first and oldest University of the German Empire was that of Prague, which the Emperor Charles IV. founded in the year 1348, and which soon took a prominent part in public life as the central seat of the Hussite movement. The Universities of Vienna, Heidelberg, Cologne, Erfurt, Leipzig, Rostock, Loewen, Greifswald, Freiburg, Biele, Ingolstadt, Mayence, Tuebingen, Wittenberg and Frankfort on the Oder, soon followed; these, of course, in



2. COAST OF NOVA SCOTIA.—By H. SANDHAM, C.A.

FIRST EXHIBITION OF THE CANADIAN ACADEMY OF ARTS.—FROM PHOTOGRAPHS BY NOTMAN & SANDHAM.

their infancy stood under a certain control of the Bishops, from which, however, they on every opportunity emancipated themselves, and for the most part during the Reformation had a decided influence on the public intellectual life of the time. After the Reformation orthodox evangelical Universities were started, such as, Marburg, Jena, Königsberg, Helmstaedt; then on the other hand of course as counterpoise, orthodox catholic ones like Bamberg, Innsbruck and Breslau were founded by the Jesuits. From the Reformation time dates the custom of nominating reigning Princes as Rectors, and delegating the real work of the office to a Pro-rector or Chancellor, by which the Universities received still greater lustre and still greater privileges. Since, now, in the German Universities—with the exception, perhaps, of the Jesuit institutions which formed a speciality by themselves and were arranged on a cloister model—the college system was entirely foreign, the students, following that corporation-spirit (*Korporationsgeist*) so powerful in Germany and so important, especially in the middle ages, formed among themselves separate societies or corporations having special statutes and distinguished by various badges. The ground for these corporations lay mostly in the nationalities, and the badges consisted in the colors of the nations, which were worn as scarfs and hat bands, without, however, the reception into the corporation being altogether dependent on the nationality whose name was borne.

These Unions, which were called *Landsmannschaften*, date back to the time of the thirty years' war, and in them are clearly noticeable two prime peculiarities of the German nation which in those wild times were doubly prominent, namely, the love of drinking and the love of fighting (*die haft am Trinken und am Raufen*). Definite rules and regulations for drinking were drawn up for the social meetings of the *Landsmannschaften* as, indeed, was the case at that time in all the guilds and other corporations; the quarrels also between the separate Unions were fought out, sword in hand, according to definite rules and regulations. These conditions form, on the whole to-day, the foundation upon which the student life of Germany, under the humanizing and modifying influence of progressive ages, has been moulded. Many of the old German Universities have ceased to be, but in those which yet exist the ruling principle is, that the state has the outer control and power of appointing professors; but for the rest allows the utmost possible freedom to scientific teaching; and although during the last year the exclusive

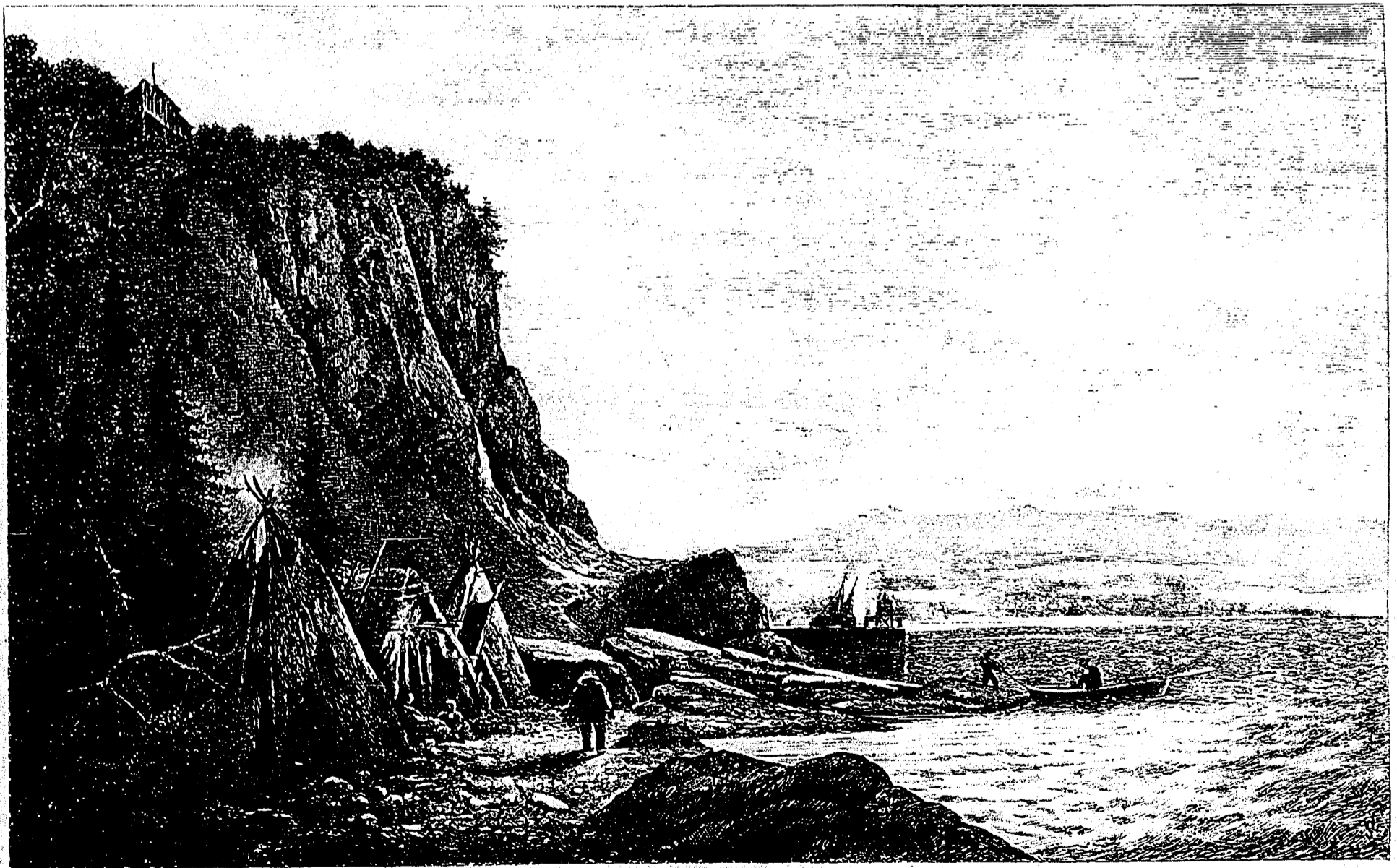
judiciary powers rights of the senate were removed, yet the German students still form in a certain measure a state within a state which regulates its life according to particular laws and ordinances, and lets the surplus of youthful energy evaporate, in a short period of freedom. The German students gained, by this freedom and independence, a far greater influence upon the whole intellectual life of the nation, and made this influence felt in all the phases of development of public life. During the Napoleonic oppression of Germany the spirit of national freedom and independence first awoke in the German Universities, and the fire of youthful enthusiasm essentially contributed to spread this spirit through the whole nation. After the war of 1812-14 (*Befreiungskrieg*), the now awakened longing for freedom and national unity of greatness was directed against the petty governments in which was seen the opponents of German unity and freedom. There were then formed along side of the old *Landsmannschaften* new Unions whose ground principle was "United Germany" (*das allgemeine Deutschthum*), and which at the same time was to lessen the now happily diminishing barbarousness of the students, by doing away with the necessity of fighting duels.

These Unions, which again formed among themselves one great society, were called *Burschenschaften*, and wore as badge the colors black, red and gold. Why these colors were chosen has never properly been made clear—it was explained from the old German flag of war which showed a black eagle on a yellow background and was borne on a red lance—but black, red and gold have never been, properly speaking, colors of the German Empire. These *Burschenschaften*, whose political tendencies soon assumed a revolutionary shade and even excited young and heated heads to regicide, became then the object of severe, and frequently downright cruel, persecutions on the part of the governments which then extended their mistrust also to the *Landsmannschaften*, the bitterest opponents of the *Burschenschaften*, and for a while forbade all student unions, without, however, ever being able to destroy them, for they were too deeply grounded in the traditional growth of the Universities. These restrictions again ceased with the freer development of state life, and now-a-days unions may be freely formed. This, as a peculiarity of the German spirit, is well worth a fuller study, which will follow this short sketch of the history of the German Universities.

J. W. BELL.



1. MORNING IN THE CRAWFORD NOTCH, N. H.—By M. MATTHEWS, A.C.A.



2. INDIAN ENCAMPMENT, DIPLOMA PICTURE.—By WM. RAPHAEL, C.A

FIRST EXHIBITION OF THE CANADIAN ACADEMY OF ARTS.

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CLARA CHILLINGTON; OR, THE PRIDE OF THE CLIFF.

A STORY OF ONE HUNDRED YEARS AGO.

BY
THE REVEREND JAMES LANGHORNE BOXER,Rector of La Porte, Ind., U. S., and formerly co-Editor with Charles Dickens of *All the Year Round*,

EDITED BY THE

REV. WILLIAM SMITHETT, D. D., of Lindsay, Ont.

CHAPTER XXVIII.

A STRANGE PASSENGER.

The triumph of insolence often appears in social life. Daring, adventurous spirits frequently bear away the prize by sudden effort, which more careful persons have laboured all their life to secure. Ordinarily misfortune travels with too steady steps to overtake the nimbleness of the dashing adventurer.

The skipper of the *Nancy* now made repeated and successful voyages to and from the continent of Europe. The revenue officers were ever on the watch and as regularly failed to capture her. The name of Jack Pegden became more notorious than ever, and his doings to be regarded with superstitious awe.

Everything on board the *Nancy* being ready for another trip, as the skipper appeared on the beach ready to enter the small boat which lay awaiting him, a person wrapped in a black Spanish cloak, and wearing a slouched hat, stood before him, and, in English, spoken with a decided foreign accent, solicited a passage across the channel to the shores of France. To take an unknown person on board the *Nancy* was not the ordinary practice of the smuggler, as such an act might possibly involve both his ship and himself in difficulties. When, therefore, the stranger requested a passage to France, Jack Pegden, with the suspicion his lawless calling encouraged, subjected the person to a severe scrutiny.

The smuggler had an idea that the stranger was a prisoner of war, who, having made his escape, and worked his way down to the coast, had become anxious to be conveyed to his own land. He had often coined a few guineas by such a job, and that he might squeeze as much as possible out of this stranger, he appeared hard to be entreated. By maintaining a pretended dread of foul play, he hoped to find out the character of the passenger.

"I am sorry, sir," replied the smuggler to the stranger; "but it is not my practice to carry passengers."

"Very good; still you do take them."

"Well, occasionally we do; but then they are such as we have some knowledge of."

"Your trade demands the exercise of carefulness."

"Ours is a free trade, sir."

"Exactly so; and it happens that such as you know best you think most fit to be trusted."

"It is customary to place most confidence in such as we know."

"True; and has not the life of Monsieur taught him that such as know most of us, and of our doings, possess the greatest facilities for betraying us?"

"There is something in that; but then we know best how to guard against them."

"Is that true, Monsieur? Do not such as we are best acquainted with possess the greatest advantage over us to do us harm?"

"Such feelings admitted into the mind would soon close the door of friendship."

"And is friendship regarded as such a sacred thing by you?"

"Oh, friendship is very well while it lasts."

"Precisely so; but in that case such as you call friends are no more to be depended on than strangers."

"Still we think we can trust our friends further than others."

"And this leaves us more exposed."

"It may be so."

"Who would be the friend of a naked man? We have no friendship, Monsieur, apart from our possessions. It is *this* which will make friends with all the world."

On uttering these words, the stranger drew from a pocket a purse of gold, and held it in the rays of the pale moonbeams before the eyes of Jack Pegden. On seeing the glitter of the wealth, the old passion of the smuggler became again inflamed, and he replied:

"Certainly, a man without money has not many friends."

"He has none, Monsieur; while such as command gold possess a host. I am your friend if I give you gold, and this I will do for a voyage to France."

"You see, a man can't help being fortunate any more than he can being unfortunate, for both come around so strangely that it would puzzle the wig off a lawyer's head to know how it is done, and the parsons are nowhere in this matter. I have now had a long run of luck, and am, in consequence, so narrowly watched that it makes me doubly suspicious."

"That may be, but what harm can I do you. I only ask for a voyage to France; I don't wish you to bring me back, and, certainly, I must be entirely in your power while crossing."

"Still, if you don't come back with us, you may with others."

"And should I do so, what injury can I do you. There can be no danger arising from anything done by you in France; it is what is done on the English side which subjects you to danger. Keep clear of your own countrymen, and you know the Frenchmen too well to be afraid of them."

"Jack Pegden was never afraid of a Frenchman."

"Certainly not, Monsieur; why should you be?"

"What will you give me to take you across?"

"I will give you twenty guineas, which I think to be a good price, being nearly a guinea a mile."

"But there is the risk."

"What risk?"

"An escaped prisoner of war, I daresay."

"Will Monsieur carry me to France? I have no time for more talk; if you will, there are twenty guineas."

"I will."

Having placed the money in the hands of the smuggler, he ordered the stranger into the boat, and, jumping in himself, strong arms quickly pulled alongside the *Nancy*. On receiving the skipper aboard, that vessel, which had been standing off and on, was now put about, and, crowding all sail, stood out to sea.

Having a favourable breeze, the *Nancy* cut through the water at the rate of ten knots an hour, and promised, did the wind hold out, to make the passage in three hours. But the breeze did not maintain its strength, and, gradually sinking to rest, it at last became a dead calm. The stranger was found to be a pleasant companion, capable of making friends with the rugged smugglers, telling amusing stories in broken English, and in singing French songs, which, having a noisy chorus, although scarcely a word could be understood by the crew, yet, catching the sound without regarding the sense, they all could join in the singing, and they were well received.

Slowly, in consequence of the calm, the *Nancy* proceeded on her way, yet fast enough for her crew, who had become unwilling to part with their companion. Having at length reached the French shore, the passenger was landed at the little fishing village of Gravelines, and, standing on the strand, bade adieu to the smuggler skipper. But what was to be the course of the stranger? There appeared no purpose nor fixed plan.

Leaving the village, the stranger sauntered along the road toward Calais. Slowly the journey was made, and as though undecided how to act, until on reaching a wood a thicket was entered and concealment sought. For some time the wood was occupied, and then the traveller came forth in the dress of a French woman in good circumstances.

Pursuing the journey toward Calais with greater rapidity, the beauty of the traveller attracted the attention of the passengers, but the stranger had seen too much of the ruder part of life to be annoyed by such trifles. Having resided in France, the passenger by the *Nancy* could speak the language fluently, and with the idioms of a native. This knowledge of the language and manners of the people materially assisted toward reaching the conclusion that, for the present, the part to be acted in the drama of life was that of a domestic servant.

Having decided on this plan, as quickly as possible the stranger assumed the dress of the French peasantry of that period, and appeared in sabots, short frock, and high towering cap, snowy white. In this disguise a situation was to be sought. To commence this new line of life in a city, the stranger felt to be awkward. Not being domesticated, and having much to learn, it was thought better to seek a situation first in the country.

On the road to Calais from Gravelines stood a chateau, which for many years had worn the same uninviting appearance. It was the sight of this place which awoke the thought of becoming a servant. This chateau was one of those houses whose aspect leads a person to question if ever they were new, and from the simple fact that they never seem to get older. Such places appear to have resisted the influence of time and weather so long, that both these destroyers seemed to have considered them as invulnerable and to have given them up in despair. This was a building which, having lost the beauty of its youth, had become so fixed in its aspect as to indicate a strength of constitution that would keep it intact for ever.

The appearance of this country residence, with its uninviting exterior, its shrubby a wilderness, and the tall, rank grass nodding its plumed head over what had once been a well shaven lawn, having in the first instance at-

tracted the attention of the stranger, a powerful inclination was felt to visit it for the purpose decided on. There was a character in the aspect of that old French house and its surroundings that was not easily defined, and impressed a person in search of adventure that strange things might be found in its history.

The stranger having, therefore, settled to make trial of a new character if possible in that place, passed through the iron gates, which creaked on their rusty hinges with a melancholy sound as they were pushed open, and up the dreary-looking path to the house. Making an appearance at the door, a little old woman with a yellow skin, with a forehead ploughed in deep wrinkles, on which rested a few gray hairs that had strayed from beneath her muslin cap, and with a pair of small dark twinkling eyes, responded to the ringing of the bell. The age of that old woman might be seventy, it might be five hundred, none could guess from her appearance; for as the chateau itself, she seemed past the power of time to affect.

Stating the reason for appearing there, the old woman examined the stranger closely, and receiving satisfactory replies to her questions, an invitation to enter the hall was extended. Retiring for a moment, the little woman returned in company with a tall thin man, with white hair, and a face that with its piercing eyes, and hooked nose, gave it a striking resemblance to the countenance of a bird of prey. This person claimed to be the proprietor of the chateau, and wore a suit of faded black cloth, with ruffles, and a dress sword. Walking with a quick step into the hall, in a short, sharp voice he enquired,

"What is your name?"

"Lisette," was the prompt reply.

Entering further within the dwelling Lisette found everything in accordance with what the exterior of the house might have suggested. The appearance of the chateau both within and without indicated that the owner of it belonged to a family which had long been going to decay, but which had clung tenaciously to their former dignity.

The day succeeding the night on which the servant at the chateau had left the shores of England on board the *Nancy*, was one of confusion in the camp of the gypsies. The princess had not been seen since the previous morning, and no tidings of what had become of her could be obtained. Since the hour she had forged the note to Charles Freeman she had not been happy. The disgust for a gypsy life had increased with recent events. Her conduct toward her people had been scarcely civil; and she had shown a disposition to escape from their society with every opportunity. This indifference to her tribe had not passed unnoticed, and especially by "Yellow Dick," who had aspired to make overtures to her. This man was a favourite with his tribe, and justly so; for a finer specimen of humanity, clever, expert, and honest, the camp did not contain.

The coming of Sir Harry to the camp aroused the jealousy of "Yellow Dick." He vowed the direst vengeance against him, and more than once his finger was laid on the trigger of the pistol which would have sent a bullet to the heart of the baronet, had not Jethro been watching and interposed his authority. The absence of the Princess now aroused him to madness; and in the fierceness of his passion he resolved to hunt out the master of the Priory, and to shoot him as he would a dog. There rested not the shadow of doubt on his mind but he knew what had become of her; nor was Jethro without his fears on the subject, although he kept his feelings concealed from his people.

With the peep of day the gypsies were astir, and Jethro and his favourite walked from the shore to the woods, vainly searching for some trace of the lost one, when suddenly the sound of a dismal howling and screeching saluted them.

"What noise is that?" exclaimed the gypsy.

"It's that idiot, Mad Tom," replied Jethro.

"Can it be possible that he knows anything of the princess?"

"It is not very likely."

"But the fellow has been better of late; let us find him."

With eagerness "Yellow Dick" led the way to the place whence the sound proceeded. On a boulder, dressed in canvas clothing, and on his head an old woollen cap, from the top of which stuck up a little tuft of red worsted, and known to sailors by the name of a Scotch cap, sat Mad Tom. As they approached he was holding in his hand something which afforded him delight. Gazing on it he turned it from side to side, then putting his tongue far out of his mouth made a horrid grimace, and rolling up his eyes he rubbed his hands over his legs, and clapping them together leaped to his feet and gave another prolonged howl.

The gypsies demanded the treasure. This demand Mad Tom resisted, and placing it in his bosom burst forth into wild laughter. "Yellow Dick" sprang upon him, and in an instant brought him to the ground, nor did he stop until he drew forth an ear-ring of gold. On seeing the treasure Jethro at once recognized it as belonging to his daughter. A feeling of horror stole into his mind, and a cold shudder ran through his frame as he gazed in silence on the trinket.

The idiot having got on his feet, "Yellow Dick" tried to interrogate him as to how he came by the treasure. In this he was to some extent successful.

"Where did you get it?"

The idiot pointed to an adjoining copse, and having done so began to remove his clothes as though in imitation of some one. "Woman—man—to sea," was all that he could articulate; and then as though something pleased him, he burst forth again into another peal of laughter, followed by a terrible yell.

Jethro was stunned by this incident, his courage forsook him, and he returned to the camp taciturn and sullen. While following his leader the quick intellect of the favourite brought an idea to his brain affording him some relief; but for reasons he did not feel inclined to communicate he kept it to himself. The camp of Jethro Lee was now more than ever distressed.

CHAPTER XXIX.

LUFF RECEIVES AN INTIMATION FROM HEAD-QUARTERS.

The *Nancy* was being closely watched ashore and afloat. To capture the daring cruiser had now become a point of honour with the coast-guard, and had aroused their sleeping energies into full activity. A strong intimation had been sent to the Watch-house from the Board of Revenue to the effect that Lieutenant Luff would only be doing his duty were he to capture that gallant vessel.

On reading the letter old Luff turned redder, stamped, swore, foamed at the mouth, strode vehemently to and fro the room, then rushed off to the boat-house.

The night was dark and boisterous, and as the angry waves dashed themselves to destruction at the foot of Chaik Cliff, they cast the saline spray of their dying exhalations far on the land. It seemed little short of madness to suppose that the commander of any vessel, no matter how seaworthy, would be daring enough to run his ship across the channel in such a gale.

It was the night that Sir Harry Chillington took his wild ride to Dover in search of the apothecary; and scarcely had he passed the telegraph station, and hardly had the horse-patrol whom he met on the road reined up in front of that little wooden house to obtain a glass of brandy for keeping the cold out, when the coast-guard on duty there, and whose courage had been so severely tried by the passing of the baronet, received a message to repair at once to the Watch-house, which he immediately did, although frightened and under the influence of liquor.

Having collected his men, as in duty bound, that officer addressed them on the work before them, and then dismissed them to their appointed stations. The temper of these defenders of the Revenue was not the most amiable, as, muffled in their heavy garments they went forth to be in wait, perhaps for hours, and in the end uselessly.

CHAPTER XXX.

A CONFLICT WITH THE SMUGGLERS.

The anchor of the *Nancy* was weighed, and hoisting as much sail as she could carry, the vessel rushed forth upon the angry waters.

Never did the seamanship of Jack Pegden appear so strikingly perfect as on this occasion. He stood at the helm of his vessel and gazed upon the wild waves seething and hissing around him, with every line on his countenance marked in strongest defiance.

"There will be no Jack Pegden to-night."

These words were spoken by one of those ferocious villains belonging to the Ransly gang who were awaiting the coming of the *Nancy*.

"No; I should think not," was the answer returned by his comrade.

"I'm not so sure of that," responded a third.

"Jack Pegden is one of the dare-devil kind, and his vessel is as fine a craft as ever left the stocks. If he runs before the gale he can enter the bay, for the water there is as smooth as a mill pond."

"He'll never weather it."

"He won't attempt it."

"Well, you'll see."

"Yes, we shall see; but we shan't see the *Nancy* to-night."

"Hallo! What's that?" and a blue light in the offing told that some vessel was afloat.

"That's him, by jingo!"

"Bah! That light comes from some vessel in distress, and in a second you will hear her minute guns."

The attention of the speakers was now drawn in the direction the light proceeded; and it now became plain to the most incredulous that the light was shown by the smuggler. Being convinced that it was Jack Pegden who showed the blue light, a signal from the shore was given that the men were in readiness for their work.

Other eyes than those of the Ransly gang saw that light in the offing. Old Luff was sitting under the lee side of a rock waiting for the smuggler. For hours the gallant officer had been sitting in that posture, dividing his time between playing a tattoo on the toe of his boot with a stick, cursing the clerk of the Board of Revenue, vowing vengeance on the skipper of the *Nancy*, and watching the surface of the waters with that eagerness with which a cat watches her prey. On perceiving the light at sea, and the signal from the shore, the lieutenant arose from his hiding place to make the round of his men.

The first and second watch visited were standing vigilant and ready for action; but when he reached the third man a curious noise

as of one being choked was heard by him. Remaining for a moment motionless, he caught the words delivered in a deep guttural tone, "Oh, spare me! Oh, spare my life! I'll never hurt a smuggler again; I have never hurt one; indeed, upon my word; O, help me, I never have!"

To the acute intellect of old Luff this noise was soon apparent. The coast-guard had fallen asleep from the excess of liquor he had taken, and his fears following him, had conjured up in sleeping fancy an attack from the smugglers.

Old Luff gave him a drubbing and then drew them into a position where they could command the only path leading to the shore, and where also they could make a rampart of the jutting rocks; old Luff waited events.

Presuming from the tempestuous weather that the coast-guard would relax their vigilance, the smugglers, both aloft and ashore, were less careful to conceal their doings. Having weathered a promontory and reached smoother water, the skipper of the *Nancy* hoisted his last signal preparatory to running his vessel upon the beach. This was quickly replied to by the Ransly gang, and that body of ruffians began to move toward the place.

The rain, which had been descending in torrents, now ceased, and with the turn of the tide the clouds began to break and to show at intervals the rising moon, now in her last quarter. The activity leading from the shore was not too difficult for horses accustomed to the hills of the district. The Ransly gang knew this, and, mounted, were taking up a position on either side of the workers.

"Bang! Bang!" went the muskets of the coast-guard and a yell as of some one wounded followed. A fierce shout now arose from the Ransly gang, and being directed by the flash, the compliment was returned. Another volley proceeded from the coast-guard, and the firing became general. The affray had now begun in earnest, and rushing up the activity, sabre in hand, an attack was made by the smugglers. Again the coast-guard fired, and a heavy thud, and the crackling of brambles, told of some one being killed or wounded, and falling through the briars into the ravine.

Old Luff had selected a good position, and having his men concealed, possessed an advantage over the enemy. Not a word was spoken behind the rampart save the word of command; and as in silence they watched their opponents, by the light of the moon a troop of horsemen was seen suddenly to wheel around and to come galloping up the steep.

"The rascals are eating a retreat!" exclaimed one of the men; but the only reply was the command of the lieutenant that one-half their number should ascend and watch the plain in the rear. Promptly as this order was obeyed, the men were not too soon, for the sound of horse-hoofs showed the plan of attack. Changing the half of his former strength, old Luff gave command that the men guarding the plain should raise their muskets above the level, only sufficient to command the approaching horsemen. On they rushed with vengeance filling every heart, but when close at hand a volley was poured into their midst. This aroused the smugglers to fury, and dismounting they threw themselves, sabre in hand, among the king's men. Simultaneous with an attack in the rear, another effort was made in front, and regardless of all danger, both sides now dashed over rocks and through briars, to get at their opponents. A hand-to-hand combat ensued, in which sabre and cutlass flashed in deadly destructive force. Old Luff was ubiquitous, and with an agility his obesity seemed to preclude, he leaped from rock to rock, commanding alike the front and rear of his position.

On reaching the front of his position, old Luff saw climbing the sides of his little fortress, swearing and cursing as he came, the burly form of a man maddened with rage. Bitter were the threats of vengeance he poured forth as he approached. Waiting until the man emerged from the thicket which partly concealed him, the lieutenant fired, and a sharp cry told that the shot had hit; but hitting that man seemed to increase his fury, and he still ascended. Another shot was fired and again the man was hit; but he appeared invulnerable, for still ascending, foaming with rage, and with eyes which shot forth the wildest wrath, he had placed his hand upon the rocks and was about to spring into the rampart, when a blow from the cutlass of the lieutenant sent him with a fearful crash into the depth below.

The fall of this man gathered around his prostrate form a group of companions, who seeing him lying wounded and helpless, gave a shrill whistle, which was quickly responded to by the Ransly gang. A sudden charge of the coast-guard now caused the smugglers to beat a hasty retreat, and those below bearing toward the vessel the wounded man, smitten down by the hand of old Luff, the Revenue men were left masters of the field. On receiving the wounded one aboard, the *Nancy* soon put to sea, leaving on the beach one-half of her cargo, which became confiscated to the government. The smugglers fought desperately; several fell on both sides, and among those mortally wounded was the coast-guard of the telegraph station.

(To be continued.)

MR. JOSEPH HATTON'S new novel will be ready by the end of the month. "Three Recruits" is the title of it; and the volume will be dedicated to Mr. Joseph Cowen, M.P. The work, though a romance in every way, has something to do with the "hard times" and the politics of the early days of the present century.

THE POETRY OF FATHER ABRAM J. RYAN.

It is customary with critics of poetry to draw marks of analogy between different poets. Thus, William Cullen Bryant is said to resemble Wordsworth in his reverent observation of nature, and in the religious feeling which pervades nearly all his poems. I have often thought that a better way of grouping the poets would be by dividing them into two great schools—poets of the external senses, and poets of spiritual thought. To the latter class belongs that form of poetry which has behind it hues and sounds a something that defies analysis, and must be felt and perceived by the soul ere it be rightly understood. It is to this school of spiritual thought that the poetry of Father Abram J. Ryan belongs. True, he has written individual poems, which are particularly characterized by a sublimity of passion and sweep of energy scarcely surpassed even by the finest of Campbell's martial songs, but the leading qualities of his verse must ever be spirituality, delicacy and pathos. He is the poet of faith, and the breathings of his fervent and religious soul have consecrated his muse to the higher purposes of religion. The hallowed breath of an unseen land sweeps along his lyre and touches each chord into a weird and holy melody. He is in an especial manner, too, the poet of sorrow, and sees a cloudlet of grief veiling even the face of the sunshine of joy. How often does he present us with the cross and then the crown! To him, this fleeting life we prize so much is nothing but a psalm of sighs. A coronet of sorrow is placed upon each weary head, and journeying onward—ever onward—he tells each pilgrim

"Life is a burden—bear it,
Life is a duty—dare it,
Life is a thorn-crown—wear it,
Though it break your heart in twain;
Though the burden crush you down,
Close your lips and mute your pain,
First the Cross—and then—the Crown."

In that valley between the mounts of Sorrow and Prayer he holds communion with God, and breathes an inspiration into his verse that is redolent with the glowing incense of heaven. To him this earth offers no pillow of rest—'tis something only to be reached beyond the threshold of mortal years; we lay our weary heads down only to final rest with the shrouds of immortality around us. How beautifully the poet-priest expresses a longing for his final rest in his poem "Rest":

"My feet are wearied and my hands are tied—
My soul oppressed—
And with desire have I longed, desired,
Rest—only rest."

"'Tis hard to toil, when toil is almost vain,
In barren ways;
'Tis hard to sow and never gather grain
In harvest days."

"The burden of my days is hard to bear—
But God knows best;
And I have prayed, but vain has been my prayer,
For rest—sweet rest."

"'Tis hard to plant in spring and never reap
The autumn yield;
'Tis hard to till—and when 'tis filled to weep
O'er fruitless fields."

"And so I cry, a weak and human cry,
So heart oppressed,
And so I sigh, a weak and human sigh,
For rest—sweet rest."

"My way has wound across the desert years,
And eases rest—
My path; and through the dawning of hot tears
I pine for rest."

"'Twas always so: when still a child, I laid
On mother's breast
My worried little head: 'e'en then I prayed,
As now, for rest."

"And I am restless still: 'twill soon be o'er—
For down the west
Life's sun is setting, and I see the shore
Where I shall rest."

How deeply he stirs the heart in his poems on death. Kneeling beside the dead and dying on the battlements of the South, pillowing each sinking head with the holy consolations of religion, Father Ryan truly in the midst of life lived in death. He saw the flower of Southern bravery scow the field, and the hope of his people ebb before the superior numbers of the North. Scarcely had the blood-stained clouds of the great civil war passed from the heavens when the poet-priest embalmed the "Lost Cause" in verse so sweet, in thought so strong as never before swept along the lyre of martial song. For fiery pathos and sublime energy the ode in memory of his brother, who was slain during the war, has scarcely ever been excelled. There are parts of it in which we seem to hear the roar of the artillery and feel the earth tremble beneath our feet. Who can read the following passage and not feel his cheek redden and his blood bound along his veins? And mark how sublimely, too, the movement of the verse is suited to the action of warfare:

"Lo! you flag of freedom flaying
In the sunny southern sky!
On—to death and glory dashing,
On—where swords are clanging, clashing,
On—where balls are crashing, crashing,
On—mid perils dread appalling,
On—they're falling, falling, falling,
On—they're growing fewer, fewer,
On—their hearts beat all the truer,
On—on—on—no fear, no falter,
On—though round the battle altar,
There were wounded victims moaning,
There were dying soldiers groaning—
On—right on,—death's danger braving,
Warring where their flag was waving,
While baptismal-blood was laving

All that field of death and slaughter;
On—still on—that bloody laver
Made them braver and made the braver,—
On—with never a halt or waver—
On in battle—bleeding, bounding,
While the glorious shout swept sounding,
'We will win the day or die!'"

But while Father Ryan appears to pour out his very blood in every line of this, it is in the description of the terrible scene after the battle that the most beautiful and tender passages of the poem occur. What could excel the following pathetic picture:

"When the twilight sadly, slowly
Wrapped its mantle o'er them all,
Thousands—thousands lying lowly,
Hushed in silence deep and holy—
There was one—his blood was flowing,
And his last life was going,
And his pulse faint, fainter beating,
Told his hours were few and fleeting;
And his brow grew white and whiter,
While his eyes grew strangely brighter;
There he lay, like infant dreaming,
With his sword beside him gleaming;
For the hand in life that grasped it,
True in death still fondly clasped it;
There his comrades found him lying
'Mid the heaps of dead and dying,
And the sternest bent down sweeping
O'er the lonely sleeper sleeping:
'Twas the midnight: stars shone round him,
And they told us how they found him,
Where the bravest love to fall."

And this last. Note the delicacy of thought and beauty of imagery, as well as vividness of description which characterize it:

"Where the woods, like banners bending,
Drooped in starlight and in gloom,
There when that sad night was ending,
And the faint far dawn was blending,
With the stars and shadows o'er him;
And they laid him down so tender,
And the next day's sun in splendour
Flashed above my brother's tomb."

The sad memory of the death of his brother speaks through another beautiful poem, entitled, "In Memory of My Brother." It is a touching tribute to a brave soldier, who offered up his young heart as a sacrifice on the altar of his country. How tenderly the poet priest touches the embalming of this sad memory in the heart of his affectionate mother:

"A grave in the woods with the grass o'er-grown,
A grave in the heart of his mother:
His clay in the one lies lifeless and lone;
There is not a name there, there is not a stone,
And only the voice of the wind maketh moan
O'er the grave where never a flower is strewn,
But his memory lives in the other."

While Father Ryan's poetry is characterized by spiritual thought, it is not that wayward thought which leaves the mind in doubt, but a pure and elevating thought lifting the soul upon the pinions of divine faith into the hope, and glory, and sunshine of a happy and eternal hereafter.

Belleville, Ont. T. O. HAGAN.

HARVARD'S KITCHEN.

THE AMOUNT OF FOOD THE BOYS GET AWAY WITH.

The dining association has ninety employees besides its steward. A ten-horse power engine, burning two tons of coal per day, heats the building and supplies steam for the cooking and baking, but when Sanders' theatre is heated a third ton of coal is required. The great soup-kettle holds 220 gallons, and is said to be the largest kettle ever cast in this country. Only 110 gallons of soup, however, are required for the daily dinner. The oatmeal-kettle holds 55 gallons and that for cracked wheat 20 gallons; but not quite, although very nearly, this amount is consumed daily.

The great range, 25 feet long, contains four ovens, and does all the frying and heating plates, etc. There are seven kettles for boiling meats and five for vegetables, and none of them of very small size, while the great charcoal grate will easily broil steak for 650 men. But the most astounding parts of the culinary arrangements are the two great ovens, one for baking meats and one for bread and pies. The first will cook at once 2,000 pounds of meat and the other 200 pies. They are by no means too large, however, since from 800 to 1,000 pounds of meat are consumed daily and some ninety loaves of graham and seventy-five of white bread. The heat never leaves the pastry oven from one month to another.

"How much flour do you use per day?" I asked.

"We average at least a barrel and a half," was the reply.

"And how many pies at one lunch?"

"A hundred and twenty-five, for which three barrels of apples are needed."

Some delicious-looking butter was unpacking from a huge box, and I learned that seventy-five pounds were daily used for the tables and about the same amount for cooking. That the students had not gone hungry on that day was conclusively shown from the fact that at breakfast 450 pounds of rump steak and 75 pounds of fish had been consumed; that the larder contained for the dinner 300 pounds of turkey and 500 pounds of beef; that 160 gallons of milk (the daily allowance) and 40 puddings of large size were in store, while 12 immense pans of gingerbread were being prepared for the oven.

Not the least interesting feature of the establishment is the laundry, with its washing machines, its huge wringer, which will revolve 1,500 times per minute, and its expensive mangle, which cost \$450. Altogether there has been, within two years, \$2,000 worth of machinery put in, and the arrangements, including the dumb-waiters moved by hydraulic pressure, are all superb.

HEARTH AND HOME.

HUMILITY.—True humility never prompts any one to underrate himself, or to make loose and general confessions of weakness and wickedness, the particulars of which he would indignantly resent. It is as far removed from "the pride which apes humility" as from the pride which struts in haughty arrogance. It leads to a lowly estimate of self, not that we may shrink and crouch and stoop, but that we may aspire and strive and rise. It is the beginning of a higher life, the promise of a nobler future.

DON'T FRET.—One fretter or despairer can destroy the peace of a family, can destroy the harmony of neighbourhoods, can unsettle the councils of cities, and hinder the legislation of nations. He who frets or desponds is never the one who mends, who heals, who repairs evils; more, he discourages, enfeebles, and too often disables those around him, who, but for the gloom and depression of his company, would do good work and keep up brave cheer. The effect upon a sensitive person in the mere presence of such a being is indescribable. It is to the soul what a cold icy mist is to the body—more chilling than the bitterest storm.

DOING AND BEING.—Although it is a serious question with every one what he will do, it is even a more weighty and important one what he will be. What a man is underlies and determines all that he does, and, more than this, it decides the character of that large and wide-spread influence which continually emanates from his very presence. And what he is greatly depends upon what he looks at. No one is able wholly to control the influences that shape him—many of them are beyond his reach to withstand—but every one may choose which of them he will encourage, which he will cling to, upon which he will lay the emphasis of his life, upon which he will allow his thoughts to dwell. The influence of companionship, for instance, is a most potent one. We can never escape it. But we can select for our more intimate friends those who command our respect and are worthy of our confidence. There are some persons to whom we instinctively look up, and others upon whom we as naturally look down. Those whom we place within our constant view we grow to resemble, and so it comes to pass that "a man is known by the company he keeps."

THE SAND-BANK.

Where the long hill-side's wooded, ledgy stair
Meets the clear river in its valley-flight,
Arises steeply to a turf-crowned height
The sand-bank tall, with fringing brown and bare
That overhangs a watery covert, where
Huge boulders glitter in the sunny light,
And braided currents dance o'er pebbles bright,
And ever murmur a melodious air.

Here in the water, lightly to and fro
The shadows pass of many pointed wings;
And from their burrowed nests, that coolly lie
Within the sandy steep, the swallows go
Out on the buoyant air, with twitterings,
And hearts that hold the joy of land and sky.
Knowlton, Q. C. L. CLEVELAND.

BRELOQUES POUR DAMES.

A HOUSEHOLD with a baby is founded on a rock.

GLOVES last the longest with the lady who has a diamond ring.

LADIES, beware of the man with a clove in his breath: he may show the cloven foot one of these days.

THEY went fishing. She looked languidly at him and said: "I wish the fish would bite at your hook; if I was a fish I would."

A YOUNG man who has recently taken a wife says he didn't find it half so hard to get married as he did to get furniture.

"Does your mother know your route?" asked a rival when the bride and groom started on their wedding tour.

LATELY a gentleman of nearly ninety years had the grief of losing his wife. "I cannot complain," he said, "for she was nearly sixty-five."

A LOVER, unworthy of the name, threatened to publish a lady's letters. "You can if you choose," she answered: "it is only the address that makes me blush."

A POETESS sings: "A sweet face haunts me whosoever I go." Now, the idea! It's probably your milliner, who would like a settlement for that last winter bonnet.

THERE are some things that a man can't put up with. When he falls out of a second-story window on a picket fence, to have his wife come out and ask him if he is hurt, is more than any man can stand and not get mad.

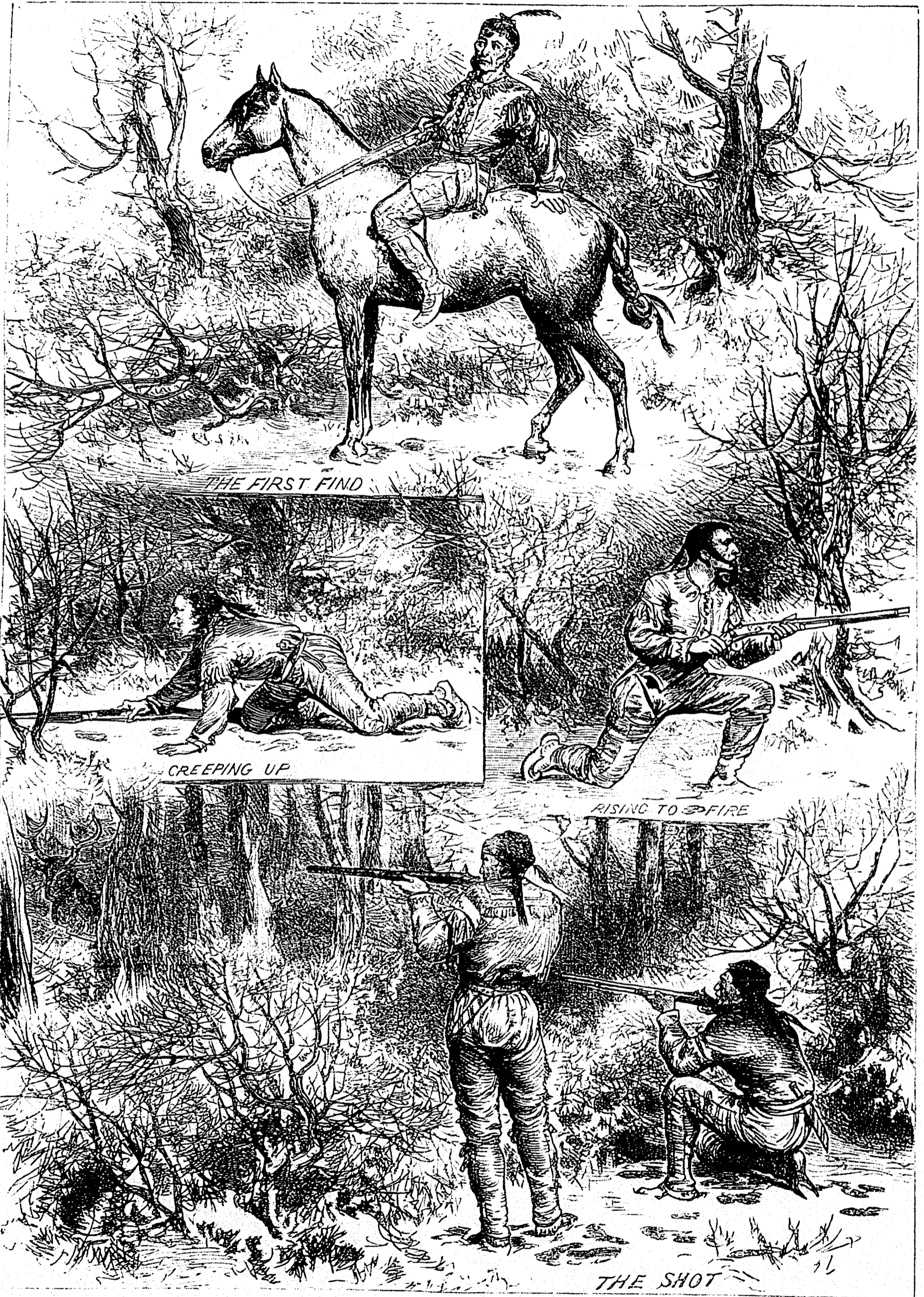
ACCORDING to the Lowell Journal the reason why Mr. Tilden refuses to marry is the same reason why he refuses to accept the vice-presidency—"he won't accept the second place on any ticket."

DIVISION of labour—Aunt Mary: "Well, Tommy, shall I carry your bat and cricket stumps for you?" Tommy: "No, aunty, tanks! Me tarry bat and tumps. Oo tarry me?"

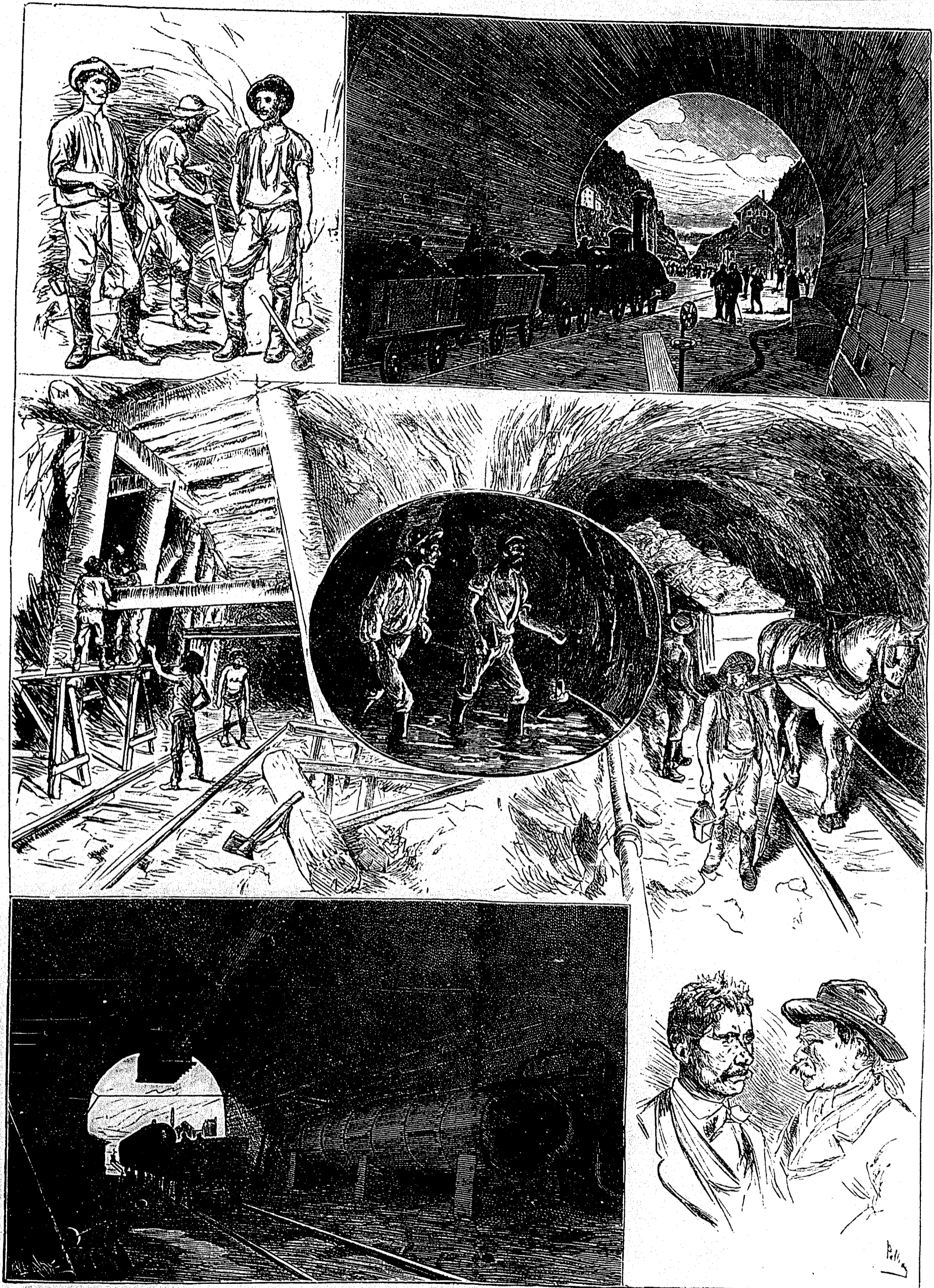
"Oh! indeed, it is a very busy time with us," said charming Miss Fitzjoy. "There are a great many services to attend, and then we have so much shopping to do just now." "Pardon me, but is not this the season of humiliation?" "Why, certainly, John, you darling; but, you see, if we should fail to come out at Easter in the new styles, the season of humiliation you speak of would continue longer, and be much more dreadful."

A Cross Baby.

Nothing is so conducive to a man's remaining a bachelor as stopping for one night at the house of a married friend and being kept awake for five or six hours by the crying of a cross baby. All cross and crying babies need only Hop Bitters to make them well and smiling. Young man, remember this.—Ed.



SCENES IN THE NORTH-WEST.



The upper illustration, a view of the tunnel's mouth, is taken at Göschenen, the north end. A view of the south end, at Airolo, is given at the bottom of this page. Groups of workmen variously employed, and the portraits of Necaraviglia and Chisso, who perforated and blasted the last hole, from opposite sides, are represented in the other sketches.

OPENING OF THE ST. GOTHARD TUNNEL.

THE PARTING DAY.

I.

Some busy hands have brought to light,
And laid beneath my eye,
The dress I wore that afternoon
You came to say good-bye.

About it still there seems to cling
Some fragrance unexpressed,
The ghostly odor of the rose
I wore upon my breast;

And, subtler than all flower scent,
The sacred garment holds,
The memory of that parting day,
Close hidden in its folds.

The rose is dead, and you are gone,
But to the dress I wore
The rose's smell, the thought of you,
Are wed forevermore.

II.

That day you came to say good-bye
(A month ago! It seems a year!)
How calm I was! I met your eye,
And in my own you saw no tear.

You heard me laugh, and talk, and jest,
And lightly grieve that you should go;
You saw the rose upon my breast,
But not the breaking heart below.

And when you came and took my hand,
It scarcely fluttered in your hold,
Alas! you did not understand!
For you were blind, and I was cold.

And now you cannot see my tears,
And now you cannot hear my cry,
A month ago! Nay, years and years
Have aged my heart since that good-bye.

ZOLA AT HOME.

Emile Zola was born at Paris on April 2, 1840, but from the age of three up to that of eighteen he lived at Aix, in Provence, where his father, an Italian engineer, had been charged with the construction of the canal which still bears his name. At the age of seven he lost his father, and the law suits which followed that event placed him and his mother not in actual misery, but in very straitened circumstances. In 1858 he came to Paris to finish his studies at the Lycée Saint-Louis, and obtained his bachelor's degree. The period of acute misery then commenced. For two years he did nothing, but with that boldness which characterises the Southerner he never doubted either his genius or his destiny. Meanwhile, he entered the establishment of Hachette & Co., the publishers, at a salary of twenty-five francs a week. His duties consisted in packing and tying up parcels of books. At night and on Sundays he wrote verses. After he had been a year in Hachette's store he went up stairs one Saturday night before leaving, and placed on Louis Hachette's desk a Dantean poem in three parts, "L'Amoureuse Comédie," inspired by Lamartine, Byron and De Musset, for Zola was at that time a "Romancist." Mr. Hachette found his employé's verses very excellent, and made him his secretary at an increased salary. The following year, 1864, appeared "Les Contes à Ninon;" in 1865 a novel, "La Confession de Claude," and in 1866, feeling himself now strong enough to launch into the career of literature, he sent in his resignation, and became literary critic to the Figaro newspaper. After writing for a number of journals, he published, in 1867, "Thérèse Raquin." This book deservedly attracted a great deal of attention, for Zola is in it entirely with his precise observation of details and minute descriptions. Steady work followed until Mr. Zola conceived the desire of becoming the Balzac of his time, and commenced, in 1860, "Les Rougon-Macquart," the natural and social history of a family under the Second Empire. Since this date Mr. Zola has given to the publisher Charpentier, and the publisher Charpentier has given to the public, a yearly volume. Mr. Zola, however, continued his newspaper writing, and he now holds the sceptre of the dramatic critic in the Voltaire, and contributes besides a monthly literary letter to a Russian review. In short, Mr. Zola is a worker, and his motto, like that of Victor Hugo and Littré, the lexicographer, is "Nulla dies sine linea."

Mr. Zola's apartment in the Rue de Boulogne contains nothing remarkable, except the portrait of the owner by the "impressionist" painter, Manet. The furniture is commonplace and inelegant; the library contains a collection of books as commonplace as the furniture, and the working-room itself is innocent of the thousand nothings that one expects to find in the apartment of a literary man. Mr. Zola is a utilitarian in his furniture; he writes at a good solid mahogany bureau-table, and no place is taken up by things ornamental but useless. On reception nights a few additional candles are lighted and things look more lively. Among the habitués are Gustave Flaubert, Théodore de Banville, the poet; Edmond de Goncourt, Charpentier, the publisher of the "Naturalists"—Charpentier who "discovered" Zola, and launched the brothers de Goncourt on their brilliant and inseparable career; the painters Numa, Coste, and Manet; Duranty, and four young men who are the best expression of the "naturalist" school; Huysmans, author of "Marthe, histoire d'une fille," published at Brussels, and considered to be a master piece of its kind; Henique, author of the "Dévouée," a great collector, who, like many others, failed to finish his legal education, "pour cause de littérature en couches;" Céard, and Alexis, who was the

Ireland of Charles Baudelaire, and who succeeded in deceiving the connoisseurs by some vers inédits of the author of "Les Fleurs du Mal," which he got published in L'Artiste. These men, who form the picked corps of the naturalist school, include soldiers as well as officers. The naturalists have an unbounded veneration for the author of "Madame Bovary." The perfection of Flaubert's style throws them into a state of absolute discouragement. The conversation at the Wednesday reception is, of course, literary, and the literature discussed is the literature of the future, about which we are all anxious to know something. Victor Hugo seems to them as far away as Shakespeare or Corneille. With the exception of "La Légende des Siècles," his work is to them as old as the "Cid." His language, however, finds favor in their eyes. Balzac, on the contrary, was as it were, born yesterday. "What a pity," they say, "that he has not formed!" To judge from the opinions that one hears expressed, one might formulate their verdict as follows: "First prize for style ex æquo, Théophile Gautier, Gustave Flaubert and Théodore de Banville; prize for ideas, Balzac and Baudelaire; prize for ensemble, Zola!"

Mr. Zola's manner of working is just such as one might imagine from a careful examination of his works. The "Rougon-Macquart" are the development of a series of experimental and physiological deductions. Zola writes a book in order to study such and such morbid states and temperaments. There is hardly any plot. Zola himself says that there is none at all. He builds up the scaffolding in two or three hours, and then begins a long process of reporting. Having fixed upon a scene, he visits the street, the house, and the very rooms where he intends to lodge his characters. He studies their trade and their language, and records the result of his observations in his note books. For example, for the "Faute de l'Abbé Mouret," he made a little note-book labelled: "Ornements d'Eglise" (church ornaments.) The pages are full of notes about ecclesiastical matters, and extracts from theological works. For the famous "Assommoir," Mr. Zola made plans of the rue de la Goutte d'Or, of the memorable promenade of the wedding party through the Louvre Museum, and, in short, of all the places in which the events of the book are located. Each personage, too, has a note-book devoted to what might be called his physiology. More note-books bearing the word ébauche (sketch,) contain each proposed chapter of the book condensed into four pages. Such are the materials out of which Zola constructs, spins, or builds his complete novel. He works four hours a day, from nine o'clock in the morning until one, during which time he writes in a large schoolboy hand the amount of some five printed pages; the next day he adds five more, and so on with the steadiness and regularity of a machine, until the volume is finished. He then makes a few corrections, very few, and carries his annual tribute to the publisher. In the evening he corrects his proofs, does his correspondence, and writes his dramatic criticism.

Zola is an observer, but his observations are made in view of one book, and of one book only. He is not like Balzac and Molière, an observer every day going to the very foundation of things. "Eugénie Grandet," for instance, is the résumé of a whole life of observation. Zola, in spite of his "naturalist" theories, isolates himself, and divines more than he sees. Nothing can be imagined more monotonous and mechanical than the life of this Southerner, who is cold as the grave. He leaves nothing to chance. His inspiration is regulated by the hands of the clock. In the morning he is an inspired novelist, in the afternoon an inspired journalist; between whiles, he eats a heavy breakfast, and takes a nap as prosaically as a retired grocer. Methodical and confident in himself he pays no heed to the clamor of the world around him. He writes what he pleases about others, and acknowledges the right of others to say what they please about him. Those who know Zola intimately say that his apparent overbearing pride is, in reality, only the cloak of an excessive timidity. We do not know Zola intimately enough to confirm or refute this view; in any case, the cloak is what the world in general sees, and it is of all unwelcome cloaks the unloveliest.

Physically, Zola is rather a short, round and fat man. He is not so fat as Sarcy, or the late lamented Jules Janin; but he need not be ashamed. His rotundity is seemly and promising. Black hair, black eyes—rather small, and always sheltered behind a double eyeglass—a black and closely-cropped beard, pale complexion, fine and small features, a round head, a high forehead—such are the distinguishing features of Zola, a man who rarely smiles, talks little, and, either from timidity or pride, gives you the disagreeable impression of a disdainful Jupiter or of a sulky child. At the theatre you see Zola, during the entr'actes, leaning mournfully and sulkily against the wall of the Couloir, and deigning now and then to accord a word of qualified praise to the piece which everybody else finds charming.

MR. FRANCIS PARKMAN, historian, is an erect, slender, energetic person, 56 years old. When a student at Harvard, and only 18 years old, he determined to write a French-American history, and straightway began to prepare himself for the work. He has always been greatly troubled with failure of sight, and has been obliged to employ a secretary. While at work on "The Conspiracy of Pontiac" he was not able to endure daylight at all, and could not make the least attempt to read or write.

DINNER PARTIES WHICH OUGHT NOT TO BE GIVEN.

Mr. Ernest Hart selects some examples of these in his article in the February number of the Sanitary Record. As a type of the dinner which ought never again to be given, he instances the one which is at the present time so frequently to be met with, that the sensitive gastronome cannot take up a menu card without an instinctive fear of meeting with it. It usually runs thus—"Clear" soup, "thick" soup, turbot, lobster sauce, oyster patty, sweetbreads larded, roast mutton, currant jelly; pheasants, quails, cabinet pudding, jelly, ice pudding, and cheese straws; with sherry, hock, sauterne, champagne, claret, liqueurs; and sherry, Madeira, claret, and port wine with dessert. He condemns this menu on the ground of monotony, want of appetising qualities, or of gastronomic imagination. He describes the soup, thick and gruesome, humorously termed "mock turtle," a compound of Liebig's extract, baked flour, fragments of calf's head, and fiery sherry, or the inevitable white compound of Jerusalem artichokes and milk stock. The "clear" soup would be a proper ptegenic fluid with which to commence a dinner if it were properly prepared, of the delicate pale yellow colour natural to the meat juice, and not filled with pieces of dried vegetable, which are only admissible on ship-board, where fresh vegetables are not to be had. The fish then comes under notice, and, though of excellent quality, its unsuitability, from its solid nature, as a course in a long dinner, is pointed out. The oyster patties, when well made, are approved of as light and palatable; they should, however, be constructed of fine, fresh oysters, cream, and the lightest puff-paste. The tinned oysters, flour, and milk, which so often mock the eye, make up a leathery and indigestible edifice. The insipid, but ubiquitous "larded sweetbread" is an invalid dish; the preference so largely shown for the thymus of the calf as an entrée for healthy people being incomprehensible. Saddle of mutton is welcomed as an excellent and toothsome pièce de résistance; but the writer enlarges on the rarity of its being served thoroughly hot, and the probability of the flabby slice being garnished with half-cold fat, so often offered at large dinner parties, proving a difficulty to the digestive organs.

Boiled fowl and tongue is dismissed as an exploded item in a banquet. The custom of offering legs of pheasants and the inferior parts of game to guests is also noted with disapprobation. A proper supply of this course should be provided, so that these inferior and not unfrequently tough morsels should be reserved for second-day cookery, soups, salmis and pasties. The regulation cabinet pudding is relegated to the limbo of anachronisms. This superior nursery compound ought never to be set before intelligent adults as part of a dinner. The ice pudding—if properly prepared with cream, liqueurs or fresh fruit syrups—is unexceptionable. It is, however, generally compounded by a pastry-cook, and then it is made of custard-powder instead of cream, chemical essences in place of fruit syrups and liqueurs; and, thus sophisticated, it is equally unpalatable and unwholesome. The last thing considered is the wines, in the selection of which the host shows at once his generosity, gastronomic status, and thought for his guests. The wines should be few but of first-rate quality, three or four varieties being amply sufficient for all purposes. The requisites for a satisfactory dinner are defined to be simplicity, good materials and good cooking, variety, and digestibility. These essentials are not difficult of attainment if the lady of the house exercise her mental faculties in the same way as she probably does in her toilette. If her cook cling to the old traditions, she must make a resolute stand against the conventional menu that will probably be set forth for her consideration. Excellent treatises on cookery—both small and large—abound. The markets of the world, ransacked for Cockayne, are at her disposal. Let her then discard the traditional and worn-out menu, of which some of the dishes may be utilised, but in combination with the fruits and vegetables so freely placed at her command. Let a sole à la Normande, trout with "sauce bleue," or "verte," or some mullets "en papillotte," take the place of turbot and lobster sauce, a braised fillet of beef with olives, tomatoes, mushrooms, or purée of fresh vegetables, or a fricandeau of veal, with sorrel or spinach, be substituted occasionally for the saddle of mutton, and the result will probably be satisfactory, if only from the novelty of partaking of a fresh dish. Game can be frequently far more agreeably presented in the form of charreusse or salmi than always as a roast. The ordinary middle-class dinner of soup, fish, roast joint or poultry, game, boiled potatoes and vegetables, puddings and tarts, is equally open to the objections of excess in meat and solid food, monotony, waste in preparation, and undue taxation of the digestive powers. Here again we want more adaptability on the part of our housewives, more ingenuity, more enterprise, and much more painstaking in the variety of food they set before their households. Pecuniary saving, improved digestion, and consequently the chiefest of all blessings—health—would amply repay the time and thought so expended.

MR. SMITH, who has to lug a scuttle of coal upstairs three times a day, reads with prospective joy the announcement that the coal fields of the world will be exhausted in 2,000 years.

OUR CHESS COLUMN.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

E. D. W., Sherbrooke, P.Q.—Healey's Problems are very beautiful and very sound. Your solution of Problem No. 269 is not quite correct. Student, Montreal.—Correct solution received of Problem No. 268 received. Editor Chessplayer's Chronicle, London, England.—Thanks for answer to letter. The March number, however, has not come to hand.

THE QUEEN OF CHESS.

The signal success of Mrs. Gilbert in the International Correspondence Tourney in winning the whole of her games from Mr. Gossip, her transatlantic opponent, is a subject of much rejoicing on the part of our American cousins, and they seem to be very proud of their lady player.

On the other side of the Atlantic also, the ability of Mrs. Gilbert has obtained much notice, and we doubt not she will receive many congratulations from chess amateurs in all parts of the civilized world. Her example as regards her devotion to chess, we believe, will be very effective, and very soon we shall find it as common to meet with good lady players, as it is now a rarity to find any one of the gentler sex taking an interest in the mysteries of the chequered board. The Saturday Review in a recent number thus speaks of Mrs. Gilbert's late triumph:

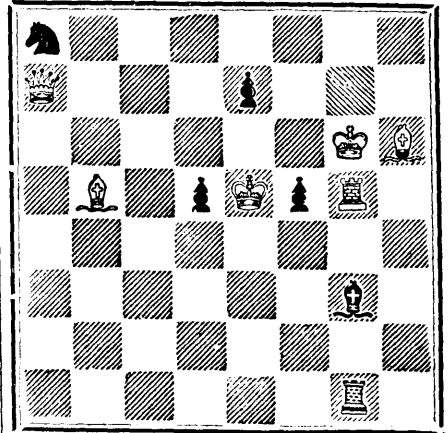
"We should be making a grave omission did we not refer to the fact that, as in every other department of intellectual activity, so in chess, the ladies are resolved not to leave man alone in his glory. Ladies' clubs have been formed in this country, and their members contest with men on even terms. But America has thus far produced the best lady player. Mrs. Gilbert, of New York, in a recent match with a well-known gentleman performer has been astonishing the chess world by her feats of prescience, doing what we never knew done before—namely, announcing twenty or thirty moves beforehand, the exact process by which she intends compassing the destruction of her antagonist, and carrying out her threat at the point indicated to the very move."

We are glad to find from the Montreal press that our kind correspondent, Mr. J. W. Shaw, has received a handsome present in the shape of a magnificent chess-board and men, of a size, which we doubt not, are in proportion to the good wishes of the donors. The gift, we are convinced, will be the more acceptable to him from the fact that the board is the handiwork of his own son, whose artistic taste has, most certainly, been well employed on the present occasion. Although we see it hinted in a public notice that the size of the pieces would make them formidable weapons of attack, we are well aware that the force of Mr. Shaw's play in the noble game compared with the ponderous nature of the men would prove to any of his opponents the weightier matter of the two.

PROBLEM No. 271.

By F. Armstrong.

BLACK.



WHITE

White to play and mate in three moves.

GAME 401st.

(From Bird's Chess Masterpieces.)

(Evans' Gambit)

White.—(Kolsch.) Black.—(Paulsen.)

- 1. P to K 4 2. P to K 4
2. Kt to K B 3 2. Kt to Q B 3
3. B to B 4 3. B to B 4
4. Castles 4. Kt to K B 3
5. P to Q Kt 4 5. B takes P
6. P to Q B 3 6. B to K 2 (a)
7. P to Q 4 7. P takes P
8. P takes P 8. K takes P (b)
9. P to Q 5 9. Kt to Q R 4
10. B to Q 3 10. Kt to Q B 4
11. B to Q R 3 11. Kt takes B
12. Q takes Kt 12. Castles
13. P to Q 6 13. P takes P (c)
14. Kt to Q B 3 14. P to Q Kt 3
15. Kt to Q 5 15. Kt to Q Kt 2
16. B to Q Kt 2 16. Kt to Q B 4
17. Q to K 3 (d) 17. Kt to K 3
18. Kt to Q 4 18. B to K B 3
19. Kt to Q B 6 (e) 19. P takes Kt
20. Kt takes B (ch) 20. P takes Kt
21. Q to K R 6 21. P to Q 4
22. B takes K B P 22. Q to Q 3
23. P to K B 4 23. R to K sq
24. R to K B 3 24. Resigns.

NOTES.

- (a) This move, not often played, is not in favour.
(b) Black could, we believe, play P to Q 4 without disadvantage, still retaining his pawn.
(c) B to B 3 would be better.
(d) By far the best move.
(e) A beautiful conception.

SOLUTIONS

Solution of Problem No. 269

- WHITE. BLACK.
1. R to K 5 (ch) 1. K takes Kt (best)
2. P to Q Kt 4 2. Any move.
3. Mates accordingly.

Solution of Problem for Young Players No. 267.

- WHITE. BLACK.
1. Q to K R 3 1. K moves
2. R to Q B 4 mate

PROBLEMS FOR YOUNG PLAYERS, No. 268.

- K at K B 2 K at Q 2
R at K 8 Q at Q sq
R at Q B 8 Kt at K 3
B at Q 6
Kt at Q 5
Pawns at K Kt 6
Q B 5, Q Kt 5 and
Q R 6

White to play and mate in two moves.



CANADIAN PACIFIC RAILWAY.

Tenders for Tanks and Pumping Machinery.

TENDERS will be received by the undersigned up to noon on FRIDAY, the 15th MAY next, for furnishing and erecting in place at the several watering stations along the line of the Canadian Pacific Railway under construction, Frost-proof Tanks with Pumps and Pumping Power of either wind or steam, as may be found most suitable to the locality.

By Order, F. BRAUN, Secretary.

DEPT. OF RAILWAYS AND CANALS, Ottawa, 1st April, 1880.



CANADIAN PACIFIC RAILWAY.

Tenders for Iron Bridge Superstructure.

TENDERS, addressed to the undersigned, will be received up to noon of FRIDAY, the 15th MAY, next, for furnishing and erecting Iron Superstructures over the Eastern and Western outlets of the Lake of the Woods.

Specifications and other particulars will be furnished on application at the office of the Engineer-in-Chief, Ottawa, on and after the 15th April.

By Order, F. BRAUN, Secretary.

DEPT. OF RAILWAYS AND CANALS, Ottawa, 1st April, 1880.

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Having large facilities, work will be executed promptly and at moderate charges.

Orders respectfully solicited.

LOVELL'S MONTREAL DIRECTORY for 1880-81, will be issued about the middle of June next. Orders for Advertisements and for copies of the book received up to 1st June.

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CANADIAN PACIFIC RAILWAY.

Tenders for a second 100 miles section, WEST OF RED RIVER, will be received by the undersigned until noon on Monday, the 29th of March, next.

The section will extend from the end of the 48th Contract—near the western boundary of Manitoba—to a point on the west side of the valley of Bird-tail Creek.

Tenders must be on the printed form, which, with all other information, may be had at the Pacific Railway Engineer's Offices, in Ottawa and Winnipeg, on and after the 1st day of March next.

By Order, F. BRAUN, Secretary.

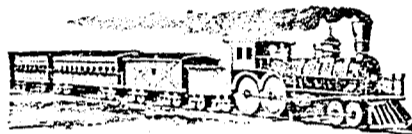
DEPT. OF RAILWAYS AND CANALS, Ottawa, 11th February, 1880.

The reception of the above Tenders is postponed until noon, FRIDAY, 9th April next.

By Order, F. BRAUN, Secretary.

Department of Railways and Canals, Ottawa, 22nd March, 1880.

50 Perfume, Snowflake, Chromo, Motto Cards, names in gold & jet, 10c. G. A. SPRING, E. Wallingford, Ct.



Q. M. O. & O. RAILWAY.

EASTERN DIVISION.

COMMENCING ON

Monday, Feb. 2nd, 1880.

Trains will run on this Division as follows:

Table with columns for MAIL and MIXED, listing departure times for Montreal, Three Rivers, and Quebec.

Trains leave Mile-End Station ten minutes later.

General Office, 13 Place d'Armes Square.

STARNES, LEVE & ALDEN, Ticket Agents, Offices, 292 St. James Street, and 158 Notre Dame Street.

J. T. PRINCE, General Passenger Agent.

Montreal, March 16th, 1880.

25 FANCY CARDS with Name 10c. Plain or Gold Agents' Outfit 10c. 150 Styles. Hull & Co., Hudson, N.Y.

60 CHROMO, MOTTO, GLOBE-Edge & Lily cards, with name, 10c. Globe Print Co., Northford, Ct.

25 Fashionable Visiting Cards—no two alike, with name, 10c. Nassau Card Co., Nassau, N.Y.

YOUR name on One Card Case and 50 all Chromo Glass and Floral Cards, 10c. Agent's outfit 10c. GLOBE CARD CO., Northford, Conn.

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in every family where Economy and Health are studied.

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WELLAND CANAL.

Notice to Bridge-Builders.

SEALED TENDERS, addressed to the undersigned (Secretary of Railways and Canals), and endorsed "Tender for Bridges, Welland Canal," will be received at this office until the arrival of the Western mails on TUESDAY, the 15th day of JUNE, next, for the construction of swing and stationary bridges at various places on the line of the Welland Canal.

Plans, specifications and general conditions can be seen at this office on and after MONDAY, the 31st DAY OF MAY, next, where Forms of Tender can also be obtained.

Parties tendering are expected to have a practical knowledge of works of this class, and are requested to bear in mind that tenders will not be considered unless made strictly in accordance with the printed forms, and, in the case of firms—except there are attached the actual signatures, the nature of the occupation, and residence of each member of the same; and, further, an accepted bank cheque for a sum equal to \$250 for each bridge, for which an offer is made, must accompany each Tender, which sum shall be forfeited if the party tendering declines entering into contract for the work at the rates and on the terms stated in the offer submitted.

The cheque thus sent in will be returned to the respective parties whose tenders are not accepted.

For the due fulfillment of the contract, the party or parties whose tender it is proposed to accept will be notified that their tender is accepted subject to a deposit of five per cent. of the bulk sum of the contract—of which the sum sent in with the tender will be considered a part—to be deposited to the credit of the Receiver-General within eight days after the date of the notice.

Ninety per cent. only of the progress estimates will be paid until the completion of the work.

This Department does not, however, bind itself to accept the lowest or any tender.

By Order, F. BRAUN, Secretary.

DEPT. OF RAILWAYS AND CANALS, Ottawa, 29th March, 1880.



LACHINE CANAL.

Notice to Machinist-Contractors.

SEALED TENDERS, addressed to the undersigned (Secretary of Railways and Canals), and endorsed "Tender for Lock Gates, Lachine Canal," will be received at this office until the arrival of the Eastern and Western mails on THURSDAY, the 3rd day of JUNE, next, for the construction of Gates, and the necessary machinery connected with them, for the new locks on the Lachine Canal.

Plans, Specifications, and General conditions can be seen at this office on and after THURSDAY, the 20th day of MAY, next, where forms of tender can also be obtained.

Parties tendering are expected to provide the special tools necessary for, and to have a practical knowledge of, works of this class, and are requested to bear in mind that tenders will not be considered unless made strictly in accordance with the printed forms, and—in the case of firms—except there are attached the actual signatures, the nature of the occupation and residence of each member of the same; and, further, an accepted bank cheque for a sum equal to \$200, for the gates of each lock, must accompany each tender, which sum shall be forfeited if the party tendering declines entering into contract for the work at the rates and on the terms stated in the offer submitted.

The cheque thus sent in will be returned to the respective parties whose tenders are not accepted.

For the due fulfillment of the contract the party or parties whose tender it is proposed to accept will be notified that their tender is accepted subject to a deposit of five per cent. of the bulk sum of the contract—of which the sum sent in with the tender will be considered a part—to be deposited to the credit of the Receiver-General within eight days after the date of the notice.

Ninety per cent. only of the progress estimates will be paid until the completion of the work.

This Department does not, however, bind itself to accept the lowest or any tender.

By Order, F. BRAUN, Secretary.

DEPT. OF RAILWAYS AND CANALS, Ottawa, 29th March, 1880.



CANADIAN PACIFIC RAILWAY.

Tenders for Rolling Stock.

TENDERS are invited for furnishing the Rolling Stock required to be delivered on the Canadian Pacific Railway, within the next four years, comprising the delivery in each year of about the following, viz:—

- 20 Locomotive Engines.
16 First-class cars (in proportion being sleepers).
20 Second-class Cars, do.
3 Express and Baggage Cars.
3 Postal and Smoking Cars.
240 Box Freight Cars.
100 Flat Cars.
2 Wing Ploughs.
2 Snow Ploughs.
2 Plungers.
40 Hand Cars.

The whole to be manufactured in the Dominion of Canada and delivered on the Canadian Pacific Railway, at Fort William, or in the Province of Manitoba.

Drawings, specifications and other information may be had on application at the office of the Engineer-in-Chief, at Ottawa, on and after the 15th day of MARCH next.

Tenders will be received by the undersigned up to noon of THURSDAY, the 1st day of JULY next.

By order, F. BRAUN, Secretary.

Department of Railways and Canals, Ottawa, 7th February, 1880.



Canadian Pacific Railway.

Tenders for Rolling Stock.

TENDERS will be received by the undersigned up to Noon of MONDAY, the 23rd FEBRUARY inst., for the immediate supply of the following Rolling Stock:—

- 4 First-class Cars.
2 Postal and Baggage Cars.
60 Box Cars.
60 Platform Cars.

Drawings and specifications may be seen, and other information obtained on application at the office of the Engineer-in-Chief, Pacific Railway, Ottawa, and at the Engineer's Office, Intercolonial Railway, Moncton, N.B.

The Rolling Stock to be delivered on the Pembina Branch, Canadian Pacific Railway, on or before the 15th of MAY next.

By order, F. BRAUN, Secretary.

Department of Railways and Canals, Ottawa, 7th February, 1880.

The time for receiving the above Tenders is extended one week, viz.: to MONDAY, 1st March, and the time for delivery of a portion of Rolling Stock is extended to the 1st JUNE.

By Order, F. BRAUN.

19th Feb., 1880.



WELLAND CANAL.

NOTICE TO MACHINIST-CONTRACTORS.

SEALED TENDERS, addressed to the undersigned (Secretary of Railways and Canals), and endorsed "Tender for Lock Gates, Welland Canal," will be received at this office until the arrival of the Eastern and Western mails on THURSDAY, the 3rd day of JUNE, next, for the construction of gates, and the necessary machinery connected with them, for the new locks on the Welland Canal.

Plans, Specifications and General Conditions can be seen at this office on and after THURSDAY, the 20th day of MAY, next, where forms of tender can also be obtained.

Parties tendering are expected to provide the special tools necessary for, and to have a practical knowledge of, works of this class, and are requested to bear in mind that tenders will not be considered unless made strictly in accordance with the printed forms, and—in the case of firms—except there are attached the actual signatures, the nature of the occupation and residence of each member of the same; and, further, an accepted bank cheque for a sum equal to \$250, for the gates of each lock, must accompany each tender, which sum shall be forfeited if the party tendering declines entering into contract for the work at the rates and on the terms stated in the offer submitted.

The cheque thus sent in will be returned to the respective parties whose tenders are not accepted.

For the due fulfillment of the contract the party or parties whose tender it is proposed to accept will be notified that their tender is accepted subject to a deposit of five per cent. of the bulk sum of the contract—of which the sum sent in with the tender will be considered a part—to be deposited to the credit of the Receiver-General within eight days after the date of the notice.

Ninety per cent. only of the progress estimates will be paid until the completion of the work.

This Department does not, however, bind itself to accept the lowest or any tender.

By Order, F. BRAUN, Secretary.

DEPT. OF RAILWAYS AND CANALS, Ottawa, 29th March, 1880.

Mr. J. H. BATES, Newspaper Advertising Agent, 41 PARK ROW (Times Building), NEW YORK, is authorised to contract for advertisements in the CANADIAN ILLUSTRATED NEWS at our BEST RATES.

CARDS—10 Lily of the Valley, 10 Scroll, 10 Engraved, 10 Transparent, 1 Model Love Letter, 1 Card Case Name on all 15c. WEST & CO., Westville, Conn.

40 ELEGANT CARDS, all Chromo, Motto and glass; name in gold and jet 10c. West & Co., Westville, Ct.

\$10 to \$1000 Invested in Wall St. Stocks makes fortunes every month. Book sent free explaining everything. Address: BAXTER & CO., Bankers, 7 Wall St., N.Y.

60 Perfumed Cards—Motto Lily, Floral, Rosebud—with name and case, 10c. AETNA CARD CO., Clintonville, Ct.

50 Perfumed Chromo and Lace Cards, name in gold in fancy case, 10c. Davids & Co., Northford, Ct.

50 Chromo, Snowflake, Oriental, Lily, etc. Cards with name, 10c. 25 Flitting Card, 10c; 1 Fern and Scroll Autograph Album, 15c; Agents complete outfit, 10c. ROYAL CARD CO., Northford Ct.

TO LET.

In those central premises forming the corner of Bleury and Craig Streets, and in the adjacent house on Craig Street—

OFFICES, double and single. FLATS, admirably adapted for light manufacturing business, with or without steam power. Rent moderate.

Apply to G. B. BURLAND, No. 7 Bleury Street.

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

JOHNSTON'S FLUID BEEF is being adopted in the BRITISH, French, U. S., and Austrian Naval, Military and General hospitals. It is prescribed by the Queen's physician and by every medical man who has tested its merits. It is the only essence known which contains all the nutritive constituents of beef, and is pronounced by scientific men everywhere to be the most perfect food for invalids ever introduced. Sold by Druggists and Grocers, 25c., 50c., and \$1.00.

WILLIAM DOW & CO.
BREWERS and MALTSTERS,
MONTREAL.



Superior Pale and Brown Malt, India Pale, and other Ales, Extra Double and Single Stout in Wood and Bottle. Shipping orders promptly executed. Families supplied.

THE **Canadian Spectator,**
A high-class Weekly Journal,
EDITED BY THE
Reverend A. J. BRAY.

SUBSCRIPTION: \$2.00 PER ANNUM.
OFFICES: 102 St. James Street, Montreal, and 4 Toronto Street, Toronto.

THE MILTON LEAGUE.
"Give me the liberty to know, to think, to believe, and to utter freely, according to conscience, above all liberties.—Milton."

- PUBLICATIONS:
- BRAY, REV. ALFRED J. The Churches of Christendom, cloth. \$1.00
 - BROWN, REV. J. BALDWIN. The Doctrine of Annihilation in the Light of the Gospel of Love. 50
 - DALE, REV. R. W. Protestantism: Its Ultimate Principle. 60
 - The Ten Commandments. 60
 - DAWSON, GEO. M.A. Prayers, and a Discourse on Prayer. 50
 - McLEOD, NORMAN, D.D. Scotch Pebbles. 15
 - TIPPLE, Rev. S. A. Echoes of Spoken Words. 50

"Here is a new wave of literature, and of the deep and wide sea of religious thought, but sparkling and right and gratefully refreshing."—Literary World.

THE BELL ORGAN COMPANY.

LARGEST AND OLDEST ORGAN FACTORY IN THE BRITISH EMPIRE
Established 1865.—13,000 now in use.

Silver Medal and Diploma, Provincial, 1871.

Silver Medal and Diploma, Centennial, 1876.

International Medal and Diploma, Sydney, Australia, 1877.

Only Silver Medal for Parlor Organs, Provincial, Toronto, 1878.

Only Medal at Industrial Exhibition, Toronto, 1879.

Mr. Hague, of the Merchants Bank, says: "The Organ sent me I did not suppose capable of being produced in Canada, the tone is pure, rich and deep, and the effect produced by combination of the stops is charming."—For Catalogues, address:

W. BELL & CO.,

41-47 East Market Square, Guelph, Ont.

Or J. HECKER, 10 Phillip Square, Montreal.

WHISKERS or a luxuriant Moustache can be grown in a few days. Safe and sure. Send address and 50c. to J. SEARS & CO., Wyoming, Ohio, U.S. Stamps taken.

20 Lovely Rosebud Chromo Cards or 20 Floral Motto with name 10c. Nassau Card Co. Nassau, N.Y.

\$777 A YEAR and expenses to agents. Outfit free. Address, P.O. VICKERY, Augusta, Maine.

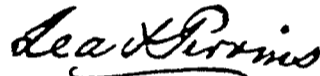
THIS PAPER MAY BE FOUND ON FILE AT GEO. P. ROWELL & CO'S NEWSPAPER ADVERTISING BUREAU (10 SPRUCE STREET), WHERE ADVERTISING CONTRACTS may be made for it in **NEW YORK.**



TURN ABOUT IS FAIR PLAY.

The repeal of the Insolvency Law takes money from the official assignee and puts it in the hands of the lawyer. The impartial nurse finds one of the twins sufficiently gorged with pap, and therefore passes the bottle to the emaciated vociferator on the left.

In consequence of spurious imitations of
LEA AND PERRINS' SAUCE,
which are calculated to deceive the Public, Lea and Perrins have adopted A NEW LABEL, bearing their Signature, thus,



which is placed on every bottle of WORCESTERSHIRE SAUCE, and without which none is genuine. Ask for LEA & PERRINS' Sauce, and see Name on Wrapper, Label, Bottle and Stopper. Wholesale and for Export by the Proprietors, Worcester: Crosse and Blackwell, London, &c., &c.; and by Grocers and Oilmen throughout the World.

To be obtained of

52-53-54 MESSRS. J. M. DOUGLASS & CO., MONTREAL; MESSRS. URQUHART & CO., MONTREAL.

THE BEST REMEDY FOR INDIGESTION.



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

CAUTION.

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

LIEBIG COMPANY'S



EXTRACT OF MEAT
FINEST AND CHEAPEST
MEAT-FLAVOURING
STOCK FOR SOUPS,
MADE DISHES & SAUCES.

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

CAUTION.—Genuine ONLY with fac-simile of Baron Liebig's Signature in Blue Ink across Label.

E. N. FRESHMAN & BROS.

Advertising Agents,

186 W. Fourth St., CINCINNATI, O.,

Are authorized to receive advertisements for this paper. Estimates furnished free upon application.

Send two stamps for our Advertisers' Manual.

60 Queen Anne and Photo Cards, illustrated & perfumed in case, 10c. Atlantic Card Co., E Wallingford, Ct.

CONTRACTS FOR ADVERTISING IN THE Canadian Illustrated News MAY BE MADE AT OUR LOWEST RATES WITH MR. E. DUNCAN SNIPPIN, ASTOR HOUSE OFFICES, NEW YORK.

50 cheap floral glass, &c., Cards in case, name on all, 10c. Outfit 10c. Davids & Co., Northford, Ct.

AN ELEGANT AUTOGRAPH ALBUM, containing about 50 finely engraved and tinted pages, bound in Gold, no. 54 quotations all postpaid, 15c. Popular Game of Authors, 15c. Clinton Bros., Clintonville, Ct.

VALUABLE TRUTHS.

If you are suffering from poor health, or languishing on a bed of sickness, take cheer, for **Hop Bitters will Cure You.**

If you are a minister, and have overtaxed your system, or a mother, worn out with care and work, or if you feel weak and dispirited, without clearly knowing why, **Hop Bitters will Restore You.**

If you are a man of business, weakened by the strain of your everyday labors, toiling over your duties; or a man of let midnight work, **Hop Bitters will Strengthen You.**

If you are young, and suffering from any indisposition, or a man of fast, as is often the case, **Hop Bitters will Relieve You.**

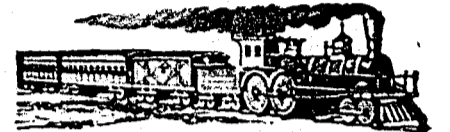
If you are in the workshop, at the desk, anywhere, and feel that your system needs purifying without intoxicating, **Hop Bitters is What You Need.**

If you are old, and your pulses are feeble, your nerves unsteady, and your faculties waning, **Hop Bitters will give you New Life and Vigor.**

HOP BITTERS is the sweetest, safest and best. Ask Children.

One Hop Pad for Stomach, Liver and Kidneys is superior to all others. Cures by absorption. It is perfect. D. L. C. is an absolute and irresistible cure for drunkenness, use of opium, tobacco and narcotics. Above sold by druggists. Hop Bitters Mfg. Co. Rochester, N. Y.

FOR SALE AT
LYMAN, SONS & CO., Montreal.
H. S. EVANS & CO.,
H. HASWELL & CO.,



GOVERNMENT RAILWAY.

Western Division.

Q. M. O. AND O. RAILWAY.

SHORTEST AND MOST DIRECT ROUTE TO OTTAWA.

On and after MONDAY, JANUARY, 12th, Trains will leave HOCHELAGA DEPOT as follows:—

	A. M.	P. M.
Express Trains for Hull at	9:30	4:30
Arrive at Hull at	2:00 p.m.	9:00
Aylmer at	2:35 p.m.	9:35

	A. M.	P. M.
Express Trains from Aylmer at	8:15	3:35
" " " " " " " "	9:20	4:20
Arrive at Hochelaga at	1:50 p.m.	8:50
Train from St. Jerome at		5:00 p.m.
Train from St. Jerome at		7:00 a.m.

Trains leave Mile End Station ten minutes later.

MAGNIFICENT PALACE CARS ON ALL PASSENGER TRAINS.

General Office, 13 Place d'Armes Square.
STARNES, LEVE & ALDEN, Ticket Agents.
Offices, 202 St. James and 156 Notre Dame Streets
C. A. SCOTT, Gen'l Superintendent Western Division
C. A. STARK, Gen'l Freight and Passenger Agent.

CARDS—10 Lily of the Valley, 10 Scroll, 10 Engraved 10 Transparent, 1 Model Love Letter, 1 Card Case name on all, post-paid, 15c. 4 packs 50c.
WARD & CO., NORTHFORD, CONN.

THE DUCHESS CORSET.

Awarded Extra Prize, Grand Dominion Exhibition.

Is specially designed for Stout Ladies, to meet the requirements of fashion. Is not only elegant in form, but very comfortable to wear. Once worn, will wear no other.

Sixteen Jean, \$2.50; Coutil, \$3.50 and upwards.

Sent by post to any part of the Dominion on receipt of price and address.

Send measure Round the Waist and Bust, tight—not too tight—also length of Waist under arm and length of Front.

Ottawa Corset Factory, 79 Sparks Street, Ottawa, Ont.

HEALTH FOOD.

RECEIVED THE Highest Award & Diploma AT THE INDUSTRIAL EXHIBITION, TORONTO, AND HIGHEST AWARD AND DIPLOMA AT THE DOMINION EXHIBITION, OTTAWA.

On the table of His Excellency the Governor-General and greatly admired by H. R. H. Princess Louise. Agents wanted in all cities and towns. 460 Yonge Street, Toronto.

Gray's SYRUP OF RED SPRUCE GUM
SOLD BY ALL DRUGGISTS