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# Wholesale News

Vol. XXIII.—No. 10.

MONTREAL, SATURDAY, MARCH 5, 1881.

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



HOW THEY RECKON THE EXODUS.

SIR R-CH-RD C-RTWR-GHT:—Another Canadian leaving the country, you perceive in this the effect of the un-  
 SIR L-N-RD T-LL-Y:—Here I say, you know, this fellow must have come in at the other gate.

MR. BL-KR (At the other gate):—This way round gentlemen. If we can only get a few more of you to pass through we shall soon run the exodus up to a pretty figure.

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

## TEMPERATURE

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

## THE WEEK ENDING

| February 27th, 1881. |      |       | Corresponding week, 1880 |      |       |
|----------------------|------|-------|--------------------------|------|-------|
| Max.                 | Min. | Mean. | Max.                     | Min. | Mean. |
| Mon... 20            | 9    | 21    | Mon... 26                | 16   | 21    |
| Tue... 32            | 19   | 25.5  | Tue... 25                | 15   | 20    |
| Wed... 32            | 14   | 23    | Wed... 35                | 21   | 28    |
| Thur... 14           | -10  | 2     | Thur... 30               | -1   | 14.5  |
| Fri... 11            | -5   | 3.5   | Fri... 35                | 4    | 19.5  |
| Sat... 20            | zero | 10    | Sat... 45                | 34   | 39.5  |
| Sun... 30            | 15   | 22.5  | Sun... 40                | 30   | 36    |

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## PUBLISHERS' NOTICE.

Mr. J. H. Gould is at present on a tour through Ontario in the interests of the NEWS, and is now in Toronto, where we trust that he will meet with a good reception from our friends that are and those that are to be.

## CANADIAN ILLUSTRATED NEWS.

Montreal, Saturday, March 5, 1881

## THE WEEK.

MONTREALERS are distinguishing themselves in the Chess Congress at Ottawa, an account of which will be found in another column. Of the four gentlemen named as likely to win prizes, and from whom we may probably have to select the winner of the cup, three of them—Messrs. BARRY, HENDERSON and SHAW—are amongst our own citizens. Mr. SCHULL of Guelph, is the only competitor these gentlemen will have to fear in the final contest, the result of which we are expecting as we write. We are glad to hear that Mr. LE DROIT of Quebec, whose name is so familiar to chessplayers of the Dominion is to be the President for the coming year.

THE recent prognostications of a peaceful settlement with the Boers have been anything but fulfilled. The news which was received here on Monday details another serious reverse to the British arms at the Cape. According to telegrams from the seat of war, Sir GEO. COLLEY was driven from his position on Mageta Mountain by the attack of the enemy. The loss is feared to be heavy, and at the head of the list stands the name of General COLLEY himself. This loss will probably prove a very serious check to the advance of the troops, and renders the defeat a most disastrous one. We shall anxiously await fresh news of the catastrophe, the certainty of which is beyond a doubt.

A most important discovery has been recently made of a Phœnician inscription from the pool of Siloam, the deciphering and translation of which may be shortly expected, as a *fac simile* copy has just reached England. It was discovered a few months since by the Jerusalem correspondent of the Palestine Exploration Fund, and is composed of letters almost identical with those on the Moabite stone. The Palestine Exploration Fund have been doing excellent work on the west side of Jordan, and have now finally decided on a painstaking and accurate survey of the east side, which as it stands today is a blank upon the maps. Much assistance may be expected for Biblical scholars in the recovery of local names, which in the Eastern exploration have already thrown so much light upon the historical books of the old Testament. Many personal appellations have been already identified with geographical names

as Belka with Balak, Shihân with Sihon, and a host of others, while the scripture names of Oreb, Zeeb and Salmuneh are of frequent occurrence among the Arab tribes under their modern forms of Ghorab, Diab and Selameh. The expedition will have started in all probability by the time these lines are read.

THE London *Daily News* points out a lesson to be learned from the war in South Africa with regard to the usefulness of a somewhat neglected branch of the English service, the Volunteers. The loss of our men in the various encounters with the Boers has been quite unprecedented in the annals of modern warfare, and for the first time we have been fighting against marksmen. The Boers are themselves Volunteers and bear in many respects a strong similarity to the home branches of that service, and it may be safely said of the Volunteers that whatever disadvantage they may labour under in the matter of regimental discipline and familiarity with field manœuvres, they have a decided pull on the regulars in the superiority of their shooting. Moreover the Boers are doing just that which our home service may be called upon to do any day, repelling an invasion; and to our shame and their credit be it said, repelling it for the time at least right effectually. The lesson comes home to us in Canada no less than in England, where however, our volunteers are as a rule treated with more consideration than at home, owing to the absence of an "elder brother" branch of the regular service, as a rule, be it said, to which Montreal should blush to be a signal exception. Let us hope that our City Council will continue no longer to be a by-word in militia circles for meanness and illiberality. It is nearly nine years now since the roof of the drill shed fell in, and nine years of petitioning and agitating have at last produced a truly magnificent offer from the municipality of a little more than the principal and interest of the Government grant in return for—and here comes the disgraceful part of the proposed bargain—the surrender of the Champ de Mars for street making purposes. The mere record of such a bargain is sufficient. The City Council truly need to "mend their ways" in this matter of the volunteers at least.

## THE MENDELSSOHN CHOIR.

On the 22nd of February this Society gave a complimentary concert in the Queen's Hall, which was filled to overflowing with a select and highly appreciative audience. The programme was well suited to display the special excellencies of the choir's training, while the performance as a whole may be characterized as quite remarkable for delicacy and finish. As it was the first time I was privileged to hear the Society, I may be permitted to express a general opinion of their merits. The rendering of the part songs and concerted music was undoubtedly very far ahead of any similar organization in Canada or, as I believe, in the States either, and I have no hesitation in saying that the Mendelssohn Choir, if they always sing as well as they did on the occasion to which I refer, would receive an undoubted musical recognition in London or elsewhere in Europe. The principal part of their success is due obviously to real hard work on the part of the choir and conductor, a fact which Canadian musicians would do well to observe and take a lesson from. The great fault of our amateur singing as a rule is the want of honest application without which the best voice, and even the most excellent training is thrown away. We hear many good voices; in fact, as compared with England, the superiority of the material at the command of directors of choirs has often struck me. Many too of our singers do not lack good taste and musical feeling, while we have musicians undoubtedly capable of directing their efforts. The poor result to be met in so many instances I believe is due princi-

pally to this want of the will to work hard for an end, to spare no labour to accomplish a thoroughly harmonious result. Mr. GOULD himself possesses many of the best qualities of a conductor, and in this his choir are exceptionally fortunate, but while we congratulate them on the good taste and musical abilities of their leader, we must not forget to congratulate him on the excellent way in which the members of his Society have responded to his efforts. Once more I would repeat to young musicians the moral of these lines. To be a musician, to produce any satisfactory musical result, you must be willing to work. Your good voice, your musical taste, your self-confidence (and believe me the last is by no means the worst quality a musician can possess) will go for nothing in the production of the higher artistic result which you should aim at, if unsupported by application and honest hard work. And if this is true of individuals it applies with double force to all musical Associations whatever. Remember too that, in the case of these latter, constant practice together is a *sine quâ non*, and any choir master will tell you how hard it is to drive this into the heads of his choir. You may know every note of the music to be sung and yet your presence at the performance may be a drag and a hindrance instead of a help, if by continual absence at rehearsal you have missed practising with the other members of the chorus. *Verbum sap.* This notice of the Mendelssohn Choir has unwittingly strayed into a discussion of which the results shown by their concert were the theme. Of criticism of the concert itself I have little to offer additional or in detail. Miss HOLMES played with less brilliancy than Montrealers are accustomed to expect from her, but to an outsider she was charming. Mr. NORRIS and Miss MALTBY were the vocal soloists, the former possessing a pleasant voice though scarcely sufficient for the building, while Miss MALTBY suffered so obviously from a cold that only good nature prevented the omission of her number.

## MUSIC.

## THE SEAT OF GOVERNMENT.

(From Our Special Correspondent.)

OTTAWA, February 26th, 1881.

The debating of the week in the House of Commons was principally on the Budget. It must be said that there have been several very able well considered speeches. But after all to a great extent it has been like threshing straw. The policy of the Government is settled. It was carried by a large majority, almost specially elected on that issue. Everybody has thoroughly made up his mind. Not a vote can be changed; and opinions are so hard and fast that not even an impression can be made. It has, therefore, been useless debating in so far as the sense of the House is concerned. But these debates are not meant for the House; they are intended for the country.

Sir Richard Cartwright followed Sir Leonard Tilley, making a very elaborate speech which has been duly published in his party papers with every display of capitals. Sir Richard has great fluency and probably the bitterest tongue in the House. Nothing was right according to him, but everything had been made worse, and the prosperity of the country had arisen in spite of what had been done. He was particularly strong on the exodus question, actually insisting that depopulation is going on, that parts of certain counties are being emptied, and some of the cities going back in population. He gave figures, and one of the members, Mr. Rykert, asked him his authority for them. The answer in substance was that the authority was quite as respectable as the member who made the interruption. But surely this is lamentable. Figures of this kind are either facts based on a census record, or they are the wild statements of a *gobe-mouche*. But while Sir Richard did not scruple to use figures without foundation, he yet ventured to say that the figures from the railway companies presented were not reliable, asserting at the same time his confidence in the American statistics. I will venture to suggest that this style of thing may be carried too far. I have heard men of mark on Sir Richard's own side of the House openly say that they did not wish to tie the fortunes of the Reform party to a cry based on such palpably false figures as those published by the Port Huron Collector. And there is a further consideration for the party. They will find that it will prove a perfectly bootless task to cry "Exodus!" and "Ruin!" and "Decay!" in face of a strongly advancing tide of great prosperity which is plain before all men's eyes. If even this were not so plain, it would be unpatriotic, as if it could be established

that Canada was a country to flee from, it would be plain that it is not one to come to, and the use that has been, and would be made of this, has already inflicted cruel injury, and rendered nugatory many of the expensive efforts to promote immigration.

For the reasons I have given I shall not attempt to furnish you with a summary of this debate. But I must not omit to say that Messrs. Plumb, White (Cardwell), Coursol, Ross (Middlesex), and Burpee each made very able speeches on their respective sides. But in the face of the facts which I gave you last week from the speech of Sir Leonard Tilley, the men who spoke in opposition did so from the standpoint of a plainly losing cause. It is proved beyond question that the tariff of Sir Leonard Tilley has not done what it was angrily said in Opposition it would do, but on the contrary, it has more than established the grounds on which it was based. It is only about half as protective as the tariff of the United States. It is not so protective as to choke off commerce, and it was never intended to be. But it is sufficiently protective to give confidence and stimulus to manufactures. This it plainly has done over the whole Dominion, and the result coupled with the natural rebound from the depression has been almost magical. It seems almost like the judicial blindness described by the poet for a great political party to stake its fortunes on a denial of these facts. It is, in truth, equivalent to knocking one's head against a stone wall.

Sir John Macdonald returned to the House this week after his long illness, and his re-entrance was greeted with cheers. Sir Charles Tupper, however, while I write these lines, still lies sick. The doctors report that while his illness is not dangerous, it is painful, and may be tedious. This is to be regretted at this stage of the session.

On Monday Mr. Blake introduced his bill for further securing the independence of Parliament, providing that any member acting as counsel or representative of parties presenting claims against the Government or any of the Departments forfeits his right to sit in Parliament.

Mr. Burgin, moving for some returns respecting the Weights and Measures Branch of the Inland Revenue, complained of the frightful cost of the Branch and small revenue derived from it, and said the people looked upon it as a system of robbery by the officials of the department. A great number of members took part in the discussion of this question, most of them approving of the law, but finding fault with its administration. Mr. Bowell said any complaints made would be inquired into, and if just, would be remedied, but he believed it was the experience of every hon. gentleman that the parties who interfered and wished to cheat the people, made the loudest complaint.

Sir Leonard Tilley introduced a Bill to make the currency of Prince Edward Island and British Columbia uniform with that of the rest of the Dominion. He also moved that Government business should during the remainder of the Session have precedence on Thursday. In answer to Mr. Blake, Sir Leonard Tilley said that the Manitoba Boundaries Act and the amendments to the Consolidated Railway Act would be introduced in the Senate first so that they could be passed there while the House was engaged in the tariff debate.

On Wednesday night there was a discussion respecting the dismissal of the late Warden of the St. Vincent de Paul Penitentiary. Mr. Macdonald explained that it was in consequence of an investigation held by the Inspector of Penitentiaries, and Mr. Langevin stated that politics had nothing to do with the matter. It was and would be the invariable policy of the Government that civil servants should not be removed because they were appointed by the late Government, but should remain in office as long as they faithfully discharged their duties.

Mr. Richey's bill to prevent and punish wrongs to children was considered in Committee, and Dr. Burgin withdrew his bill respecting the hours of labour in factories, &c., on the understanding that the Government would take up the matter during the recess.

Sir Richard Cartwright moved the second reading of Independence of Parliament Bill providing for penalties for the corruption of members of Parliament or the Local Legislature by or for the acceptance by Legislatures of donations from the Pacific Railway Syndicate.

Mr. Langevin said one corporation should not be singled out especially for such a measure, and the bill was an insult to the Syndicate Company and the Parliament who incorporated it, and moved the six months' hoist, which was carried by a vote of 91 to 31.

In the Senate on Wednesday, Sir A. Campbell stated that the expenditure for the Geological Museum amounted to \$13,250 apart from the expense of the removal from Montreal. Duplicates of the specimens would be left with McGill University, which, as Custodian, would provide a museum. The European, Canadian, and American Cable Co's bill was passed, a motion of Hon. Mr. Scott to strike out a clause restricting the rate for messages being rejected. Hon. Mr. Aikins submitted an amendment to the Petroleum Inspection Bill, making the flash test of Canadian and American oils the same, which was carried. The bills to amend the Railway Act proposed by Sir Charles Tupper were introduced by Sir Alex. Campbell, and fairly dispose of the monopoly cry about the tolls.

The House on Friday was again engaged in the tariff debate, and a number of private bills were moved a stage.

OUR ILLUSTRATIONS.

Our cartoon this week may almost be left to speak for itself. Most of our readers are aware of the stand made by the Opposition upon the wholesale exodus of Canadians to American soil.

The use of the bicycle on the ice is a rather hazardous kind of sport, even for the best riders. Unless the surface is slightly roughened, the wheel is apt to slip sideways when a sharp turn is made, or when the rider puts on a sudden spurt.

Our illustrations of the grounds at Rideau Hall are from photographs kindly furnished us by Mr. J. W. Topley, of Ottawa.

The annual Emerson races on the river were well attended this year. There was a very large crowd present, particularly from Winnipeg and betting was very lively. A number of trotters arrived by rail from Winnipeg and more arrived by road.

LIVERPOOL DURING THE FROST.—Our illustration, taken from the Illustrated London News, represents the unusual stoppage of traffic on the Mersey during the late severe frosts which have been experienced all over England.

We have already alluded to the loss of one of the most popular of English actors in the late Mr. Sothern. The portrait of him which we present this week will need therefore only this brief notice.

It is some years since such scenes have been seen on the Thames as those we illustrate on another page. The first illustration is a view taken from Eel Pie Island, looking across the river. A dark mark on the ice, towards the left, indicates the spot where the sheep were roasted.

MADAME ROSITA JEHN-PRUME.

The late Mdme. Prume, whose unexpected death has caused so profound an emotion in all the circles of Montreal, was born in this city on the 15th of December, 1846, and was consequently 34 years of age.

As a girl of twenty, highly accomplished and exquisitely handsome, she became acquainted with a young Belgian violinist, famous even then as soloist of the court of that country, and, conquered by his remarkable qualities, social as well as artistic, she soon became the bride of that talented stranger, and changed her name for that of Mdme. Jehn-Prume.

She followed her husband to Europe, and, having married an artist, she soon embraced the artistic life; and as she had from childhood displayed rare taste and talent for music, no one was surprised when it became known that, under the tuition of her distinguished husband, she had schooled herself for appearance in public. Her talents met with deserved recognition in

different European cities, and especially at Nice, where she sang several times with noted success at private and public concerts.

Her voice was a mezzo-soprano of considerable strength and sweetness; her method of phrasing was remarkably classical, and her expression, especially in *chansonnettes*, or light ballads, was exceedingly charming. She was also endowed with high dramatic power, as she proved some years ago in her impersonation of *Jeanne D'Arc*, and in the performance of Mr. Frechette's successful dramas last spring.

As a lady, Mrs. Prume was one of Montreal's most gifted daughters. She was perfect in her manner, well read, bright and witty, and, as she was also exceedingly affable and kind, her society was highly appreciated.

The sad circumstances connected with her death were further increased to the family by the death, in the same house, the day before, of her mother.

Her loss was deeply felt by all our population, and no lady's funeral has ever been so largely attended in Montreal.

AMUSEMENTS.

The Annual races of the Montreal Snow Shoe Club came off on Saturday last, and in spite of the somewhat raw weather, which a little interfered with the enjoyment of the spectators, were most successful both as to the attendance and the time made on the various events.

Two miles, Indian.—First, Lefebvre, 11 min. 48 1/2 sec.; second, P. Daillebout, 11 minutes 56 seconds.

One mile, open.—First, Chas. Lamothe, St. George S. S. Club, 5 min. 56 1/2 sec.; second T. L. Paton. Lamothe led all the way.

One hundred yards dash, open.—First heat—First, W. R. Thompson, 12 1/2 sec.; second, J. Bolton (St. George S. S. Club). Second heat—First, Bolton; second, W. Aird. Final heat—First, Bolton, 12 1/2 sec.; Thompson.

Two miles, club cup.—First D. D. McTaggart, 12 min. 19 1/2 sec.; second C. J. Patton, 13 min. The winner's first mile was done in 6.04.

Quarter mile, boys under 15 years.—Dead heat between W. J. Greer and H. Patton; time 1 min. 26 1/2 sec. On the tie being run off Greer won as he liked.

Quarter mile, open.—First, G. F. Corcoran, 1 min. 19 sec.; second, T. Davidson, three yards behind.

Half mile, club, in uniform, (green)—First, J. Patterson, 2 min. 51 sec.; second C. J. Patton, 2 min. 58.

Half mile, Open.—First, N. Fletcher, 2 min. 49 sec.; Roy stopped after three hundred yards.

One hundred and twenty yards, hurdles, in heats.—First, T. L. Paton; second, G. S. Hubbard.

The evening was devoted to the annual dinner of the club at the St. Lawrence Hall which proved a most enjoyable affair being kept up until the advent of midnight forced the revellers somewhat unwillingly to separate. The usual toasts were proposed and responded to, amongst the most notable of the speakers being Colonel Whitehead, in response to the "Army Navy and Volunteers," whose address was mainly a tirade against the powers that be for their treatment of the volunteers of this city, Mr. McGibbon, who in flowing periods responded on behalf of "our winter sports," and Col. Paton, who, as a representative of our friends across the line, fitly replied for the guests of the evening. Mr. McGibbon at the termination of his speech read a poem of Mr. John Reade's composed expressly for the occasion which was received with great applause.

NEW SCHOOL OF THE MISSION SABREVOIS.

Our illustration in our last number of the schools to be erected in this city on Chatham street, adjoining the church which was erected last season. The design for the school, which is in the Gothic style of architecture, harmonizes well with that facade of the church, and the buildings of the mission will, when completed, be an ornament to the city and a great credit to the society.

The internal arrangements are very complete and will furnish accommodation for over 100 pupils.

The residence for the rector forms the north side, principal south side, and between them there are separate entrances for the boys and girls. The staircases are in the centre of the building and well lighted with a well-covered skylight.

The basement contains kitchen, laundry, &c., as well as three dining-rooms. These are arranged so that the central one occupied by the teachers, overlook both the boys' and girls' dining-rooms, which are situated on either side by simply raising doors hung with weights.

On the main floor are five class rooms and study room opening into each other, so that in case of examinations or entertainments they can be made to accommodate a large assembly by simply throwing open the folding doors.

On the second and third floors are six large

dormitories and six separate ones (for paid students), four lavatories, eight bath-rooms and eight water-closets, all well lighted and ventilated.

The architect, John James Browne, so successfully carried out the plans of the church that he received from the Committee of the Colonial and School Society a vote of thanks for the handsome and most suitable edifice at an outlay which by its smallness testifies at once to the wisdom of the design and the great care exercised in carrying it into execution, and we wish him the same success in his present work. Total cost will be \$30,000.

[Owing to an oversight the above description of these schools was not inserted in the number of the NEWS in which the illustration appeared. Ed.]

NEWS OF THE WEEK.

EDWIN BOOTH is to play in the Lyceum Theatre with Henry Irving.

NINETEEN of the Kolapore conspirators have been found guilty.

THE recent earthquake shocks in the Azores have proved very destructive.

A LONDON cable says it is hoped no more fighting will be necessary in the Transvaal.

KING COFFEE of Ashantee is said to have an enormous army, and to be prepared to attack the British.

THE Caledonian Curling Club, of Montreal, have won the final match for the Governor-General's prize at Ottawa.

THE leadership of the Home Rule party has been delegated to Justin McCarthy during Parnell's absence from Great Britain.

LORD ODO RUSSELL, British Minister at Berlin, has been made a Peer, with the title of Baron Amphilil.

BUCKLEY, of New Jersey, won the amateur championship of America in the 24-hour go as you please walking match, with 117 miles.

MR. GLADSTONE had a serious fall while alighting from his carriage last week, which will prevent his attendance in the House for some days. Meanwhile Lord Hartington will take charge of the Coercion bill.

SPOOPENDYKE AND THE TOWEL.

"Now, my dear," said Mr. Spoopendyke, "just wait until I wash my face and hands and I'll be ready," and Mr. Spoopendyke plunged his fists into the basin and began polishing his face with soap.

Mrs. Spoopendyke primed around before the glass putting on the finishing touches, for the worthy couple were getting ready for the ball.

"Where—where—where's the towel?" gasped Mr. Spoopendyke, holding his head down and clawing around with both hands. "What—what's become of the towel?" he sputtered grasping handfuls of soap out of his eyes.

Mrs. Spoopendyke glanced at the rack and saw that the towel was gone. "I don't believe there's a towel up here," she commenced.

"What d'ye you suppose I'm going to do, howled Mr. Spoopendyke. "Think I am going to the ball looking like a soap fountain! Gimme something to wipe on, will ye? Dod gast the soap; I've got my mouth full! Ain't ye going to get the towel! Going to let me hang out and dry like an undershirt?"

"Wait and I'll ring for one," said Mrs. Spoopendyke, tolling away at the bell. "Be patient a moment."

"How's a man going to be patient with his eyes full of soap? What do you mean by keeping a house like this! Think I'm going to stand round here and get froze! Gimme me something to wipe on. Fetch me a door. Tear up a carpet. Gimme a shirt. Where's the bed-spread! Dod gast this measly soap," and Mr. Spoopendyke tore off the shams of the pillows, but being smooth they slid around on his visage as though they were skates. "What am I to do with these?" he yelled. "I won't get dry in four months," and he grasped the sheets and rubbed his eyes as though he was polishing silver. "Ain't you got something coarse!" and he hauled the flannel blankets off and got the wool in his mouth, and finally he emerged with great globs of soap hanging to his forehead and chin.

"Never mind, dear," consoled Mrs. Spoopendyke. "You're all right. Take this handkerchief and wipe your face."

"Oh! I'm all right ain't I!" raved Mr. Spoopendyke. "You've only got to say so, and everything is all right. Some day I'll sew your heels to your head and hang you over a roller. Look at that chin. Is that all right? See that eye. Think that's all right! I'll go to bed and wait for a towel," and he spun round like a top and turned over the centre table.

"Why here," said Mrs. Spoopendyke—what's this! and she untied the towel and took it off his neck. "You must have put it there when you were shaving"—and Mrs. Spoopendyke smiled sweetly as her lord growled through the rest of the toilet.

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From one of the best manufactories of the Dominion. New, and an excellent instrument. Will be sold cheap. Apply at this office.

FOOT NOTES.

PROF.—"Die Pantoffeln der Graefin." Student—(construing) "The pants of the count." Prof.—"No, no! Look at the gender, look at the gender!" Student—"Oh, yes, yes! The pants of the countess."

THE greatest amount of cold ever known to be endured by white men overtook Lieutenant Schwatka's party in search of information about Sir John Franklin's party. They were over eleven months in sleds, and journeyed about 3,000 miles. On January 3, 1880, the thermometer sunk 103 degrees below the freezing point. The highest temperature that day was 69 degrees below freezing point. For twenty-seven days the average temperature was 92 degrees below the freezing point.

A NEW YORK boarder asked a diminution of his rent because of the dampness of his house. It was naturally refused, and the boarder gave notice that he would leave. He got even with his landlord by planting a beautiful mushroom in his bed-chamber, and whenever anyone came to see the apartment he would call to the servant-girl: "Bridget, see here; what is the mushroom doing in this room? It seems to me that I told you to take it away;" to which Bridget answers, "I did as you told me, sir, but another must have grown there."

A VERMONT man in a sleeping car was accosted by his neighbour opposite, who was also putting on his shoes, with the inquiry, "My friend, are you a rich man?" The Vermonter looked astonished, but answered the pleasant-faced, tired-looking gentleman with a "Yes, I'm tolerably rich." A pause occurred, and then came another question: "How rich are you?" He answered, "About \$700,000 or \$800,000. Why?" "Well," said the old man, "if I were as rich as you say you are, and snored as loud as I know you do, I would hire a whole sleeper every time I travelled."

A PARIS correspondent gives this account of a pretty game of cards now fashionable in that city: "The participants were young ladies and gentlemen, who sat in equal numbers on either side of the table. The cards were dealt out to each, and one hand, like as in euchre, settled each wager. The wager played for in this game is that the lady or gentleman who gets the ace of hearts and can take a trick with it, or beat it with another card, has the option to kiss any lady or gentleman he or she may select. It was quite a study to watch with what perfect sang froid the gentleman stood up to receive the stake he had won, and with what consummate grace the lady bent her head to one side so that her lucky opponent across the table should receive his full pound of flesh; not to mention the utter indifference of both to the presence of friends or strangers around."

ONCE Carlyle went to visit one of his early pupils in the country. As bed-time drew near the host said: "Now, Mr. Carlyle, we are going to have family worship," thinking that perhaps he would like to withdraw before the service began, but he quietly answered: "Well, bring me the book and I'll read it for you." Taking the Bible in his lap he began with the first chapter of the Book of Job. For a time it was delightful to listen to him read chapter after chapter, interjecting quaint remarks as he went along; but presently it became evident that he had no notion of stopping, having forgotten himself in his task. His niece recalled him to a sense of propriety by whispering: "The servants must be weary, uncle." He made no verbal response, but closed the Bible with a snap, and betook himself to the next room and the enjoyment of his pipe.

HUMOROUS.

THE young man who wants to get up with the sun must not sit up late with the daughter.

WHAT is the prime object of soldiers' drill? To make holes in the enemy.

WHY is the earth like a blackboard? Because the children of men multiply upon the face of it.

WRAP up your children warm in cold weather. If they persist in going out without their wraps, rap them when they come back.

A LITTLE boy came to his mother recently and said, "Mamma, I should think that if I was dust I would get muddier inside whenever I drank."

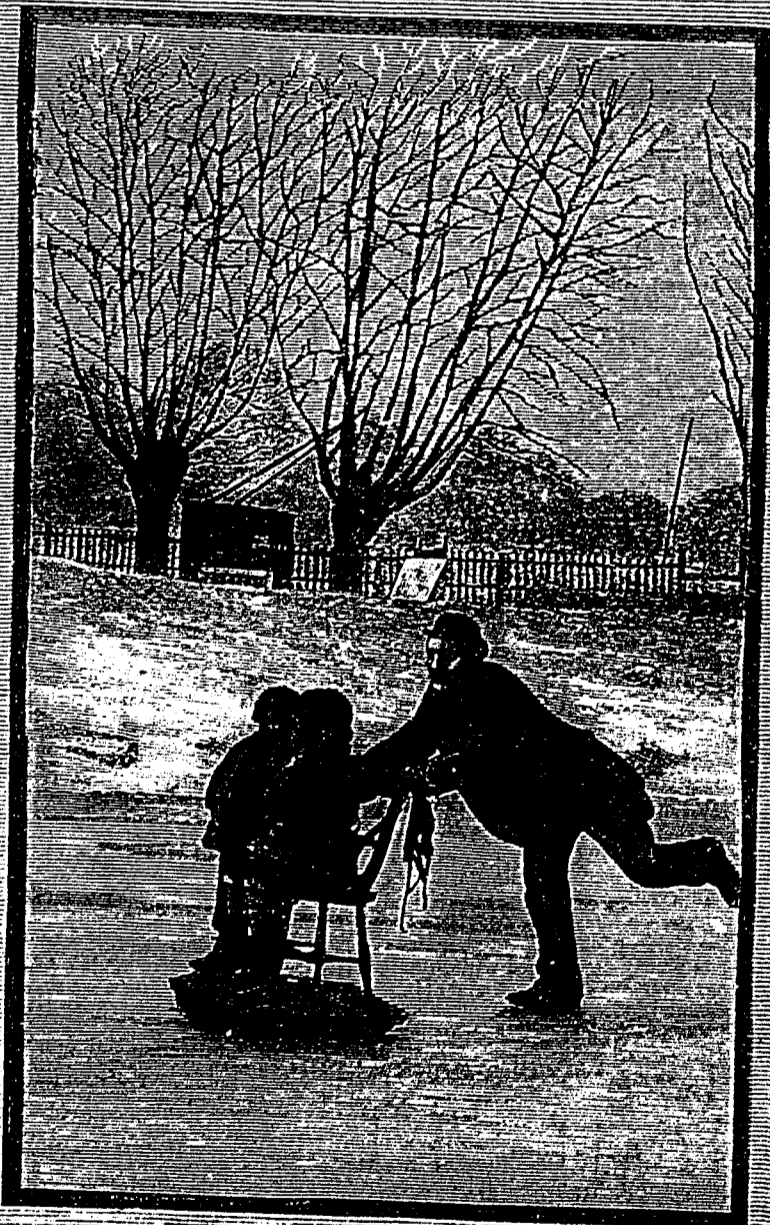
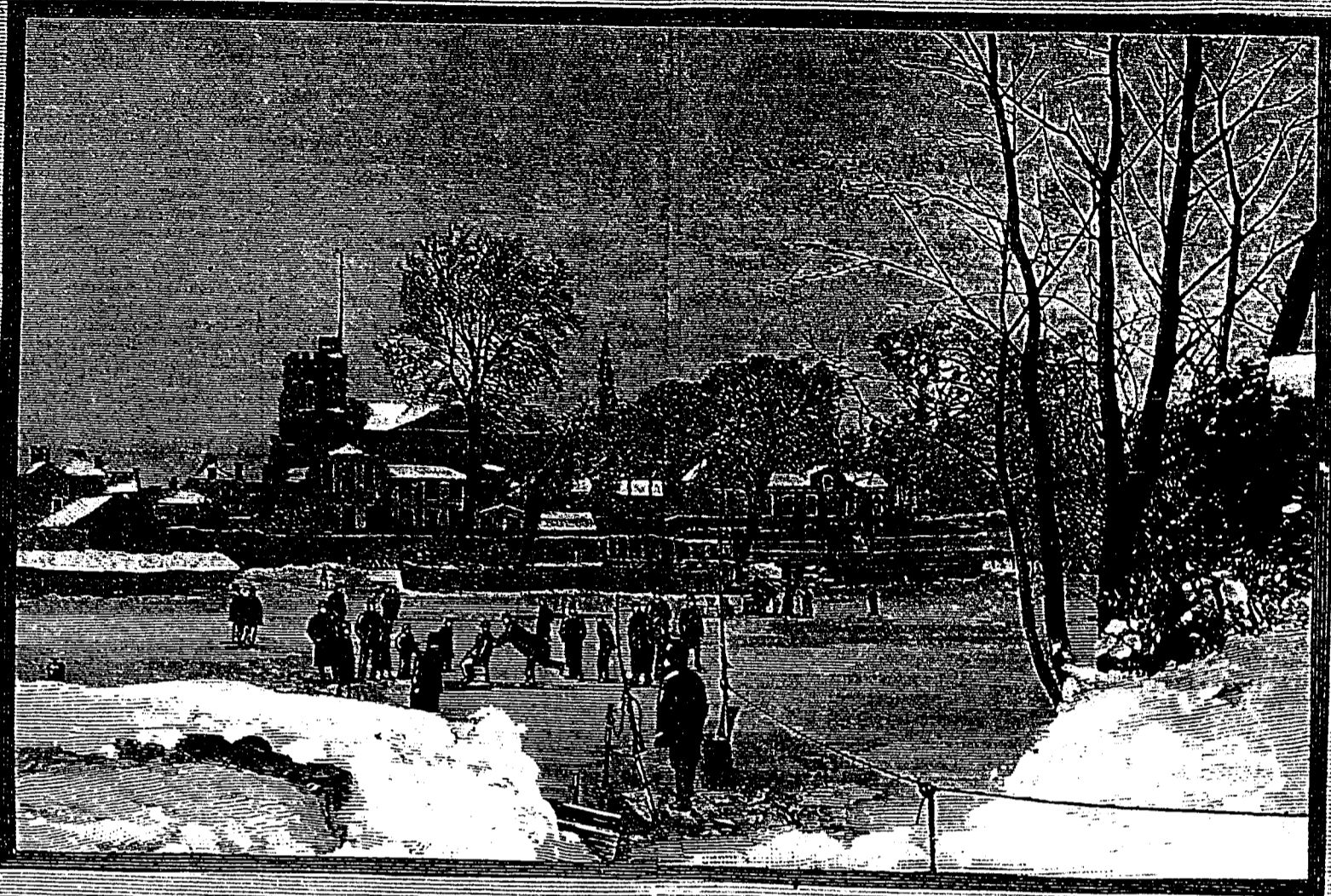
"Is that dog of yours a cross-breed?" asked a gentleman recently of a countryman. "No, sir," was the reply. "his mother was a gentle, affectionate creature."

SMITH: "Delightful wine this; isn't it? Is there anything in the world better than a glass of good wine?" BROWN: "Yes, there is—a bottle."

WHEN a Yankee editor wishes to get up a big sale for his paper, he sends to a correspondent, through an office presided over by a woman, a postal card on which is written, "Send me a full account of the scandal."

DURING the recent civil conflict there were two volunteers lying beneath blankets looking up at the stars in a Virginia sky. Says Jack: "What made you go into the army, Tom?" "Well," replied Tom, "I had no wife and I love war." "What made you go into the war, Jack?" "Well," he replied, "I had a wife and I love peace."

MR. MCGUIRE was elected constable of a Kansas town, and a local newspaper announced that "Mr. Maguire will wash himself before he assumes office." This made him very angry; he called upon the editor, the editor promised to retract and announced next day that Mr. Maguire would not wash himself after all.



AN EXTEMPORISED SLEDGE.

AT TWICKENHAM.

NEAR TEDDINGTON.

SCENES ON THE FROZEN THAMES.—FROM INSTANTANEOUS PHOTOGRAPHS BY J. THOMSON.



MADAME ROSITA JEHIN-PRUME.



A RACE ON THE ICE.—BICYCLES V. SKATES.

## SERENADE.

Awake, beloved! it is the hour  
When earth is fairyland:  
The moon looks from her cloudy bow'r,  
The sea sobs on the sand.  
Our steps shall be by the dreaming sea  
And our thoughts shall wander far  
To the happy clime of a future time  
In a new-created star!

Arise, my fair! a strange new wind  
Comes kindly down from heaven:  
Its fingers round my forehead bind  
A chaplet angel-given.  
I'll sing to thee of the dawn to be  
And the buds that yet shall blow  
In the happy clime of a future time  
Which only the angels know!

## THE SEER.

A TALE.—BY RUDOLPH LINDAU.

III.

Winter was over, and we were in March. I had been obliged to accept many invitations, and, for the first time since I had made Stachowitch's acquaintance, some days had gone by without our meeting.

One night as I was going home, at about eleven, I chanced to pass before his door. Glancing up at his window and seeing a light, I went up and found him busy writing.

"I am very glad to see you," he said, coming forward to meet me. "I have a favour to ask of you."

He begged me to sit down, and took a chair himself in front of me. I noticed at once that he was labouring under great and painful excitement.

"What has happened?" I asked.

Stachowitch rose and walked up and down the room with a hurried step. Then stopping before me, he said abruptly:

"Do you think me a coward?"

"Decidedly not," I answered. "What do you mean?"

"I have been insulted—grievously insulted—and I cannot fight the man."

"Hem! it's awkward.—There are men who will not fight from principle. It is a question of conscience—or of taste. There is no discussing it, but—"

"You are mistaken," said Stachowitch, quickly. "I have fought more than one duel in my life, and I may fight again. But it is Drieux who has insulted me—". He appeared to hesitate.

"Well," said I, to encourage him to proceed. "Drieux or another, what does it matter?"

"I cannot fight him."

"Why not?"

"I cannot; I must not." He spoke with great animation.

"My good fellow," I said, rising from my seat, "I am quite at your service: but on one condition; you must give up speaking in riddles, and you must tell me clearly what has occurred."

"Drieux has insulted me."

"You have told me that three times already."

"I am entitled to demand satisfaction."

"We will see about that when you have been good enough to give me all the particulars of this business. Drieux is a man of honour, and he will not refuse you satisfaction, if you have a right to demand it."

"But I cannot fight him."

"I was beginning to lose patience."

"I will come back to-morrow," I said. "I trust you will be sufficiently calm by that time, to be able to speak intelligibly. Good-night."

"Stop, I beseech you. Do not leave me! Help me!"

"So be it. I remain. Now be calm; give me a light. Thanks! And now, please, light your cigarette.—All right! Are you ready? Well, then, tell me now why you will not fight Drieux?"

He looked fixedly at me, and his staring, wide-open eyes assumed an expression of unspeakable horror.

"Because I will not be his murderer," he said at last slowly, emphasizing each word.

"You grow more and more mysterious."

"Because I am sure to kill him if we fight."

With an undisguised gesture of impatience, I answered somewhat crossly: "Enough of all this; we can talk about it later. Tell me what has taken place. Until I know, I do not see that my interference can be of any use."

The story Stachowitch told me at last was commonplace enough. The good feeling that had formerly existed between Drieux and himself had for some time past undergone a gradual change. The two young men had become jealous rivals, and had watched each other with distrust whenever they met at Madame de Baudy's. Drieux had proposed to Marie, and had been refused. Since then he had ceased to visit at his aunt's house. His pride had been nearly as much wounded as his affections. He felt sore and angry with every one, but more especially with Stachowitch. When they met, Drieux bowed stiffly, and with an aggrieved air. The Russian, feeling sure that he meant to pick a quarrel, avoided him as much as he could. In the afternoon of that very day they had met again at the fencing-school. There Drieux had asked Stachowitch abruptly whether he would do him the honour of a match with him.

"I refused," continued Stachowitch, "and I feel certain that I did so in the most courteous terms; but Drieux would not be put off, and it

became evident that he had an object in view. He insisted in such an aggressive tone, that I might well have considered myself affronted, had I not been resolved to avoid a quarrel by every possible means. Some members of the club who witnessed the painful scene tried to interfere. They pointed out to Drieux how irrational this outburst of anger was; they reminded him that they had all made up their minds long ago to put up with my apparent caprice in the choice of my adversaries; that nobody took offence at it,—and that Drieux, by acting differently, seemed to be reading them a lesson. Nothing could pacify him; on the contrary, raising his voice still more, he apostrophized me in such an offensive tone, that I was obliged at last to break through my self-imposed restraint, and to request him to explain or to retract his words. He merely laughed, saying that his words were intelligible enough to require no commentary; that he had no reason to retract them, and that it rested with me either to accept them or to demand satisfaction. This is how the matter stands. What do you advise?"

I replied that the first thing was to try all means of conciliation. "I will see your opponent to-morrow morning. He may have got good advice from his pillow. I will try and make him understand that he is committing himself foolishly by his obstinacy in this matter. Do not worry yourself unnecessarily. Happen what may, your honour is safe in my hands."

Early next morning I called on Drieux. He evidently expected my visit. At my very first words he stopped me, and giving me the names of two of his friends, begged that I would settle the matter with them. I tried in vain to obtain an explanation from him. He listened politely, and his behaviour was unobjectionable, but to all my remarks he merely replied, that his friends having kindly consented to conduct this business, it was no longer any concern of his, and that he felt quite satisfied that they would do what was right. I took leave of him without having made the slightest impression, and went to see his friends.

Drieux had taken care to select two very young men, who did not belong to our club, and who, being duly impressed with the importance of their functions as seconds, would probably have been disappointed if they had not had to play a part in an "affair of honour." With them, likewise, I was completely unsuccessful.

"But," they argued, "why should we hinder those two gentlemen from fighting if they wish it? A hostile meeting between them is unavoidable, unless your friend gives up demanding satisfaction. The Vicomte de Drieux has declared positively to us that he will make no apology. He has requested us to be his seconds, and we have accepted. Nothing remains now but to settle the conditions of their meeting, if Count Stachowitch considers that any reparation is due to him. We admit his claim, and we are at your orders."

I made an appointment with these hot-brained young fellows, and returned to Stachowitch to give an account of my mission, and to inform him that all my attempts at conciliation had failed.

"I knew as much beforehand," he said; "but now my conscience will not reproach me. I have done all I could to avoid this unfortunate duel, and the blood that will be shed will be on the head of the aggressor."

Stachowitch spoke calmly, but in a tone of despondency which few men in his situation would have cared to exhibit.

"You take too tragical a view of the matter," I said. "A man has insulted you; you demand satisfaction, and he agrees to fight with you; this is no very unusual occurrence. You have right on your side, and temper, too; that is the essential point."

The duel took place at daybreak the next morning, in the wood of Vincennes. I had felt some apprehension lest Stachowitch should not behave becomingly on the ground, for the day before he had given way to his intense anxiety, quite regardless of my presence. But when the morning came, and we were in the carriage together, he took care to reassure me.

"You seem to fear that I may betray weakness in presence of my adversary. Make yourself easy on that score; I know what I have to do, and will give you no cause to be ashamed of me."

And, indeed, he bore himself excellently. He was serious, dignified, and collected. When he had laid aside his coat and waistcoat, and loosened his neck-tie, and I saw him standing, sword in hand, in front of Drieux, I could not help admiring his noble presence, his supple and vigorous frame.

Drieux attacked him impetuously. At first Stachowitch seemed content to parry the furious thrusts of his adversary; but after a while he warmed to the work, and attacked in his turn. More than once I fancied that I had seen the point of his sword graze the breast of his adversary, but he never touched him. All at once he lowered his weapon and stepped back. We ran towards him; he had been wounded rather seriously in his right arm; further fighting was pronounced impossible. Drieux gloomily and slowly prepared to depart, while his seconds eagerly offered their assistance. I declined it with thanks, and they too, bowing low, retired.

I then turned to Stachowitch, whom I had left in the hands of the doctor. I was struck with the expression of his countenance, which was radiant with delight.

"Heaven be praised!" he cried. "It is well over. If you knew what a weight has been lifted from my heart!"

I was rather surprised at this overflowing joy on the part of a wounded man, and I rejoined—

"I would rather Drieux had got that wound, but as you seem so delighted with it, I have no business to complain."

When the doctor had dressed and bandaged the wound he left us, and Stachowitch and I drove back alone to the Avenue Friedland.

On the way the Russian could not restrain the expression of his joy. At times he appeared absorbed in his own thoughts; but these must have been of a pleasant nature, for his face, which I had always seen so sad and anxious, was lighted up by a smile of intense satisfaction.

"I feel as if I had come out of a bad dream," he said. "Here am I awake, and I now know that all that troubled me was only a chimera. I, too, may hope to be happy. This very day I will go to Madame de Baudy's and make my offer. I feel confident that I will be accepted. I have been miserable so long. My turn to be happy has come at last. Yes, I will succeed. Good-bye! Congratulate me; I'm so happy!"

I could not understand this exultation; but as I did not wish to damp his joy, I took leave of Stachowitch at the door of his own apartment, well pleased at heart that this duel, which I had dreaded, had not more serious consequences.

IV.

Stachowitch's proposal had been well received by Madame de Baudy and her niece, and my friend was the happiest of men. He was transformed. The unaccountable sadness of former days had given place to a joy so exuberant, that I had some trouble in getting accustomed to it.

After all, I could see nothing very extraordinary in what had happened to Stachowitch. Marie de Massieux was, no doubt, a charming girl, and, to a certain point, his satisfaction seemed natural enough; still, with a little clear-sightedness, he might have known beforehand that he would be accepted, and I could not comprehend why he was so strangely surprised at his own good fortune.

"I am the happiest of men," he kept repeating; to which I would reply, "I am delighted to hear it; but really, my good fellow, it is your own fault if you were not as happy as this three months ago."

Upon this Stachowitch would look at me wistfully, as though he were deliberating with himself whether he would confide something to me or not. But he kept silent, and left his exceeding happiness as unexplained as his former sadness had been.

Drieux had left Paris immediately after the duel, and I learned by chance that he was travelling in Greece.

"I wish him well, with all my heart," said Stachowitch, when I told him this. "I owe him all the happiness of my life."

"At your riddles again!" I exclaimed. "What possible connection can there be between Drieux and your happiness?"

Stachowitch smiled mysteriously, as if to say, "I alone know, but I am not mistaken."

This conversation ended as many others had ended before; and when Boris Stachowitch left me, I could not help wondering whether there was not something disordered in the state of his mind.

This doubt recurred with greater force some days later, under the following circumstances. One evening, towards ten o'clock, I went to see Stachowitch by appointment. We were to go together to spend the evening with the Countess de Villiers. The servant who opened the door, knowing how intimate I was with his master, let me go in alone. The drawing-room was empty. I crossed it noiselessly, thanks to the thick carpet which covered the floor, and I was on the point of entering the bed-room, when, on the very threshold, my steps were arrested by the strangest sight.

Two lighted candelabra stood on the chimney-piece, and were brilliantly reflected in a large mirror; and in front of that mirror stood Stachowitch, indulging in the most singular grimaces. First, he looked at himself with that deep, searching gaze, which reminded me involuntarily of the way in which he had looked at the murderer Béchouard in the railway-carriage; then he drew back a few paces, without taking his eyes off his own image in the glass—which, naturally, at that distance, became less distinct. After a while he began to screw up his eyes, draw down the corners of his mouth, wrinkle up his brow, and, in short, try to impart to his face a wearied and dejected expression. When he had performed these tricks for a few seconds, he once more drew near to the mirror, and, to my intense astonishment, I saw him take up a crayon, and, like an actor about to play the part of an old man, trace with it wrinkles on his forehead and round his mouth.

I looked on in mute and painful surprise. Here was I, the unsuspected witness of a dismal farce—of an act of madness! I retreated on tip-toe to the door of the drawing-room, and after waiting a minute to recover my composure, I opened the door, closed it again noisily, and, from the entrance, called out to Stachowitch.

"I will be with you in an instant," he answered, from the inner room, with no apparent emotion in his voice; "read the paper, to take patience."

He closed the door of the bedroom, without showing himself, and, after leaving me alone for a few minutes, he appeared, with the smiling, cheerful countenance which he had worn ever since his duel with Drieux.

I was sorely tempted to question him about the strange scene of which I had been an invol-

untary spectator, but the fear of appearing obtrusive kept me silent.

We went out together. At the corner of Avenue Friedland and of the Faubourg St. Honoré we took a cab.

"Here's a good number," I said, glancing at the little ticket which the coachman had given me.—"No. 1107."

"Why should that number be better than another?" inquired Stachowitch.

"Because it can be divided by nine."

Stachowitch looked at me interrogatively.

"I make it a rule," I said, "to read attentively the number of every cab I take, and every house I go to. If the sum total produced by adding up all the figures of which the number is composed can be divided by nine, I call it a good number, and I am pleased. If, on the contrary, the addition of the figures gives me thirteen as a result—as, for instance, in the case of No. 643—I feel uncomfortable. I like to go and see friends whose houses are luckily numbered; whereas I live in dread of quarrelling with people who live at Nos. 49, 67, &c., &c. Fortunately, there are not many such. Now, for example, I like your street, because there is no No. 13 in Avenue Friedland. The houses on the side of the odd numbers follow thus: No. 11, No. 11 bis, No. 15. The owner of that No. 11 bis is a wise man. I do not know him, but I cannot but respect him."

Stachowitch listened to me with deep attention.

"Seriously, do you believe in such things?" he asked.

As I scarcely knew whether he was in earnest or only joking, I answered, gravely, "Of course I do."

"Then I suppose you have likewise a fear of Friday, and would not choose that day for setting out on a journey?"

"Oh! oh!" I replied, keeping up the same serious tone, "that would be sheer superstition. To take account of No. 9 and No. 13 is quite another thing. It is a habit one may cultivate and cherish till it develops into a full-blown mania. One may indulge in it quite harmlessly, twenty times a day; and, for my part, I find that it adds considerably to the enjoyment of life."

"Take care," exclaimed Stachowitch, sharply; "you are playing a dangerous game. Believe me, I speak as one who knows by sad experience."

"Are you speaking seriously?"

"Quite seriously."

"Then, my good fellow, let me tell you, no less seriously, that you are once more becoming incomprehensible. I would like to know what harm can accrue to me or to any one else from my preference for cab No. 999 over cab No. 13? Or why should I not, when selecting an apartment for friends or for myself, be attracted by No. 27 rather than by No. 55?"

"Every mania is dangerous. Mania, Maniacus are terrible words, my dear friend. Any one who leaves the path of reason, is on his way to madness."

I did not care to continue the conversation, as the serious turn it had taken seemed to me, considering the subject, rather absurd. I therefore merely replied by an "Oh yes! of course, quite true, quite true!" knowing by experience that unconditional assent generally puts an end to all argument. Then we talked of other things. I must add that I felt disinclined to go on with the joke. The remembrance of the scene before the mirror, which I had just witnessed, made me feel uncomfortable when I heard Stachowitch speak of madness.

The painful impression produced by that scene wore away quickly enough. The behaviour of my young Russian friend during the days that followed was, as far as I could see, perfectly rational, and the remembrance of what I had seen was fast being effaced. I tried to think of it as a mere childish freak.

There are many men, and women too, for whom their own image reflected in a mirror has strange and peculiar fascination. Not only do they find pleasure in looking at themselves constantly—a thing which seems scarcely explicable by any rational motive—but I have known, and still know, not a few who smile and make eyes at themselves, and who, for their sole and private satisfaction—for they are always ashamed when surprised in the act—assume in turn pensive, cheerful, sad, or angry airs. I persuaded myself that Stachowitch had indulged in this innocent foolery. It made him a little ridiculous in my eyes, but did not impair my friendship for him; and I did my best to forget his grimaces before the mirror.

His marriage was fixed for the 8th of June. The last days of May were come. Stachowitch dined almost every day at Madame de Baudy's, returning home about ten. I had formed the habit of going to him at that hour, and we used generally to wind up the evening—those pleasant evenings of the end of May—by sauntering down the Champs Elysées together.

One evening I called at his house at the accustomed hour, and was told that he was out, but that he requested me particularly to wait for him, as he had something important to communicate. I imagined that it was some commission relative to his marriage that he wanted me to execute for him; and having nothing better to do I settled myself in an arm-chair, and began to read. The evening was beautiful. From the windows I could see the trees of the avenue, and I could hear the roll of the passing carriages. There was nothing in my surroundings likely to produce lugubrious or fantastic ideas.

Suddenly I started up with a cry of terror. Before me, pale as death, with wild and flashing eyes, stood the tall and spectre-like form of Stachowitch.

"Read that! read that!" he cried, in a hoarse voice, without giving me time to speak, and thrusting a crumpled newspaper before my eyes.

"Instead of looking at the paper, I surveyed Stachowitch with surprise.

"What is the matter?" I inquired.

"Read that," he repeated. "You will see how right I was. Oh! my terrible forebodings!"

I took the paper, and read the paragraph to which he pointed with an unsteady finger. It was a despatch of the *Agence Havas* in these words:

"We learn from Athens that the Vicomte de Drieux has been murdered by brigands during an excursion he had undertaken in the neighbourhood of this town. The identity of the victim has been established by the French Consul. M. de Drieux was stabbed in the heart with a dagger. The police are making active search to discover the authors of the crime."

"Poor fellow!" I said. "This is, indeed, sad news, and I am truly sorry."

"I knew, I knew that Drieux would die so," exclaimed Stachowitch.

This exclamation struck me as strange. It occurred to me suddenly that Stachowitch had shown great reluctance to fight with Drieux because he felt sure that he would kill him. In spite of myself I felt a queer sensation of awe creep over me; but I did my best to overcome it, saying to myself that, after all, it could only be a strange coincidence, and that my duty was to recall Stachowitch by argument to reality and sober reason, instead of following him in the fanciful theories and imaginings which seemed to have taken hold of him. I, therefore, urged him strongly to tell me what it was that troubled him.

His excitement was so great that he was thrown off his guard, and he could no longer maintain the reserve he had so long imposed upon himself. After a while he consented to give me an explanation, but even then his agitation did not subside. He walked up and down the room, speaking in a loud voice, and gesticulating vehemently. His speech was so disconnected, and touched on so many points in quick succession, that for some minutes I could scarcely understand what he was saying. Gradually, however, he became more intelligible, and when he had done speaking I was in full possession of his sad story.

I cannot transcribe it here as he told it; but, in substance, this is what has remained engraved on my memory.

V.

The story of my friend, Count Boris Stachowitch, was as follows: "One day I was seated near a beautiful girl at a large dinner party. Her figure was faultless, I do not remember to have ever seen such lovely shoulders, or such a perfect hand and arm. Her large, blue, liquid eye beamed with intelligence; her mouth was fresh and rosy. The line of the eyebrow exquisite, and the long, thick eyelashes lent inexpressible charm to her enchanting countenance when she looked down. I was literally bewitched by such a combination of beauty; and so long as the dinner lasted, I was exclusively occupied with my neighbour. She listened with flattering attention when I spoke to her; at times she smiled with good-humoured familiarity, as though we had been old friends; at others she assumed a grave and almost solemn expression, as if all I was saying were worthy of her most serious attention. From time to time she raised her eyes to heaven and seemed absorbed in a gentle reverie; and then again she would cast them down, and veil them for a few seconds with the magnificent fringe of her eyelashes. The more I looked at her, the more beautiful she appeared to be.

"After dinner our hostess begged her to give us some music. She required no pressing, and executed some difficult pieces of music with the precision and taste of a master. Then she sang. Her voice was powerful, and wonderfully cultivated. Never in my whole life had I met with so accomplished a being. She was at once surrounded and assailed with compliments, and to every one in turn she replied in a few words of graceful and becoming modesty. My eyes followed her wherever she went. Suddenly, I saw her go with timid steps up to a middle-aged lady who had been seated in front of the piano, and whom nobody appeared to have noticed.

"The face of the lady was not quite new to me, and yet I tried in vain to recollect where I had seen it before. I examined her attentively. She was not ugly, and yet there was something in her appearance which was singularly repellent. It was a harsh, cold, and even cruel countenance. She was tall and thin, and wore a plain, dark-coloured dress. Her hands, which were encased in black shiny gloves, were singularly small. Her thin hair, black as jet, was dressed simply and unpretendingly. Her skin, of the colour of wax, was dried up like that of a mummy, and her eyes, which seemed to take heed of all that was passing around, were deep sunk in their sockets. Her lips were thin and colourless.

"What an odious creature!" I said to myself.

"That woman must have a heart of stone."

"Just then she raised her eyes to the ceiling.

"Where have I seen that face before?" I asked myself again.

"Her eyelids drooped slowly, and closed as if

in slumber. I felt more and more convinced that she was no stranger to me.

"Do you know the lady to whom Mademoiselle Olga M. is speaking?" I inquired of an old family friend, who was also very intimate with our host.

"She is Countess M., the mother of your neighbour at dinner."

"What! Can it be possible that so lovely a being has such a mother?"

The old gentleman smiled.

"I knew the Countess before her marriage,"

he said. "We used to call her 'the fair Nathalie.'"

She was incomparably handsomer than her daughter Olga; and moreover so clever! so amusing! Every man who approached her was captivated. There was no resisting the witchery. I, too, was madly in love with her; and as to your father, Boris, he nearly died of love for 'the fair Nathalie.'" Ah me! she was a girl who knew how to make the most of her charms. She talked, she danced, she sang like a siren. But neither your father nor myself were what she wanted. Her choice had fallen on Count M., a very rich man; and of course she managed to make him marry her. In the course of five years she bore him three daughters, and by the sixth year she had killed him by her cold, cruel wickedness. Two of her daughters are married; the youngest, Olga, is still free. But if you will listen to good advice my young friend, you will have nothing to do with that dangerous beauty. Olga reminds me of her mother at eighteen.

The smile is the same, and she knows how to call up that same soft winning look her witch of a mother had. Just look at them both raise their eyes and drop them again in the same fashion: they have the same hands and feet, the same forehead the same mouth. All that is angular and sharp in the Countess is rounded and soft in the daughter; that is the effect of time. Years will transform your fair Olga as they have transformed my fair Nathalie; thirty years hence the one will be the living image of what the other is now. *Esperio crede Roberto*. Good-night, Boris. Do not dream of Olga. Rather, if you needs must dream, let it be of that young girl you see yonder in the pink frock, who is seated quietly and shyly near her mamma, as smiling and as blooming as herself. Just look! she has taken hold of her mother's dress as if she were afraid of losing her. Olga has no fea of that sort; she knows how to stand alone."

"I withdrew into a corner of the room to think over what I had heard. I am gifted with good eyesight, and at the distance I was from Olga, I could distinguish every feature as plainly as if I had been at her side. Yes, it was true, she resembled her mother,—not at first sight, but only when you stripped her features of the charm of youth. What cold hard looks those eyes might dart! How forbidding that mouth appeared, when, in fancy, I distinguished the lovely smile that was playing round it! 'This, then, is what Olga will be thirty years hence,' I said to myself, as I looked at her mother. All at once, I felt afraid of the girl who had captivated me an hour before. I cannot say why, my thoughts suddenly reverted to my grandmother and an old great-aunt of mine, both of whom were alive at that time. There was an extraordinary likeness between the two sisters; and yet my father had often told me that his mother, in her youth, had been a great beauty; while his aunt, on the contrary, had been a plain girl. A whole train of ideas rushed through my brain concerning the immutable stability of the typical in each individual,—lines that external accidents—youth, ease, misfortune, illness, or good health—may disfigure as under a veil for a given time, but which, towards the close of life, stripped of all accidental circumstance or artifice, reveal the original plan, so to speak, upon which the individual was constructed. 'That original structure,' I said, 'is the true man; all else is but a semblance.' Having come to that conclusion, I left my nook and mingled once more with the crowd. Chance brought me again near Olga. Her expressive look spoke a flattering welcome.

"What a meditative air, Sir Philosopher!" she said. "What can you be thinking of? Give me your arm and take me out of this furnace. I am suffocated here."

"I led her into another room; we went up to a window, and, still leaning on my arm, she raised her beautiful eyes to the starry sky. There was an expression of gentle melancholy on her countenance. I could feel the regular beating of her heart, and a deep sigh upheaved her maiden bosom. . . . And I knew—with absolute certainty I knew—that her whole being was a lie: a lie, the dreamy eye; a lie, the smiling mouth and tender words; a lie, each robe and motionless by my side, like a beautiful statue, I saw her, not as she seemed to be, but as she would be thirty years hence. I could perceive distinctly her real, her typical features. They were those of her mother, the woman with the wicked stern eyes and the cruel mouth. I let go her arm and drew away.

"What is the matter?" she said with surprise. "You are quite pale."

"No commonplace excuse was at my command; I was under the spell of truth. 'You are horrible,' I faltered out. She burst into a merry laugh, supposing, doubtless, that some joke was intended; but without heeding her, I fled from the house.

"From that day a new life began for me. My former light-heartedness was gone for ever. I could not help scrutinising every new face with peculiar attention. Young people especially interested me. Whenever I met them in

company of their parents, I could not take my eyes off them until I had succeeded in metamorphosing their young and blooming faces, and had given them the weary, furrowed, care-worn harsh, resigned or desponding countenance—as the case might be—of their father or mother. The youthful complexion faded, so to speak, under my gaze; the skin seemed to wither, and either to pucker into wrinkles, or to distend itself into flabby folds over the blurred and bloated outline; the turned-up corners of a smiling mouth were drawn down; the liquid lustre of the eye was extinguished. My passionate desire to discover the real face of the future under the visage actually before me became a real mania. It often got me into trouble for strangers have more than once asked me what I meant by my inquisitorial looks. I resolved a hundred times to conquer this unfortunate habit, but it soon overmastered my will. At theatres, in concert-rooms, I was constantly seeking problems to solve. I looked out for some unknown youthful face, and then, in fancy, I made it grow old. When this was effected, there was no stratagem to which I would not have recourse to get at the father and the mother of the individual I had studied. At first I was frequently obliged to recognize that I had been mistaken; the parents bore no resemblance to the image my fancy had conjured up. I would then seek the cause of my error, and, generally, I was successful in discovering it. At last I ascertained the true laws, the fixed rules in obedience to which each essential feature was to be transformed in the course of years, so as to return to its typical form; and soon I became proficient in the useless, unprofitable, and painful art to which I had devoted myself. One glance was sufficient for me to discover the future under the present visage.

"The period which I may term my apprenticeship did not last long, as I have said; but no sooner had I perfected myself in the art of observation, and acquired the certainty that I could unmistakably discover the typical face under its temporary disguise, than I was struck with the fact that some faces remained, so to speak refractory under my process. It was in vain that I applied to them all the rules that I had drawn up in order to reduce them to their original type; I found it impossible to make them grow old.

"One of these refractory faces was that of my own brother; another was that of a friend of my sister's, whom I saw daily at home, and whom I secretly worshipped.

"Why is it," I would often ask myself, 'that I am unable to transform those two?' I would then bury my face in my hands and think it over and over again. When I did that, Alexis and Sophie used to appear to me, pale, with closed eyes, the stamp of youth upon their features. Soon after I saw their two corpses looking just as they had appeared to my mind's eye. In an excursion on the lake, the boat in which they were together capsized, and both were drowned.

"The deep grief I felt at the loss of my brother and of the girl I loved, to which was added the painful certainty I had now acquired of my power to discern the signs of early death on any countenance, nearly drove me mad. I fell dangerously ill, and for many weeks my life was despaired of. In time I recovered from the malignant fever which had attacked me, but the horrible visions that had haunted me during two years remained.

"I retired to a family estate in Southern Russia, and for a whole year I lived in nearly absolute seclusion. My servants were old, good and simple people whom I had carefully selected from among my father's peasants. No one else was allowed to approach me.

"One day the mortal *camari* to which I was a prey begot the unfortunate idea of subjecting my own face to the process which I had been in the habit of applying to others. I discovered that it belonged to the refractory class; it was impossible to make it grow old. I saw myself, pale, with bright eyes and sunken cheeks, but still young—young as I had seen Alexis and Sophie. 'I shall die soon,' I said to myself, and the thought was almost a relief to me. Life had become a burden, and yet I was barely two-and-twenty! When winter came round for the second time, the oppressive solitude to which I had condemned myself became unbearable. I went to Moscow for a few days, and from thence proceeded to Paris. I thought I would try to enjoy the few days I had still to live. Moreover, I wished to see my sister, the Countess de Villiers, once more before I died.

"During my dinner I resumed my experiments. It had become impossible to see a human face under any form than that of the future—the typical form. I got used to it. I lived, as it were, in company of old people who wore the mask—transparent for me alone—of youth. I easily recognized the real person beneath the disguise. Some pleased me, and I sought to make friends of them; others appeared hideous, and I avoided them. People set me down as eccentric and queer—I let them talk.

"My illness—for that it was an illness I well knew—was soon to make great and fearful progress. I had proof of this, for the first time, during the journey to Paris.

"When the train in which I was had passed the Belgian frontier, and entered French territory, a railway employé got into our carriage to examine the tickets. He had a refractory face. I was looking with interest and pity at one who, I knew, was fated to die young, when I suddenly perceived a red line crossing his forehead like the trace of some fearful wound. I could not

take my eyes off him as long as he remained near our carriage, and I watched him at every station when the train stopped. Wherever he passed he seemed to find friends, with whom he exchanged greetings. He never appeared in a hurry. He would quietly let the train start, and then, running after it, he would jump on the step of his carriage with an adroitness which denoted long habit, and so get in. At St. Quentin he delayed too long. I was watching him out of the carriage-window. It was only by running as fast as he could that he managed to get up to the last carriage. I saw him leap on to the step; I saw his feet touch it; his hand sought a hold and found none; he staggered and fell. . . . I heard a cry which was soon drowned in the shriek of the engine. The guard had noticed the accident and stopped the train. Some of the officials jumped on the line, and ran towards the spot where their comrade lay. When they reappeared they were carrying a corpse. The poor fellow had fallen head-foremost on the metals, and had fractured his skull. On the forehead there was a terrible wound.

"Could I still believe that all this was only the creation of a diseased brain? No. That was no longer possible, though my reason rebelled against the notion of admitting the supernatural as positive truth. Could it be chance that had shown me in imagination three living beings under the aspect that they were to wear in reality after death? No. Others might believe it, others might call my second-sight hallucination and try to explain it by saying that my over-excited brain created images with such vague outlines, that I could fancy I had already seen certain things, which, in reality, I was perceiving for the first time. But I could not rest satisfied with such explanation. I was constrained to acknowledge, on the contrary, that—fearful and mysterious as it was—I possessed the baleful gift of recognizing those who were fated to die young, and of even discerning in certain cases the peculiar marks foreshadowing their mode of death. Thus, I had seen Alexis and Sophie; thus, when he was seated beside me, I had seen the murderer Béchouard with upturned eyes—the eyes of a corpse; and in like manner again, whenever I looked at Drieux, I saw the mark on his heart of a mortal wound.

"After my duel with our poor friend, I felt new life return. I had been possessed by the idea that I would kill him if ever I encountered him, sword in hand. We had met, we had fought, and he it was who had wounded me. I blessed him for it. I persuaded myself that since I had been mistaken once, that was a proof that my second-sight was not infallible. Why should I not be mistaken a hundred times? Why not always? That fatal gift which I had fancied mine, was not real; it was an off-spring of my diseased imagination,—a fearful dream that time and experience were dispelling. Thus I argued, and felt relieved. I was eager for happiness; life once more seemed so attractive! I hoped to be able to enjoy it in peace. Yesterday, this morning—nay, a few hours ago, I hoped still. Now it is all over. . . . I know that Drieux has been murdered; that he died as I had foreseen; that I was not mistaken. . . . And I know, with absolute certainty, that I too must die soon. I have nothing more to hope for in life. All is lost, irrevocably lost!"

As he said these last words, Stachowitch sank back in his chair, and, burying his face in his hands, burst into tears. In vain I sought to quiet him. At last finding all argument useless, I called in his servant. The old man began to talk to him gently in Russian, and at last prevailed upon him to go to bed. I ran to the doctor, who was an old acquaintance of mine. I had some difficulty in gaining admittance to him at that late hour, but at my urgent entreaty he at last consented to return with me to Stachowitch's bedside. This latter lay in a troubled sleep; the doctor discovered all the symptoms of a violent fever, and after prescribing some remedies to be applied immediately left us, promising to return early the next morning.

I passed the greater part of the night at my friend's bedside. At daybreak, feeling myself overcome by sleep, and seeing, moreover, that Stachowitch was sleeping calmly, I went home, after charging the Russian servant not to leave the room.

It was rather late when I woke the next morning. I dressed hurriedly and hastened to Stachowitch's house. The porter stopped me at the foot of the stairs.

"There is nobody up-stairs," he said; "the Count and his servant left this morning at seven."

"What! Gone! Where are they gone?"

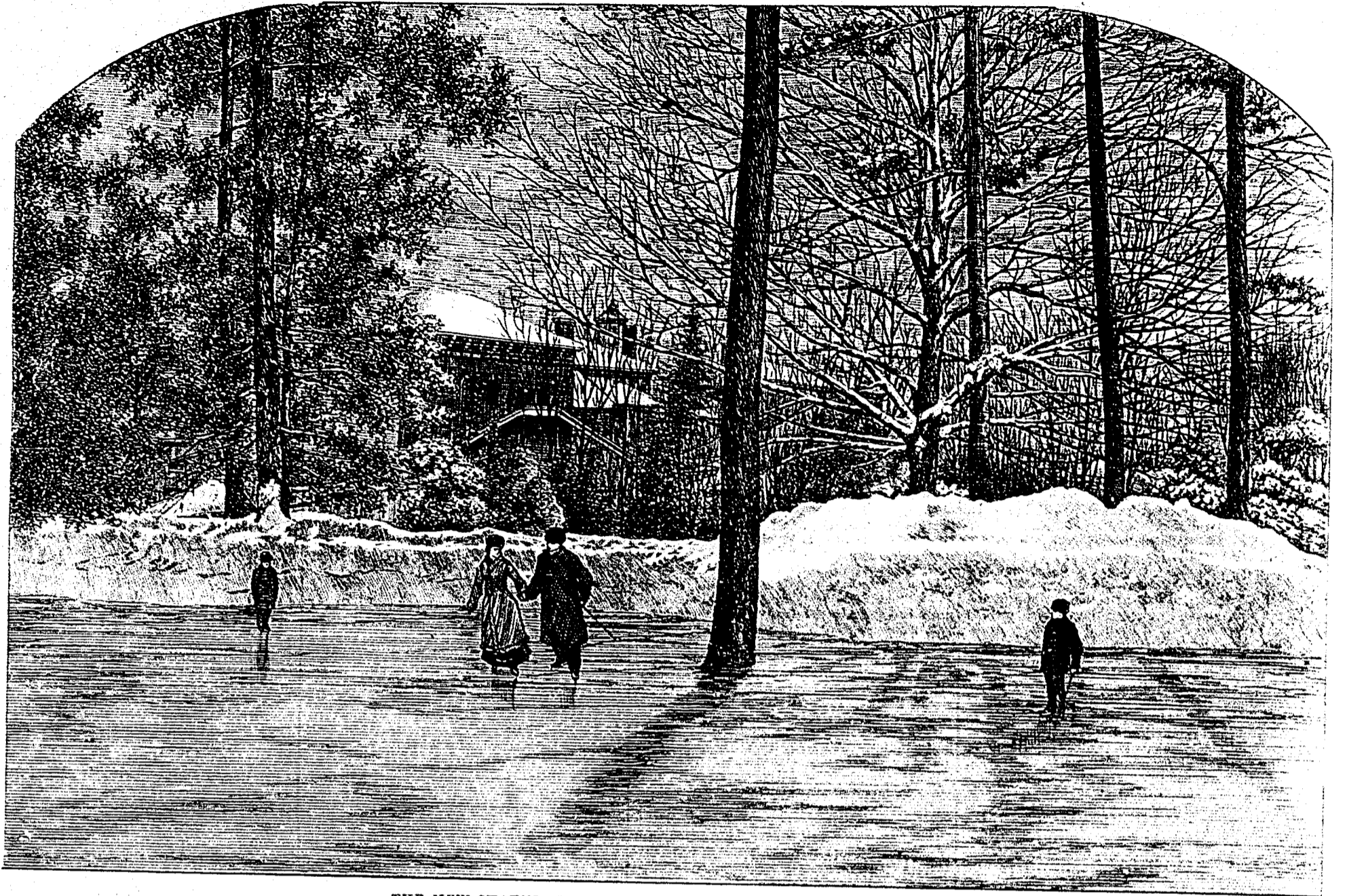
"I cannot say. The Count passed before my lodge without even looking at me; the servant, who carried a small portmanteau, said, 'We are going away for a few days. That's all I know; not much as you see; but then, if every lodger.'"

I did not wait for more, but went at once to Stachowitch's sister. "Madame la Comtesse is not at home," I was told. There was nothing left for me to do, but to go on to Madame de Baudy's. I was admitted at once, and before I could utter a word, she asked me in an agitated voice, "Have you come to explain what this means?"

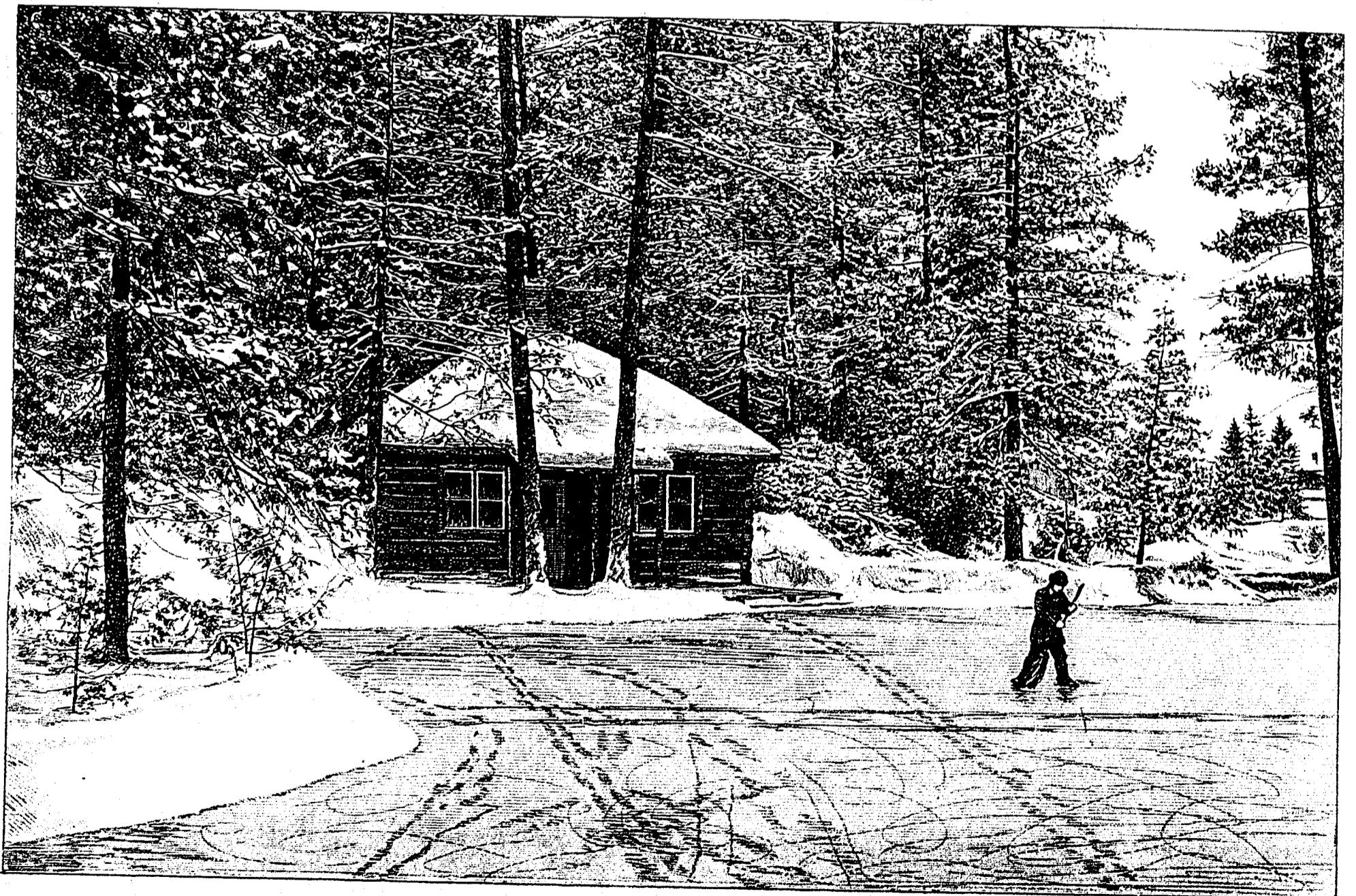
At the same time she handed me an open letter which contained only a few hurried lines:—

"I am obliged to forego the happiness of all

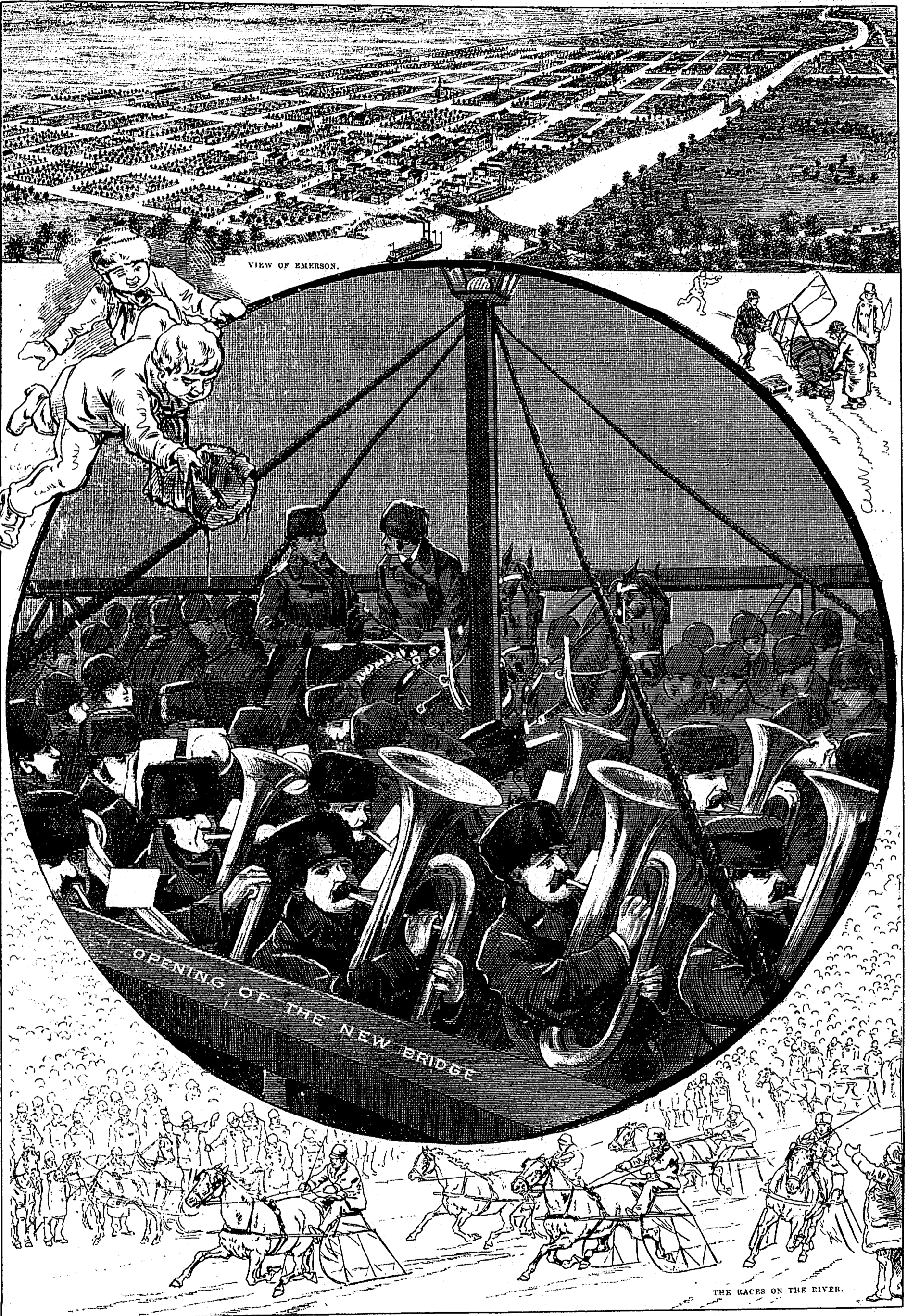




THE NEW SKATING RINK IN THE GROUNDS OF RIDEAU HALL.



THE SAME FROM THE OPPOSITE SIDE.



VIEW OF EMERSON.

OPENING OF THE NEW BRIDGE

THE RACES ON THE RIVER.

TROTTING RACES AT EMERSON, MANITOBA.—(SEE PAGE 147.)

my life. Do not accuse me; I am innocent. Pity me; I am unhappy. Comfort Marie.

"BORIS STACHOWITCH."

What was the use of explanations! The only excuse I could offer for my poor friend was to confess that I thought him mad. That would have done him no good, nor would it have comforted Madame de Baudy or her niece. I did not care to cut off Stachowitch from all hope. Who could tell! Matters might be arranged perhaps. I merely said, therefore, that he had been seized with violent fever the day before, and had left Paris that same morning. I pointed out that his letter bore evident traces of great excitement, and that too much importance should not be attached to it. Finally, I entreated Madame de Baudy not to condemn her niece's future husband without hearing from him more fully. Having thus discharged my duty as a peace-maker, I took my leave to avoid further questioning or useless recrimination.

Time passed and I heard nothing more of Boris Stachowitch. I called several times on the Countess de Villiers, and was invariably informed that she was not at home. I came at last to the conclusion that it was painful to her to speak of her brother's illness, and I ceased my visits; but as I felt a deep interest in the young Russian, I wrote to the Countess to ask news of him. She answered at once, but her letter told me nothing new.

"My brother is ill," she wrote, "and by the advice of his physician, he has gone to reside on one of my father's estates in Southern Russia. He seems to be progressing, if not rapidly at any rate uninterruptedly, towards recovery. It will give me great pleasure to communicate again with you, as soon as I have better news to tell. I hope it may be soon."

Years have gone by since then. Madame de Villiers has not "given herself the pleasure" of communicating with me. Probably she has no good news to write, and thought it needless to communicate bad tidings. I do not know what has been the fate of poor Stachowitch. Had he recovered, he would have written to me. If he is still alive, we may meet again in this "small world" of ours. Perhaps he is dead and another of his strange forebodings has thus been realised.

Marie de Massieux did not die of grief after the disappearance of her affianced husband. She consoled herself, on the contrary, very quickly and in my opinion she was quite right. To make up one's mind to an irreparable loss is a proof of courage and of good sense, and in all ages the advice to do so has been embodied in words of wisdom. As a rule, and for the majority of human beings, life in this world is a delusion—a long catalogue of unkept promises. Fortunate are those, who, having secured a certain amount of happiness and ease, are wise enough to enjoy it without fears for the future or regrets for the past. Marie de Massieux must be numbered among these favoured few. She is married to an honest country gentleman, and her household seems prosperous. I met her, not long ago, in the Champs Elysées, where she was walking with two pretty little children. She looked smiling, proud, and satisfied. It seemed as if nothing could ruffle her placid happiness, and that at eighty she would wear the same expression of goodness and serenity that she had now. Our eyes met, but I saw by her look that she did not recognize me. Devoted to her present duties, she lives forgetful of the past, careless of the future. Hers is true wisdom. I deemed it needless to recall the remembrance of a painful period, and I passed on without even bowing to her.

#### SALON FOR THE PRINCE OF PIANISTS.

At the palace of the Musical Academy in Buda-Pest, princely apartments have been prepared for Liszt. The prince of pianists will be most agreeably surprised on entering his new home. A number of prominent ladies of the best Hungarian society have for several months been at work upon the decoration of Liszt's salon, than which scarcely anything richer and more tasteful can be imagined. Each of the ladies contributed a large share in artistic embroidery, and to a decorator was entrusted the delicate task of mounting the various pieces in the choicest and most artistic style, with strict injunctions to blend the whole, despite of its infinite variety, into perfect harmony. This has been successfully accomplished, and the *tout ensemble* is a work of art well worthy of close inspection. The pieces of embroidery have been worked after old classic patterns in the Museum of Industry, and the ancient Hungarian genre has been strictly adhered to in the mounting. The material principally used in the upholstery work were plush and leather in shaded sombre colours. The offerings of each of the lady contributors have in every instance been designated by a monogram, appropriately worked into the centre of each design. Among the numerous specimens of delicate handiwork is an ottoman made of gold-brocaded drab woollen material, covered on both sides with rich embroidery on brown plush, each of the three cushions being of a different pattern. This magnificent piece was the gift of the Countesses Mélanie and Lydia Zichy. Two large arm-chairs in Henry II. style, mounted in dark green leather, the head pieces embroidered in brown, are the work of Madame Dionys von Pazmandy and Madame von Guttmansthal. Charming both in conception and execution is a settee, the embroidery of which representing two swans, given by Miss Pulzky, is mounted

on drab-coloured leather. Two piano stools, upholstered in brown plush, are richly decorated with embroidery by the Baroness Loraud Kötös. A beautiful centre table has been given by Madame Koloman von Yörös; and a sumptuous table-cover of gold brocade material with varicoloured embroidery, by Madame von Vegh. Princess Wrede contributed a novel card-table, the top of which is covered with brown plush, tastefully bordered in blue and gold embroidery. The returning maestro will surely be delighted with the interior of the salon in his new home.

#### JOHNNIE'S SKATING.

Little Johnnie sends the following anecdote to *Harper's Bazar*, which he thinks is suitable for the winter season:—"There ain't no place like Californy for skatin'. First thing a boy does is to buy a skate, and when he gets bigger and more money he bize a other, and girls too. And where there is frost everybody takes their skates and goes and stands around a pond awaitin' for it to be ice and git drowned. Well, once there was an old man a cryin' like his heart was busted, and the docker he come, and he said the docker did, 'Wot is the matter? Take a pil.' Then the ole man he said, 'No, it is jest I am a ruin' man,' and the docker he said, 'Take two pils.' But the ole feller he shuke his head, sayin', 'It ain't that; wot ails is blasted hops and wasted opportunities an' the docker said, 'Oh, that's it! Then you must have exercise; git a pair of skates at once.' When the doctor had said that the ole man he stude up and loked up at the docker and said; 'o way, you have come to tout me! Coz it's them skates that has done it. When I was little I bot a pair, and I've kept them to this day, but not any ice yet; an' I've been figerin' it up and I find if I'd a put the muneys out to interest I wud now be a rich nabob, a livin' in a villy at the North Pole, where it is gud skatin' ol the year round. 'Avont!' When the ole man said so he throde out his feet rite and left, like skatin', and set down ker-plump, and pushed his fingers up thro' his hair, which made it stand out, and hollered, 'Ha! ha!' and nasht his teeth friteffe. Then the docker he bakt off, the docker did, and shaked his head, and said, 'Take a black draft.'"

#### THE PRANG COMPETITION.

The Christmas Card Exhibition, just opened in this city by Messrs. Prang & Co., of Boston, is a great improvement over all preceding ones, and must be an agreeable surprise to the projectors of the method of stimulating the art production of the country. Naturally the very liberal prizes which were offered have tempted into the arena all grades of talent, and about one thousand five hundred of the contributions had to be declined as unworthy of public exhibition. Five hundred of the best have been placed on the walls and await the decision of the judges. The real value of this competition is not to be looked for in the four prize pictures, but in the stimulated study and work of the thousand students who did send their attempts and of the other thousands who did not send but will do so next year or the year after. By continuing the study and invention of our young artists in this channel, some very valuable results must accrue in the end. There is no need to multiply lamentations over the amount of time and paint and paper wasted by novices who have more ambition than skill or inspiration. Abundance of effort is the method of nature in all her processes. For every fruit that weighs down the tree in the autumn there were a thousand blossoms that opened in the spring; and for every great picture that crowns the production of an age there must be a thousand efforts directed to the same end. The nine hundred and ninety-six who do not draw the nominal prizes will each find himself in possession of a reward scarcely less positive or less real—the satisfaction of the artist in his art, the increase of skill which comes from practice, and the perfected power of perception and expression which, as Emerson says, are the supreme end of art. In looking over the collection of designs we are struck with the exceedingly narrow range of the invention exercised in their production. Evidently this is not, in many cases, the consequence of a deficiency of invention on the part of the artists, but of uncertainty and timidity regarding the direction to be taken; or of constraint under some supposed necessity of conforming the cards to certain theological and ecclesiastical traditions. This part of the field has been very thoroughly worked, and we would suggest to Messrs. Prang & Co. that hereafter they give competitors a wider scope. The Christmas festivities in American life have developed far away from the old mediæval limitations, and this change should properly have expression in any series of cards prepared for social uses. The day has grown to be very largely the children's day. Science has also explored its early beginnings; has traced its prototypes among the simple faiths that prevailed in prehistoric times, and has thus given it a breadth and significance it did not before possess. The word "Christian" may be held to cover all this, but the use of the term in the schedule of the conditions of the competition, evidently gives many persons the impression that something technically ecclesiastical is required. There is no reason now why the succeeding exhibitions should not gain variety by opening the entire field to the artists' efforts. Next year should bring in at least five thousand specimens, of these about five hundred

should be really deserving public exhibition, and so excellent as to closely tax the artistic discrimination of the judges. In the meantime all would-be or intending contributors to that exhibition should study the present one. Not simply to note the choice of the judge and take that as a guide, which would be a fatal practice, but to study the subject, to develop their own taste and discrimination and make themselves competent judges. When the artist paints a picture for himself as judge he may win the award of other judges; but when he paints for others by calculation he will generally fail to please both them and himself.—*Home Journal*.

#### ECHOES FROM LONDON.

THE Earl of Roseberry has been blackballed at the Travellers, and the Earl of Durham at Brooks's.

THE Princess of Wales, according to report, has ordered several dresses to be copied from the pictures in the Louvre, representing the costumes worn at the Court of Valois.

MR. W. S. GILBERT, as all play-goers know, is a cynic as well as a dramatist, and is fond of turning the ordinary events of life upside down. The other day he presented each of the little performers in the juvenile "Pinafore" company at the Opera Comique with nine pounds of sweetmeats. Which will have the best of it, the children or the sweetmeats? Doubtless the little ones will cave in.

As soon as one of the divisions was announced the other night, two of the most popular of the Parnalites, having sat up all night, thought they would go over and have a Turkish bath. This intention they carried out, and one of the first men they recognized among the half-clad in the bath-room was Mr. Forster, to whom this method of refreshment had simultaneously occurred. Mr. Forster, it is said, assumed a resigned look, as if he admitted the impossibility of getting away from Ireland, even in the recesses of a Turkish bath.

THE Temple Bar griffin has been, so to speak, "Boycotted." Indeed it has been more than "Boycotted," it has been threatened, and police protection, lately withdrawn, has been re-established. All through the snow, ice, and mud, two policemen, and sometimes four, have had the thing under their charge. By comparing the population of London with the number of her police, there is a constable to every 488 Londoners. It is, therefore, apparently easier to take care of 970 Londoners than one griffin. Practically its doom is sealed, and its rampant person and indecorous hind legs will be withdrawn. It has frightened many children into the measles.

CORRESPONDENTS who venture to approach Lord Beaconsfield should beware how they address him. He resents being mis-called. An author, who knows more of sylvan scenery than of ranks and titles, lately addressed his envelope to the Earl of Beaconsfield, G.C.B. A reply came from the earl's own hand, and very sarcastic it was. He had not the honour, he said, to possess the Grand Cross of the Bath, but it was true that his gracious Sovereign had been pleased to bestow upon him the honour of numbering him among her Knights of the Garter. The polite modesty wherewith his lordship seems to hint that his own demerits have prevented him from obtaining the higher honour of the Bath, when all the world knows the Garter to be the most highly prized, is characteristic.

IN Mrs. S. C. Hall another link with the past is lost. Since Mr. and Mrs. Hall left Kensington for East Moulsey they have been living in somewhat strict retirement, but the many pleasant gatherings at Avenue Villa, Kensington, where this interesting couple lived so many years, will long be remembered. Mrs. Hall's literary works and life are well known; but it is not everybody who has been privileged to know the beautiful character of the domestic life which was shared by this now severed couple. Mr. Hall used to boast that they were as much in love with one another when one was seventy and the other eighty, as they were little more than boy and girl at their marriage. Mr. Hall used to say, "I think my wife as beautiful now as she was then; for there is a beauty of age as well as of youth." She was one against whom no person ever said an unkind word. It is almost impossible to realize the idea of the solitary white-haired old *libérateur* without the wife whom he so idolized.

#### ECHOES FROM PARIS.

M. BAUDRY is hard at work on a large allegorical painting to be entitled, "La Loi," and destined for the Cour de Cassation or the Chamber.

M. COLLIN DE PLANCY, an adept in the black art and author of several works on demonology, has just died in Paris at the age of eighty-eight. He is especially known for his *Dictionnaire Infernal*, edited by Migne.

THE death is announced of the Countess Marchand, who was the widow of Count March-

and, the Chamberlain of Napoleon I., by whose care the ashes of the Emperor were brought to France from St. Helena. A numerous attendance was present at the funeral services of the deceased lady, who had a wide circle of acquaintances in the Faubourg Saint-Germain.

DUKE THEODORIC of Bavaria, M. D. of the Faculty of Vienna, is to be elevated to the rank of Member of the Medical College, at the general assembly of the professors. The prince-doctor is a successful ophthalmologist and has become a great favourite at Vienna. Recently, in a very skillfully achieved operation, he saved a poor old woman's sight of both eyes, and when she kissed his hand and thanked him with great effusion, he laughed, saying: "All right, old girl, I am just as pleased as you are yourself with the little job."

THE affair of M. and Mme. Friedmann, the latter a daughter of the late Duke de Persigny, is in course of arrangement. They were both arrested recently, as will be remembered, for forging the acceptance of the Princesse de la Moskowa, grandmother of the lady, to bills for a sum of more than 100,000 francs. The Duchess de Persigny is said to have become guarantee for the amount due, and an application will be made by the holders of the bills to the examining magistrate to be allowed to withdraw from the prosecution. The health of Madame Friedmann is seriously compromised by mental anxiety and her detention in prison, and it has been found necessary to remove her to the infirmary. Mlle. Marguerite de Persigny has left Paris for England, where she has been called by the Empress Eugénie, and the two children of M. and Mme. Friedmann are still in Paris, under the care of their English governess.

It is a treat to see a Parisienne cross a muddy street. She advances on tip-toe to the edge of the pavement. There she poises like a bird ready for flight, and then deftly she raises her dress no more than enough to show her snowy, embroidered skirt, the dainty hose, and elegant bottines, and without more delay she trips across, toe and heel barely touching, and mud refusing to cling to the fairy feet that hardly leave an impression on it. Landed on the other side, she gives her fine feathers a little shake into place and passes on with shoes that look as if put on that moment. Watch an Englishwoman immediately afterwards. She reaches the curbstone, comes to a dead standstill, and stolidly contemplates the muddy road. Finally she selects a route. Then very cautiously she lifts her dress, making sure that the tops of her shoes are under cover, and then, slowly advancing, she puts her right foot out—plump it sinks into the soft mud; then the left—plump it goes, the water oozing over it; and then splash! splash! until the other side is reached, when, with soiled skirts and soaked shoes, she proceeds on her wet and muddy way. Nothing could be more characteristic of their respective nationalities, and nothing could be more amusing than the mutual contempt for each other's ways.

#### HE WAITED TO LAUGH.

At mid-forenoon yesterday, a man who was crossing Woodward Avenue at Congress street suddenly began to paw the air with his hands and perform divers strange antics with his feet, and after taking plenty of time about it he came down in a heap. More than fifty people saw the performance, and there was a general laugh. It had not yet ceased, when a man with a funeral countenance pushed his way into the crowd and asked:

"Who is he—what's his name?"

"It's Jones," answered a voice.

"What Jones's?"

"Thomas Jones."

"Sure!"

"Yes; I've known him for over twenty years."

"Then I'll laugh," said the solemn-faced man, and he leaned against the wall and chuckled and laughed until he could hardly get his breath.

One of the crowd remarked on his singular conduct, and the laughter wiped the tears from his eyes and replied:

"Gentlemen, nothing tickles me all over so much as to see a man fall down. Ten years ago I was sal-man in a wholesale house, with a fine chance for promotion. One day a man just ahead of me fell down and I laughed. It was our old man, and he discharged me on the spot. Five years later I was engaged to a rich young girl. As I came out of the post office one day a man sprawled out on the walk, and I laughed till I was sore. It was my Angelina's old man, and he broke up the match. Again I laughed myself out of a position in a bank, and but for the same failure I should to-day have a place in the custom house. I have learned wisdom. Now when I see a man fall I ask his name, and find out if he has any influence to put me out of my clerkship. If he has I look solemn and pass on. If he hasn't I laugh—ha! ha! ha! It is Jones! Jones can't do me any harm, and ha! ha! ha! ha! I wouldn't have missed this for a month's salary! ha! ha! ha!"

IN a recent discourse the Rev. Henry Ward Beecher described a bass drum as "two sheepskins spread over empty middleness."

THE DEDICATION TO

"LA VIE DE BOHEME."

(Translated from Henry Murger.)

Like a true Bohemian brother  
Marching on with buoyant heart,  
Eagerly I journey forward  
On the thronged high-road of Art.

And for staff to aid my footsteps  
Till the heights of Fame be won,  
I have hopefulness and courage,  
Other helpers I have none.

Ah! the road seemed wide and sunny,  
When it first allured my youth:  
Undeceived, at length I see it,  
As alas! it is in truth.

Now I see it, dark and narrow,  
Doleful cries my soul affright,  
As with bleeding feet my comrades  
Stagger forward through the night.

Loudly they lament behind me,  
While they climb the rugged hill,  
Often falling by the wayside,  
Yet I struggle onward still:

And I breast a foaming torrent  
Till half-drowned I reach the shore—  
Friends! I drew my sombre picture  
When the hurricane was o'er!

Montreal. GEO. MURRAY.

[Written for the NEWS.]

MIRIAM.

A STORY.

BY FESTINA LENTE,

Author of "Hic Jacet," "The Holy Grail,"  
"Brounie," "Roman Antiquities," etc.,  
etc.

Rollo was silent from mere amazement. He had expected to find a dull, spiritless creature, whom he could pension off at will. Here however, was a busy, decided, original little woman whom he saw could and would—not only have her own way, but have sense and courage enough to govern his daughter who was really suffering from want of discipline.

"May I leave Irene in your charge?" he said feebly, after a long silence.

Miriam laid down her work and looked keenly at Irene.

"She will be reasonable," she said. "Leave her by all means."

"If you can make her learn anything," said Rollo, still feebly. "I shall be very grateful. She cannot read yet."

"She will begin to-morrow," said Miriam, with energy.

"What do you say to that," asked Rollo of Irene.

"I suppose I can learn to read if I wish," she answered.

Rollo thought he had better ask no more questions, but leave the matter to Miriam to manage. Presently he rang for Irene's maid.

"You are completely under this lady's control," he said to her; "she will give you your orders. Whatever they are you will have the choice of obeying or leaving your situation. Irene wish Miss Bach good-night."

"I love you, Miriam," said the child, hugging her. "I will be good."

"This will be a pleasant change," said Miriam musingly. "Better far than even ghosts."

"You must not think so much of ghosts," said Rollo kindly. "It is an unhealthy subject to dwell upon."

"What do people talk about in the world?" asked Miriam. "I am fond of talking, but I never get a chance."

"People often talk nonsense," said Rollo, smiling. "But if you care for an attentive listener, I assure you I will be one, if you will tell me as much as you can about my uncle, and about the books you had to read to him, and your own life apart from his."

"Uncle Rollo, oh! he was a horrid cross old monster," said Miriam, with wrath shining in her deep grey eyes. "But in a moment she put down her work and gave a graphic account of ways and doings of this same old monster. The books, too, she could describe with glowing enthusiasm, but as for her own life apart from his, here she paused."

"What I felt and did," she said with dignity. "cannot be of interest to you, a stranger. I will keep it to remember all my life in case I am ever tempted to be too happy."

By that time the evening was over, Rollo and Miriam were full of friendly feeling to each other. So that when Miriam rose to retire for the night, Rollo said,

"Cousin Miriam, look at me. Did you never see me before we met in this room to-night?"

Miriam looked and shook her head.

"I have seen something like you," she said gravely, "but not you."

And Rollo rolled up his sleeve and showed some cruel little marks of nips and pinches.

"Dear little cousin," said he. "Give up all faith in ghosts for evermore. I was the ghost you rated so energetically in that haunted wing. I can assure you I enjoyed everything but the nipping and pinching exceedingly. So much so that I meant to play ghost again to you at the first opportunity. But now I have seen you, I care too much for your well being to foster in you what is so morbid and unhealthy. I shall not be satisfied until I have driven that wistful, eerie look out of your eyes, and have brought more colour to your cheeks. And be-

lieve me, if my ghost ever meets with that of my uncle, there will be a fearful reckoning between us on your account."

Rollo put his arm round his cousin and looked down at her slight form, and elf like expression, with mental anathemas on his selfish old uncle. Miriam looking up saw sympathy and kindly interest in his face. It was the first that had ever come to her. She put her arm round his neck and kissed him gratefully.

"I am sorry I pinched you," she said. "But I hate these selfish old 'ghosts, and I thought you were one."

So saying and without noticing Rollo's astonished look, she took her work and went out. Rollo heard her sing gladly as she mounted the wide low stairs—

"I had a nest—a nest of my own,  
Ah! happy, happy I."

He sat down again by the fire to think, and after an hour rose briskly saying,

"That will do, of course. Just the very thing."

The next day he told Miriam that business would keep him away from England for a year. Meantime he should send Irene to school, and as a year of regular study would certainly not come amiss to Miriam herself, he hoped she would consent to accompany Irene.

Miriam was delighted. The school was found, and Miriam and Irene both installed as parlour boarders. Rollo felt as he left them that one was hardly more of a child than the other. But he knew that Miriam would soon learn from her companions the ways of society.

"I shall be away for a year," said Rollo, as he bade Irene farewell; and he left orders with his lawyer that during that year Miriam and Irene should be well supplied with money. But Miriam ere long learnt much, and the readiest lesson she learned was that if a woman would gain her own respect and that of others, she must put forth the power that is in her, and show that she can earn her own living. Miriam put all the money the lawyer sent her into a box, and carefully sealed it up, and then in the absence of the English teacher took that post in the school and made much advance in the estimation of both teachers and pupils.

The year passed but Rollo did not come; then as the time rolled by the schoolmistress grew alarmed and wrote repeatedly to the lawyer for money, but she received no answer, only at last a visit in which the lawyer said that Rollo was dead, and that the estate had passed to the next heir. There was no will, and of course Irene was penniless. Miriam did not at once see all the principal results that must follow, but day by day opened her eyes. First of all, the position of parlour boarder must be given up for that of dependent and a garret chamber. In-

sults became a portion of Irene's daily life, the bread she ate was cast at her with stinging words. Miriam could not help her, she was over-worked and paid merely a nominal salary. Yet she gave out all she could of sympathy and kindness, and at length matured and carried out a plan with energy and zest.

One autumn day after a stormy interview with the heartless principal of the school, she took Irene out to walk. It was nearly tea-time, and the wintry wind blew cold, and Irene now ten years old, was far taller and broader than Miriam, and her clothes were worn and ill-fitting. She was neither warmly enough nor suitably clothed for such a day. Miriam was in her brightest mood, and laughed merrily as the wind made havoc with her hair and dress. But Irene was not far from tears. She had never once complained; she had borne with a nobleness and power hardly to be expected from one so young; but scanty fare and persistent cruelty were wearing her heart and enfeebling her frame, and grief for her father's loss repressed by the harshness of those around was becoming all absorbing in her inner life.

On the top of the cliff was a tiny house facing the sea. A bright light blazed from a window of it, shining out into the chill autumn air, giving a sense of the intense comfort of the interior of the house. Irene paused on the shore and looked longingly at it.

"It looks like a home," she said, wistfully. "Oh! Miriam, we must go back, the clock is striking six."

"Let us first climb up this little cliff path," said Miriam, dancing over the rough stones like a child. Irene followed in sombre mood, stopping often to look at the sea birds that flew over the wild sea to their distant eyries.

"Irene, Irene, we shall be late."

Irene shuddered; she slowly climbed up and up.

"Irene," cried Miriam, with tears shining in her eyes, "Come home." And she drew her to the open door of the cliff cottage, and when they had entered carefully put up the bar. Then she opened the door into the sitting-room whence shone the light. A fire burning now in embers glowed upon the hearth, and showed a simply-furnished sitting-room, with various articles Irene recognized as her own or Miriam's, giving it a home-like appearance. And Miriam bright and merry threw aside her hat and jacket and put on a large linen apron, and bustled back and forth to the kitchen. Irene numb with surprise followed her back and forth without attempting to assist. How delicious was the tea that Miriam prepared this evening, how perfect and dainty its every arrangement. The eggs, the muffins, the bread and butter, the tea, Irene had never eaten such in all her life before. There they sat, Miriam at the head of the table, and Irene as close as she could conveniently sit to her friend.

Then when the tea was over, Miriam sat before the fire and took Irene in her arms, and told her the good news. She had got a situation as daily governess in a wealthy family, and so she had taken this cottage and furnished it with Rollo's money, and had paid rent for a year and Irene must learn to keep house during the day, and study with Miriam at night. Happy, happy Irene; words would not describe a tenth part of her happiness and her adoration for Miriam. All that was best, most lovely and beautiful came out in them both, and knitted them together in bonds of the closest love.

"This is life," said Miriam, with satisfaction, as she went her way year after year. "It is love and independence. When Irene has passed her next examination she too shall earn her own living. I love her too well to let her feel the horror of being a dependent."

Irene grew up to be splendidly handsome, tall and queenly, and simple and graceful. Miriam was intensely fond of her. Her noble character seemed to require the noble physique it so well suited, Miriam was of childish proportions in comparison. Meantime poor Rollo detained as a spy by the Russian Government was seeking chances of escape from the Siberian mines. Enduring more agony of soul than of body as he reflected on the possibility of the world proving cruel to the two children he had left at school.

Years flew by; Irene was seventeen years old. It was autumn and the sea beat mildly on the shore, for the wind storms hovered near the coast and kept the waves in ceaseless turmoil. Miriam had a holiday, and she with Irene walked far over the headlands to the cliffs, the eyrie of the sea birds. Irene would climb to the highest peak and sit motionless amongst the dark scarped rocks. Irene with her steadfast, faithful face so wistful in its look seawards; the wind in her brown curls, the sunlight in her hazel eyes. Down from the eyrie floated the sound of a voice; rich contralto almost tenor in its fullness. Generally in monotone, for the songs her Hindoo servants had sung to her in girlhood clung to her, and when in idle mood recurred to her mind. Miriam seated at the foot of the rocks busied herself with her sketch book trying even to catch the tossing beauty of the waves and lay their spiritual significance in her book. She worked busily, ever and anon calling to Irene. Some one passed and paused with a long, lingering look at Irene. Miriam did not look up, she was too busy, and the person went on, he could be heard at a little distance trampling down the pebbles on the stony beach.

"What is it?" asked Miriam, as Irene climbed suddenly down from her eyrie.

"Some one is staring very rudely at you—the grey haired man over yonder," said Irene. "Let us go home."

Miriam agreed it would be best to do, and hastily put up her sketch book; but before she left the spot she gave an indignant look at the stranger whose bad behaviour caused them to leave their favourite spot.

"Do you know," said Irene, as they drew near home, "that man is still following us. Do you see, he still keeps us in sight."

"Perhaps he means to rob the house," said Miriam, with some asperity. "Let him try. My revolver has six chambers."

Irene went into a succession of soft laughs over Miriam and her revolver, and at length forgetting all about the stranger they settled to their usual occupations in the house.

A wild storm arose ere night; the autumnal gales made havoc with the waves. The sea foamed, it broke on the cliffs, the wind drove the spray against the cottage walls. Irene sat by the glowing fire with her work basket on her knee; it was the idle twilight hour. Miriam stood by the window with grave eyes trying to pierce into the stormy world without. Suddenly a heavy hand went at the door, and a manly voice was heard entreating entrance.

Miriam hastily unbarred the door, and a man stepped into the house. He took off his hat and wiped the rain from his face. Miriam recognized him then as the grey-haired stranger whom she had seen on the rocks.

"Miriam do you not know me?"

It was Rollo.

To Miriam the cottage world appeared to spin round and round; she held out her arm to Irene and clung to her as to a very rock of strength. Held to her blindly until life came back to her, and she drew herself away and looked at father and daughter conscious that her own right to Irene was gone.

"Have you no welcome for me?" said Rollo, pitifully.

Miriam put out both hands in hearty welcome, while Irene clung to his breast; then tears came to their relief, and ere long they and all recovered from the sudden joy enough to sit by the fire and ask and answer questions. It was a joyful, ecstatic evening, and the cottage home was beautifully cosy and home-like.

"Ah! father, how much I have to tell you," said Irene, looking at Miriam. "Miriam has been so good, oh! so good to me."

"I have found out all about you," laughed Rollo, with a merry look at Miriam. "I mean to take my time about thanking you too; then with a sudden change of tone he said, "How little did I suspect the practical strength of character that was hidden by such a web of absurd thoughts in ghosts."

"But I believe in ghosts to this minute," said Miriam, "and am no more afraid of them than when I mistook you for an unearthly visitant years ago."

Laughingly Rollo rose and said, "that he must go; he would return early next day." Miriam and Irene were alone again.

THE END.

THE ENGLISH BAR.

BY RICHARD GRANT WHITE.

It is a characteristic distinction that at the Inns of Court men are "called to the bar" after a certain probation, while in the United States they are upon examination, "admitted to practice" in the courts. The former mode is a voluntary act of grace by which the benchers ask a man to become one of their fraternity; the latter is in the nature of the recognition of a right upon the fulfilment of certain conditions. A barrister's profession in England is nominally of an honorary character, and his fee is an *honorarium*, which cannot be sued for at law as an attorney's costs may. Practically, however, a barrister's services of course are paid for like any other professional service, and the professional incomes of many successful English barristers are very large. Law is the noblest of all professions in England. It takes men into Parliament; it makes them peers and Lord Chancellors. I did not have the good fortune of seeing any of the great courts in session, for my visit was in the long vacation; but I saw a criminal cause, tried in one of the minor courts in Liverpool, and was much interested in the proceedings. First of all, I was struck by the costume of the judge and the barristers, whose wigs and gowns gave them an air of dignity and authority well suited to their functions and not without its practical value. The wigs, indeed, did seem somewhat ridiculous, because of their absurd likeness and unlikeness to the natural covering of the head. The judge's wig was the least grotesque. It was quite like the large bob wig worn by all gentlemen in the latter part of the last century,—much like that, for example, represented in Dr. Johnson's portraits. But the barrister's wig is certainly the queerest covering that was ever put upon a human head. The gown gives dignity to the figure and grace to the action; but I found it difficult to look at the wigs without laughing. Behind at the sides there hang four little formal, isolated curls in double rows so unlike anything human, and yet so plainly an imitation of curled and powdered human hair, that they would seem like caricature, if they did not in their bald artificiality pass all bounds of caricature. I spoke of their absurdity to a friend who was at the bar, and said that, while the gown seemed worthy of reverence and admiration, I wondered why the ridiculous little wigs were not discarded. "Discard wigs!" was the reply. "Why, we could not get on without them. I could not try a cause without my wig. I should feel as if I had no right to be in court; as if the judge would be justified in taking no notice of me; and if the witnesses had me at their mercy, instead of me having them at mine. I should not dare to cross-question a witness without my wig." "In other words," I said, "your wig gives you an authoritative position which enables you to bamboozle a witness." "Why, yes," he answered, smiling, "that's pretty much it, if you choose to put it so."—*Atlantic Monthly*.

LITERARY AND ARTISTIC.

PARIS fashionable slang calls literary men and folk who live by their brains *cerebrals*.

LEPAGE will contribute his Joan of Arc to the coming exhibition of the Socie'y of American painters.

LUCILLE CLINTON has finished a head of Carlyle in crayon, which preserves very creditably the expression of the well-known portrait.

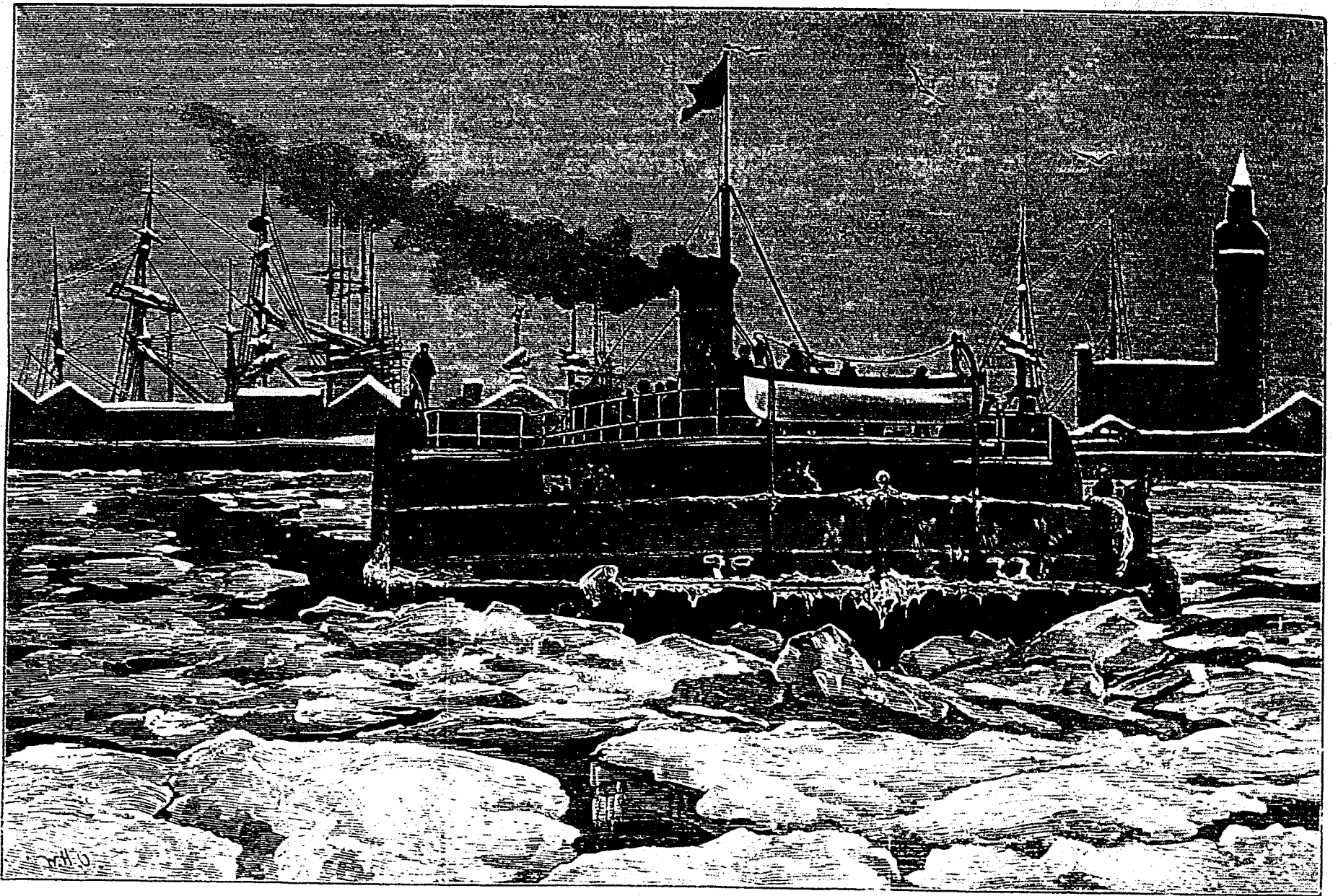
THE entrance halls of the Parisian aristocracy are now ornamented with life size hardware bulldogs. This is a fashion imported from Austria.

W. D. HOWELLS, for many years editor of the *Atlantic Monthly*, has recently retired from that position, Thomas Bailey Aldrich, the poet and novelist, assuming the editorial chair.

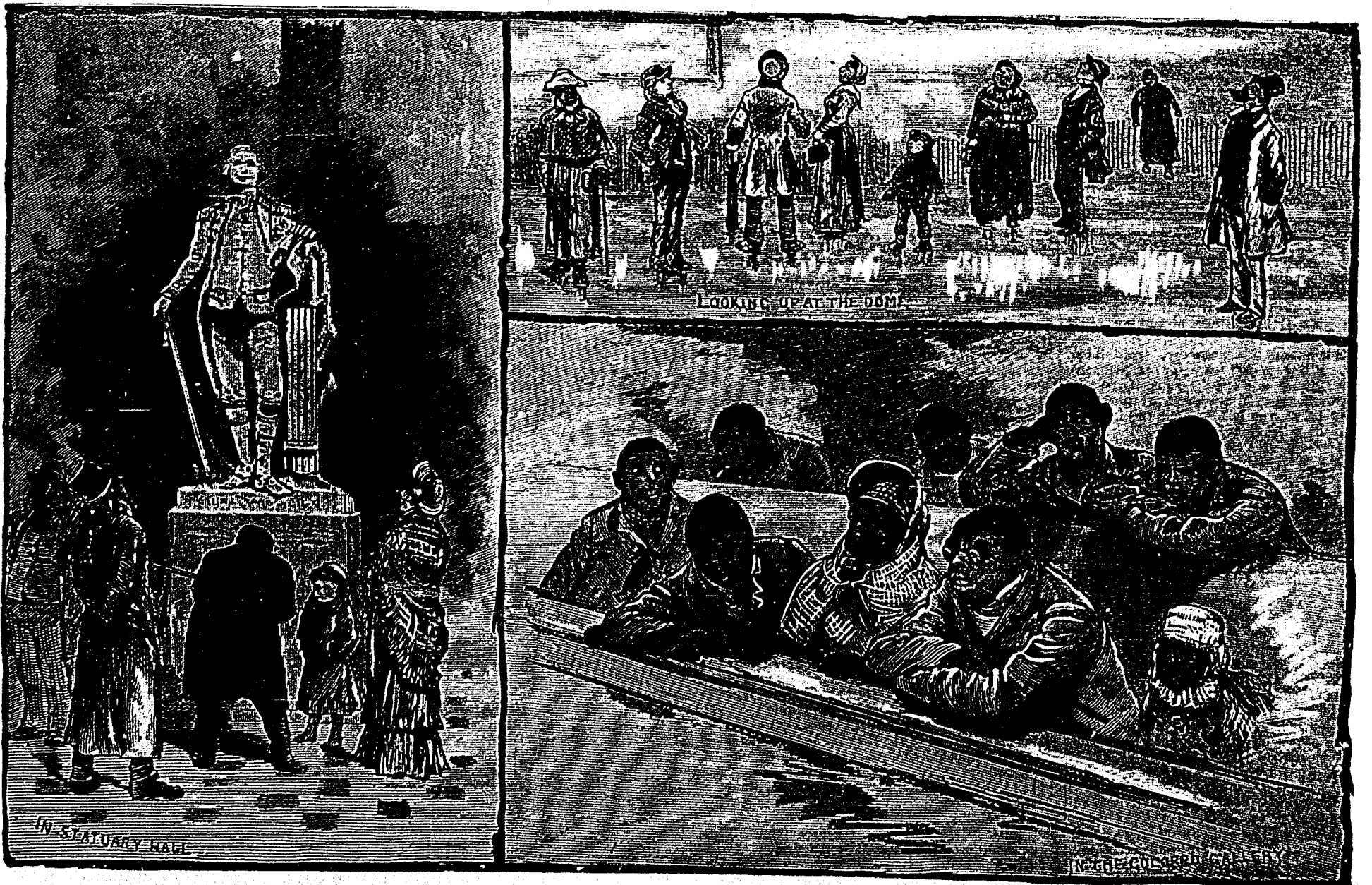
MESSRS. D. LOTHROP & Co., of Boston, Mass., offer to American artists \$1,500, in sums ranging from \$50 to \$300, for book-cover designs, coloured frontispieces and magazine illustrations.

ALGERIA is beginning to develop a taste for the fine arts. Not long ago the success of the exhibition at Algiers took every one by surprise, and now another, which has been organized at Oran, is equally successful.

D. RIDGWAY KNIGHT is the only American pupil who has studied under Meissonier. He has settled down near his master in the town of Poissy, a few miles from Paris, and here paints pictures of peasant life; for, although a pupil of Meissonier, he is not a copyist of his subjects, but treats of rural life among the French peasants of to-day.



LIVERPOOL DURING THE FROST.—DIFFICULTIES OF THE MERSEY FERRY TRAFFIC.—(SEE PAGE 147.)



CHARACTER SKETCHES AT WASHINGTON DURING THE SESSION OF CONGRESS.—FROM SKETCHES BY JOSEPH BECKER.

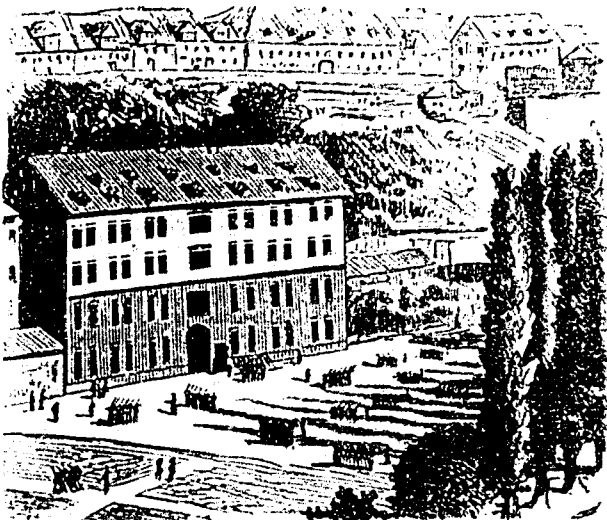
THE TRAGIC HISTORY OF JACOB THE RAVEN (FROM THE GERMAN).

BY ARTHUR J. GRAHAM.

I.

LEX TALIONIS, OR A TAIL FOR A TAIL.

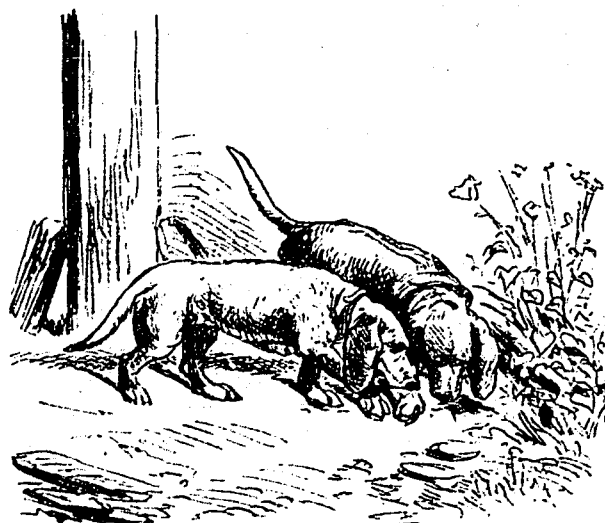
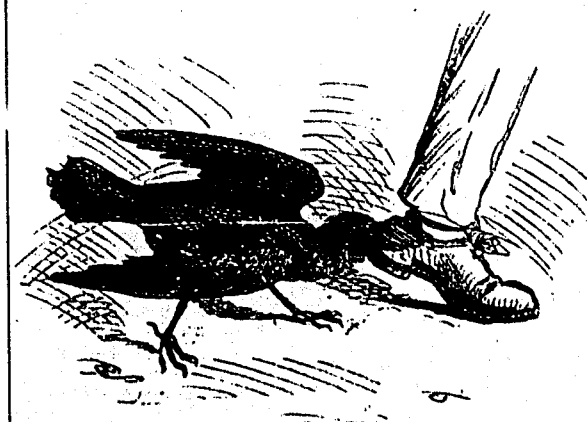
Once in a time there lay in P.  
A regiment of infantry.



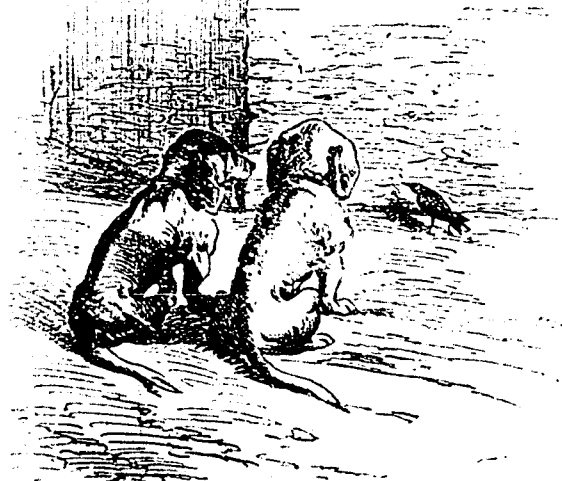
Before the barracks in the breeze  
Rustled a row of poplar trees.  
Wherein two ravens, free from fear,  
Had built their nest for many a year.  
One day a drummer, full of zest,  
Finds and appropriates the nest.  
The youngsters in it, out of five,  
Four came to grief, one stayed alive.  
Young "Jacob" (Jacob was his name)  
A universal pet became.



Allowed where'er he pleased to roam  
He soon quite made himself at home.  
Each member of the troop he knew,  
And treated courteously too;  
But when civilians happened by,  
He'd go for them immediately.  
And (never doing things by halves)  
Would peck their shoes and nip their calves,  
Until, with imprecations, hearty,  
He'd rout and drive away the party;  
Then with an air of duty done  
Back to the barrack yard would run.



To both the major's puppies though,  
Jacob was an inveterate foe.  
Whene'er he sought in time of leisure  
To bury in the sand some treasure,  
As sure as fate those dogs would run  
And smell it out, and spoil his fun.  
One day when, after much exertion,  
Jacob accomplished the insertion  
Of sundry crusts and pieces small  
Into a cranny in the wall,  
Woodman and Ranger, sad to tell,  
Watched him—and this is what befell.

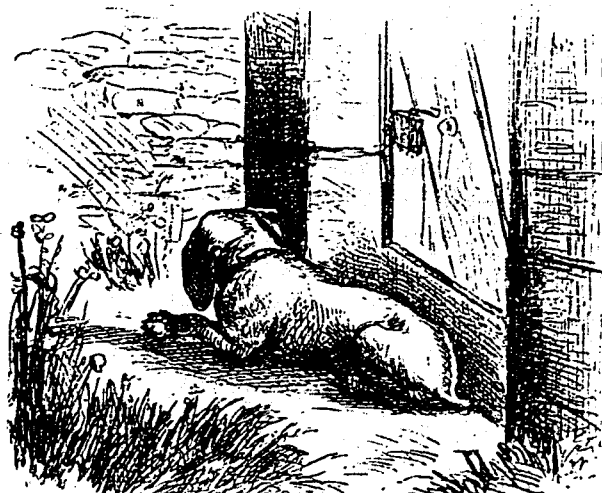


Ranger sneaks up without a sound  
And just as Mr. Jacob found  
A little stone to set within  
The crack, and hide his treasure in;  
And stands admiringly before  
His carefully collected store.  
The puppy grabs sans hesitation  
His black and glossy termination.

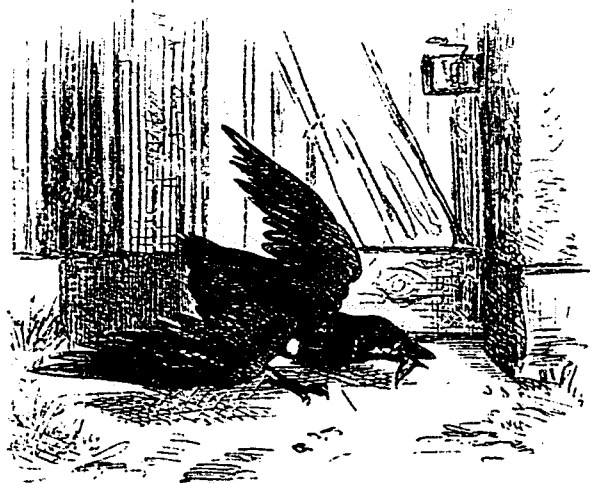


Poor Jacob well may cry, alack!  
To be so robbed behind his back.  
Henceforth he racks his brain, to see  
How to revenge his injury.  
Safe seated on the water spout  
He thinks and thinks the matter out.  
And tries, as far as he is able,  
To make his figure presentable.

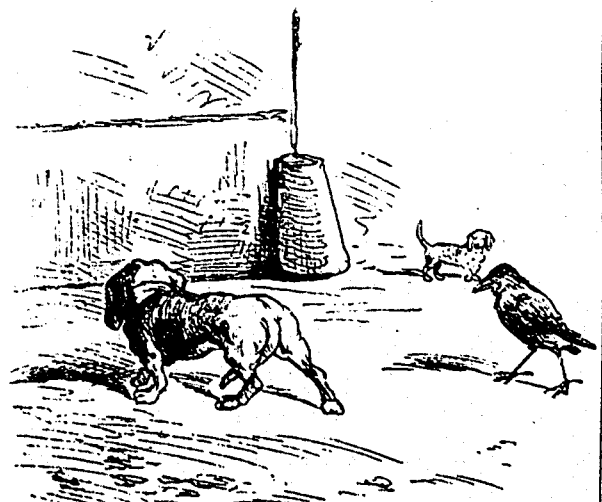
Our Jacob had not long to wait  
Ere he revenged his cruel fate:  
'Twas on a sunny summer's day  
That Ranger in the garden lay,



Watching, as oft he'd watched before,  
A mouse, close by the garden door.  
And as his tail swung to and fro,  
Beneath the door it chanced to go.  
Jacob was on the other side—  
"Here is the chance for me," he cried,  
"This wret had puppy to imprison.  
He bit my tail, here goes for his'n."  
Approaching then on tiptoe lightly  
He grips poor Ranger's climax tightly,



And tugs and twists, spite all resistance,  
While Ranger hallooes for assistance.  
Rescued at last when folks come up, he  
Sneaks off a sadder, wiser puppy.  
And now when Jacob passes by  
He eyes him most reproachfully.  
And Woodman too, where'er he sees him,  
Keeps far enough away to please him.



## KATIE'S ANSWER.

Och, Katie's a rogue, it's thrue,  
But her eyes, like the sky, are so blue,  
An' her dimples so swate,  
An' her ankles so nate,  
She dazed, and she bothered me, too—

'Till one mornin' we went for a ride,  
Whin, demure as a bride, by my side,  
The darlin' she sat,  
Wid the wickedest hat,  
'Neath a purty gir!'s chin iver tied.

An' I said, "If I dared to do so,  
I'd let go ur the baste, an' I'd throw  
Both arms round your waist,  
An' be stalin' a taste  
Ur them lips that are coaxin' me so."

Then she blushed a more' illeagot red,  
As she said, without raisin' her head,  
An' her eyes lookin' down  
'Neath her lashes so brown,  
"Would ye like me to drive, Misher Ted?"

## OLD DUTCH HOMES IN ALBANY.

The houses in Beverwyck were very neat without and within. They were built chiefly of brick or stone, and covered with white pine shingles, or tiles from Holland. Most of them had terraced gables fronting the street, with gutters extending from the eaves beyond the side-walk to carry off the rain-water; hence the streets were almost impassable during a heavy storm of wind and rain. The streets were broad, and lined with shade-trees, with here and there a bit of pavement. The houses were generally but a story and a half high, and well spread out on the ground floor. Each bowery had its grass plot, and garden in the rear, where vegetables were produced in great abundance. Mrs. Grant, in her "Memoir of the American Lady," says, "The Schuylers and one or two other families had very large gardens laid out in fanciful European style." The "stoops" of the houses were raised above the street, and shaded by trees planted in commemoration of some event, or the birth of some member of the family, and here gathered the young and old at twilight. Every family had its cow pastured in a common field at the end of the town, and it was a picturesque sight at evening to see each animal going home of its own accord to be milked, the tinkling bells hung round its neck heralding its approach.

At eight o'clock the suppaan was rung, a signal that work was over for the day. And here just a brief glance at the interior of the Dutch home. The kitchen fire-places were enormous—large enough to roast a whole sheep or hog; and over the crackling hickory logs, suspended on hooks and trammels, bubbled and hissed the large iron pots and kettles. Here the family gathered, while by the light of the glowing fire and a tallow dip, the jufvrouws spun their linen and the barghers smoked their pipes. In the parlour, that revered apartment of state, was a similar large fire-place, with its hickory back-log, and its shovel and tongs keeping guard over the brass andirons (or fire-dogs) and fender. The chimney jambs were inlaid with party-coloured tiles of Scriptural designs brought from Holland, and were extremely quaint. The round tea-table stood in the parlour, the large square dining-table in the kitchen, or family living room. In one corner stood the old Dutch clock—no doubt the grandfather's—telling the year, month, day, and hour, the rising and setting of the moon, and when each hour struck sending forth in silvery tones some antique air. In still another corner stood the Holland cupboard, with its glass doors, displaying the family plate and china. There was the massive tankard, the richly-engraved punch-bowl, the shell-shaped sugar-bowl, with provisions for the "bite and stir," and the *ooma*, or sifter for cinnamon and sugar. On the top stood a decanter of large size, always filled with rum, and beside it a piece of cow's horn, smooth on each end, and hollow, tipped with silver. And every morning before breakfast Myneer must "take a born" as an appetiser, hence the origin of the term. In another corner stood the huge oaken, iron-bound chest, brimful of fine linen, of home production. Later this gave place to the "chest of drawers," with its brass rings and key-holes. On the wall hung the pipe-case of mahogany, with the drawer underneath for tobacco. Every house of pretension had its cock-loft in the steep roof for house slaves. In the middle of the hall was the "hoist door," through which the wheat was hoisted up by a crane and stored in the loft. Over the front door was a shelf, with steps leading up to it. Here was placed a large tobacco box, always kept filled, and for every one to help himself. On the parlour walls hung the dim portraits of relatives in the Vaderlandt, and "ye scone, a hanging candlestick, with a mirror to reflect ye rays."

Chaintz calico formed the curtains, which were put up without cornices. The windows were of very small panes of glass set in lead frames. The floors were sanded, with fanciful figures made in the sand with a broom handle. The best chairs were straight and high-backed, covered with hair-cloth, and ornamented with double and triple rows of brass nails. About 1700 the claw-foot sideboards, sofas, and tables were generally used. The high-post bedstead had its heavy curtains and valance of camlet, and on it a bed of live-geese feathers, with a lighter one for covering. The patch-quilt was a most marvellous affair. Over each door was usually a stone with the date of erection and name or initials of the builder. In later times the date was built in anywhere, and the general style of architecture was altered.—*Harper's Magazine.*

## REVIEW AND CRITICISM.

PROF. BLAIRIE'S LIVINGSTONE.—The aim of the present work (1) is to give a clearer insight into the personal life of the great explorer than his own works have given us. His Travels, representing, as they did, in a great measure, the formal report which the Government and the public were entitled to at his hands, are little occupied with personal matters. As a proof of this may be cited the the business-like way in which alone he mentions his wife's death, for which, indeed, he has been blamed as a proof of want of proper feeling; whereas, in fact, it only showed the light in which he himself regarded his book, considering that personal matters should find no place in it, though, as in this case, the loss was one which, for a time, utterly broke him down. Livingstone's name has probably become most famous for his geographical discoveries; there can, however, be no doubt that he himself considered these discoveries as entirely secondary to the main object to which his whole life was devoted, that of introducing Christianity into Africa. Of this part of his work the present volume is a most interesting and valuable record. We cannot help sharing Prof. Blairie's intense admiration for the Christian worker, whose original hope had been to have gone out as a missionary himself, but who gave it up for the greater task imposed upon him of opening the way for all missionaries in the future. The book has been compiled for the most part from family correspondence, and the details of Livingstone's domestic life, of which we have hitherto known so little, are touched upon with a loving hand. Throughout the book never loses its interest, even to the ordinary reader, and is, besides, singularly free from any suspicion of egotism or affectation. It may be added that the typography is excellent, and the get-up of the book, though plain, yet most perfect of its kind.

DR. SCHERR'S LIFE OF SCHILLER.—(2) This book has for twenty years enjoyed a reputation in Germany as the favourite work of a most popular writer. The present translation is careful and very readable withal, and the book should become popular with English readers from the absence of abstract speculations upon the genius of the author, in which most of the so-called lives of Schiller (especially those by German writers) abound. Schiller is, above all others, an author whose life helps us to understand his works. Unlike Shakespeare, for example, whose writings gain but little in clearness from a knowledge of his domestic affairs, Schiller lived in his poetry; it was a part of his every-day life, and the more we know of him personally, the more we are fitted to appreciate the work which was the outcome of that life. In addition to this, the scene of Schiller's life was laid amid events of lasting interest for all time. The passing away of the old order of society in France, the Revolution which shook Europe to its centre, had a marked influence in Germany, and Dr. Scherr's treatment of the subject is comprehensive and withal picturesque. While keeping the main end of the work before him, he has set the picture of Schiller's inside life in an attractive frame of the stirring times in which he moved. The book is nicely illustrated throughout.

BEN HUR. A TALE OF THE CHRIST.—The title of this book (3) is somewhat misleading. Although the interest of the story, the latter part of it rather does, to a certain extent, centre upon the Christ, or, more properly, upon the advent of Christianity, yet the story itself is told independently of the life of our Lord, who is only introduced personally in a somewhat secondary character. So far, however, from detracting from the merits of this most remarkable work, it is herein, perhaps, that its highest art discovers itself. From the really beautiful manner in which the Saviour first makes his appearance—silently, thoughtfully, unostentatiously performing a simple act of kindness to a prisoner, to the last scene upon the cross, the subject is handled with such reverence, good taste, artistic feeling, as cannot fail to impress the reader with a sense of the personality of our Lord, which is heightened by contrast with the scenes of ordinary life, which accompany these occasional glimpses of the Saviour. There is an omission in the account of the crucifixion which is remarkable, in view of the general description of the after effect upon the people; the testimony of the centurion, "Truly this man was the Son of God," is not even alluded to. In other respects the picture is most striking. Indeed, throughout the work Mr. Wallace shows a most rare facility for descriptive writing. The meeting of the wise men in the desert, the arrival of Joseph and Mary at Bethlehem, the scene on board the Roman galley, and last, but not least, the description of the chariot race at Antioch, should be quoted in full had we space at our command. They and other passages in the book will stand as equal to Sir Walter himself for accuracy and picturesqueness of detail. It is a pity that one blemish should deface many of the finest passages. Mr. Wallace, though writing sufficiently pure English as a rule, has not

(1) The Personal Life of David Livingstone, by W. G. Blairie. 1881. New York, Harper & Bros.; Montreal, Dawson Bros.

(2) Schiller and his Times, by Johannes Scherr. Translated by Elizabeth McClellan. Philadelphia, I. G. Kohler.

(3) Ben Hur A Tale of the Christ, by Lewis Wallace. 1881. New York, Harper & Bros.; Montreal, Dawson Bros.

been able to exclude some virulent Americanisms which sully his pages. "Got mad," "hitch up," "got through," are certainly not classical; while a few other grammatical errors, such as the use of "will" for "shall," suggest a want of careful revision by some friendly hand. All these slips—for they are few—could be easily altered in another edition, and would be scarcely worthy of mention were it not that the book is so good that we grudge to allow Mr. Lewis the slightest deviation from the high standard of excellence which marks it in the main.

## U. S. HOUSE OF REPRESENTATIVES.

From the galleries of the House of Representatives popular government appears to consist of a confused mass of desks and desultory men—the desks littered with books and papers, and the men continually walking about in every direction; of a vast amount of private correspondence, a relay of page-boys obeying a Turkish magnificence of clapped hands from this and that member to do his errands; and a monotonous droning by the clerks, together with a minimum of oratory. All this against a dignified background of cigar smoke in the lobbies, and of coat-rooms and barber-shops, where Congressmen lounge and joke, or confer on coming measures. It is also apparent, from the amount of work done with the penknife, that the House is determined to have order as to its finger-nails, whatever may be the fate of public business in this respect. You hear some half-audible speaking, but the general walking, talking, and rustling suggests how Demosthenes, if he had enjoyed the privilege of a seat in this body, might have dispensed with the aid of the sea.

Then a division takes place, and members pour in from the lobbies, the restaurant, the committee-rooms, to pass like a drove of sheep between two tellers. The efforts of inexperienced or unimportant members to get attention are pathetic. One is perpetually swaggering about, but never speaks; another gets up and murmurs, but being ignored by all parties, sits down, with a ghastly disappointment, and tries to look as if he did not feel he was being looked at; another, with Chadband hair, rises for information, asking in a bland voice a question so needless that some one on the other side answers it, to save the Speaker's time, and Chadband, after swaying uncertainly on his toes for an instant, subsides so abruptly that he can't at once recover the use of his limbs sufficiently to steal away towards a cloak-room. Yet, at almost any moment, except in the "morning-hour" and on "private bill day," an exciting and masterly discussion may begin, which promptly fills the chairs, and enchains every listener. The general demeanour of the House, too, is more business-like, excepting for the amount of preoccupation, than that of the House of Commons. Those who come to look on, with imaginations trained by history and the press, are grieved to go away without seeing a single member spring at another's throat, or even call him a liar. The homogeneity of the faces and persons on the floor is another point for remark. It is clear that Americans are Americans, however wide asunder their abodes may be, and it occurs to one that if the representatives of different sections were to get hopelessly mixed up and changed about some day, it would produce no incongruity so far as their outward appearance is concerned. To imagine these comfortable gentlemen arrayed, in their frock-coats of identical make, on opposite sides in a civil war, or as the lawgivers of separate confederacies, would be grotesque, if the reality a few years ago had not been so tragic. A few distinctions of East and South and West may perhaps be traced in the physiognomies, but individual peculiarities assert themselves far more strongly. The man of the people, with his indifferent neck-tie and "well-met" manner; the smug, well-to-do lawyer; the "elegant speaker"; the richest members, with heads partially bald and faces seamed with fine wrinkles, wearing a look of long resignation to the collection of dividends; or the plethoric, rosy-faced man who gains his point by private champagne rather than public speech; the quiet gentleman of refined manners; and the gory antagonist—all these, and other types besides, may be sharply discriminated without regard to State or geographical lines. It has grown to be the fashion to say that Congress accomplishes nothing except to disturb trade, but if that is so, it is not due to idleness. Accomplishing nothing was never before so laborious a task. House members are the busiest people in the country, with their caucuses, their incessant committee meetings, their speeches and preparation, their dense correspondence with constituents, and interviews with visitors. The House, too, turns out a vast amount of work, its committees being efficient agencies for transacting business. Every day you find in the Document Room a fresh armful of newly-printed bills, many of which are trash, to be sure, but harmless. The real and great defect of the popular branch is its great capacity for distorting, maiming, or destroying good measures matured in committee, by unforeseen amendments carried in general debate. A few laudable enactments, however, always survive this general massacre of infant bills, and we must remember that the amendments often represent a wholesome watchfulness against special class or private legislation. Whatever the evils of Congress, finally, they are faithful reflections of the avarice, ambition, or low sense of honour in the communities there represented; and the people do not do wisely to sneer at their own exposed deformity, without trying to remedy it

by cultivating morals more assiduously in business and in political opinion.—Geo. P. LATHROP, in *Harper's Magazine.*

## VARIETIES.

AN anecdote of the King and Queen of Italy comes from Syracuse. When the Royal Family were already in the train, and the King was leaning over the carriage-door, saying a few parting words to the Mayor, one of the officials tapped on the door, and when the king turned round, the man said, "Cheer up, your Majesty! Laugh!" And the King did laugh, much to the delight of the man, who seemed enchanted at the idea of having brought a smile on Humbert's grave, sad face. When that man is old he will tell his grandchildren how one day he made the King laugh.

EAGER FOR THE FRAY.—Beattie the poet was on one occasion presented by the manager of a theatrical company which visited Montrose with an order for two to the boxes. As a special treat, Mr. Beattie asked a well-known character in the town, famous for his great height and bodily strength, named John Tweedale, to accompany him. The play was "Macbeth," and the tragic incidents seemed to have powerfully affected John, who was making his first acquaintance with the stage, for at that part of the play where the murdered Banquo stalks upon the scene, Beattie rose up hastily in his seat, and, extending his arms towards the actors, exclaimed in earnest tones, "For Heaven's sake, gentlemen, stop the play; John Tweedale's flegged!" Silence at once fell upon the audience and actors, till up rose bulky John, whose anxiety to see the tragedy was gaining the better of his fears, and, with white scared face, cried out, "It's a lee, gentlemen, I'm no' the least flegged; gang on wi' the slaughterin'!"

RAGGLES!—A well-known American lady-artist resident in Rome relates that, while standing one day near the statue of the Apollo Belvedere, she suddenly became aware of the presence of a countrywoman. The new-comer, a well-to-do looking American woman, introduced herself as Mrs. Raggles of Missouri, and then asked—"Is this the Apollo Belvedere?" Miss H. testified to the identity of the work; and the tourist then said: "Considered a great statue?" The interrogated lady replied that it was generally thought to be one of the masterpieces of the world. "Manly beauty, and all that sort of thing!" said the lady from the land of the setting sun. "Yes," responded the now amazed artist, "it is said to be one of the noblest representations of the human frame." "Well," exclaimed Mrs. Raggles, closing her Baedeker, and, with arms akimbo, taking a last and earnest look at the marble, "I've seen the Apollo Belvedere and I've seen Raggles, and give me Raggles!"

AN EMPHATIC WITNESS.—Alick Thompson, of Virginia, tells a story illustrative of the peculiar vernacular of the people among whom he was born, and of their special capacity for giving evidence in a court of justice in a compact, accurate, and picturesque style. Some time ago he chanced to be visiting at a county seat in Virginia, and was courteously invited by the Commonwealth's attorney to come into the courtroom on the following morning, with the assurance that a witness would testify in a murder case then pending. He entered the courtroom, and speedily after his arrival a witness was called, who advanced to the stand with such a jaunty air of self-assurance, and who kissed the book with such loud-sounding confidence, that he was sure this must be "his man." His judgment was not incorrect.

"Mr. Williamson," asked the Commonwealth's attorney, "do you know anything of the killing which took place at Robertson's store last month?"

"Know anything!" was the response; "I were thar."

"Then tell the Court and jury," said the attorney, "what you know."

The witness plauted himself more firmly on both feet, glanced around upon his auditors, and thus delivered himself: "Well, you see, Mr. Robertson were a-sittin' in the back part of his store a-playin' of his fiddle, not a thikin' of bein' stobbed, nor nuthin' of the kind, when in come Mr. Johnson, and then and thar stobbed him; then he gathered a bung-starter, cleaned out the crowd, lipped the palin', and clared heself."—*Harper's.*

## MUSICAL AND DRAMATIC.

SIR JOHN BENEDICT is writing a cantata on Lamartine's "Graziella."

BOOTH in *Iago* pleases London infinitely better than in *Hamlet* and *Othello*. The *World* says of *Iago*:—"The performance is altogether remarkable for its consistency, its force, its finish and subtlety."

THE new opera by Gilbert and Sullivan has for its subject the over-optimistic, hyperbolic, methodical mania of society. No sarcasm against any individual, but any amount of happily humorous castigation of general manners.

LAST month, Adelina Patti received for her two concerts in Nice 30,000 francs, which makes about 1,000 francs for each trill. The old adage alluding to "silence being golden" has evidently grown obsolete.

AT a recent concert in the winter-garden of the Central Hotel in Berlin, the appearance of two juvenile virtuosos on the *cornet à piston*, Johann and Franz Schmidt, aged ten and nine respectively, has created quite a sensation.

MR. HAYES has engaged Her Majesty's Theatre for a season of what are described as "Drawing Room Matinees." The chief feature of the entertainments to be given daily will be comic songs and scenes by English and foreign performers.

OUR CHESS COLUMN.

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

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

J. W. S., Montreal.—Papers to hand. Thanks. Student, Montreal.—Correct solution received of Problem No. 310. E. D. W., Sherbrooke, P. Q.—Correct solution received of Problem No. 316.

CANADIAN CHESS CONGRESS AT OTTAWA.

The ninth annual meeting of the Canadian Chess Association took place at Ottawa on Tuesday, February 22, 1881, in the Tower Room of the Parliamentary buildings, kindly placed at the disposal of the Association by the Speaker of the House of Commons. The following members of the Association were present: Messrs. J. Barry, J. Henderson, J. W. Shaw, E. Pope, L. Schull, Hurlburt, F. X. Lambert, H. J. Taylor, S. Jarvis, Dr. Rieher, J. B. Cherriman, Little, D. R. McLeod, — Caron, — Sewell, and the Rev. T. D. Phillips, M. A., Secretary-Treasurer.

The Secretary read the report of the Congress held in 1879, by which it appeared that there was a balance in hand from the last session. A motion to do away with money prizes this year was defeated, as it was decided to carry out the programme as already published, but it was understood that, for future years, it would be desirable to abolish the system as now carried out, and establish something of a more satisfactory nature in its place. The regulations adopted for 1879 next came into consideration, and some alterations were made, none of them, however, of very great importance.

The names of those who were desirous of becoming competitors in the Tourney for the President's silver cup and other prizes having been received, the following list was made out: Messrs. J. Barry, G. Casey, M. P., J. Henderson, J. Jarvis, F. X. Lambert, D. R. McLeod, T. D. Phillips, L. Schull, J. W. Shaw, and H. T. Taylor. Play began at nine p. m. The conditions regulating the contest were simply that each player should play one game with every other player, and that drawn games should count half a game for each contestant.

On Wednesday evening, at 8 p. m. the members of the Congress assembled for the purpose of choosing officers for next year, when Mr. LeDroit, of Quebec, was re-elected President; Messrs. T. Workman, Dr. Hurlburt and Dr. Ryall elected Vice Presidents, and Messrs. J. B. Cherriman, F. X. Lambert, Rev. T. D. Phillips, M. A., J. Henderson, W. H. Hicks, F. H. Andrews, D. R. McLeod, and E. Pope, Committee of Management. Mr. M. J. Murphy, of Quebec, was elected Secretary-Treasurer.

It was decided to hold the next meeting of the Association at Quebec, at a date to be fixed by the President. During the meeting, Professor Cherriman gave notice that he would move at the next session to make the meetings of the Association tri-annual, instead of annual, with the hope that yearly Provincial gatherings would not be neglected in the meantime.

On Saturday, the 26th, the Tourney had been so far brought to a conclusion that it was ascertained that Mr. J. W. Shaw, of Montreal, P. Q., was the winner of the President's Silver Cup, the first prize, that Mr. S. Schull, of Guelph, Ont., was the winner of the second prize, and that Mr. J. Barry, of Montreal, P. Q., was the winner of the third prize, and on Monday, the 28th, we learned that the Rev. T. D. Phillips, of Ottawa, had secured the fourth prize, and Mr. J. Henderson, of Montreal, the fifth prize.

In our Column of next week will appear a table of the whole of the games played in the Tourney.

The Ontario Chess Association will hold its second annual meeting at Hamilton, on the 11th inst., when a large attendance of the players of the Province is expected.

We see it stated in the Globe-Democrat that the Mannheim (Germany) Chess Club has founded a chess school.

PROBLEM No. 318

By John Barry, Montreal.

BLACK.



WHITE.

White to play and mate in three moves.

GAME 445TH.

From the Globe-Democrat. CHESS IN ST. LOUIS.

First game in the pending match between Captain Mackenzie and Max Judd.

Table of chess moves for Game 445th, listing moves for White (Mr. Judd) and Black (Mr. Mackenzie).

- List of chess moves and solutions for various problems, including solutions for Problem No. 316 and Problem for Young Players No. 314.

NOTES BY CAPTAIN MACKENZIE—(Condensed.)

- Notes on chess games, including observations on moves like B to K B 3, K P with Queen, and K P to B 6.

SOLUTIONS

Solution of Problem No. 316

- Solutions for Problem No. 316, listing moves for White and Black.

Solution of Problem for Young Players No. 314.

- Solutions for Problem for Young Players No. 314, listing moves for White and Black.

PROBLEM FOR YOUNG PLAYERS No. 315.

- Solutions for Problem for Young Players No. 315, listing moves for White and Black.

White to play and mate in three moves.



NOTICE.

SEALED TENDERS addressed to the Superintendent General of Indian Affairs, and endorsed "Tender for Indian Supplies," will be received at this Office up to noon of Saturday, 26th February, 1881 for the delivery of the usual Indian Supplies, duty paid, at different points in Manitoba and the North-West Territories for the year 1881-82—consisting of Flour, Bacon, Groceries, Ammunition, Twine, Oxen, Cows, Bulls, Agricultural Implements, Tools, Harness, &c.

Forms of Tender and full particulars relative to the supplies required, can be had by applying to the undersigned or to the Indian Superintendent, Winnipeg.

The lowest or any tender not necessarily accepted.

(No Newspaper to insert without special authority from this Department through the Queen's Printer.)

L. VANKOUGHNET,

Deputy of the Superintendent General of Indian Affairs.

Department of Indian Affairs, Ottawa, 17th Jan'y, 1881.

The time for receiving tenders for Indian Supplies is hereby extended to noon of Saturday, the 5th March, 1881.

L. VANKOUGHNET,

Deputy of the Superintendent General of Indian Affairs.

Department of Indian Affairs, Ottawa, 14th February, 1881.

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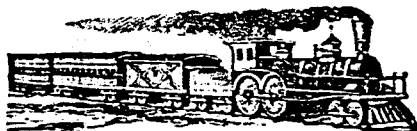
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## Q. M. O. AND O. RAILWAY.

### Change of Time.

COMMENCING ON

Thursday, Dec. 23rd, 1880.

Trains will run as follows:

|                                     | MIXED.     | MAIL.      | EXPRESS.   |
|-------------------------------------|------------|------------|------------|
| Leave Hochelaga for Ottawa.....     | 1.30 a.m.  | 8.35 a.m.  | 5.15 p.m.  |
| Arrive at Ottawa.....               | 11.30 a.m. | 1.10 p.m.  | 9.55 p.m.  |
| Leave Ottawa for Hochelaga.....     | 12.10 a.m. | 8.10 a.m.  | 4.55 p.m.  |
| Arrive at Hochelaga.....            | 10.30 a.m. | 12.50 p.m. | 9.35 p.m.  |
| Leave Hochelaga for Quebec.....     | 6.00 p.m.  | 3.00 p.m.  | 10.00 p.m. |
| Arrive at Quebec.....               | 8.00 a.m.  | 9.55 p.m.  | 6.30 a.m.  |
| Leave Quebec for Hochelaga.....     | 5.30 p.m.  | 10.10 a.m. | 10.00 p.m. |
| Arrive at Hochelaga.....            | 8.00 a.m.  | 5.00 p.m.  | 6.30 a.m.  |
| Leave Hochelaga for St. Jerome..... | 5.30 p.m.  |            |            |
| Arrive at St. Jerome.....           | 7.15 p.m.  |            |            |
| Leave St. Jerome for Hochelaga..... | 6.45 a.m.  |            |            |
| Arrive at Hochelaga.....            | 9.00 a.m.  |            |            |
| Leave Hochelaga for Joliette.....   | 5.00 p.m.  |            |            |
| Arrive at Joliette.....             | 7.25 p.m.  |            |            |
| Leave Joliette for Hochelaga.....   | 6.00 a.m.  |            |            |
| Arrive at Hochelaga.....            | 8.20 a.m.  |            |            |

(Local trains between Hull and Aylmer.)  
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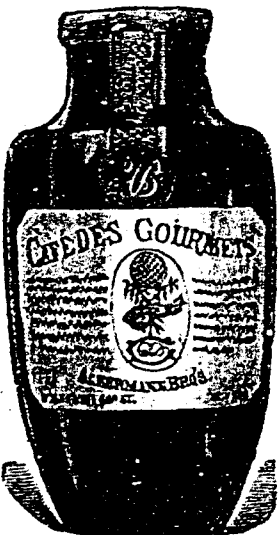


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Being roasted and ground in a Patent Apparatus, packed in Glass Jars while hot and then hermetically sealed, by this process not a particle of the Aroma is lost.

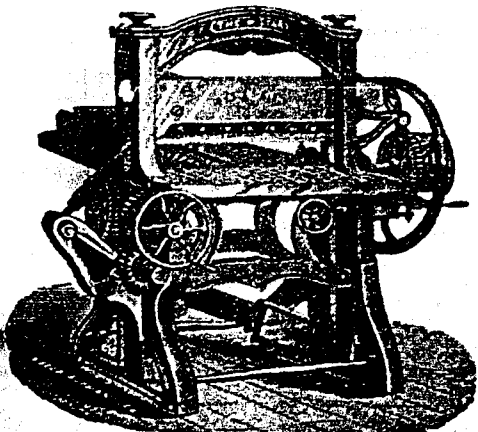
It is much stronger, for the reason that it is roasted higher, after the manner of the French. They put no water with it while in the process of roasting, as is universally done to save weight.

It is more economical, as two-thirds of this is equivalent to one pound of the other Coffee.

It is clarified, has a beautiful colour, the flavour is delicious, wholesome and invigorating.

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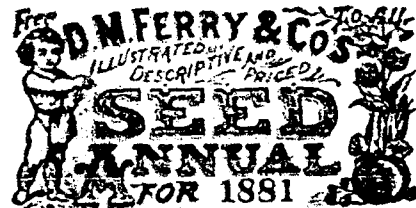


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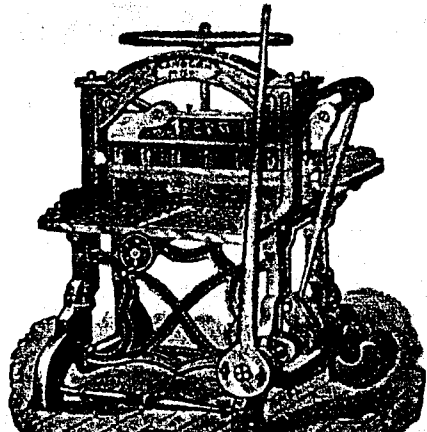
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