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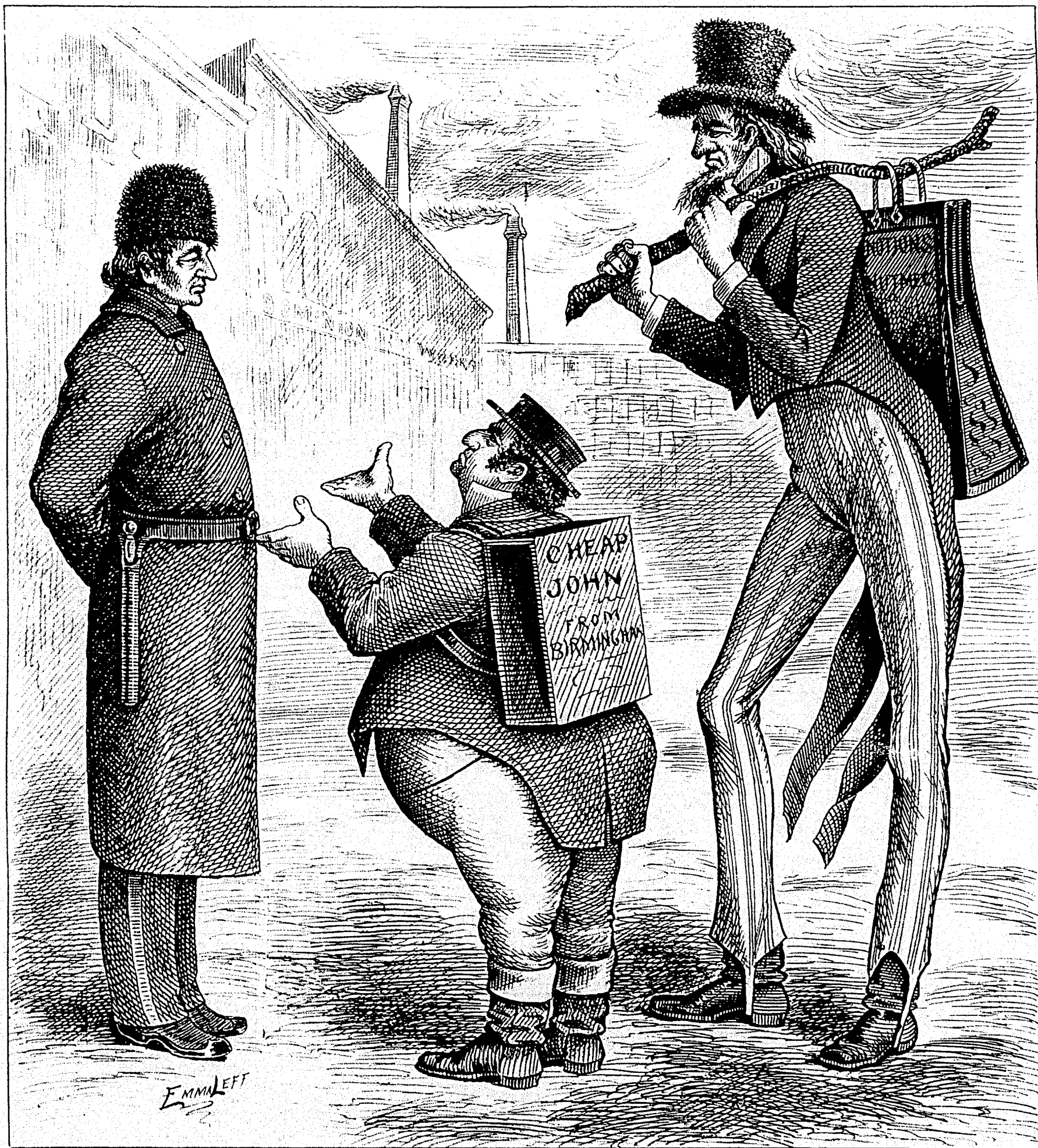
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# Wholesale News

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MONTREAL, SATURDAY, MARCH 8, 1879.

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"DUTY TO ONE'S COUNTRY."

OFFICER MACDONALD (to peddlers from Old and New England): "You must pay license, gentlemen, if you bring your goods into this market."

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## BENEATH THE WAVE.

This interesting story is now proceeding in large instalments through our columns, and the interest of the plot deepens with every number. It should be remembered that we have gone to the expense of purchasing the sole copyright of this fine work for Canada, and we trust that our readers will show their appreciation of this fact by renewing their subscriptions and urging their friends to open subscriptions with the NEWS.

## CANADIAN ILLUSTRATED NEWS.

Montreal, Saturday, March 8, 1879.

### THE ADDRESS IN THE SENATE.

The address in the Senate was moved by Hon. Mr. Cornwall, and seconded by Hon. M. DeBoucherville, portraits of which gentlemen will be found in the present issue. The ancient family of Cornwall is descended in an unbroken line from a son of King John of England, who was created Earl of Cornwall: the Kingscotes, of Kingscote, have lived on the lands they now hold for a period antecedent to the Conquest. From these two families Senator Cornwall is descended. He was born in England, in 1836, and educated at a private school and at Trinity College, Cambridge, where he received the degree of Master of Arts. In 1871 he married Charlotte, the third daughter of Rev. Arthur Gore Pemberton, Rector of Kensal Green, London. He was called to the Bar of the Inner Temple in 1862. Mr. Cornwall is a Magistrate for British Columbia. He sat for Yale-Lytton in the Legislative Assembly of that Province during the sessions of 1864-5, and again during the session of 1871, when terms of union with Canada were agreed upon. On British Columbia entering the Dominion in that year, he was called to the Senate of Canada.

The name of M. DeBoucherville is well known, having figured largely in recent stirring events connected with the Government of the Province of Quebec. The family is an old and honourable one, being descended from Lieut-General Pierre Boucher, Sieur de Grosbois, Governor of Three Rivers in 1653, and founder of the Seigneurie of Boucherville. The Senator was born at the latter place in 1820, and educated at St. Sulpice College, Montreal. Having chosen the medical profession, he went to Paris to prosecute his studies, and graduated there. He was a member of the Executive Council, and Speaker of the Legislative Council from July, 1867, till February, 1873, and on the resignation of Hon. M. Ouimet, in 1874, he was called upon to form a new Cabinet, which he did successfully. M. DeBoucherville sat for Chambly in the old Canadian Assembly from 1861 till the Union, in 1867, when he was called to the Legislative Council. His Government was dismissed by Lieut.-Governor Letellier de St. Just, on 2nd March, 1878, and he was called to the Senate a few weeks before the opening of the present session of Parliament.

### OUR ILLUSTRATIONS.

Among our pictures this week is that of an Ice-Boat Race, which took place on Toronto Bay last Tuesday week. Twelve boats were announced as having started, and our scene represents the critical mo-

ment when all set off. The steamer *Northern Light* offers another picture in her efforts to plough through the ice-floes that gorge the narrows between Charlottetown and Pictou. The Ontario Poultry Show—represented partially in another sketch—opened in Guelph on the 25th ult., there being 1,100 entries, about 200 less than the great Buffalo poultry exhibition of 1879. The display was unusually fine, both in quality and quantity. We have also a view of a well-known scene in a New York Kindergarten, devoted especially to very young children, and of a blessing of bells—with pompous religious ceremonies—at Munich, in Bavaria. Three pictures are devoted to the late political crisis in France, already fully described in our columns. One represents the election of President Grevy, by the assembled Houses; another, the visit of Marshal MacMahon to his successor; and a third, the ballot deposited, amid deafening cheers, by the Premier, M. Dufaure, in favour of M. Grevy. The sketches from Muskoka, and other picturesque spots in Ontario, are the result of summer tours by the Rev. Mr. Christopherson, and will be found quite interesting.

### DE SALABERRY.

Mr. E. J. Hemming, of Drummondville, Q., writes to say that we were not quite correct in stating in our editorial of March 1st, that since the death of the late Col. DeSalaberry, his memory has been suffered to lie dormant. In 1868 Col. Harwood called the attention of the Provincial Legislature to the subject, and in the following session Mr. Hemming had the honour of moving that a Committee be named for the purpose of considering in what manner this Province could best testify its appreciation of the great services rendered to Canada by the Hero of Chateaugay. Although Mr. Hemming had the sympathy of both sides of the House, the Government felt constrained to oppose his motion for reasons of public policy, but M. Chauveau, the then Premier, promised that the matter should not be lost sight of, and he believes that he afterwards kept his promise, though nothing of a public character was attempted.

### THE SEAT OF GOVERNMENT.

(FROM OUR SPECIAL CORRESPONDENT.)

OTTAWA, March 1st, 1879.—The last week has not been brilliant in Parliamentary debate, and the Opposition are rather congratulating themselves on the astuteness of Mr. Mackenzie's policy, in allowing the Address to go without debate. Of course they say that the non-appearance of the Government measures is proof that they are not ready; and they very shrewdly conclude that the Government had at least calculated upon a fortnight's debate on the address, the Ministers naturally assuming that the whole political situation would get a good airing on that motion. A fortnight's time gained would undoubtedly have been both useful and convenient for the Ministers. But the precedent set by the practice of this session is better for all concerned.

On Monday, Mr. Mills introduced a Bill in reference to the courts of the N. W. Territories, this being a subject to which he has given much attention. The state of things in the North-West requires very careful action; and Sir John promised that Mr. Mills' bill should receive every consideration.

Mr. DeCosmos was very anxious to learn whether a British Columbia provincial bill for taxing the Chinese would be disallowed by the Government. The Minister of Justice did not give him a decisive answer, but he stated that the bill was under consideration, and that it had been declared *ultra vires* by one of the judges of the Supreme Court of that Province. The question is undoubtedly a serious one. It appears from recent news that British Columbia is being overrun with the Chinese, and enormous exertions are being used by the people of California to get the President of the United States to put into effect the bill which has passed the two Houses of Congress, prohibiting further Chinese immigration.

Sir John Macdonald stated positively, in answer to Dr. Fiset, that the Government does not intend to grant a pardon to Riel. This question can be no longer galvanized into anything like its old excitement.

Mr. Christie brought forward, on Monday, his motion respecting a more strict enforcement of the observance of the Lord's Day in the Public

Departments throughout the Dominion and in the Post Office; but it was not debated until Thursday. He insisted that this was one of the most serious of all public questions, and that evil would happen to the State if it were lightly dealt with. Mr. Langevin, who is at once the Postmaster General and a representative Roman Catholic in the House, met the question in a perfectly straightforward and frank manner. He said that the Government and every member of the House were in favour of a due observance of Sunday; while it was true that there was some necessary work which had to be done on that day. Mr. Béchard, further speaking on the side of the majority of the people of Quebec, said the education of the greater part of the people did not lead them to believe that keeping a post-office open on Sunday was a violation of that day. Many of them, he added, lived five or six miles from a post-office, and could only get their letters on Sunday without losing half a day's work. Mr. Thompson, of Cariboo, said that in British Columbia a great many people only came to town on Sunday, and could only get their letters on that day. Sir John Macdonald took substantially the same ground as Mr. Langevin, and contended that this Parliament should take the same action as the last, and affirm the principle that, in as far as practicable, it is advisable properly to keep the Sunday, but that it would not be well to attempt to adopt the east-iron rule embodied in the resolution. This appeared to hit so well the common sense view of the House, that the motion was not pressed to a division. Without following the debate in detail, through many arguments that are somewhat stale, I may say that the advocates of Mr. Christie's motion appeared to be very much stronger in the expression of their sentiments than they were in numbers, and I am afraid Mr. Cameron, of North Victoria, rather wounded some of their sensibilities by telling them that it was highly improper to attempt to enforce uniformity with respect to this observance in this country. He sneeringly reminded them that one or more of the directors of the Glasgow City Bank, now in prison, were such strict adherents of "Sabbath observance," that they would not even read newspapers on Monday, because they must have been printed on Sunday.

On Tuesday there was really nothing done, and the House adjourned over Ash Wednesday until Thursday. In the Senate, Mr. Christie moved for copies of all correspondence on the subject of the recent cattle prohibition proclamation, which, of course, there was no objection to give. He did admit that the Government had exercised a wise discretion in taking this step; and Senator Alexander said that people expected the Government would not maintain the prohibition longer than was necessary, as the carrying trade of the country was seriously affected by it. The question is certainly one of very great importance, and the prohibition is undoubtedly very damaging to the Grand Trunk, Great Western, and Canada Southern Railways, as well as to the steamship lines. I think the Government will be willing to relax this measure as soon as they can see their way to do so; but they will probably not find this very easy, if they are to keep the Canadian ports from being scheduled by the Imperial Government, as the United States ports have been.

The correspondence between Mr. Anglin and Mr. Patrick has been laid on the table of the House. It contains points of some personal interest, but the principle involved is the same as that I have before described. Mr. Anglin endeavours to show that there were reasons why he should make a number of appointments in the staff of clerks; after he was virtually politically defunct. The Government did not think these should be recognised, and that is the whole matter. At a meeting of the Internal Commission of the House, the following appointments were made:—Mr. Tassé (brother of the member), Clerk of Special Committees; Mr. Moffatt, late Indexing Clerk, to be clerk of Railroads, Canals, and Telegraph Lines, in the place of Mr. Thaddeus Patrick, deceased; Mr. E. B. Taylor to be Indexing Clerk; and Mr. Macdonald, son of the Sergeant-at-Arms, to be Clerk Assistant to the Clerk of the Crown in Chancery, in the place of Capt. Nolan, deceased.

The correspondence in the Letellier case has been laid on the table. It is very voluminous. It consists of, first, a petition from Messrs. Chapleau, Church and Angers, dated the 17th of November last, demanding Mr. Letellier's dismissal. This document alleges that the erroneous statements of Mr. Letellier in his previous defence were of such a nature that they could not have been made by mistake or failure of memory. There is a long answer of Mr. Letellier to this dated 9th of December last, recapitulating the points of his position and attacking the assailants with vigour. He states the allegations against him are entirely untruthful. The petitioners return to the charge in a long document under date of December 19th last, couched in language of unusual bitterness. They charge the Lieutenant-Governor with having divulged the secrets of his advisers, giving an inaccurate version and a false interpretation of their words and actions; of attacking the authenticity of public records, and rendering illusory and impossible all guarantee for that mutual confidence which should ever exist between the Chief of the Executive and his advisers. It would not be difficult to point out where the issues clash between the contestants, but I shall not undertake that task of criticism in this letter. The main facts on which the issue rests are not different from those with which the public is familiar. Mr.

Mousseau, it is understood, is to bring on a motion in the House of Commons for an address to the Governor-General on Mr. Letellier's position. I may, when that motion comes, further allude to this question. But I shall not, as I said last week, make any prophecy as to the result. The Ministers have not as yet given any sign of the side which they will take. This much, however, may now be said. Mr. Mousseau's motion is couched in the precise guarded words of that of Sir John A. Macdonald last session. Its point is simply a declaration of the principle that Mr. Letellier's action in dismissing the DeBoucherville Ministry was subversive of the rights accorded to the advisers of the Crown since the concession of Responsible Government. This motion is brought forward by a private member, a friend of the Government, and is a proof that the Government as a Government do not wish to move in the matter. There might be reasons why they might not see their way to vote for the motion. But it would be an awkward thing for Sir John to vote against his own motion. If that motion were passed Mr. Letellier's position would be untenable. There might, however, be an amendment.

There are several Bills before the House for Colonization Railways in Manitoba. There is some difficulty as respects competing lines; but that thriving Province will very likely be soon supplied with colonization railways, as well as the Pacific Line, and U. S. connections. It is said the Campbell divorce case will come again before the Senate this session.

Morse & Co. have refused the contract for 67 miles of section 18 of the Pacific Railway. The next lowest tenderers, Messrs. Jones & Co., of Brooklyn, will have the next section. Their offer is \$350,000 over that of Morse & Co. Should they refuse, Fraser & Co., of Nova Scotia, come the next. This tendering and backing out has a very suspicious air; but I do not see what the Government can do to prevent it.

I may mention that the Marquis of Lorne is every day inviting members of Parliament to meet him at his office in order to have conversations on public questions with them. He is certainly most industriously studying to make himself acquainted with the affairs of the country.

There was a good deal of debate on Friday on the "Hansard" question, which seems to interest more warmly those immediately concerned than the public at large. The point of public interest simply is that it is determined to have an official report of the debates in English and French.

### OUR ILLUSTRATIONS.

JOSEPH TASSÉ, Esq.—He was born in Montreal, 23rd October, 1848, and educated at Bourget's College, Rigaud, Co. of Vaudreuil. In 1870 he married Marie Alexandrine Victoire Georgina, daughter of J. P. M. LeCourt, Esq., architect. He edited *Le Canada*, a tri-weekly Ottawa paper, in 1867-68, and acted as joint-editor of the *Montreal Mirror*, the leading French Conservative organ of Quebec, from 1869 to March, 1872, and as director of *La Revue Canadienne*, a monthly review, to which he has contributed many essays on literature, history, and political economy. He was then appointed Assistant French Translator of the House of Commons. In 1873 he visited England, Belgium, France, Switzerland, and Italy, and published a detailed account of his extensive tour. He was elected President of the French Canadian Institute of Ottawa in 1872 and 1873, and took the initiative of a movement towards the building of its splendid edifice on York street. He organized a most successful literary convention, composed of prominent *littérateurs* and of delegates of various French and English Societies, on the occasion of the inauguration of the new Institute, 24th and 25th October, 1877. In June, 1874, he was sent as a delegate to the French National Convention of Montreal, which had chiefly for its object the return of the Canadians emigrated to the United States, and took a prominent part in its deliberations. He was elected President of the St. Jean Baptiste Society in 1875 and 1876, and is one of the founders and directors of the French Canadian Building Society, as well as a member of the Separate School Board and Chairman of the Management Committee. He has been a frequent lecturer before national and literary societies here and in the United States, and has published several works of importance, among others: *Philémon Wright, ou Colonisation et Commerce de bois* (1871), an essay on the establishment and the development of the Ottawa region; *Le Chemin de fer Canadien du Pacifique* (1872), the first French elaborate essay on the Canadian Pacific Railway; *La Vallée de l'Outaouais* (1872), a pamphlet of 86 pages on the Ottawa Valley: its resources, agricultural and mineral, its lumber trade, its railways and canals, partly reproduced in *Le Tour du Monde* (Paris, July, 1875); *Les Canadiens de l'Ouest* (1878), his capital work, forming two volumes in 8vo of 400 pages each, with portraits and engravings. The purport of the last work is to demonstrate that French Canadians have been mainly the discoverers and pioneers of the American and Canadian North-west. It has been partly translated in American papers, and specially in the collections of the Historical Society of Wisconsin, and has been favourably noticed in foreign reviews. He declined a candidature in 1874, and was first returned to Parliament for Ottawa at the last general election.

FREDERICK DE ST. CROIX BRECKEN, Q. C. (Queen's, P. E. I.)—Son of the Hon. John Brecken, who was a member of the Executive and Legislative Council of Prince Edward Island for many years before the introduction of responsible government. He was born at Charlottetown, 9th December, 1828, and educated at the Central Academy. He married, September, 1858, at St. John, N. B., Helen Leith Boyd Emslie, daughter of the late Captain Emslie, 83rd Regiment. He was Attorney and Advocate General from April, 1859, to January, 1863; and from September, 1870, to April, 1872, was a member of the Executive Council and Attorney-General. He was re-appointed April, 1873, and held office till August, 1876. He was first returned to the Provincial Legislature, P. E. I., for the city of Charlottetown, in 1863, and re-elected until August, 1876. When Attorney-General, in 1875, he introduced and carried through the Provincial Legislature the Land Purchase Act, under the provisions of which all the estates then held by proprietors claiming under grants from the Crown, issued at the settlement of the colony, in the reign of George III., were extinguished. He was returned to the House of Commons for Queen's County by a large majority, and is the colleague of the Hon. J. C. Pope, Minister of Marine and Fisheries.

ECHOES FROM PARIS.

AN ingenious person has calculated that a Deputy who has travelled from Paris to Versailles every day that the Chambers have met since the seat of Government was transferred to that town, eight years ago, has passed over a number of kilometres equal to about three times the circumference of the earth.

THE Gaulois has discovered that the words "République Française, Jules Grévy, President, 31 Janvier 1879," form the number of votes (563) by which he was elected, if the letter a is reckoned as one, b as two, and so on. The only flaw in this calculation is that M. Grévy's election was not on the 31st, but on the 30th.

A COMMEMORATIVE tablet has just been placed on the house in which Hérold was born. The house is No. 10 of the Rue d'Argout, near the Bank. The inscription of the tablet is thus worded:—"In this house was born, on the 28th of January, 1791, Louis Joseph Ferninand Hérold, author of Zampa and the Pré aux Clercs."

ANOTHER indication of the mildness of the late political crisis in France is contained in the fact that only one duel, and that an unimportant one, has arisen out of it. M. Emile Max, editor of the *Republicain du Gers*, and M. de Lacour, editor of the *Appel au Peuple*, after quarrelling with their pens took swords to settle their differences of opinion. They fought on the Spanish frontier, and M. Max was slightly wounded.

INSTEAD of the bridesmaids, fashion in France now prescribes two tiny pages, who are chosen from the prettiest of the boy relatives of the bride or bridegroom. These are dressed in velvet of the bride's favourite colour. At a recent wedding the tiny Court dress worn was of sapphire velvet, with white silk stockings and velvet shoes with diamond buckles. A bouquet, composed of a rosebud, an orange blossom, and a branch of myrtle is attached to the left side. They perform the usual rôle of the bridesmaids, carry the bride's missal, bouquet, and gloves, and, in addition, meet her and assist her from and to the carriage step.

THE winner of the grand prize of 125,000fr is a journeyman carrier named Aubroit, a native of Toul, and the occupant of two rooms on the fifth floor in the Rue Cardinal Lemoine. He is forty-five years of age, is a steady workman, and learnt his good fortune from a newspaper on Sunday evening. He held eight tickets. His master took him to the Trocadéro to establish his claim. The second and third prizes are still unclaimed, but the fourth of 50,000fr. has fallen to an insurance company's clerk. A number of people have had a brief dream of happiness who fancied that they had won prizes, not noticing that, though their number was the same, it belonged to another of the twelve series.

EVERY one has heard of Victor Hugo's granddaughter, the little Jeanne of the *Année Terrible* and of the *Art d'être Grand-père*. This interesting child was nearly burned alive the other day, being only saved by her marvellous presence of mind. She got out of bed in the morning to play with a clock which had been given to her on New Year's Day, and was deposited in state on her mantle piece, and as she leant over the fire to reach the coveted toy, it caught her night-dress, which was soon in a blaze. Another moment and the child would have been horribly injured; but with remarkable coolness and pluck little Jeanne threw herself on the floor, rolled over, and so extinguished the flames at the cost of a few trifling hurts.

PARIS has seldom been more disagreeably snowed up than during the past fortnight. The thaw was so gradual, the cold so near the freezing point, it was impossible to clear the streets of snow and ice, and, save in the important

thoroughfares, the walking has been anything but pleasant. In the street the slush and mud have remained longer than we ever saw it before, much to the discomfort of the public. At every turn one was likely to be splashed from head to foot, and at each moment it was necessary to wade ankle deep through the snow and water. The authorities engaged many thousand extra workmen to sweep and cart off the slush, but the job was an arduous one, and proceeded but slowly.

MADEMOISELLE B— is a pretty brunette; she is very elegant, but has alas! one misfortune to trouble her. She is a Spaniard by birth, and her voice has the masculine tone so peculiar to the beauties of Catholic Spain. It was eve, and she was walking along the Boulevards just behind a marvel of grandeur in military uniform; a blind beggar stepped across and intercepted their progress, asking for alms. She withdrew her elegantly gloved hand from her muff, opened her purse, and slipped some coppers into the vagrant's outstretched palm, accompanying the gift with a few suitable words of kindness spoken as softly and amiably as possible. The blind man felt, listened, and replied in a voice choked with emotion, "Thank you, Colonel!"

THERE is every reason to believe that Marshal MacMahon will visit Ireland in the course of next summer. The Marshal has frequently expressed his intention to see the land of his fathers as soon as ever respite from the cares of State enabled him to gratify a cherished desire without attracting too much notice by the movement. Madame La Maréchale is even more enthusiastic than her husband on the subject. She had arranged to visit the country at the closing of the Paris Exhibition in company with her son, but was prevented by a cold caught at the famous State ball given to celebrate the conclusion of the World's Fair. Nothing now interferes with the Marshal's wishes, and in all probability he will make the journey this year. His itinerary has been long ago marked out.

A PARISIAN writes: It is curious how very much we are adopting English terms in notes of invitations, for not only are guests bidden to "five o'clock tea" (*sic*), but those who live a short distance from the capital invite their friends to "lunch," ignoring *déjeuner*, which is really the equivalent for that repast. The newest toilets for these lunches are black and dark violet velvet, embroidered with amber colored jet, and some of our ultra *élégantes* wear with this style of dress light tortoiseshell ornaments, especially necklets consisting of several rows of rings, cut out of tortoiseshell. These chains are only made in the East, and they are most costly; of course they are only worn with high dresses. Another item I remark at these luncheons is that the *élégantes* all fasten a small bouquet of natural flowers on their bodices. Madame London, the horticultural florist in the Rue de la Paix, makes such bouquets a speciality, and is so successful that she is not nearly able to supply the demands of her *clientèle*. Artificial flowers are not worn with morning dresses at this season, and the fashionable artificials are made of chenille and ribbons, which are at the best clumsy.

VARIETIES.

DOZZIL CHAMPAGNE.—Lord Beaconsfield makes, it is said, his chief sustenance from champagne jelly, which he uses three times a day, and each repast of which costs something like three guineas. The restorative qualities of this nutriment are very great, and to a man of the premier's sad and meditative temperament, and feeble physique, must be invaluable. If this is true, and the price of this invaluable jelly is as great as alleged, it cost the premier three thousand two hundred and eighty-five pounds per annum to diet himself.

LITERARY PENMANSHIP.—Joaquin Miller writes a hand which it is almost impossible to read. Swinburne does likewise, using a quill pen. Walt Whitman also wields a quill, but his writing is large, bold, careless and distinct. Ruskin's chirography is as fine as if written with a pin point. Lowell writes a lady-like, running hand, very plain, with the exception of his signature. Froude's penmanship is distinct and fine; Kate Field's square and bold; George MacDonald's large and manly, and William Winter's is like forked lightning. Robert Buchanan writes an "easily read, affectedly literary hand, as though he were trying to be unintelligible, but did not like to be altogether so." He also decorates his letters with boyish curlyqueues. Mrs. Oliphant writes worse than anybody else, apparently using the point of a hair.

WATER COLORS.—Charles Blanc, author of the "Grammar of Art," makes three main divisions of painting in water-colors. They are *aquarelle*, *gouache* and *lavis*. He defines *aquarelle* to be a water color in which the white of the paper ground is used for the brightest parts or "lights" of the picture, the transparent colors being washed on, instead of added in successive layers. *Gouache*, on the other hand, has the paper completely covered, the "lights" being put in with white. The colors are diluted with gum-water, and applied successively, drying quickly, unless specially treated to retard desiccation. *Lavis* is a water painting in one color, generally india ink or sepia. This is mostly used for washing in quick sketches that are

rather momentoes than serious pictures. Variations of these methods are practised by artists, as for example, those made by finishing with pastels to enhance the colors. These, however, are mostly of inferior durability and value.

DIPHTHERIA CURED BY SULPHUR.—A few years ago, when diphtheria was raging in England, a gentleman accompanied the celebrated Dr. Field on his rounds to witness the so-called "wonderful cures" which he performed, while the patients of others were dropping on all sides. The remedy, to be so rapid, must be simple. All he took with him was flower of sulphur and a quill, and with these he cured every patient without exception. He put a tea-spoonful of flour of brimstone into a wine-glass of water, and stirred it with his finger instead of a spoon, as the sulphur does not readily amalgamate with water. When the sulphur was well mixed, he gave it as a gargle, and in ten minutes the patient was out of danger. Brimstone kills every species of fungus in a man, beast, and plant in a few minutes. Instead of spitting out the gargle, he recommended the swallowing of it. In extreme cases, in which he had been called just in the nick of time, when the fungus was too nearly closing to allow the gargling, he blew the sulphur through a quill into the throat, and, after the fungus had shrunk to allow of it, then gave the gargle. He never lost a patient from diphtheria. If a patient cannot gargle, take a live coal, put it on a shovel, and sprinkle a spoonful or two of flour of brimstone upon it; let the sufferer inhale the fumes, and the fungus will die.

BEACONSFIELD'S BROTHER.—Strangers in the House of Lords will sometimes see an elderly gentleman quietly seated at the table, or timidly walking in and out, counting his steps lest peradventure they might lead him to tread on the toes of a noble lord. He does not claim attention, and to tell the truth, does not receive it. Nobody notices him, and no one would guess from any data of personal resemblance that he is the brother to the puissant earl who has had a good deal to do with the direction of the destinies of England during the last four years. History, ancient or modern, scarcely supplies a parallel to the twin phenomena of the obscurity of Ralph Disraeli, and the contemporaneous fame of his brother Benjamin. The one has always lived in the blaze of notoriety; the other has systematically shunned public recognition in any form. Ralph Disraeli's circle of acquaintances is limited in the extreme. He lives in the quietude of Onslow-square, and may sometimes be met strolling about the private garden, or seated with book in hand under the old elm that faces the church which overlooks the most secluded corner of this bit of green in the heart of London. But he gives no parties and accepts no invitation. You never see his name among the lists of guests at his brother's house. He has no ambition beyond the desire to be left alone, and no wants beyond what are amply supplied by the emoluments of the office his brother thrust upon him. Nobody knows exactly the date of his birth, or even the epoch of his marriage. When the editor of *Debut* invited him to supply the customary information on those points, he simply declined to give it. Perhaps he does not know. At any rate, it is sufficient for him that he was born and is married, and he thinks that in these matters the world might well be satisfied with what contents him.

BURLESQUE.

THE MULE AND THE INDIAN.—I see the beautiful Indian leaning up against the fence, calmly surveying his territory. And I am free to admit that the territory is a powerful sight more beautiful than the Indian. The Indian is chewing tobacco, and swearing at a mule. He is six feet high, the Indian is, and his tail is full of burrs, the mule's is. He wears butternut jeans, and a fur cap, the Indian does, and you can hear him bray clear into the ear, the mule that is. He has a bushy head of hair and shocky whiskers, tanned out by the sun, has the Indian; and he wears more flat leathern harness than he has hair, the mule does. He carries a black snake whip, the Indian does, and as he swears, he larrups it over his hunkers, the mule's hunkers. And every time he, the Indian, fetches him, the mule, one, he, the mule, kicks down a whole panel of fence. I trust I have made this clear enough.

THE AVERAGE HUSBAND.—The average husband is a very tractable and accommodating person, and endeavours to behave himself and treat his wife with due consideration. But when she sends him on an exploring expedition to the clothes-press after an article of feminine wearing apparel, and after he has groped around half an hour in the dark, bruised his knuckles on hooks and nails and become generally demoralized; after he has repeatedly told her the desired article was not there, and she has as often responded that it was, and that it hung on a certain peg in a certain corner; after his wife has repeatedly told him he wasn't worth a cent to find anything, and he has about come to the conclusion that he is an illustrious fool, anyway; we say, after all this has transpired, and the woman falls to thinking and suddenly remarks, "Oh, I guess I put it in the chest, up-stairs, after all," the man slams the clothes-press door, resumes his dignity as lord of creation, and, if he isn't a very pious man, he uses some cuss-words.

THE MOST MARVELLOUS SHOOTING ON RECORD.—They had been talking about the re-

markable performances of Dr. Carver, the marksman who shoots with rifle glass balls which are sent into the air as fast as a man can throw them. Presently Abner Byng, who was sitting by, said:

"That's nothing."  
"What is nothing?"  
"Why, that shooting. Did you ever know Tom Potter?"  
"No."

"Well, Potter was the best hand with a rifle I ever saw; beat this man Carver all hollow. I'll tell you what I've seen this man Potter do. You know, may be, along there in the cherry season, Mrs. Potter would want to preserve some cherries; so Tom would pick 'em for her, and how do you think he'd stone 'em?"  
"I don't know. How?"

"Why he'd fill his gun with bird shot and get a boy to drop half a bushel of cherries at one time from the roof of the house. As they came down he'd fire and take the stone clean out of every cherry in the lot! It's a positive fact! He might occasionally miss one, but not often. But he did bigger shooting than that when he wanted to."

"What did he do?"  
"Why, Jim Miller—did you know him? No! Well, Tom made a bet with Jim that he could shoot the button off his own coat tail by aiming in the opposite direction, and Jim took him up."

"Did he do it?"  
"Do it! He fixed himself in position and aimed at a tree in front of him. The ball hit the tree, caromed, hit the corner of a house, caromed, struck a lamp post, caromed, and flew behind Tom and nipped the button off as slick as a whistle. You bet he did it!"

"That was fine shooting."  
"Yes, but I've seen Tom Potter beat it. I've seen him stand under a flock of wild pigeons, billions of them coming like the wind, and kill 'em so fast that the front of the flock never passed a given line, but turned over and fell down, so that it looked like a land of feathery Niagara. Tom did it by having twenty-three breech-loading rifles and a boy to load 'em. He always shot with that kind."

"And you say you saw him do this kind of shooting?"  
"Yes, sir, and better than that, too. Why, I'll tell you what I have seen Tom Potter do. I saw him once set up an Indian-rubber target at 300 feet and hit the bull's eye twenty-seven times a minute with the same ball! He would hit the target, the ball would bounce back right into the rifle barrel just as Tom had clapped in a fresh charge of powder, and so he kept her going backward and forward until at last he happened to move his gun and the bullet missed the muzzle of the barrel. It was the biggest thing I ever saw; the very biggest—except one."

"What was that?"  
"Why, one day I was out with him when he was practising, and it came on to rain. Tom didn't want to get wet, and we had no umbrella, and what did you think he did?"

"What?"  
"Now, what do you think the man did to keep dry?"

"I can't imagine."  
"Well, sir, he got me to load his weapon for him, and I pledge you my word, although it began to rain hard, he hit every drop that came down, so that the ground for about eight feet around was as dry as punk. It was beautiful, sir—beautiful."

And then the company rose up slowly and passed out one by one, each man eyeing Abner and looking solemn as he went by; and when they had gone Abner looked queerly for a moment, and said to me:

"There's nothing I hate so much as a liar. Give me a man who is a friend of the solid truth and I'll tie to him."

MUSICAL AND DRAMATIC.

ADELINA PATTI is worth \$3,000,000.

A GERMAN version of Byron's "Our Boys" has been produced at Munich.

MISS KELLOGG announces that she will retire from the operatic stage after the present season.

MR. IRVING, who is the rage in London, has an uncontrollable restlessness, which serves him well in *Hamlet*.

MR. HENRY PEAKES is now the first bass of the Hesse-Abbott English Opera Company, and is renewing all his old successes.

"WAGNER's music must annoy you," said some one to an old gentleman. "Oh, bless you no; you can say or do anything you like while it is being played."

MR. CHIPPENDALE, the English actor, who has been before the public for sixty-eight years, has retired from the stage, and has been the recipient of a far-well benefit.

THE French Theatre Commission have recommended the creation of a new theatre, to be managed on behalf of the State, and to act as a school of application for the Conservatoire, teaching in the interest of young composers and actors.

At the Rossini Theatre, in Rome, a piece called "Meo Patasco" has had such a run this winter that the guards on duty were frequently compelled to charge on the crowds which tried to force an entrance at the doors and drive them away.

MISS ADELAIDE NEILSON writes from Nice that her pulmonary troubles have been much improved by the soft climate of the lively watering place on the Mediterranean. She will be back in London next week to begin rehearsals in the wonderful new piece we have been hearing of so long, to be produced at Easter at the Adelphi. Only just now, after months of talk about it, has the title come out. It is to be called "The Crimson Cross."

OUR CANADIAN PORTRAIT GALLERY.



No. 303.—HON. CLEMENT FRANCIS CORNWALL, B.A.,  
MOVER OF THE ADDRESS IN THE SENATE.



No. 304.—HON. CHARLES BOUCHER DE BOUCHERVILLE,  
SECONDER OF THE ADDRESS IN THE SENATE.



NEW YORK.—THE KINDERGARTEN. GRAND MARCH OF BOYS AND GIRLS.

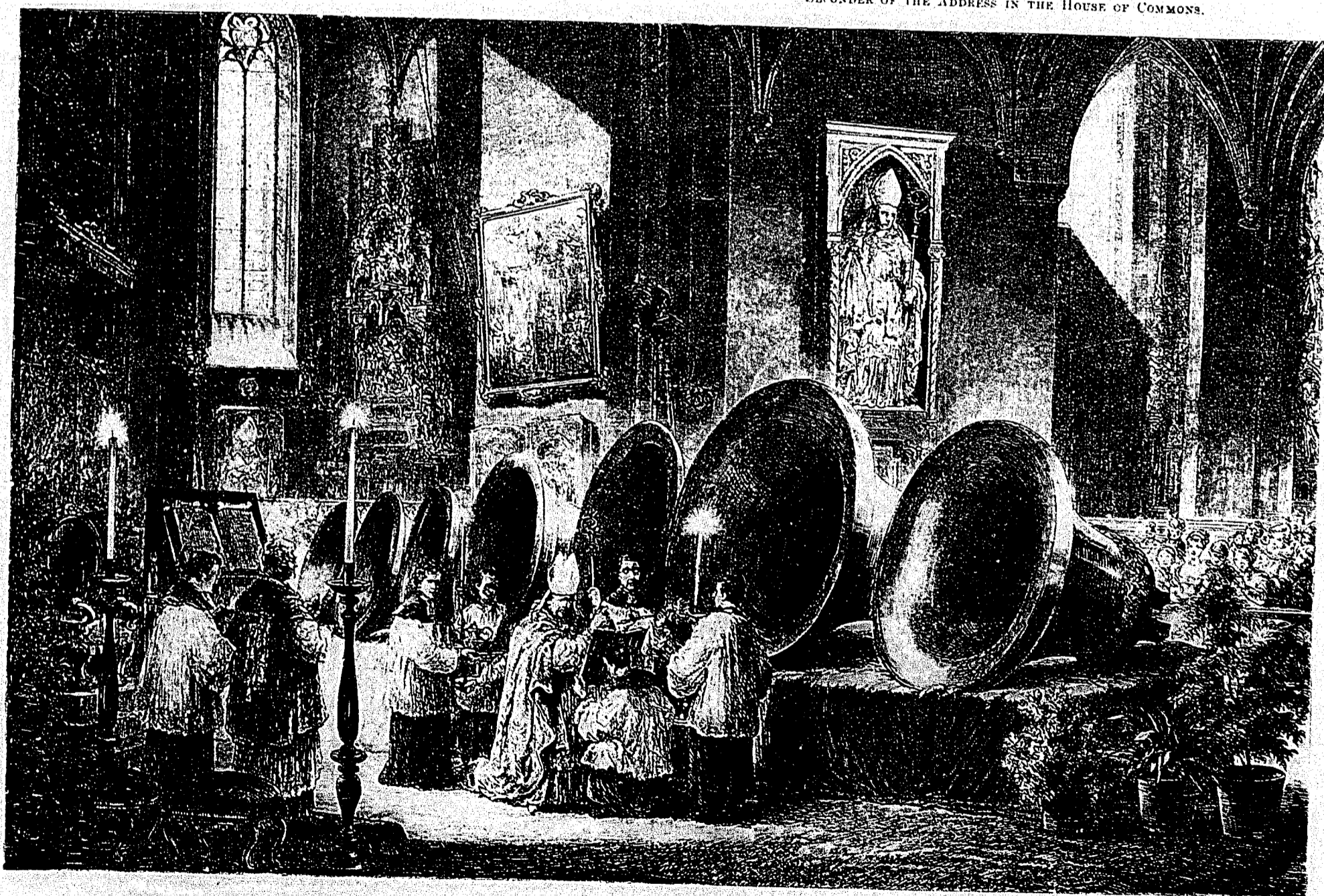
OUR CANADIAN PORTRAIT GALLERY.



No. 305.—F. DE ST. CROIX BRECKEN, ESQ.,  
MOVER OF THE ADDRESS IN THE HOUSE OF COMMONS.



No. 306.—JOSEPH TASSÉ, ESQ.,  
SECONDER OF THE ADDRESS IN THE HOUSE OF COMMONS.



MUNICH.—BLESSING OF BELLS FOR THE CHURCH OF OUR LADY.

## AT THE CONVENT GATE.

Wistaria blossoms trail and fall  
Above the length of barrier wall;  
And softly, now and then,  
The shy, staid-breasted doves will flit  
From roof to gateway top, and sit  
And watch the ways of men.

The gate's ajar. If one might peep!  
Ah, what a haunt of rest and sleep!  
The shadowy garden seems!  
And note how dimly to and fro,  
The grave, gray-hooded Sisters go,  
Like figures seen in dreams.

Look, there is one that tells her beads;  
And yonder one apart that reads  
A tiny missal's page;  
And see, beside the well, the two  
That, kneeling, strive to lure anew  
The magpie to its cage!

Not beautiful—not all! But each  
With that mild grace, outlying speech,  
Which comes of even blood;  
The veil unseen that women wear  
With heart-whole thought, and quiet care,  
And hope of higher good.

"A placid life—a peaceful life!  
What need to thee the name of Wife?  
What gentler task," I said—  
"What worthier—e'en your arts among—  
That tend the sick, and teach the young,  
And give the hungry bread!"

"No worthier task!" re-echoes she,  
Who, closer clinging, turns to me  
To face the road again:  
And yet, in that warm heart of hers,  
She means the doves, for she prefers  
To watch the ways of men."

## A VICTIM OF FOLLY.

When Alfred Standish was in Rome he acted pretty much as English people generally do when visiting the immortal city. And yet it might be better to say that he "did" the sights in an American spirit, very thoroughly, but rather with an idea that they must be done, because it is the proper thing for a traveller to see everything in order to be able to talk about it afterwards, than from any more exalted motive.

Setting his appearance aside—for he was remarkably handsome—Alfred was an average specimen of humanity, who might have turned out superior to the ordinary run if in his career he had met with any of those checks and crosses which are thought to be so essential for the strengthening and development of human character. It had never been his fate to want anything, to really long for the possession of something impossible, unattainable; and it is a well-known fact that having every little wish or whim gratified, if not anticipated, has proved the ruin of many and many a disposition.

"That boy will be utterly spoiled," were words often spoken during the placid sunny childhood of Alfred Standish. But natural amiability saved him from growing selfish, palpably selfish; no opportunities occurred for the exercise of self-denial; and so, as he grew from boy to youth, from the age of puppydom to that of manhood, the world declared it to be a marvellous thing that he was not spoiled, and assigned to him a place amongst the foremost of society's demi-gods and darlings.

For beyond the fact of his being to a certain extent clever and accomplished, and handsome as a hero of ancient ballad or Prince of fairy lore, Alfred was the possessor of a noble old country seat, a beautiful yacht, and money enough to indulge in a thousand extravagances, for which, however, his friends considered he had not any inclination. Before he was twenty-five it so happened that all his near relations were dead, those who would have been dear to him having gone while he was too young to feel their loss. He was singularly without encumbrances or responsibilities, free from embarrassments as to his own fortune, thoroughly and, as "match-making mothers lamented, much too hopelessly master of himself.

"Of course he will marry; such an excellent young man is sure to settle early," had been prophesied since the time he was still at Oxford. But year after year passed on, and Alfred's name had never yet been coupled with that of any of the ladies who would so cheerfully have resigned their liberty in exchange for his affections.

"But he only thinks of sport and art and travelling," said Clara, with some chagrin—Clara, who rode across country, and was the only lady who had ever mounted the paragon's favourite hunter. And Maria, who had been on a cruise, and even braved the perils of a storm in his yacht, was obliged to own that he lacked the virtue of susceptibility.

"How animated Mr. Standish looks talking about pictures with Laura's mamma might think at dinner-time, watching her darling gushing about art; "what a mistake it is to say that men only care for dolly creatures with no ideas beyond gossip and flirtation!" Alas for that fond parent's dream of Alfred's being won by Laura's knowledge of foreign galleries! Mr. Standish's attention in the evening would be as fully taken up by Julia's song as by Laura's conversation, and does Julia hope when her *bravura* is ended that she has completely cut out Laura? So she is destined also to disappointment. Mr. Standish is swooped upon by a little nonentity of a married woman, who tells him about her children, who have just got through measles, and he listens to her and sympathizes, without even a shade of boredom on his face. He is an unusually and unaccountably invulnerable young man.

It may appear that the opening sentence of this story was utterly irrelevant; but such is not the case, and having digressed long enough

we will return to the subject of Alfred's visit to Rome.

He had only been there once, and often thought he really must go again when he had time, although he remembered the place perfectly. He liked Rome exceedingly, had not been in the least disappointed, and the additional weight and experience of years were in favour of a second visit proving even more enjoyable than the first. Also he regretted that he had not purchased any pictures when going the round of the studios, his dread of overburdening himself with luggage having probably lost him the chance of acquiring much that he would like to possess. By degrees he became conscious of a feeling, whenever Rome was mentioned, that he had wasted some opportunity—he could scarcely realise what it was—and at last he got into a habit of saying that he should "go to Rome next year." Several winters, however, passed away, and something or other had always prevented his determination from being carried out.

It has been said that he could talk well about the places he had visited, but when he had to undergo an examination respecting his recollections of different galleries or studios he had seen abroad, despite an intelligent fluency of talk, he was inwardly aware that hardly any of the celebrated pictures or statues left such an impression on his memory as did one particular face that he had seen produced and reproduced in the pictures of a then nameless unknown artist, whose studio he had been taken by some *diletante* acquaintance. It was a little girl, with a Greuze type of face, and the same countenance had been portrayed in many different phases and stages of completion. The most finished and perfect painting was merely that of the little face distorted by a frown, the small full mouth pouting, and tears of anger standing in the large blue eyes. This the artist had named "La Ragaz-zuccia." The face was so pretty, such a living piece of flesh and blood, the rough curly hair tumbling into the eyes, so like that of a naughty child, that it had taken Alfred's fancy immensely, and he would have bought it had it been for sale. But the artist had not seemed anxious to part with any of his pictures. He was at Rome, he said, almost as an amateur, and although subsequently many of his paintings were exhibited in London, and Alfred from time to time criticised and admired them, the rising R.A. was never associated in his mind with the reserved young artist of the Via Margutta. In reply to his questions concerning the little girl, whose features had been bestowed upon various subjects—a cherub, fairy, nun, in slumber, and even death—Alfred had only been able to elicit the fact that she was not a professional model. He wished the artist would not be so uncommunicative, but appeased his curiosity by the consolatory reflection that the original was in all probability very much glorified in her likenesses, and although he frequently saw the young girl's face in imagination, it was always as represented on the canvas, and a thought of ever seeing her in person never once entered his head.

How he did eventually meet her, and came to understand what it is to feel an all-absorbing interest in anything, is the subject of this story, the prologue whereof being told, we will proceed at once to the opening scene.

Bond street on a rainy day. Far on in the month of March, and four o'clock in the afternoon; consequently a great number of people about, notwithstanding the weather. Mr. Alfred Standish, emerging from Truefit's shop, finds a trifling difficulty in putting up a new umbrella before proceeding on his way.

If he had been stepped in debt, possessed only of an income so small that every farthing for the next few years belonged by rights to his creditors, he would in all probability have hailed a cab and been driven to Brook street, where he was going to pay a call. It is said, "Heaven tempers the wind to the shorn lamb;" what power is it, then, that bestows extravagant and luxurious tastes upon those least able to gratify them? Simply because he was rich, driving so short a distance did not occur to Alfred. He walked well, and his trousers were turned up; he also had on an overcoat; so that he would not bring mud or an atmosphere of damp into his friend's drawing-room.

Having mastered the new umbrella, he was debating whether to cross the road at once, or walk on a little way. There was a great concourse of vehicles in the road just at that moment; so he decided not to attempt the crossing, and turning abruptly to the right, his umbrella came in contact with that of another person coming the contrary way.

"Beg your pardon, sir," said a good-natured female voice; then, as he politely said something about its being his fault, his eyes fell upon a beautiful little face with a shocked and rather pettish expression, and as the umbrella proceeded, with two girls sheltering beneath it, he heard a half cross and yet laughing exclamation of,

"Jane, that's the *ninth* you've knocked against!"

Alfred remained for a moment looking at the retreating figures. "A young lady out with her maid," he concluded, and the maid was not tall enough to carry the umbrella comfortably over her mistress's head.

"What a pretty face!" he thought as he went on; and he wondered who the girl was, whether he knew any of her elder sisters, or whether she was nobody; then she passed out of his mind.

But only to be brought back to it in less than an hour's time. After he had paid his visit, and was returning down Bond street on his way to

his club, an acquaintance met him, and they stopped to speak. The pretty girl and her attendant, tearing themselves reluctantly from a fascinating shop window, were again approaching Alfred. Jane had evidently become tired of knocking up against people, for the offending umbrella was furled, and the drizzling rain fell upon their unprotected bonnets.

Whilst they were still a couple of yards distant from him, Alfred saw the childish cheeks of the pretty girl become suffused with the deepest, loveliest carmine, as some one in a cab passed, and took off his hat to her.

How he could notice so much in an instant of time, was a subject of wonderment afterwards; but Alfred was as positive that the man in the cab was "bad form," "a cad," and a thousand other things, as he was conscious of feeling vexed at the girl's blush of evident delight at his salutation.

Possibly he might have forgotten both his glimpses of the lovely face, had it not been for the sudden sensation of jealousy that arose within him. Not that he reasoned thus with himself, for a man does not own to such trivial weakness as this unaccountable susceptibility to an attack of the green-eyed monster. He was, however, sensible of a great longing to know who this little *flâneuse* could be, to meet her again, become acquainted with her, and find her voice, her mind, and manner equal to her form and features.

And why, he even went so far as to ask himself,—why did he now, for the first time in his life, think like this? Was it that his friends in Brook street, a happy bride and groom, had told him that his life was incomplete; that his chief duty towards himself, his name, and society in general, was to fall in love and marry?

Of course he had given the subject of matrimony a passing thought occasionally, and he looked forward—a very long way—to a time when he should be calmly settled with a wife and family.

The Marias and Julias of his acquaintance would have dressed and sang and talked at him with double zest about this time had they known that Alfred Standish was at last beginning to find his life of passionless liberty and pleasure monotonous, unless they learned also that the hero was vaguely looking for one Greuze-like countenance, beheld only for a few moments one rainy afternoon, as he believed, and yet as strangely familiar to him as if for years and years he had gazed at it incessantly in his dreams.

The object of Alfred's admiration and her companion walked slowly up Bond street, but the young lady's interest in the shops was considerably lessened after that salute from the cavalier in the hansom cab. They crossed Oxford street, and then with a quickened pace soon arrived at their destination, a dismal-looking house in Welbeck street.

"I'm very much obliged to you, Jane, for taking me for this pleasant walk. I should certainly have lost myself, and been obliged to take a cab, if I had gone out alone," spoke the rosy little mouth, as its owner tripped up the steps and scraped the mud from her boots. "O, are you going to open the door?" she continued, as Jane produced a latch-key.

The maid explained that "being the only one kept," by which she meant that she was the sole domestic of the lodging-house, "and missus being stout and objecting to stairs," it saved trouble for her to possess the means of independent ingress; though, when gentlemen had the apartments, they liked to have the use of the key; so then, as there was not a second, Jane had to ring if she was sent out on an errand, and poor Mrs. Jones had the trouble of coming up-stairs.

Fortunately no one had been at the door during their absence to give the landlady occasion to repent having spared Jane to walk out with her young lodger, who went up-stairs and quietly entered the sitting-room occupied by her widowed stepmother.

A plaintive, rather captious voice, that evidently of an invalid, greeted her with "How long you have been, Rita! You must be very tired. Are your feet wet? Now do make haste and change your dress. Don't come near me, love; I do so hate the smell of damp clothes."

Margherita ran up to the floor above, and effected a thorough change in her attire, which occupied about ten minutes. On her return to the drawing-room she found a visitor with her stepmother, whom she was delighted to see.

"Giorgina! how enchanting!" she cried.

"How kind of you to come on such a wet day!"

"Madame Bertani is most good-natured always," said Rita's stepmother. "But, my dear," she continued, addressing the visitor, "I wish I could make you feel as I do about the child, until her relations pay her the attention due to her father's daughter—"

"You would make her lead the life of a recluse, and that is too bad of you, Mrs. Courtland!" the visitor broke in. "Why not put her in a convent at once? I declare the dullness of England is destroying her—she looks thin and pale. And, after all, supposing your fine Courtlands should refuse to acknowledge her, then she will only have wasted so much time, when she ought to be making the best use of her beauty. She might make a splendid match, if seen at once, before—"

"Excuse my English, and consequently stupid ideas," said Mrs. Courtland; "but if I do not enter into your views it is because—"

"Because you are so proud, mamma," said Rita impatiently. "I wish you were not, Giorgina, I will tell you what it is—"

"Ahi!" cried Giorgina suddenly, stooping to arrange her tidy shoe-strings. "This rosette is loose, and I wish to walk back if the rain holds up. Rita, you must sew it on for me. Mrs. Courtland, do you think it bad for the feet to wear high heels? You must own that a lifetime of unnatural *chaussure* has not spoiled my ankles."

"Faultless, my dear," replied Mrs. Courtland, smiling.

Rita did not perceive the tactics of their crafty visitor, and while her stepmother was giving Madame Bertani credit for good taste in desisting, the child only thought Giorgina might have made more effort to gain her point. The reason she had called that day, as Rita knew, was to try and obtain permission for her young friend to accompany her to a large fancy ball which was to take place in a few days at the house of an old artistic acquaintance of Rita's father.

Two or three words about the Courtlands may be desirable to explain precisely the situation of the heroine of this little sketch.

Years ago Frederick Courtland, the younger son of a North-country baronet, had grown weary of society, his native land, and family; and without any quarrel, or the supposition of having gone to the bad, he merely disappeared, and was in time almost forgotten. He married a beautiful Italian actress, who died a few years after the birth of little Margherita, when the child was just old enough to share and sympathise in the wandering tastes and habits of her father.

Rita had been allowed to grow up pretty much as chance determined; and always being in an artistic atmosphere, never stagnating in one place for any length of time, she somehow managed to pick up an amount of knowledge, experience, and common sense that served instead of a regular education, and being bright and sweet-tempered, as well as very lovely, la Signorina Courtland, even at the early age of fourteen, had inspired a hopeless passion in the breasts of several ardent southern swains, and, dowerless as she was known to be, Frederick had been asked for his daughter's hand as soon as she should be old enough to marry.

At the time when he was beginning to realise that the little girl was growing up, and likely to prove more of a responsibility, Frederick had a severe attack of fever, from which he never completely recovered. The thought of being taken away from his child, and the ineligibility of those whose desire it was to gain possession of her, determined him to make a second marriage. The lady he chose was a countrywoman of his own, possessed of no very special attractions, for she was no longer young, had hardly any money, and was in bad health. But she had been kind to Rita before Rita's father made her acquaintance, and the child did not in the least dislike her, though she was unlike most of the people she cared for, particularly different from her dearest friend Giorgina, who was the only Englishwoman Rita was intimate with. For Madame Bertani, be it said, was English born and bred, and had been called Georgy Thomson before she ran away from school at Brighton with the Italian singing-master.

After Frederick Courtland's death, his widow, though sincerely grieved at his loss, was able to interest herself in laying schemes for making her stepdaughter acquainted with her father's relations. She wrote to the present Baronet, informing him of his brother's death and the existence of Margherita; but months and months elapsed, and no sign of recognition arrived. Then Mrs. Courtland decided upon coming to England to urge Rita's claims upon the notice of the family, feeling that she was becoming every week less fitted for the responsibility her husband had bequeathed her, and they had arrived about a fortnight before that rainy afternoon when Rita attracted the admiration of Mr. Standish. Their only acquaintance in London was Madame Bertani, at whose house Rita found plenty of amusement, somewhat to Mrs. Courtland's chagrin, as she considered the wife of an opera singer scarcely the right sort of chaperon for her stepdaughter. But Giorgina was a good-natured, well-meaning woman, and it would have been too hard to forbid the companionless girl to associate with her old acquaintance, even if Mrs. Courtland had been less inclined to like her than was the case. The invalid was really rather fascinated by Madame Bertani. This Rita knew, and although the matter had been previously discussed, and Mrs. Courtland had shown herself more positive than usual in asserting her authority or influence, she had hoped that her stepmother's objections would be overruled, and that she would be allowed to exhibit herself at a certain ball in the bewitching fancy costume she had danced in so happily at the last carnival before her father's death.

She felt that her friend was very heartless when, after a few minutes' talk upon indifferent subjects, Madame Bertani rose to take leave, saying airily,

"Ebbene, Rita mia! When your grand relations acknowledge you, you must make them give a fancy ball for you. Meanwhile, as you are not to be there, I don't care whether the Moretons' is a success or not."

"Don't you want the bow fastened on your shoe?" said Rita, with a lump in her throat and a misty look in her blue eyes.

"I think it will last till I get home, thanks," said Madame Bertani. "I hope I haven't tired you, dear Mrs. Courtland. Good-bye."

Rita followed the visitor from the room, in order to accompany her to the door. "I'm afraid you will have a wet walk; I suppose you have a cloak and umbrella," she said rather

stiffly, for she was a little cross at her friend's not having been more importunate.

But hardly were they outside the sitting-room, ere she found that her judgment had been too hasty.

"My dear, it's just altogether simple nonsense of your mother to prevent your going to the Moretons," said Giorgina. "I dropped the subject because it's no use worrying her: but go you must. It will be gorgeous—nearly all artistic people, you know—and Captain Tomlinson is going to Ireland for two years the week after next, and you can hardly expect to do better than him, don't you know?"

The recent bow and smile from Captain Tomlinson, as he drove past her in Bond Street, had affected her sufficiently for the mention of his name to bring a lively colour into Rita's cheeks. Her friend noticed this even in the dim light of the narrow lodging-house passage, and feeling that her task of temptation would prove an easy one, continued:

"How much better a comfortable marriage at once would be for you, than waiting the pleasure of these relations of yours, who would much rather you had never existed, and who will snub you frightfully, unless the daughters are prettier than you, which isn't likely. O my darling child, I have set my heart on your being seen in your lovely 'Folly' dress. Why, only think, Mr. Moreton might take it into his head to point you in it; he has got several sketches of you, hasn't he? You might be in the Academy, and—"

"If I could only go! It is so dull with nobody to talk to in the evening. Mamma goes to bed at nine. I give her her sleeping draught and wish her good-night, and then I don't speak to a single being, except Jane the maid, till between nine and ten in the morning; and I get so tired of reading!" groaned Rita pathetically.

A triumphant look came into Madame Bertani's face. "You know, dear," she said, "invalids get imbecile ideas into their heads, and it is best to humour them as much as possible; but it is pure rubbish to guide our own actions according to their perverted views. Besides, Mrs. Courtland is only your stepmother, and you needn't have the same respect and all that as if she was a real parent. Now be quiet about this. She never knew about it. I'll call for you about half past-ten, you know. You can bribe the servant to let you quietly in when you come back."

"Yes, yes, Jane is a nice girl!" broke in Rita excitedly, "and she's got a latch key!"

"Capital!" said the temptress; "then the thing is arranged. Kiss your stepmother, give her a few extra drops of chloral—"

"O no, no! I can't do that. Do you remember in Faust, when Margaret gives her mother a sleeping draught, it kills her?"

"I don't remember," said Madame Bertani, whose acquaintance with Faust was merely through Gounod's opera. "Well I don't want to poison poor Mrs. Courtland, though I am being rather a Mephistopheles. However, my fanciful Margherita, I shall let Faust Tomlinson know that you are coming, and tell him what your dress is, in order that he may wear something that will look well with you."

With that she hurried away, for fear some quail of conscience on Rita's part should upset the present satisfactory arrangement.

But Rita's conscience at this time was as hard as a diamond, and the rather captious peevish mood of Mrs. Courtland helped to strengthen her in the resolve to enjoy herself when it was possible. During the next few days the prospect of the ball kept up her spirits and made her patient and docile in outward behaviour, and content to remain within door when the inclement spring weather filled Mrs. Courtland with apprehension for the health of her southern-born child. Consequently Mr. Alfred Standish was not again favoured with a sight of the lovely nymph in a waterproof, though he was always every day in Bond Street, and almost hoped for another vision.

The evening had arrived, Margherita thought her stepmother more than ordinarily wakeful, and less disposed to move into her own room. Early in the day had the fascinating costume of gay parti-colored satin, with its innumerable little jingling bells, been spread out on the bed up-stairs, and the helpful and willing accomplice, Jane, had braided the young lady's curly locks, so it would occupy only a brief time to transform excited rebellious little Rita into the most seductive semblance of Folly it would be easy to imagine. In this guise she was to finish a conquest she had already begun, and her fair cheeks flushed rose color when she thought of Captain Tomlinson, and the admiration his every word and look betrayed towards her. It was a good thing to have a lover, such a tall one too, and assuredly it would be a triumph to be married at seventeen, to be able to act as she pleased, without the trouble of evading or defying her stepmother's authority. She was not particularly in love with Captain Tomlinson, but enamoured as every natural girl of her age is of a shadowy ideal lover, who becomes merged into the first man who pays her devoted attention. Before her father's death she had been too young to understand the way in which she was regarded, and indeed it had been more the familiar petting a pretty child receives than the devotion which falls to the lot of a beautiful girl. During the past year she had lived so quietly that she hardly ever spoke to a stranger, and Captain Tomlinson happened to be the first person of the opposite sex whom opportunity threw in her way to teach her that she was charming. Happy, easily learnt lesson, heartless and ungrateful the girl who is

incapable of a faint *tendresse* for the one who opens to her that path of knowledge. For at first she can only see before her a vista of beauty and brightness: there are thorns beneath the flowers springing up around her, but she does not think of them at first—how should she, ere she has stretched out her hands to gather the blossoms that invite her?

"You are feverish, Rita, and tremulous," said Mrs. Courtland anxiously, as she took her nightly cordial from the girl's hand, and noticed her flushed cheeks. "I hope you have not taken cold. Have you a headache?"

"Not the least. I have coughed once or twice to-day, and my throat is rather dry, but I really am quite well. So good-night, mamma mia," said Margherita, kissing the invalid with somewhat more effusion than she usually displayed.

Mrs. Courtland looked sadly and thoughtfully at the retreating figure of her stepchild, who turned before closing the door behind her to assure herself that the sick woman looked comfortable, and inclined to drop into a convenient slumber.

The light from the little night-lamp was not so dim but that Rita noticed the expression of Mrs. Courtland's face, and a momentary impulse urged her to confess or abandon her intention of going to the ball. But this good feeling was only transitory. She heard Jane's substantial tread on the staircase without, and she knew she was coming, as by agreement, to help her into her dress.

A quarter of an hour later, and she was creeping stealthily past the bedroom door, a large cloak concealing her fancy garb, and wrapped tightly around her to prevent the tinkling of her bells. Her excitement had in a great measure given way to nervousness by the time she reached the passage, where stood the admiring handmaiden with the front door ajar.

"The cab's here, miss," whispered Jane—"that is next door; I wouldn't bring it right up, least missus should hear. She had best not know anything about it. Here's the latch key; it's perfectly easy to turn, and I oiled the hinges this morning. Lor, you do look lovely!"

Rita fixed the little peaked cap upon her head and shook it daintily; then wishing Jane good night ran lightly to the cab, and was driven away. It had been finally decided that both going and returning she should be independent of Madame Bertani, but they were to meet in the cloak-room at the Moretons', so that Rita would not be obliged to make her appearance *sans chaperon*.

(To be continued.)

BRELOQUES POUR DAMES.

At what time was Adam married? On his wedding Eve.

"MAMA," said a little boy who had been sent to dry a towel before the fire, "is it done when it's brown?"

THERE are 20,000 unmarried women living in Philadelphia, which confirms the report that the city is one of brotherly love.

A WRITER having spoken of "a charming young lady of eighteen springs," a punster suggests, "probably her name is Soxy."

NEXT to a seal-skin sacque, nothing will please a woman of 30 so much as to be mistaken for her niece of 16.

"WHAT were the worst results of the late civil war?" cried a Democratic orator. "Widows!" shouted Jones, who had married one.

THE ladies should never pile their hair on top of their heads. It is more comfortable to hang it on the head of a bedstead.

Tossing pennies to see who will wear the night-cap is a favourite way of passing the long evenings of young married couples in Brooklyn.

It is inferred from the heroism with which Spartan women used to encourage their husbands to go forth to battle that they looked well in black.

IN an Indiana church the best-looking young ladies are selected to pass the contribution boxes, and there isn't a young man in the whole congregation that dare drop in a button.

A LITTLE poem in an exchange, signed "Gertie," asks "Will you love me forever?" We can't promise, Gertie, we might not live that long.

THEY were cousins, and he hisped: From the summit of his chin, "Can't I have a kith, Amelia?" And she answered "Course you kin."

ADOLPHE to Ariminta, on their way to church: "How I would I were the prayer-book you clasp so lovingly." Reply: "How I would you were, for then I could shut you up."

ETHEL: "Isn't it shameful! That young Parker declares that when the light was turned out for the dissolving views he kissed all of us—except one." All (simultaneously): "Except one? Which could that have been?"

MISS HELENE is just six years old. Her uncle brought her some New Year's presents. "Embrace me, at least," he said.

The child kissed him and then said: "Gracious, how I spoil you!"

AN English writer says in his advice to young married women, that their mother Eve married a gardener. It might be added that the gardener, in consequence of his match, lost his situation.

A COURAGEOUS Boston girl, about to marry a comparatively poor young man, has requested her dear young friends not to make her any wedding presents, as she may not be able to reciprocate in the future.

BASHFUL lover (to his sweetheart): "Ahem, miss, I want to see your father, I've an important matter to propose to him." Young lady (considerately): "I'm sorry papa is not at home, but couldn't you propose to me just as well?" He did, and with perfect success.

A LITTLE girl, when her father's table was honoured with an esteemed guest, began talking very earnestly at the first pause of conversation. Her father checked her very sharply. "Why is it you talk so much?" "Tause I've dot somesin' to say," was the innocent reply.

This is a boy's composition on girls: "Girls are the only folks that have their own way every time. Girls is of several thousand kinds, and sometimes one girl can be like several thousand girls if she wants to do anything. This is all I know about girls, and father says the less I know about them the better off I am."

THEY sit by the ingle together, In a silence far sweeter than sound— In the silence known only to lovers— Unbroken, until, with a bound, She springs from his side, ejaculating, "Lawdy! there's a coal of fire popped onto our new carpet!"

If a lady meet a lady Coming down the street, Need a lady tell a lady That she looks "so sweet?" For well she knows, before she gets Fairly out of sight, She'll turn around, and say out loud, "What a horrid fright!"

THE different disposition of the sexes are observable at the stamp counter at the post-office. When there is a line of people waiting their turn to be served, the last man who enters falls in at the tail end of the line and accepts the logic of circumstances. The woman who enters last, however, walks immediately to the head of the line, and nobody, of course, utters a protest when she is served first.

THERE was an exhibition of tableaux in Fond du Lac, Wis., and the small boy was present. A scene was presented—"The Execution of Mary, Queen of Scots"—Mary, kneeling, with her head on the block, the executioner standing with uplifted axe poised for the death-blow, and breathless silence. Suddenly, in a loud whisper, the small boy exclaimed: "Pa, why don't he chop?"

JUDGE, severely: "How do you know the defendant is a married man? Were you ever at his house?" "No, sir." "Did you know him personally?" "No, sir." "Do you know his wife?" "No, sir." "Did anybody ever tell you they were married?" "No, sir; but when I see a man and woman come to the same church regularly for three years, occupy the same pew and have a hymn-book apiece to sing out of, I don't want to see no marriage certificate from them. I can swear to their relation all the time." Verdict for plaintiff.

SAID I to my wife, "My dear, 'pon my life, you look gloomy and sad this fine morning."

"So would you," said my wife, "if you'd gone through my strife."

With a cook who'd just had a month's waiting."

"There's a way, my dear Maud, to be rid of such elves; Let us live upon chops—and we'll cook 'em ourselves."

"Yes, that's all very fine," she replied, "my dear hub, For, when sick of fried chops, why—you'll dine at your club."

INCANVENS of marriage resulting from correspondence between strangers are frequently read of, but the Chicago Tribune tells a different story about a pair who, after exchanging letters, met by appointment in that city. "The surprise with which she discovered that he, instead of being 27, tall, dark and aristocratic, was 46, stumpy, red-headed, fat and bow-legged, was only equalled by the rapturous amusement with which he discovered that she, instead of being willowy of figure, just 18, with warm golden hair, an opalescent complexion, and blue eyes like limpid lakes, was six feet one if she was an inch, 52 if she was a day, weighing 300 pounds if she did an ounce, and with no warm yellow or any other hair of her own."

WHEN a Massachusetts woman forms a habit it is all a waste of time for her husband to try to break her off it. Well knowing his wife's disposition to make him a present regularly at the anniversary of his birthday, a citizen of the Bay State, who likewise forcibly realized the fact that economy was an absolute necessity in his household, said to his wife, "This year you must not undertake to make me a present, I insist. It would be absurd to do so, at this time, when we need everything we can rake, and I give you fair notice that if you do carry out your former custom this year, I will burn up the present as surely as you make it." So the wife bethought herself. She could not bear the idea of being deprived of her annual pleasure. Therefore she gathered together her dimes and bought for her dearly beloved, as a birthday present, a ton of coal.

DARE TO SAY "NO!"

Dare to say "No" when you're tempted to drink. Pause for a moment, my brave boy, and think— Think of the wrecks upon life's ocean tossed For answering "Yes," without counting the cost; Think of the mother who bore you in pain! Think of the tears that will fall like the rain; Think of her heart, and how cruel the blow; Think of her love, and at once answer "No!"

Think of the hopes that are drowned in the bowl; Think of the danger to body and soul; Think of sad lives once as pure as the snow; Look at them now and at once answer "No." Think of a manhood with rum-tainted breath; Think how the glass leads to sorrow and death; Think of the homes that, now shaded with woe, Might have been heaven had the answer been "No."

Think of the lone graves both unswept and unknown. Hiding fond hopes that were fair as your own; Think of proud forms now for ever laid low. That still might be here had they learned to say "No." Think of the demon that lurks in the bowl, Driving to ruin both body and soul; Think of all this as life's journey you go, And when you're assailed by the tempter say "No!"

HUMOROUS.

A SOFT answer turneth away wrath, but it is not worth a cent to ward off a broom stick.

WHEN you leave a chilly room, always take the door with you as far as the hinges will permit.

IT requires wonderful insight to keep your conscientious scruples and your liver symptoms separate.

A NEW kind of ulster has just been invented, with snow sheds all around the collar and a box tunnel down the back.

IN Hartford a ton of ice costs thirty-seven and a half cents, or three tons for one dollar. This does not include postage, of course.

THESE are terrible hard times. It is an actual fact that there are in Philadelphia several families too poor to pay \$3 for an opera ticket.

DON'T spank your children with the boot-jack. It is too hard to hold, and is apt to make blisters on your thumb.

AN honourable member of the legislature of Wisconsin confidently informed his fellow-senators that he "well knew the origin of this bill."

A WATERBURY factory turns out 12,000 pins a minute. And yet the men who live right around the factory when they want a pin have to search an hour.

A South American has discovered a plant which gives milk, but we don't see where the fun is to come in, as it can't turn around and kick the pail over.

THERE are very few sermons preached which better sum up the whole matter than the speech of the little one who said, "I want to grow good and go to every day of my life. Amen."

A RHODE ISLANDER has walked 25 miles in four hours twenty-two minutes and thirty-eight seconds, and the Boston Post says he was somewhat hindered, too, "by parties having to turn the corners of the state."

"Do you mean to call me a liar?" asks a ferocious old gentleman. "Well, no; not exactly," temporizes his young friend, "but if I saw you in the company of Aunty and Sapphira I should say you were in the bosom of your family."

SAID a Jersey boy, "Ma, why do they call that the pole star?" "Because it is always exactly over the pole." "Then, ma, that must be the top of the circus." By which the youth meant, if he meant anything, that this world is all a floating show.

ONE day I was compounding a simple enough remedy for my little three-year-old, who had a severe cold. He stood watching the process, and asked if it was "good." On tasting him taste he exclaimed: "It's awful good, mamma. Let's keep it all for papa."

MYRTLE Blossom sends us a poem called "Kiss Me Again." We wish it distinctly understood that we never kissed her the first time—unless the oscillatory favour was awarded in a moment of absent-mindedness, and this is hardly possible.

We do not publish anonymous communications. Here, boy, make that score on the wall a million and four. Probably it won't be necessary to throw out this hint more than four or five million times more before it will begin to be understood.

THE hesitating choice and tell-tale blush of the fair maiden as she selects the daintiest valentine in the stock, shows that she, at least, means business; while the two-cent arrangement that he has just mailed to her, will open to her the fact that he don't.

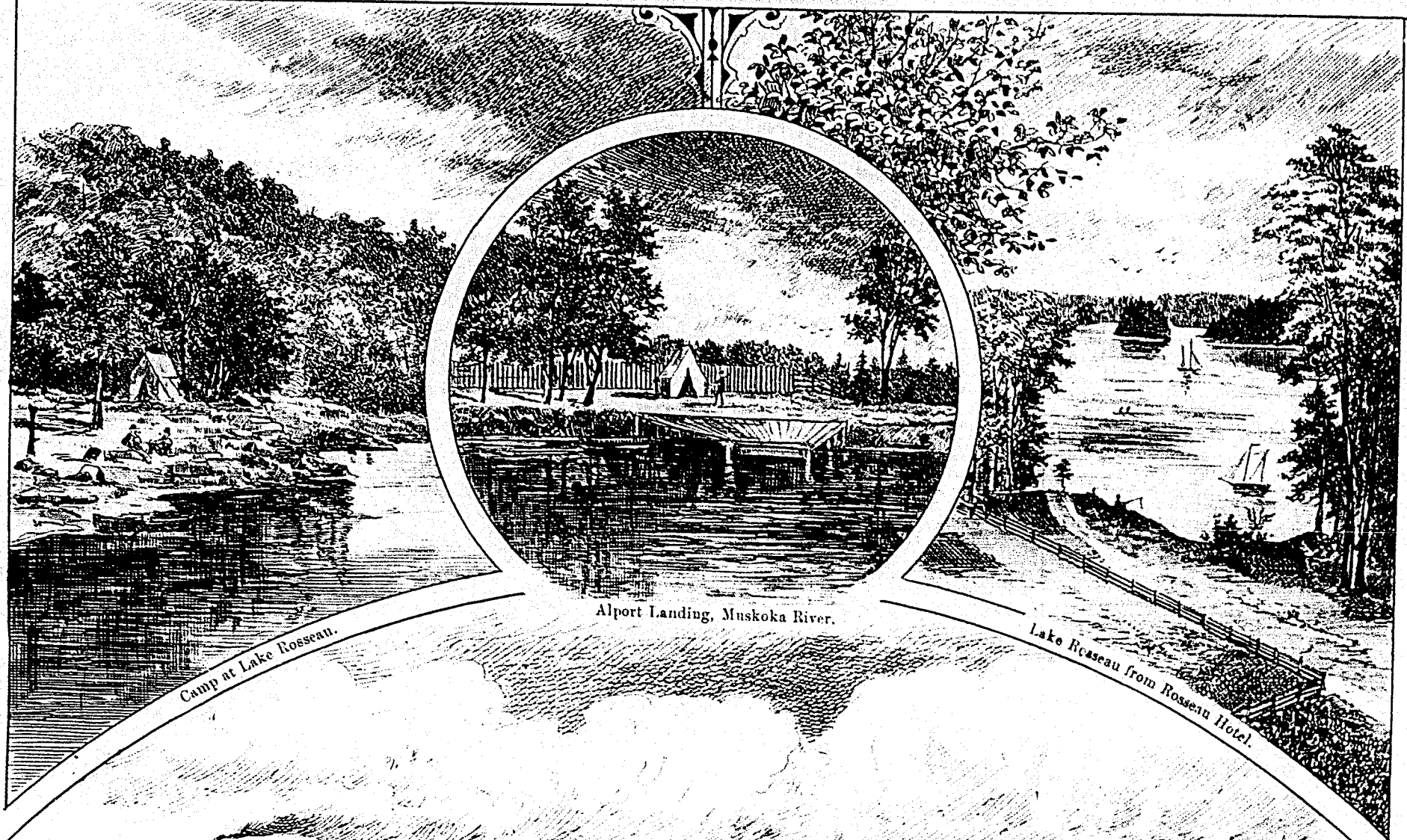
A PAIR of rusty scissors were recently found in the stomach of a codfish at Portland. We have read many astonishing accounts of the capacity of a cod's stomach, but this is the first instance on record of one admitting the whole effects of a country printing office.

SHARESPAKE is likely to be reinstated in public favour. Mrs. Abbey Sage Richardson has been betting on him out in Detroit, and she implored her hearers "not to underrate the great genius because he had borrowed from the minds of others." We join our feeble voice to Abby's, and beg them not to. It would make him feel so mean, you know.

WHEN a man suddenly sits down in that street with a shock that loosens his eye-teeth, it is not at all probable that he slipped accidentally. He did it on purpose, with the purely humane desire to point out a dangerous spot to those less "certain on their feet." He usually accompanies his explanation with a smile that is meant to be winking, but is poorly calculated to deceive.

THE AVERAGE EDITOR.—If, as is said, happiness consists in occupation of the mind, the average editor should be moderately content. With two men sitting on his table, reading exchanges, a book agent whispering in his ear that he'll never get such a chance again because there wasn't but one made, a boy or two hanging around the outskirts with a base ball item concealed about their persons, a compositor fainting away for a translation of some of his peculiarly awful chirography, a couple of patrons pressing him for a seven-dollar puff for a dollar-and-a-quarter advertisement, and a ferocious-looking individual sitting just outside the door with a heavy weight came, and a crumpled copy of the paper in his hand, waiting for a "chance to see him alone," the newspaper man may be said to be just in the suburbs of occupation, and threatening to be quite busy in time.

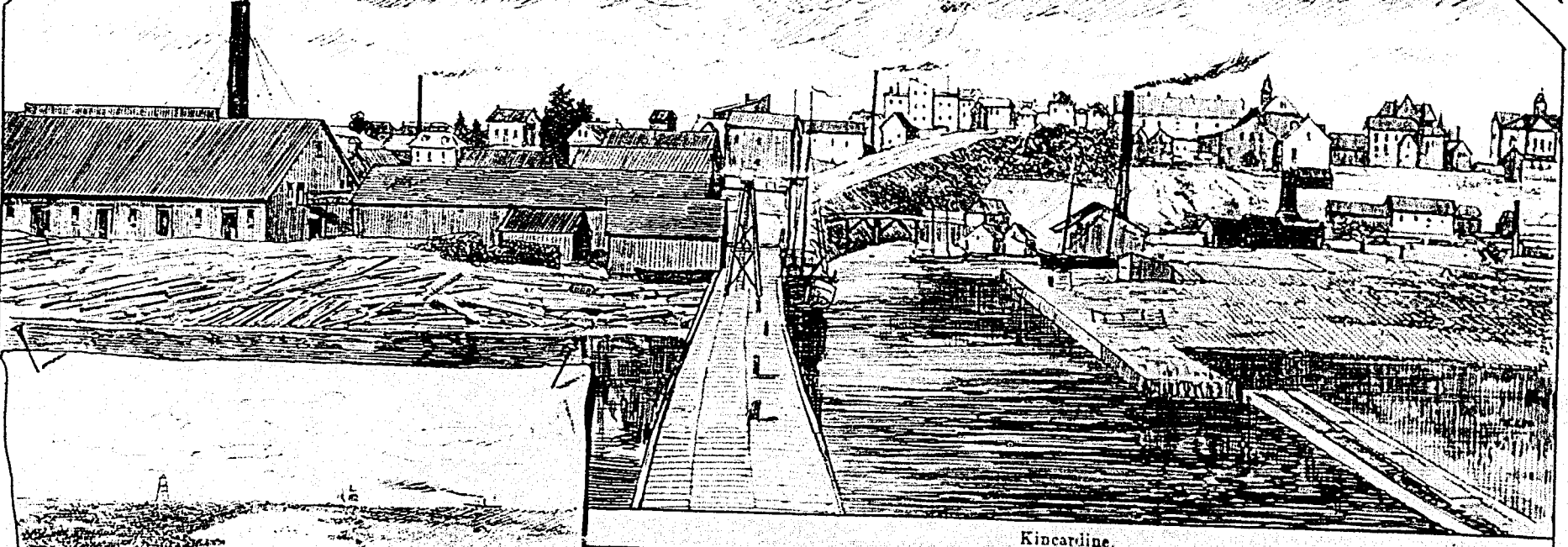




Camp at Lake Rosseau.

Alport Landing, Muskoka River.

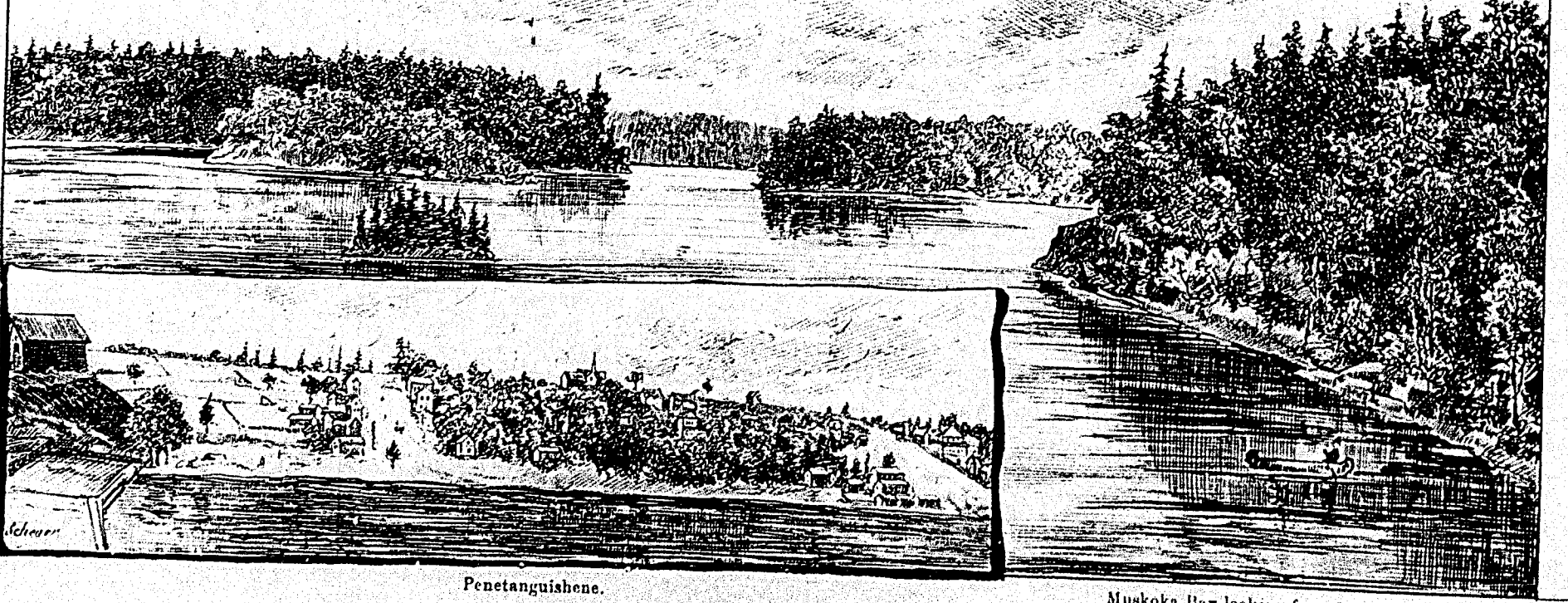
Lake Rosseau from Rosseau Hotel.



Kincardine.



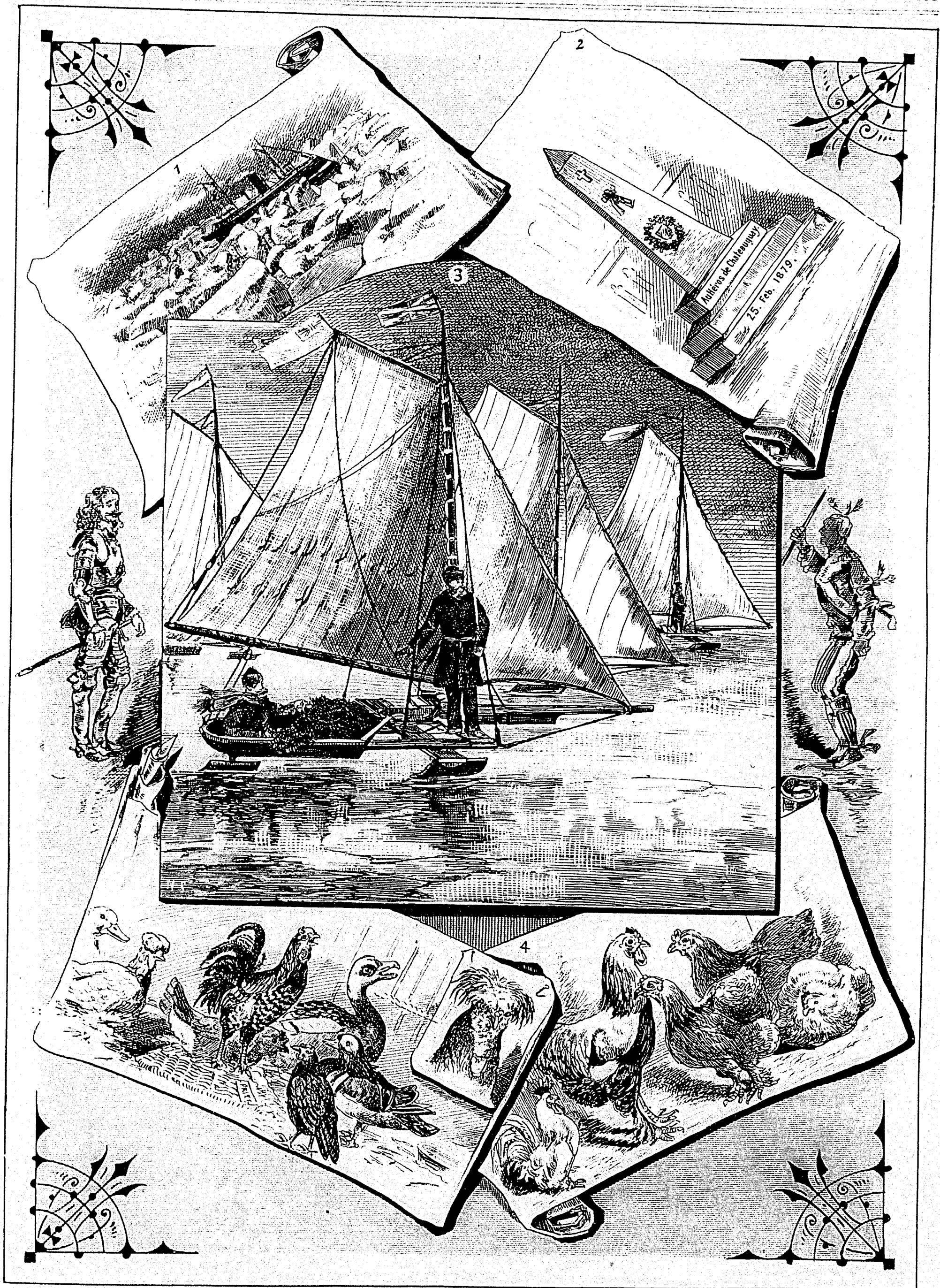
By Creek at Long Point.



Penetanguishene.

Muskoka Bay looking from Gravenhurst.

A SERIES OF PICTURESQUE VIEWS.—FROM SKETCHES BY REV. H. CHRISTOPHERSON.



1. The Northern Light.

2. The obelisk in honour of De Salaberry.

3. Ice-boat Race, Toronto.

4. Ontario Poultry Show at London.

INCIDENTS OF THE WEEK.

## THE CHAMBER OVER THE GATE.

(H. W. Longfellow in the *Atlantic Monthly*.)

Is it so far from thee  
Thou canst no longer see  
In the chamber over the Gate  
That old man desolate,  
Weeping and waiting sore  
For his son, who is no more?  
O Absalom, my son!

Is it so long ago  
That cry of human woe  
From the walled city came,  
Calling on his dear name,  
That it has died away  
In the distance of to-day?  
O Absalom, my son!

There is no far nor near,  
There is neither there nor there,  
There is neither soon nor late,  
In that Chamber over the Gate,  
Nor any long ago,  
To that cry of human woe,  
O Absalom, my son!

From the ages that are past  
The voice comes like a blast,  
Over seas that wreck and drown,  
Over tumult of traffic and town,  
And from ages yet to be  
Come the echoes back to me,  
O Absalom, my son!

Somewhere at every hour  
The wail comes on the tower  
Looks forth, and sees the fleet  
Approach of the hurrying feet  
Of messengers, that bear  
The tidings of its pair,  
O Absalom, my son!

He goes forth from the door  
Who shall return no more,  
With him our joys depart;  
The light goes out in our hearts:  
In the Chamber over the Gate  
We sit disconsolate,  
O Absalom, my son!

That is a common grief  
Brought by slight relief:  
Ours is the bitterest loss,  
Ours is the heaviest cross:  
And forever the cry will be  
"Would God I had died for thee."  
O Absalom, my son!

## BENEATH THE WAVE.

A NOVEL

BY

MISS DORA RUSSELL,

Author of "Footprints in the Snow," "The Miner's Oath," "Anabel's Rivet," &c., &c.

## CHAPTER XXXIV.

A GREAT SURPRISE.

Hayward arrived at Hilda's lodgings on the following day, at the hour that he had named in his letter. He went into the room where she was with a pleasant smile upon his face, and a look of unconscious prosperity about his whole appearance. Somehow he believed that the words he had come to say to Hilda would be welcome ones. He was no vain coxcomb, but he had an idea that she liked him, and that that liking would at his wish be easily kindled into love. He deeply respected Hilda. She was the best girl he had ever known, he thought, and would make the best wife. Then—since he had made up his mind to ask her—he had naturally pictured her in that capacity. He had thought of her moving about his home, and brightening his life. He had thought of her as standing between himself and temptation, and leading him with her gentle hands along the straight and narrow way.

So he met her with pleasure, holding out his hand to her, and looking with affection and kindness into her face. It was only a very troubled face that he saw. Hilda had grown thin and pale during his three weeks' absence. She was nervous and agitated, also, and Hayward could not understand what ailed her.

"And—and you are going to live at Massam?" asked Hilda, as Hayward released the chill little hand that she had placed in his.

"Yes," he answered smiling. "I shall be quite a swell now, Hilda. Combe Lodge is really a pretty house, and well-furnished—but it's rather lonely."

"Yes," said Hilda.  
"Sir George has been so kind to me," continued Hayward. "Fancy, Hilda, he has bought poor Hamaway's furniture and made me a present of it. I wanted to pay for it, of course—but he is always bringing up the old debt, as he calls it."

"You mean his life?" asked Hilda, looking up.

"Yes—but that's long since now."

"You see he does not forget it."

"No, he is a splendid fellow, Sir George. Noble and generous to the heart's core."

"I am glad you like him," said Hilda, with a sort of dejection in her tone that Hayward could not account for.

"Indeed I do," he answered. "And how is little Ned?" he asked kindly.

"He is asleep," said Hilda, and she sighed. "Come and look at him," she added, and she led the way to a small bedroom through the sitting-room where they were, and going up to the bed in this room turned down the coverlet, and showed the sleeping face of her little brother.

"How changed he is!" said Hayward, in a low tone, as his eyes fell on the pale and sharpened face of his late pupil.

"Yes, Philip," said Hilda, and she turned her head away.

"Poor little lad!" exclaimed Hayward, rather thoughtlessly, for the moment after he had said it he saw that Hilda had turned away her head to hide the tears that were gathering in her eyes.

"Come, leave him to have his sleep out," said Hayward the next minute, and he took hold of Hilda's hand and led her back to the sitting-room, closing the bed-room door behind him.

"You mustn't fret about him, Hilda," he said, kindly. "He'll pull through all right now, I dare say. He only wants a change." But Hilda's tears fell fast in spite of Hayward's consoling words.

"Don't, dear Hilda," said Hayward, and he put his arm round the girl's drooping figure.

"Don't, dear. Sit down here, I've got something to say to you."

Hilda sat down where he told her, and then with some nervousness and agitation Hayward proceeded:

"You know, Hilda," he said, "that I once—well, made a great fool of myself—about a woman."

Hilda looked hastily up, and her face flushed. "Isabel Trevor?" she said, inquiringly. She thought that he was going to tell her of some new trouble or grief that Isabel had brought upon him.

"Yes, Isabel Trevor, now Lady Hamilton," answered Hayward, with an uneasy little laugh. "But of course that's all past and gone. She was only amusing herself with me—and I—well, as I said before, made a fool of myself. But I did not come here to talk about Lady Hamilton. I came to talk about ourselves, Hilda—in fact—my dear girl, I came to ask if you would marry me?"

Hayward blurted out the last few words very quickly, and incoherently, but the moment after he had uttered them, Hilda gave a little cry as if of pain.

"O Philip!" she said, "O Philip!" and she put one of her hands over her face.

"What is it, dear Hilda?" asked Hayward, and he sat down beside her, and drew her towards him.

"I've got a home to offer you now, Hilda, you know," he continued, "and a fairly good income. The little lad can live with us—and I'll try to make you happy—"

And Hayward bent his face down to kiss Hilda's lips. But with a sob the girl turned away her head, and hid it on his breast.

"Don't, don't, you must not," she said.

"Philip, this cannot be."

"Why?" asked Hayward. "Do you mean that you cannot marry me?"

"Philip, Philip," said Hilda, now crying bitterly, "why did you not tell me this before—not until it is too late!"

"Too late!" repeated Hayward in genuine surprise.

"Yes, yes," sobbed Hilda, still with her head upon his breast. "I have promised to marry some one else—I have promised to marry Horace Jervis."

"Horace Jervis?" said Hayward, and he bit his lips, and his face grew a little pale.

"It was for the sake of the child," wept Hilda. "I could get no pupils—and—this generous man—"

Hayward rose from her side as Hilda said this, and began hastily pacing the room.

"When was this arranged?" he said presently, stopping before her.

"The—day—you went to Massam," answered Hilda, trying to compose herself. "I meant to write to tell you—but—but—I could not."

As Hilda said this, her too-evident distress deeply affected Hayward.

"My poor girl," he said, laying his hand on her shoulder, "my poor girl! And if—"

Hilda turned her wet face round and rested it against the hand on her shoulder.

"And if I had spoken before?" said Hayward, pityingly.

"I never thought you cared for me," half-whispered Hilda. "I knew, you know, about Isabel Trevor—I feared perhaps that you still—"

"No," said Hayward, hastily; "no. She is the wife of a man I am indebted to in a thousand ways—the wife of a man who completely trusts me. No, she is nothing—must be nothing to me."

Yet Hilda heard his voice sharpen as he made the denial. Still the words were very grateful to her ears. Isabel was nothing to him, then—thank God at least for that.

"I am glad," she said, simply. "And—and Philip—could it have been—"

He understood what she meant. Had she been free to marry him she would have done so. He looked, in fact, in the girl's face, and knew that she loved him.

"There is nothing but troubles, I think," he said, with some bitterness. He was thinking how he had come to town, almost sure of winning Hilda for his wife. How the girl's heart was his, and yet who stood between them? His friend. The best and noblest man he ever knew. The man who had befriended and succoured him; who had watched his mother's last hours, and to whom with her parting breath she had confided his future life. "Dea brother to him," she had said, and truly Jervis had been a brother to him.

"He must not know this, Hilda," said Hayward, after a moment's reflection. "We—must bear it for his sake."

"Yes," answered Hilda, and her head fell.

Ah, it was not so bitter to him! A disappointment, indeed, but not a heart-breaking one. Hilda knew this, as she sat there silent and sad. He had liked her—would have married her—but his life would go on smoothly without her, while hers would always seem an empty void.

"I should have told you," said Hilda presently, for the silence between them was becoming very painful.

"Yes," said Hayward, but he still kept thinking. He was indeed greatly surprised. Horace Jervis! A man who seemed to have put away earthly things, and lived but for heavenly ones. And Hilda! Why had she done it? He forgot the long strain on the poor girl's endurance; forgot the bitter necessity for daily bread, not only for herself, but for the hapless little brother thrown upon her hands.

"Well, Hilda," he said, after a few moments' thought, "I trust that you will be happy."

These seemed cruel words somehow to Hilda. Her face flushed and her eyes grew dim again. Yet Hayward did not mean them unkindly. He was disappointed, perhaps, that Hilda should have done what she had done, and yet he felt that it was unjust of him to be so.

"Life is so difficult," said poor Hilda, presently. "I—tried to do what I thought best."

"And which no doubt is best, Hilda," said Hayward, more generously. "Whatever are my own feelings on the matter, I know very well that you have chosen for the best." But Hilda only sighed and looked at him pitifully as he said the words.

"We must forget this," continued Hayward, and he held out his hand to her. "God bless you, Hilda—God bless you, my dear, dear girl."

Yes, God bless her, he was thinking with all his heart. She was a sweet girl, and would make a good, sweet, loving wife. He had missed his chance, and Hayward began to realize at that minute that Hilda was, in truth, very dear to him.

They did not say many words to each other after this. Neither of them for a moment contemplated breaking the bonds that bound them to Horace Jervis. He was the friend of one, the betrothed of the other. To both he had ever acted most nobly and generously, and for no selfish feeling were they going to grieve his unselfish heart. "He must never know this," Hayward had said, and Hilda's own sense of right had echoed these words. Her life had been hard, and it would remain hard. She had tried to do her duty, but it seemed more difficult when she knew that her heart's desire had been so nearly within her grasp.

After Hayward left Hilda he felt very much downcast. He wandered about the streets until it was nearly dusk, and then he went to call upon Horace Jervis.

He was not at home. "Some of his sick sent for him, sir," said the maid-servant who opened the door, "but the house-keeper expects him back directly, so will you come in?"

Hayward went in, and sat down, and waited for his friend. Half an hour or so passed, and then the hardworking emerald returned. He looked pale and fagged, but his face lit up with pleasure, and with great cordiality he held out his hand.

"My dear fellow, this is indeed a pleasure," said Jervis; and Hayward felt thankful at that moment that his hand-clasp was not like that of Judas.

They had, of course, many things to tell each other. Hayward's change in life; his brightening prospects, and his new home, were all discussed. Then, with a smile, Jervis told him what he believed to be his news.

"I am going to surprise you, I am sure," he said. "You did not think I was a likely nut to marry, did you?"

"I have heard your news," answered Hayward, trying his best to look unconcerned and happy. "You are going to marry one of the best of women—you are going to marry Miss Hilda Marston."

"Yes! Who told you? Ah—I see you have been there. Hilda told me that she would tell you when she saw you—yes, I am going to marry."

Horace Jervis said the last few words thoughtfully. He loved Hilda, she was the sweetest gift of God, he thought, and as such he prized her. Was he worthy of this crowning blessing? He would ask himself. This sweet helpmate sent to cheer his earthly journey? No truer and purer love, in fact, was ever given to any woman than the love that Horace Jervis gave to Hilda.

And yet she loved him not. That is, she loved him in one way—she honoured and esteemed him above all men, but her love—the love a woman gives sometimes too readily, had been given before Hilda Marston saw Horace Jervis. She had given it unasked, and too late she knew that she could not recall it.

But of this Jervis had no suspicion. It never occurred to him to be jealous. Hilda was going to be his wife, and with pleasant, happy words, he told Hayward of their arrangements.

"But that poor little fellow, Ned, is the stumbling-block," he said. "We would be married at once if he were only better. But Hilda won't leave him, even for a few days, as he is. The doctors tell me he wants change, and I must see about getting him away."

"Why not let me take him down to Massam?" said Hayward. "The air is splendid there. Poor Mr. Hamaway's late house-keeper is staying on with me, and she is a kind, motherly sort of person, I think, and you may be sure I will look after him."

"Why, I think this is a splendid idea," said Jervis. "Will you really take him for a week or so, Hayward?"

"I'll be delighted to have him," answered Hayward.

"Then I'll settle it with Hilda to-night," said Jervis. "Or will you with me to see her soon, Philip, and then we can both persuade her?"

But Hayward declined this offer. He only sent a kind and pressing message to Hilda to be allowed to take her little brother back with him to Combe Lodge.

"But you must go and see Hilda again, of course, before you leave town," said Jervis. "You know, Philip, she regards you with the affection of a sister. Indeed, at one time," he added, smiling, "I thought that you two would make a match of it—but I am not jealous now."

"No," answered Hayward, with rather a grim smile, "you see you are the happy man."

## CHAPTER XXXV.

THE OLD LOVE AND THE NEW.

Hilda at first was rather unwilling for little Ned to leave her; he was so fretful and so weak. But she knew that he required change, and she felt that he would be safe with Hayward. It was so kind of Hayward too, she thought, to think of this. As for little Ned, he brightened up at the very idea.

"I've no doubt Hayward has a pony," said Jervis, diplomatically.

Now a pony had been the crowning desire of Ned's life when he was strong and well. Even now the mention of a pony brought the colour back to the pale, little, thin cheeks, and a longing to the weary, fretful little heart. The terrible attack of fever through which this poor child had dragged, had completely changed him. From being a fine, healthy, rosy boy, he had become a weak, drooping invalid, with a threatened disease of the hip joint. He would be a great change for anyone to take him, Hilda knew; but she could depend upon Hayward. He was accustomed to boys for one thing, and for another he had always been fond of little Ned.

So, after thinking it over, Hilda gave her consent. But she did not give her consent to another proposition that Horace Jervis made. This was that they should be married when little Ned was away. No, Hilda would not hear of this. "Wait until the child comes back better," she said, and Horace Jervis yielded to her wish.

But he told Hayward that he had asked Hilda to marry him when Ned was away. Hayward felt that he changed colour when he heard this, and he felt he could not help it; no small relief when he heard also what Hilda's answer had been.

He knew this when he went to see her about making arrangements for little Ned's returning with him to Combe Lodge. They both were embarrassed when they met, but Hilda was the most so. She could scarcely, indeed, take out the words of thanks that she had meant to say.

"What nonsense!" said Hayward, kindly, in reply to these fluttering words. "Of course, I shall be pleased to have him, if you think it will do him good."

Ned came into the room presently, and declared that he was both ready and anxious to go.

"Mr. Jervis says you have a pony, sir?" he said; and Hayward laughed at the question.

"What colour do you prefer, Mr. Ned?" he said. "I have a choice of ponies, so you may as well fix."

He meant to buy the red one, and he did so. Finally Ned had his choice of many ponies, and he finally decided on a handsome dun animal, of such frisky tendencies and high spirits that poor little Ned was totally unable to manage him, or even to mount him. In fact, for the first few days he was at Combe Lodge, he was too weak to attempt to ride at all, and when he did so Hayward was obliged to borrow a work-worn, meek, and rather dilapidated-looking pony from one of the farmers near, on which he might try his skill. The dun pony was as yet only kept to be looked at, but this was an outstanding source of pleasure to Master Ned.

Hayward was leading the pony in use (the farmer's) one day down a lane near the Park, Master Ned riding, when Lady Hamilton, driving a splendid pair of ponies, suddenly passed them. Hayward took off his hat, and Lady Hamilton pulled up her ponies almost at the same moment. Then, when Hayward approached the carriage, Isabel inquired at once who Ned was.

"Who is your little friend?" she said. "A small brother?"

"I have neither brother nor sister," answered Hayward, smiling. "This young gentleman is an old acquaintance of yours. Don't you remember Ned Marston?"

"Ned Marston?" repeated Isabel. "Do you mean Miss Marston's little brother who was at Mr. Irvine's school at Sanda?"

"Yes, even so," replied Hayward. "He has been ill, poor little lad, and that's what has changed him so much." And Hayward looked kindly at Ned, who grinned and wriggled uneasily on the saddle as Hayward made these allusions to him.

"And where did you pick him up?" asked Isabel also looking at Ned.

"In London," said Hayward. "He was living with his sister there."

"And how is Miss Marston?" continued Isabel. "How is she getting on?"

"She is very well," answered Hayward gravely.

"Ah—well, good-bye, Master Ned. He looks as if he wanted feeding up, doesn't he? So, Mr. Hayward, mind you give him plenty to eat." And with a smile Isabel waved her driving whip, and the next moment had driven on, while Hayward proceeded—rather thoughtfully—again to lead Master Ned's pony.

The next day Isabel absolutely drove up to Combe Lodge. Ned, who was gazing out of the library window, announced her arrival to Hayward.

"Here's Lady Hamilton, sir," he cried. "And oh! my, what a big hamper one of the grooms is dragging out!"

On hearing this Hayward at once went to the hall door, and found Ned's information had been substantially correct. A big hamper was standing on one of the mats outside the vestibule, and to this Lady Hamilton pointed with a smile.

"That's for Master Ned Marston," she said. "It contains grapes, port wine, and jelly, and all sorts of things to make him fat. Don't be offended; I don't suppose you starve him," she added, as Hayward's face, perhaps naturally, assumed a look of not very agreeable surprise. "Boys, you know, require stuffing, so, please let him stuff himself."

"Your ladyship is very good," said Hayward, hesitatingly, and turning very red.

"Yes, I thought it was good of me," answered Isabel, with a little laugh. "But, you see, I knew the child long ago, and was sorry to see him look so thin. It was good of you, too," she added, "to have him down here. And now I mean to be very good," she went on, "and to take you and Master Ned out for a drive."

"Thank you,—but I think,"—said Hayward, endeavouring to make an excuse.

"Don't think—but come," said Isabel, and she looked into his face in her old, bright way. Oh, weak man! Hayward had sworn to be on his guard against this woman; had sworn to be true and loyal in look, and thought, and deed, to his friend Sir George, yet he yielded to that siren glance. He seated himself by Isabel's side; Master Ned taking his place by the groom. He sat and listened while Isabel strove to resume her old sway over him. She ignored their stormy meeting at Massam, before Hayward went to town. She ignored that she had been found out, and that Hayward knew that he had once worshipped a pale idol. She was beautiful, and she depended on the power that beauty gave her over the hearts of men. Hayward felt he was being made a fool of, and yet he did not take himself away.

Presently they passed Sir George on the road, who was walking with his head cast down, and when he looked up and his eyes met Hayward's, Hayward felt his face flush.

"Are you not going to stop?" he said to Lady Hamilton, quickly. "Don't you see Sir George?"

"Of course I see him," answered Isabel, "but I see no necessity for stopping." And with a little careless nod, she passed her husband, while Hayward felt excessively uncomfortable to be in the position in which he found himself.

Isabel, on the contrary, was rather gratified that Sir George had seen them. He had humiliated her so deeply, that she longed to humiliate him. He had brought Hayward here—her old lover—and had made a confidant of this young man about her, and so Isabel had vowed that she would win Hayward over to her side. So she was very gracious to him, but Hayward was uneasy after this meeting with Sir George. He began thinking of Hilda Marston, even as he sat by Isabel, and wishing that he had known of her pure love long ago. Hayward, in fact, was not a man who could be happy in any crooked or unlawful path.

"Master Ned," said Lady Hamilton presently, looking round, and addressing Ned Marston, "would you like to see your sister here?"

"Hil?" said Ned. "Yes, of course, but I can't."

"I've been thinking of something," continued Lady Hamilton, now speaking to Hayward. "I always liked Miss Marston. I think I shall ask her to stay with me a little while."

Hayward was silent.

"It would be a change for her, wouldn't it?" proceeded Isabel. "And also relieve you of the responsibility of looking after our young friend there? What is her address? I will write to her to-day."

Hayward gave Hilda's address, and then said with some hesitation:

"I should tell you, perhaps, that Miss Marston is engaged to be married."

"Indeed! To whom, then? If it's to some common man, I don't think I could quite stand that."

"It is to a Mr. Jervis. He is a clergyman and a gentleman—and the best man I ever knew," answered Hayward, gravely.

"Oh, indeed! Miss Hilda hasn't done badly for herself then?" said Isabel.

"No," said Hayward briefly.

"In that case there can be no objection to my asking her," continued Isabel. "I will ask her to stay—let me see—two months."

Isabel meant until the baby she expected was born. Ned Marston had put Hilda into her head, and she had been thinking that she would like to have her old companion beside her when she was ill. Hilda was sensible and agreeable, she remembered, and would not mind

sitting all day in a sick room, and this was the treat that she intended for her old friend.

Hayward heard of this proposed invitation with very mingled feelings. He would be glad to see Hilda again, and yet—

"She may not come," he reflected the next moment, but he was not angry when he heard that Hilda had accepted Lady Hamilton's invitation.

Hilda, in truth, was glad to do so. She shrank from fulfilling her engagement at once, and living in lodgings meant money and wearing anxiety. Her old friend, Miss May, still dare not ask her to stay with her on account of her school-girls, and Hilda was lonely without little Ned. So she wrote and accepted Lady Hamilton's invitation, and her sister Marian, when she heard of this, thought that there never was such a lucky girl as Hilda. To be engaged to be married, and to go and stay at Massam Park, seemed two very grand things so poor Marian, toiling in her close schoolroom. Yet, Hilda was anything but happy. She was conscience-stricken because she could not love her lover. Horace Jervis used to wonder at the humility of her manner to him; at the subdued and touching gentleness with which she obeyed his slightest wish. All except one. She would not yet fix the time of her marriage, and Jervis felt that it would be selfish to urge her do so against her will.

Thus Hilda went to Massam. She could not help thinking as she travelled there of her last visit—of the Squire's proposal, and Hayward's despair. Everything was so changed now. Isabel was a wife, the Squire was married, she was engaged, and Hayward—Hilda sighed deeply when she thought of Hayward. His life had been so full of trouble. Had things been different he might have been happy now. Did Hilda find herself picturing that happiness? The pleasant country home was his, and the fond wife to watch his coming! With a deeper sigh she tried to turn away from the contemplation of that forbidden scene. Life (as she had told Hayward) was for her very difficult and hard to understand.

Lady Hamilton received her kindly. Isabel wished Hilda to stay some time with her, and she was also, in a certain cold way of her own, glad to see her old companion. She drove her ponies to the station to meet Hilda, and altogether received her more agreeably than Hilda had expected.

"You have heard about my father's absurd marriage, of course?" said Isabel, after the first greetings between the two ladies were over, and Hilda found herself seated by Lady Hamilton's side.

"Yes," answered Hilda with a smile. "I was furious about it," continued Isabel, "and indeed for that matter I am still. Ridiculous old man! I have got into no end of trouble too about it."

"How is that?" asked Hilda.

"Well, I was in such a rage," replied Isabel. "that I tried to prevent it, and wrote an anonymous letter to my father to tell him about the Featherstones. I told Mr. Hannaway this—you remember Mr. Hannaway, don't you? And he kept some foolish letters about it, and when he was killed Sir George found these letters, and he and I have hardly spoken since." Hilda cast down her eyes. She, in fact, knew not what to say. It was a new experience in her life to hear a wife speak as Isabel did.

"And how do Mr. Trevor and his young wife get on?" presently asked Hilda.

"I'm told it's simply sickening," answered Isabel. "It's 'My dear Lucinda,' 'My dearest Lucinda,' every time he speaks to her."

"Well, that is very well at any rate," said Hilda.

"Can't say I agree with you," said Isabel, "I would forgive the girl for marrying an old man, as they were so horribly poor, but to pretend to love him is really too much."

"Perhaps she is grateful to him," said Hilda, slowly. She was thinking of her own engagement; was thinking that Lucinda Featherstone had not acted very differently to herself.

"And Patty?" she asked presently. "Is she at home?"

"She's at Sanda. She lives apparently at Sanda, and Mr. Featherstone too. Truly a nice family to be connected with!" And Isabel lashed her ponies in her irritation.

Mr. Trevor and his daughter had in fact never met since his second marriage. Socially, Isabel now held herself far above the Featherstones, and she had rejected all advances made by Mr. Featherstone and Patty with the scantiest courtesy. But the old man and his young wife were on better terms than Isabel and her husband. When Mr. Trevor said he would marry Lucinda Featherstone in defiance of all anonymous enemies, Lucinda promised herself that the Squire should never repent his generosity. And he never had. Lucinda was a quick girl, and she did her best to make him happy. Mr. Trevor was proud of his handsome young wife, and the old Hall at Sanda was by no means an unhappy home.

At Massam, on the contrary, Hilda Marston was shocked to find the terms on which the husband and wife lived. Sir George, proud, reserved, and at one time passionately enamoured of Isabel, now regarded her apparently with contempt and indifference. She had wounded him in his tenderest feelings. He had given up so much for her; he had cast his whole heart at her feet, and all the while (as he told himself) she had been mocking and jibing at him to a man of totally inferior position to himself! Truly the iron had entered his soul

on the day when he had read her letters to Mr. Hannaway.

Had he loved her less, he could have forgiven her more easily. As it was, he could sometimes scarcely restrain the burning words of anger which rose on his lips when he met her careless and defiant glances.

So there was no love in the house, but the "stalled ox and contention." Isabel was bitterly indignant with Sir George for humiliating her in the eyes of Hayward, and made no attempt at reconciliation, even if it had been possible. But she tried (as we have seen) to win back Hayward. She could do this more easily when she had Hilda staying with her, as little Ned served as a connecting link between Combe Lodge and the Park.

Thus it happened that Hayward was constantly thrown into very dangerous company. Had Hilda accepted him, he told himself, he need not have been afraid, but Hilda had not accepted him. Nay, the poor girl was now trying hard to do her duty. She had no soft looks for Hayward; no confidential words. She was at war with her own heart, and even unnecessarily cold in her manner to her old friend.

She saw, too, that the former infatuation with which he had regarded Isabel Trevor was not quite ended. This made her miserable, jealous, and uneasy, coquetting and toying with her flowers. Presently Hilda saw her give a rose to Hayward, and saw also the manner in which he received it. Then, by and by, Hayward approached Hilda, plucking another rose held it towards her.

"Will you have it, Hilda?" he said.

"No!" she answered, sharply, turning her flushed face round, and looking at him: "why do you offer it to me?"

"Beause—" began Hayward.

"Mr. Hayward," interrupted Hilda, with heaving breast and flashing eyes, "I had a friend once that—that I believe would have died sooner than he would have acted as you are doing now!"

"What do you mean?" asked Hayward, glancing at Isabel, who, however, was too far from them to hear what they were saying.

"I have not forgotten," continued Hilda, passionately, "when the woman you are so friendly and familiar with to-day, drove you from here miserable and broken-hearted! Yes, you know what she is—a wife—a married woman—and yet—"

"Hilda, you are an old friend," said Hayward, with some sternness, "but if anyone else had said such words to me—"

"You know they are true," retorted Hilda, in her jealous passion and indignation.

But at this moment Lady Hamilton called out to them.

"What are you two quarrelling about?" she cried from the end of the conservatory. "You remind me of Snap and Jerry over a bone, your expressions are both so warlike."

"Miss Marston is taking the privilege of an old friend, and giving me a lecture," answered Hayward, trying to speak lightly, and approaching Lady Hamilton; but, with an indignant glance Hilda turned away and left the conservatory.

"What has the young woman been saying?" asked Isabel, when she saw that she and Hayward were alone. "Ah!—you need not tell me," she continued laughingly. "Poor Hayward! so she has been scolding you, has she, because you have still some little friendship and regard for me?"

(To be continued.)

HEARTH AND HOME.

THE great warriors of life are the so-called "little things" which are from day to day left unadjusted, till they fasten their victims like a net. The men who die of "over-work" are not so much destroyed by their great useful labours as by the vexatious trifles which accumulate till they produce a chronic fever and unrest.

ONE'S LEVEL.—During the slow process of finding one's level, there is not only mortification but bewilderment in the discovery that the highest gifts are by no means the most acceptable, at least not the most readily acceptable. No doubt unusual gifts excite immediate admiration, but that very admiration tends to keep its object at arm's length, for a while at any rate. And, if the superiority be at all real and extensive, it does necessarily prove, even in the long run, more or less isolating. An exceptionally gifted person will perhaps have many points of sympathy with a large number of other minds; but the people with whom such a one can be altogether at home will be very few.

GOSSIP.—Within certain easily-defined limits gossip is agreeable and essential to the carrying on of polite intercourse. If all gossip were strictly eliminated from conversation, conversation would cease to be. We could not always engage in metaphysical discussions. We cannot always throw ourselves with animation into the political changes of the world. The gossip on which we should frown, which we should not tolerate within our hearing, or allow to pass without indignant protest, is that which concerns the motives and characters of others, that which maligns the absent, and that which is in feeling and purpose unkindly. Slander should be put down resolutely; and that sort of insinuation which tends towards slander should meet determined opposition. A lie which is half a truth is ever the worst of lies.

"OLD men for counsel, young men for action," is a time-honoured axiom. It is founded on the consideration that the aged who have seen much of the world may be presumed to have profited by their long observation, and to have grown cautious and wise; while to the hot blood of youth action is natural. But in many of the affairs of life the young are called to act without convenient opportunity to consult their elders, and, not unfrequently, in reference to matters of much moment. It is desirable that in such cases they should act wisely. We answer in a single word—"Think." Think—not afterwards—not when it is too late—not when the action is past,—but think beforehand. "Look before you leap," as Franklin quaintly expressed it, having derived the lesson from an unsuccessful attempt to leap over a ditch, which a look at its width beforehand would have prevented.

PRESCRIPTION.—For a Fit of Passion: Walk out in the open air. You may speak your mind to the winds without hurting anyone, or proclaiming yourself to be a simpleton.—For a Fit of Illness: Count the ticking of a clock. Do this for one hour, and you will be glad to pull off your coat and work like a man.—For a Fit of Extravagance: Go to the workhouse, or speak to the inmates of a gaol, and you will be convinced.—For a Fit of Ambition: Go to the churchyard and read the gravestones. They will tell you the end of man in his best estate.—For a Fit of Repining: Look about for the halt and blind, and visit the bedridden, the afflicted, and the deranged, and they will make you ashamed of complaining of your light afflictions.—For a Fit of Envy: Go and see how many who keep their carriage are afflicted with rheumatism, gout, and dropsy, how many walk abroad on crutches, or stay at home wrapped in flannel, and how many are subject to epilepsy and apoplexy.

EXERCISE AND DIGESTION.—When exercise is properly conducted, the effect on the digestive system is very marked. The appetite is increased, and more food is taken in order to supply the force necessary for the maintenance of the mechanical force. This increase of appetite is especially noted when the exercise is taken in open air. When exercise is undertaken however without due preparation, or the bodily powers are exhausted by fatigue, the power of being able to take food is diminished. This condition, if the exercise is continued and the power of taking food remains impaired, is one of considerable danger, and the health is often greatly affected, the force of the heart being much reduced. It is of great importance, moreover, when great fatigue has been undergone, to see that the bodily powers are thoroughly recruited by rest before an attempt is made to take food, otherwise there will be no inclination to take it, and if forced down it will not digest. An hour's rest with a cup of warm tea will do much towards restoring appetite in these cases. Indeed it should be a rule in all cases that a period of rest should intervene between work and food.

A CARD.

To all who are suffering from the errors and indiscretions of youth, nervous weakness, early decay, loss of manhood, &c., I will send a recipe that will cure you, FREE OF CHARGE. This great remedy was discovered by a missionary in South America. Send a self-addressed envelope to the REV. JOSEPH T. INMAN, Station D, Bible House, New York City.

It is valueless to a woman to be young unless pretty, or to be pretty unless young. If you want a first-class shrunk Flannel Shirt, send for samples and card for self-measurement, to TREBLE'S, 3 King Street E., Hamilton, Ont.

NOTICE TO LADIES.

The undersigned begs respectfully to inform the ladies of the city and country that they will find at his Retail Store, 196 St. Lawrence Main Street, the choicest assortment of Ostrich and Vulture Feathers, of all shades; also, Feathers of all descriptions repaired with the greatest care. Feathers dyed as per sample, on shortest delay. Gloves cleaned and dyed black only. J. H. LEBLANC. Works: 547 Craig St.

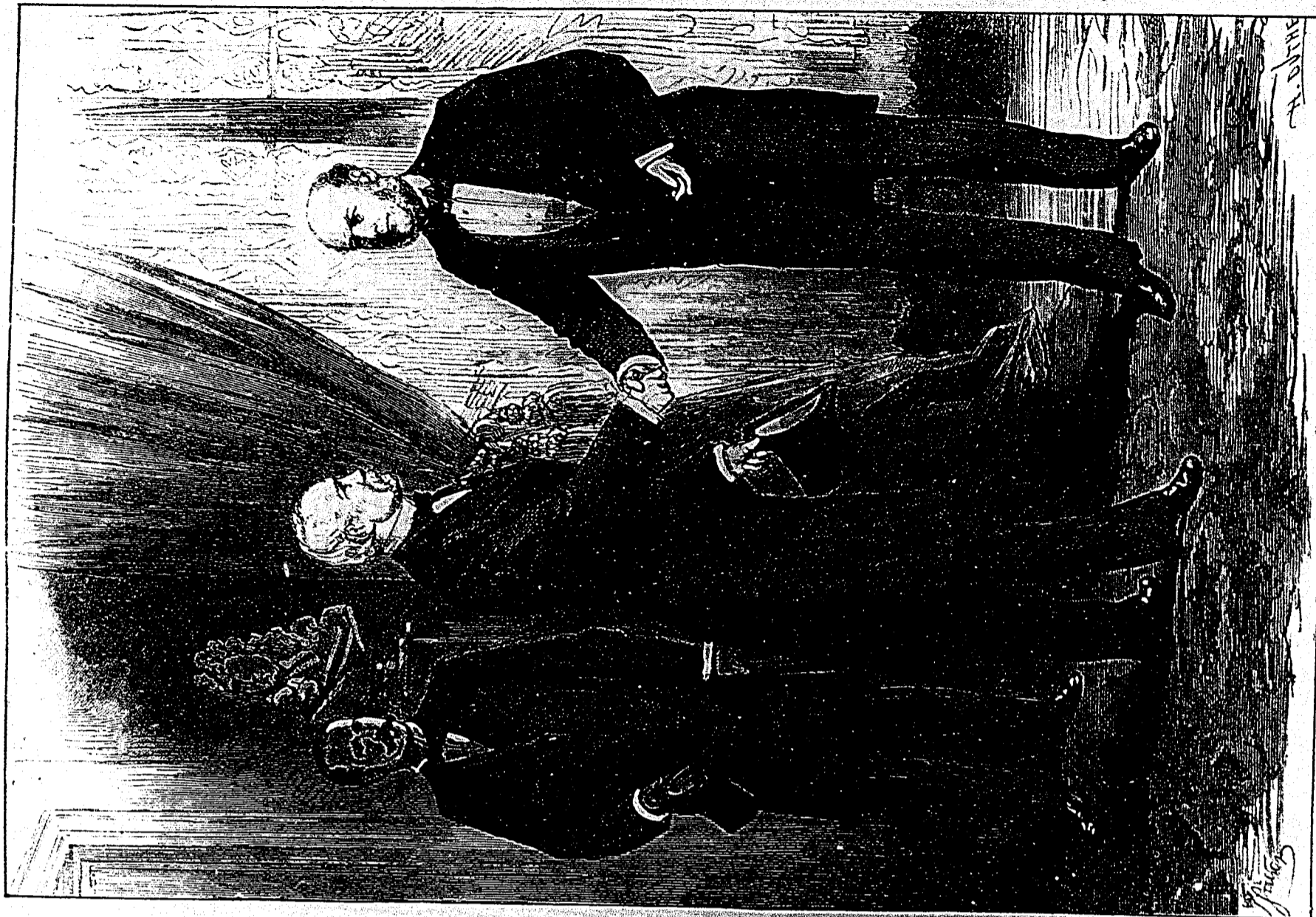
JEALOUSY is the worst of all evils, yet the one that is the least pitied by those who cause it. The only perfect Fitting Shirt made in Canada is made by TREBLE, of Hamilton. Send for samples and cards for self-measurement. Six A Number One Shirts for \$12.

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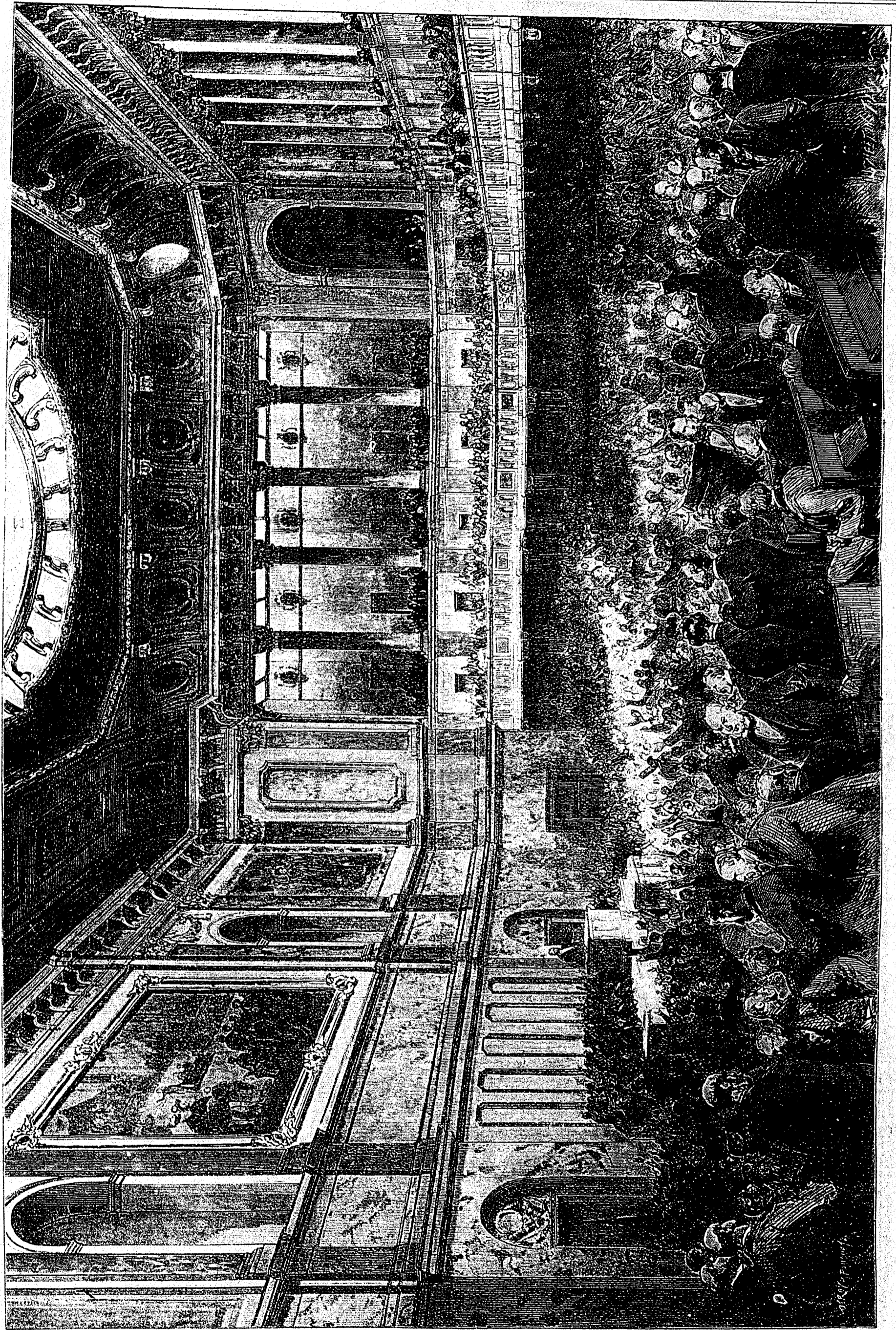
An old physician, retired from practice, having had placed in his hands by an East India missionary the formula of a simple vegetable remedy, for the speedy and permanent cure of consumption, bronchitis, catarrh, asthma, and all throat and lung affections, also a positive and radical cure for nervous debility and all nervous complaints, after having tested its wonderful curative powers in thousands of cases, has felt it his duty to make it known to his suffering fellows. Actuated by this motive, and a desire to relieve human suffering, I will send, free of charge, to all who desire it, this recipe, with full direction for preparing and using, in German, French, or English. Sent by mail by addressing with stamp, naming this paper, W. W. Sherar, 149 Powers' Block, Rochester, N. Y.



VERSAILLES.—PRIME MINISTER DUFAURE RECORDING HIS VOTE FOR THE PRESIDENCY



VERSAILLES.—MARSHAL MACMAHON CALLING UPON M. GREY IMMEDIATELY AFTER HIS ELECTION



VERSAILLES.—THE ELECTION OF PRESIDENT GREVY, BY THE UNITED SENATE AND ASSEMBLY OF FRANCE.

ECHOES FROM LONDON.

The Army and Navy Gazette states that the order for the issue of the "frontier medal," with a clasp for "Jowaki," is to be issued at once.

According to a metropolitan directory, £4,250,000 was raised in London last year for charitable objects. This is more than one pound for every man, woman and child in the capital.

The Beaconsfield Club is progressing very rapidly. The new building will be very shortly ready, and the club will begin the campaign against Liberalism, which is its principal object.

The freedom of the City of London is to be presented to Sir Rowland Hill, in acknowledgment of the great social and commercial benefits that country has derived from the adoption, in 1840, of his system of uniform penny postage.

The Strand Theatre, by a mere coincidence, has had the following droll sequence of plays on its bill. A few months ago *Swootharts* was produced, followed by *Engaged*, then came *Married*, and now the piece that all London is flocking to see is called *Luby*.

It is stated that the venerable lime trees of which the Well Walk, Hampstead, is composed, and which are connected with the memories of Dr. Johnson, Charles Lamb, S. T. Coleridge, and John Keats, will be spared. The trustees of the Wells Charity have rescinded a resolution for their removal.

The Empress Eugenie is described as leading the quietest and most monotonous of lives at Chislehurst. She prays, she drives, she embroiders, and sometimes she plays whist in the evening. She is still handsome, her beautiful golden hair shining royally above her plain black dress. She was, is, and will be, a rare woman.

SOMEBODY wants to know if the South Kensington Museum is safe from fire. The question is starting after the Birmingham catastrophe; and the answer given is that the new portion is safe. But a great deal of the old temporary building is still left, and that is composed mainly of wood, and is lighted thrice a week with gas. It is surely time that somebody paid a little attention to a question so important.

Mr. De Jongh, the eminent flautist of Manchester, has recently patented an invention that is likely to prove valuable to theatrical managers all over the world. It is a mechanical contrivance for the ticket-boxes of theatres, which will, it is said, be an infallible check upon the money received, and therefore render the petty speculation, which is unfortunately so common, impossible. Mr. Irving has been the first to adopt Mr. De Jongh's invention, and will shortly test its efficacy at the Lyceum.

At the time of the so-called "run" on the London and County Bank on Friday week, there proved to be in the strong-room of the bank in Lombard street no less a sum than £2,000,000 in bullion. In order to guard against the possible effects of the scare on the 130 county branches of the bank, extra supplies of cash were despatched to them by the trains from London on Friday night. On Saturday morning sixty telegrams were received at headquarters in London from the county managers stating that the extra remittances were quite uncalled for.

We are often behind other nations, and, indeed, in the commissariat generally so; but so pleased are the Germans with the reports they have received of the new soup and condensed meat rations just being issued to our men in Afghanistan that they have ordered a sample for inspection by the Crown Prince to be sent to Berlin at once, by Count Seckendorf, the envoy to his Imperial Highness. This is a little flattering, for although the makers call themselves by the German name Kopf, they are in reality two English officers of the army.

A NEW form of amusement in country parishes since the passage of the Marriage Notice Act has been for the young people to quiz the names displayed on the church door, and the happy expectants have to run the gauntlet of groups of gazing neighbours thus engaged. Sensitive couples will appreciate the feelings of the registrar of a quiet country town not fifty miles from Kent who has, out of respect for the feelings of the fortunate who happened to be first on his board, seeing that the Act does not specify particularly which side of the office door it is to be hung on, been pleased to put it up on the inside.

A GOOD illustration of the difficulties attending London journalism is given by the fact that the other day all but one morning newspaper were hoaxed on the subject of the co-operative movement. A contributor sent in some copy to every paper, purporting to be the report of a great meeting said to be held near Oxford street by the tradesmen of the district.

The text of speeches delivered and resolutions passed in them all seemed quite regular, and nearly all the journals printed it. Inquiry goes to show that no such meeting ever took place, and that the whole thing was an invention.

In reference to the recent "scare" in Lombard street, a correspondent recalls to mind the anecdote of the "run" upon Child's bank upwards of two centuries since, when that now celebrated firm would have had to succumb to the sudden pressure brought to bear upon it, but for the fortunate circumstance that Nell Gwynne happened to call, and learning the state of affairs straightway went off, and collecting all the plate, jewels, and specie she could lay her hands upon, returned with the treasure to the bank, where she deposited it—a display of confidence which so restored the equanimity of the other customers that the alarm at once ceased, and the bank was saved.

ANOTHER phase of club life is announced. It is cheap, the subscription being 2s. 6d. a-year. The circular says it is "to promote sympathy and mutual help among men who, though engaged in the same great work, yet from the special nature of their duties are in danger of an injurious isolation—to give the younger clergy the opportunity of freely discussing matters of practical interest in parish work; and also by uniting in prayer and seeking a deeper spiritual life to aim at effecting, in however small a degree, the healing of divisions, and the building up of the Church of Christ." To carry out these apparently laudable designs, all the junior clergy in London and its neighbourhood have been invited to join. The Bishop of London is President.

The peerage comprises at the present time no less than 580 members, including 5 royal dukes, 28 dukes, 33 marquises, 205 earls, 57 viscounts, and 252 barons. The creation of the dukes vary from Norfolk in 1483 to Westminster in 1874, of the marquises from Winchester in 1551 to Aberavenny in 1876, of the earls from Crawford in 1395 to Cairns in 1878, of the viscounts from Hereford in 1549 to Cranbrook in 1878, and of the barons from Le Despencer in 1251 to Norton in 1878. Of the baronetage there are no less than 862 members, of whose baronetcies 33 were created by James I., 81 by Charles I., 101 by Charles II., 16 by James II., 19 by Queen Anne, 10 by George I., 26 by George II., 406 by George III., 40 by George IV., 47 by William IV., and 153 by Her Majesty Queen Victoria.

THE Government will take measures as rapidly as possible to facilitate telegraph communication with the Cape. The want of a wire to Africa was severely felt during the Ashantee War, and now that we have trouble in Zululand the impossibility of communicating by telegraph with England is felt to be a serious affair. The London newspapers are also in great difficulty about getting news, and some two or three have arranged for long telegrams to be forwarded from Madeira so long as the war lasts, the material for these messages coming from the Cape by steamer. One paper offered to share part of the expense of a wire, if the war were likely to assume greater proportions, on certain conditions. A similar offer was made by the same paper during the Ashantee War.

The enterprising proprietor of one of the popular restaurants has recently instituted what he calls "The Dinner of the Golden Sausage," the great attraction of which is the insertion in every thirtieth sausage designed for his guests of a small gold coin, which becomes the property of the individual to whose lot it chances to fall. It is quite a study to observe the guests seated round the numerous tables, each accommodating thirty persons, all of whom are moving their jaws most cautiously. Of those favoured with fortune some are unable to conceal their satisfaction, while others try to convey the coin unperceived from their mouths to their pockets. As a matter of course, everyone is obliged to masticate his food slowly, instead of bolting it in the national fashion, otherwise the tiny coin might slip down his gullet un-awares.

In one of the by streets opposite Whitehall, a man had recently taken up his stand, and was entertaining a little crowd of people with the performance of some tame canaries, cats, rats, and white mice, when an elderly gentleman stopped to witness the vagaries of this happy family. His remarkable face was "sickled o'er with a pale cast of thought." He seemed greatly amused with the performances of the strangely assorted artistes on the table, especially when a large cat, of ferocious aspect, sat down upon its tail and took in its paws a little flagstaff, from the top of which a white mouse brought down the Russian colours. Next, the manager of the entertainment took up a canary, and assuring his patrons that the bird would collect money from those who might be inclined to give, passed it round for the purpose. The quiet, faintly-smiling gentleman already mentioned held out a silver coin, which the bird took into its beak with an audible chirp. After this the gentleman chuckled, and, turning round, crossed Parliament street, and disappeared in Downing street. The happy family had had for its patron a British statesman of world-wide renown, whose name it would be superfluous to mention.

THE railing on the north side of the churchyard of St. Paul's Cathedral will be lowered, and a new gate formed at the north-east corner, by Chancery. On the south side the railing will be shifted within the churchyard so as to allow of the formation of a public footway on the outside. This is a convenience which will not fail to be appreciated by all pedestrians to whom the crossing of the road at this side has hitherto been attended with no small personal danger. The whole of the north-east, south-east, and south-west of the churchyard will be planted with trees and shrubs; the flower-beds and the customary accessories of the landscape garden will find their place in the development of the work. A fountain is to be erected to the north-west of the churchyard, which will probably be embellished with a statuette of St. Paul.

OUR CHESS COLUMN.

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

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

J. W. S., Montreal.—Thanks for several valuable communications. Student, Montreal.—Correct solution of Problem No. 213 received. W. A., Montreal.—Problem received. Many thanks. R.F.M., Sherbrooke, P.Q.—Correct solution of Problem for Young Players, No. 210 received. E.H., Montreal.—Solution of Problem for Young Players No. 211 received. Correct.

Annexed will be found two tables giving information connected with the condition of the Canadian Chess Correspondence Tourney, and we are sure that they will be looked over with much interest by every player in the contest. In their preparation they do much credit to Mr. Shaw, the originator and Conductor of the Tourney, of the success of which there can be no longer any doubt. Already, sixty-three games, out of a total of one hundred and five, have been concluded, leaving only forty-two still to be played. This Tourney has been noticed in very favourable terms by Chess editors on both sides of the Atlantic, and in the last number of the *Chessplayers' Chronicle*, London, Eng., appears the score of the game in this contest, played between Mr. J. Henderson, of Montreal, and Dr. Ryall, of Hamilton, the former being the victor on the occasion. We hope to insert this game with the valuable notes in a future Column.

CANADIAN CHESS CORRESPONDENCE TOURNEY.

Continuation of list of games concluded. (From Jan. 1st, 1879, to Feb. 20th, 1879.)

Table with columns: No., PLAYERS, WON BY. Lists chess games between players like Black vs. Braithwaite, Gibson vs. Clawson, etc.

Totals of games played to Feb. 20th, 1879:

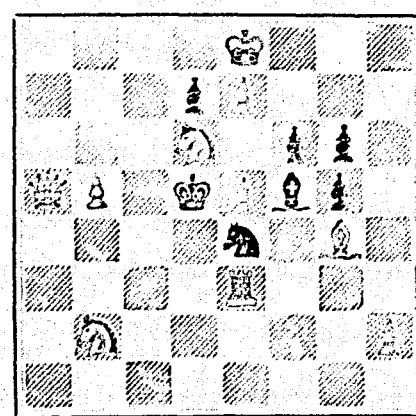
Table with columns: NAME, GAMES PLAYED, WON. Lists player names and their game records.

J. W. SHAW, Conductor of Tourney.

PROBLEM No. 215.

Inscribed to the Editor of the Chess Column of the CANADIAN ILLUSTRATED NEWS.

By Mr. W. ATKINSON, Montreal.



White to play and mate in three moves.

GAME 343RD.

(From the Dramatic Times.)

A well fought game played some time ago at Simpson's Divan, between Messrs. Eccles and Macdonnell.

(Vienna Game.)

- WHITE.—(Mr. E.) 1. P to K 4, 2. Kt to Q B 5, 3. P to B 4, 4. P to Q 4 (a), 5. K to K 2, 6. P takes P, 7. K to B 2, 8. P to Kt 3, 9. P takes P, 10. R to Kt 2, 11. P takes Kt, 12. B to B 4, 13. Q to K 2 (ch), 14. R to K sq, 15. P takes P, 16. B takes B (ch) (b), 17. Q to R 6, 18. R to B 3, 19. Q takes Q P (ch), 20. Kt to R 3, 21. Q to K B 4, 22. R to K R sq, 23. R takes Q (c), 24. K to B 2, 25. K to Kt sq, 26. B to B 3, 27. Kt to K 4, 28. K Kt to B 2, 29. Kt takes Kt, 30. K to Kt 2, 31. P to Q 5, 32. K to Kt sq, 33. Kt to Kt 2, 34. K takes B, 35. Q to K 5 (ch).

and Black resigned.

NOTES.

- (a) The invention of this move to be followed by K to K 2 is claimed by Herr Steinitz. Its author may say of this Touchstone said Audrey: "A poor thing, but mine own." (b) A simple but effective manoeuvre originated by Mr. Macdonnell, that expels this phase of the Vienna game from the list of sound openings. Analysis so far proves that White must now be content with a *reprise* for if he play K to B sq, Black continues with Kt to B 3 with a manifest superiority, and if he adopt the line of play in the text, he should not secure any thing like compensation for the sacrificed Rook. (c) P takes P, or B to Q 3 are both worthy of examination at this juncture. (d) Apparently his best move. (e) If White had played instead Q to Q B sq, Black would have won by Q takes B (ch), &c. (f) Very well played indeed. (g) A hasty move that loses the game in a few moves.

GAME 344TH.

CANADIAN CHESS CORRESPONDENCE TOURNEY.

Game between Geo. P. Black, Esq., of Halifax, N. S., and G. Gibson, Esq., of Toronto.

(Philidor's Defence.)

- WHITE.—(G. P. Black.) 1. P to K 4, 2. Kt to K B 3, 3. P to Q 4, 4. Kt takes P, 5. P to K 5, 6. B to K 2, 7. Kt takes Kt, 8. Castles, 9. K to R sq, 10. Q to Q 3, 11. Q to Q B 3, 12. Q takes B, 13. B P takes Kt, 14. R to K B 4, 15. K to Kt sq, 16. P to K 6, 17. Q takes Q B P (ch), 18. Q takes B (b), 19. Q takes Q (ch), 20. Q to K 3, 21. B to Q B 5 (ch), 22. K to B sq.

NOTES.

- (a) This and Black's following move are the beginning of an enterprise which speedily ends in discomfiture. (b) All this is very plain.

SOLUTIONS.

Solution of Problem No. 113.

- WHITE. 1. B to K R 3, 2. B to K B sq, 3. Mates accordingly. BLACK. 1. P to Q 4 (a), 2. Anything, (a) 1. P to K 4, or K to Q 5, 2. K moves.

Solution of Problem for Young Players No. 211.

- WHITE. 1. B takes Kt, 2. B to K B 2 (ch), 3. B takes Q mate. BLACK. 1. Q to Q 2, 2. Q covers.

PROBLEMS FOR YOUNG PLAYERS, No. 212.

- WHITE. K at K 2, B at Q B 2, Kt at K 4, Kt at Q 4, Pawns at K B 4, K Kt 3, Q B 3 and Q Kt 4. BLACK. K at Q 4, Pawns at Q 2, K B 2, Q B 3 and Q R 5. White to play and mate in two moves.

"WHAT ever shall I do with such a bad, bad boy," said a loving mother as she strove to impress on the mind of her six-year-old tow-head his manifold troublesomeness. "Oh, you let me alone, I ain't half as bad as I can be," replied non-impressible one, and he gave his maternal ancestor a wink that completely upset her gravity.



NOTICE

Is hereby given that the Government of Quebec will apply during the present session of the Dominion Parliament, to have vested in it all the rights and powers held by the Montreal, Ottawa & Western Railway Company with respect to bridging the Ottawa River, at or near the City of Ottawa, and for power to obtain and hold in the Province of Ontario the lands necessary for purposes in connection with the Provincial Railway system of the Province of Quebec.

Quebec, February 13, 1879.

CHROMO, MOTTO, Gift-Edge & Lilly cards, with name, 10c Globe Print. Co., Northford, Ct.

PUBLIC NOTICE

Is hereby given, in conformity with the Act 41 and 42 Vict., ch. 5, that two months after the last publication of this notice, which will appear twice in the Quebec Official Gazette, the Commissioner of Crown Lands will cancel the sales and locations of the public lands mentioned in the following list, viz.:

Township Emma, (Fagle River Range.) Lots Nos. 24, 25, 26, 27, 28, 29, 30, 31.

F. LANGELIER, Commissioner of C. L.

Department of Crown Lands, Quebec, 6th February, 1879.

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

Monthly and expenses guaranteed to Agents. \$75.00. SHAW & CO., AUGUSTA, MAINE.

Advertisement for D.M. FERRY & CO'S SEED, featuring an illustration of a seed packet and the text 'FREE TO ALL' and 'ILLUSTRATED DESCRIPTIVE PRICED ANNUAL'.

Perfume, Snowflake, Chromo, Motto Cards, name in gold & jet, 10c. G. A. SPAIN, F. Wallingford, Ct.

JUST PUBLISHED

CHISHOLM'S ALL-ROUND ROUTE AND PANORAMIC GUIDE OF THE ST. LAWRENCE,

With corrections to date. It contains full descriptions of the points of interest on the "All Round Route," including Hudson River, Trenton and Niagara Falls, Toronto, Ottawa, Montreal, Quebec, Saginaw River, White Mountains, Portland, Boston, New York. It is profusely illustrated, and is furnished with maps of the route, and a fine panoramic view of the St. Lawrence River. For sale by booksellers and news agents. Sent post-paid to any address on receipt of the price, 50 cts.

C. R. CHISHOLM & BROS., 179 Bonaventure street, Montreal.

Chromo and Perfumed Cards (no 3rd). Name in Gold and Jet, 10 cts. CLINTS BROS., Chiltonville, Ct.

TO LET.

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

OFFICES, double and single. FLATS, admirably adapted for light manufacturing business, with or without steam power. Rent moderate. Apply to G. B. BURLAND, No. 7 Bleury Street.

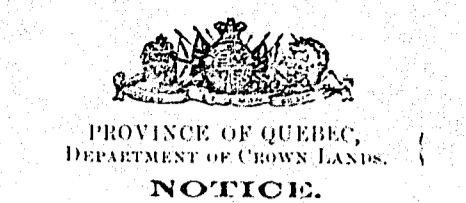
IMPORTANT NOTICE.

Burland-Desbarats Lithographic Co., 5 & 7 BLEURY ST.,

begs to inform the BANKERS, MERCHANTS and BUSINESS MEN of the Dominion, that their large establishment is now in full operation, and that they are prepared to do all kinds of ENGRAVING, ELECTRO-TYPING, STEREO-TYPING, LITHOGRAPHING and TYPE PRINTING.

Photo-Electrotyping & Wood Engraving. IS THE BEST STYLE, AND AT LOW PRICES. Special attention given to the reproduction by Photo-Lithography of MAPS, PLANS, PICTURES or BOOKS OF ANY KIND.

From the facilities at their command and the completeness of their establishment, the Company feel confident of giving satisfaction to all who entrust them with their orders. G. B. BURLAND, Manager.



(Ads. 1627, 1628, 1629.)

In conformity with the 9th section of the Act 36 Victoria, Chapter 8, notice is hereby given that the locations and sales of the undermentioned lands have been cancelled under the authority of the Act 32 Victoria, Chapter 11 and amendments thereto, viz.:

Township Arnaugh, (1st N.E. range.) Lot No. 15, to P. Couture. (2nd range N.W.)

" 24, to Philbert Morin. (1st N.O. range) " 60, to Chs. Kemmer. " 61, to Jean Kemmer. " 72, to Nicholas Bernard.

N.E. 1/4 of lot No. 68, to God. Gagnon. (2nd range N.E.) Lot No. 15, to Simeon Lamontagne. (1st range S.E.)

Lots Nos. 38, 39 and 40, to Norbert Labbe. Lot No. 42, to Cleop. Buteau. " 19, to Nare. Boulanger. (2nd range S.E.)

" 31, to Jos. Allaire. (Range W. Riv. du Pin) " 6, to Thomas Lamontagne. " 7, to Francois Labrecque. Township Montclair, (5th range S.W.)

" 20, to Denis Letourneau. Lot No. 1, to Paul Talbot. " 2, to Octave Talbot. " 3, to Philias Talbot. (4th range S.W.)

Lot No. 9, to Etienne Cote. (2nd range N.E.) S.W. 1/4 of lot No. 4, to Thomas Fournier. (3rd range N.E.)

N.W. 1/4 of lots Nos. 1 and 2, to Ph. Beaulieu. (1st range N.E.) Lot No. 9, to Theo. Cloutier. (4th range N.E.)

Lot No. 15, to Philias Bernier, transferred to J. Gaumont. (2nd range S.W.) Lot No. 4, to Francois Guilmet. Township LaPointe, (7th range)

Lot No. 3, to Ol. Bougault. (4th range) Lot No. 19, to Jacob Theriault. Township Casgrain, (3rd range)

Lot No. 6, to Tert. Legros. (Range A) Lot No. 8, to Louis Ouellette, transferred to Alex. Cloutier. Township Dionne, (1st range)

Lot No. 5, to Pierre Charois. (6th range) Lot No. 3, to Amable Gagnon. Township Levesque, (7th range)

Lot No. 54, to Jerome Jalbert. Township Fournier, (3rd range) S.W. 1/4 of lot No. 8, to Gathen Ayot. Township Maillet, (5th range)

Lot No. 36, to Thos. Dallaire. (3rd range) Lot No. 2, to Louis Couture. Township Woodville, (1st range)

Lot No. 30, to Pierre Oct. Dionne. (5th range) Lot No. 17, to Amable Dionne. Township Beau, (Range B)

Lot No. 42, to Hon. Roy & Co. (Range A) Lot No. 49, to Antoine Belzil. (5th range)

Lot No. 20, to Paul Boucher. Township Fave, (5th range) S.W. 1/4 of lot No. 27, to Ant. Beaulieu.

Lot No. 45, to Jos. Theriault. N.E. 1/4 of lot No. 31, to Charles Bertrand. (6th range)

Lot No. 38, to Theod. Dumont. " 15, to Georges Jalbert. (5th range)

Lot No. 7, to J. A. Castonguay. (2nd range) Lot No. 22, to Ad. Dionne. Lot No. 27, to Ant. Dionne. Township Polonyemack, (10th range)

Lot No. 21, to Jos. Desjardins. (11th range) Lot No. 20, to Ignace Desjardins. Township Armand, (Range A)

Lot No. 91, to Thadee Dionne. Part of lot No. 95, to Israel Viel. Rest of lot No. 95, to Jos. Viel. Township Whitworth, (North range)

Lot No. 17, to Ant. Dionne, senior. Township Demers, (4th range)

Lot No. 37, to Pierre Jean. S.W. 1/4 of lot No. 35, to Anselme Cote. N.E. 1/4 of lot No. 34, to Anselme Cote. Township Gaspe Bay North, (1st range)

N.W. 1/4 of lot No. 51, to Abraham LeMesurier. Township Douglas, (3rd range)

Lot No. 11, to Jos. McAuley. Township Newport, (6th range)

Lot No. 28, to Archibald Kerr, jr. F. LANGELIER, Commissioner of C. L. Quebec, 11th February, 1879.



Is hereby given, in conformity with the Act 41 and 42 Vict., ch. 5, that two months after the last publication of this notice, which will appear twice in the Quebec Official Gazette, the Commissioner of Crown Lands will cancel the sales and locations of the public lands mentioned in the following list:

Township Perce, (1st range, Anse a Beaufils) Lot C. (1st range, south from Corner Beach)

Lot No. 5. (3rd range) Lot No. 17. (Range East, Perce road)

Lots Nos. 8 & 10. Township Matane, (2nd range) N.E. 1/4 of S.W. 1/4 (15 1/2 acres) of lot No. 14. Township Robit, (1st range)

Lots 6, 7, 21, 22, 43 and 44. (2nd range) Lots 1, 2, 3, 4, 5, 6, 21, 22, 32, 33, 34 and 45. (3rd range)

Lots 1, 25, 36, 46. (4th range) Lots 17, 18, 37, 38, 39 and 40. (5th range)

Lots 1, 2, 3, 14, 15, 16, 17, 38, 39, 40 and 46. (6th range) Lots 7, 8, 9, 10, 11 and 12. Township Talon, (1st range)

Lots 7, 16, 17, 18, 19, 20, 21, 22, 35 and 38. (2nd range) Lots 4, 14, 15, 20, 21, 22, 34, 35, 36, 37 and 38. (3rd range)

Lots 1, 2, 3, 4, 12, 13, 14, 15, 16, 17, 18, 19, 20, 21, 22, 23, 24, 25, 26, 27, 28, 29, 30, 31, 32, 34, 35, 37. (4th range)

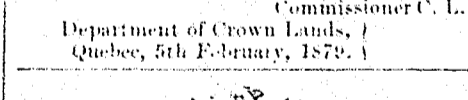
Lots 20, 21, 22, 23, 36, 37 and 38. (5th range) Lots 16, 17, 19, 20, 36, 37 and 38. (6th range)

Lots 11, 12, 13, 14, 37, 38 and 39. Township Parot, (3rd range) Lots 24 and 25. (4th range)

Lots 5, 6, 10, 11, 12, 13 and 32. (5th range) Lots 17, 18 and 31. (6th range)

Lots 20, 32 and 33. (7th range) Lots 3, 5, 6, 7, 15, 16, 18, 20, 21, 22, 23, 24, 25, 26, 27, 28, 30, 31, 32, 33, 34, 35, 37, 38, 39, 40, 41, 42, 43, 44, 45 and 46. (8th range)

Lots 6, 7, 18, 19, 20, 23, 24, 25, 26, 27, 28, 29, 37, 38, 39, 40 and 42. (9th range) Lots 41 and 42. F. LANGELIER, Commissioner C. L. Department of Crown Lands, Quebec, 5th February, 1879.



Master Tailor to the Queen's Own Rifles. Late Master Tailor in H. M. 16th Regiment. Uniforms and accoutrements strictly in accordance with the "Dress Regulations for the Army," and of the best workmanship and quality. The New Regulation Helmet in stock. Price Lists sent on application. 435 YONGE STREET, Toronto.

ASK YOUR DRUGGIST OR GROCER FOR ASHBY'S WINE OF BENNET, for making Junket or Sweet Curds. This preparation is prepared by a process discovered by Mr. Ashby, and by which the Peppine as well as the Rennet is retained.

Two teaspoonful mixed with a pint of warm milk converts the milk into a jelly and makes a delicious dessert, which may be eaten with or without cream or wine sauces.

It makes a light and very nutritious food. It is one of the best remedies for dyspepsia. It enables persons of weak digestive organs to digest their food.

It restores patients to health when convalescent from fevers, &c. It is found to be an excellent thing for persons who earn their living by brain work, as they generally require a very nutritious diet, yet are frequently unable to digest a heavy meal.

It can be made in five minutes, and is the most reliable and cheapest preparation of the kind in the market. Only 25c. per bottle. Wholesale by LYMANS, CLARE & CO., H. SUGDEN EVANS, and all Druggists and Grocers.

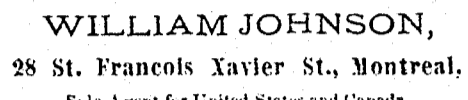
THE MEDICAL FACULTY Advise The preparation known as DURHAM CORN FLOUR, is, with milk, recommended for children's diet. This particular brand is found to possess qualities that make its use most desirable.

ANALYTICAL CHEMISTS Report "This DURHAM CORN FLOUR is entirely free from any impurities; it is evident that great care is taken by the makers in the selection of the maize from which it is manufactured, so much so that not the least trace of any foreign matter is to be found."

THE MANUFACTURERS say that now as during the past decade, this preparation engages their great care. Nothing can be prepared from maize possessing greater delicacy of flavor, and by their improved patent process of manufacturing, all the impure and foreign matter is so thoroughly eliminated as to give a much lighter and more perfect preparation than can be secured by the means generally employed.

When you ask for DURHAM CORN FLOUR, see that you get it.

WILLIAM JOHNSON, 28 St. Francois Xavier St., Montreal. Sole Agent for United States and Canada.



COMMENCING TUESDAY, FEBRUARY 11th. Trains will be run in this Division as follows:—

Leave Hochelaga. Arrive in Quebec. EXPRESS..... 3:00 p.m. .... 10:10 p.m. MIXED..... 7:10 a.m. .... 3:50 p.m.

RETURNING. Leave Quebec. Arrive in Montreal. EXPRESS..... 12:45 p.m. .... 7:30 p.m. MIXED..... 6:15 p.m. .... 10:10 a.m.

Trains leave Mile-End Station ten minutes later. Tickets for sale at offices of Stames, Lave & Allen, Agents, 202 St. James Street, and 158 Notre Dame Street, and at Hochelaga and Mile-End Stations.

J. T. PRINCE, Gen'l Pass. Agent. Feby. 7th, 1879.

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



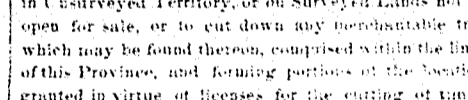
QUEBEC, 3rd January, 1879. NOTICE IS HEREBY GIVEN that His Excellency the Lieutenant-Governor has been pleased by Order in Council, dated the 26th January inst., to add the following clause to the Timber Regulations:

All persons are hereby strictly forbidden, unless they may have previously obtained a special authorization to that effect from the Commissioner of Crown Lands or from his Agents, to settle, squat, clear or chop on Lots in Unsurveyed Territory, or on Surveyed Lands not yet open for sale, or to cut down any merchantable trees which may be found thereon, comprised within the limits of this Province, and forming portions of the locations granted in virtue of licenses for the cutting of timber thereon; said timber being the exclusive property of the holders of said licenses, who have the exclusive right to enter actions against any person or persons who may be found violating this order.

F. LANGELIER, Commissioner of C. L.

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