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Wholesale News

Vol. XXIII.—No. 13.

MONTREAL, SATURDAY, MARCH 26, 1881.

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HARD TO BEAT.

BET (log.) :—What do you say to that, eh? We'll have cheap firewood next winter anyway.

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TEMPERATURE
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THE WEEK ENDING
March 20th, 1881.

March 20th, 1881.			Corresponding week, 1880		
Max.	Min.	Mean.	Max.	Min.	Mean.
Mon.. 40°	30°	35°	Mon.. 32°	10°	16°
Tues.. 40°	19°	29° 5'	Tues.. 32°	14°	23°
Wed.. 41°	35°	38° 5'	Wed.. 27°	13°	20°
Thur.. 44°	25°	34° 5'	Thur.. 33°	15°	24°
Fri.. 42°	35°	38° 5'	Fri.. 39°	19°	29°
Sat.. 43°	34°	38° 5'	Sat.. 40°	22°	31°
Sun.. 42°	31°	38°	Sun.. 40°	20°	30°

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CANADIAN ILLUSTRATED NEWS.

Montreal, Saturday, March 26, 1881.

THE WEEK

THE *Star*, in its explanation of the Roman Catholic doctrines in regard to divorce, is totally in error in its statement of the principle, although the facts quoted seem to bear out its theory. The Roman Catholic Church does not permit divorce under any circumstances (if we omit the doctrine of Papal dispensation, which is an exception and opposed to the doctrine itself.) As, however, it forbids marriage *in toto* between certain parties, it considers such marriage as invalid from the first, when it takes place under the auspices of other communions. It cannot, for example, be said that the Church recognizes the divorce of two persons, one of whom was unbaptized at marriage, because, in fact, it never has recognized the marriage itself, which could not have taken place in its communion, and without marriage there can obviously be no divorce. The difference may seem to be one of form merely, but it is not so in reality, as the admitting of exceptions to the rule of the inviolability of the marriage tie would be to tamper with one of the fundamental doctrines of the Church. We are not concerned with a discussion of the merits of the doctrine, which would require a somewhat lengthy treatment; our object is simply to correct the statement carelessly made by our contemporary that divorce is under any circumstances recognized by the Roman Catholic Church.

A COUNTRY paper, which is more anxious to explain to its readers that the cap fits than we were to indicate the head it was intended for, is indignant at our notice of an American periodical, and our unrestrained admiration of its own geographical knowledge. We grieve to have incurred its editorial censure. Be it said, however, that we are far from ever having recommended American children's periodicals in place of Canadian. We have alluded to the excellence of the batch which comes to us monthly from Messrs. Warren before, and are glad to do so again. But surely we may be permitted to give praise where praise is due, independently of our geographical friend. And if we were inclined to be very captious, we might ask if *The Boy's Own Paper* and *The Girl's Own Paper* were strictly Canadian productions. But, "a nod is as good as a wink—" and our friend seems to have been in the condition to mistake one for the other.

THE Irish question is, if not absolutely solved, at least rendered comparatively easy of solution by Mr. Charles King. So soon as the said Mr. King can obtain the necessary means for carrying to a successful conclusion his schemes of geographical annexation, England and Ireland will be

not two, but one country, over the government of which it would be, of course, the height of foolishness to dispute. The plan alluded to is the trifling operation of constructing an embankment road between England and Ireland. The distance is only nineteen miles and the depth 47 feet, so that obviously nothing could be simpler than tipping in enough earth to fill the aching void. Disagreeable persons of an engineering turn of mind may suggest that it will be necessary to dig up a county or two to provide the necessary amount of earth, and still more disagreeable persons are, out of pure curiosity, wondering what will become of the Gulf Stream. But Mr. King cares for none of these things, and why should we? or if we may make a suggestion, would it not be rather a good opportunity for the home Government to utilize recalcitrant townships? The threat of being used as ballast for an embankment would surely quiet even Tipperary.

A NOBLE WOMAN.

The word noble, like most words, is used with many varied shades of meaning. Such is the defectiveness of language that, when we say "a noble woman," the question at once arises—how noble? Thus far, however, it is definitive—it cannot be applied to human physical gifts, taken in the gross. Your beauty may have a noble head, but before she can be called a noble woman she must make good her claim to one or more moral qualities of high value. What is the true significance of the word noble will be easier arrived at, if we remember that it came to us from the Romans, amongst whom it meant very much what it means to-day—first notable, and then noble, high born, of illustrious birth. The Roman ideal of what a noble should be was a lofty one—one implying postponement of self for the public good; and it is plain, therefore, that only qualities heroic can be called noble. If, then, a woman is noble, she must be heroic. It is a common thing to hear a girl wish she could get money, silks, diamonds; I have heard not once, but many times, the sigh uttered that the pensive waster of all that idle breath were a duchess. If she could only be a duchess! *Noblesse oblige* is often a dead letter, and more than one duchess has been a female scamp.

I don't think I ever heard a girl wish that she should, in the truest sense, become a noble woman. I believe that there are girls whose aspirations run thus high. But the general desire is for something more mundane, and the ideal of most women may be easily summed up in a nice house, a good position in society, plenty of company, dress, carriage, etc. All these are good things. But they may all be sought by a man or woman without being above the level of the little dogs used for hunting truffles, nay, without necessarily rising to the level of such animals, who are no doubt useful in their way. I am quite aware that many, perhaps most of those young girls whose ideal is thus low, would, under the influence of trouble, give out really admirable qualities of endurance—it may be of nobleness. But we should have poor gardens if no flower could give forth sweet odours without first being bruised. That flower is the most admirable that emits Sabine perfumes as the perpetual duty of its bright existence; and that woman is the truly noble woman who does not wait to have noble qualities wrung from her by affliction, but who, while the will has something to do with the matter, determines that no lap dog life of whining for indulgences and small caresses shall be hers, but rather a life in which those womanly qualities which raise the individual, the sex, humanity itself, shall—come what may from the hand of fortune—shine out bright as the stars, moving in the harmonious orbits of duty.

These somewhat desultory and inadequate remarks have been suggested by reading the account given by Geraldine Jewsbury of her friend, Mrs. Carlyle, the wife of the Chelsea sage. Having describ-

ed a winsome maiden, with black eye and so much magic, that after she had flirted with a man for five minutes—and she flirted with a good many, and this was no harm, if she did not intend to carry it beyond the day of orange blossoms, not to speak of the adipose-tissue-and-round-tower-of-other-days period—he felt inclined to make her a proposal—having in a word described such a girl as might have sat for Burns'

"Whistle and I'll come to ye, my lad,"

but who had studied mathematics and a good many other things, Miss Jewsbury writes:

"Of course people thought she was making a dreadfully bad match in marrying Carlyle; they only saw the outside of the thing, but she had faith in her own insight. Long afterward, when the world began to admire her husband, at the time he delivered the 'Lectures on Hero Worship,' she gave a little half-scornful laugh and said, 'They tell me things as if they were new that I found out years ago.' She knew the power of help and sympathy that lay in her, and she knew she had strength to stand the struggle and pause before he was recognized. She told me that she resolved that he should never write for money, only when he wished it, when he had a message in his heart to deliver, and she determined that she would make whatever money he gave her answer for all needful purposes; and she was ever faithful to this resolve. She bent her faculties to economical problems, and she managed so well that comfort was never absent from her house, and no one looking on could have guessed whether they were rich or poor."

I call her a noble woman. Wherein, it may be said, did this woman differ from other women? Herein: she was ready to make sacrifices, to be content to wait, to spurn the small society charms that were within their early reach, in order that she might participate in a great career, and ultimately share its bright and beacon-like eminence. Most women would have said: "Dear, we have very little money. You could easily make twelve or fourteen guineas a week by writing for the *Daily Sketchhuckler*." Had she said it, could Carlyle with all his strength have refused? What man could refuse—especially when the "dear" one and "good," too, undoubtedly, would add that her wardrobe was getting shabby, and a few weeks at such work could do no harm to him and yet give her so much of pleasure? And Carlyle would have thus been led into literary activity by which the mind is skimmed constantly, so constantly that at the end of a few years the residuum of mental power is without body, nutriment, or fitness for anything but to be thrown to the class to whom we are advised not to throw pearls. Her reward came with power and fame, and the courting of the so-called great, if that be much, and her reward is here that as long as Carlyle lives men will know that inseparable from, woven into web and woof of his greatness, are the heroic qualities of this woman, without whom he had been a pitiful scribbler, an ink slinger, as we say on this continent, leaving nothing behind him but an obituary paragraph—burned quite away like a five cent pastille.

Here in Ottawa, where I am at present banished from Toronto, one sees a great deal to suggest reflections, serious, sad, comical, pathetic, on the condition of Canadian society and Canadian women. The "moral tone," as that phrase is usually understood, and with the usual specific application, does not seem to me to be worse in Ottawa than in other cities, which is as much as saying it is satisfactory. I should judge the women to be, as a rule, good honest women, and, which is a virtue in its way, they are pretty. But, extending the meaning of the phrase—applying it not to one small part of conduct, but to conduct generally, the moral tone is not high. "Pots and kettles and pans, pans and kettles and pots," poor Geo. Dawson used to say, summed up the conversation of the ordinary woman in England. Here it is—Balls, Rideau Hall, at homes, at homes, Rideau Hall, balls; and the dreadful cry as to the scarcity of money. Nor can money help being scarce. Society is composed mainly of the civil servants. Civil servants are much abused. I have availed myself of my temporary

visit to the capital to judge them, and think as a class and man for man they will compare with any other class. But what can they do? They are neither too well, nor too ill paid. But, if married, the gloves, dresses, cab-hire, what-not for their women-folk, take the gilt off the gingerbread of even a Deputy Head's wages. Their wives, certainly (perhaps it is true of themselves), have not the moral courage to live within their means.

It will seem that I am comparing small things with great. It will be said that the ordinary civil servant is not a Thomas Carlyle, and that the ordinary woman cannot be a Mrs. Carlyle. True; but as Carlyle taught, the day labourer may be relatively as noble as an Apostle, and in the narrowest sphere of the humblest woman there is ample room for precisely the same qualities as those which shone out in Mrs. Carlyle. It is not the magnitude of the deed, but the motive, not the act in its glow or effects, but in its moral character, not the success or failure, but the bright endeavour. In that world over which nobleness reigns, the widow's mite outweighs all the gifts within the power of a Constantine. "Money! money! money!" this is the only cry which varies the petty babble of so called fashionable talk. Can there be—I will not say nobleness—can there be happiness under such conditions? Suppose Mrs. Carlyle were living in Ottawa, would she try to play the fashionable lady if she had to pinch and pare to do it? No; she would say to her husband, who might chance not to be a great writer, but only an effective public servant: "What good is there in this barren whirl? Let us try to lay the foundation of independence, so that we may be able to educate our children, not thrust them into yonder dwarfing mill, and that by-and-by also we may get rest and recreation and change when we shall need it." I may seem to have found in Ottawa what I have found no where else in Canada. The disease for an obvious reason is only more emphasized here. The same thing may be seen in certain quarters in Toronto.

What is the remedy? There is none, I fear, for the mass. The individuals who can strike out a bold path for themselves will find their account in doing so. The ordinary third-class clerk, with \$500 a year, will still pursue his fashionable way and shine among the best here and there "a bright particular star," instead of remaining in his room and working during the only nights in the year when work is possible. But these words may meet the eye of a young man capable of excellence in some walk of science or of art, and the seed falling on good ground will produce good fruit.

What the Governor-General can do it is not very easy to see. I have heard the greatest admirers of Lord Dufferin say he almost ruined the people of Ottawa. The private theatricals are a laudable attempt to qualify the tendency to run entirely to dancing, and they undoubtedly introduce a comparatively intellectual element. But how can any intellectual element exist in a society devoted to parties and balls, and making and receiving calls, to kettle-drums and endless tobogganing and skating? All these are good in their way. But a whirl of them and not an idea abroad, conversation made up of—"Are you going to So-and-So's?" "Have you a 'bid' for this one's?" "Have you put down your name at Rideau?" "Captain Chater does this or does the other"—fills one with conflicting emotions. There are ladies in Ottawa who entertain with dignity and charm, and nothing could be more pleasant than to visit them. Society itself must always be mixed here, and must continue to present the incongruities of a mixed society—incongruities no brief article like this could point out. For that the novelist of manners must come. Perhaps he may have arrived by the last steamer. The Germans say that when the tale of bricks is trebled Moses is at hand, and Mr. Rymal would be sure to agree that where there is a big flea there will be somewhere near a little flea to bite him. It is, perhaps, a sign of our advancement, on which we are to be

congratulated, that we are ripe for the literary parasite with gorgeous wings, who lives on the foibles of his kind.

But to return. The noble woman can find no sphere in such a society as I have described, unless she seeks to raise and quicken its better instincts, while excusably pandering—if the word may pass—to its weaknesses. Her real rôle is to call forth the best that is in man, whose helpmate she is, and, like Mrs. Carlyle, while strengthening him with her sympathy and love to achieve, ultimately to share his achievements as part of her own legitimate work; for in her case, too, "the labourer is worthy of his hire."

NICHOLAS FLOOD DAVIN.

THE SEAT OF GOVERNMENT.

DRAWBACKS TO MANUFACTURERS ON SYNDICATE SUPPLIES—DOMINION LANDS AMENDMENT ACT—MODIFICATION OF MONTREAL HARBOUR COMMISSIONER'S INTEREST—THE CONSOLIDATED RAILWAY BILL—M. FABRE'S EXPENSES—RAILWAYS IN CANADA, &c.

(From Our Special Correspondent.)

OTTAWA, March 19th, 1881.

This has been understood to be the last working week of the session, and although members are naturally very tired from long attendance and long debates they have had to consider several measures of great importance. The Government also for their measures have practically taken up the whole of the working time.

On Monday Sir Leonard Tilley brought down the promised resolutions to enable the Government to pay drawbacks equivalent to duties on such fish-plates, spikes, bolts, nuts, and iron bridges manufactured in Canada, as might be sold by the manufacturers to the Pacific Syndicate; and the same with respect to all telegraph apparatus manufactured in Canada and used by the Syndicate in the original construction and first equipment of a telegraph line in connection with their railway. It is impossible to say what amount of revenue will be effected by this provision; but it is certainly only fair to Canadian manufacturers in view of the much discussed clause of the Syndicate Bill under which these articles are allowed to be imported by that company free. Sir Leonard explained that steel rails were not included in his resolutions because they are already free.

On the same day the House went into Committee on motion of Sir John Macdonald on a very important bill to amend the Dominion Lands Act. The general effect of this measure appears to be to place much more discretionary power in the hands of the Government than is allowed by the existing law. This bill will enable the Government to make arrangements for colonization on a very much larger scale than they could under the iron rules of the present Act. We have here a provision which will be of great benefit if carefully exercised; and public opinion would scarcely allow such a power to be used for the purpose of fostering speculation. In fact no possible Government would dare to venture on anything of the kind. Another important feature of the bill is that it will allow lands to be entered on certain conditions by the pioneers of colonies before the actual arrival of the homesteader himself. This is a provision which will greatly promote the important object of colonization; but it, too, will require to be used with care. Another feature of the bill is that it does away with pre-emptions. The effect of this will be to put more homesteaders in one section, and tend to promote purchases of Syndicate lands, which can be obtained on as favourable terms, and at prices as cheap, as the Government pre-emptions. In my opinion this is a decided improvement, as the old pre-emptions were mainly used for the purposes of petty speculation which was anything but advantageous to the country. There is another important feature of this bill. It will allow liens upon homesteads to the extent of \$600. This principle had been previously sanctioned by Canadian legislation to the extent of \$200, which was, however, too narrow a limit, and had the effect of rendering the provision nugatory. This enactment will enable capitalists or benevolent associations to make sufficient advances to emigrants to enable them to settle on their farms and repay at stated periods. Many poor men who are now almost starving in Ireland or other parts of the United Kingdom may thus be enabled to settle in Manitoba and be placed in an independent position in a very few years. The bill was passed through committee and rapidly advanced its subsequent stages. Its effect will be greatly to stimulate the settlement of the North-West.

The supplementary estimates were laid before the House on Monday and several of the items were passed.

On Tuesday Sir Leonard submitted his resolution to assist the Harbour Commissioners of Montreal in the improvement of the St. Lawrence below Montreal. I have already told you the object of this resolution is to reduce the interest payable by the Commissioners from 5 to 4 per cent., and to do away with the charges

for the sinking fund. This of course will be a step in the right direction and give a good deal of relief; but as Mr. Coursol showed it is only a step, as the works for deepening Lake St. Peter are not only of city and provincial, but they are really of Dominion and continental interest; and are of precisely the same character as the ship canals from the American works at the Sault Ste. Marie to those great works on the lower waters of the same system, for the improvement of which the Dominion has spent and entered into engagements to spend millions of dollars. Mr. Ryan and Mr. McLennan both made conclusive speeches in favour of the Government assuming the whole of this debt. But Sir Leonard was obdurate and the resolution was passed and a bill founded upon it was advanced a stage in the form I have stated.

On the same day Mr. James Macdonald moved the second reading of the Consolidated Railway Act. This measure restricts the Pacific Syndicate to a profit not exceeding 10 per cent. on their own capital. And by the terms no subsidies from the Government, nor any bonuses, nor any debt can be construed as forming any part of the capital to which the restrictions of the Act will be held to apply. The capital will, therefore, be the money which the Syndicate themselves actually subscribe with the interest accruing during construction. This Act will place in the hands of the Government the absolute power of preventing any undue exactions by the Pacific Syndicate in the operations of their road. If any such thing should be attempted no Government of the future under our system could live for a day which did not put on the brakes. But no man of common sense expects there will ever be need for the exercise of this power, it being, as I have before contended, so plainly in the interest of the Syndicate to attract settlement and make their property remunerative, to make things agreeable and pleasant to settlers rather than disgusting and repellant. The discussion on this bill was not so important as its very great moment called for. It was read a second time and passed through Committee.

The House again went into Committee of Supply and a number of items were passed. There was one for \$2,931 to cover payments to the Hon. Hector Fabre for special services in France. Sir John Macdonald explained that these services were in connection with the negotiation of a commercial treaty with France. This item did not excite much attention in the Commons; but in the Senate the Hon. Mr. Trudel attacked it with a good deal of bitterness, contending that Mr. Fabre was not a Conservative in politics, and that since he had been in Paris some very offensive letters had appeared from his pen in his Liberal newspaper at Quebec.

Sir Alex. Campbell replied that Mr. Fabre was not now in the employ of the Government and that he had been only temporarily employed because of his special fitness for the particular duties confided to him. Sir Alexander mentioned that one of these was to assist Sir Alex. Galt in negotiations in the French language with which he was not altogether familiar.

The European, American and Cable Company's Bill passed through Committee. This will enable a through line to be laid through British territory to the great populations across the Pacific; and it will constitute a British line independent of the existing cable monopolies. There was a proposed limitation as to the rates to be charged per word, but this was struck out the tariff being placed under the control of the Governor in Council.

Sir John Macdonald laid on the table the first report of the new Department of Indian Affairs. It showed that the relations of the Government with the Indian tribes were generally satisfactory. The House was in a business mood and the supplementary estimates were all passed through before midnight.

On Wednesday a number of measures were passed forward a stage the House being again apparently in a mood to forward business. A number of items of supplies passed. On that for surveys Mr. Ross moved an amendment to the effect that none of this money be expended for the publication of speeches by any members of the House. I suppose this was not intended to carry being a hit at some recent publications; but it led to a little sharp debating.

Sir John Macdonald said that no speeches would be published except such as would convey useful information for the benefit of the country.

Sir Richard Cartwright moved a general amendment protesting against the largeness of the proposed Government expenditure, "and that the House views with regret the proposal of the Government to expend for 1882 \$1,615,000 more than the expenditure of 1880, and \$2,962,000 more than the expenditure for all purposes for 1878."

Of course this motion was not intended to pass and was lost on a vote of yeas 29, nays 76. A serious debate on a want of confidence resolution of this kind would of course have been a serious matter; but nothing of this sort was attempted.

The report of the Chief Engineer of the Government Railways of Canada was laid on the table of the House of Commons. It appears from this that on June 30th last there were 6,801 miles of railway in operation in Canada; that there were 334 miles more under construction on which the track was laid; and that there were 1,302 under construction not having the track laid. These figures do not include 208 miles of the Grand Trunk Railway, and 21 miles

of the South-Eastern in the United States. The total amount of capital share and bonded debt invested was \$281,271,229. Of this the amount of Dominion Government aid is \$74,245,166. The Government of Ontario in round numbers has expended in railway construction \$2,900,000; that of Quebec \$8,700,000; that of New Brunswick \$2,700,000; that of Nova Scotia \$800,000; and the municipalities \$8,000,000. Of the fifty-nine States and Kingdoms of the world which have railway systems, Canada ranks the eighth in mileage, and the fifth in number of miles to each inhabitant.

On Thursday there was very little debating, and the members began to move away, many of them being anxious to get home. A number of measures were advanced a stage; and items of supply passed. Mr. Anglin attacked that for the Intercolonial Railway, and Mr. J. H. Pope, the acting Minister of Railways, retorted very sharply, showing that there had been a large saving under the new arrangement made by the present Government. He said the cost of running the Intercolonial had decreased \$500,000 since 1872. that the loss last year was about \$97,000; but that during the half of last year there was a profit of \$20,000; and he thought they would be able to run the road to the end of the year without loss.

Sir John Macdonald announced that the Government would not introduce any new business after Saturday, and that on Friday and Saturday members might be paid.

Yesterday Sir Leonard Tilley took a vote to raise a loan of \$18,000,000 in addition to present authorizations to redeem some portions of the public debt and cover amounts voted on capital account. This vote therefore simply means consolidation. Sir Richard Cartwright approved.

The Manitoba Boundaries Bill next came up, and it is understood it is to be passed this session. This measure will extend the western boundary to a point between the 29th and 30th ranges of townships; thence northerly to township 46; and thence easterly to the western boundary of Ontario; the U. S. frontier being the southern line. The Province of Manitoba will be thus very greatly extended, and all the recent settlements on the Little Saskatchewan will be taken in. Some debate took place which I have not space to follow.

The next thing was in Committee of Supply the item for \$10,000 for a monument to Sir Geo. Cartier, to which Mr. Blake objected. Mr. Langevin, Mr. McDougall and Sir John A. Macdonald replied; the last named especially with much good feeling. The item was passed. The objection of Mr. Blake is talked about and resented by Sir George Cartier's friends.

Monday is the day understood to be fixed for the prorogation if nothing happens to prevent it. The House sits to-day.

AMUSEMENTS.

THE MONTREAL PHILHARMONIC SOCIETY.

On Thursday last I went to the Queen's Hall to "assist" at the production of the Judas Macabrus by the Philharmonic Society. I had heard great things of the progress the Society had been making under Mr. Couture, but my mind misgave me, and justly, as the sequel showed, as to their efficiency being equal to the demands of so great a work. Apart from the difficulties inseparable from the actual rendering of the work under the most favourable circumstances by any but a systematically trained chorus and orchestra (by which I mean a chorus and orchestra who have been for years accustomed to the performance of works of a similar nature), there was apparent a want of sufficient knowledge of the work, for which no excuse should be offered, and which could have been obviated by closer attention or more numerous rehearsals. For this Prof. Couture must not be blamed, at least by me, for I know how difficult it is to secure the minimum of regular attendance on the part of a large society; but the members themselves should take it to heart that no good work can be done without hard work, and that "God Save the Queen" perfectly sung is better worth the trouble expended on it than a scrambled and disorganized production of the "Hallelujah Chorus." Not that the present performance should be characterized by terms such as these. In two choruses at least—"We never will bow down" (especially in the second movement, "We worship God"), and the "Sing unto God," in the last part, the result left very little to be desired, and had the work throughout been up to the standard of these two, which it might easily have been had more work been expended on it, we might have congratulated the Society in no measured terms. But the other choruses were by no means up to the mark. "Hear us, O Lord," and "Tune your harps" were very confused throughout, and the tenors had a most agonized struggle over the fugue, "When warlike Judas," which concludes the first number of the second part. The sopranos made by far the best impression, probably owing to the fact of the more regular attendance of ladies than gentlemen, which is the rule that obtains in most societies, but the tenors sadly needed a strong and steady lead, while the basses had a little too much of it, to judge from the persistent way in which they came in half a beat too soon. Enough, however, of fault-finding, which is always a thankless office. If I have said so much it is only because the material of the Society is too good to be wasted, and perhaps a timely hint may do some

good in this direction. There is no reason why the Philharmonic Society of Montreal should not at least equal that of Toronto. The material is there, and it only needs systematic training to produce a far better effect.

I have said nothing as yet of the soloists or the orchestra. The latter was good in the lead, and on the whole did fairly well. There were one or two attempts on the parts of unruly instruments at the back to strike out a line for themselves, and the drums were particularly unhappy as to pitch, and occasionally time, but, making due allowances for circumstances, they did far better than the chorus. Of the soloists, Messrs. Hay and Tower, from Boston, took the principal rôles. The latter has one of the most remarkable voices for power that I remember, which, if not particularly sweet, was well suited to the martial music of Judas, and it is not surprising that in "Sound an Alarm," in particular, he produced a marked effect. Mr. Hay, on the contrary, possesses a very melodious register, and only lacked a little of the vigour which his confrère could have spared him. For want of this he scarcely made as much of "Arm, arm, ye brave" as I expected, but his singing was very easy and pleasant and a great addition to the programme. Mr. Fetherston, Miss Maltby, Mr. W. Maltby and Mrs. Elliott are well enough known in Montreal to pass without criticism, the latter's smooth vocalization of the difficult passages assigned to her was most praiseworthy, but her voice was hardly equal to the demands upon it.

The alarm with which I originally viewed the length of the programme was somewhat mitigated by the cutting of seventeen or eighteen numbers, but why, O why cut short "See the Conquering Hero Comes," which is always such a favourite, so easy of execution, and in which had some special study been devoted to it, an effect might have been produced which would have atoned for the other shortcomings of the concert.

The concert of the Mendelssohn Choir is to come off, I believe, about the 7th prox.

MUSICUS.

NEWS OF THE WEEK.

THE BARONESS BURDETT-COUTTS is ill.

TYPHOID fever is raging in Teheran.

THE death of the Earl of St. Germain is announced.

POLITICAL affairs in Portugal are assuming a serious aspect.

A Stockholm cable says King Oscar, who has been ill with fever, is dying.

THE reforms at present under consideration in Russia will benefit principally the agricultural interests.

THE Pope announces that the freedom of the Catholic Church in Russia will be maintained by the new Czar.

DESPATCHES from Wyoming Territory say that a strong outbreak of Ute Indians is expected as soon as the spring opens.

THE Daily News correspondent in Turkestan says the Russians are close to Tjend, but will not attempt to move on Merv this year.

THE Princess Dolgarouki received an anonymous letter on Sunday warning her of the intended assassination of the Czar.

A BERLIN despatch gives an account of the elopement of Count Herbert Bismarck, son of Prince Bismarck, with the Princess Elizabeth, wife of Prince Charles of Carolath Beuthen.

THE conditions of the last armistice with the Boers permit General Wood to provision the besieged positions for another four days, and those not previously provisioned, for twelve days.

POST MORTEM examinations have, in some instances, led to the discovery of the scars of completely healed abscesses or sores upon the lung. This of itself shows that the lung tissue when diseased is susceptible of restoration to a sound and healthy condition. Persons afflicted with lung disease may reasonably hope to recover health by the use of well-chosen remedies. Foremost among these is Northrop & Lyman's Emulsion of Cod Liver Oil and Hypophosphites of Lime and Soda, a thoroughly tested and highly accredited specific for coughs, colds, asthma, bronchitis, spitting of blood, and other affections of the throat, chest and lungs. Pulmonary irritation is promptly arrested by the Cod Liver Oil, and the hypophosphites, which are among the finest renovants used by physicians, revive the flagging energies of the debilitated system.

CONSUMPTION CURED.

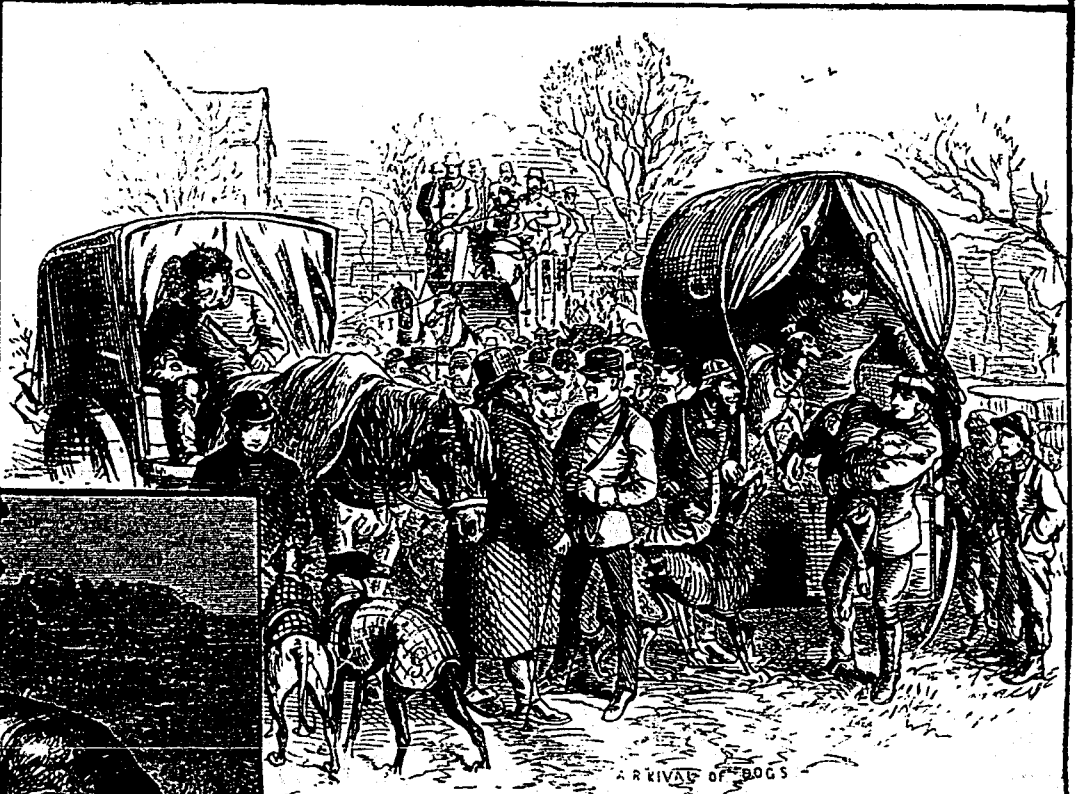
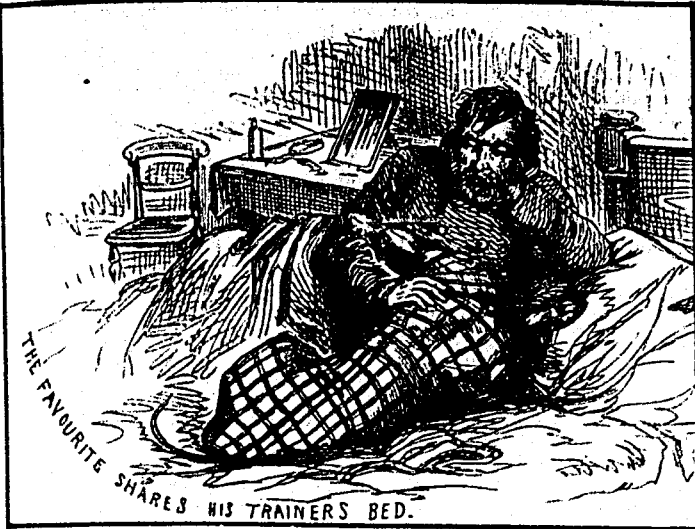
An old physician, retired from practice, having had placed in his hands by an East India missionary the formula of a simple vegetable remedy for the speedy and permanent cure for Consumption, Bronchitis, Catarrh, Asthma, and all Throat and Lung Affections, also a positive and radical cure for Nervous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

11-0-W



1. A Trotting Match on the Ice.—2. A Moonlight Tramp with the Snow Shoe Club.—3. Tandem Driving: Unforeseen Obstacles.

WINTER SKETCHES FROM HALIFAX, N.S.



SKETCHES AT THE WATERLOO CUP COURSING MEETING AT ALTAR, NEAR LIVERPOOL.

THE BEDOUIN'S REBUKE.

HENRY ABBEY.

Nebar, a Bedouin of noble heart,
That from all men received of praise the fee,
Owned a brave horse, with which he would not part,
Because from death he once had run him free.
The man and beast were friends, and 'tis vice
To sell our friend or friendship for a price.

The horse was black and strong, his step was proud;
His neck was arched, his ear alert for sound;
His speed the tempest's and his mane a cloud;
His hoofs woke thunder from the desert ground;
His eyes flashed lightning from their inmost core;
Victor of Distance was the name he bore.

Dahar, a Bedouin of another tribe,
Had often wished to buy this famous beast;
And as he smoked, and heard his friends describe,
Its comely parts and powers, the wish increased;
But Nebar said the horse could not be sold,
Though offered wealth in camels and in gold.

Then Dahar put on rage, and stained his face,
And went to wait for Nebar, seeming lame.
Him soon he saw approach with daring pace
Upon the envied horse, and as he came
He cried to him, "For three days on this spot
Have I lain starving; pity me my lot."

And seeing Nebar stop, said on, "I die—
My strength is gone." Down Nebar sprang,
And raised him gently, with a pitying sigh,
And set him on his horse. A laugh outrang,
And Dahar shouted as he plunged his spurs,
"Fair price refused, one sells at last for burra."

"Stay! stay!" cried Nebar; Dahar paused to hear:
"Since Heaven has willed that you my beast should take,
I wish you joy; but tell no man, for fear
Another who was really starved might make
Appeal in vain; for some, remembering me,
Would fail to do an act of charity."

Oh, sharp as steel to Dahar seemed remorse.
He paused a moment, then sprang to the ground,
And with bowed head brought Nebar back his horse;
And falling on his honest breast, he wound
His arms about his neck for true friends,
And ever afterward the two were friends.

If all of us, whenever we suffer wrong,
Should bear it mildly, since God wills it so,
Nor lend our speech to anger, like the song
The morning stars sang life would pass below:
For he who lightly draws the sword of wrath,
Wounds most himself and crowds with strife his path.

AUST CLIFFS.

BY FESTINA LENTE.

Author of "Brownie," etc., etc.

The sun is setting—the faint December sun,
and a light wind stirs the boughs of the grand
old oaks; and the brown leaves that remain
upon the twigs rustle and crackle, and fall, at
length, to lie amidst the moss, and the acorn
cups, that carpet the earth. The Berkeley hills
lie in shadow, and half the Severn is gilded by
a streak of light; the Aust Cliffs, with their
white spur rocks, dazzle the eye with their
brilliance, but the sun is setting, and dusk will
soon approach.

Old Court Farm looks well in the light of the
sunset, it glows deep red, and it stands again
in a mediæval age; its gables and turrets defy
one another, as to similarity; and old "Bet,"
who stands at the door of her bricked kitchen,
might belong to any age, from Elizabeth to the
present.

Dr. Driver owned the house, and loved it,
but he chose to let it, with the broad farm lands,
to his cousin Ned, who, with his wife, had lived
there for some two or three years. For himself,
he lived in a cottage of his own, up in the vil-
lage, but all his spare hours were spent at Old
Court. He was a lonely man, of eccentric
habits, clever enough to have made a mark in
the world, had he not been rich enough to be
lazy. As it was, he was proud of his Gloucest-
ershire blood, of his knowledge of the quaint
characters amongst the village folk, and of his
own perfect knowledge of the country dialect.
None of these sources of gratification would have
been his in a town, and he knew it. He hated
towns; he hated towns-folk, and he hated—
heaven knows how deeply—all the city relations,
who never would drop their relationship to him.

Not even the dusk of the evening can hide
the scowl on his face which gathers there, as old
Bet stands at her kitchen door, beckoning him
to enter the yard and come in. The cows are
standing in the yard, while the yard-boy milks
them; old Bet crosses the threshold, and stands
out in her blue gown, quaint in pattern from
head to foot, a woman fashioned for the needs of
by-gone days. That rambling Old Court and
she might well be buried together; some such
Christian sentence is formed by Dr. Driver, as
he steps across the yard, swearing pretty freely,
as is the habit of the village folk, at the cows
and the yard-boy, who are in his way.

"They be come, both on 'em," said Bet, with
a leer of excessive joy at Dr. Driver's evident
wrath; "an' that there Frances, she've bin a
skimmin' the cream in my dairy. Kitty, she
laughed, and she kissed me, she did; lor' she
ain't 'alf as pretty as she used to was."

Bet panted breathless, and the scowling Doc-
tor passed her without a word, and strode over
the stone passage that led to the parlour. The
door was half open, and wholly in the dusk, and
Dr. Driver paused there and stood in gloomy
silence. The large fireplace was one mass of
glowing coal. In its ruddy neighbourhood, the
room was cosy and cheerful, but beyond its
reach the shadows and the gloom were heavy
and impenetrable.

A very pretty girl with light yellow hair, sat
on one side of the huge fireplace, and in a low
chair opposite sat Nora, Ned's wife, comely,

matronly, large-hearted and kindly. On the rug
lay a small heap of something blue, whence
issued a laugh, whose merry ring chimed sweeter
on Dr. Driver's ear than the clanging of the
village bells, when the ringers practised their
art for Christmas Day.

"I think Kitty laughs too much," said Fran-
ces, severely. "She laughs when proper people
want to cry."

Nora laid a gentle hand on the head that lay
on her lap, and replied, "Ask Kitty's mother
if she laughs too much! I have heard her say
that but for Kitty's laugh she should have sunk
under her many trials. But when things were
at the worst, her bright little Kitty made up to
her for everything else."

Yes, Kitty's sense of humour had carried her
over many a rough mile in the road of life: she
had lived upon it, when the wolf strode past the
door and lingered on the threshold, and it made
her contented now to visit Nora, with only two
shabby dresses in her trunk, while her wealthy
cousin was gorgeously apparelled.

"That is what makes her so fat," continued
Frances, good-temperedly enough, for she al-
ways strove to mould Kitty after her own pat-
tern.

"It is what makes her my Kitty," said
Nora tenderly, "and I like her, just as she is,
and if I had my way I would keep her always,
and never let her go back to the step-father and
the rough unruly boys."

"Oh, Nora!" cried Kitty, who was not in the
habit of listening when discussed by Nora and
Frances, "I can see the most lovely fern pond
blazing away in the fire. What a shame it is!
Do let me poke it out."

She caught the poker in her hands, and knelt
full in the blaze of the coals, and began to poke
among the glowing fossilized fern from those
around. Dr. Driver saw then that her cheeks
were round and rosy, and that her dark hair
curled and waved over her head. He chose that
moment to stride into the room, and with all his
crossness looked with some curiosity on the two
city girls, whose visit he dreaded so much, and
whom he hated most cordially.

"That is Frances, and this is Kitty," said
Nora, who had been brought up a "Friend,"
and the Doctor fiercely glanced from one to the
other and bowed in a haughty manner.

"He is insufferably conceited," thought
Kitty. "I am afraid I shall be obliged to do
something to aggravate him," and so she con-
tinued to kneel before the fire and poke away at
the embers. Nothing she could have done could
have annoyed Dr. Driver more. He laboured
under the belief, which most Gloucestershire-
men cherish, that man alone knows the proper
system to use in poking a fire, and he fumed and
fidgeted, and finally, with an abrupt "excuse
me," took the poker, and dashed so madly at the
fire that Kitty rose from her position on the
rug and took a seat by Nora.

Ned came in, and Bet followed with the urn.
Kitty fitted about with noiseless step, her warm
little heart delighting to render service to those
she loved so well, and she drew the curtains before
the rough shutters of the windows, set the chairs
into more easy niches, so that the clumsy ma-
hogany legs and arms gained a little grace from
position. And Doctor Driver followed her with
his eyes, and thought that she was an affected
little city minx, a great deal more objectionable
than the fair-haired Frances, who had already
taken her cue, and had begun to play the shy
and blushing. He was more angry still with
Kitty, when she sat down close by Nora, and
unostentatiously rendered her every little ser-
vice in her power, and more angry than he
knew how to show her with propriety, when she
began to laugh in unrestrained mirth, until the
tears ran down her cheeks, at some slight anec-
dote Ned related.

"When is Willie coming, Kitty?" said Fran-
ces, with a look at her out of the corners of her
eyes.

There was no laugh then from Kitty, and
dead silence fell upon the party, and Kitty
pushed away her plate of country fare, and ate
nothing more. Then Frances threw herself ad-
roitly into the breach, and Kitty, in her silent
corner, was forgotten. Then, after tea, she took
a book, and sat down, and readily absorbed her-
self in it. Meantime Frances had made herself
acquainted with the vanities that lay on the sur-
face of Dr. Driver's simple-hearted nature, and
was feeding them with zeal.

"You sing, do you not?" she asked.
"Yes, the Doctor sang," Nora replied.
"People thought his voice almost equal to La-
blache's," and she beamed with pride as she
spoke.

The Doctor began to sing; his voice was im-
mensely powerful and of great sweetness, and he
had gained perfect command over it.

He was proud, in an innocent way, of his
power of making his lower tones vibrate, until
the glasses in the room would ring. To-night
he displayed this power, and the room was filled
with the strong vibrations. Down went Kitty's
book with a bang, and she flew out of the room,
and rushed into the kitchen with a pale, scared
face.

"Kitty does not mean to be rude, but she
does not like music," said Fanny, kindly
enough, as Dr. Driver stopped and looked
round.

"Oh, Bet!" said Kitty, "singing like that
makes me feel wild and queer, just as if I was
very unhappy," and she began to cry.

"Ah! a's a grand singer," said Bet, in glory;
"a sings louder than the organ, 'a do."

"Oh, Bet! he's coming in here; put me in
the cupboard, do, Bet!"

Bet, the kind-hearted, thrust her favourite
into a dark corner, and the Doctor strode in,
followed by Nora.

"Oh! she's not here," said Nora. "Do not
trouble Doctor; I will see if she is up-stairs.
What, are you going away? Do not forget that
you have promised to take Frances for a drive
to-morrow afternoon."

"I am going," said the Doctor, addressing
the dark corner where Kitty was hidden, and
darting a piercing look into its depths, and he
went out and banged the door.

Kitty came out of her corner, and cried till
she was ashamed of herself, and Nora told the
Doctor that he must not sing again until her
nerves were stronger.

"City girls!" answered he. "But the other
one is more sensible."

"Less sensitive, you mean," said Nora.
"Those yellow-haired girls that blush so easily
have often very blunt sensibilities."

Frances came into the room dressed for the
drive, her pale hair wound into a coil, her blue
eyes under perfect control, her winter costume
bright and pretty. Doctor Driver hated shabby
dresses, and Kitty followed with the blue merino
that had been turned so often, carefully tucked
up, out of the way, for she was going to walk in
the fields with Nora. But it was she who re-
membered that Frances ought to take a "wittle"
(wrap shawl), with her, and who ran out to the
phaeton to see that she put it on before start-
ing. Doctor Driver heard her laugh as she ran
back to Nora, and turned his head to see her
vault lightly over the stile that led into the
fields.

"Poor Kitty!" sighed Frances, "She is so
untrained. She has had no advantages, and is
going to marry soon."

"To marry?" said the Doctor.
"Oh, yes," said Frances, blandly. "She is
very charming to some people."

A week passed by, and Dr. Driver saw as little
of Kitty as he could, and was much annoyed
that at some of the poor, miserable cottages he
heard of her until he was tired.

"You are spoiling the poor people," he said
roughly to her one day, as he came upon her,
kneading the dough for some poor sick mother.

"Perhaps so," said Kitty, sadly. "I never
have had time to study political economy, as
Fanny has done. I only know that the poor
woman is ill, and that it is in my power to help
her."

But the Doctors sat by, and waited until the
dough was put in the oven to bake, and then he
said curtly, he was ready, if Kitty was.

Kitty found herself alone with him for the
first time, and she looked up at his grim visage,
and wondered what Fanny found to talk about
to him, and then, struck with some mischievous
thought, began to laugh.

"What are you laughing at?" he said
gravely.

"Old Mother Coles, I believe, said Kitty.
"Do you know that she talks about your kind-
ness to her every time I go to see her, but in such
a funny way. I can't help being sorry that the
people are so ready to accept charity."

"It is all our own fault," said Dr. Driver.
"We give them no education, and we pay them
as little as we can. We cannot be surprised if
they lack independence of character."

"You scolded me for spoiling the poor," said
Kitty. "What do you mean by giving old
Mother Coles soup every day?"

"Oh, her son is a scamp, and is in jail," re-
turned the Doctor.

"And so you take up his responsibility and
support his mother until he comes back," said
Kitty meekly. "Is that political economy? I
because, if so, I'll read it. I thought it was
cruel, and hard, and dry."

It was Doctor Driver's turn to laugh, and he
did so heartily, and Kitty and he began to get
more friendly and talked easily and readily, un-
til Frances came into sight.

"Who is that with her?" asked Doctor
Driver.

"It is Willie Martin," said Kitty, turning
very pale, and she became silent all at once.

"En! Kitty, glad to see you," said the irre-
pressible Willie; "could not keep away from
you, you see, so I have come down."

"You have broken your promise," said Kitty
in an undertone. "You will make me hate
you."

"Out of sight, out of mind," you know,"
said Willie, with a twirl of his stick. "I have
brought you a little present."

He pressed something into Kitty's hand as he
spoke, but her fingers refused to close over it at
his bidding, and the paper parcel fell to the
mud. Kitty walked on without heeding, but
Frances stooped and picked it up, and Willie did
not see that his gift had changed hands. Dr.
Driver saw every thing—it was a habit of his
—and he felt some interest in the indignant pose
of Kitty's head, as she marched on by herself.

At the stile they met Ned.

"Christmas is near," he said; "and I have
promised to send a large mistletoe to Cardiff.
Come along, Driver, and help Kitty and me to
cut it. Frances followed with Willie, and they
were soon busied in small talk. An immense
mistletoe hung from an apple-tree, for in
Gloucestershire mistletoes seem to prefer an
apple rather than an oak tree to grow upon.

Ned climbed the tree and began to saw the
stem of the mistletoe, and Doctor Driver,
standing at his full height, cut off another from
a smaller branch.

"What a beautiful mistletoe! I do not won-
der the Druids thought so much of it," said

Kitty, simply, holding it up to look at its
beautiful white berries.

In an instant Willie had thrown his arms
round her, and had kissed her cheek; the next
and he lay flat on his back on the grass, and
Ned angrily told him to behave like a gentle-
man or return to London on the next train.

And Kitty! Words could not describe her
wrath; she left the party and crossed into the
next field, where a small brook ran over the
pebbles, and, kneeling beside it, she wetted her
handkerchief in the cold water and rubbed at
the cheek that Willie's lips had touched, as if
determined to rub the skin off.

She saw some one follow her and stay pa-
tiently waiting for her, and she said:

"It is of no use, Willie. I will never try to
like you any more, I hate you."

But it was Ned.
"Come, Kitty," he said. "They are all gone
into the house," and Kitty rose and followed
him.

"He tells me, said Ned, "that you have pro-
mised to be his wife; so I suppose I ought not
to have tripped him up quite so suddenly. Is it
true?"

"True, and untrue," said Kitty. "They all
tell him at home that I do not know my own
mind, and they have kept worrying me until I
said I would try to like him. But I can't. He
is an idiot, a monkey. He kills me with his
small talk. And he won't believe I hate him,
and he only laughs when I tell him so."

"He will believe you in time," said Ned,
gently.

"And then my step-father will be ruined,"
said Kitty. "If I don't marry him, Willie says
he will fly the country, and take his money out
of the business."

"And you are to act the part of sacrifice at
the altar of your step-father's cupidity. Never,
my child, while Nora and I are alive. Do not
trouble yourself about the business. We will
manage it, rest assured."

"Don't tell my step-father," said Kitty, with
a little sob, which she checked as it passed
from her throat.

"Look, Kitty," said Frances, holding up a
mole-skin purse with golden clasps. "Look at
the present Willie brought you."

"I have never accepted a present from him
yet," said Kitty quietly, "and I never will."

"Oh! very well. I will keep it," said Fran-
ces.

"In addition to an album, a ring, and a
brooch. Pray, do as you like. I cannot give
you what is not mine," said Kitty, severely.
Arrange the matter with Willie."

"I wonder at his infatuation for her," thought
Frances, as she watched Kitty smooth her soft
curling hair, and looked at her scanty blue
dress, which looked so poor by the side of her
own rich silk, with its broad ribbon sash.

"Would not you like to be very rich, Kitty?"
she asked, with her eyes on the scanty merino.

"No," said Kitty. "I should be of no use
very rich. I like to be of importance in the
world. I like to be a clever manager, and to
have to think about what is the best thing to
be done with very small means."

"Willie says," said Frances, "that he in-
tends to keep a housekeeper to relieve you of all
duties, and you are to do nothing but enjoy
yourself."

"Go to the theatre, the opera, and to balls
and parties. "Oh, Frances," said Kitty, "do
you not know that such a life would break my
heart?"

"Heart!" said Frances; "people never
think of their hearts in these days."

And the two girls went down to the parlour,
where the gentlemen were standing round the
fire. Tea was ready, and Willie deluged the
listeners with small talk; nothing could inter-
rupt its flow, or make it less tiresome; and all
felt glad when tea was over and music was pro-
posed. Frances played, and Willie sang, and
Doctor Driver talked to Ned, and left Kitty to
sit on the rug with her head on Nora's knee,
ostensibly reading by firelight.

"When are you going to sing again?" Kitty
asked him presently.

"I thought you did not like it," said he,
"and I refrained."

"I like it," said Kitty, "when you don't
thrill your voice. I can't help crying then."

"She always cries, if she hears a band of
music, silly child!" said Nora.

"Yes, she is very silly," said Dr. Driver, a
little sternly. "People should not be swayed
by the feeling of the moment."

"What makes you sing like that, then,"
asked Kitty, feeling goaded to make the remark.

Ned laughed, and as Willie had sung comic
songs until his throat was sore, he made way for
Doctor Driver, who sat down at the piano and
accompanied himself, and confined himself to
simple songs that required few of his deeper
notes. But he soon got tired of this, as, in look-
ing at Kitty's face, he saw what a sensitive list-
ener he had; the desire to play upon her feel-
ings overcame him, and he broke suddenly forth
into the magnificent chords that prelude Schu-
bert's "Erl King." Kitty was frightened and
bewildered both, and hid her face in the shadow
of Nora's gown, following the words and music
of the song with intense pleasure and shivering
horror. But when the child's scream, "Der Erl
König mich hat," broke with the discords on her
ear, she rose and fled again to old Bet in the
kitchen, and helped her sew a patchwork quilt
for the rest of the evening.

"Doctor Driver thinks you are the most
affected girl in the world," said Frances, se-
verely, "and I do not wonder."

"Nor do I," said Kitty, meekly. "I think I'll go home soon; they know I am not affected there."
 "I suppose you do not mind," said Frances, "but I have promised to ride to Chopstow with Willie to-morrow."
 "I hope you will enjoy his society," answered Kitty in a dreary voice.
 "Yes, thank you. I always do," said Frances. "We like the same things."

11.

It was evening, and the ringers were practising on the village bells; the chime was singularly sweet, as in perfect rhythm the sound floated on, right away even down to the Severn side, to fill all the hearts in the neighbourhood with pride in their bells and ringers.

Kitty was alone in the parlour, for the rest of the party, with the exception of Doctor Driver, had gone up to the church to assist in the Christmas decorations. Old Bet kept guard in the kitchen, and Kitty, only too happy to be alone for awhile, crouched in a corner of the large chimney-piece, and read for the first time the story of "Enid." The red curtains were drawn, the lamp was not lighted, for the flaming light from the fire was the height of luxury in Kitty's eyes, and the wild wintry blast furiously swept round the old farm, and rattled the shutters, and strove to find entrance by many a crack and cranny. Presently Kitty looked up, the story of Enid was finished, and she shed a few tears of joy over its happy ending, and then began to wonder at the persistent rattling at one of the window-shutters. It seemed as though some hand behind were striving so shake or knock it open, and Kitty started to her feet, and watched. It must have been her fancy, she thought, for the shutter was perfectly still, and only the blast of the wind could be heard as it approached through the orchard trees.

"I wish I was not such a coward," said Kitty, her teeth chattering in her head; and then, just as she opened the door to go to the kitchen to sit with old Bet for company, she was frozen with terror by hearing a scream on scream, loud and shrill, from the end of the passage, and rough voices swearing, and calling to one another, and then a dead silence. Then she heard steps coming from the kitchen, in the direction of the parlour, and she knew that she must be seen in another moment.

"They are come for Ned's cash-box," she said to herself. "Oh! Doctor Driver told him they would." Quick as lightning she sped to the foot of the wide staircase and fled up the stairs to Ned's room, where she knew the cash box was hidden. It was heavy, for Ned had received his quarterly payments for rent the day before. But Kitty lifted it into her arms and crept softly with it towards the back stairs, which led to the servants' bedrooms and the back yard. The footsteps of three heavy men were heard in the passage, and then the parlour door was thrown open, and loud voices swore at the darkness of the room. Kitty heard then an onslaught on the fire, and one called to another to make haste and light the lamp, and she crept softly onwards, hugging the cash box in her arms and feeling her way to the staircase. She believed that once outside in the darkness of the night she could find her way to the village and send help to the house. She thrust back from her mind the fears for old Bet's life, which, when they came, paralyzed her with horror, and she crept past the kitchen and flew like a lapwing through the yard to the fields. But there was more light than she thought, and she was seen—she was held fast so that she could not escape, and a hand was put over her mouth.

"Don't scream," said Doctor Driver's voice the next instant; "you city girls always scream in an emergency, and risk your lives and those of others by your folly." As he spoke he removed his hand to let Kitty speak.

"They are in the house—three of them," said Kitty, in a trembling voice; "and I am afraid old Bet is murdered, and I ran away."

"Of course," he sneered; "but you must come back again now; I am going to fight the ruffians, and you must creep into some out-of-the-way corner and wait till I come for you."

"They will kill you!" said Kitty, in an agonized whisper; "they have knives."

"Come, come," said Doctor Driver, as they came up to the back door; "you must try and have a little self-control. I would stay with you if I could, but those ruffians must be punished. Let me put you into a safe place."

"I will hide," said Kitty unclasping her hands from his arm, and supporting herself against a post. "Tell me to do something to help you. I can do it, indeed I can."

"You can take care of yourself," said the doctor. "There is no time to waste." And he tried to draw Kitty into the house.

"Three to one," he said, as he heard the heavy steps overhead. "Can you show me the way up the back stairs, I have not been up for years."

"Yes," said Kitty, "I know the way."

"I wish," said Dr. Driver, pausing to look at the blood-hound that was madly striving to get free, "I wish Ned would keep a dog, one might go near and let loose. That creature would be worth half a dozen men at this moment."

He followed Kitty to the head of the stairs, and then waited to see her conceal herself in a dark corner, and then strode past her to the defence of Ned's property. Kitty, shivering with dread, again descended the stairs and went out of doors. Still hugging the heavy cash-box

she made a sudden rush towards Nep, whose deep bay was enough usually to make her tremble. She fell on her knees before him and feebly felt at his collar, and the huge animal that might have torn her to pieces, began to whine and to hold his massive neck still that she might untie him. But the leather strap was very stiff and she tore her fingers in the effort, and the dog snarled impatiently at her tardiness. At length the buckle gave way, Nep bounded into the house with one long stride, and then Kitty fled back to her corner, sick with horror and dread. She could hear Dr. Driver's voice hounding on the dog, and the cries and oaths of the men, and at last after a long interval she felt that Dr. Driver stood at her side again, and that he took her in his arms and carried her downstairs.

"Now don't faint again," he said abruptly. "It's all over, and no great damage done. What have you got tied up in your frock there?"

Kitty came back to her senses, but not as yet to speak, and she silently unrolled the cash-box and placed it on the table.

"Oh!" said Dr. Driver, opening his eyes, "I was afraid one of them had it, as I know where Ned keeps it, and I could not find it. Stay here a moment, will you?"

He came back in a few minutes and said that old Bet had been gugged but not otherwise hurt, and that he had advised her to go and lie down.

"I am afraid you are hurt," said Kitty, as she looked at him. "What is the matter with your wrist?"

"I have got a nasty cut on it," said the Doctor; "no, don't look at it, you will faint again, and it is as much as my life is worth to take away my finger from the spot."

"Oh," cried Kitty. "You have cut an artery, wait a minute, please."

He heard her light footsteps as she ran upstairs, and listened for it eagerly, fearing as time elapsed she had fainted again.

"Those city girls" he was beginning, but his eyes fell on the cash-box, and he was bound to confess to himself that Kitty had saved Ned's rest for him. Presently she came downstairs and came to his side.

"If you will trust me," she said, "I can bind up the artery. Father made me learn because the boys cut themselves so often, and a doctor is not always at hand."

"Nonsense!" ejaculated the Doctor. "You indeed."

"Kitty's face was white and scared-looking, but she was determined to do it, and he saw that."

"You must let me," said Kitty. "I can do it, indeed." And she rapidly began her work, and ere the Doctor had decided whether he would let her operate on him or not, she had caught and tied the artery, and had begun to bind up the wrist. He watched her in perfect silence as her deft fingers moved swiftly and surely to accomplish her end.

"Is it comfortable?" asked she at length, when she had finished.

"It is cleverly done," said he, "I am much obliged to you."

"Oh! don't faint," cried Kitty, as he spoke faintly, and looked very white, and she rapidly brought him a glass of water, then she disappeared.

"Where have you been?" said he gruffly, when she returned some five minutes later.

"Tying up Nep," she replied meekly.

"Was it you that let him loose?" asked the Doctor.

"Yes," said Kitty faintly. "I thought he would help you."

"Oh lor! oh lor! oh lor!" moaned a dismal voice beside them, and turning round they saw old Bet, bent double with fear and horror, her old eyes turned up, and the corners of her mouth drawn down. Kitty began to laugh and cry together.

"Come, come," said the Doctor, kindly, "such a brave little woman as you are, must not disgrace yourself by hysterics."

"No, I won't," said Kitty, wiping away the tears that streamed from her eyes, and at this juncture the whole party came in.

Then it was that Dr. Driver told the whole story, and Kitty found herself to be a heroine all at once, and Nora held her fast in her arms, and told her what a loss it would have been if Ned had had his cash-box stolen. And Dr. Driver told how he should have been overpowered but for Nep, and Kitty lay in Ned's arms, and no one knew as she hid her face that she was crying for the rest of the evening.

The next morning by Nora's entreaty, Frances went for a long drive with Willie. For it was going to be a busy day, and Willie was troublesome to amuse in the house. Christmas was near, and Nora wanted to prepare for it.

It was a cold and frosty morning, and the sun had shone and made the meads by Severn very bright, and the white Aust Cliffs brilliant in rainbow hues.

"Dear me!" said Frances, "how I should like to cross the river and get some spar."

"We will drive to Beachley and see if the tide serves," said Willie, "and if it does, we will go over and get a boat load."

Kitty was making mince pies at the pastry table, comfortably near the fire. Nora was standing by the lattice window, reading aloud some old recipe from her grandmother's book of cookery, and old Bet who was scrubbing up stairs was to be heard bumping the pail and

brush with energy. Everything was bright and comfortable-looking, and Dr. Driver who followed a peep in at Nora's window by an advance into the kitchen, entered with the remark,

"I like to see a woman who is at home in the kitchen."

"When women have their rights," said Kitty, mischievously. "Frances says they won't ever go in their kitchens at all."

"What will do they do instead," said Nora, smiling.

"Read Euripides and Homer in the original," replied Kitty, as she rapidly snipped the crust off the pies.

"Well, I like a woman to be able to do what I can't do myself," said Ned. "I can read Euripides, but I can't make a batch of mince pies."

"I should like to be able to do both," sighed Kitty. "I am fond of languages, only I never get any time for study."

"Nora studied Latin with me all last winter," said Ned, "and made good advance. But I think just as much of her powers in making home home, as I do of her decided talent for acquiring languages."

"People ought never to rush to extremes," said Nora, who usually spoke in platitudes.

"If you can leave your mince pies," said Dr. Driver to Kitty, "I should be glad if you would drive me on my rounds to-day. You want a little bracing, and I am going up on the 'Chase.'"

"Oh!" cried Kitty, dancing with delight; "up as far as the twelve Apostles? what a treat!"

"You will see the Wye," said Nora, unpinning the large apron, which was protecting the blue merino from the flour. "Now run away and get ready Kitty."

Away flew Kitty for the quaint little hat and jacket, that had seen so many winter's wear, and the "wittle" of her mother's which with its bright red plaid made a diversion in her favour.

Kitty was allowed to drive and her delight was unbounded. The country was beautiful, past the village cross, and up the lane, until the village lay far behind in the hollow, and it was time to rest old Jerry in a ridge made by the road-makers for the purpose. Far up the hills, past woods where the hollies with their bright red berries made such a contrast to the deep green of the pines and gemtrees. The birch trees stood with their delicate branches outlined against the hillside, Prince Albert, a pine of immense size, stood his ground firmly and hardly stirred his boughs in the wind. At the foot of the hill was a valley where the red waters of the Severn rolled their dangerous course.

"There is some fool trying to cross from Beachley," said Dr. Driver, pointing to a small boat on the river.

"Is it dangerous?" asked Kitty.

"Yes, the Severn is never safe," he replied.

"I know it about as well as most men, and I keep off it when I can."

They drove on again, for ever up the hill, and through St. Briavels where the Castle stands on the heights commanding a view of all the lovely country round. And on again, stopping now and then at cottages, and at last diverging for the express purpose of going to look down from the top of the twelve Apostles. There in the valley winds the limpid Wye, making a horse-shoe of the land encroaching here and there, and babbling on. Now shallow so that her pebbles lie above the surface now silent and deep, and terrible to the rash who would play with her waters. The oaks and elms hold out their majestic limbs and tell long stories to the listener of days gone by, and glories they have seen, and the twelve Apostles, quaint cliffs as they are, look down with apathy on the round walls of Tintern.

Dr. Driver loved his country and was never tired of talking of its legends and its beauties, and in Kitty he had a sympathetic listener. But all at once as they drove happily on together, he said quietly—

"Kitty, will you be my wife?"

"Oh!" said Kitty, opening wide her eyes. But she made no further answer.

"I wonder if you know that I am usually considered an impatient man," said Dr. Driver, as no answer was forthcoming.

"I want an answer."

"You think me affected, and a coward," said Kitty suddenly. "Do you think I would marry any one who thought badly of me."

"I hope you would not," said Dr. Driver, laughing outright. "What I think of you I need hardly tell you, when I say I want you to be my wife."

"It's very queer of you, I think," said Kitty, frankly. "There's Fanny, ever so rich and handsome."

"Do you think then," he said quietly, "that it makes no difference whom one marries, would it be the same to you to marry Willie or me?"

"I shall never marry Willie," said Kitty. "Never. He is beginning to believe me now when I tell him so."

"And I," said Dr. Driver, "am equally determined never to marry Fanny. I have no objection to live single all my life; it is a very happy lot."

The Doctor spoke with some bitterness, and Kitty felt as uncomfortable as she did when he thrilled the air with his lower notes.

"I'm old fashioned," she said, with a great effort. "I know I have got a heart, and I—I believe in love."

"Thank you," said Dr. Driver. "I like to hear the truth, even when it is so unpleasant as that. Look a little further, Kitty, and try and take in the fact that I too have a heart, and that I have been learning to love you ever since I saw your bright face in the freight the first evening that you came."

"Yet," said Kitty, "you have always looked as if you thought me affected and stupid. It vexed me very much at first because—Kitty was silent and coloured as she met Dr. Driver's keen glance.

"That was only my way," said the Doctor. "I did not mean to be disagreeable. If you knew me better you would take it as a compliment when I scowl at you."

Kitty laughed merrily as the Doctor intended she should, and they were better friends than ever by the time Oldcourt farm was reached.

"I say, Driver, that foolish fellow, Willie, has crossed to Beachley in a small boat with Fanny, and he can't get back, I fear."

"Wind's against him," said the Doctor, as he looked round him. "I'll drive to Beachley and see what is the best thing to do."

He drove away and Kitty ran upstairs to take off her hat. She climbed up into the old fashioned window seat, and looked after the dog-cart. Dr. Driver turned the corner of the road, looked up and saw her, he took off his hat and waved it, and Kitty nodded back, and leaned out of the window in a day dream, with the wind blowing her curls, and her rosy cheeks a shade deeper in colour.

An hour afterwards in came Willie and Fanny. They were in the highest spirits, and laughed and made small talk interminably. They had not been to Beachley at all, but had driven to Chopstow instead.

"All I hope is that Driver won't go on the water after you," said Ned, "it gets dark so soon, and he is too good a man to be drowned in a wild goose chase."

A little thrill of horror came over Kitty at these words, and she crept away to the window seat and looked out at Severn across the fields. A wind was blowing and the rough waters splashed over the banks; soon the Meads would be flooded. Would Dr. Driver be so foolish as to trust himself on that treacherous river. Kitty shuddered with dread at the thought, and heedless of the chill of the frosty air that entered freely through the leads of the lattice window, kept her place with her frightened eyes looking into the distance. Willie and Fanny in the tea-room kept up a perfect babel of small talk. Nora with Ned walked up into the village to call on the rector. Old Bet came in to stir up the fire.

"Oh, Bet!" said Kitty, "do you think the Doctor will go on the river?"

"Sure to," said Bet, who loved to contemplate the tragical. "There was a young man as I knowed up strit. Well, him was took just thicunther way. A went on the river and the bwoat it upset, and they picked un up drowned dead, down at the ferry."

"Oh! Bet, don't, don't," cried Kitty in an agony of horror—a blind horror of the darkness which would come over her life if Dr. Driver should never reach home alive again. She cowered down in the win-low seat, cold, wretched and miserable, still with her face bent to the frosted fields, beyond which that cruel Severn made havoc with human life. It grew darker and darker, Severn no longer could be seen, one by one the apple trees with their boughs of mirtletoe were buried in the gloom, but Kitty had no heart to move, and her tired eyes in vain strove to pierce the darkness as her mental sight carried her to the river bank where she pictured the awful sight of a human life struggling with the turbid waters.

Dr. Driver, driven by the sound of Willie's voice to avoid the tea-room, entered the room where Kitty was and stood by the fire. His keen eye soon caught the light on a little heap of blue in the high window seat, and two strides took him to Kitty's side.

"Your nerves are very faulty," he said severely, as she gave a start of relief at his unexpected appearance.

"What have you been doing with yourself?" he continued, sitting down beside her, "you are cold and trembling, and I vow, yes, I vow, you are crying."

"Did you go on the water?" asked Kitty rubbing away the tears.

"I did not go to Beachley at all. I caught sight of Willie on the high road, and not wishing to meet a fool, I turned down a lane and went to see some patients," said the Doctor.

A little sob of relief came from Kitty, and a sudden joy leaped into the Doctor's heart.

"Kitty, I believe you do love me after all," he said, taking her cold and trembling as she was in his arms.

He drew her forward to the light of the fire and held her there before the glowing coals. Kitty, in a panic of terror at the thought that the doctor was reading her very heart of hearts, made a sudden dash for the door, but Dr. Driver's arms closed around her.

"Oh, lor! well, I never!" said the sepulchral voice of old Bet. "My, there's that Willie a kissin' Frances in the tea-room!"

PUBLISHERS' NOTICE.

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



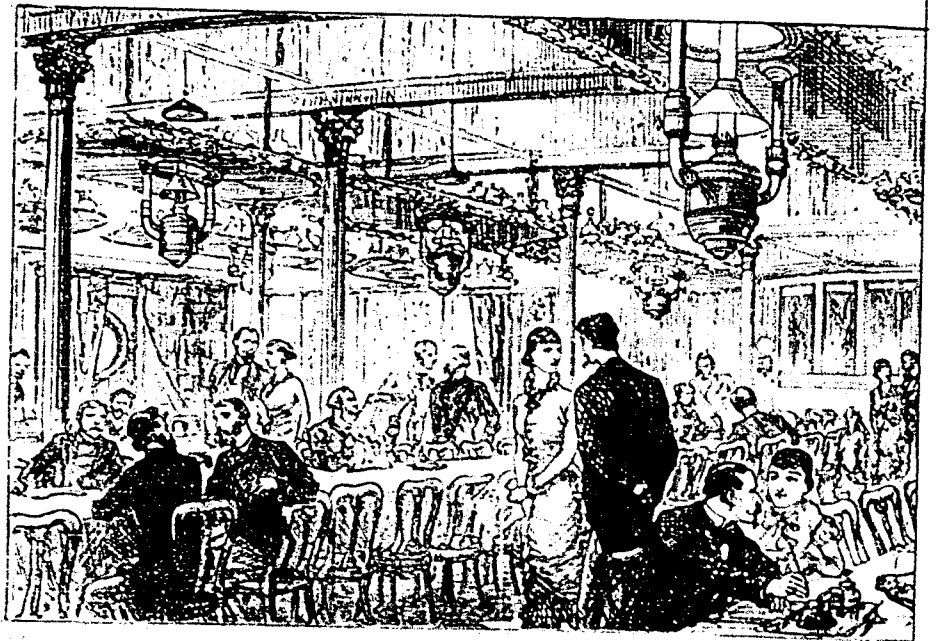
PASSENGERS ARRIVING AT THE LANDING-STAGE.



GOING ON BOARD THE TENDER.

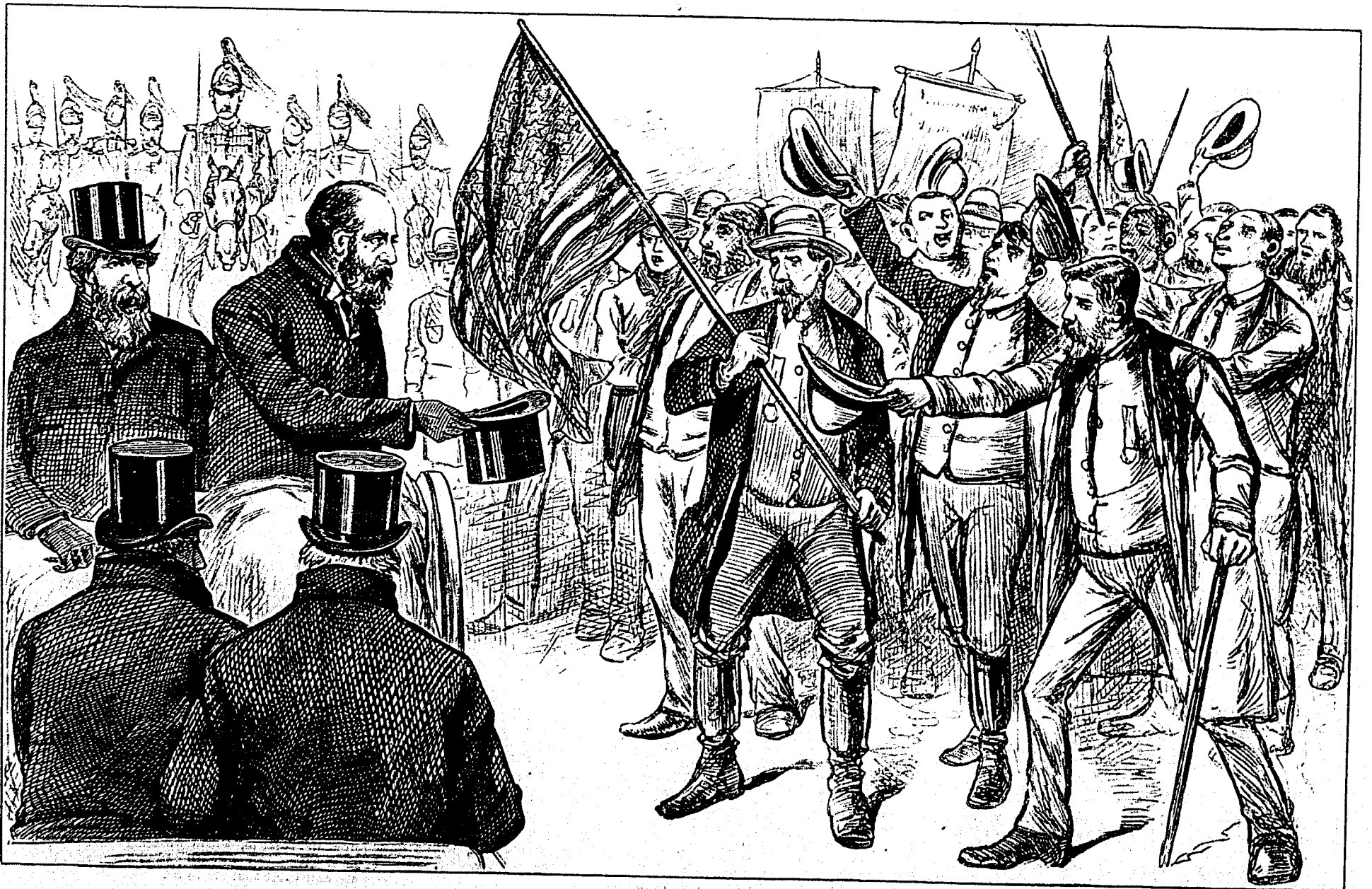


PASSENGERS COMING ON BOARD.

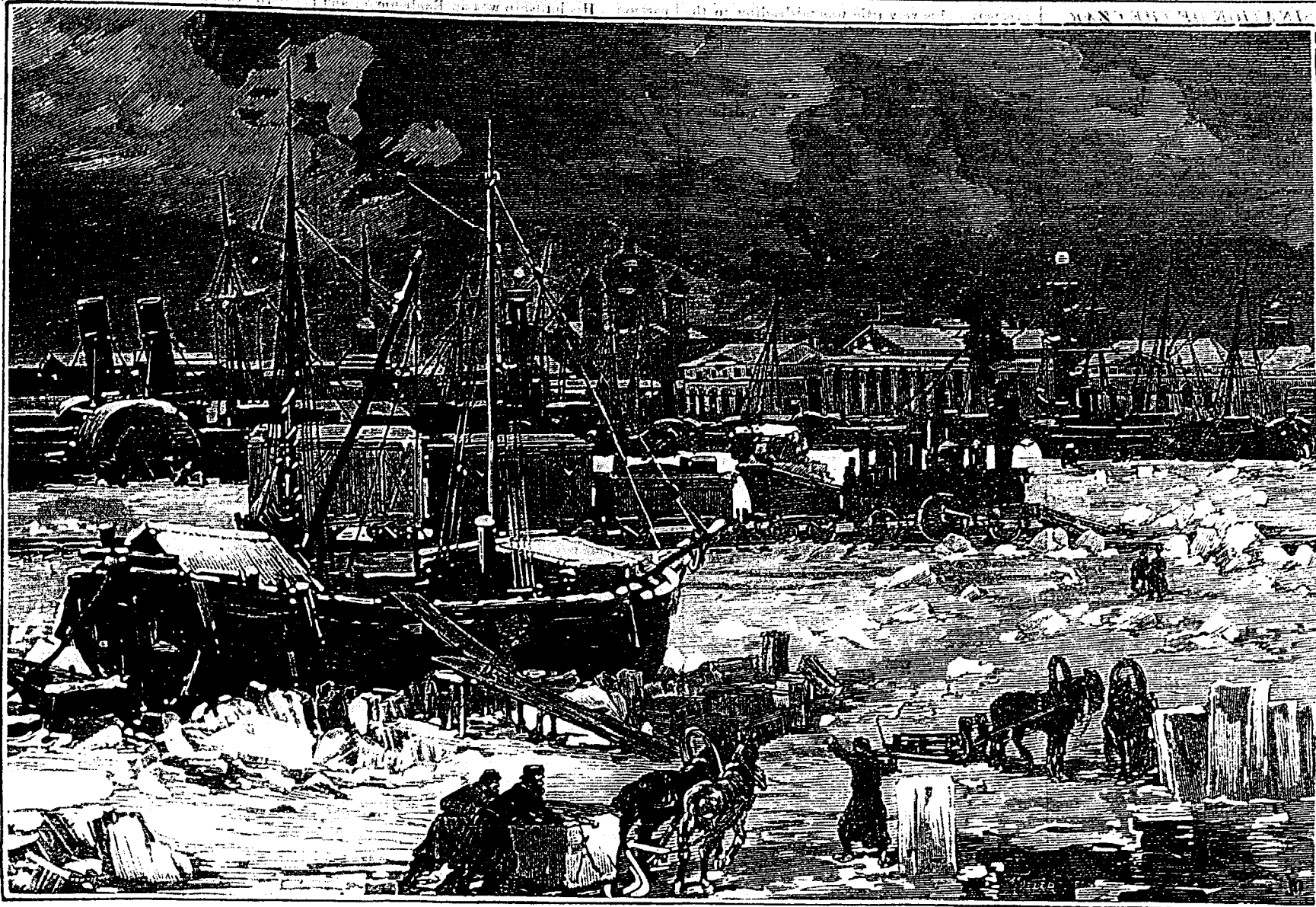


THE SALOON.

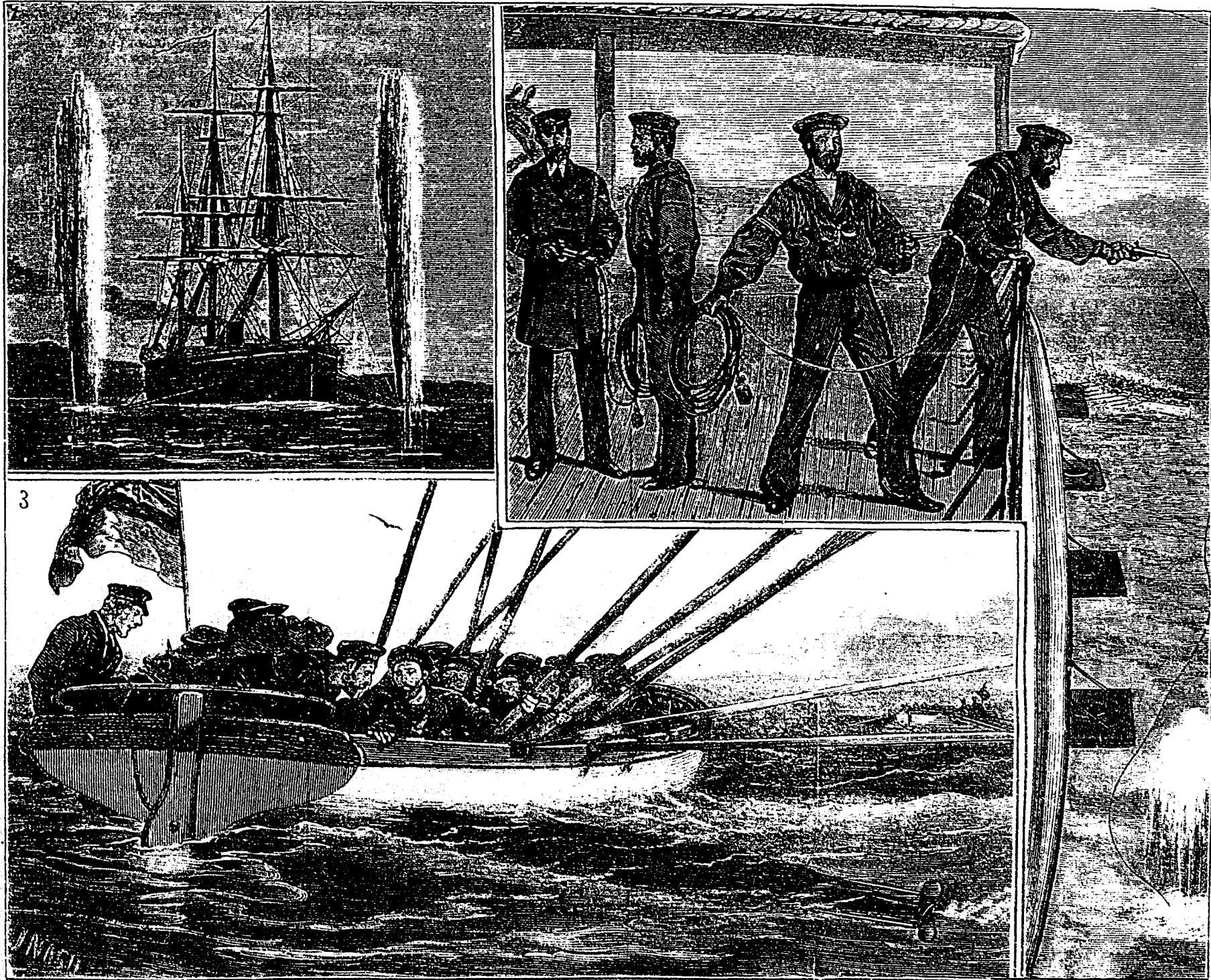
ON BOARD A CUNARD STEAMER FROM LIVERPOOL TO NEW YORK.



THE INAUGURATION OF GENERAL GARFIELD.—EX-CONFEDERATE SOLDIERS SALUTING THE PRESIDENT.



ICE RAILROAD ON THE NEVA, ST. PETERSBURG.



1. Advancing with Gun-Cotton Charges.—2. Throwing "Hand-charges" of Gun-Cotton.—3. A "Friendly" Torpedo.
TORPEDO PRACTICE ON BOARD H. M. S. MONARCH

ASSASSINATION OF THE CZAR.

On Sunday afternoon, March 13, Alexander II., Czar of Russia, was assassinated the streets of St. Petersburg as he was returning to the Winter Palace from a military review. He was in a closed carriage, attended by the Grand Duke Michael, and escorted by eight Cossacks. When near the Imperial stables, a bomb was thrown under the carriage, which was shattered by the explosion without injury to the occupants. Several of the attendants were wounded, and an officer and soldier of the escort and a passer-by were killed.

The Czar and his brother alighted, and the assassin who had been seized, drew a revolver, and attempted to complete his work. But his weapon was struck down by a colonel of police. The Czar, whom the coachman had prayed to re-enter the carriage, walked forward a few steps to see to the wounded of his escort, when a second bomb exploded at his feet, shattering both legs below the knee, and inflicting other terrible injuries. He fell, crying for help, and was immediately placed in a sleigh and conveyed to the Winter Palace. There, surrounded by the Imperial family, he lingered about an hour and a half, most of the time unconscious.

It is stated that the bombs were made of thick glass, filled with nitro-glycerine. The assassins, two in number, were disguised as peasants, and stood on opposite sides of the street.

On leaving the place after the death of the Czar, the Czarowitz and Czarevna drove to their palace amid the sympathizing cries of the people who thronged the streets. The utmost sympathy for the Imperial family was everywhere expressed, and telegrams announcing the event, sent to the various governments, elicited messages of condolence from European powers and from the United States. The effect of the murder, the news of which excited horror and detestation throughout the civilized world, will probably be the imposition of fresh restrictions upon personal liberty in Russia, which will put back attempts at reform for many years.

Several attempts have been made within the past fifteen years to take the life of the Czar. On the 16th of April, 1866, a student named Karagozof fired on the emperor. On June 6, 1867, his life was attempted by a Pole named Berezowski while the Emperor was visiting the Emperor of the French at Paris. On April 14, 1879, four shots were fired at him by a retired functionary of the Finance Department, named Skolof, as he was taking his morning walk near the Winter Palace. On December 1, 1869, an attempt was made to wreck his train while he was travelling from St. Petersburg to Moscow. His train escaped, but the baggage train was blown off the track by an explosion, a tunnel having been dug under the road bed, and filled with powder. On February 17, 1880, a mine was laid below the dining-hall in the Winter Palace, and fired about the time the Czar and his family were in the habit of dining. Fortunately they had been delayed on this occasion.

But in spite of the illfortune which has attended their attempts for so many years, the Nihilists have never desisted from their terrible purpose, and the 13th of March saw its accomplishment. As we stated in our editorials of last week the success of the scheme of assassination will only for the time at least throw back the cause in the interests of which it was planned.

THE MAJOR'S VALEDICTION.

BY D. CHRISTIE MURRAY.

I.

The Major on a sunshiny day in the main street at Ballykillrowdy was pleasant to behold. He was not strictly a handsome man perhaps, but he had the air of being a handsome man—an air of so much nonchalance and good humour that it imposed upon most people and sent them away with the notion that the Major was an Adonis. He had one of the grandest figures I remember to have seen. —Strength sat side by side with grace on his broad shoulders, and the carriage of his head was in itself a sort of wonder of high temper and vivacity. His moustaches took a splendid downward sweep; his hat raked a little; the tips of the fingers of his left hand entered his trousers pocket; his right hand bore a cane, which described, as it were of its own volition, circles and segments of circles. He took his way smiling, and his bright gray eyes and faultless teeth made his face look as gay as sunshine. This when I come to look at it, reads like the description of a handsome man; but, like the Major's air, there is a certain imposition in it, though I know not how to lay my finger on it.

Ballykillrowdy was mainly owned by Miss Vivian Blake, a young lady of charming exterior, who rode to hounds under the escort of an ugly male second cousin, whom the Major loathed. But such part of Ballykillrowdy as was not owned by the beautiful Miss Blake was owned by her ugly male second cousin, and the popular im- was that Miss Blake and the cousin would make a match of it. Against this popular belief the Major chafed, as Socrates might have riled up against a decrepit syllogism. It may be said of the Major that he had an air of prosperity, which was greatly more deceptive than his air of physical beauty. Had his creditors met in conclave, they might possibly have decided amongst them a problem of some interest; how did the Major live? He owned neither lands nor messuages. Like his look of beauty and his air of

prosperity, his very title was misleading to the stranger. He had never held a commission anywhere; in any thing; but a man with such a figure ought to have been a Major—if the rank had been created especially that he might ornament it, the thing that seemed fitting and admirable—and, in short, the title was a popular tribute, unsought by him, conferred upon him by nature, so it seemed, and adopted without one dissentient voice by the public of Ballykillrowdy, and endorsed by members of the Ulster in lordly Belfast.

Novelists and other social moralists have often been cynical, at small cost, with respect to the affection entertained by an un-acred gentleman for a well-acred lady. But, as Boccaccio and Mr. Tennyson will tell you, a real attachment is not altogether impossible under such circumstances. The Major was madly in love—not with Miss Blake's landed possessions, but with Miss Blake. Time had made his first inroads on the poor gentleman's close-clustering hair. He was but two-and-thirty; but some men age early, and I have never heard that a partial or even a complete baldness gives safety against the assaults of the grand passion. The ugly second cousin, his own property, the rapidly increasing width of his central parting, and Vivian's beauty and kindness, combined together to fret the Major's heart. Yet the Irish elasticity of his temperament constantly pulled him out of the depth of his despondency, though it as constantly permitted him to fall again. Spiritually he resembled an infant seated in that American invention, "the baby jumper," and he went up and down on the most insignificant provocation.

In perfect seriousness, but with an Irish sense of rhyme, he wrote ballads on his own condition and to his mistress's eyebrow. Permit that the Muse of History conserve a verse. The title of this story should, perhaps, have been "One of the Major's Last Valedictions," or "The Major's Last Valediction"; for during the years of his passion he was always bidding farewell, in terms more or less affecting, to the adorable Vivian. "And as for me," wrote the Major, after wishing Vivian all happiness, even with the ugly second cousin:

"And as for me, there's Fiji and Tahiti,
And lots of other places fit to die in;
And when I'm dead your small small sigh of pity,
Will reach and thrill me even where I am
lying."

It was an honest passion. The poor fellow was fairly hooked. All manner of ambitions began to beset themselves; for there was more in him, or at least he thought so, than the helpless power to dream of good luck over a bottle of the club Pomard, or a glass of hot Irish, as the state of the funds might order. Perhaps the title conferred upon him was not without its influence upon his dreams.

"I'd hang my harp on a willow tree, an' off to the wars again," said the Major; "but I haven't a harp, or the funds to buy one; and there's no willow tree handy, and no wars convenient, the Lord be good to me!"

Whether Phil Durgan, the ugly second cousin, had or had not in his own person exhausted the family stock of physical unhappiness, I cannot tell; but I know for a fact that his sister was as pretty as Vivian herself. If I knew of anything prettier, I would compare her to it, but I do not; and in these declining days I am not likely to find it. Whose is the hand which shall by the aid of movable types, describe a pretty girl? Mine has no cunning. If I say that each of these young ladies was nineteen, and Irish, I have done my best. Like Rosalind and Celia, they learned, played, ate together, and where-so'er they went, like Juno's swans, still they went coupled and inseparable. It followed that if Phil Durgan had known as much as was known to his sister Julia, he would have known more of Vivian's likings than he knew. In that case the ineffable satisfaction which commonly illumined his foggy features might have diminished a little. Yet, why should I triumph over ugly Phil? Your story-teller is rarely contented unless he flogs his rascals. Dickens, for example, gloated over buffets dealt by his popular to his unpopular people. With what a gusto he flogs Squeers; how rejoicingly he throws Wegg into the scavenger's cart; with what exultation he tells the story of Pecksniff's thrashing! It is in my power to administer to Mr. Philip Durgan such a horse-whipping as never yet mortal man received; but as I am strong, I will be merciful, Phil, as the late Lord Lytton said of somebody was uglier than he had a right to be. There is a certain Irish type of face which trenches perilously on the aspect of the gorilla; and Phil, who was naturally gifted in this direction, improved his chances by the disposition of his hair and whiskers. He had all the graces of a lady-killer, as an imitative ape might have them. He had a brogue a man might have hung his hat on, and believed that he spoke with the purest of all English accents.

"O' is niver taken for an Oirishman but wonce in me loife," Phil had been known to say, "an' that was a Polish Jew O' met in Hungary; an' after we'd been talkin' for'n an hour or tew, 'Mr. Durgan,' says he, 'ye'll be an Oirishman.' 'An' what makes ye think that?' says O'. 'Your speech,' says he. An' O' luffed at him."

It was before the days of the disestablishment and disendowment of the Irish Church, and the Bishop of Ballykillrowdy was a prosperous and a happy prelate. The Bishopess was a fruitful vine, and the quiver of the Bishop was somewhat tightly packed. His lordship's youngest son, Jack, was a terror to the hearts of his

parents. His lordship was an Englishman, and Jack, to his horror, had acquired a brogue which rivalled Phil's. The lad was always in mischief of one kind or another, and his mother's anxious heart daily forboded that he would be brought home upon a shutter. Yet there was no harm in young Jack, and he had as staunch pluck as a bulldog's. And, be it known, he knew and loved the Major.

And now, the *dramatis personæ* being introduced, let the tale go smoothly on.

The good Bishop was rarely without guests; for if his own hospitable instincts slumbered for a day or two, his sons or daughters brought their chums or companions to dwell within his gates. Kate and Mary were rapturously in love with Vivian and Julia, and were continually paying and receiving visits to and from them. Miss Blake and Miss Durgan were beneath the Bishop's roof, and Mr. Phil Durgan, who was intimate with the Bishop's second son, had no difficulty in securing quarters there. The Major, knowing his rival's chances, and recognizing the hopelessness of his own passion, was torn by vain desires. He walked and rode about Ballykillrowdy, encountering the Bishop often, but avoiding the ladies so persistently, that anybody who was a fool might have thought that the meetings with the Bishop were the special objects of his journeys. Master Jack, who was acute and discerning, knew better, Meeting the Major one day he took the bull by the horns.

"Gay, me boy," said Jack, "whoy don't ye come up an' have a shoy at her?"

The Major's name was Geogaghgan, and "Gay" was the friendly contraction.

"Well, ye see," said the Major dubiously, "your mother's not too fond of me."

"O, don't mind her ladyship," said Jack; "o'ill pull ye through ut."

"I'm not liked, Jack," the Major answered sadly; "and it's not of any use to go. I would be coldly treated."

"Well, look here, Major," cried Jack with a look of triumph; "if oi give ye a welcome from the governor and the ould lady, will ye come?"

"Faith," said the Major with doubtful smile, "I will."

"Roight!" shrieked the young gentleman, and threw a pair of skates into the Major's dogcart. He was in after them at a bound. "Drove to the Black Root Pool, Gay," he said.

The Major shook the reins and away they went.

"What is it all?" asked the Major.

"Pull up at Murphy's shebeen," said Jack, and returned no other answer. But there was a world of hidden meaning in the wink with which this order was accompanied.

The shebeen arrived at, Jack leaped down, and swaggered in with a "Save all here!"

"It's yew for breakun' the boys' hearts, Mrs. Murphy," said Jack. "Me own is sore with you."

The plump and pretty Mrs. Murphy laughed. "Sixteen takes foin' leps these toimes," said she in allusion to Jack's age.

Jack beckoned her on one side, and spoke to her for a moment in a serious whisper.

"Shamus," said she with a twinkle in her eye, "be fetching the clothes-line."

Shamus, like a well-trained husband obeyed. "Ye won't tell," said Jack.

"Not a synnable, be thim five crasses," said Mrs. Murphy.

Jack handing up a bottle of whiskey and a clothes-line to the Major, reascended into the dogcart, nodded in friendly fashion to Shamus and his wife, and requested his companion to drive on. The mystified Major obeyed. In the course of a miles drive they came upon the Black Root Pool, and Jack began to screw on his skates.

"The ice is not safe here," said the Major.

"Maybe I know that," said Jack.

"Don't be fooling with me Jack," said poor Geogaghgan, who was scarcely ever known to be angry with anybody.

"The crookedest road is sometimes the straightest," responded Jack, sententiously. By this time his skates were firmly bound. "She'll stand, won't she?" said Jack, with a nod at the mare.

"Like a stone," said the Major.

"Then," said Jack, taking off his overcoat, and cumbrously descending from the dogcart, "follow me, and fetch the clothes-line with you."

The first faint idea of Jack's plot dawned upon the Major's mind.

"You'll be catching cold," said he.

"The overcoat will be dry," said Jack, "an' there's whiskey in the bottle, an' it's only half a mile home."

"That's true, too," said the Major, descending with alacrity.

Master Jack having secured one end of the clothes-line about his chest, gave the other into the Major's hands, and went upon the ice. It cracked beneath him, and before he had gone twenty yards it gave away with a crash and a splash. The Major hauled in, and Jack came in splitting the thin ice before him, and puffing and blowing like a grampus. He seized his rescuer's hand and scrambled to the bank.

"In ye go!" he shouted. "Don't keep me here to catch me death!"

"What?" cried the Major.

"Now, how do ye think ye could save me loife from drownin' without a wet thread on you?" inquired the youngster.

The Major grasped the situation, but stood awhile regarding Jack ruefully.

"In ye go!" the young gentleman cried again.

"Begorra," said the Major, slowly stripping off his coat and standing his shirt-sleeves, "there's nothing else for it."

And with that, one more taking up the end of rope, he jumped in, and emerged breathless. Jack was already in the dogcart, and was struggling into his overcoat. Luckily for the harmless fulfilment of this truly Irish enterprise heavy outer garments were the fashion. Each buttoned himself to the chin, and each took a great gulp of whiskey. The Major with a sense of humour to keep him warm, touched up the mare, and away they rattled.

"What's to become of the clothes-line?" asked the Major.

"Shamus is to come down the pool and bring it home with him," said Jack, with his teeth chattering.

"Jack," said the Major affectionately, "I have an English note for five pounds on me somewhere, and it's your's me boy, for the day's work."

"Me teeth are like castanets," Jack replied, "Drive on, for the love of Heaven! But I'm game to take the paper, Major, an' I think I deserve it."

"I think ye do," replied the Major.

II.

Jack's description of the rescue was a real work of art.

"No, no," cried the Major, blushing to the roots of his hair. "Indeed it was nothing. He'd have easily got out without me."

"Indeed, then," said Jack, "I'd never have got out at all without you. Because," he added, *sotto voce*, "without you I'd never have got in."

"Mr. Geogaghgan," said the Bishop, with tears of emotion on his cheeks, "you must not stand a moment in your wet clothes. Come with me."

The Major followed obediently. Vivian and Julia had heard the tale in common with the rest of the household. By some instinct peculiar to the sex, they retired together. Vivian flew to Julia and kissed her cheek.

"Indeed," said Julia, "he is a noble fellow!"

"He is as brave as he is handsome," said the beautiful Vivian, and a sympathetic tear coursed towards one corner of her charming mouth.

Ugly Phil Durgan knew not of this moving scene, and was too stupid to divine it. But there had never been any love lost between himself and the Major.

"What roight has the blagyard here?" queried Phil to himself, "pokin' his nose where's he's not wanted!—Whoy couldn't he let the little puppy drown himself, an' save the country the price of a rope! He'll have to have one some day. Oh, I'd have let him drown," mused ugly Phil; and indeed I'm not indisposed to think that Mr. Durgan construed him aright.

It so befell that there was nobody in the palace whose clothes were likely to fit the Major with the exception of Phil himself. The Bishop's request for a complete rig-out for the rival was not to be denied, but Phil granted grudgingly. A little silver kettle was hissing above a spirit-lamp in the breakfast-room when the Major descended. I fancy that his lordship had caught something of the manners of the country, and had a use for that little kettle on most days after dinner. The Bishopess with her own fair hands (plump and hospitable hands they were) made grog for the rescuer of her child, and pressed it upon him lest he should take cold. It signalled honour, and the Major knew it.

A little flushed by his bath, and the triumph of the situation, the Major looked more like a handsome man than ever. Mr. Durgan's tweeds fitted him as though they had been made for him.

"Phil," said Vivian, "I always despised your tailor until now."

"Yes," said Phil innocently, "I've changed me man. These were made in London." And he sprawled into an attitude which seemed likely to be fatal.

The Bishop begged the Major to stay. His wife commanded to the same effect, with imperious hospitality. The Major had nothing to do but to accept the situation. He spent the evening in the same house with Vivian—that was worth something to him.

"Make the running," whispered Jack. "It's all in your own hand."

Now the Major although an Irishman, was bashful. It was an Irishman who wrote, "She Stoops to Conquer," and he drew the hero on an Irish pattern. Had Vivian been a pretty chambermaid, poor Geogaghgan had approached her with conquering airs forboding victory; but he was half abashed before a lady though never shamefaced enough to be clumsy.

"It was a noble deed, Mr. Geogaghgan," said Vivian, letting her splendid eyes shine full upon him for a moment.

"Faith it was not," he answered in a tone of some distress.

"What a *rara avis* is a really modest man I," thought the young lady; and when she had thought it long enough she said it aloud.

"Miss Blake," said the Major in a half whisper, "I cannot endure that you should think of me above my deserts, and especially when I have done a thing of which I am more than half ashamed. I cannot endure that you think I have done anything brave or praiseworthy."

Vivian looked at him inquiringly. I think that she fancied that the Major's dip had given him a little touch of fever and that he was wan-

dering. That inquiring glance did the business. The Major's eyes met Vivian's, and he knew his hour had come. A child's hand can launch a ship, but a woman's eyes can do even more marvellous things. That look from Vivian's launched the Major; nothing could hold him back.

"There is one beneath this roof," he went on, "who is dearer to me than my life. I was barred by cruel Fate, from her presence; circumstances over which I had no control shut me out from her society. I am going abroad—" the Major had only formed this resolution upon the instant—"but I am content to have looked upon her before I go, and believe me, I shall carry her image to my grave; but my conscience and my honour will not permit me to go without explaining the subterfuge by which I came here. The rescue was a mere device—"

And in broken accents he told the story of Jack's ruse.

Vivian had turned away her head whilst the Major told his love-sick tale; but when he reached his confession she turned away more pronouncedly, and the Major saw that she trembled violently. Was it with anger or disgust?

"Farewell, Miss Blake!" he murmured. "Farewell, Vivian! Forgive my baseness if you can!" There came no answer but a strange, gasping sob. "At least forget me if you cannot forgive me," he urged broken by her silence, "I shall cross your path no more. Farewell!"

Still she gave him no answer, but the sob was repeated. He reiterated his farewell, and crossing the room looked blindly over a portfolio of sketches, seeing nothing. Suddenly there arose a piercing shriek, and everybody in the room rushed toward Vivian. She had cast herself almost at full length upon a couch, and was shaken by a wild hysteria. Peal after peal of mad, involuntary laughter broke from her lips. "Leave the room, gentlemen!" said the Bishop's wife.

The guilty Major took his way with the rest. "Tears will relieve her," were the last words he heard. They fell from the lips of his hostess. "Observe, John," said the bishop, "how your inconsiderate desire for dangerous adventure operates upon your fellow-being. Mr. Geogaghan rescues you at the risk of his life, and the excitement of the story has brought a most terrible attack of hysteria upon Miss Blake. Let this be a warning to you."

Jack shot a glance across at the Major, who replied by a rueful lifting of the eyebrows. The glance meant, "Did you tell?" and the lifting of the eyebrows, "I told, bad luck to me!"

To the utter amazement of the Bishop, the Major, Phil Durgan, the Bishop's eldest and second son, Jack had precisely such an attack as that from which Miss Blake was suffering.

"Unhappy boy!" exclaimed the Bishop, tugging wildly at the bell-ropes; "the excitement has been too much for him."

The Major stood like one dazed. The world was hollow. There was no more hope in it, or joy in it. But, for all that, the fierce throes of unconquerable laughter were upon him. He was an Irishman after all; and the situation had an element of comedy. The Bishop, and the Bishop eldest and second sons, and Phil Durgan began to think the world had gone mad, when, with one helpless yell, the Major flung himself into an armchair, and laughed until he fell out of it.

"Ha! ha! ha!" came faintly from the drawing-room, through closed doors.

"Ha! ha! ha!" screamed Jack, as he writhed upon the floor.

"Ha! ha! ha!" roared the Major in a voice which startled a passing waggoner upon the high road, fifty yards away.

It is a fact worth chronicling that the Bishop and his sons, and Phil Durgan are all a little more puzzled at this time than they were at the moment when the amazing scene just described was before their eyes. They are all persuaded now that there was something at the bottom of it.

Vivian kept the secret loyally. Of course Julia knew it, but she kept it. Shamus Murphy and his wife knew it, and did not keep it, but between their customers and the episcopal palace was a great gulf fixed, and the story never passed over it.

The Major was doubly serious after his laughter, and begged leave to retire. The Bishop accorded the permission somewhat stiffly. In the morning the Major's portmanteau had arrived, and he was dressing to depart, when Jack entered his room.

"You're not going, Major!" said the youngster, beaming with impudent delight.

"Yes," said the Major sadly, "the ruse was a failure."

"Was it?" demanded Jack, holding up a letter.

The Major dashed at it, tore it open and read; "Miss Blake presents her sincerest apologies to Mr. Geogaghan for her conduct of last evening. Will he afford her an opportunity of making her apologies personally?"

Only last month Mrs. Geogaghan, of Ballykillowdy Castle, being in the act of comforting a young lady whose love affairs were a little involved, made this remarkable statement:

"I've no patience with the people that let their lovers run away from them in novels, when a sensible word would set the matter right at once. And I don't mind telling you, Lucy, my dear, that I met Theophilus half way."

I remember that the Major's christian name is Theophilus, and putting this fact with the rest, I think we may conclude that the Major married Miss Blake.

WAKING THE WRONG PASSENGER.

A good story is told of that gallant Irish soldier, Gen. Bligh, of Sepoy fame. While holding the commission of Captain in a dashing marching regiment he was on a trip of pleasure, with his wife, in the North of England, and having come one day to a small Yorkshire inn, the larder of which was well nigh empty, he ordered all the host had on hand in the shape of food to be served up for his dinner, after which he joined his wife in an upper room.

While the host was preparing the meal for his guest a party of sporting gentlemen of the country entered the inn and called for refreshment. The landlord was sorry to inform them that all his larder contained of food had been bespoken by a gentleman who was at that moment waiting upstairs, with his wife, to have it served.

Who was the gentleman? The host could only tell them that he was an Irishman and that he seemed to be a very quiet, good-natured and harmless body. (The captain was travelling in citizen's clothes).

"An Irish gentleman! A potato with pepper and salt will answer for him. Go up and tell him so."

But Boniface preferred not to do so. "Then," cried one of the party—a squire of the neighbourhood with more money than sense—"take this watch up to the gentleman and ask him if he'll send us word what's the time o' day, for we can't tell."

It was the habit in that section, when one would intimate to another that he did not have much faith in his good sense or judgment, to show him a watch and ask him to tell the time o'clock.

The host, himself fond of fun, and feeling assured that the last callers would get the worst of it, took the watch—a very valuable gold repeater—and went upstairs and did the errand. Bligh took the watch and looked at it.

"By my life! it's a beauty. Tell the gentlemen I'll be down presently, and shall take pleasure in expounding to them the mystery o' time-telling by the watch. And I'll fetch the watch with me."

The host returned with the answer, and shortly afterward carried up his guest's dinner. The squire was, for a long time, furious with the landlord for having left his watch behind; but he finally cooled off, and, having called for a gallon of beer, he sat down with his friends to wait.

After he had finished his meal, Captain Bligh opened his portmanteau and took out two great horse-pistols, and, placing them under his arm, went down into the bar-room, where the sporting gentry still waited.

"Ah, gentleman, I give you a good day. And now, who is the man that wants the time o' day. I shall be delighted to enlighten him."

They didn't like the looks of the man at all. He carried the soldier in his very look, and, just now, there was a good deal of the tiger manifested.

"Come, come, gentleman—I am Capt. Bligh, at your service. A short time since the landlord brought to me this watch, accompanied by a message which I have come to answer as such a message richly deserves!" And he significantly tapped his finger upon the pistols. "Now, whose is the watch?" Is it yours, sir?" to the squire himself.

The squire denied the ownership promptly. All the watches in the world would not have tempted him to expose his life to the terrible Irish Captain, whose fame was known to him.

Bligh then applied to the next man; and then to the next; and so on, to the last; and all denied the ownership.

"I am happy to find, gentleman, that I have made a mistake. You will pardon me, I am sure. I thought the owner of the watch was here."

He then put the watch into his pocket; slipped the pistols into the pocket of his blouse; turned to the bar and settled his bill; then bade the company good evening, after which he joined his wife on the porch, at the door of which his carriage was in waiting.

Captain, afterwards General, Bligh kept the watch to the day of his death, often telling the story of its capture, when he left it by will to his brother, the well known Dean of Elgin.

ECHOES FROM PARIS.

The subscription for the statue of Alexandre Dumas the elder is progressing favourably, and in a short time the broad beaming countenance of the great novelist will smile upon the world from his lofty pedestal on the Place Malesherbes.

A CAPTIVE balloon, like that which was in operation during the Exhibition of 1878, is about to be constructed by an American company in Paris. Negotiations have been opened by an application to the Municipal Council who are considering the question.

MME. Adelina Patti, having no wish to immerse herself in an hotel during her two months' residence in Paris, has been fortunate in finding a residence of which the position and artistic surroundings are wholly to her liking. It is the charming Mauresque hotel of Baron de L., Avenue Montaigne, temporarily vacated by its owner.

THE mansion of the Vicomtesse de la Panouse—better known as Marie Heilbron—is in the

Rue Monceau, midway between the hotels of the Rothschild and Heine families. The accomplished cantatrice has had built a large-sized concert-room in this handsome residence, where, in the works of young composers will be produced, the lady reserving to herself the leading parts.

THE career of Victor Hugo is a striking instance of the force of camaraderie, that curse of French literature and art. Thanks to camaraderie, Victor Hugo has rarely found impartial critics, and if any critic did venture to qualify his expressions of eulogy, it was the first duty of the camarades to drown his voice. Each of Hugo's works up to the last, "L'An," has been heralded and received by a veritable conspiracy of praise. Nothing could better serve the purpose of the booksellers, and nothing could more efficaciously destroy the authority of literary criticism in general.

MR. Alfred Perkins, American senator, has recently arrived in Paris. This Yankee is celebrated on account of a duel which he had some years back with an Indian chief, also a senator, whose feelings he had wounded. The arms chosen were unusual, being two barrels of dynamite, on which the adversaries were placed, and to which two slow matches of equal length were attached. These were set on fire by the seconds, who then retreated to a respectful distance, and laid flat down to more conveniently and safely witness the race between the burning hemp. Ten minutes after, the Indian senator was blown into the air, and then Mr. Perkins was immediately delivered from his perilous position, the spark fast approaching the side of his barrel being extinguished by the seconds, who declared the claims of honour quite satisfied. The above thrilling account of a duel à l'Americaine we have literally translated from a Paris morning paper, to which we have already alluded on account of the really startling notes on English and American manners and doings which of late it has occasionally published.

IN his liking for the intoxicating glass the inhabitant of Great Britain is not, it would appear, without a growing rival in Europe, that rival being the Frenchman, who has always enjoyed the reputation of being so abstemious in the way of drink. But, if we are to believe the reports of the Prefecture of Police, that reputation is no longer merited, in proof of which it may be mentioned that 375 inebriates were arrested in Paris on a recent Sunday. The number is very large, and when one reflects that the persons culled on that noteworthy occasion by the hand of the law were only such as were particularly affected by bibulous indulgence, a startling vision of a whole army of devotees to plumpy Bacchus tottering through the streets of the capital rises before one's mind, and, indeed, London, to make as fine a show, would have to do its very best. However, it should be remembered that such a number of cases of drunkenness is far from usual in Paris, and had in this instance several reasons: First—that of the day being Sunday; secondly—that of the weather being so fine.

VARIETIES.

LIVE BIRD PIE.—During a recent visit to Japan a very high compliment was paid to Sir E. J. Reed at a dinner given by Admiral Kama-mura. A dainty dish was set before him, from which, directly it was cut, there flew a number of small birds with written sentiments of welcome attached to their legs. The same thing is a joke of French cooks, not unfrequently indulged in as a surprise de volaille.

LAST December an old gentleman residing in the west end of Edinburgh had occasion to see some friends one evening away in a cab. While proceeding from his home he met the postman on the door-steps. Putting his hand in his pocket, smiling, said he to the postman, "Do you come in the morning?" "Yes sir." "And through the day?" "Yes, sir." "And of course you come at night?" "Yes, sir," said the postman, eagerly expecting a Christmas-box. "Oh, then, it must have been you that broke my bell."

FROGS AS FOOD.—Engene Blackford, the great New York fish dealer, tells a correspondent that New York consumes to-day more frogs than Paris. "We frequently sell to our own customers over 200 pounds of frog legs a day. They are on the bills of nearly all our hotels and restaurants, and are in great esteem among epicures. Anybody can eat them, for they are just like chicken, in that they have no peculiar taste." "Where do you get your frogs?" "Mainly from Canada, where they are raised in great quantities for city markets. Three frogs will furnish a pound of meat; and we get 20 to 35 cents a pound, so it pays pretty well to raise them. We keep a large supply on hand all the time. They are caught in nets or with hooks baited with a bit of red flannel."

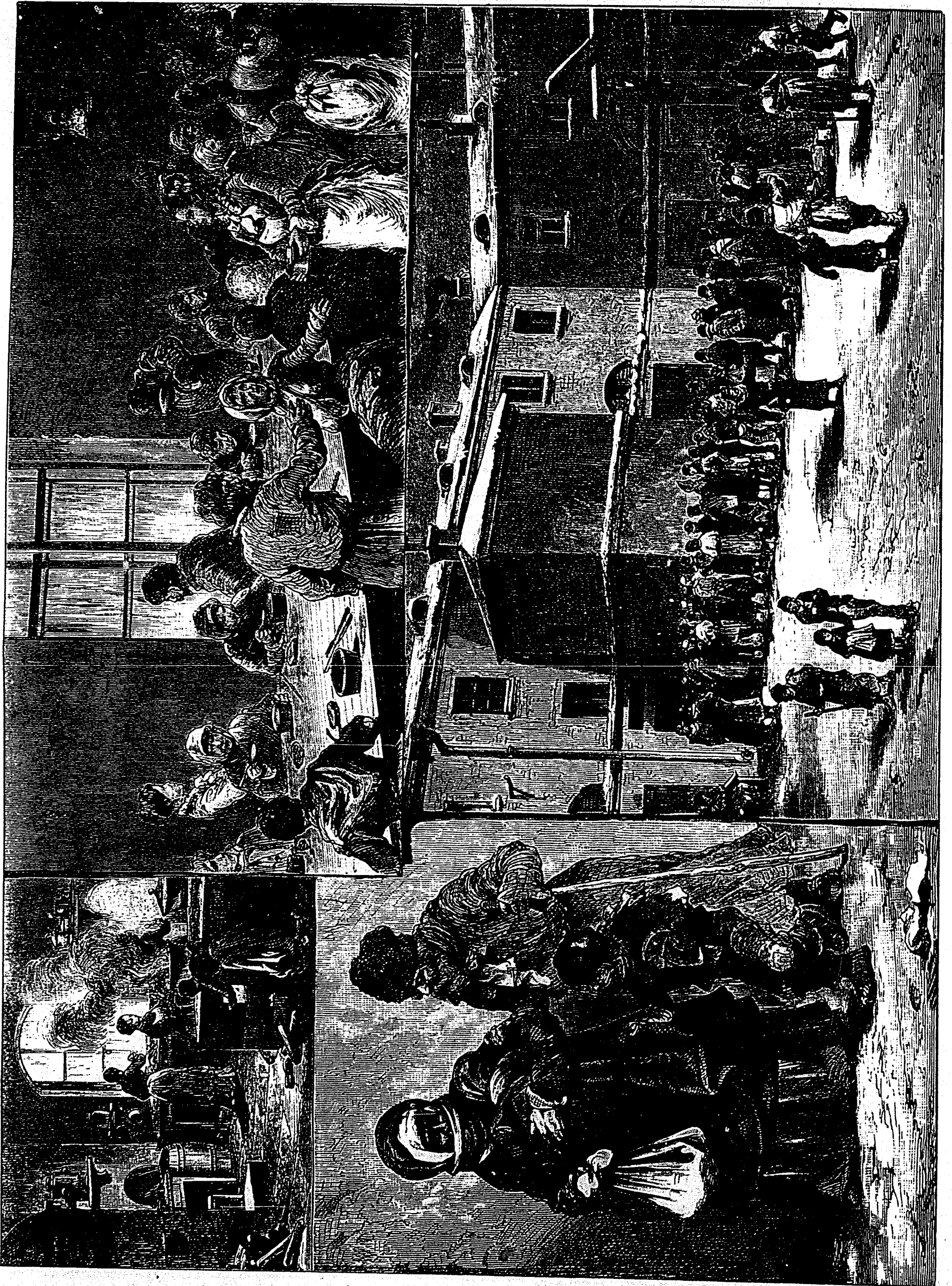
SPEED OF CARRIER PIGEONS.—The Berlin Society for training carrier pigeons recently published some interesting details concerning the rapid flight of these birds. At the last meeting in 1880 the pigeons which won the prize flew in five hours and twenty-seven minutes the distance between Cologne and Berlin, which, as the crow flies, measures 447 kilometres, which may be reckoned at 1,445 metres the minute; the most rapid flight which has ever been known. In one of the big pigeon races

flown in Belgium last year no less than 3,650 birds were flown from Lamothe to Brussels, a distance of 525 miles as the crow flies, the fastest bird doing the fly in 12 hours 12 minutes, or at the rate of 43½ miles per hour. Pigeons are most innocent pets and useful messengers, and it is to be wondered why they are not used more in country houses for message carrying.

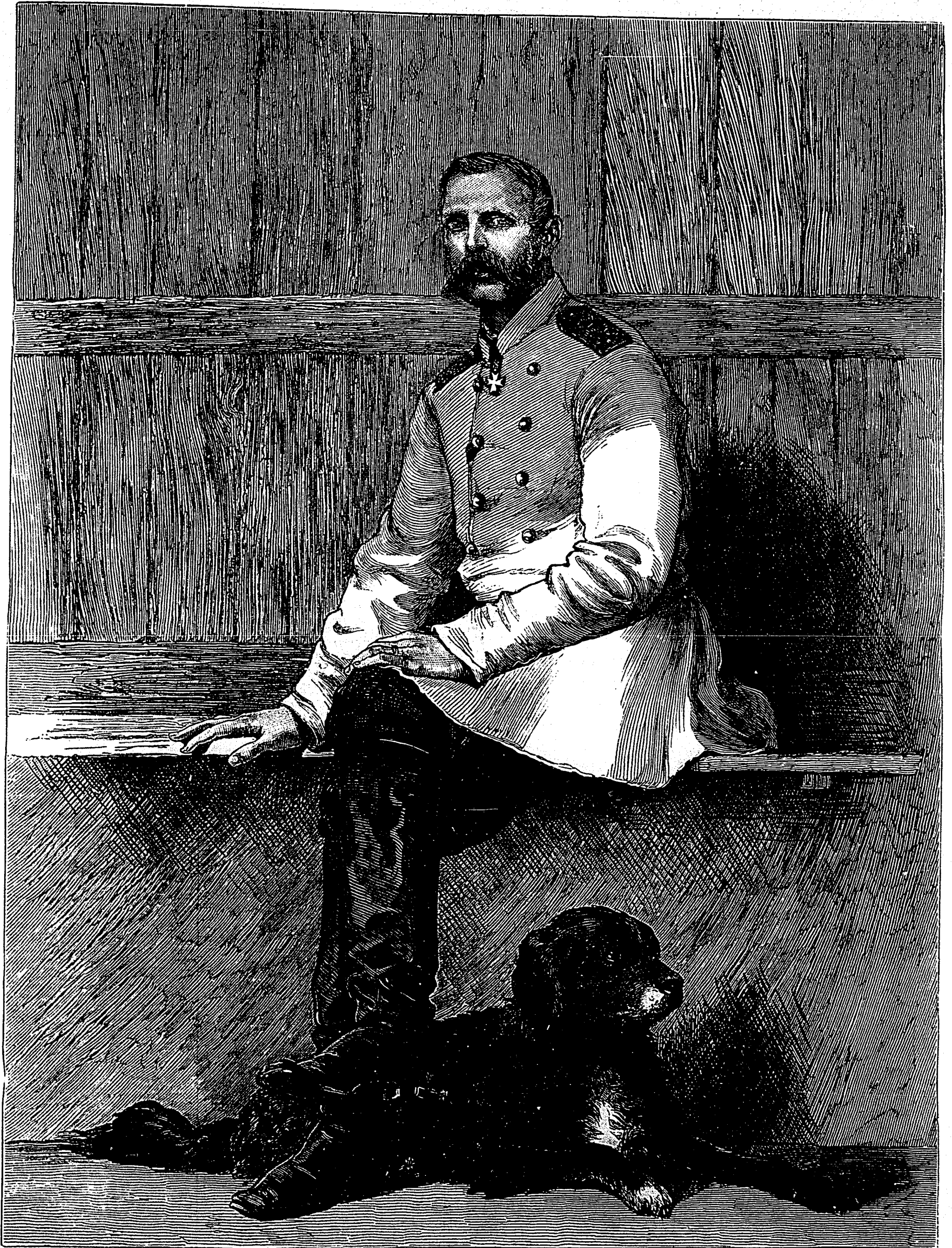
—THE Egyptologist, H. Brugsch, has published a detailed account of the opening of two pyramids on the edge of the Lybian Desert, and belonging to what is known as the Sakkara group. The opening of these pyramids was a matter that occupied the last moments of the late Mariette-Bey, and he left word to Brugsch to not fail to undertake it. The numerous inscriptions found were mostly about the Pharaonic King Cheops, and the mummy of this king's eldest son was found in the pyramid. Brugsch says: "These two pyramids although robbed of their material adornments in the sepulchral chambers, yet have, for a knowledge of the most ancient religious doctrines of the Egyptians of the fourteenth century B. C., for their doctrines of the gods, for their language and writing, the significance of a great scientific treasure."

NEWSPAPER ENTERPRISE.—The publication of the details of the battle at Spitzkop between the Boers and the English was, says the Chicago Tribune, one of the most marvellous feats of newspaper and telegraph enterprise ever known. The London Standard sent Mr. Cameron, the hardy, resolute, fearless African explorer, with the British advance to report its operations. He accompanied it in its difficult march to the summit of the fatal height. When the Boers made that gallant charge, in the face of the English bayonets, about which they brag so much, and poured over into the basin, from which they drove the English like sheep, Mr. Cameron was knocked down, run over, trampled upon, and captured. He showed his newspaper credentials and note-book and, having established his professional identity, was requested to act as a flag of truce bearer to enable the English to take care of their wounded. He reached the British camp that night, and wrote his despatch of about 2,500 words. That despatch was put upon the army field wires, and reached the coast. Hence it travelled up the east coast of Africa, over 3,000 miles, and tapped the East Indian wires in the Gulf of Aden; thence on bottom of the Red Sea, another 200 or 300 miles, to the Mediterranean; thence on the bottom of the Mediterranean to Italy; then through Italy and over the Alps, and through France and across the British Channel to London. Not stopping there, it goes to Valentia, on the west coast of Ireland, and speeds across the Atlantic to Newfoundland, thence to New York, and from New York across the continent to San Francisco, and on the following morning it is printed in every daily newspaper in the civilized world—a thousand of them in this country.

A "LAST MAN" CLUB.—Dr. J. L. Vattier, of Cincinnati, who died lately, was the "last man" of a party of seven men who, on Sunday, Sept. 35, 1832, the dreadful cholera year, formed the "Society of the Last Man." On the day mentioned Joseph R. Mason, a prominent young artist, Dr. Vattier, Dr. James M. Mason, Henry L. Tatem, sat in the artist's studio conversing of the plague and the havoc it was causing. One of the number, in a spirit of levity, suggested the formation of a society to be known as the Society of the Last Man, and proposed that on each recurring anniversary a banquet should be held, at which the survivors were to attend, but, invariably covers should be provided for seven. It was further arranged that, when but one living representative remained to attend the feast, he was to open and drink a bottle of wine that had been provided at the first meal. They came together for the first time on October 6, 1832, and, on that occasion, a bottle of wine, with a tightly closed cork, was produced and placed in a casket of mahogany made expressly for the purpose. The repository for the sacred keeping of the "wine of wines" was shaped like Bunker Hill monument. In the base the records of the society were preserved, and in the shaft was lowered the bottle, only to be reached by unlocking and lifting the lid. The lid was closed and locked and locked, after which the key-hole was filled with sealing-wax in a quantity that admitted of the seal of the society being impressed upon the outside. Death spared the little band for the first four years, and, when next they met, there was one vacant chair—Dr. Mason had died. Five only were found at the table in 1839, William Stanberry having died. The artist, Mason, followed in 1802, and four sat at the table. William Disney died in 1849, and to the banquet provided for seven but three sat down. This number remained intact until 1855, when Henry L. Tatem and Dr. Vattier alone remained. Fenton Lawson was missing. The casket was now in the possession of Tatem. Two months later he fell sick and in his delirium he cried: "Break open that casket and pour out the wine. It haunts me." The next year Dr. Vattier was alone at a banquet set for seven and he performed the sacred obligation that might have ended then, but did not, as he continued honouring the anniversaries in solitude and secrecy. Dr. Vattier was a member of the Ohio Senate in 0851, and in 1853 President Pierce made him Postmaster of Cincinnati, a position he retained until 1859. He was Grand Master of the Grand Encampment of Knights Templar of Ohio and Vattier Lodge was named in his honour.



SOUP-KITCHEN FOR THE POOR IN THE CROWN PRINCESS' PALACE, ST. PETERSBURG.



ALEXANDER II, CZAR OF RUSSIA—ASSASSINATED MARCH 13, 1881.

SONNET.

BY GOWAN LEE.

Serene is you deep blue expanse above—
Bright symbol of the tranquil human mind—
The hurricane well passed; now calm, resigned,
And shining with the universal love,
Low down upon the placid brow of heaven,
A floating cloud, as if it sought a star,
By music loving summer winds up-driven,
Appears—a white-winged thought blown from afar.
Transcendent thought! with thee in gloomy fears,
We mourning sink into the vale of tears,
Forsaking not the sorrow of thy night;
Or joyful follow in thy glorious lead,
To wander with thee through the starry mead,
Companions of thy glory, of thy light.

OUR ILLUSTRATIONS.

THE resolution of the House exempting the new beet sugar industry from taxation for a period of eight years forms the subject of our front page cartoon. The triumph of the Beet and the disconsolate looks of the Maple, who does not at all appreciate the change in his fortunes are easily understood from the drawing, while in the distance may be seen the beet family dancing around a maple wood fire.

As a pendant to our portrait of the Czar we give an illustration of the soup kitchen which is kept up in the palace of the Crown Princess for supplying the wants of the poor of St. Petersburg, which shows at least that the Imperial family are not altogether so indifferent to the poverty and wants of their subjects as republicans would have us believe.

FROM Halifax come to us three sketches of Canadian life, which it may interest our readers to send home to English friends. The trotting match on the frozen bay, the moonlight tramp with the snowshoe club, and the unexpected obstacles to be met with in tandem driving are all familiar enough to us here, and characteristic from very familiarity.

THE WATERLOO CUP.—Up to within a few hours of the time fixed for the commencement of the great meeting at Altcar the prospects of sports looked gloomy indeed. The late severe and long frost must have been terribly trying to the hares, and this was followed by such heavy and continuous rain that the Alt twice burst its banks, and the whole country was flooded. On the Monday, indeed, it appeared utterly impossible that the fixture could be brought off to date, but continuous pumping worked wonders, and, on Tuesday night, it was certain that the first brace of dogs would be slipped at the usual time, though it was considered that it might be necessary to abandon the Purse and Plate altogether. Another few hours, however, witnessed a still further improvement, and little fault could be found with the "going," while hares proved plentiful, and stout enough to furnish some grand trials. As everything connected with the most important event of the coursing season has been thoroughly canvassed by this time, we do not need to attempt a description of the day. Our sketches are taken from incidents of the meeting itself, and do not need for their explanation on account of the meeting.

OUR illustrations of the scenes attending the ordinary embarkation of passengers at Liverpool for a voyage by the weekly Cunard steamer to Halifax, Boston, or New York will at once be recognized by those of our readers who have any acquaintance with the aspects of similar traffic at a great port of ocean steam navigation, as representing in a truthful and lively manner the sort of bustle there witnessed upon every similar occasion. The cabs and other vehicles, with anxious people inside, and with piles of luggage on the roof, continually drive up to the entrance of the landing-stage on the Mersey quay, where passengers have presently to go aboard the tender, by which they are soon conveyed to the noble Cunard steam-ship lying in the middle of the river. They are received at their coming on board the ship by one of her courteous and attentive officers, and are directed to their respective berths, readily obtaining whatever assistance they need. It is, of course, a troublesome little affair, but of great importance to their comfort during the next ten days, to get their portmanteaux, or travelling-bags, and other repositories of needful personal gear so arranged as to be easily accessible for daily or hourly convenience. But when this has been effected to their satisfaction, they can freely enjoy in the handsome and spacious saloon, as much leisurely quiet, with opportunities for undisturbed family or social converse, as in the public room of a first-rate hotel on shore. We say nothing of the ample provision of meals and lesser refreshments, or of the prompt and agreeable manner in which they are served. In all these respects, as well as in the perfection of the ship's equipment, the skill of her officers and the discipline of her crew (whose preliminary muster, for official inspection, is shown in one Sketch), the Cunard Liner may, at least, compare to advantage with any other mail and passenger steam-ships in the world. There is always a feeling of solemnity in this moment of departure for an ocean voyage; but the friendly waving of good-by signals goes on till they are out of sight.

THE SAMOAN ISLANDS.—Northeast of the Fiji Islands is situated the Samoan or Navigators group, consisting of four larger and several smaller islands, with a total area of 1,200 miles. One of the larger islands, Upolu, contains the principal harbor and chief town, Apia. In 1872 the United States assumed a Protectorate over the Samoan Group, and in 1876 the first regular

Government was organized, consisting of a King (elected for four years) and a Parliament. Soon after, the King offended the Parliament by removing his Prime Minister, Mr. Steinberger, and they deposed him. They omitted, however, to choose another King, so the Parliament was the sole governing power, and the arrangement was recognized both by the United States and Germany. After this an insurrection broke out, but finally the claims of the chief of one of the rival parties, King Malietoa (with General Bartlett, of the United States Army, as his Prime Minister) were recognized by all the foreign Consuls. Recent news from the islands reports that King Malietoa died on the 8th of November last, and that the country is in a state of anarchy, with the exception of the neutral territory governed by the American, German, and British Consuls.

We give on our back page this week, sketches of the chief of Apia and his wife, by the late Miss Mary Dobie.

We have not it seems the monopoly of ice railroads. A similar plan has been lately tried with success upon the Neva at St. Petersburg, an illustration of which we give in this number of the News. The sudden advent of winter surprised the large fleet of vessels which ply in summer on the Neva, before they could take refuge in the harbours, and some means of communication became necessary for those who had not succeeded in discharging their cargoes before being frozen in. The construction of the railroad is a novelty in St. Petersburg and is spoken of in Paris as a story fit only to be told to the marines. So little do one half the world know how the other half live.

REVIEW AND CRITICISM.

Mrs. Campbell has forced us to admit in the preface to her little work*, the necessity of a new cookery book, and her book does a great deal to fill the existing void. To give in her own words the scheme which has been followed:

"A year of somewhat exceptional experience—that involved in building up several cooking-schools in a new locality, demanding the most thorough and minute system to assure their success and permanence—showed the inadequacies of any existing hand-books, and the necessities to be met in making a new one. Thus the present book has a twofold character, and not only represents the ordinary receipt or cook-book, usable in any part of the country and covering all ordinary household needs, but covers the questions naturally arising in every lesson given, and ending in the most necessary points in household science."

This scheme has been conscientiously carried out and receipts and directions are for the most part sensible and practical. It is a little doubtful to us however whether the chapters denoted to the chemistry of food and the operations of digestion are of any real practical value to the student of housekeeping and Mrs. Campbell has laid such stress upon the omission of anything which is not directly needed in the work of the house, that the presence of all this foreign scientific matter is a little surprising. Still we may be alone in this opinion, and apart from this the book is excellently adapted to its purpose and will be a real boon to house-keepers.

Dr. A. M. Ross, whose portrait we published in our last issue is bringing out a new edition of his work "Recollections of an Abolitionist."

*The easiest way in housekeeping and cooking. Adapted to domestic use or study in classes. By Helen Campbell, Superintendent of the Raleigh (N.C.) Cooking school. 16mo., 1881, New York: Ford, Howard and Hubert. Montreal, Dawson Bro's.

A SOUTHERN GRACE DARLING.

Capt. Clason of the sloop Tommy, plying between Clear Lake and St. John, gives the News an account of an act of heroism by a young girl that is eminently worthy of record. He says that during the last northern small sloop, in which there were two men, was capsized of Edward's Point. Both succeeded in getting upon the bottom of the boat, and in this perilous position were buffeted by wind and sea and exposed to the cold for about twenty-four hours. One of the men, utterly exhausted, was ready to succumb, but his companion bound him to the boat with a rope, and thus prevented his destruction. Finally they were carried by the waves to within about a mile of the shore, when they were seen through a spy-glass by Miss Evans, a sixteen-year old daughter of a gentleman residing at the Lawrence place on the bay shore, between Edward's Point and the mouth of Clear Creek. The brave girl, realising their eminent peril, and knowing that there was no one on the place to go to their rescue, herself launched a frail skiff and set out to aid them. With such a sea as was running, this would have been a hazardous undertaking for a strong man, but the little heroine was not daunted by danger. Pulling through the billows until exhausted, she would drop her anchor, rest, and, then hoisting her weights, would start anew. In this manner she slowly worked her way to the men, whom she relieved from their dangerous situation, and safely conveyed to land, attending to their wants, and gently caring for them at her father's house.

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ECHOES FROM LONDON.

A NEW evening penny paper is about to appear, conducted by Edmund Yates. Its title will be the *Cuckoo*.

Is the wretched culture of aestheticism really worth the powder and shot expended on it? It has been dropped out of *Punch* this week, to the great relief of the readers and picture-gazers, but it is about to furnish the argument of Messrs. W. S. Gilbert and Sullivan's forthcoming comic opera. The cast will include, of course, Mr. George Grossmith and Mr. Barrington.

MRS. KENDAL, as every one knows and regrets most sincerely, met with a serious accident last week, a cab in which she was riding coming into violent collision with a lamp-post, and her part in the *Money Spinner*—a tolerably dressy part, too—had accordingly to be taken at very short notice by Miss Kate Pattison. How many spectators in the St. James's Theatre that night were aware that Miss Pattison went through the whole of her performance in her ordinary street attire! Such was, nevertheless, the fact, and the interests of art did not in any way suffer.

THE interest felt in the Empress of Austria seems to descend to the minutest object of Her Imperial Majesty's dress—even to her leggings. A tradesman of Crewe has been making "a splendid pair" of these articles for the Royal huntress, and it was stated that while they were exhibited at his shop they attracted a great deal of attention. The making of the leggings is duly recorded in the newspapers as "A Local Honour." Crewe for the future will be proud of the honour of making an empress's leggings. Why should not those interesting articles be impaled on the arms of this young and enterprising Corporation!

THE exceptional strain involved in attendance upon Parliamentary duties just now is the sole foundation for the rumour that the Sergeant-at-Arms is about to retire. There is no foundation in fact, Captain Gosset having no more intention of retiring into private life than Lord Beaconsfield has. If the story were true it would be greatly regretted in the House, where Captain Gosset is a universal favourite. It is, however, well to know that should a vacancy occur in this important post there is a man ready and eminently suitable to succeed. He lives in Florida, and has recently applied for the post of Sergeant-at-Arms in the Senate of that State. In his letter he says, "I am six feet high, and strong in proportion. If a quorum is required, and I am sent out to arrest absent members, I guarantee to produce them, and to yank them out of any place where they may be found."

THE panic that has seized the public mind with regard to apprehended Fenian outrages, leads occasionally to some amusing scenes. Here is a case in point. Last week, a man, with a cart in which there was a barrel, made his way into Palace Yard and asked for the House of Commons. The Police told him that the House of Commons was close at hand, and naturally enough inquired what he wanted and what was in the barrel? The man said he particularly wanted to see Sir Stafford Northcote. "He don't live near here now," said the intelligent "Bobby"; "he used to live over the way in Downing-street, but he 'aint there now; Mr. Gladstone is the man in possession now. But what have you got in the barrel?—we don't allow no barrels in here." The man then admitted that the barrel contained—oysters [!], and added that he wasn't to give them to any one but Sir Stafford Northcote himself. The ex-Chancellor of the Exchequer happened to be in the House at the time, and on coming out was introduced to his property. The policeman suggested that the man should take the barrel to whatever address Sir Stafford Northcote might give; but the Right Honorable Baronet said he hadn't made up his mind as to what he should do with it, and asked that it might be left in one of the ante-rooms till called for. It is quite a big barrel, and looks a very suspicious object just now, when everybody is scared at the sight of such things.

MR. MATHEW'S elevation to the bench, which has taken the outside public by surprise, has filled with keen delight every laughter-loving lawyer, and is especially agreeable to the members of the home circuit, for they reckon Mr. Mathew to be their wittiest man; in token whereof they made him the attorney-general of the circuit. You do not understand? Those jolly dogs, the lawyers, who declaim so solemnly during the day, amuse themselves once at each assizes by a glorious feast on what they call the grand night. On the grand night they have high revel; and the great fun is to inflict fines, which go to the wine fund, upon members who have been guilty of high crimes and misdemeanours—such, for example, as issuing an election address—an offence for which £5 is forfeited. (This custom sometimes swells largely the wine fund. Mr. Edward Clarke the other day, for instance, was found to be almost an habitual criminal. He had issued no fewer than three election addresses, and had to hand over a cheque for £15. The trials are conducted with all dignity. The attorney-general and the solicitor-general of the circuit make the charges, call witnesses who swear that the defendant is a villain of the deepest dye—Sir Watkin Wil-

liams was fined lately for being "a Welshman" in the worst sense of that term—and sentence is passed in due order. At these mock heroics Mr. Mathew was *facile princeps*. He served as solicitor-general under poor Morgan O'Connell, the witty son of the witty Liberator, and succeeded that gentleman as circuit-attorney, and for years his *bons mots* have circulated at every assize, and been repeated at Westminster as the best thing going. By reason of his wit he has gained the popularity of the whole bar, and the lawyers say that he will outshine Mr. Justice Hawkins as a judicial wit. He has been succeeded in his mock office by Mr. Byron, recorder of Canterbury, who has been his solicitor-general, the vacated post being taken by Mr. Deane, son of Dr. Deane.

MUSICAL AND DRAMATIO.

A NEW debutante in London is Miss Harriet Jay, who is described as a modest and graceful actress and likely to make herself a name.

A DAUGHTER of Mr. Beverly, the well-known scene painter, was married a few days ago.

THE advent of Anne Louise Cary on the London operatic stage, next season, is looked forward to with great interest.

THE only authentic portrait of Franz Schubert, the composer, a water-colour by Rieder, was sold at Paris recently by auction to Dr. Graulich for 1,205 florins.

THE aggregate receipts of the 94 American performances already given by Mdlle. Bernhardt amount to \$319,922.

THE committee of the Birmingham Musical Festival have arranged with Mr. Gounod for the production, at the next triennial celebration, in 1882, of an original oratorio, "The Redemption."

It is generally understood that the chief of the National College for Music, which will shortly take the place of Kensington Training School, will be Mr. Henry Leslie.

THE death of Mr. Bates, organist of Ripon Cathedral, at the age of seventy-nine, is announced by the Yorkshire papers. He had held the appointment at Ripon for upwards of forty years.

THE programme of the Norwich Triennial Festival includes Berlioz's "Le Démon de Faust," a new cantata by Sir Julius Benedict; a new sacred work by Mr. F. H. Cowen; a poem symphonique by Mr. John Francis Barrett; "St. Paul," "The Martyr of Antioch," "Athalie," and the "Messiah."

MADAME Pauline Lucca is suffering from an ulcerated throat which has necessitated a change in the repertory at the Vienna Court Theatre. It is said that the artist intends to go to San Remo for the benefit of her health.

HEER OTTO, a member of the Leipzig Gewandhaus orchestra, has just brought out a modification of the ordinary contra-basso. Instead of the usual three strings he gives five, the lowest of which is tuned to C. The sample submitted had the additional advantages of breadth and sonorosity of tone.

OUR CHESS COLUMN.

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

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

J. W. S., Montreal.—Papers to hand. Thanks.
Student, Montreal.—Correct solution received of Problem No. 313.

E. D. W., Sherbrooke, P.Q.—Correct solution received of Problem No. 319.

We have received the following item from a kind correspondent, and we feel sure that it will be interesting to Canadian chess-players. It should be understood, in connection with it, that the members of the Montreal Chess Club in answering the challenge from Toronto, desired their Secretary to say that they wished to postpone the encounter for a time, as business arrangements prevented several of their players from giving attention to chess at the present moment.

Montreal being unable to accept the challenge of Toronto to a match by telegraph, we have intimated from Quebec that the club there would like to handle the Toronto challenge, who seem to be spoiling for a fight. We hope the encounter may be brought about."

We learn from the *Chessplayer's Chronicle* that a grand match is likely to take place between the City of London Club and the St. George's Club. As these two clubs contain some of the greatest players in the world, the contest will be one which will claim the attention of chess amateurs both at home and abroad. Should the contest take place, we trust that arrangements will be made to publish the games collectively, so that they may become a part of our increasing stock of chess literature, and exhibit a fair sample of the best chess skill of the present period.

The *British Chess Magazine* has a long and interesting letter from Mr. Wisker who is at present living in Australia, in which he gives a very pleasing account of the condition of chess affairs in that distant part of the world. Chess literature, we feel, is not neglected there. The older cities take the lead, and the more recent communities, just springing into existence, are not at all willing to be considered as having no knowledge of the royal game. There are two chess columns in Melbourne, two in Sydney, one at Brisbane, two at Adelaide, one at Port Phillip, one at Tasmania, and several in New Zealand. We are informed that "the larger cities and towns almost all boast of clubs; in nearly every township there is a little talent which only suffers from want of cultivation. whilst in the lonely bush the player who has no opponent, and is, indeed, miles away from any neighbour, diligently solves his problem."

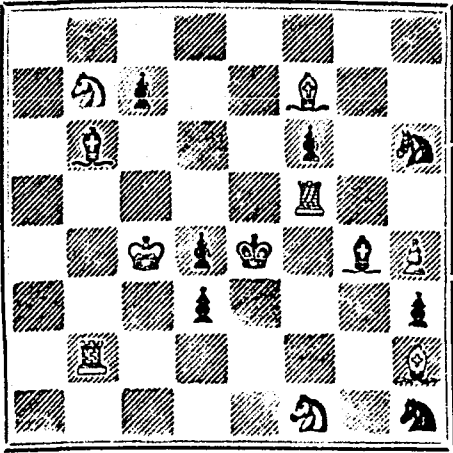
In our column of to-day will be found the third game in the contest between Captain Mackenzie and Mr. Max Judd. We hope to be able to give the whole of the games of this match, which, on account of the skill of the antagonists, is exciting great attention at the present time.

From the *Globe-Democrat*.

Capt. Mackenzie on the 5th inst., again played sixteen players at the rooms of the New Orleans Chess, Checker and Whist Club, and won fourteen and drew two. He is expected back to-day. To-morrow evening at 7:30 o'clock the fourth game in the match between him and Mr. Judd will be resumed at the Mercantile Library chess room. All are cordially invited to be present.

PROBLEM No. 321.

By R. Ormond, Newcastle-on-Tyne. BLACK.



WHITE.

White to play and mate in three moves.

GAME 418TH.

CHESS IN ST. LOUIS

Third game in the Mackenzie-Judd match; played Feb'y. 19 and 21, 1881. Taken, with the notes from the Globe-Democrat.

White. (Mr. Judd.) Black. (Mr. Mackenzie.) Scotch Gambit.

- 1. P to K 4 1. P to K 4
2. Kt to K B 3 2. Kt to Q B 3
3. P to Q 4 3. P takes P
4. Kt takes P 4. B to B 4
5. B to K 3 5. Q to K B 3
6. P to Q B 3 6. Kt to K 2
7. B to Q Kt 5 (a) 7. Castles
8. Castles 8. P to Q 3
9. Kt takes Kt 9. P takes Kt
10. B takes B 10. P takes K B
11. B to Q 4 11. Q to Kt 3
12. P to K B 4 12. B to K Kt 5 (b)
13. Q to K sq 13. P to K B 4
14. P to K 5 14. K R to K sq
15. Q to K Kt 3 15. P to Q B 4
16. B to K B 2 16. P takes P
17. P takes P 17. Kt to Q B 3
18. R to K sq 18. Q R to Q sq
19. Kt to Q R 3 19. Q R to Q 4
20. Kt takes P 20. Q R takes P
21. P to K R 3 (c) 21. B to K 7
22. Q takes Q 22. P takes Q
23. P to Q R 4 23. P to K B 5
24. P to Q Kt 4 24. P takes P
25. P takes P (d) 25. Kt takes P
26. K R to Q Kt sq 26. P to Q R 4
27. B to Q Kt 6 27. B to Q 6
28. K R to Q sq 28. B takes Kt
29. P takes B 29. R takes P
30. B takes P 30. Kt to Q B 7
31. R to K 2 31. Kt to K 6
32. K R to Q R sq 32. R to Q R sq
33. K to B 2 33. P to K Kt 4
34. B to Q 2 34. R takes R
35. R takes R 35. Kt to B 4
36. R to R 5 36. R takes Kt
37. B takes R 37. K to B 2
38. B to Q 2 38. K to Kt 3
39. B to R 5 39. Kt to K 6
40. B to Q B 7 40. K to K B 4
41. K to B 3 41. Kt to K R 4
42. P to Kt 4 (ch) 42. P takes Pen passant
43. B takes P 43. Kt to K B 5 (c)
44. P to R 4 44. P to Kt 5 (cb)
45. K to K 3 45. Kt to Q 4 (cb)
46. K to K B 2 46. K to K 5
47. B to Q 6 47. Kt to K 6
48. P to B 5 48. Kt to K B 4
49. B to K B 8 (f) 49. P to K Kt 6 (ch) (g)
50. K to Kt sq 50. K to B 6
51. B takes P 51. Kt takes B
52. P to R 6 52. Kt to B 4
53. P to R 7 53. Kt to Q 5
54. P to Q R 8 54. Kt to K 7 (ch)
55. K to B sq 55. P to Kt 7 (ch)
56. K to K sq 56. P to Kt 8 (ch)
57. K to Q 2 57. Q to B 8 (ch)
58. Kt to Q 3 58. Kt to B 5 (ch)
59. K to Q 4 59. Q to Q R 8 (ch)

White resigns.

NOTES.

- (a) Somewhat of a novelty in the Scotch Gambit, though we believe it was adopted by Mr. L. Pautsen in one of his matches with Anderssen.
(b) It is evident that capturing the K P would cost Black a piece.
(c) We look upon this as an error. Mr. Judd ought instead to have taken R with R, and then played R to K sq.
(d) Here, again, White plays feebly. Kt to Q 4 is far preferable to the move in the text.
(e) Some of the gentlemen looking on were of the opinion that Black had a simple win by now taking B with Kt. Whether this be so or not we are not prepared to say.
(f) A tempting move, as it threatens the capture of the Kt P, when, should Black re-take, it will be impossible for him to prevent the white pawn from queening.
(g) The coupé juste. Black, we believe, must now win, let White play as he may.

SOLUTIONS.

Solution of Problem No. 319.

- 1. Kt to K Kt 6 1. Any
2. Mates accordingly

Solution of Problem for Young Players No 317

In this problem there should be a B P at Black's Q Kt 4 instead Q Kt 3.

WHITE. BLACK.

- 1. P to Q R 6 1. Any
2. Mates too.

PROBLEM FOR YOUNG PLAYERS, No. 318.

White. Black.

- Kt at Q R 4 K at Q R 8
R at K R 2 R at K R 8
Kt at Q 4

White to play and mate in three moves.

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Change of Time.

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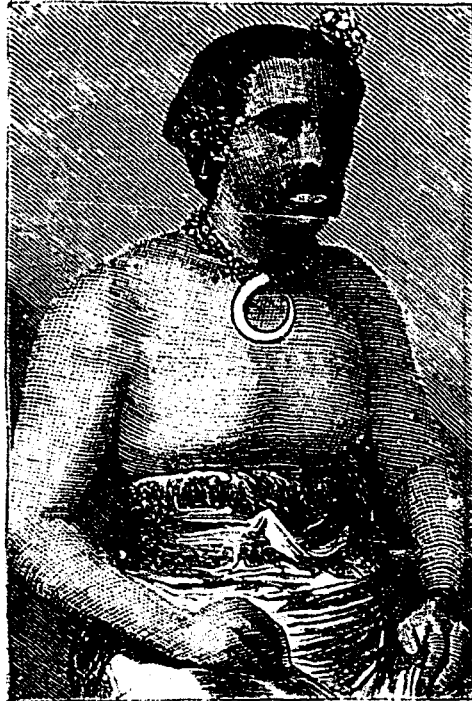
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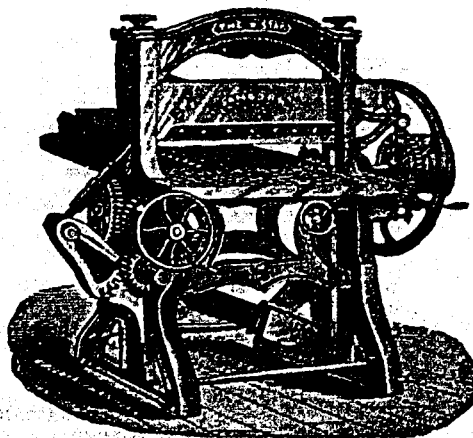
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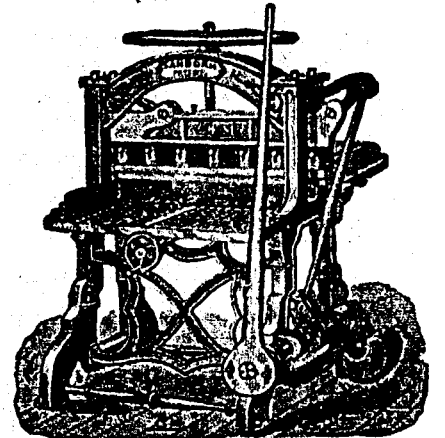
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