

Technical and Bibliographic Notes / Notes techniques et bibliographiques

Canadiana.org has attempted to obtain the best copy available for scanning. Features of this copy which may be bibliographically unique, which may alter any of the images in the reproduction, or which may significantly change the usual method of scanning are checked below.

Canadiana.org a numérisé le meilleur exemplaire qu'il lui a été possible de se procurer. Les détails de cet exemplaire qui sont peut-être uniques du point de vue bibliographique, qui peuvent modifier une image reproduite, ou qui peuvent exiger une modification dans la méthode normale de numérisation sont indiqués ci-dessous.

- Coloured covers /
Couverture de couleur
- Covers damaged /
Couverture endommagée
- Covers restored and/or laminated /
Couverture restaurée et/ou pelliculée
- Cover title missing /
Le titre de couverture manque
- Coloured maps /
Cartes géographiques en couleur
- Coloured ink (i.e. other than blue or black) /
Encre de couleur (i.e. autre que bleue ou noire)
- Coloured plates and/or illustrations /
Planches et/ou illustrations en couleur
- Bound with other material /
Relié avec d'autres documents
- Only edition available /
Seule édition disponible
- Tight binding may cause shadows or distortion
along interior margin / La reliure serrée peut
causer de l'ombre ou de la distorsion le long de la
marge intérieure.
- Additional comments /
Commentaires supplémentaires:

Continuous pagination.

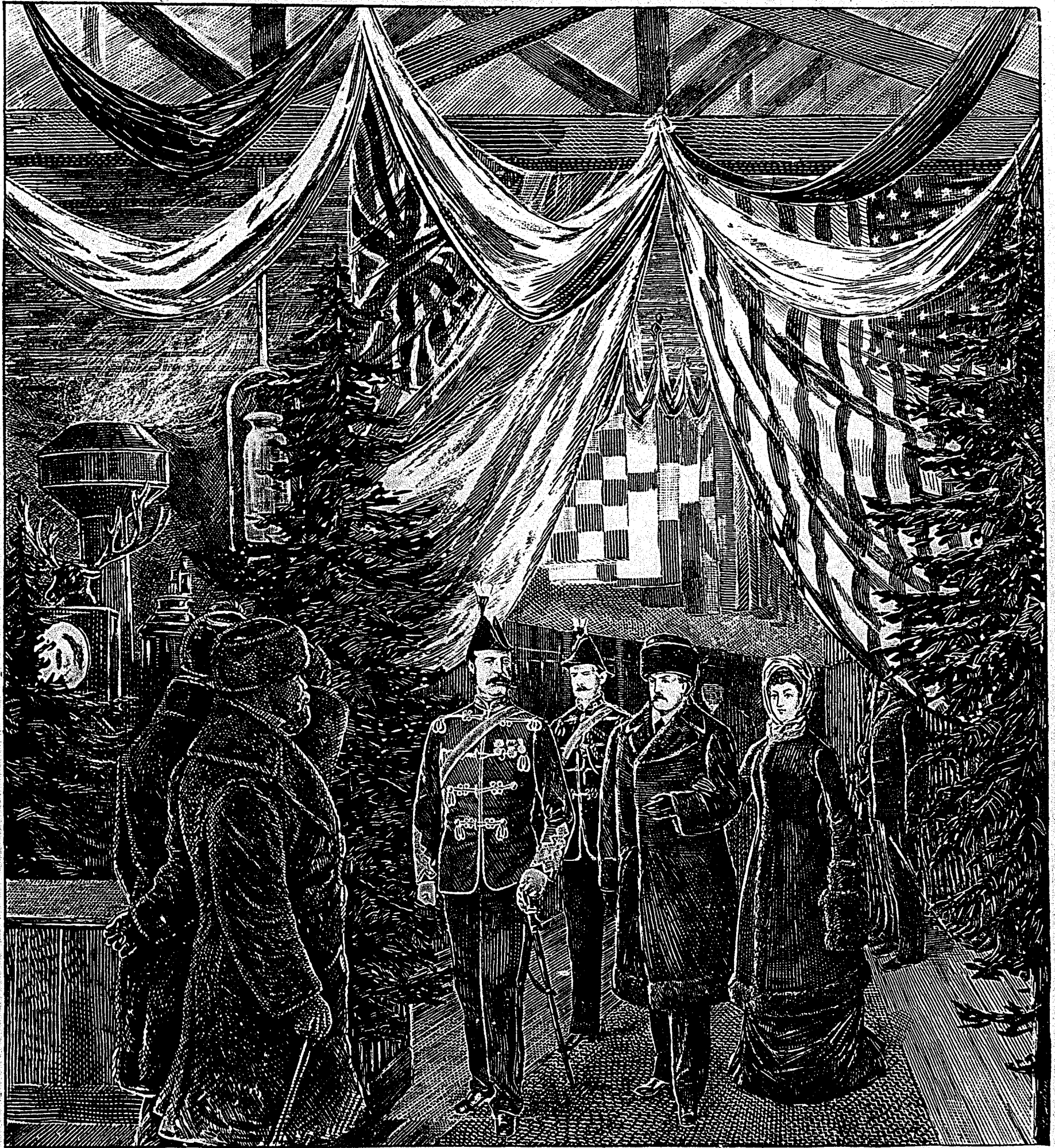
- Coloured pages / Pages de couleur
- Pages damaged / Pages endommagées
- Pages restored and/or laminated /
Pages restaurées et/ou pelliculées
- Pages discoloured, stained or foxed/
Pages décolorées, tachetées ou piquées
- Pages detached / Pages détachées
- Showthrough / Transparence
- Quality of print varies /
Qualité inégale de l'impression
- Includes supplementary materials /
Comprend du matériel supplémentaire
- Blank leaves added during restorations may
appear within the text. Whenever possible, these
have been omitted from scanning / Il se peut que
certaines pages blanches ajoutées lors d'une
restauration apparaissent dans le texte, mais,
lorsque cela était possible, ces pages n'ont pas
été numérisées.

Illustrated News

Vol. XXI.—No. 8.

MONTREAL, SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 21, 1880.

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



MONTREAL.—ARRIVAL OF THE GOVERNOR-GENERAL AND HER ROYAL HIGHNESS AT THE BONAVENTURE STATION.

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

All remittances and business communications to be addressed to G. B. BURLAND, General Manager.

All literary correspondence, contributions, &c., to be addressed to the Editor.

When an answer is required, stamp for return postage must be enclosed.

City subscribers are requested to report at once to this office, either personally or by postal card, any irregularity in the delivery of their papers.

TEMPERATURE.

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

Table with columns for 'THE WEEK ENDING' and 'Corresponding week, 1879'. Rows include days of the week (Mon., Tues., Wed., Thurs., Fri., Sat., Sun.) and temperature readings (Max., Min., Mean) for both the current week and the corresponding week of the previous year.

CONTENTS.

ILLUSTRATIONS.—Arrival of the Governor-General and Her Royal Highness at the Bonaventure Depot—Through the Storm at Riviere-du-Loup—The Governor-General and Her Royal Highness on their way from Halifax to Montreal—Hon. D. L. Macpherson—The late Bernard Devlin—The Irish Distress—The Beggar—Arrival of His Excellency and Her Royal Highness at Rideau Hall on the latter's return from England—Parliament Buildings, Ottawa.

LETTER PRESS.—Editorial Paragraphs—Irish Immigration to Canada—Clara Chillington (continued)—Wickey, a Scrap—A Montreal Valentine Story—Humorous—Musical and Dramatic—History of the Week—Heath and Home—Varieties—Bretiques pour Dame—Our Chess Column.

CANADIAN ILLUSTRATED NEWS.

Montreal, Saturday, February 21, 1880.

A VERY important piece of news. According to the new French tariff, Canadian vessels on entering a French port will be required to pay a duty of only two francs a ton instead of twenty as heretofore. This opens a new channel of trade at once.

We have just time before going to press to invite the patronage of the public for the performance of "H. M. S. Parliament," at the Academy of Music. It is a very clever parody indeed from the pen of Mr. W. H. FULLER, well known to the readers of the NEWS, and the performers are doing it adequate justice. In our next we hope to be able to give an analytic review of this remarkable Canadian piece.

We fondly imagined that ghosts were effectually laid in the light of the nineteenth century, but we were mistaken and are rather glad of it, for ghosts are a delightful relief to the monotony of our prosaic modern life. Dr. JESSUP, an English antiquarian, gives an account of an apparition in the library of the Earl of Oxford's country seat. And now Rev. W. B. WEBSTER, of Quebec, writes that he has no more doubt of having lately had a visit from the other world than he has of his own existence.

We take pleasure in informing our readers that we shall have during the session a weekly parliamentary letter from the same correspondent whose missives were so much noticed last year. For accuracy of information, moderation of tone and easy grasp of all political questions on their merits, we venture to say that these letters to the NEWS cannot be surpassed by any contributed to other journals. In addition we shall give a weekly analysis of parliamentary work, according to date.

SOME time ago a remark was made in the NEWS to the effect that leading men of science are sceptics. This, of course, is true of many, but not of all. Take, for example, Dr. DAWSON, of Montreal; Dr. WILSON, of Toronto, and Prof. RICHARDS,

of England. These gentlemen occupy very high places in the world of science, yet they are the very reverse of sceptics. HUGH MILLER, Sir JAMES SIMPSON and MICHAEL FARADAY who have all lately passed away, "delighted in the law of the Lord."

A CORRESPONDENT informs us that on the 31st of December last, a friend of his in Jersey City, in the State of New Jersey, mailed a letter to him addressed, "M—, Province of Quebec." It arrived five weeks after, by the way of the Dead Letter Office at Washington! The post office folks in Jersey City plainly do not know where the Province of Quebec is. Those in Washington seem to be better versed in geography. Well, we need not be surprised at the ignorance regarding Canada shown by many in Britain, when those in the post office in Jersey City, in the State of New Jersey, do not know where the Province of Quebec is, though it is a good deal less than a thousand miles distant.

We have received a double fly sheet containing a long and earnest controversy between JAMES CAMPBELL & SON, publishers, and Mr. WILLIAM WARWICK, of Toronto, on the School Book Question. We have no disposition to enter into the merits of the question, but the conclusions arrived at by Mr. WARWICK, even if they can be successfully confuted, are worthy of record. He maintains first, that a monopoly exists in the publication of authorized text books; secondly, that the price of these books might be reduced nearly one-half if the copyrights were owned by the Government; thirdly, that the Province might thereby save not less than \$50,000 annually; fourthly, that it is the duty of the Government to put all authorized books on such a footing as will make their publication free to all, thereby encouraging such competition as would secure to the public school books at the lowest prices.

IRISH IMMIGRATION TO CANADA.

It seems a harsh measure to recommend emigration as a remedy—and in many cases the only remedy—for Irish distress. But there are such things as blessings in disguise and this is one of them. Indeed it has been truly said that emigration partakes of Shakespeare's quality of mercy in that it blesses him that takes and him that gives. Rather is its benefit threefold—to the land from which one emigrates, to the land to which he immigrates, and to the person himself. It is also a remarkable fact that, as a rule, Irishmen do better in Canada, especially as farmers, than they do in the United States, and hence we have the more reason in inviting them over to us. Irishmen should be informed that in the Dominion of Canada there are free grants of land from 160 to 200 acres. In the Province of Manitoba some of the finest and most fertile land in the world is given away, in lots of 160 acres. Starting from this fact, Mr. CHARLES FOY, the energetic agent of the Canadian Emigration Department at Belfast, makes an appeal to his countrymen. He assures them that farmers, with means to tide over the first year, and to take out the first crop, are independent, if industrious and sober, for the remainder of their lives and leave an independence to their children. He informs us that from Antrim a small colony of farmers will leave in March for Manitoba. They are all men with capital from £5,000 to £1,000 each. From the County of Tyrone another colony will probably leave. Indeed, we are assured that this coming spring there will be from the North of Ireland the largest emigration of the well-to-do class of farmers that has been for twenty years.

Addressing the farmers who are practically without means, Mr. Foy affirms that any man able to work as a farm labourer can get wages in Canada amounting to more than the value of the produce of ten acres

of land in Ireland. He has engaged men at £40 a year and their board—meat three times a day, and he guarantees that really good hands will get £50 a year and their board. In a short time, with care, a man should save £100, and then he has capital sufficient to go on a free grant farm, or if he prefer it he can buy a farm, partially cleared, at £5 an acre (freehold), pay a deposit of £100, and get a term of years to pay the balance, or £50 would be capital enough for a hard working man to go on a free grant. Mr. Foy has sent some thousands of emigrants from the North of Ireland, and he has again and again defied the enemies of immigration to find out one case of an industrious farm labourer or farmer who has not succeeded far beyond what he promised, and far beyond their hopes, while he has numerous letters thanking him for his advice, and in many cases thanking God that circumstances compelled them to leave Ireland.

PARLIAMENTARY.

The Second Session of the Fourth Parliament of Canada opened on Thursday, February 12.

The members of the Commons being assembled in the Senate Chamber, His Excellency the Governor-General was pleased to deliver the following Speech from the Throne:—

Honourable Gentlemen of the Senate, Gentlemen of the House of Commons

I have great pleasure in meeting you again for the despatch of the business of the country.

The abundant harvest with which Providence has blessed Canada is a cause for the deepest thankfulness; and I heartily congratulate you on the evidences which surround us of a recovery from the commercial and industrial depression which has so long weighed down the energies of the people.

Our returning prosperity should, I think, direct our attention to the less fortunate circumstances of our fellow-subjects in Ireland, where so much destitution prevails, and I invite your consideration of the best means of showing practical sympathy with their distress.

We have reason to congratulate ourselves on the number of settlers who have during the past year come into our North-West from Great Britain and the United States, as well as from the other Provinces of the Dominion. The visit of two members of the Royal Commission on the agricultural distress in the Mother Country and the favourable report of the tenant farmers who, at the instance of my Government, have examined into the farming capabilities of the Dominion will, it is believed, largely increase the number of immigrants during the present year. Preparations must be made for their reception, and your attention will be specially called to the subject.

Every effort has been made to hasten the construction of the Canadian Pacific Railway from Lake Superior to Red River, and no doubt is entertained that the railway will be opened for traffic between those points within the time specified in the contracts. Under the authority given by Parliament last session, nearly one hundred miles from Red River to the Western Boundary of Manitoba has been placed under contract and tenders are about being asked for for the construction of another hundred miles from the boundary westward. The completion of these two sections will at an early day afford railway facilities through two hundred miles of the most fertile land in the North-West. After an exploratory survey of the line from Port Simpson to the Pine River Pass and through the Peace River country, it has been decided to adopt the location of the line to Barrard Inlet, and contracts have been awarded for one hundred and twenty-seven miles of the railway between Emory's Bar on the Fraser River and Savona's Ferry. This work will be vigorously proceeded with as soon as the spring opens. Its construction will complete the most difficult portion of the Canadian Pacific Railway, and secure the connection by steam of the fertile district of Kamloops with the capital of British Columbia.

The adoption of a rigid system of economy in the management of the Intercolonial Railway has, without impairing the efficiency of its working, effected such a diminution of expense as to warrant the belief that the country will, in future, be relieved from any considerable burden in connection with its operation.

In consequence of the entire failure of the usual food supply of the Indians of the North-West, a large expenditure has been necessarily incurred to save them from starvation. It is hoped that the efforts which are now being made to settle the several bands on the reserves and to induce them to betake themselves to the cultivation of the soil, may prevent the necessity of similar calls for relief in the future.

Gentlemen of the House of Commons

The estimates for the ensuing year will be laid before you. They have been prepared with all due regard to economy.

You will be pleased to learn that the effect of the tariff of last session in the development of the varied industries of the country has, on the whole, been very satisfactory. The experience acquired since it came into operation in March last, has suggested the expediency of some amendments to which your attention will be directed.

Honourable Gentlemen of the Senate,

Gentlemen of the House of Commons

Bills for the better organization of the Civil Service, for the consolidation of the Inland Revenue laws, and for the amendment of the Acts relating to the Dominion lands, to the Public Works, to the Indians of the North-West, and to the Mounted Police force, will be laid before you.

The Acts incorporating the Banks of the Dominion expire next year, and the present would seem a favourable time for a full consideration of our banking system, and of the subject of the currency as connected with that system.

The subject of the laws relating to insolvency will doubtless engage your attention.

The increasing foreign trade of Canada, and the prospect that Her Majesty's Government will ere long enter into negotiations with foreign nations on the subject of their trade and commercial relations, demand our closest attention and watchfulness, while the rapid development of the Dominion is continually giving rise to important matters requiring the support and action of the Imperial Government. With the concurrence of Her Majesty, I therefore, recommend you to sanction the appointment of a permanent representative of Canada in London to guard her various interests.

The subjects I have mentioned are of great importance. I commend them with full confidence in your wisdom and patriotism to your best considerations.

The Speaker took the chair at 3 p.m.

On the return of the members from the Senate Chamber.

The Speaker read the list of vacancies which had occurred in the representation in the House during the recess, as also the returns of the new elections. The following new members were then introduced:—

- Mr. Barnard, member for Yale, by Hon. Mr. Langevin and Mr. Thompson (Cariboo); Hon. Mr. Royal, member for Provencher, by Sir Charles Tupper and Hon. Mr. Masson; Mr. Beauchemin, member for Bonaventure, by Hon. Mr. Langevin and Hon. Mr. Fortin; Mr. Vanasse, member for Yamaska, by Hon. Mr. Masson and Mr. Massue; Mr. McLeod, member for Cape Breton, by Sir Charles Tupper and Mr. W. Macdonald; Dr. Bergin, member for Cornwall, by Sir Charles Tupper and Mr. McLenan; Hon. Edward Burke, member for West Durham, by Hon. Mr. Mills and Mr. Bechard (loud applause); Mr. D. G. MacDonnell, by Hon. A. Mackenzie and Hon. Mr. Geoffrion.

It was decided that the address in reply to the Speech from the Throne be taken into consideration to-morrow.

Sir John A. Macdonald moved the appointment of the usual standing committee.

Sir John A. Macdonald moved that the House do now adjourn.

Hon. Mr. Mackenzie desired to know what course the leaders of the Government intended to pursue with reference to the breach of privileges of Parliament committed last session by Mr. MacDonnell.

Sir John A. Macdonald said he was glad that attention had been called to the matter, as he had quite forgotten it. He would let the hon. gentleman know to-morrow. The House then adjourned.

THE SEAT OF GOVERNMENT.

(From our Special Correspondent.)

THE OPENING DEBATE ON THE ADDRESS.—NOTES.—DRAWING-ROOM, &c.

OTTAWA, February 14.—The second session of the Fourth Parliament of the Dominion of Canada was opened, on Thursday last, by His Excellency the Governor-General, and Her Royal Highness the Princess Louise graced the ceremony by her presence. It was marked by the observance of all the time-honoured, ancient forms. There was a large concourse outside the building, and also inside, so far as the admissions would permit, but the number of tickets issued was limited, and many were disappointed. The volunteer military display, the music and salutes were the same as I described them to you last year. His Excellency and Her Royal Highness drove up, escorted by the Dragoons, precisely at 3 o'clock, proceeded to the Senate Chamber and took their seats upon the throne. The House of Commons was summoned in the usual manner, and the Speech clearly read in the two languages.

This Speech was looked for with almost curious interest, and its opening words were the chery sound of congratulation on returning prosperity, and of thankfulness for the abundant harvest. Coupled with this, there came a recommendation to afford some relief for the distress in Ireland. The visits of the Royal Commissioners and Tenant Farmer Delegates were well referred to as facts of great importance to the Dominion, the effect of which would probably very much increase the immigration of a very valuable class of settlers, of whom we have hitherto not had very many. The important railway operations of the year were next sketched, and a kindly reference was made to the condition of the Indians of the North-West.

Coming to the legislation foreshadowed, such tariff amendments were promised as the experience of the year had demonstrated to be wise. This was frank and only natural, in view of the fact of so great an experiment as that of the legislation of last session. A review of the banking system was promised, in view of the expiring of the bank charters next year, and it was announced that the approval of Parliament would be asked for the appointment of a resident Canadian representative in London to guard our various interests. Bills for the re-organization of the Civil Service, for the Consolidation of the Inland Revenue laws, and the amendment of the Dominion Lands and Public Works Acts, were also promised. There is in this quite enough work cut out for a session. There will, of course, be, further, the bills introduced by private members. Notice has been already given of two important ones relating to the Insolvent Laws by Messrs. Colby and Bechard. The latter desires simple repeal; the former may probably renew his very carefully-considered bill of last session. Notices have also been given for returns of the particulars respecting the Printing Contracts, and expenses of Ministerial trips to England. So the fire may be said to have thus early begun. But there is one most amusing notice. Mr. Mills, who is called in joke the "Philosopher of Bothwell," and who is a man of ability, has actually given formal notice that he will move—"It is the opinion of this House that the people of Manitoba and the North-West should be permitted to import cows and oxen from the United States!" Why, they are permitted. Nobody ever prevented. But what I fancy he meant to do was to obtain permission to take cattle in transit through the United States from Ontario to Manitoba. The recent U. S. regulations will not permit this.

It was noticeable that Mr. Blake was not introduced by Mr. Mackenzie, but by Messrs. Mills and Bechard, the former, at least, his special Ontario friend, and in sympathy with him on a number of theoretic and sweeping political principles. It is further noticed that Mr. Blake modestly took his seat in a back row, while Mr. Mackenzie occupied the place of Opposition leader and acted as such. I cannot say that I expected anything else but this, notwithstanding

the attempts of some of the newspapers to prepare the public for a change. Of course, it is impossible to say what might come from a meeting of the party, but one would have thought that if any change so serious had been contemplated we should have seen more signs of it, and that there might even have been a decision before the session. Mr. Mackenzie has often publicly said that he was perfectly willing to place the leadership in the hands of Mr. Blake, and that he had proposed to do so, but notwithstanding this, and also the fact of Mr. Blake's high culture, it may be doubted if he has so many qualifications for the post as Mr. Mackenzie, especially if the latter would content himself, if the chance should again come to him, with taking in hand a less charge than the management of a great Department, which, since his time, has been divided into two, because of its unwieldiness, together with all those considerations of higher politics which belong to leadership. Of course, as leader of the Opposition, all these accumulated duties do not come, but the leader of the Opposition naturally expects that some day he will become the leader of the Government, and Mr. Mackenzie is judged by the light of many shortcomings which arose from having too much on his hands. Besides Mr. Blake, the other new members were, Mr. Barnard, Mr. McLeod, Mr. Vanasse, Mr. Beauchesne, Mr. Royal, Mr. MacDonnell, and Mr. Massue. Dr. Bergin was re-introduced, but he can hardly be called a new member. Mr. Abbott's name will have to be added, and his familiar face and great legal and other attainments will be welcomed by many in the House.

Mr. Mackenzie called attention, the very first thing, to the case of breach of privilege by Mr. MacDonnell last session, and asked what was to be done with him. Sir John told him he had forgotten the matter, but he would let him know on Friday. At best, this was rather a petty personal matter. Sir John's answer, of course, is that he must follow the order of the House, and Mr. MacDonnell will have to appear and apologize.

Mr. Ritchie, of Halifax, moved the address, and Mr. Houde seconded it. Both these gentlemen exhibited good taste and marked talent. These speeches are always difficult to make, as the ground is so thoroughly beaten. Mr. Mackenzie was a little bitter and sweeping in his remarks, and so was Mr. Blake. There were, of course, allusions made to the National Policy, but the weight of testimony on this point was on the side of the Government, as was the preponderating feeling of the House. Other topics of the speech were discussed; but these will come up again for definite action in their turn.

SPEAKER MACPHERSON.

The new Speaker of the Senate, is the Hon. DAVID LEWIS MACPHERSON. He was born in Scotland, September 12, 1818, educated at the Inverness Royal Academy, came to Canada 1835. He married June, 1844, Elizabeth Sarah, eldest daughter of William Molson, Esq., of Montreal, and grand-daughter of Hon. John Molson, in his life time a member of the Executive Council of Lower Canada, and President of the Bank of Montreal. He is a member of the firm of Gzowski & Co., contractors, who have constructed several branches of Canadian railways and other important works; a member of the Corporation of Hellmuth College, London, Ontario; a director of Melsons Bank of the Toronto Rolling Mills Company; of the Toronto, Grey and Bruce Railway Company; and of the Western Canada Permanent Building and Savings Society. He was elected President of the Inter-oceanic Railway Company, incorporated for the purpose of constructing a railway across the continent to British Columbia, 1872. He was Arbitrator for the Province of Ontario under the British North America Act, for the division and adjustment of the debts, credits, liabilities and properties of Upper Canada and Lower Canada, 1868. He has been Vice-President of the Montreal Board of Trade, and President of the St. Andrew's Society of Toronto. He is the author of a pamphlet on Banking and Currency, (Toronto 1869), and also of two pamphlets, 1877-78, dealing with the public expenditure, &c. He represented the Saugeen Division in the Legislative Council, Canada, from October 1864, until the Union. He was called to the Senate by Royal Proclamation, May, 1867. Mr. MacPherson's appointment to the Speakership of the Senate, and to a seat in the Privy Council, is so much the reward of unquestionable merit that it has received the approval of persons of both sides of politics.

TWO STATUES.—Ezekiel's statues of Phidias and Raphael have been placed in their niches in front of the Corcoran Gallery, in Washington. Phidias is represented in a tunic, standing with one foot slightly raised upon a marble block. The right hand hanging down, holds his mallet, while his left rests upon his hip. The figure is of a sturdy, muscular mould. The head is raised to the left, and with the repose of the body, conveys the idea of the sculptor pausing to observe the result of his work. Raphael is presented with the delicate beardless face, the flowing locks, the cap which have been made familiar by the great master's portraits of himself. He is enveloped in a cloak or mantle, held together by his right hand, while beneath its folds protrude the pallet and brushes in his left; the lower limbs are shapely and well posed.

THE LATE BERNARD DEVLIN, Q.C.

Our deeply-lamented and distinguished fellow-citizen, the late Bernard Devlin, was the son of a once extensive landed proprietor in County Roscommon, Ireland. He was born there on the 15th December, 1824; was educated in Dublin, and studied for the medical profession under his uncle, Dr. Chas. Devlin, of Ballina, County Mayo. He accompanied his father to Canada when young, and settled in the city of Quebec, where he presented himself before the Board of Medical Examiners for admission to the practice of the profession, but was refused on the ground that he was under 21 years of age. He then entered the ranks of journalism, and founded the *Freeman's Journal* (Quebec), of which he became editor, but soon afterwards abandoned that paper on his removal to Montreal, where he was also associated with the press, becoming at the same time a student at law under Edward Carter, Esq., Q.C., and late M.P. for Brome in the House of Commons, and was duly called to the Bar in Oct., 1847. He was called to the Bar of Ontario in Michaelmas Term, 1863. He enjoyed a large and lucrative practice, especially as a criminal lawyer. He was Counsel to the Harbour Commissioners of this city, and was for some years up to Dec., 1875, joint City Attorney for Montreal. Amongst other important causes, he was retained during the late American war by the U.S. Government, as their counsel in the prosecution of the St. Albans' raiders. He married, in 1848, Miss Anna Eliza Hickey, of Brooklyn, N.Y., who died, 13th June, 1875. He was President of the St. Patrick's Society of Montreal, an office he has held on several occasions, and a member of the Executive of the Reform Association of the *Parti National*. He was a delegate to the Catholic Convention to promote actual settlement in North America, which met at Buffalo in 1856, and was elected a member of the Supreme Directory of Canada in connection with that Convention. He sat in the City Council of Montreal during seven consecutive years, and while a member of that body, proposed the establishment of the Mount Royal Park, and finally succeeded in carrying the scheme, notwithstanding the most strenuous opposition. He was for fifteen years closely identified with the active volunteer militia force, entering the 1st, or Prince of Wales Rifle Regiment, first as a Captain, and eventually becoming Lieut.-Col. of the corps, and as such commanded it during the Fenian outbreak of 1866, on the eastern frontier, and for his services on that occasion was publicly complimented by Lord Monck, then Governor-General of Canada. He retired from the force, retaining his rank, August, 1866. He was an unsuccessful candidate for Montreal West at the general election of 1867, and for Montreal Centre at the next general election. He succeeded in unseating Mr. M. P. Ryan, the sitting member, on petition, and at the new election, which followed, on 12th January, 1875, was returned. He was unseated on petition, August 26, 1875; re-elected, by acclamation, Nov. 26, 1875, and unsuccessful in the general election of 1878.

MENDELSSOHN CHOIR.

The concert of this Society took place, on the 6th inst., in the Mechanics' Hall, to a crowded house. (a) "In the Forest," (b) "Praise of Spring," Mendelssohn, by the Choir, were given with taste and finish, as were also "Fair Daffodils," by S. P. Warren, and (a) "You'll Never Guess," (b) "Bedouin Love Song," by L. C. Mackenzie, all of which were received with marked satisfaction by a somewhat critical audience. Mme. Rive-King's rendition of the Sonata Appassionata (Op. 57) of Beethoven, showed a finished technique and an almost masculine interpretation of the subject. As before, however, in Montreal, she was received coldly, and her really excellent reading of this work was allowed to pass with much less applause than it deserved. This reception had, no doubt, a dampening effect on her subsequent playing, and her rendition of Chopin's E flat Nocturne (Op. 9, No. 2) and D flat Prelude (Op. 28, No. 15), were scarcely up to the standard of high artistic work. In a subsequent number, however, she gave with much taste an original piano-writing of Mendelssohn's Grand Concerto for violin, and in this, her last effort for the evening, she succeeded in working into the sympathies of the audience and was greeted with rounds of applause. We understand that on the succeeding Saturday afternoon she gave a private recital in Mr. Gould's rooms, and with happy effect, whatever remaining coldness there may have lingered in the minds of the audience being changed to rapturous approval. Montreal is, no doubt, by this time, awakened to a sense of this artist's abilities, and should she again visit us, a cordial greeting would, we believe, be tendered her. Beyond the fact that Miss Hubbell has a highly cultivated voice and sings with good method, very little can be said of her. Her singing of the part of Lenora in Mendelssohn's unfinished "Loreley," hardly came up to the expectations founded on her American reputation. This work had been looked forward to as the feature of the evening, but showed, unfortunately, an utter lack of sympathy between orchestra and chorus, and an evidently superficial reading of the whole score. Too much cannot be said of the singing of the Choir as a distinct body, and with the exception of the attack of the "Bedouin Love Song," which was very weak, every number was rendered with precision and artistic taste, and we trust that

we do not overstep the mark in suggesting that it would appear to be a thankless and profitless undertaking to employ foreign talent, when our own Society, as it now stands, can do such really good work.

HISTORY OF THE WEEK.

MONDAY, February 9.—The Theatre Royal, Dublin was destroyed by fire yesterday. Destructive inundations are reported in Sicily and Sardinia—Boyd beat Elliott yesterday over the Tyne course by five lengths, for £200 and the championship—Serious food riots have taken place in different parts of Russian Transcaucasia, on account of the famine prevailing there—England has released Persia from the treaty of 1857, which the London Times considers tantamount to inviting Persia to occupy Herat—The diarming of the Basutos has been postponed, pending the result of an appeal from their chief to the Cape Colony Government—During last week the resources of the relief committees throughout the districts of Ireland were considerably increased, the result of which has been apparent in a more sober tone of the press and a cessation of the alarmist cry, though distressing accounts are still received from some localities.

TUESDAY, February 10.—Famine riots are reported from Verona, in Italy—The Provincial Legislature at Melbourne, Australia, has been dissolved—Small-pox has broken out amongst Spotted Tail's band of Sioux, numbering some 6,000 Indians, at Rosebud Agency, Dakota—In answer to Lord Granville, Earl Beaconsfield stated in the House of Lords, last night, that the negotiations with Persia concerning the abrogation of the treaty of 1857 were not completed—Mr. Shaw's amendment to the address in the Imperial Parliament was rejected by a vote of 216 to 66. The Marquis of Hartington and a number of other prominent Liberals voted with the Government.

WEDNESDAY, February 11.—M. DeFreycinet states that the French Government will not entertain the idea of general amnesty to the Communists—The French steamer *Valentine* foundered on the voyage from Cardiff to Dieppe, and sixteen persons were drowned—The Norwegian Parliament was opened yesterday. The Speech from the Throne announced an increase in the tobacco tax—Sentence was passed on Tuesday on Francisco Otero, who attempted to murder King Alfonso, condemning the prisoner to death. The case will be carried to the Court of Appeal—The opposition to the present rate in Russia, among the Conservative Liberals of the country, is said to be actively increasing, and the demand is shortly to be renewed for some form of constitutional government, as the only remedy for the curse of Nihilism.

THURSDAY, February 12.—Opening of the second session of the Fourth Parliament of Canada—A terrible cyclone, which passed over the island of New Caledonia on the 24th of January, did enormous damage to property and caused great loss of life—Mr. Burke, Under Secretary for Foreign Affairs, stated in the Imperial Parliament last night that Great Britain had no intention of abrogating clause 33 of the Treaty of Washington—Mr. O'Donnell's motion of censure on the English Government was defeated last night by 128 to 12. The Government's Irish relief bill was subsequently discussed and passed to second reading—In his speech at the opening of the German Reichstag, yesterday, the Emperor said the proposed increase of the army was not to be taken as an indication of any change of the pacific policy of the Government, but solely as a measure of necessity, in order to keep pace with neighbouring European powers, and to be prepared for the eventualities of the future.

FRIDAY, February 13.—England is reported to have joined the Austro-German peace alliance—France has asked England to co-operate in the appointment of a special commission to settle the Greek question—Dean Stanley says it has been determined to erect a monument to the late Prince Louis-Napoleon in Westminster Abbey—The great land meeting which was to have been held in Phoenix Park, Dublin, on Sunday, has been postponed for some time, the arrangements being incomplete—The Russian Government has appointed a commissioner to visit San Francisco for the purpose of establishing a line of steamers between that city and Russian ports on the Pacific—An election for a member of the Imperial House of Commons was held at Barnstable, Devonshire, yesterday, when Lord Lynton, the Liberal candidate, defeated Sir Robert Carden.

SATURDAY, February 14.—The Pope has published an encyclical against civil marriages and divorce—Professor Nordenskiöld, the Arctic explorer, has been very enthusiastically received at Naples—The total cost of the Panama canal is estimated at \$17,000,000. The work is to occupy eight years—A runaway accident occurred as the Vice-Royal party were leaving Rideau Hall on Saturday, to attend the Drawing room in the Senate Chamber. The Princess received some painful, though happily not serious injuries, and official bulletins from Ottawa report that Her Royal Highness is progressing most satisfactorily—The policy of the British Government in Afghanistan is said to have undergone a change. The troops are to be reinforced, and the capital held for another year by which time, it is supposed, Russia will have likely shown her hand. Latest despatches from Calcutta state that fifty important chiefs have surrendered; that Ayoub Khan, with 60,000 men, is about to join Mahomed Jan at Ghaznee, on which point the British Candabar army is to advance early next month.

OBITUARY.—M. Cremieux, French Senator, aged 73. The Very Rev. Henry Parr Hamilton, M.A., F.R.S., F.G.S., and F.R.A.S., Dean of Salisbury, on the 7th inst. He was the son of the late Dr. Alexander Hamilton, physician, in Edinburgh, and professor in the University, born 1794, was educated at Trinity College, Cambridge, where he graduated B.A. in high honours in 1816, and was elected to a Fellowship. Having held for some years a living in Yorkshire, he was promoted in 1850 to the Deanery of Salisbury. He has written "The Principles of Analytical Geometry," "Analytical System of Conic Sections," "Remarks on Popular Education," "The Education of the Lower Classes," &c., and several sermons.

JOURNALISTIC.

The *Western Advertiser and Weekly Liberal*, of London, Ont., and one of our most enterprising newspapers, has just issued a neat and valuable little annual. It contains an interesting political history of Canada since Confederation, by a Member of Parliament, the tariff, complete election returns, postal guide and much other information valuable to the statesman, journalist and general reader. This publication is worthy of a place on the shelves of a reference library and its publishers are to be congratulated on its issue.

TALES OF THE WINDS.

I heard the voice of the winds at night,
As I sat by the hearth alone,
I heard them howl in their savage might
And then wail as a piteous moan.

"Oh winds!" I said, "can you tell me aught
That you've passed in your travels free,
What of the night, with its myst'ries fraught?
Ye who roam over land and sea!"

"To-night by brilliant halls we've passed
Where wealth and beauty shine,
Where song and dance speed time so fast,
And care is drowned in wine.
Glad notes of mirth we heard arise,
And bore them to the gloomy skies."

"Next by a lowly cot we came,
Where Death held iron sway,
And children called a father's name
Whose soul had passed away.
A wild sad dirge we chanted there,
And upwards bore the orphan's pray'r."

"We've sought the dead; we've been with them,
And in the graveyard's gloom,
We've sung our midnight requiem
Above each silent tomb.
And dismal was the moan that crept,
All thro' the trees, as o'er we wept."

"We've lashed the sea in mad career
Its angry billows roar,
And man's frail toy, e'en now his bier
Lies shattered on the shore.
We drowned his feeble cries for aid
And sported with the wreck thus made."

"And still we hold, unchecked, our course
Still hasten on our way
And land and sea both feel our force,
When we hold holiday,
And these are scenes we've met to-night,
And passed in our unbridled flight."

Quebec. E. A. SUTTON.

A SCOTCH LADY.—In Lord Cockburn's "Memorials" we have some life-like pictures of those whom he had known. Here is one picture, among several, of a certain Mrs. Rothead, of Inverleith, an Edinburgh notability of the old school—"Except Mrs. Siddons, in some of her displays of magnificent royalty, nobody could sit down like the Lady of Inverleith. She would sail, like a ship from Tarshish, gorgeous in velvet and rustling in silk, and done up in all the accompaniments of fan, ear-rings, and finger rings, falling sleeves, scent bottle, embroidered bag, hoop, and train—all superb, yet all in purest taste, and managing all this seemingly heavy rigging with as much ease as a full-blown swan does its plumage, she would take possession of the centre of a large sofa, and at the same moment, without the slightest visible exertion, would cover the whole of it with her bravery, the graceful folds seeming to lay themselves over it like summer waves." This stateliness was not unminged with a certain racy homeliness. Of another old lady, Lord Cockburn tells us that in her latest days she was forbidden by the doctor to eat anything but spoon-food. On his next visit his patient was at her dinner, and asked him to notice how carefully she complied with his orders. She was indeed taking spoon-food, but that spoon-food was—haggis!

HUMOROUS.

It makes a milkman perspire sometimes in his efforts to explain how a pond lily got into his milk can.

A BLIND mendicant in Paris wears this inscription round his neck: "Don't be ashamed to give only a sou. I can't see."

He wished his manuscript returned,
But failed in time to ask it,
And felt indignant when he learned
It had climbed the golden basket.

THERE are no cats in Greenland. But they have a native dog that can bow a hole in the side of an iceberg, so that the natives don't miss the cats.

"Did you do nothing to resuscitate the body?" was recently asked of a witness at a coroner's inquest. "Yes, sir, we searched his pockets," was the reply.

THE small boy who can ride a three-wheeled velocipede in the hall and beat a drum at the same time has qualities calculated to make home happy when he is not well.

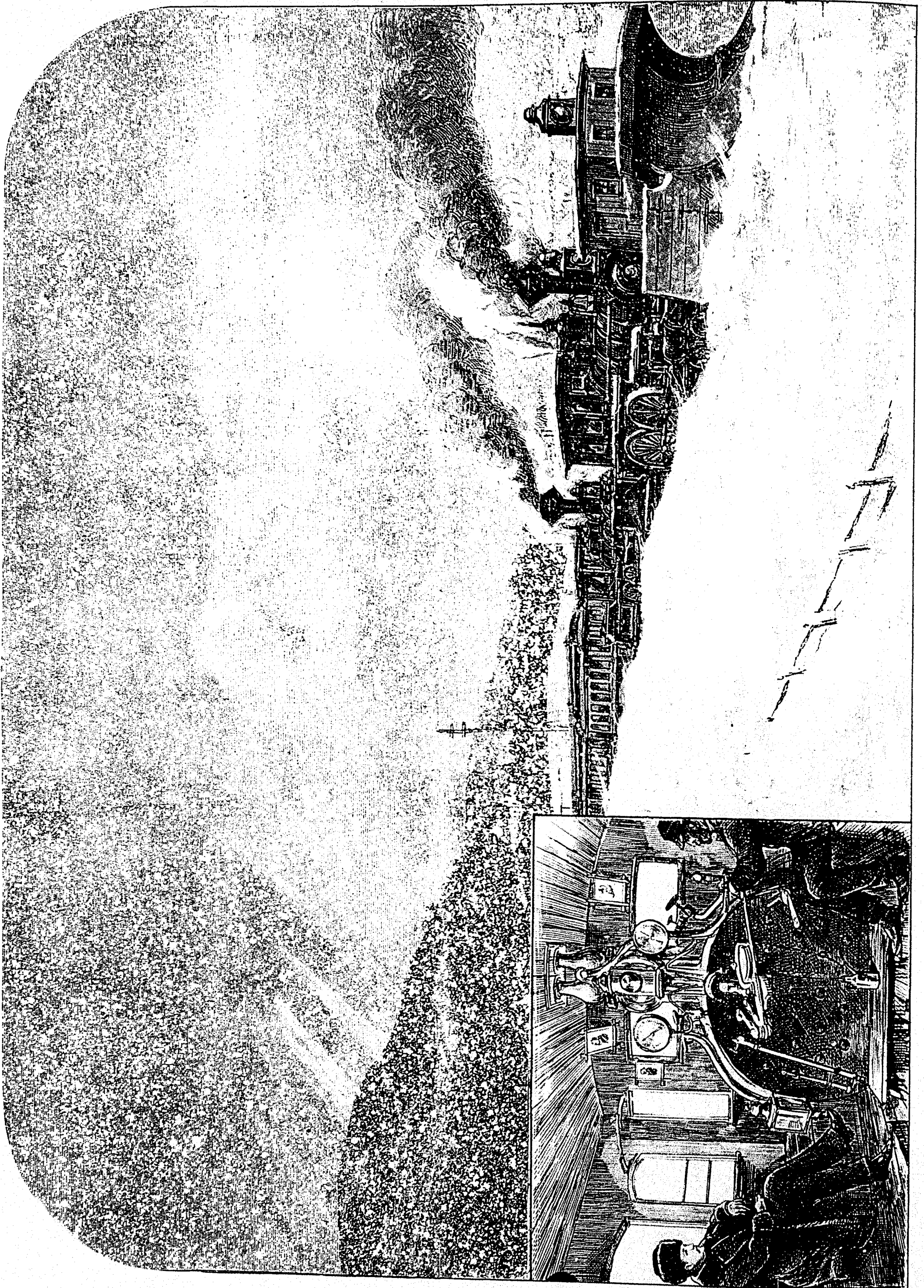
A MAINE man who didn't care two shakes of a lamb's tail about the newspapers, rode fourteen miles through a fierce snow-storm to get a copy of a weekly that spoke of him as a "prominent citizen."

A MAN stopping his paper wrote to the editor: "I think folks ought to spend their money for paper, dadda diddnt, and everybody said he was the intelligentest man in the country and he had the smartest family of boys that ever dugged taters."

"Aw, my young man, what kind of a residence do you think would suit me?" asked an exquisite of a house agent. After taking him in, eye-glass and all, the agent replied, "Something like a flat. I should think, would be most appropriate."

A SCOTCHMAN, having hired himself to a farmer, had a cheese set down before him that he might help himself. His master said to him: "Saunders, you take a long time to breakfast!" "In truth, maister," answered he, "a cheese o' this size is na so soon eaten as ye may think."

A SAD-LOOKING man went into a Burlington drug store. "Can you give me," he asked, "something that will drive from my mind the thoughts of sorrow and bitter recollections?" And the druggist nodded and put him up a little dose of quinine, and wormwood, and rhubarb, and Epsom salts and a dash of castor oil, and gave it to him, and for six months the man couldn't think of anything in the world except new schemes for getting the taste out of his mouth.



THROUGH THE STORM AT RIVIERE-DU-LOUP. THE GOVERNOR-GENERAL AND HER ROYAL HIGHNESS ON THEIR WAY FROM HALIFAX TO MONTREAL.



No. 329.—HON. D. L. MACPHERSON,
SPEAKER OF THE SENATE AND MEMBER OF THE CABINET WITHOUT PORTFOLIO.



No. 330.—THE LATE BERNARD DEVLIN,
EX-M. P. FOR MONTREAL CENTRE.



THE IRISH DISTRESS. TURF MARKET IN THE SOUTH OF IRELAND.

"MOTHER MET ME AT THE DOOR."

Mother met me at the door,
The dear old face seen off before,
When from the ways of travel come,
I stepped within the porch at home,
There on the threshold, tall and fair,
The light upon her lovely hair,
She stood, her child to greet once more—
Mother met me at the door.

Mother met me at the door:
A look of love her sweet face wore,
Her smile was softened by the dew
That in her eyes its fountain knew:
The gentle hand, the dear old hand,
Took mine, and every feature scanned,
Her heart of love ran o'er and o'er—
Mother met me at the door!

And oh, where'er my steps may fall,
In lowly cot or splendid hall,
Where none come forth to greet with joy,
Or where warm welcomes all employ—
How grand or humble be the place,
There lacks one secret, holy grace,
Which in one spot is always sure—
Mother met me at the door!

I cannot think of that, no more,
When she'll not meet me at the door!
When through the world's dark ways I'll go,
Nor find her smile, the kiss I know;
When, e'en though all the world forsake,
Her love would only brighter wake,
True, though my fortune sink or soar—
Mother met me at the door!

Mother met me at the door:
O! the sweet thoughts of times of yore,
And present hours, but sad the days
When I must lose her from my gaze,
And I shall think with throbbing heart,
How hard it was for us to part!
May heaven keep this for me in store—
Mother met me at the door!

E. B. RUSSELL.

WIKKEY—A SCRAP.

II.

The following evening Lawrence found a letter from his cousin on his table.

"From what you tell me," Reginald wrote, "I should say that Wikkey must be taught through his affections; that he is capable of a strong and generous affection he has fully proved, so that I advise you not to attempt for the present much doctrinal instruction, ('Doctrinal instruction' mentally ejaculated Lawrence: "what does he mean? as if I could do that;" then he read on.) What I mean is this: the boy's intellect has probably, from the circumstances of his life, been too strongly developed to have left much room for the simple faith which one has to work on in ordinary childhood, and having been used chiefly as a weapon, offensive and defensive, in the battle with life, it is not likely to prove a very helpful instrument just now, as it would probably make him quicker to discern difficulties than to accept truths upon trust. I should, therefore, be inclined to place religion before him in a way that would appeal more to his affections than to his reason, and try to interest him in our Lord from, so to speak, a human point of view, without going into the mysteries connected with the Incarnation, and if possible without, at first, telling the end of the Gospel narrative. Speak of a Person—One Whom you love—Who might have lived for ever in perfect happiness, but Who, from love to us, preferred to come and live on earth in poverty and suffering (the poor lad will appreciate the meaning of those words only too well)—Who was all-powerful though living as a Man, and full of tenderness. Then tell of the miracles and works of love, of His continued existence—though for the present invisible to us—of His love and watchfulness; and when Wikkey's interest is aroused, as I believe it will be, I should read from the Bible itself the story of the sufferings and death. Can you gather my meaning from this rough outline? It seems to me that it is intended that Wikkey should be led upward from the human to the Divine. For others a different plan of teaching might be better, but I think this is the right key to his development; and, moreover, I firmly believe that you will be shown how to use it."

Lawrence remained for some time after reading his letter with his elbows on the table, and his head resting on his hands, which were buried in his thick brown hair; a look of great perplexity was on his face. "Of course, I must try," he thought; "one couldn't have it on one's conscience; but it's a serious business to have started." Looking up, he met Wikkey's rather anxious glance.

"Is anything amiss, Lawrence?"

"No, Wikkey—I was only thinking;" then plunging on desperately, he continued: "I was thinking how I could best make you understand what I said last night about Someone Who sees everything you do—Someone Who is very good."

"Cut on, I'm minding. Is it Someone as you love?"

Lawrence reddened. What was his feeling towards the Christ? Reverence certainly, and some loyalty, but could he call it love in the presence of the passionate devotion to himself which showed in every look of those wishful eyes?

"Yes, I love Him," he said slowly, "but not as much as I should." Then, as a sudden thought struck him, "Look here, Wikkey, you said you would have liked to have me for a king; well, He that I am telling you of is my King, and He must be yours too, and we will both try to love and obey Him."

"Where is He?" asked Wikkey.

"You can't see Him now, because He lives up in Heaven. He is the Son of God, and He might always have stayed in Heaven quite

happy, only, instead of that, He came down upon earth, and became a man like one of us, so that He might know what it is. And though He was really a King, He chose to live like a poor man, and was often cold and hungry as you used to be; and He went about helping people, and curing those who were ill, because you know, Wikkey, He was God, and could do anything. There are beautiful stories about Him that I can tell you."

"How do you know all about the King, Lawrence?"

"It is written in a book called the Bible. Have you ever seen a Bible?"

"That was the big book as blind Tom used to sit and feel over with his fingers by the area rails. I asked him what it was, and he said as it was the Bible. But, bless you! he weren't blind no more nor you are; he lodged at Skimmidge's for a bit, and I saw him a reading of the paper in his room; he kicked me when he saw as I'd twigged him;" and Wikkey's laugh broke out at the recollection. Poor child, his whole knowledge of sacred things seemed to be derived from—

"Holiest things profaned and cursed."

"Tim was a bad man to pretend to be blind when he wasn't," said Lawrence, severely. "But now, Wikkey, shall I read you a story about the King?"

"Did He live in London?" Wikkey asked, as Lawrence took up the old Book with the feeling that the boy should hear these things for the first time out of his mother's Bible.

"No, He lived in a country a long way off; but that makes no difference, because He is God, and can see us everywhere, and He wants us to be good."

Then Lawrence opened the Bible, and after some thought, half-read, half-told, about the feeding of the hungry multitude.

Each succeeding evening a fresh story about the King was related, eagerly listened to and commented on by Wikkey with such familiar realism as often startled Lawrence, and made him wonder whether he were allowing irreverence, but which, at the same time, threw a wondrously vivid light on the histories which, known since childhood, had lost so much of their interest for himself; and certainly, as far as awakening first the boy's curiosity, and then his love, went, the method of instruction answered perfectly. For Wikkey did not die at the end of the week, or of many succeeding weeks; warmth and food, and Mrs. Evans' nursing powers combined, caused one of those curious rallies not uncommon in cases of consumption, though no one who saw the boy's thin, flushed cheeks, and brilliant eyes could think the reprieve would be a long one. Still for the present there was improvement, and Lawrence could not help feeling glad that he might keep for a little while longer the child whose love had strangely brightened his lonely lodgings.

And while Wikkey's development was being carried on in the highest direction, his education in minor matters was progressing under Mrs. Evans' tuition—tuition of much the same kind as she had bestowed years before on Master Lawrence and her sweet Master Robin. By degrees Wikkey became thoroughly initiated in the mysteries of the toilette, and other amenities of civilized life, and being a sharp child, with a natural turn for imitation, he was, at the end of a week or two, not entirely unlike those young gentlemen in his ways, especially when his conversation became shorn of the expletives which had at first adorned it, but which, under Mrs. Evans' sharp rebukes, and Lawrence's graver admonitions that they were displeasing to the King, fast disappeared. Wikkey's remorse on being betrayed into the utterance of some comparatively harmless expression, quite as deep as when one slipped that gave even Lawrence a shock, showed how little their meaning had to do with their use.

One evening Lawrence, returning home to find Wikkey established as usual on the sofa near the fire, was greeted by the eager question—

"Lawrence, what was the King like? I've been a thinking of it all day, and I should like to know. Do you think He was a bit like you?"

"Not at all," Lawrence answered. "We don't know exactly what He was like; but—let me see," he went on, considering, "I think I have a picture somewhere—I had one;" and he crossed the room to a corner where, between the book-case and the wall, were put away a number of old pictures, brought from the "boys' room" at home, and never yet re-hung; among them was a little Oxford frame containing a photograph of the Thorn-crowned Head by Guido. How well he remembered its being given to him on his birthday by his mother! This he showed to Wikkey, explaining that though no one knows certainly what the King is like, it is thought that He may have resembled that picture. The boy looked at it for some time in silence, and then said—

"I've seen pictures like that in shops, but I never knew as it was the King. He looks very sorrowful—a deal sorrowfuler nor you—and what is that He has on His Head."

"That has to do with a very sad story, which I have not told you yet. You know, Wikkey, though He was so good and kind, the men of that country hated Him, and would not have Him for their King, and at last they took Him prisoner and treated Him very badly, and they put that crown of sharp-pricking thorns on His head, because He said He was king."

"Was it to make game of Him?" asked Wikkey, in a tone of mingled awe and distress.

Lawrence nodded gravely, and feeling that this was perhaps as good a moment as any for completing the history, he took the Book, and in low reverent tones, began the sad story of the betrayal, captivity, and Death. Wikkey listened in absorbed attention, every now and then commenting on the narrative in a way which showed its intense reality to himself and gave a marvellous vividness to the details of which Lawrence had before scarcely realised the terrible force. As he read on his voice became husky, and the child's eyes were fixed on him with devouring eagerness, till the awful end came, and Wikkey broke into an agony of weeping. Lawrence hastily put down the Book, and taking the little worn form into his arms tried to soothe the shaking sobs, feeling the while as though he had been guilty of cruelty to the tender sensitive heart.

"I thought some one would have saved Him," Wikkey gasped. "I didn't know as He was killed; you never told me as He was killed."

"Wikkey, little lad—hush—look here! it was all right at the end. Listen while I read the end; it is beautiful." And as the sobs subsided he began to read again, still holding the boy close, and inwardly wondering whether something like this might have been the despair of the disciples on that Friday evening—read of the sadness of that waiting time, of the angel's visit to the silent tomb, of the loving women at the sepulchre, and the joyful message, "He is not here, He is risen," and lastly, of the parting blessing, the separating cloud and the tidings of the coming again. A look of great relief was on Wikkey's face as Lawrence ceased reading, and he lay for some time with closed eyes, resting after his outburst. At last he opened them with sudden wonder.

"Lawrence, why did He let them do it? If He could do anything, why didn't He save Himself from the enemies?"

The old wonder—the old question—which must be answered; and Lawrence after thinking a moment said—

"It had to be, Wikkey. He had to die—to die for us. It was like this:—People were very wicked, always doing bad things, and nobody that was bad could go to Heaven, but they must be punished instead. But God was very sorry that none of the people He had made could come and be happy with Him, so His Son Jesus Christ, our King, became a Man, and came down on earth that He might be punished instead of us, so that we might be forgiven and allowed to come into Heaven. He bore all that for each of us, so that now if we believe in Him and try to please Him, we shall go to be with Him in Heaven when we die."

Lawrence was very far from guessing that his teaching had become "doctrinal." He had spoken out of the fulness of his own conviction, quickened into fresh life by the intensity of Wikkey's realisation of the facts he had heard. "It was good of Him—it was good," the child repeated again and again, with a world of love shining in his eyes, till, worn out with his emotion, he fell asleep, and was gently laid by Lawrence in his bed. But in the middle of the night sounds of stifled weeping aroused Lawrence.

"What is it, Wikkey boy?" he asked, groping his way to him. "Are you worse?"

"I didn't mean for to wake you; but I wish—I wish I hadn't boned them coppers off Jim; it makes me feel so bad when I think of the King saw me," and Wikkey buried his face in the kind arm which encircled him, in uncontrollable grief. It needed all Lawrence's assurances that the King saw his repentance, and had certainly forgiven—yes, and the prayer for pardon which the young man, blushing red-hot in the darkness at the unwonted effort, uttered in husky tones, with the child's thin hands clasped in his own—before Wikkey was sufficiently quieted to sleep again. Before going down to the office Lawrence wrote to his cousin—

"I can do no more; I have got beyond me. He loves Him more than ever I have done. Come and help us both."

So Reginald came on such evenings as he could spare, and Wikkey, no longer averse, listened as he told him of the Fatherhood of God, of the love of the Son, and of the ever-present Comforter; of creation, redemption and sanctification, and all the deep truths of the faith, receiving them with the belief that is born rather of love than of reason; for though the acuteness of the boy's questions and remarks often obliged Reginald to bring his own strong intellect to bear on them, they arose from no spirit of antagonism, but were the natural outcome of a thoughtful inquiring mind. Sometimes, however, Wikkey was too tired for talking, and could only lie still and listen while Lawrence and the curate conversed, the expression of his eyes, as they passed from one to another, showing that he understood far more than might have been expected. One evening, in the middle of March, after he had been carried up-stairs, the cousins sat talking over their charge.

"I have been considering about his baptism," Reginald said.

"His baptism! Do you think he hasn't been christened?"

"No, I don't think so," returned the other, thoughtfully. "I cannot bring myself to believe that we have been working on unconsecrated soil; but still we do not know. Of course I could baptise him hypothetically, but I should like to know the truth."

"Baptise him how?" Lawrence asked, with a frown of perplexity.

"Hypothetically. Don't be alarmed, it isn't a new fad of mine; it means baptising on the supposition that there has been no previous baptism, for you know our Church does not allow it to be done twice. I wonder if anything could be learnt by going down to the place named in the book."

"Cranbury! I looked in Bradshaw for it, and it seems to be a small place about an hour and a half from Euston station. I might find a day to run down, though I don't quite see when; and now if I were to find a heap of relations wanting the boy, I could not spare him now, you know."

"Scarcely likely. Wikkey has evidently never seen a relation for, say, ten years, or he would recollect it, and it is hardly probable that any one will be anxious to take a boy in his state whom they have not seen for ten years. Besides, he couldn't well be moved now."

"No, he couldn't; and I sincerely hope that no affectionate relatives will want to come and see him here; that would be a most awful nuisance. What do you think of a tearful grandmother haunting the place?"

"The idea is oppressive certainly, but I do not think you need fear it much, and you have established a pretty fair right to do as you like about the boy. Look here, Lawrence, supposing I were to run down to this place; I believe I could spare a day better than you, and a breath of fresh air would do me no harm."

"I shouldn't think it would," said Lawrence, looking at his cousin's pale face—all the paler for the stress of his winter's work. "Do, Reg; and for pity's sake, bring a root of some flower if you can find one; it is sickening to think of a child dying without ever having had such a thing in his hands."

"All right, then, I will go to-morrow; for," Reginald added gravely, "there is no time to be lost."

"I know there is not; I know it must come soon. Reg, I couldn't have believed I should have grown to care for the boy as I do."

"No, you have prepared a wrench for yourself, old fellow, but you will never be the worse for it, Lawrence. You know all about that better than I can preach it to you."

There was a silence, and then Lawrence said—

"Ought he to be told?"

"Well, that puzzles me; I feel as if he ought, and yet there can be no need to frighten the child. If it came naturally, it might be better for you to tell him gently."

"I?" exclaimed Lawrence, aghast.

"Yes, it must be you; he will take it better from you than from any one else; but wait and see, you will be shown what to do."

The result of the curate's mission to Cranbury was very satisfactory. On being directed to the solitary remaining inhabitants of the name of Wilkins, Reginald learnt that Sarah Wilkins had been the only daughter of his brother, that she had married a ne'er-do-well of the name of Whiston, who deserted her shortly before the birth of her child, that she had followed her husband to London as soon as she was able to travel, and after a while had been lost sight of by her family. The old man seemed but slightly interested in the matter, and Reginald saw that no interference need be feared from him. On further consulting the parish register, he found recorded the marriage of Thomas Whiston and Sarah Wilkins, and a year later, the baptism of Wilkins, son of Thomas and Sarah Whiston, in 1856.

"So, it is as I hoped, the child is one of the Flock," the curate said to himself. "And that mite of a boy is thirteen years old! and he returned to London triumphant, bringing with him, besides the information he went to seek, a root of primroses with yellow-tipped spikes ready to burst, and an early thrush's nest, containing five delicate blue eggs. This last treasure Reginald displayed with intense pride."

"I found a boy carrying it on the road, and rated the young rascal soundly for taking it, but I'm afraid the shilling I gave him made more impression than the lecture. Isn't it a beauty? I wonder when I last saw a nest? he went on, touching the eggs with loving fingers. "Hardly since our old bird-nesting days, eh, Lawrence! Do you remember the missel-thrush in the apple-tree?"

"Ay, and the licking you got for splitting your Sunday jacket up the back," and the two "working men" laughed at the recollection, as they carried the prize to display to Wikkey, with a comical anxiety, almost amounting to dread, lest it should not produce the effect they intended. No fear of that! Wikkey's eyes dilated as he gazed into the nest, and after some persuasion, took one of the smooth eggs into his hand; and from that moment he could not endure it out of his sight, but had it placed morning and evening beside his sofa or bed, near his other treasure, the Picture of the King, on the other side of which stood the priurose, planted in one of Mrs. Evans' tea-cups.

As the spring advanced, Wikkey became visibly worse, and all saw that the end could not be far off. Reginald, coming in one evening, found him asleep in Lawrence's arms, and was startled to see how great a change had taken place in him during the last four and twenty hours. In answer to his inquiring look, his cousin said, speaking very low—

"Since this morning, he is much worse; but better now than he was."

Sitting down, on the opposite side of the fire, Reginald thoughtfully contemplated the two. What a contrast! Lawrence, all health and strength, with the warm light glancing on the thick waves of his hair, and deepening the ruddy

brown of his complexion, while the glow scarcely served to tint the pale face lying on his breast—deadly white, save for the two red spots on the sunken cheeks—or the hair hanging in loose lank threads. For some time no one spoke, but as the boy's sleep continued sound and unbroken, the cousins fell into talk, low and subdued, and many things were touched on in that quiet hour, which neither could have put into words at another time. At length Reginald rose to go, and at the same moment Wikkey opened his eyes and smiled, as he saw his visitor, and tried to lift himself up.

"I'm awake now," he said; "I didn't know as you were here."

"Never mind, Wikkey, lie still," said Reginald, "you are too tired for any reading to-night. I will tell you one verse—a beautiful one—for you and Lawrence to talk about some day," and laying his hand on the boy's head he repeated in low, gentle tones—"Thine eyes shall see the King in His beauty."

After he was gone, Wikkey lay very still, with his eyes fixed intently on the fire. Lawrence dreaded what his next question might be, and at last it came.

"What does it mean—See the King?"

"It means that we shall all see Him some day, Wikkey, when—when—we die. It will be beautiful to see the King, won't it?"

"Yes," said the child, dreamily. "I'd like to see Him. I know as I'm going to die; but will it be soon? Oh, Lawrence! must it be directly?" and as he clung convulsively to him, the young man felt the little heart beating wildly.

"Wikkey—little lad—dear little lad—don't be frightened," he said, stroking the boy's head; "don't be frightened;" but still the eyes questioned him with agonized eagerness, and he knew he must answer, but his voice was very husky, and he felt the task a hard one.

"I'll tell you, Wikkey, I think the King loves you so much that He wants you to come to Him, and not to be ill any more, nor have any more bad pain or coughing. That would be nice, wouldn't it?—never to feel ill any more, and to see the King!"

"Yes," Wikkey said, with a long sigh, "it would be ever so nice; but, oh! I don't want to leave you, Lawrence—won't you come too?"

"Some day, please God; but that must be as the King likes—perhaps He will not want me to come yet. I must try to do anything He wants me to do here first."

"Should you like to come now, Lawrence?" The question was rather a relief, for a sense of being unreal had come over Lawrence while he spoke, and he answered quickly—

"No, I had rather not go yet, Wikkey; but you see I am well and strong. I think if I were ill, like you, I should like it; and you need not feel frightened, for the King will not leave you. He will be taking care of you all the time, and you will go to Him."

"Are you quite certain?"

No room for doubt here—and the answer came unhesitatingly—"Quite certain, Wikkey."

"And you are sure that you'll come too."

"I wish I were half as certain," the young man thought, with a sigh, then said aloud—"If I try to obey the King, I hope I shall."

"But you will try you will, Lawrence!" cried Wikkey, passionately.

Very quietly and low Lawrence answered—"By God's help—Yes!" and he bent and kissed the child's forehead, as if to seal the vow.

Wikkey seemed satisfied, and in a few minutes was dozing again. He slept for an hour after being put to bed, but then grew restless, and the night passed wearily between intervals of heavy oppression—half-unconscious wakefulness and rambling, incoherent talk, sometimes of his street-life, of his broom, for which he felt about with weak aimless hands, of cold and hunger; and then he would break out into murmuring complaints of Mrs. Skimmidge, when forbidden words would slip out, and even then the child's look of distress went to Lawrence's heart. But oftener the wandering talk was of the incidents of the last few weeks and over and over came the words—"See the King in His beauty."

In the morning Wikkey was quieter and perfectly sensible; but the pinched look on his face, and the heavy, laboured breathing, told plainly that he was sinking.

Hard as it had been for Lawrence to leave his "little lad," up to this time he had been scrupulous in never allowing Wikkey to interfere with his office duties, but now it seemed impossible to leave the child, who clung feebly to him with a frightened whisper—

"Oh, don't go, Lawrence! praps the King will want me, and may be I shouldn't be so frightened if I kept looking at you."

No, he could not go; so, writing a hurried line—"Cannot come to-day—the boy I told you of is dying—the work shall be ready in time," he despatched it to the head clerk in his department. "Granby's 'crazo'" had at first excited a good deal of astonishment when it became known at the office; but Lawrence had quietly discouraged any attempts at "chaff" on the subject, and as time went on he used to be greeted by really warm inquiries after "the little chap."

The hours passed slowly by. Reginald came and went as he could spare time; sometimes he prayed in such short and simple language as Wikkey could join in—and the expression of his face showed that he did so—sometimes he knelt in silence, praying earnestly for the departing soul, and for Lawrence in his mournful watch. As the day began to wane, Reginald

entering, saw that the end was near, and knelt to say the last prayers; as he finished, the pale March sun, struggling through the clouds, sent a shaft of soft light into the room, and touched Wikkey's closed eyes. They opened with a smile, and raising himself in Lawrence's arms, he leant forward with a look so eager and expectant, that with a thrill of awe, almost amounting to terror, the young man whispered—"What is it, Wikkey? Do you see anything?"

"Not yet—soon—it's coming!" the boy murmured, without altering his fixed gaze; and then for an instant a wondrous light seemed to break over the wan face—only for an instant—for suddenly as it had dawned, it faded out, and with it fled the little spirit, leaving only the frail worn-out form to fall back gently on Lawrence's breast.

Was he gone? Almost incredulously Lawrence looked down, and then, with pale, set features, he rose, and laying Wikkey on the bed, sank on his knees beside it, and buried his face in the pillow, with the sound of a great sob. Reginald approached the bed, and laying his hand for a moment on the bowed head, spoke low and solemnly—

"The blessing of a soul that was ready to perish come upon you, Lawrence."

Then he quitted the room, and closing the door softly, left Lawrence alone with his "little lad."

So Wikkey passed away, and Lawrence went back to his work, ever retaining deep down in his heart the memory of the child whose life had become so strangely interwoven with his own, and more precious still, the lesson bequeathed to him by his "little lad," of how a soul that looks persistently upward finds its full satisfaction at last in the vision of "The King in His Beauty."

THE END.

UNIVERSITY LIFE IN FRANCE, ENGLAND AND GERMANY,

By HUGO VON RADOWITZ, translated from the German for the "Canadian Illustrated News."

I. FRANCE.

The development and education of youth and especially of that portion of it which is destined eventually to stand at the head of the nation in accumulating and cultivating knowledge, and to lead it on the way to a higher culture forms a theme worthy of particular attention. It would be interesting then to cast a glance at the forms, in which the life of the students at the Universities—the nurseries of the highest culture—has, through the custom of long years, become moulded, and to consider the differences which exist between the students of the three principal nations of civilization, namely the French, the English and the German.

We begin with France, the country in which perhaps the disciplined organization and study of the arts and sciences (Wissenschaften) first took definite shape. For although the old faculty of law at Bologna, and that of medicine at Salerno, were, properly speaking, the oldest universities, yet their significance speedily declined, and as early as the eleventh century, the University of Paris took the lead of the whole civilized world in every department of knowledge. As at that time even more than nowadays, knowledge was regarded as something absolutely universal, so the inner organization of the University was founded on the nationalities of those studying there. In 1206 the University of Paris was divided into four nations, namely the Gauls, among whom the Italians, Spaniards, Greeks, and Orientals were reckoned—the Picardians, the Normans, and the English, with whom also the Germans and all the remaining nationalities of the north were classed. Each nation had its own statutes, its own Professor and a Proctor—the proctors chose the Rector and the students chose their teachers with perfect freedom. In 1219, Pope Honorius restricted this freedom of choice, in this respect, that only those *savants* should be eligible, as teachers of the University, who had received the necessary qualification from the Bishop. The Bishops now appointed commissions to examine the teachers in the separate branches of the sciences, and so arose the division into the Faculties of Science, which then took the official place hitherto occupied by the division according to nations. Each faculty received a Proctor or Dean, and these again chose the Rector. In the year 1259 the present division of the faculties, into those of theology, of medicine, and of law, was introduced at the University of Paris, and along with these existed a fourth faculty, that of the Liberal Arts, which later received the name of the Philosophical. With this independent, exclusive position of the old universities, it followed naturally that they, like the church, also granted dignities and degrees of their own. Of these the University of Paris had three, that of Baccalaureus, of Licentiate and of Magister. The Baccalaureus was of the lowest dignity, he was the assistant of the Magister, and every Magister had the right of nominating a Baccalaureus. The Licentiate received their degree, after an examination by the Deans of the Faculties, from the Bishop, and lastly the Magistri received the token of their dignity, a purple hat, after a public dissertation and promotion by the Rector of the University; they were confirmed by the chancellor, and free and unrestrained right of teaching in the University—later they assumed the title

of Doctor. The old title of Magister remained only for the faculty of the Liberal Arts, so that in this way the title of Magister, followed in rank, that of Doctor, but the former had in his own faculty the same right as the latter, under the supervision of the Rector. Along side the University were now founded, by small donations and legacies of individuals, so-called colleges, that is, institutions in which the students received board, lodging and also help in their studies. The oldest of these colleges was the Sorbonne which was founded under Louis IX. by his Chaplain, Robert de Sorbonne. In the most of these colleges there were free places (*freistellen*), and places for paying students—the free scholars were called Bursarii, and lecture-rooms were frequently found in these colleges, hence lectures are to this day called "Collegien." In addition to these students who were admitted either as free or as paying students, other so-called "travelling scholars" (*fahrende schuler*), also attended the lectures, a class streaming to and fro irregularly out of all nations, unwelcome visitors whom the authorities tried to check as much as possible. The Catholic Church soon founded, in addition to the University of Paris, other high schools, partly of exclusively theological nature; but the University of Paris continued to hold the chief scientific importance, and the great Revolution which everywhere levelled and centralized, simply swept away all the other Universities and left the Paris University remaining as the only high school for all France. Each department, however, received its academy and its separate faculties, which remained as Provincial Institutes under the Paris University. In 1870, the Provinces received permission to found free Universities, which under the recognition of the church, received the right of state examination and were of Catholic tendency, yet Paris has ever been the only University for all France, in the proper sense of the word. The Government indeed has thought of founding five great State Universities in France to oppose those Catholic Institutions which have gained great influence, but the plan has never been carried out. The Revolution of 1789 deprived the University of its peculiar organization and its own administration of justice (1), so that it now properly forms a great school existing under the divided recognition of the State and the church. As regards the life and position of students in Paris, one must carefully distinguish between the free students and the scholars of the colleges—the latter, corresponding perhaps to the "Primauer" of our "Gymnasium" and being often under very strict control, remain under domestic surveillance, and have in public life scarcely any significance. The free students, who come to Paris to prepare themselves for the state examination of the single faculties, have on the whole also, very little of the special peculiarities of German student life. In costume and manners they are like other life-loving (*lebhaftigen*) young fellows. Any *esprit de corps* is missing among them, and their only distinguishing characteristic, is this, that they lead a kind of careless gipsy life which forms a quite peculiar world of its own. They live almost all in the so-called *Quartier Latin*, Latin quarter, which lies immediately around the University, and gets its name from the learned world that gravitates toward that part of the city.

To the life of the students, stand in close relation the so-called *Grisettes*, a peculiarity of Paris, of which one can scarcely form an idea elsewhere. These *Grisettes* are young girls of the poorer classes of the people, who are early turned adrift to make their living by their own work; they are mostly sewing, knitting or flower girls, who form more or less lasting unions with the young students for purposes of domestic life and domestic economy (*zu gemeinsamen haben und gemeinsamer Wirtschaft*). We must not regard these *Grisettes* as frivolous wenches—by their own labour they earn their living honestly, and would accept no offer, however attractive, from any man, without their heart speaking for it. Their natural friends are the young students, whom they meet at the balls of the *Closerie des Lilas*, they form parties with them, and whenever a pair find a sympathy in each other, a marriage is celebrated in due form, in which nothing is wanting but the legal sanction and the priestly blessing. Friends celebrate a fête, and student and *Grisette* move into generally a small and modest dwelling, and set up housekeeping, the cost of which is mostly defrayed by *Grisette's* earnings, while the income of the student be it much or little, is spent on amusements. During the union *Grisette* remains unconditionally true to her friend, shares his good and bad days with him, nurses him when he is sick, fasts with him when the purse is empty and spends it with him when it is again full. If they become tired of, or have been deceived in, one another the union is dissolved, and this announced to their friends; after which each party is free to form a new alliance. This, however, seldom happens, these unions generally lasting till the student has finished his studies, when he returns home, becomes a lawyer, doctor or member of the society of his native town, and *Grisette* seeks another friend, till she at last also becomes old, and vanishes from the stage of the *Quartier Latin*—makes her living by letting rooms, becomes a box-keeper (*zimmersvermieterin*, *Logenschlieslerin*), or washerwoman, marries perhaps an honest workman

(1) The students of the German Universities have down to the beginning of this year, been exempt from all police interference, being amenable to the *Universitätsgericht*, before which alone a student can be tried or condemned for any misdemeanour. Trans.

who takes as little offence at her past, as if she had been an honest widow. These peculiar relations between students and *Grisettes*, which have found an often trivial description in some of Paul de Kock's romances, and a poetical and kindly (*genüthvolle*) "glorification" in the songs of Béranger, give a peculiar charm to the life of the French student; and however much one may object to such relations from a strictly moral point of view, it cannot be denied that they keep these young fellows from many injurious excesses, and awaken in them a certain love for home-life (*Hauslichkeit*). Many a doctor's or lawyer's wife, owes, perhaps, the good domestic qualities of her husband, to the little *Grisette* who once kept house with the young student under the Mansard roof.

With public life as a rule the Paris student has very little to do—he does not miss, to be sure, taking part in political squabbles and making occasional demonstrations, which are always on the side of the opposition and are often stormy enough, but having neither persistence nor definite leading principles, are for the most part mere boyish pranks. It will be remembered for example that the students of the *Quartier Latin*, which was naturally in opposition to the Empire, cried always instead of "Vive l'Empereur"—"Vive l'embar." The police were foolish enough to take this seriously, and for four weeks continuously the *Quartier Latin* rang with the cries: "Vive l'embar." During the Revolution two barricades were built there, and we have a very high-strung ode from the *Lion du Quartier Latin* whose roarings are to announce the dawn of freedom; but all the efforts of this lion have the nature rather of wanton cat springs than the majestic power of the king of the desert. The Paris student is on the whole, *raisonneur* and *blagueur* in political matters—his demonstrations are harmless and of no consequence, and he is especially wanting in that poetic, ideal element that distinguishes the German student, of whom we will treat later on.

(To be continued.)

THE CARAVAN.

(Translated from Théophile Gautier.)

Amid the world's Sahara, by the path
Of doleful years that no man can retrace,
The human Caravan toils slowly on,
Quenching its thirst with bloody sweat alone.
The lion roars—the tempest raves—and still
(No tower, or dome, or minaret in sight)
Forward the dim horizon seems to fly.
High o'er our heads the culture scents his prey—
His ghastly shadow is our only shade—
While on we stagger till our languid eyes
Fall on a far-off lonely spot of green,
A grove of cypress, dotted with white stones.

God in his mercy on the sands of Time
Hath dropped one oasis—the Cemetery.
Lie down poor, breathless pilgrims, sleep at last!
Montreal. G. E. MURRAY.

BRELOQUES POUR DAMES.

BUT few men can handle a hot lamp chimney and say there is no place like home at the same time.

MRS. BELL, wife of the bell-telephone man, is a mute; she, with her sisters, the Misses Hubbard, are among the beautiful women of Washington.

SOCIETY belles in Washington now affect the banjo, which they are learning to play. There are many costly ones with ebony handles and silver mountings.

An old bachelor said he once fell in love with a young lady, but abandoned the idea of marrying her, when he found that she and all her family were opposed to it.

"SEE that my grave's kept green," he warbled under the window of his fair one's domicile, one pleasant night. "I'll tend to the grave business, young man," shouted her enraged parental ancestor, as he poked an old musket out of the second-story window. No more concert that evening.

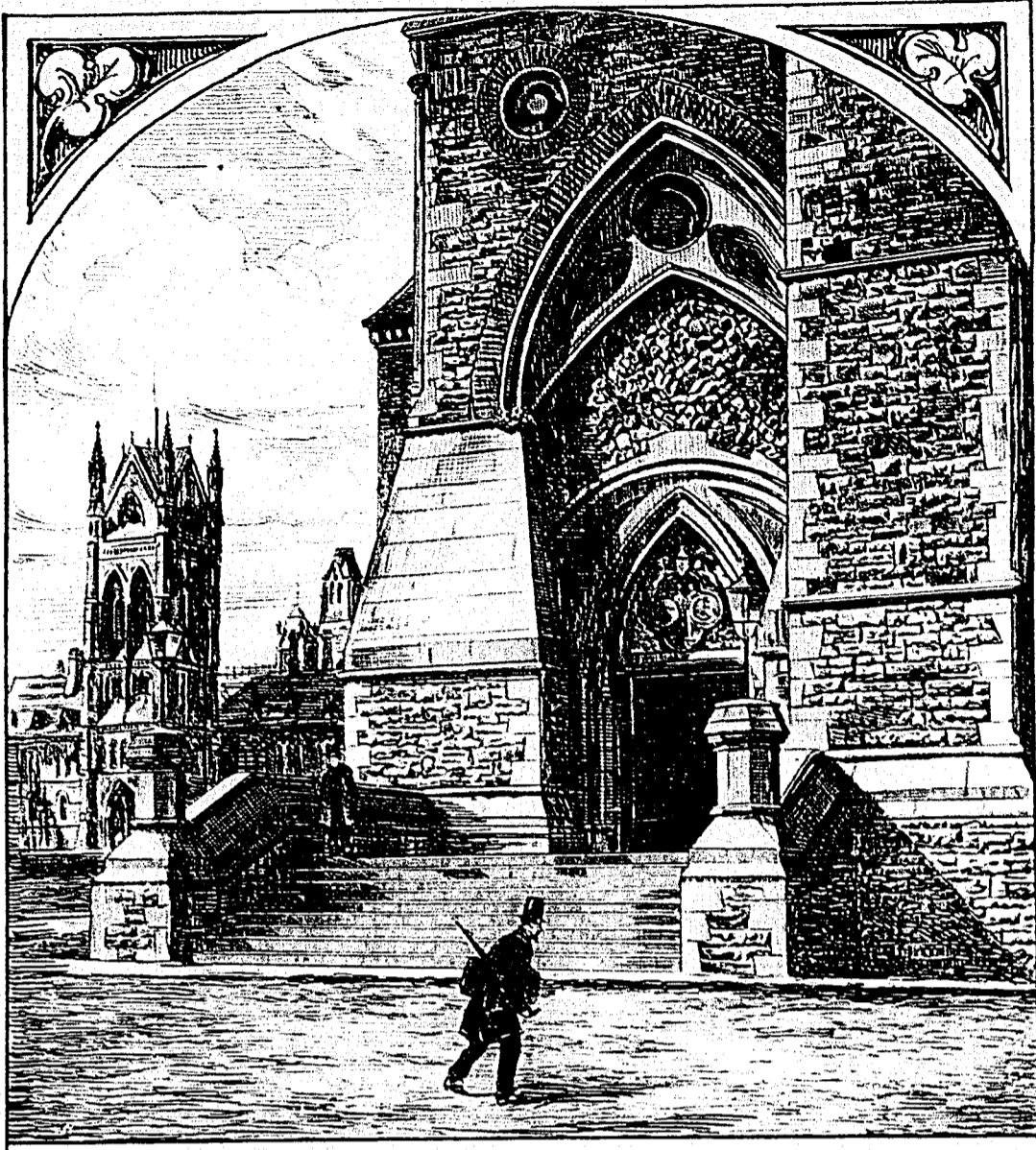
A BRIGHT little boy of ten, animated by a desire to "help mother," wrote as follows in reply to an advertisement for a boy: "Please to call at No. — street, or I shall call where you keep if you take me please to write and tell me where it is or call either one."

No More Hard Times.

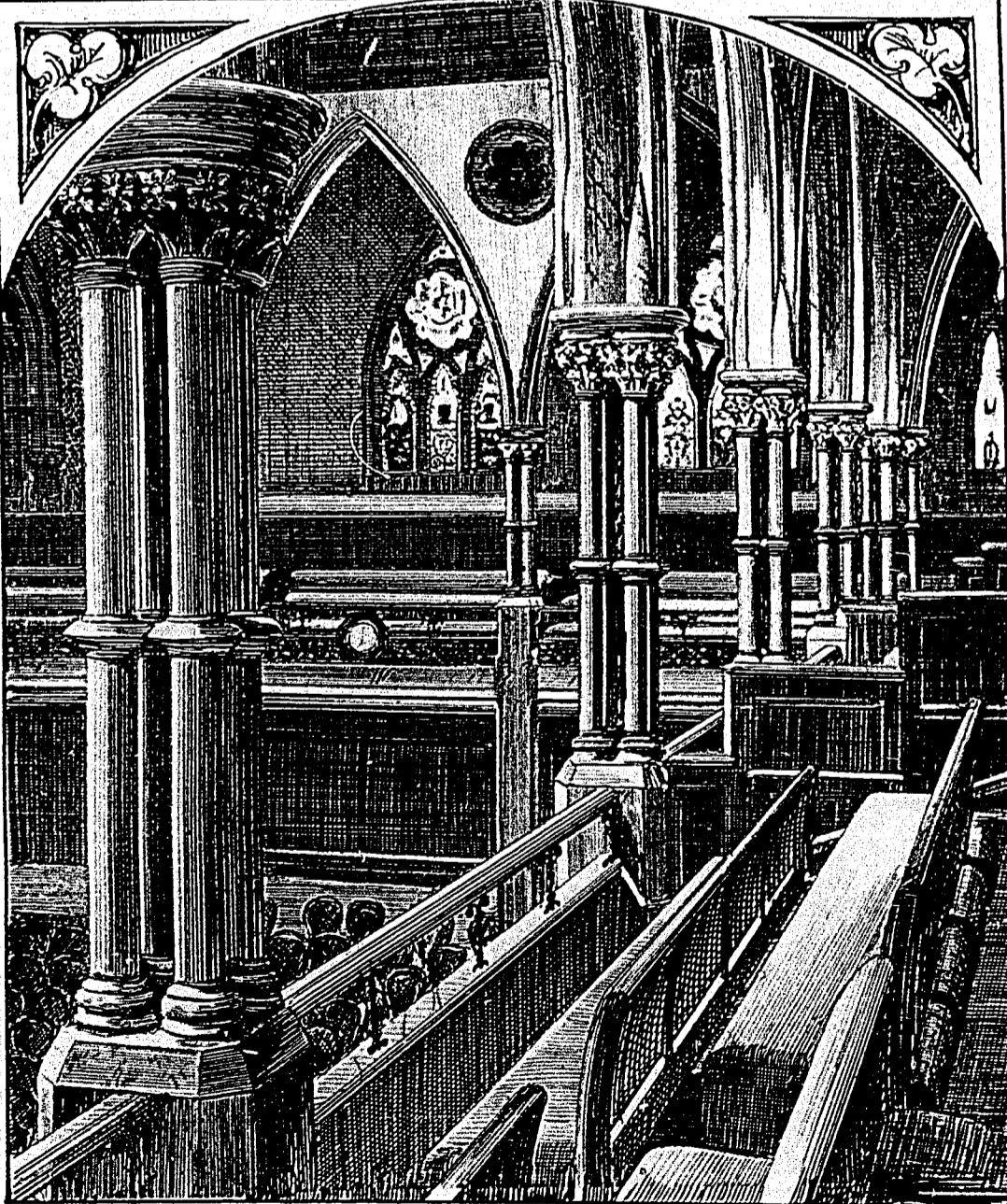
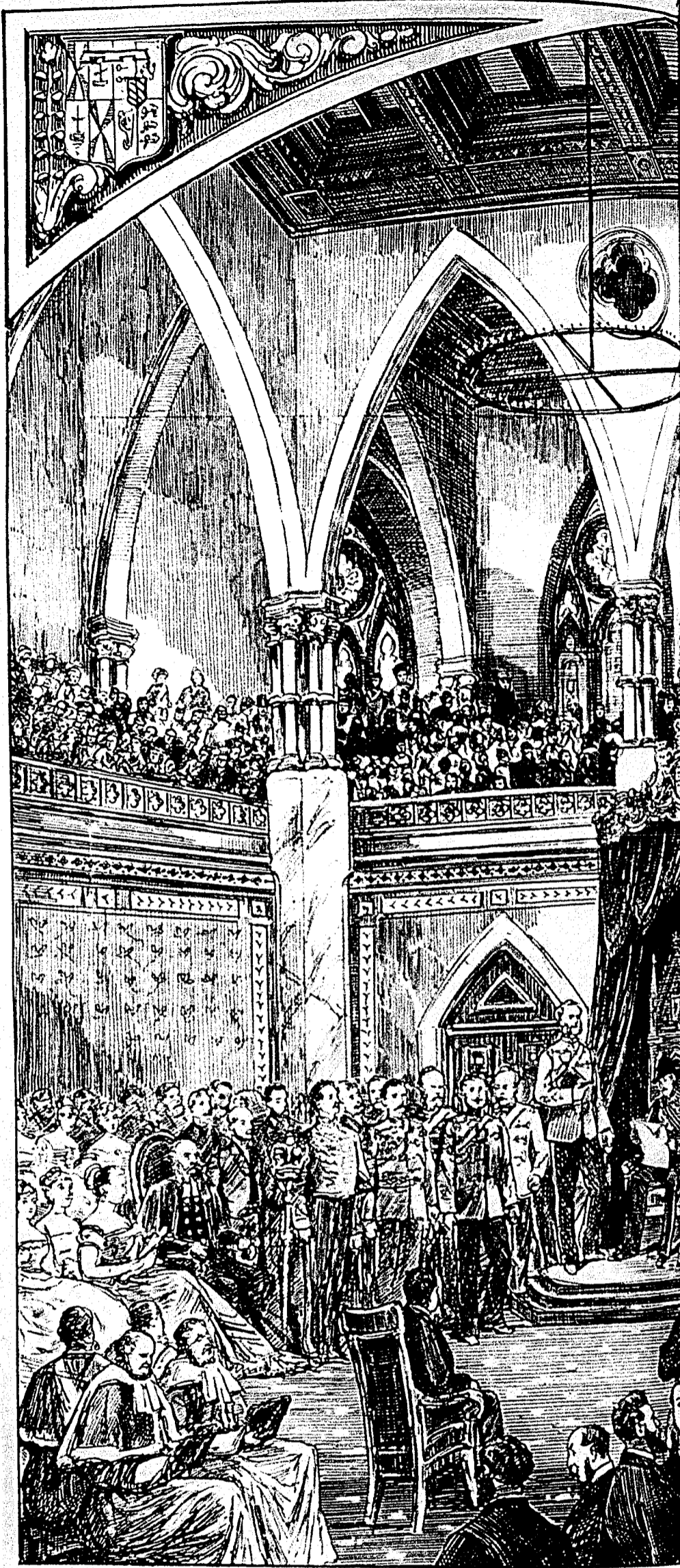
If you will stop spending so much on fine clothes, rich food and style, buy good, healthy food, cheaper and better clothing; get more real and substantial things of life every way, and especially stop the foolish habit of employing expensive, quack doctors or using so much of the vile humbug medicine that does you only harm, but put your trust in that simple, pure remedy, Hop Bitters; that cures always at a trifling cost, and you will see good times and have good health. See another column.

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 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. SERRAE, 149 Powers' Block, Rochester, N. Y. e-2-v.

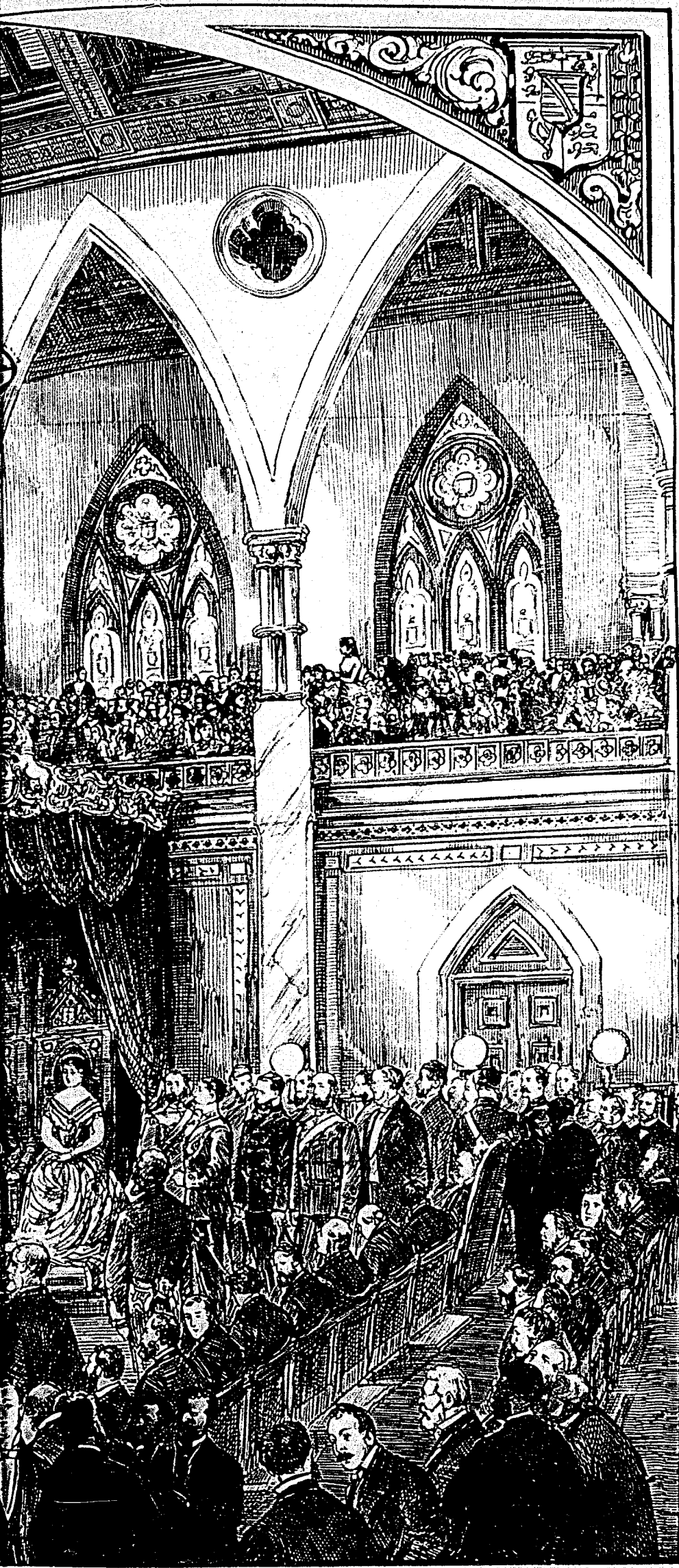


EAST WING OF PARLIAMENT BUILDINGS.

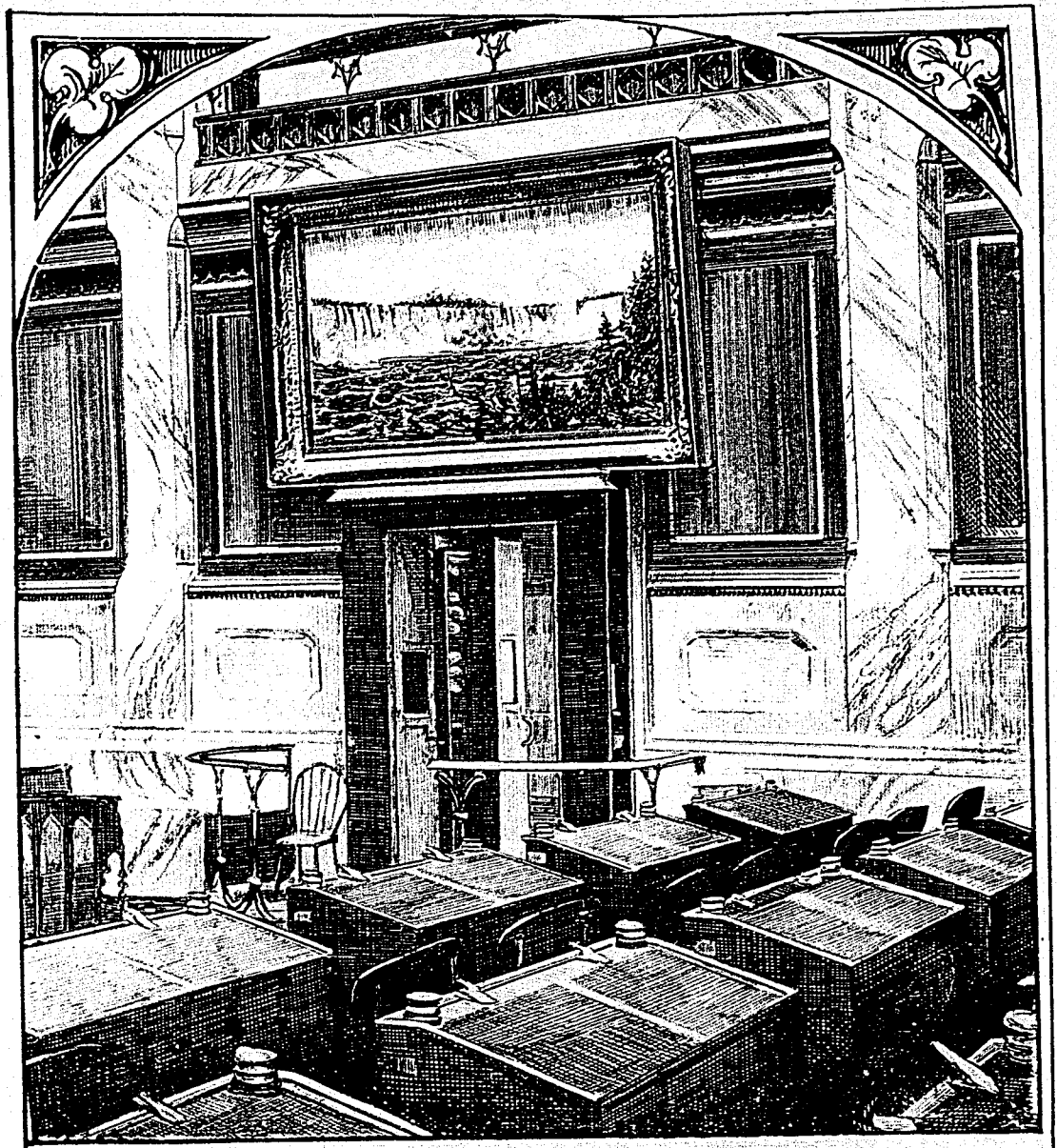


THE HOUSE OF COMMONS FROM THE SENATORS, GALLERY.

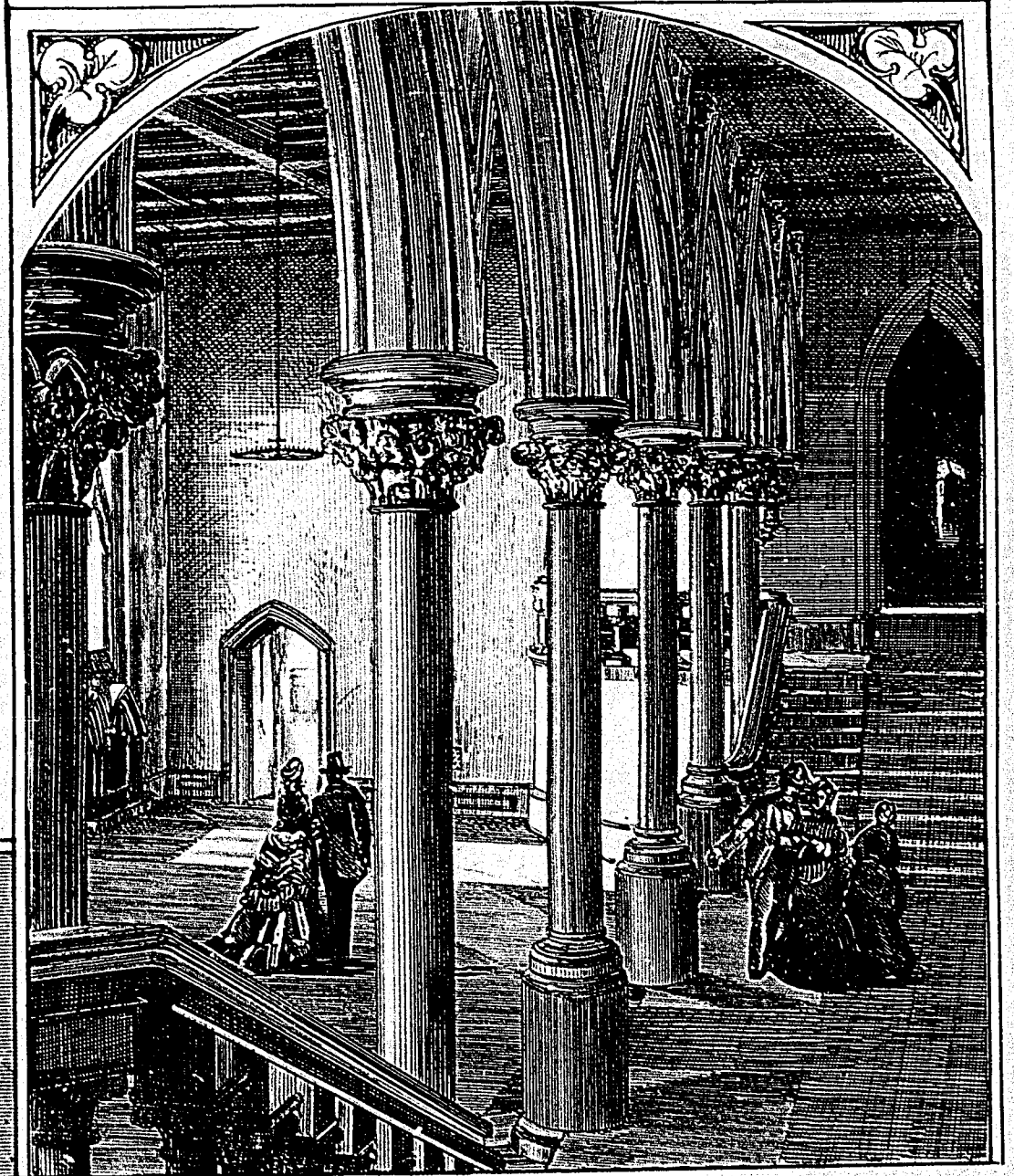
OPENING OF THE 10TH



MINION PARLIAMENT



INTERIOR OF THE HOUSE OF COMMONS.



VESTIBULE OF PARLIAMENT BUILDINGS.

(Copyright secured. All rights reserved.)

CLARA CHILLINGTON;

OR,
THE PRIDE OF THE CLIFF.

A STORY OF ONE HUNDRED YEARS AGO.

BY

THE REVEREND JAMES LANGHORNE BOXER,

Rector of La Porte, Ind., U. S., and formerly co-Editor with Charles Dickens of *All the Year Round*.

EDITED BY THE

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

CHAPTER XV.

THE SUNDAY OUT.

What mankind consider to be their right they delight to conserve, however simple it may be, and until by length of years it becomes surrounded with such sanctity as to defy every attempt to remove it. The human race are conservative, each one being in earnest to conserve his own interest, and whether in politics, or social life, that conservatism will prevail which can command the greatest strength. Every section of mankind demands liberty when it feels the weight of oppression on its class, and when that privilege is obtained will conserve it to its own interests regardless that others may become subjugated to the lowest level by the possession it rejoices in. It is far too common for every class to fix the stigma of oppressor to such as deny their desires, and then to become forgetful of the wants of others when its own demands are satisfied.

Old Alice was a conservative, a stout defender of the rights and privileges of her class, and prepared to encounter any amount of risk in maintaining them. On entering the Priory as the maid of Lady Chillington, it had been stipulated, for the sake of retaining her faithful services, that every alternate Sunday should be at her own command; and in addition to this, that the groom should drive her to, and fetch her from Folkstone, should she desire it. By some persons this might have appeared a severe clause in an agreement between mistress and servant, but the faithful services of Alice were of far greater value to Lady Chillington than the small privilege she requested in return. Alice was not simply a servant. She was a humble yet faithful friend, one who would have kept the secrets of her mistress amidst the tortures of the rack, or have guarded her life from danger at the risk of her own. Faithful obedience to her superiors formed part of the religion of Alice, and she possessed a quaint notion, yet certainly a happy one in its practical character, that the doings of mortals on the earth are noted in the remembrance book of Heaven.

Being such a conservative, on the morning of the Sunday out, and immediately after breakfast, Alice prepared to enjoy her privilege; and whatever were the personal feelings of the groom upon the subject, it formed part of the duty of his situation to attend to her bidding for that day. An old world being was this servant, one who thought it right to be in her seat in church, and preparing for worship, before the service commenced. She also possessed a notion that every person should go to heaven from their own parish; and her intellect never expanded sufficiently to lead her to think that it might not be possible for all to live their entire life within an easy distance of their parish church. This peculiar idea of Alice that every one should start for a better land from the place of one's birth, kept her in constant attendance at her own parish church, and never was she known to enter any other.

The companion of Alice from childhood, was the Samphire Cottage house-keeper, old Betty; and on her day of privilege was always visited by the former. When that residence became the home of the latter, Alice was a constant visitor there. This habit of the old servant from the Priory drew toward herself the attention of Jacob Winter. He had received an intimation of the position she held in the family of Chillington, and knowing that at home she lived in ease and comparative luxury, he could not but admire that friendship, which led her to be so faithful in her visits to the companion of her girlhood, who only occupied a kitchen. But the sacredness of friendship was more to Alice, than was the place where the friends should meet. One Sunday, therefore, when, according to custom, Alice had been to church, and was about to call on her friend, having to pass the parlour window that she might reach the kitchen, Jacob Winter caught sight of her. Standing there, as she approached there was something in her aspect which arrested his attention, and forcibly impressed his mind that years ago he had seen that face somewhere, and under very different circumstances. When, and how long since, he could not determine.

For an ordinary person to receive the impression that the face of an old acquaintance appeared to him which for years he had lost sight of, would doubtless have led to a proper and straightforward method to ascertain if the impression were correct. But Jacob Winter was not an ordinary person; and the course his erratic mind might suggest he should pursue defied all calculation. From thinking over the subject he became desirous of knowing more of Alice; but instead of making enquiries of such

as could inform him on the narrative of her life, he fell to soliloquizing.

"Dash my wig and buttons!" began the old man, such an expletive being with him a common prelude to the expression of any surprising thought, or surcharged feeling. "I know I have seen that face somewhere, and many years ago, too. What a nuisance it is not to have a head big enough to retain all one wishes to remember! It is strange, that what I wish to preserve is sure to run away from me; but the veriest rubbish sticks to me in such a manner that there is no getting rid of it. Throw gold into the water and it will sink to the bottom, giving one a job to fish it up again, but sticks and straws float upon the surface. Phew! Jacob, is that your own? I verily believe I am cutting my wisdom teeth at last; its the cleverest thing I ever thought of, and I begin to think were I to cultivate wise sayings I should soon produce a fine crop. Well, no matter, I've seen that face somewhere, and I'll see it again too, or my name isn't Jacob Winter. Let me see, how can it be done? For me to go into the kitchen would be the signal for Betty to pack up her traps and be off, and I don't wish that. Indeed, when captain of my ship at sea I should as soon thought of going for ard beyond the mainmast, as of peeping into that kitchen. It would be contrary to all laws of right and wrong on such subjects, and would be sinning without the hope of sanctuary. Put on your considering cap, Jacob. They do say that if a man stands back to the fire and places the forefingers of his right hand up by the left side of his nose, and keeps his eyes staring without winking for three minutes, that he can then think of what he likes. It may not be true, but here goes to try it."

Placing himself in that somewhat ludicrous posture, the old man stared wildly across the room to keep him from winking, and at the end of three minutes shouted with a strength of voice which penetrated to the kitchen.

"What is that noise?" said old Alice, as she started from her seat.

"It's only Jacob Winter a-foolin' about," replied the old housekeeper; "he very often hollers like that, and when I go and ask him what's the matter, he larfs in my face and says I've bin dreamin'."

"What a strange person!" said Alice.

That shout of Uncle Jacob was the result of a plan grotesque, and absurd, which had entered his curiously constructed brain. Having devised a scheme he fell to admiring it, and exclaimed,

"What a capital plan! I've been suffering for months from it on a Sunday afternoon, and never could make the feeling out until this minute. It is lonely to have every meal by one self, Sunday and all. Still I don't like the idea of the steward coming into the cabin to meals, yet a little table with one's housekeeper is better than perpetual silence. But it isn't old Betty I wish to talk with, it is the other; and they say she is like a mistress at the Priory. Yet I cannot have one without the other, it wouldn't look well. To get at the fruit there must be the disagreeable task of climbing the tree. What! another wise saying! I really believe I am about to have a fever, and die. I never was so wise in my life as now; and they say if nature is permitted to have her own way, that a man always gets wiser and better before he dies. A fever! That's the best idea yet. This will bring them both in, one to sympathize with me, and the other to nurse me. I'll be going to have a fever;" and in a minute the old man seized the handle of the bell.

"Betty," began Uncle Jacob, drawing a long face as his servant appeared, "I feel so lonely and dull, that I believe I am going to have a fever."

"Lawks! master, I hope ye ain't, though." "I fear I am, Betty," and Uncle Jacob pulled such a long face, and put on such a sickly aspect, as positively to frighten his old house-keeper.

"Shall I get you some cam'ile tea and while I am gettin' it do you put your feet in warm water, and I'll air you a clean night-cap, and do you get to bed."

"No; don't do that. I feel so dull, and lonely, as though I wanted company."

"Shall I send for that young Freeman?" This manner of speaking was a kind of revenge she took on him for the esteem in which he was held by the old man.

"I think not; but suppose you bring in the tea, and you and your friend come in also; a cup of tea, and muffins, and company, may do me good."

"I never come into the parlour to tea, master; and I think servants should keep their places. It doesn't look well to see servants taken too much notice on."

"You are a very modest and proper person, Betty; and you'll not come into the parlour this afternoon as a servant, not even as a house-keeper, but as a nurse."

On calling her a nurse the old woman became flattered; and as Uncle Jacob drew his face down to an enormous length, and turned up the whites of his eyes, the scruples of Betty became subdued, and as she left the room she remarked, "Nurses I know has their perkiges"—perquisites.

"Get the tea quickly," fell on her ear as she left the room.

Betty hastened into the kitchen with the exciting news that Jacob Winter was going to have a fever. This intelligence instantly aroused old Alice to sympathy, and she advised that at once the physician should be sent for, and the clergyman to read the prayers for the sick.

"But he ain't sick yet," returned Betty; "he only thinks he shall be."

"Still it would be better to stop it before it comes, and prayers and physic work wonders."

"I dessay they do, and I advised him to take some cam'ile tea, and to get to bed; but ye can't move Jacob Winter when once he is set on anything. He is going to have his tea, and wishes you and me to come into the parlour for the sake of company."

"I shall not like to go," replied Alice.

"Why not! He is only a purse gentman; he ain't one of your reglar sort; he saved a lot of money out in the Injies, and now has come to be called a gentman."

Being over-persuaded, as Alice termed it, she was prevailed on to enter the parlour, under the feeling that she was an improvised nurse, and to offer her counsel to the patient on the best means for promoting convalescence.

"Your servant, sir," she said, dropping a low courtesy as she entered the apartment. "I am sorry to hear that you are likely to have a fever."

"Thank you, I hope I shall not; still I feel—" at this point the old man was seized with a pretended fit of coughing, and again elongated his countenance as though in the hope of escaping chastisement for telling a palpable falsehood through cheating his conscience by this pantomimic act. "Sit down, Alice," he continued, when his performance was over; and in obedience to the invitation she seated herself opposite to him. While looking into the face of Alice, Uncle Jacob became more thoroughly convinced that they had met at some time.

During that social meal, tea, Jacob Winter became well pleased with the modesty and good sense of his guest, and before the table was cleared all thought of an approaching fever had become banished from his mind. Inwardly he chuckled over the case he had practiced, and before two hours had passed away, the little party in the parlour at Samphire Cottage had become quite familiar.

It was with the assiduity of a deep interest, that during the visit of Alice, the old man strove to find out the pedigree of his guest; but, as with himself, her life, beyond a certain point was a blank. Before the time she went to service, which was at a very childish age, she had but a feeble and indistinct recollection of anything which had occurred; and since then, a life containing fewer incidents could hardly be imagined. Her home had been with the mother of Clara before she was married, and when that event took place she was removed with her mistress to the Priory. The fact of the obscurity of her parentage being so like his own, made her an object of increased interest with her entertainer, and there rushed into his whimsical brain a thought he feared to give expression to.

"It's strange!" muttered Uncle Jacob as he poked the fire, and this remark, borne to the surface on the wings of a sigh, being understood by his guest to refer to a renewed sensation of sickness creeping over him, she prescribed for him innumerable remedies. From that day those two became fast friends, and every alternate Sunday found her the guest of the old captain; while on Christmas Eve, be the weather what it might, he made a pilgrimage to the Priory with a present for Alice.

CHAPTER XVI.

ALICE GIVES THE NOTE OF ALARM.

The snow which had begun to fall on that Christmas Eve Jacob Winter brought the snuff-box to Alice, increased in density until it lay so thick on the ground as to stop all traffic but such as was conducted by pedestrians. This fact was, as a matter of course, an annoyance to many, and among the rest old Alice and Jacob. The state of the weather had kept the former at the Priory on one of the days of privilege, and as the latter had learned to consider her coming as forming a break in the monotony of his being, her absence produced anything but agreeable reflections in the mind of the old man on the subject of frost and snow. Moreover, Alice was also anxious to see Uncle Jacob, as a subject affecting the happiness of them both was resting on her mind.

To remain absent from Samphire Cottage when another day of privilege came round, although the snow should still lie thick and the frost retain its intensity, Alice felt would be impossible. Indeed, with the knowledge she possessed, she believed it to be her duty to visit Uncle Jacob, and, having conceived this idea, although the weather was still rigorous, she had determined

on going the next morning. Such being her resolve, the groom received orders on Saturday to prepare for the journey.

"I think things is a comin' to suffin," muttered that servant of horses when he received his orders from the kitchen. "One misaus is enough, surely; and old 'Jack' has his frost-nails worn down with goin' to the mill yesterday. To go down Dover Hill with such a frost will be as bad as drivin' down a church steeple as is covered with grease. The hoss'll be sure to fall down and kill us both, I know it will; and I hope it may, for nobody can have no peace in this ere world nowhere."

"You'd better not let him fall down unless he does kill you," replied the stable-boy, who had listened to the speech of his superior; "for if anything happens to Alice through ~~fallin'~~ you'll ketch it."

"You shut up; what is it to do with you!" "I sha'n't shut up, neither, for my lady would rather anything should happen to herself than to Alice."

"You've got too much lip by half," replied the now exasperated groom as he made a lunge at the boy in the hope of hitting him, but was dexterously avoided by the lad stepping on one side, and thus taking to his heels. Not being able to wreak his vengeance on his underling, the man in ill-humour set to work to prepare the vehicle for a journey to Folkstone.

That winter morning opened clear, yet cold; the roads were crisp from the severity of the frost, and the bracing air having removed the transient feeling of anger from the mind of the groom, he quickly landed Alice at Samphire Cottage, and without breaking her neck. Uncle Jacob was awaiting the arrival of his friend, and received her with a hearty welcome.

Charles Freeman was known to Alice as being the protégé of Uncle Jacob, and the fact was known to them both that an acquaintance existed between him and Clara. This was a matter of rejoicing to them, who fondly hoped that something more than a mere formal friendship would result from the correspondence. This fact also set them both to watch narrowly for anything which might appear to threaten the happiness of the young people.

The cause of the sorrow of Clara on Christmas Eve being known to her old servant, on returning from church she imparted to Uncle Jacob in confidence the unhappy dispute between Sir Harry and his daughter. Lest this conduct should be considered a breach of faithfulness on the part of the old servant, it must be remembered that the happiness of Clara was a matter of the deepest interest to these two old persons, and that they both considered Sir Harry as being a common foe, the enemy of those they loved.

"So he doesn't get reconciled to Charles Freeman entertaining an affection for his daughter!" enquired Uncle Jacob.

"I don't know that he does regard her with affection."

"Well, if he don't he's a fool, that's all; but my belief is that he does."

"My lady hasn't told me so much."

"No, of course not; she has only told you a little, and left it to your woman's wits to decide on the rest. So he prides himself on his birth and money; it maybe that somebody else has as much money as he, and as to his birth, that is only an accident."

"You will not say anything about it, will you?"

"No, Alice, trust me for that; but I should like to talk to Sir Harry on the subject, for, big as he is, I should not be afraid of him."

"Don't for ever so; for should he but think you knew anything of it, very likely he would get somebody to do you a serious harm, and then where could I go to on a Sunday?"

"That's a consideration, certainly. Still I don't like to hold my tongue through the fear of such a villain."

"But you will for my sake, and for the sake of Clara."

"I suppose I must," he replied; and while thinking of the low opinion in which the baronet held his young friend, he became as red in the face as a turkeycock from very rage. "The proud villain," he continued; "the whole of his body is not worth an inch of Charles Freeman's little finger. What a pity such a beautiful girl should be compelled to endure the misery of calling such a man her father!"

"You would say so did you know all. What I have seen at the Priory would fetch tears from a stone."

"Tell me something of it," said the old man, as he poked the coals in the grate; and as these two old persons sat down in front of a blazing fire in the snug little parlour of Samphire Cottage, both of them having their hearts filled with solicitude and affection for those whom the baronet neglected and hated, Alice commenced:

"In the first place, Sir Harry never had any affection for his wife, beautiful and good though she was. Indeed, he had no wish to be married, and the fact of being forced into it did but increase his hatred toward his wife. He loved her money, but he hated her person. Never after Clara was born do I remember him speaking a kind word to her; he studied to annoy her, and was continually upbraiding her with her low origin. This conduct, but for her child, would soon have brought her to the grave. Her sensitive and kind nature shrank in horror and disgust from such cruel treatment, and she would have gladly died. But her child; how could she leave Clara with such a man! This thought alone held her to life, and she struggled to live until her child

should become old enough to know her position and to receive her counsel. For sixteen years she fought with death, secretly longing to die and yet struggling to live for the sake of Clara. It was a pitiable sight to behold her life ebbing so slowly, and to hear the manner she elung to it made the subject of cruel remark by her husband. He longed to see her die, or to know that she was dead, and, but with all his bluster he is a coward at heart, I do believe from his hatred to her, he would have finished the delay with his own hands. To have taken away her life by a direct act would have exposed him to the lash of the law, and, therefore, he preferred killing her in a manner the law does not recognize.

"The villain!" burst forth the old man. "I wish I was captain of a man-o'-war, and had him lashed to the grating, I'd teach him better manners."

"You wouldn't, Uncle Jacob; it's bred in the bone."

"Bone, or no bone, I'd cut it out of him."

"You don't know the man."

"Was he with Lady Chillington when she died?"

"No; two days before her death she sent for him, and he returned an abusive answer, but did not come, and on the day my lady died he was attending a cock-fight in the parish."

"Worse and worse!" exclaimed the old man.

"A few hours before my mistress died she sent for Clara, and when the child who, being weary with watching by her bedside had gone to seek a little rest, made her appearance, she drew her toward her, and wept as though she would cry herself to death. 'My dear little one,' she exclaimed through her convulsive sobs, 'for your sake I have struggled to live until my strength is now exhausted, and I feel that I must die. It is agony for me to declare the fact, but you have a father who cares neither for you nor me. You are old enough to see that what I tell you is true. My darling, you have wealth and lands as your inheritance, but you have not what is dearer than them all, a sympathizing hand to wipe away the tear of sorrow from your eye, nor a compassionate spirit to hush to rest the sighs of your agitated mind. Oh! my child, may He who has sustained me in life thus long, in pity to a mother's prayers, prove Himself to be your friend. The cause of my wretchedness lies in my unhappy marriage with Sir Harry. Yet it was never my wish to be Lady Chillington; my ambition was to obtain happiness, not title, but I became the victim of the greed of his father, and of the pride of my own, who lived to repent his folly. The cruelty of your father toward me, for such I can only term his conduct, I can freely forgive, nor do I mention it to you but that you should take warning by my condition. Clara, when I am gone, Sir Harry will seek for you a husband within his own circle, and should the selection be such as you can love, obey his wishes; but, should it not be, I charge you as you will regard the memory and blessing of a dead mother, and as you value your own happiness, to resist all overtures from such a source. I, a dying mother, counsel you to disobey parental authority rather than, as I have done, spend a life of perpetual misery. My child, now farewell until we meet in heaven."

"Having blessed and warned Clara, she then took me by the hand and said: 'Alice, you have been a faithful friend to me; I call you friend, for such I have always considered you, and such you have proved yourself to be. Will you be the same to Clara when I am gone? While life remains to you will you be her sympathiser, her comforter, her friend? I entreat you not to leave her, but to share with her the sorrows of her young life, as you have done with me.'

"My lady," I replied, "I never will leave the darling."

"Thank God!" she exclaimed; "now I can die happy. She will have at least one friend; for were you to leave her, excluded as she has been from seeking friendship abroad by the sternness and severity of the baronet, her condition would truly be lonely."

"Having made this promise to my mistress, she drew me toward her, and then, as though she had been my sister, kissed me in earnest affection. Her lips were already chilled by the power of death, and, as they touched mine, their icy coldness sent a shudder through my frame. Having kissed me, she took the hand of Clara, and placing it in mine, held them both within her own, then falling backward, with a gentle sigh her soul floated away to rest."

"I'm glad she's dead," replied Uncle Jacob. "I couldn't have stood much more of it, upon my word I couldn't."

"Glad she's dead!"

"No, I'm not glad she's dead; I'm only glad that you've killed her."

"Goodness, gracious me! I killed her! Oh, shocking!"

"No, no, you didn't kill her, Alice; I don't believe you'd do such a thing—I don't, indeed, only you've got rid of her at last, and if you hadn't I should have smashed the windows with the poker; I should really, for my eyes are so very weak."

Alice saw from the manner in which he paced the room during the recital of the narrative how agitated were his feelings, and that the sufferings of Lady Chillington had so excited them to tumult as to render it impossible for him to express his ideas more clearly. This led to a change in the conversation.

"We must keep a good look-out, Alice," said Uncle Jacob, when his excited feelings had become somewhat subdued, "for Sir Harry, being

so bitterly opposed to Charles Freeman, he will not care what means he employs that he may avenge himself on him."

"That is true, and I shall now live with my eyes and ears open."

Having expressed her intention to watch closely the doings of the baronet, the two sat down to arrange a plan of communication that might be employed quickly, and for the purpose of overturning any plot which might appear, but when in the midst of their work the carriage drove up to Samphire Cottage, and Alice was compelled to take leave of her friend.

"Good-bye," said Uncle Jacob, as he closed the carriage door; "and don't forget that we must keep a good look-out ahead."

(To be continued.)

ADELE'S VALENTINES.

A MONTREAL ROMANCE.

BY W. S. HUMPHREYS.

IV.

Arthur Hastwell was early astir the next morning, and having made all necessary preparations, hurried to the Bonaventure station, reaching that place just in time to catch the 4 o'clock train for the States.

Having secured a comfortable seat in the car, he glanced round in quest of any familiar face, when, sitting on the opposite side to him, he recognized Robert Fortescue.

The recognition was mutual, and Robert crossed over to a vacant seat beside Arthur, and after greetings were over, the latter said:

"Going to the States, Mr. Fortescue?"

"I don't care where I go so long as I get away from Montreal," answered Robert.

"Why, what is the matter?"

"Well, I may as well tell you, I suppose. You appear to be a good fellow, Hastwell, and as we are to be fellow travellers, perhaps, it will ease my mind if I tell you all. As you may be aware, it has been my father's dearest wish that I should marry Adele Seymour."

Arthur started at the name, but managed to hide his confusion from his companion, who went on:

"Well, I considered it a settled thing that we should marry some time. I paid my court to her, treating her more as my fiancée than I had any right to do, for there was no formal betrothal existing between us. I liked the girl well enough, and was willing to make her my wife at some future day. But for some time Adele's manner to me has changed—she seemed to be slipping gradually from me; even the sort of sisterly toleration she used to entertain toward me vanished, and I felt that my very presence was distasteful to her. And while I saw her slipping from my grasp, my love for her grew deeper and deeper, until it became the one absorbing passion of my life. I became restless and moody. My old haunts and old companions had no charm for me as heretofore, and I determined to see her and know my fate. Yesterday was St. Valentine's day, and I sent her the most expensive valentine I could find in Henderson's, together with a note, offering my hand, and telling her that I would call in the evening for an answer. After dinner last night, if you remember, I excused myself, and hastened to her residence. I was admitted and ushered into the parlor, when the first thing my eye lighted on was my valentine lying on the table unopened. Then I knew the worst, and would have fled the house, but the door opened and Adele stood before me. I fell on my knees at her feet, and poured out my whole heart's secret, scarcely knowing what I said or did. Her voice recalled me to my senses. She spoke kindly, bidding me rise, telling me how sorry she felt at having to refuse me, but that her heart had already been given to another. I pleaded and urged, but to no effect, and finally, realizing all I had lost, I hurried out of the house, forgetting even to say good-bye. I wandered about the streets, all night, neither knowing nor caring what became of me. But towards morning I grew calmer, and resolved what I would do. I would go to New York and take the first steamer to Europe and try in a strange land to forget my disappointment. I saw my father this morning and told him all. He approved of my resolution, placed unlimited funds at my disposal and gave me his blessing. So, here I am on the first stage of my journey."

"Poor fellow," said Arthur. "I pity you with my whole heart," and he thought within himself how kind and considerate it was of Adele to tell him nothing of this at their last meeting, that not a blot should mar their happiness.

"What I most regret," said Robert, after a pause, "is that I did not ask for the name of my successful rival. I bear him no ill will. I only hope that he will make her as happy as I would have tried to do."

"I know the man," cried Arthur, "and as you have made me your confidant, I think it but just that you should know my story," and in hurried tones he told Robert how he first met Adele, how they grew to love one another, how they pledged their troth.

Robert's face flushed with anger and for some moments he could hardly control his passion, but his better nature triumphed, and finally, holding out his hand, he said:

"I cannot reproach you. You have won in the race. While I was throwing away the best years of my life in dissipation, you have gone steadily on, and have got your reward."

The young men shook hands—a hand-shake that was a pledge of life-long friendship—a hand-shake that proved the turning-point in Robert's career, for while the two were in company, Robert learned many lessons from his companion—lessons that he never forgot. He resolved to have some aim in life, give up his old companions, devote himself to some honourable pursuit, and he hoped to find peace.

Before they separated for the night Arthur had told Robert the object of his journey, the latter promising to wait over at B— to see if he could be of any assistance to the former in the liberation of Adele's mother.

The train reached B— at 10 o'clock the following morning, the two friends leaving arm-in-arm. Directing their steps to the nearest hotel, they enjoyed a hearty breakfast, the first meal Robert had eaten since his refusal by Adele, after which, ascertaining that the asylum was on the outskirts of the town, they bent their steps in that direction.

They had no difficulty in finding the institution, which bore a prison-like appearance, being built of grey stone, and nearly all the windows having iron bars.

The young men walked boldly up the pathway leading to the door, and Arthur lifted the heavy iron knocker and gave a sounding rap.

The door was soon opened and a gruff voice demanded the business of the young men.

"Can I see Jacob Holstein, one of your keepers?" asked Arthur.

"That is Jacob out in the garden there," said the gruff voice, pointing with his finger to a man who was gathering twigs at the side of the house.

Arthur went over to him and asked him if he could get leave for a couple of hours, as he had something important to communicate.

The man looked suspiciously at him, but his scrutiny proving apparently satisfactory, he said he thought he could, and would meet the gentlemen on the road to town in the course of half an hour.

The young men sauntered back to town, and Jacob entered the house to obtain the desired leave, which was very easily done, apparently, for before fifteen minutes had elapsed, he overtook our friends.

Arthur asked him if he knew any quiet place where they could talk without fear of interruption, and Jacob took them to a small tavern in a narrow little street—a most retired spot.

Entering a back parlor, and the landlord having brought in a bottle of wine and some glasses, the door was closed, Arthur locking it and putting the key in his pocket.

Jacob looked round suspiciously, but being assured by Arthur that it was only a precaution against intrusion he filled his glass, drank it, and demanded of the latter his object in seeking an interview with him.

Arthur at once plunged into the subject, telling Jacob that he had come to B— to secure the liberation of Mrs. Seymour, at no matter what cost, asking his assistance and promising a substantial reward on the release of that lady.

The man pondered for some moments and then said:

"Gentlemen, there is only one way in which the thing can be done. I know as well as you that the lady is quite sane, but she has been there so long a time, that it would be almost impossible to convince any one outside of the asylum of her sanity, and our doctor and his assistants are too well paid for keeping her there to allow her to go without making desperate efforts. The only thing to be done is for her to escape. I have been in the asylum for a number of years and am in the full confidence of the doctor and his assistants. But I am getting tired of the life I lead, and would be glad of a change. If you make it worth my while I will effect her release; but you must come down handsomely, for I shall have to escape with her, and flee to Canada."

"Name your price," said Arthur, "and let us come to terms."

"It's a risky business; but I think it can be done," said Jacob. "I must be left alone in this job. No one must interfere with me."

"Very well, what will you do it for?" said Arthur impatiently.

"Well, say four hundred dollars."

"Done!" cried Arthur. "I will make it five hundred—one hundred now and four hundred when you deliver the lady into my charge."

"And I," said Robert, "will give you two hundred more."

Jacob's face flushed with pleasure.

"I will not fail, gentlemen," he said. "The thing shall be done to-night. An express train leaves at 10 o'clock for Montreal. Secure tickets for yourselves, the lady and me, and be on the look out at the station. If you have any message for the lady give it to me, and I will prepare her for her deliverance."

Arthur gave her Adele's letter and dashed off a few lines from himself, telling her to place implicit confidence in the messenger.

After explaining a few more details, the trio separated—Jacob going back to the asylum to perfect his arrangements and Arthur and Robert to pass the time as best they could till 10 o'clock.

Arthur was overjoyed, and so was Robert, too, for that matter, for he had made Arthur's cause his own, and the two young men—the accepted and rejected lovers of Adele—passed a very pleasant day together viewing the town; half-past nine, finding them both at the station scanning the features of every arrival.

It was five minutes to 10 and they were be-

ginning to get anxious, when a covered carriage was driven rapidly to the depot. The young men hastened to the vehicle in time to see Jacob alight, bearing in his arms an unconscious burden. Arthur relieved him of his precious freight which he soon safely deposited in a sleeping-berth, leaving her in charge of a maid whom he had engaged for the purpose. Then, once more going on the platform he found Robert (who had decided to stay a few days in B—) shaking hands with Jacob, he bids good-bye to his friend, re-enters the car, accompanied by Jacob—the bells ring, the whistles shout, the train is in motion, bound for Montreal and happiness.

V.

"Mrs. Seymour and Mr. Arthur Hastwell."

Such was the announcement that greeted the ears of Adele and Aunt Isabel on the 18th February.

Adele and her aunt were sitting in the drawing-room, the former reading, or trying to do so, the latter idly toying with some delicate little piece of fancy work.

Adele started to her feet and rushed to meet the new-comers. Mrs. Seymour entered first, and stood gazing for a few moments at her daughter, then holding out her arms:

"My daughter!"

"My mother!"

These words and they were clasped heart to heart. They wanted no introduction. Instinct told them they were correct. They could not be mistaken.

Mother and daughter were very much alike—or rather, the mother must have been very like her daughter when she was her age; but close confinement in the asylum had turned her hair white as snow, and her features were prematurely old and wrinkled; nevertheless there was a strong likeness between the two women—sufficient to prove that they were mother and daughter.

After a fervent embrace and a few whispered words, Mrs. Seymour drew Adele's attention to Arthur, and with a shy look at her mother, as though asking her consent, the young lady threw herself in his arms and was pressed to his heart.

"But, mamma," said Adele, when once more released, "here is Aunt Isabel; you have not seen her yet.—Aunt Isabel—But what is the matter?"

All eyes were turned in the direction where that lady was sitting and this is what they saw:

Aunt Isabel rose from her chair, made one or two steps forward, raised her hands above her head, and with the ejaculation "Oh, my God," fell on the floor in a faint.

"Leave her to me," said Mrs. Seymour, "I think I know the cause of her fright." And she crossed over to her, and with the assistance of Arthur, placed her on a lounge, and restoratives having been applied she soon returned to consciousness.

"Forgive me, oh! forgive me," were the first words she uttered, addressing Mrs. Seymour.

"What! after seventeen years confinement in a lunatic asylum—seventeen years of a living death—all instigated by you. Can you dare ask my forgiveness?"

"Forgive me, oh! forgive me!" was all the sufferer could moan.

"Perhaps in time I may be able to forgive you, but now—barely escaped from that hideous dungeon—it would be a mockery to say I forgive you. First ask God to forgive you, then come to me." And she turned from the lounge and joined her daughter and Arthur, who were wondering spectators of the scene.

Aunt Isabel staggered to her feet, and went to her room, and was not seen again that night.

Leaving Arthur to amuse himself as best he could, Adele took her mother in charge, and half an hour afterwards, on the return of the ladies, Arthur hardly recognized Mrs. Seymour as the woman he had received on the cars at B—, so bright and happy did she look, the travel stains all obliterated, and arrayed in becoming apparel.

The three then sat down to a cosy little supper, which Adele had ordered to be prepared, after enjoying which she said:

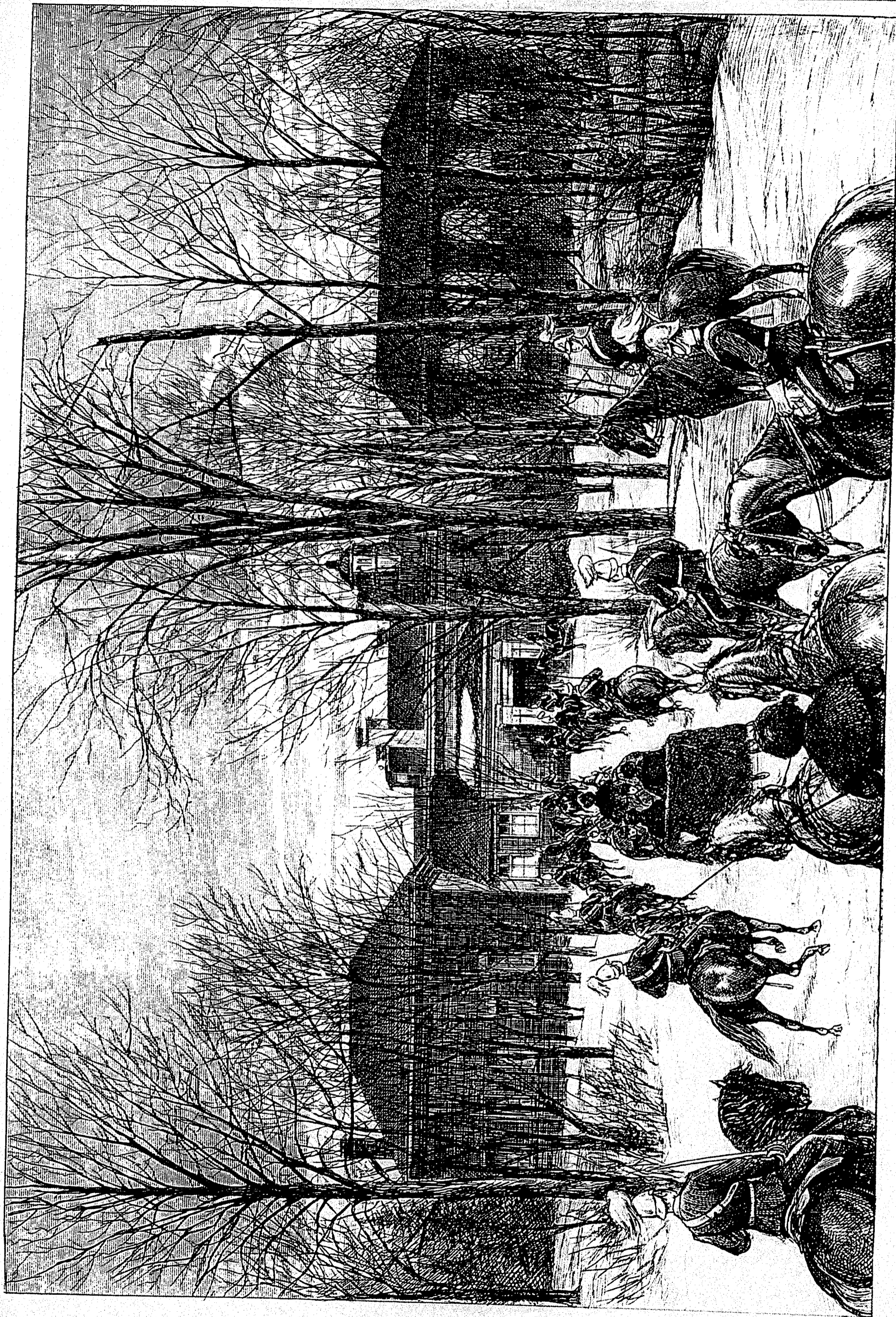
"I suppose, my children—for I think I may call Arthur here, 'my child,' too, eh, Adele?"

Adele blushed, and jumping up, kissed her mother on both cheeks.

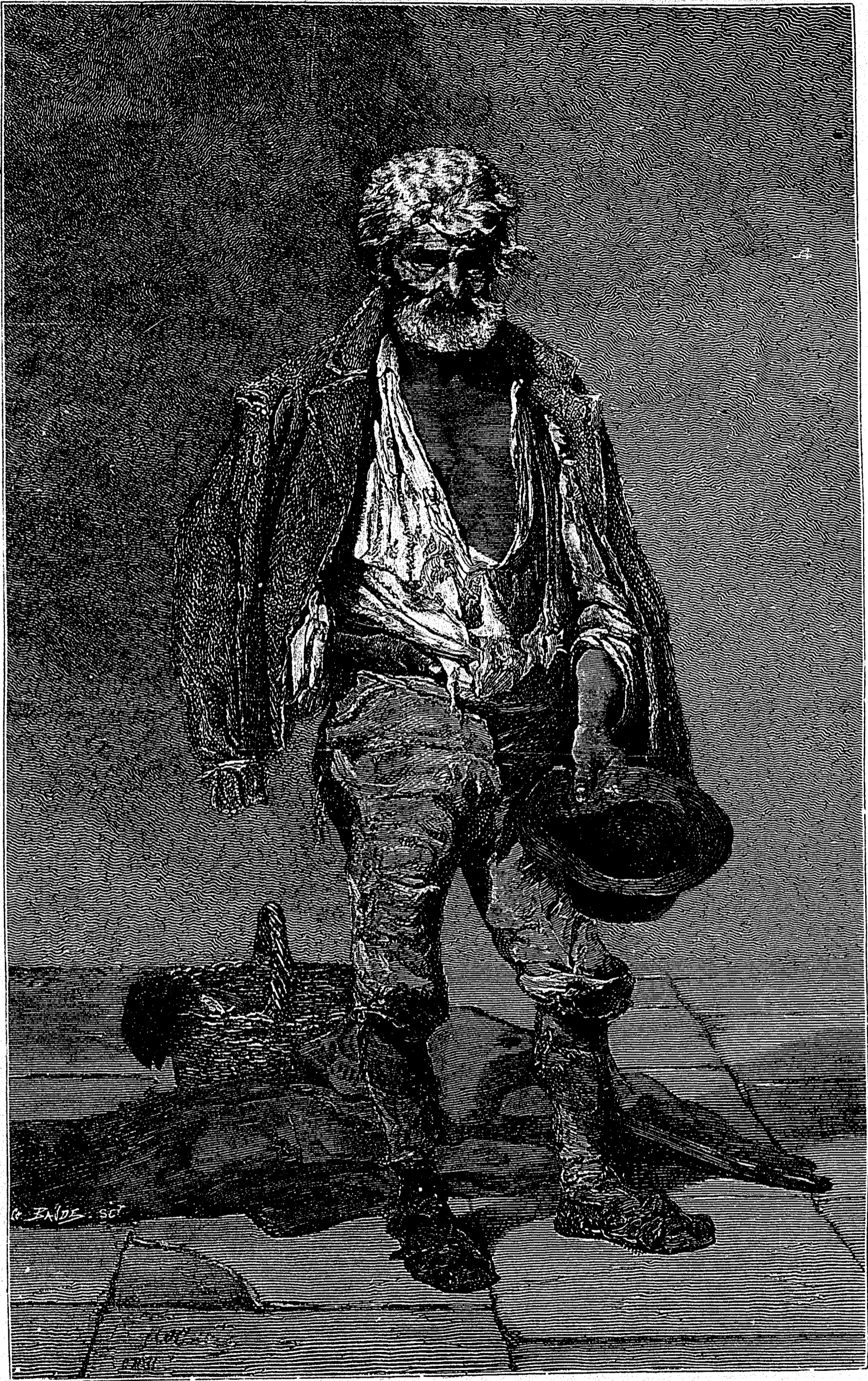
"I suppose, my children, you wonder very much at the cause of my being confined in an insane asylum? It is a sad story, but the sooner you know it the better, and I would much rather you heard it from my lips than from those of any one else."

She paused for a few moments, as if collecting her thoughts, then resumed:

"Your father, Adele, as you may remember, was a very handsome man. He was also a very jealous man. He could not bear me to look with favor on any one but himself. I first met him at Cacouna, whither my family went every summer. My mother, sister Isabel and myself went out boating, and a storm coming on, we were in danger of being swamped, when Mr. Seymour put out in a boat and rescued us, bringing us safely to land. This opened an acquaintance that ripened into love and hate—for both Isabel and myself loved Mr. Seymour. At first it was almost impossible to tell which one of us he preferred, but on our return to Montreal and re-entrance into society, it was clear to everybody that I was the favored one—



ARRIVAL OF HIS EXCELLENCY AND HER ROYAL HIGHNESS AT RIDEAU HALL ON THE LATTER'S RETURN FROM ENGLAND.



THE BEGGAR.—FROM A PAINTING IN THE PRADO GALLERY AT MADRID.

clear to every one except Isabel, who would not believe that he cared nothing for her. However, to make a long story short, before the winter was over Mr. Seymour proposed to me and I accepted him and was happy. Isabel, hearing of my happiness, came to me and upbraided me for taking away her lover, telling me that she hated me, and would have her revenge on me. We were married in the spring, Isabel acting as my first bridesmaid, and I thought she had foregone her threats of vengeance, for she kissed me good-bye and wished me "God-speed." My first year's wedded life was very happy, my husband gratifying my every whim; but then my mother died, and we asked Isabel to come and live with us. She came, greeted me with affection, and things went on smoothly for a time. But, gradually, by degrees, I could see a change in my husband—not much at first—he did not greet me with the same heartiness as formerly and seemed to avoid my presence. Then you were born, Adele, and my sufferings began, for when you were two months old you were taken away from me, and it was only at rare intervals that I was permitted to see you. All this time Isabel was professing the utmost concern for me, and the wider the estrangement grew between my husband and myself, the closer she seemed to cling to me. I rarely seen my husband, he going away before I was up in the morning when he was at home—for weeks at a time he never entered the house—and returning after I had retired at night. I was wretched and miserable, and had determined to have an explanation with my husband at the first opportunity. My mind was fully made up. I could bear it no longer. Well, one night, about seventeen years ago, he came home in time for dinner, a thing that had not happened for months. He seemed kinder than usual and I thought I would put off the explanation till some future time. After dinner he said he had to go to B— by the 10 o'clock train that night and asked me if I would like to accompany him. I immediately consented, I jumped at the idea of a change, and although given so short notice, I was ready in time and we took the cars together. I need not describe the journey. Suffice it to say that we arrived at B— without mishap and found a carriage waiting at the station for us. We entered the vehicle and were driven to the outskirts of the town, stopping at what I supposed was an hotel. My husband assisted me to alight, and we ascended the steps, and I entered an open door, which was immediately closed. I turned to look for my husband but he was nowhere to be seen. I was frightened and desired to go to my husband, when I was secured by two men and hurried into a small apartment, containing a bed and a table, nothing more. Now I was indignant, and demanded of my captors the meaning of the outrage. One of them handed me a letter, and they left me, and I heard them lock the door behind them. Utterly bewildered, I tore open the letter, hurriedly glanced at its contents and fainted.

The lady's feelings overcame her at this juncture, and it was some minutes before she could command herself sufficiently to resume:

"The letter was from Mr. Seymour, and was made up of the most atrocious accusations, accusing me of infidelity to him, flirting with several young men of our acquaintance, and ending by informing me that he had placed me in an asylum to prevent me from disgracing his name. I pounded on the walls, tore my hair, and made frantic appeals to my jailors to free me from my prison. To no purpose, and utterly exhausted I threw myself on the bed and fell into a troubled slumber, from which I did not awake till a keeper entered in the morning with my breakfast. I appealed to him to free me, offering him an enormous reward, but he only shook his head. Then I asked him for pen, ink and paper—I even went on my knees to him, but he remained firm, went out of the room and shut the door in my face. So matters went on from day to day—I appealed to my jailor only to be refused. About a week after my incarceration I received another letter, this time from Isabel—a cruel, fiendish letter—informing me that she had set the stories afloat concerning my faithlessness to my husband,—that she had poisoned his ear—hoping that when I was out of the way that Mr. Seymour would get a divorce from me and marry her. This almost drove me mad, indeed, and it was some days before I remembered anything; but I gradually returned to consciousness and a realization of my position, and then I think I cursed my sister. So matters continued till the death of Mr. Seymour, when I received another letter from Isabel informing me of the fact, and telling me that she was my jailor now; that I need not hope for release; that she never wanted to see me again, but that she had made arrangements with the keeper of the asylum to keep me a fast prisoner till the day of my death. This was her revenge. How I bore up under the blow, I cannot say—for the horrors of my seventeen years captivity if recapitulated would fill a volume, ay, more than a volume. But I am now free, and to you, Adele and Arthur, I owe my deliverance. God bless you." And she kissed them both, joining their hands together.

"Poor mother, how you have suffered," sobbed Adele; "but now you must be happy with us." She hesitated on the last word, and glanced shyly at her mother and then at Arthur. "Yes, my dear," said Mrs. Seymour, understanding the glance; "Arthur has told me all, and I fully approve of my daughter's choice. I trust that, notwithstanding all that has passed, we may have many happy years together."

ST. VALENTINE'S DAY, 1880.

Let us take a peep into the Seymour mansion on Sherbrooke street.

There, seated before the fire is a stately lady—Adele, no—but so much like her as to deceive one at a first glance. Yet there is this difference—her white hair. While peace and happiness have restored the color to her cheek and the strength to her body, that white hair remains—a sad souvenir of her sufferings.

By her side sits another old friend, also beaming with happiness—Mr. Fostescue the elder. Since the return of Mrs. Seymour he has been a frequent visitor at the house, and rumor says that—but we will not repeat what rumor says, but simply glance at the two, watch their animated looks, their smiling faces, and listen to the happy tone of their voices—well, we think rumor speaks truly for once.

But, turning from this happy pair, we glance in a distant corner—a snug, comfortable little corner—here sits Aunt Isabel. Not the Aunt Isabel of old, but a better, truer and nobler woman—a woman who has sinned much, but repented, and now, forgiven, tries to lead a holier life, helping the poor and needy, blessing those that come into immediate contact with her, and doing all in her power to atone for her past sins.

Once more turning round, our gaze rests on four young people playing whist—but "whist" is not much observed, for many are the merry laughs and many the gay jests that ring through the room.

Three of them are old friends of ours—we recognize them at a glance—Arthur, his wife, Adele, and Robert—but who is the fourth—Robert's partner. Let us ask for an introduction? "Mrs. Robert Fostescue."

Yes, Robert is married as well as Arthur and Adele. He did not go to Europe, but returned to Montreal—entered heartily into business—by the by, the firm is now Fostescue, Hastwell & Fostescue—went into society again,—the proper sort of society this time—and then, at a reception given by one of Montreal's merchant princes, met the young lady who now sits opposite him—met her and loved her. He says he didn't know how it all came about, but ten months after his rejection by Adele he was married and is now perfectly happy. And his face tells the same story.

In fact a happier group could not be found in any house in Montreal. Ever and anon the elder people glance fondly at the whist table, and when a gay laugh or merry jest reaches their ears, their faces light up with pleasure, old memories are recalled and they bless the younger ones—praying that their journey through life may be as happy at the close as at the beginning.

But let us not disturb this true "home" scene—let us not mar the harmony with our presence. Let us step into this quiet, cosy little back parlor, at present tenantless. What is this we see in this costly frame? A bank note! No. A will! No. A letter! Yes. It is Mrs. Seymour's letter to Adele—a letter that gave Adele a mother—a letter that gave Adele the husband of her choice—

ADELE'S THIRD VALENTINE.

VARIETIES.

A COUNT'S REPORT.—When Lord Chesterfield was in administration he proposed a person to George II. as proper to fill a place of great trust, but which the king himself was determined should be filled by another. The council, however, determined not to indulge the king for fear of a dangerous precedent. It was Lord Chesterfield's business to present the grant of the office for the king's signature. Not to incense his majesty by asking him abruptly, he, with accents of great humility, begged to know with whose name his majesty would be pleased to have the blanks filled up! "With the devil's!" replied the king, in a paroxysm of rage. "And shall the instrument," said the earl, coolly, "run as usual—'Our trusty, well-beloved cousin and councillor?'—a *repar-tee* at which the king laughed heartily, and with great good humor signed the grant.

TAINÉ.—Tainé the art writer, who has just celebrated his admission to the French Academy, lives in Paris in the very heart of the old and silent Faubourg St. Germain, at No. 23, rue Barbet-de-Jouy, in an elegant modern house. His apartment is at the end of the courtyard, on the third floor. His study is a small room, two sides of which, from floor to ceiling, are lined with books, while on the other two are hung some engravings and etchings of the Dutch school. On the mantel shelf are several statuettes signed by famous contemporary sculptors, and presented to the eminent critic. Mr. Tainé is a man who avoids publicity; pen sketches of him are rare, and you might hunt all over Paris without finding his photograph. He is a man of fifty-two years of age, of medium stature, of a thin habit of body; his features are fine and intelligent, his hair and moustache grey; he wears spectacles, and there is something peculiar in his look. His private life, as he says very sensibly, offers no more interest to the public than that of the first comer. He was born, in 1828, at Vouziers, in the department of the Ardennes.

SIR WALTER SCOTT'S DOG.—Sir Walter related the following anecdote:—"The wisest dog I ever had was what is called the bull-dog terrier. I taught him to understand a great many words, insomuch that I am positive that the communication betwixt the canine species and ourselves might be greatly enlarged. Camp

once hit the baker who was bringing bread to the family. I beat him, and explained the enormity of his offence, after which, to the last moment of his life, he never heard the least allusion to the story. In whatever voice or tone it was mentioned, without getting up and retiring into the darkest corner of the room, with great appearance of distress. Then if you said 'The baker was well paid,' or 'the baker was not hurt after all,' Camp came forth from his hiding place, capered and barked and rejoiced. When he was unable, towards the end of his life, to attend me when on horseback, he used to watch for my return, and the servant used to tell him 'his master was coming down the hill, or through the moor,' and although he did not use any gesture to explain his meaning, Camp was never known to mistake him, but either went out at the front to go up the hill, or at the back to get down to the moor side."

BURKE.—Sir Phillip Francis once waited upon Burke, by appointment, to read over to him some papers respecting Mr. Hastings' delinquencies. He called on Mr. Burke on his way to the house of a friend with whom he was engaged to dine. He found him in his garden, holding a grasshopper. "What a beautiful animal this is!" said Mr. Burke. "Observe its structure, its legs, its wings, its eyes." "How can you," said Sir Phillip, "lose your time in admiring such an animal when you have so many objects of real moment to attend to?" "Yet Socrates," said Mr. Burke, "according to the exhibition of him in Aristophanes, attended to a much less animal; he actually measured the proportions which its size bore to the space it passed over in its skip. I think the skip of a grasshopper does not exceed its length; let me see." "My dear friend," said Sir Francis, "I am in a great hurry; let us walk in, and let me read my papers to you." Into the house they walked; Sir Phillip began to read, and Mr. Burke appeared to listen. At length, Sir Phillip having misplaced a paper, a pause ensued. "I think," said Mr. Burke, "that naturalists are now agreed that *locusta*, not *cicada*, is the Latin word for grasshopper. What is your opinion, Sir Phillip?" "My opinion," said Sir Phillip, packing up his papers and preparing to move off, "is that till the grasshopper is out of your head it will be idle to talk to you of the concerns of India."

Guilty or Wrong.

Some people have a fashion of confusing excellent remedies with the large mass of "patent medicines," and in this they are guilty of a wrong. There are some advertised remedies fully worth all that is asked for them, and one at least we know of—Hop Bitters. The writer has had occasion to use the Bitters in just such a climate as we have most of the year in Bay City, and has always found them to be first-class and reliable, doing all that is claimed for them.—*Tribune*.

OUR CHESS COLUMN.

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

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

- J. W. S., Montreal.—Papers to hand. Thanks.
- T. S., St. Andrews, Manitoba.—Correct solution received of Problem No. 260. Thanks for Problem sent.
- S. R., Clarksburg.—Solution of Problem No. 261 received. Try it again.
- G. W. L., Montreal.—Letter received. Thanks.
- E. H.—Solution received of Problem for Young Players No. 260. Correct.

THE TOURNEY OF THE AMERICAN CHESS CONGRESS.

We are sorry to hear that a gentleman in chess circles in the United States, and especially by Chess Editors, respecting the charges brought against Mr. Grundy, the English player in the Tourney of the late American Chess Congress. We saw a few days ago a letter from him to a gentleman in Montreal in which he most positively denies that any charge of intention to act otherwise than fairly in his play could be brought against him. We have since then seen the remarks of the Editor of the *Turf, Field and Farm* on the same subject, and they relate the history of the unfortunate affair, giving, at the same time, the particulars which are said to have led to the enquiry which preceded the final contests between Mr. Grundy and Captain Mackenzie. The sum of the whole is, that Mr. Grundy made an offer to Mr. Ware, one of his opponents, to draw a game which they had to play, and that Mr. Ware has acknowledged that he consented to do so for the sum of twenty dollars. Mr. Ware, who, it appears, is a man of means, says that his object in making this arrangement was to promote the success of Captain Mackenzie. The Chess Editor of the paper from which we have gathered the foregoing, calls attention to these statements, and promises something further in his next Column.

This business is of a very unpleasant nature, but the following extract from the *Cleveland Voice* will, we have reason to believe, accord with the views of Chess-players generally in Canada.

"In playing off, Mackenzie won both games from Grundy, the former accordingly taking the first prize, \$500, and the latter second prize, \$300. This will not occasion great surprise, although it is but just to Mr. Grundy to say that he did not show the same high chess powers which he had evinced in the tournament, the explanation of this being that he was evidently unnerved by a most unfortunate and ridiculous charge of bribery, it being alleged that in his second game with Mr. Ware he promised the gentleman twenty dollars to permit him to draw. It is perfectly absurd to suppose for a moment that Mr. Grundy would stake his reputation in such a manner, or attempt to bribe any player. But, when it is considered that this player was weaker than himself, and the period one at which a draw would have availed him nothing, the charge falls to pieces of itself. Of course, such charge being made, the committee was bound to investigate the matter, absurd as it might seem. This was done in a regular and thorough manner, and it is a pleasure to record, for the sake of the honor of chess and chess-players, that Mr. Grundy name

out with clean hands, there being not the slightest imputation against him. This investigation occurred just previous to his playing off with Mackenzie, and it is not surprising that the worry of such an ordeal seriously affected Mr. Grundy's play. He can console himself, however, with the thought that his brilliant work in the tournament will not soon be forgotten by the chess-players of his adopted country."

Another American paper speaking of the same affair says:—

"It is due to Grundy to state that he says the whole matter was a conspiracy to prevent him from winning the first prize. Let him show this by facts. His statement is as worthy of credence apparently as the others."

We saw lately a statement in one of the American papers to the effect that a draught player in the States was giving exhibitions of his skill in blindfold, simultaneous games, and now we hear that amongst ourselves the Caledonian Society has had its annual Draught Tournament, and that the Champion Gold Medal has been won by Mr. Ross, who was, it appears, winner last year. These draught players in our midst are in enterprise far surpassing the chess-players, among whom we rarely hear of important contests, and gold medals are entirely out of the question.

Chess Editor Canadian Illustrated News.

DEAR SIR—

"A little nonsense now and then is relished by the wisest men."

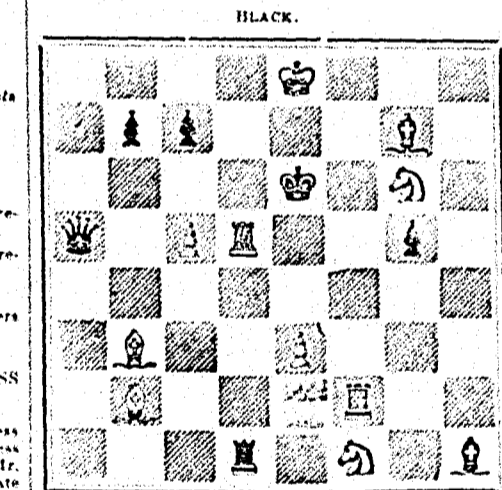
Many devices have been resorted to by enthusiastic admirers of the Royal Game of Chess, to render it even more interesting than ordinary, but it is doubtful if we could find amongst our veterans any who would feel disposed to play a game under circumstances similar to the following: At Presburg, in Hungary, two gentlemen undertook to play a game under these conditions: A billiard table was marked out as a board, with the requisite number of squares, and the various "pieces" were represented by a bottle of wine, thus—Champagne was the King, Claret the Queen, Burgundy the Bishop, Port the Rook, Madeira the Knight, while pint bottles of inferior wine did duty for Pawns. But the most extraordinary condition of this singular game was that which rendered it obligatory upon each player making a move to empty his "piece" of a draught, the consequence being that not long after the opening moves were made, the players became somewhat "obfuscated" and came to the conclusion that the attempt to do what "Draughts" upon "Chess" could only result in a decided victory for the "pieces" versus the pence and comfort of the players. Yours truly, POLOWSKI.

The Chess Editor of the *Harford Times*, in speaking of the recent victories of Mrs. Gilbert over her opponent in the International Correspondence Tourney, says that, besides this talented lady, many other players of the same sex have "proved their prowess on the chess field." Miss Elia Blake, Newberry, U.S.A., who has challenged the "Queen" herself to play a correspondence match, Miss Fessler, of Vienna, and Mrs. Down and her daughters, Miss H. and Miss F. Dorn, of London, are all famed for their chess skill. One of the last named young ladies has even conquered the arch-enemy himself in the person of Mr. Gumpel's Mephisto—a feat of which she may well be proud.

A match of three games by correspondence, between Messrs. C. Bonbow, a noted player and problematist of Wellington, N. Z., formerly of the Birmingham Chess Club, and H. Charlick, of Adelaide, has just terminated, after a two and a half years' contest, each player scoring a game, and the third ending in a draw. A second match of three games has been begun.—*Adelaide Observer*.

PROBLEM No. 264.

By H. J. C. Andrews.



WHITE
White to play and mate in three moves

GAME 294TH.
(From Illustrated London News.)
CHESS IN LONDON.

A game played recently, Mrs. Down and Miss F. Down consulting, against Mr. W. N. Potter.

- (King's Gambit declined.)
White.—(Mr. Potter.) Black.—(The Allies.)
1. P to K4 1. P to K4
2. P to K B4 2. B to B4
3. P to Q K4

A sort of double gambit that is generally condemned as sound, or, at all events, inferior to 3. Kt to K B3; nevertheless, it requires very careful play on the part of the defence to be satisfactorily opposed.

4. Kt to K B3 3. B to Kt3
5. B to Kt2 4. P to Q4
6. Kt takes P 5. P takes K P
7. Kt to Q B3 6. B to Q5
8. Q to K2 7. Kt to K B3
9. P to K R3 8. Castles
10. Castles 9. B to K7
11. P to Kt5 10. P to Q R4
12. P to Kt4 11. P to B3
13. P to Kt5 12. Q to Kt3
14. Kt takes Kt 13. Kt to Q4
15. K takes B 14. B takes H (ch)
Intended to strengthen the centre Pawn, but 15. B takes Kt would have given the defence an opening for a strong attack upon the adverse King.
16. P to Q4 16. Kt to B3
17. P to B2 17. P to Kt3
17. P to K B3 seems stronger, although the move in the text serves to prevent the advance of the K B P

which, in the position, would have proved an awkward stroke to parry.

- 18. Kt to Kt 4
19. Q to R 4
20. Kt to B 6
21. P to B 3
22. Q to K sq
23. P to R 4
24. P takes Kt
25. P to R 5
26. P takes P
18. K to R sq
19. R to K Kt sq
20. R to Kt 2
21. Kt to K 2
22. Kt to Kt sq
23. Kt takes Kt
24. K R to Kt sq
25. B to Kt 5
26. B P takes P

Down to this point the defence has been exceedingly well conducted, but here the fall allies should have captured the Pawn with the Rook, after which the attack would have been foiled.

27. Q to R 4

White has a sound attack now, and pursues it with the force and precision of a master.

- 28. B to K 2
29. B takes B
30. K to R sq
31. Q to Kt 5
32. R takes P
33. Q R to K R sq
34. Q to K 5
27. B to R 4
28. K R to K B sq
29. Q takes P (ch)
30. P takes B
31. Q to Q 2
32. R to B 2
33. R to K Kt sq
34. R to Kt 3

If 34. Q to B 2, then follows:

- 35. R takes P (ch)
36. Q takes Q
37. K to Kt 2
35. R takes R
36. R takes R (ch)
37. R to R 2

There is no better resource.

- 38. P to B 7
39. K to R 3
40. P Queens and wins
35. R takes P (ch), and mate in two moves.

SOLUTIONS

Solution of Problem No. 262.

WHITE. BLACK.

- 1. R to Kt 7 from Kt 8
2. Q to B 5
3. Mates acc.

Solution of Problem for Young Players No. 260.

In this problem White should have a Pawn at K R 4 instead of K Kt 1.

WHITE. BLACK.

- 1. B to K B 5
2. Pawn mates

PROBLEMS FOR YOUNG PLAYERS, No. 261.

WHITE. BLACK.

- Kt at Q Kt 4
Q at Q 7
R at K B 4
Kt at Q Kt 8
Pawns at K Kt 3 and Q B 5
Kt at K 4
B at K B sq
Kt at K B 2
Pawns at K K 3, Q 4, K R 2, Q B 2 and Q Kt 2

White to play and mate in two moves.



Canadian Pacific Railway.

Tenders for Rolling Stock.

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

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

Drawings and specifications may be seen, and other information obtained on application at the office of the Engineer-in-Chief, Pacific Railway, Ottawa, and at the Engineer's Office, Intercolonial Railway, Moncton, N.B. The Rolling Stock to be delivered on the Pembina Branch, Canadian Pacific Railway, on or before the 15th of MAY next.

By order,

F. BRAUN, Secretary.

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

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

WARD & CO., NORTHFORD, CONN.



CANADIAN PACIFIC RAILWAY.

Tenders for Rolling Stock.

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

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

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

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

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

By order,

F. BRAUN, Secretary.

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

\$55.66 Agents Profit per Week. Will prove it or forfeit \$500. 84 Outfit free. Montreal Novelty Co., Montreal, P. Q.



TENDERS.

SEALED TENDERS, addressed to the undersigned and marked "Indian Tenders," will be received at this office until noon of the 1st MARCH, 1880, for supplying the following articles, or any of them, at the un-dermentioned places, or any of them, by the 1st JULY next, in such quantities as may be required; also, for supplying any of the same articles or others described in Schedules obtainable at this office, or any of the places in the Northern or Southern districts of the North-West Territories, and at any date or dates between the 1st JUNE, 1880, and the 30th MAY, 1881, and in such quantities as may be ordered:—

MANITOBA.

St. Peter's, Fort Alexander, Broken Head River, Roseau River, Swan Lake, Sandy Bay, Long Plain.

NORTH-WEST TERRITORIES, LAKE MANITOBA AND THE WEST OF IT.

Manitoba House, Ebb and Flow Lake, Lake St. Martin, Little Saskatchewan, Water Hen Lake, Riding Mountain.

LAKE WINNIPEG.

Black River, Beren's River, Fisher's River, Grand Rapids, The Pas Pas Mountains, Norway House, Cross Lake, Dog Head, Blood Vein River, Big Island, Sandy Bar, Jack Fish Head, Moose Lake, Cumberland.

LAKE OF THE WOODS AND EAST OF IT.

Shoal Lake, Conteebeching, Lac Seul, Rat Portage, Mattawan, Idlington, Assabinsking.

NORTH-WEST TERRITORIES, NORTHERN DISTRICT.

Fort Ellice, Touchwood Hills, Prince Albert and Edmonton.

NORTH-WEST TERRITORIES, SOUTHERN DISTRICT.

Fort Walsh, Fort McLeod.

Table listing various items and quantities for tenders, including Flour, Tea, Sugar, Bacon, Beef, Pork, Woollen Shirts, Stout Trousers, Canvas Shirts, Centur Trousers, Moccasins, Ploughs, Harrows, Scythes, Snaiths, Day Forks, Axes, Hoes, Spades, Grindstones, Cross Cut Saw Files, Hand Saw Files, Carts, Cart Harness, Light Waggon, Double Harness, Plough Harness, Ox, Do. Pony, Sweat Coats, Ploughs, break-ing, Plough Points, extra, Hand Saws 26 in., 4 Rip do. 28 " 5, 4 Hook Planes, ordinary C. S., double irons with stand, 4 Sash Squares, 24 by 18, divided to 24 in., 4 Sets Augers, 1 1/2 in., 1 1/4, 1 1/2, short convex eye cut bright, 4 Drawing Knives, extra quality, solid C. S., 13 in., 4 Cast Steel Bench Axes, handled, best quality, 4 Adzes, handled, (house carpenter's best C. S.), 4 Solid Steel Claw Hammers, Canadian patent, Chisels (socket firmer) with ringed handles 1 1/2 in., 1 1/4 in., 1 1/4, 1 1/4, 1 1/2 in. socket, cast steel handles, 4 Oil Stones, 4 Oil Cans, 4 Scratch Axes, 8 Glimmers, 1 1/2, 4 C. S. Compasses or Dividers, 4 2-Foot Rules, 4 fold arch joints, 4 Shoeing Planers.

Forms of tender and schedules containing full particulars may be obtained on application at this office, whereas, as well as at the Indian Office, Winnipeg, samples of some of the articles can be seen and descriptions of the other articles can be obtained.

Each party or firm tendering must submit the names of two responsible persons, who will consent to act as sureties, and the signatures of the proposed sureties must be appended to a statement at the foot of the tender to the effect that they agree to become surety for the due fulfillment of the contract, if awarded to the maker or makers of the tender.

By order,

L. YANKOUGHNET, Deputy Superintendent General of Indian Affairs.

Department of the Interior, Indian Branch, Ottawa, 28th January, 1880.

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

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

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

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

LIEBIG COMPANY'S EXTRACT OF MEAT

FINEST AND CHEAPEST MEAT-FLAVOURING STOCK FOR SOUPS, MADE DISHES & SAUCES. CAUTION.—Genuine ONLY with fac-simile of Baron Liebig's Signature in Blue Ink across Label.

TRUTHS.

HOP BITTERS, (A Medicine, not a Drink.)

CONTAINS HOPS, BUCHU, MANDRAKE, DANDELION, AND THE PUREST AND BEST MEDICAL QUALITIES OF ALL OTHER BITTERS. THEY CURE

All Diseases of the Stomach, Bowels, Blood, Liver, Kidneys and Urinary Organs, Nervousness, Sleeplessness, Female Complaints and Drunkenness.

\$1000 IN GOLD Will be paid for a case they will not cure or help, or for anything impure or injurious found in them.

Ask your druggist for Hop Bitters and free books, and try the Bitters before you sleep. Take no other.

The Hop Cough Cure and Pain Relief is the Cheapest, Surest and Best.

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

THE BURLAND LITHOGRAPHIC COMPANY

(LIMITED) CAPITAL \$200,000, GENERAL Engravers, Lithographers, Printers AND PUBLISHERS, 3, 5, 7, 9 & 11 BLEURY STREET, MONTREAL.

THIS ESTABLISHMENT has a capital equal to all the other Lithographic firms in the country, and is the largest and most complete Establishment of the kind in the Dominion of Canada, possessing all the latest improvements in machinery and appliances, comprising:—

- 12 POWER PRESSES.
2 PATENT ENVELOPE MACHINES, which make, print and emboss envelopes by one operation
1 PATENT LABEL GLOSSING MACHINE.
1 STEAM POWER ELECTRIC MACHINE.
4 PHOTOGRAPHING MACHINES.
2 PHOTO-ENGRAVING MACHINES.
Also CUTTING, PERFORATING, NUMBERING, EMBOSSING, COPPER PLATE PRINTING and all other Machinery required in a first class business.

All kinds of ENGRAVING, LITHOGRAPHING, ELECTROTYPING AND TYPE PRINTING executed in the BEST STYLE

AND AT MODERATE PRICES.

PHOTO-ENGRAVING and LITHOGRAPHING from pen and ink drawings A SPECIALITY. The Company are also Proprietors and Publishers of the CANADIAN ILLUSTRATED NEWS, L'OPINION PUBLIQUE, and SCIENTIFIC CANADIAN.

A large staff of Artists, Engravers, and Skilled Workmen in every Department. Orders by mail attended to with Punctuality; and prices the same as if given personally.

G. B. BURLAND, MANAGER.

THE DUCHESS CORSET.

Awarded Extra Prize, Grand Dominion Exhibition. Is specially designed for Stout Ladies, to meet the requirements of fashion. Is not only elegant in form, but very comfortable to wear. Once worn, will wear no other. Sateen Jean, \$2.50; Contil, \$3.50 and upwards. Sent by post to any part of the Dominion on receipt of price and address. Send measure Round the Waist and Bust, tight—not too tight—also length of Waist under arm and length of front. Ottawa Corset Factory, 70 Sparks Street, Ottawa, Ont.

The Scientific Canadian

MECHANICS' MAGAZINE AND PATENT OFFICE RECORD, A MONTHLY JOURNAL. Devoted to the advancement and diffusion of Practical Science, and the Education of Mechanics. THE ONLY SCIENTIFIC AND MECHANICAL PAPER PUBLISHED IN THE DOMINION.

THE BURLAND LITHOGRAPHIC CO.

OFFICES OF PUBLICATION, 5 and 7 Bleury Street, Montreal. G. B. BURLAND, General Manager. F. N. BOXER, ARCHITECT & CIVIL ENGINEER, Editor.

TERMS: One copy, one year, including postage, \$2.00. One copy, six months, including postage, 1.10. Subscriptions to be paid in ADVANCE.

The following are our advertising rates:—For one monthly insertion, 10 cts. per line; for three months, 25 cts. per line; for six months, 45 cts. per line; for one year, 75 cts. per line; one page of illustration, including one column description, \$30; half-page of illustration, including half column description, \$20; quarter-page of illustration, including quarter column description, \$10. 10 per cent. off on cash payments.

INVENTIONS AND MACHINERY, &c., or other matter of an original, useful, and instructive character, and suitable for subject matter in the columns of the MAGAZINE, and not as an advertisement, will be illustrated at very reduced rates. REMITTING MONEY.—All remittances of money should be in the form of postal orders. When these are not available, send money by registered letters, checks or drafts, payable to our order. We can only undertake to become responsible for money when sent in either of the above ways. This journal is the only Scientific and Mechanical Monthly published in Canada, and its value as an advertising medium for all matter connected with our Manufactories, Foundries, and Machine Shops, and particularly to Inventors, is therefore apparent.

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

THE COOK'S FRIEND

BAKING POWDER Has become a HOUSEHOLD WORD in the land, and is a HOUSEHOLD NECESSITY in every family where Economy and Health are studied. It is used for raising all kinds of Bread, Rolls, Pancakes, Griddle Cakes, &c., &c., and a small quantity used in Pie Crust, Puddings, or other Pastry, will save half the usual shortening, and make the food more digestible.

THE COOK'S FRIEND

SAVES TIME, IT SAVES TEMPER, IT SAVES MONEY. For sale by storekeepers throughout the Dominion, and wholesale by the manufacturer. W. D. MCLAREN, UNION MILLS, 17 19-52-362, 55 College Street.

E. N. FRESHMAN & BROS.

Advertising Agents, 186 W. Fourth St., CINCINNATI, O. Are authorized to receive advertisements for this paper. Estimates furnished free upon application. Send two stamps for our Advertisers' Manual.

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

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

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

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

40 ELEGANT CARDS, all Chromo, Motto, and Glass, name in gold and jet 10c. West & Co., Westville, Ct. 13-19-24

AN ELEGANT AUTOGRAPH ALBUM, containing about 50 finely engraved and tinted pages, bound in Gold, an 154 quotations, all postpaid, 15c. Popular Game of Authors, 15c. Clinton Bros. Clintonville, Ct.

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

JOHNSTON'S FLUID BEEF is being adopted in the BRITISH, French, U. S., and Austrian Naval, Military and General hospitals. It is prescribed by the Queen's physician, and by every medical man who has tested its merits. It is the only essence known which contains all the nutritive constituents of beef, and is pronounced by scientific men everywhere to be the most perfect food for invalids ever introduced. Sold by Druggists and Grocers, 35c., 60c., and \$1.00.

FURNITURE!
 Parties about furnishing will find a LARGE and VARIED ASSORTMENT at
SAMO'S,
 189 Yonge Street, ALBERT HALL, Toronto.

WILLIAM DOW & CO.
 BREWERS and MALTSTERS,
 MONTREAL.

INDIA PALE ALE
EXTRA DOUBLE STOUT

Superior Pale and Brown Malt. India Pale, and other Ales. Extra Double and Single Stout in Wood and Bottle. Shipping orders promptly executed. Families supplied. 18-6-52-289

THE Canadian Spectator,
A high-class Weekly Journal,
 EDITED BY THE
Reverend A. J. BRAY.
 SUBSCRIPTION: \$2.00 PER ANNUM.
 OFFICES: 162 St. James Street, Montreal, and 4 Toronto Street, Toronto.

THE MILTON LEAGUE.
 "Give me the liberty to know, to think, to believe, and to utter freely, according to conscience, above all liberties.—Milton."
 PUBLICATIONS:
 BRAY, REV. ALFRED J. The Churches of Christendom, cloth..... \$1.00
 BROWN, REV. J. BALDWIN. The Doctrine of Annihilation in the Light of the Gospel of Love..... 50
 DALE, REV. R. W. Protestantism: Its Ultimate Principle..... 60
 The Ten Commandments..... 60
 DAWSON, GEO. M.A. Prayers, and a Discourse on Prayer..... 50
 MCLEOD, NORMAN, D.D. Scotch Pebbles..... 15
 TIPPLE, Rev. S. A. Echoes of Spoken Words..... 50

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

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

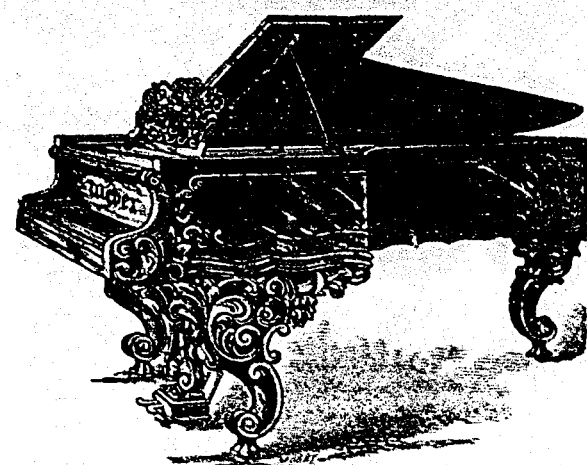
- Silver Medal and Diploma, Provincial, 1871.
- Silver Medal and Diploma, Centennial, 1876.
- International Medal and Diploma, Sydney, Australia, 1877.
- Only Silver Medal for Parlor Organs, Provincial, Toronto, 1878.
- Only Medal at Industrial Exhibition, Toronto, 1879.

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

W. BELL & CO.,
 41-47 East Market Square, Guelph, Ont.
 Or J. HECKER, 10 Phillips Square, Montreal.

History of the Centennial Award to Weber Pianos and how it was obtained.

WEBER PIANO



THE WEBER PIANO WAS CLASSED FIRST.

FOUR YEARS AGO THE GREAT CONTEST of the leading piano makers of the world took place at Philadelphia. At all previous exhibitions, Broadwood, Erard, Steinway and Chickering divided all the honors and awards between them. For the first time in its history the Weber Piano was brought prominently before the public, face to face with its great rivals. Though for several years previous it had been known and almost exclusively used by the leading musical people. At the great Centennial contest the Weber Pianos alone were accredited the highest possible musical qualities. "Sympathetic, pure and rich tone, combined with greatest power, and excellence of workmanship as shown in grand square and upright piano."

It is this sympathetic and rich quality of tone which has made the Weber Piano the favorite of the public, and it is this quality, combined with purity and great power, in a voice, which makes the greatest singer. In an interview with Geo. F. Bristow, the eminent Composer and Musician, and one of the Judges on Musical Instruments (published in the leading newspapers in the United States), we have an account of the way in which the award was made. He says: "In order to establish a clear and critical test, all the pianos were brought into Judges' Hall for examination, and the Judges were agreed to mark in figures their opinion, and write out the report in full, subsequently. Each piano was judged as to Tone, Quality, Equality and Touch, the highest figure in each being 6, the lowest 1. Each Judge made his figures on those points, and these figures were really the fundamental basis of all the awards, the corner-stone on which they all rest. All makers who reached in each point figure 3 and upwards received an award, and all below received nothing. Thus it will be seen the highest possible figure adding up the numbers of each judge (there being four) on each of the points, would be 24, or if all the judges agreed, the highest possible number for any instrument to reach would be 96, while those reaching 48, and upward, would receive a medal."

Here, then, are the original figures on the Weber Piano:

"WEBER."

Judges on Pianos at the Centennial.

	BRISTOW,	KUJKA,	OLIVER,	SCHIEDMAYER.
Tone.....	6	6	6	6
Equality....	6	6	6	5
Quality....	6	6	6	6
Touch.....	6	6	6	6
	24	24	24	23-95

95 OUT OF A POSSIBLE 96.
 The Weber Piano alone was classed first.
 The next highest number reached by any other manufacturer was only 81 out of a possible 96.

NEW YORK PIANO COMPANY,
 Wholesale and Retail, Agents for Weber Pianos,
 185 ST. JAMES STREET, MONTREAL.
 Descriptive catalogues on application by mail or otherwise.

THE BEST REMEDY FOR INDIGESTION.

TRADE **NORTON'S** MARK.

CAMOMILE PILLS are confidently recommended as a simple Remedy for Indigestion, which is the cause of nearly all the diseases to which we are subject, being a medicine so uniformly grateful and beneficial, that it is with justice called the "Natural Strengthener of the Human Stomach." "Norton's Pills" act as a powerful tonic and gentle aperient; are mild in their operation, safe under any circumstances, and thousands of persons can now bear testimony to the benefits to be derived from their use, as they have been a never-failing Family Friend for upwards of 45 years. Sold in Bottles at 1s. 1½d., 2s. 9d., and 11s. each, by all Medicine Vendors throughout the World.

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

In consequence of spurious imitations of
LEA AND PERRINS' SAUCE,
 which are calculated to deceive the Public, Lea and Perrins have adopted A NEW LABEL, bearing their Signature, thus,
Lea & Perrins
 which is placed on every bottle of WORCESTERSHIRE SAUCE, and without which none is genuine.
 Ask for LEA & PERRINS' Sauce, and see Name on Wrapper, Label, Bottle and Stopper. Wholesale and for Export by the Proprietors, Worcester; Crosse and Blackwell, London, &c., &c.; and by Grocers and Oilmen throughout the World.
 To be obtained of
 52-13-12 MESSRS. J. M. DOUGLASS & CO., MONTREAL; MESSRS. URQUHART & CO., MONTREAL.

JOHN MCARTHUR & SON,
 OIL, LEAD, PAINT,
 COLOR & VARNISH MERCHANTS
 IMPORTERS OF
 English and Belgian Window Glass, Rolled, Rough and Polished Plate Glass, Colored, Plain and Stained Enamelled Sheet Glass.
 PAINTERS' & ARTISTS' MATERIALS, BRUSHES CHEMICALS, DYK STUFFS, NAVAL STORES, &c.
 310, 312, 314 & 316 ST. PAUL ST.,
 AND
 255 & 257 COMMISSIONERS ST.
 MONTREAL.
 26-17-52-369

YOUR name on One Card Case and 50 all Chromo Glass and Floral Cards, 10c. Agent's outfit 10c. GLOBE CARD CO., Northford, Conn.
 80 Samples, Photo, Duplex, etc. Cards, 10c. Autograph Album, 12c. Atlantic Card Co., E. Wallingford, Ct.
 50 Perfume, Snowflake, Chromo, Motto Cards, names in gold & jet, 10c. G. A. SPRING, E. Wallingford, Ct.

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

On the table of His Excellency the Governor General, and greatly admired by H. R. H. Princess Louise. Agents wanted in all cities and towns.
 180 Yonge Street, Toronto.
 25 Fashionable Visiting Cards—no two alike, with name, 10c. Nassau Card Co., Nassau, N. Y.
 50 Chromo, floral, glass, &c. Cards in case, name on all, 10c. Outfit 10c. Davids & Co., Northford, Ct.
 \$100 A YEAR and expenses to agents. Outfit free. Address: P. O. VICKERY, Augusta, Maine.

ROBERT MILLER,
 Publisher, Book-Binder, Manufacturing and
 WHOLESALE STATIONER,
 IMPORTER OF
 Wall Papers, Window Shades and
 SCHOOL BOOKS,
 15 VICTORIA SQUARE, MONTREAL.
 11-6

GOVERNMENT RAILWAY.
 Western Division.

Q. M. O. AND O. RAILWAY.
 SHORTEST AND MOST DIRECT
 ROUTE TO OTTAWA.

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

	A. M.	P. M.
Express Trains for Hull at.....	9.30	and 4.30
Arrive at Hull at.....	2.00 p.m.	and 9.00
" Aymer at.....	2.35 p.m.	and 9.35
	A. M.	P. M.
Express Trains from Aymer at.....	8.15	and 3.35
" Hull at.....	9.20	and 4.20
Arrive at Hochelaga at.....	1.50 p.m.	and 8.50
Trains for St. Jerome at.....	5.00 p.m.	
Trains from St. Jerome at.....	7.00 a.m.	

Trains leave Mile End Station ten minutes later.

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

Gray's SYRUP OF RED SPRUCE GUM
 SOLD BY ALL DRUGGISTS FOR COUGHS & COLDS