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# FRIDAY Illustrated News

VOL. XXIII.—No. 5.

MONTREAL, SATURDAY, JANUARY 29, 1881.

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A WINTER BLOSSOM.

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## TEMPERATURE.

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

THE WEEK ENDING					
January 23rd, 1881.			Corresponding week, 1880.		
Max.	Min.	Mean.	Max.	Min.	Mean.
Mon.. 19°	5°	12°	Mon.. 40°	22°	36°
Tues.. 18°	6°	12°	Tues.. 37°	23°	35°
Wed.. 20°	zero	10°	Wed.. 37°	23°	35°
Thur.. 20°	-5°	7°	Thur.. 37°	23°	35°
Fri.. 12°	4°	11°	Fri.. 20°	9°	14°
Sat.. 25°	10°	17°	Sat.. 21°	-2°	9°
Sun.. 18°	5°	13°	Sun.. 33°	15°	24°

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## CANADIAN ILLUSTRATED NEWS.

Montreal, Saturday, January 29, 1881.

## THE WEEK.

It is well, financially, to be a Pagan. This we say in no proselytizing spirit, but in simple admiration of the artless conduct of His Majesty King M'TESA. First, Lady BURDETT-COUTTS would make a Protestant of him, and MAC TEASER (whose name and principles surely suggest his descent) was willing enough for a consideration. When, however, the seventeen thousand pounds sent out for the purpose of converting him, was gone, the Roman Catholic religion presented greater attractions in the form of vestments and rifles and other easily convertible commodities; and MAC TEASER opened his arms, even as his ancestors did their jaws, to the Jesuits from Algiers. After which it occurred to him that he had received all that he could reasonably expect from the Christians, and having become a little "mixed" as to the relative values of the different faiths of Christendom, His Majesty thought it would be well to return to the faith of his fathers and take time to think it over. It is understood, however, that the King is still open to offers of conversion—at a price. Forms of tender may be obtained by addressing the Home Secretary, South Africa. His Majesty does not bind himself to accept the lowest or any tender, but is believed to have expressed a desire to make an experiment in Mormonism.

A LAWYER and a physician may or may not be together a match for His Satanic Majesty on ordinary occasions, but they certainly proved too many recently for an artistically-arranged move from this world to the next. WILLIAM CARNEY, of Erie, Pa., announced to his friends, on the strength of a supernatural revelation, that he would die at 2 a.m. one Sunday. On Friday he made his will, was prepared for death by the Bishop, filled the house with eager and expectant friends, and all would doubtless have been well but for the untimely interference of Judge GALBRAITH and Dr. BRAND. While the former put back the hands of the clock, the latter so effectually physicked his patient that he never awoke until six o'clock, and was most disappointed on awaking to find that he had over-slept himself and missed his appointment below stairs. Much blame, we read, is attached to the conduct of these gentlemen, who thus by their officiousness robbed the crowd of a spectacle, the legates of their expected reward, and

last, but not least, "cheated the d—l of his dues."

THE Easy Chair in *Harper* has solved, we believe, the mystery of the unparalleled success of "Endymion." Reviewed according to the standard by which we are accustomed to judge other works, what has this most extraordinary effusion to recommend it? Incident it has none; plot of the most meagre description only; study of character! the chaotic medley of inconsistent attributes which form the so-called characters would move the scorn of the critics against a tyro in literature. And yet, the book is not only bought, but read, not only read, but, in a sense, enjoyed; and the secret of this, we believe with the Easy Chair, lies in the personality of its author. "Endymion" is neither a novel nor a history, an essay or a caricature, but it is all these at once, even as its author is the indefinable mixture of wit and pathos, of charlatanism and statesmanship, which two generations have accepted as a thing to be admitted or wondered at, if scarcely ever taken in earnest. Disraeli may do things that no other man could suggest, because he is Disraeli and for no better reason; and we read his book and find in it a charm we cannot analyze, even as the man himself fascinates us by his intense personality.

THE artists in France are to have a "fair field and no favour," as far as the Salon is concerned. The control by the Government has always been beset by difficulties. At the best it was a thankless office, perhaps as often misrepresented as misdirected. And now, wearied with constant complaints from all sides, the decree has gone forth in the shape of a permission to the artists to manage the whole affair themselves. Accordingly, a meeting is to be held, at which all who have ever exhibited at the Salon will be entitled to vote for the appointment of a committee, to consist of 50 painters, 20 sculptors and 20 architects to whom the management of the annual exhibition will be entrusted. Several reforms are to be introduced, the most noteworthy being the publication of the minutes of the jury meetings, hitherto kept secret. What a chance for fault-finding and general dissatisfaction with results.

It is not often that New York has the opportunity of seeing, or, as the genuine New Yorker fondly imagines, adjudicating upon a new opera, and it is scarcely to be wondered at that Boito's "Mephistophele" has, since its production, been the one topic of discussion in musical circles throughout the States. Whatever effect the verdict may have upon the ultimate fate of the opera, it seems to have been a favourable one; and the experiment has undoubtedly proved that the new school of opera is likely to be appreciated, or at least tolerated, on this side of the Atlantic. For from the "Trovatore" to "Mephistophele" is a great step. Boito has drunk deeply of the spring whence Wagner drew his inspirations, and the "Music of the Future" dawns through the melodious recitatives of the new opera. For ourselves we doubt whether Boito has not ventured a comparison which will militate against his chances of ultimate success. Many of us are too deeply wedded to Gounod's familiar strains to tolerate a new Faust, and we can ill afford to exchange the "King of Thule," or the jewel song, or even the incomparable choruses for any amount of recitative, however melodious. Boito may look to the future; we question whether he will dethrone Gounod in the present.

MR. BRADLAUGH'S refusal to fight M. LAISANT has brought the question of duelling into open discussion in France as well as England. Thanks to the healthy state of public opinion, duelling is a thing of the past with us; but that healthy public opinion is just what France will never obtain without a radical change in the

national character. The accusation of cowardice is so easily made against a man who has the moral courage to refuse a challenge, and the distinction between this and that is so hard to draw in such a state of over-civilization, if we may so term it, as exists in the Paris of to-day, that few care to take up the cudgels against mistaken notions of honour, or the risk of social ostracism. This, or something very like it, it is which has made the opinion of the French people as a nation of such small account in the discussions or the great questions of to-day. Into Mr. BRADLAUGH'S feelings on the subject it matters not to enquire, but if the question has brought before the minds of the better class of French people the absurdity and anachronism of a practice which has, at all events, the disapproval of nearly all civilized nations, a step has been made in the right direction.

## THE SEAT OF GOVERNMENT.

SPEECH OF SIR JOHN MACDONALD—REPLY OF MR. BLAKE—CONFIRMATION OF THE PACIFIC RAILWAY DEBATE—THE SENATE—PROF. HIND'S CHARGES.

(From Our Special Correspondent.)

OTTAWA, January 22nd, 1881.

"The man and the occasion," said a local paper, "met on Monday." The phrase was intended for satire. But it, in very truth, described the speech of Sir John Macdonald having for subject the greatest of all political and economic questions for Canada, which from day to day has continued to occupy the attention of the House of Commons. It is a treat of Sir John to have made one great speech on each of those questions which have shaped political events in Canada for the last thirty years. The hand of time is beginning to touch him heavily, but he yet, on Monday afternoon, made a splendid exposition, worthy at once of himself, his name, and the question.

Monday was a fresh departure and Sir John broke new ground in giving the Government exposition with regard to the so-called New Syndicate and its proposals. But before entering upon his criticism of these, he thought it advisable to review the ground on which parties stood in the face of the Canadian relations of this question. In doing this, he made from his standpoint a very happy allusion to what is commonly called the Sir Hugh Allan project of nearly ten years ago. He held that that would, in all probability, have been carried out, but for the peculiar sort of attack to which it was subjected. He said that it might have cost a little more money than the present project, but that if it had been carried out, the railway across the continent would in all probability be approaching completion, instead of only commencing. And what would that have implied? It would have meant hundreds of thousands of settlers on the immense plains of our North-West; it would have meant the expenditure of capital directly on the railway and indirectly by the immigrants of hundreds of millions of dollars, and the creation by the immigrants and the expenditure of a still greater amount of wealth. The first effect of this would have been to prevent the late industrial and commercial crisis which swept so bitterly over Canada, and Montreal would probably have been at this day a city of 200,000 inhabitants. It is, however, useless now to talk of what might have been.

Another preliminary point made by Sir John was that the policy of the Conservative party had always been to consider the Dominion as a whole, and the question of its development in relation to its great future which men now saw was sure to come, rather than by the light of local and sectional issues, and questions of sectional differences, which, if pushed to extremes, would weaken or lead to disruption of the Federal bond, and so leave the several Provinces in the position of a loose bundle of sticks, an easy prey to the greed of their southern neighbours. The project of pushing what has been called the Sault Line, which has been so much urged by the Opposition in the debate, in lieu of the line on Canadian territory, he characterized as a policy of this tendency.

Sir John in passing made a party political allusion, not however in unkindly terms, to the position occupied by Mr. Mackenzie as the leader of the late Government, by which he and all his party were pledged to undertake the work of the Pacific Railway on substantially the same basis, with, however, more onerous conditions. He contrasted this with the unfortunate position held by that gentleman and also his party, now that he is supplanted in the leadership. It may be well to state here that Mr. Mackenzie has been very ill, it having been necessary to send for Mrs. Mackenzie. I am much afraid that the combination of events has been too much for even his iron constitution. Sir John also made an allusion to the absence of the Hon. George Brown, pointing out that in his lifetime no avowal of policy would ever have lifted up its head in his party which would have even looked at the weakening of British con-

nection, by rendering insecure the relations of the Provinces to each other. Above all things, through all changes of party, and at all costs, Mr. Brown was loyal to those principles which would keep this Dominion Canadian and British.

Of course it is quite impossible for me in this summary to furnish you with even the thread of the speech of the leader of the Government, but I may say that having laid down with great force the broad principles of his party, which were well recapitulated in the face of the great question before the House, he came next to deal with the proposal of the new Syndicate, and his criticism of this was so searching that he practically killed it, even in the eyes of the Opposition members themselves. He challenged Mr. Blake to get up and say that he could approve of some of its essential features in the face of his own declarations, and Mr. Blake did not accept this challenge. His remarks left very little doubt in the mind of any man that the object of the proposed scheme was simply political, and that the men who proposed it never expected to have it carried out. He showed that if it had any vitality at all, it was a scheme to build the Prairie section, leaving British Columbia and Lake Superior sections out in the cold; and this Sir John, with great force, showed implied the disintegration of the Dominion itself, with all the vast interests involved in that question. It is nothing for a number of gentlemen to come forward and say that they will do the work for 3,000,000 acres of land and \$1,000,000 less in cash than proposed by the Government contract, while the doors are wide open which enable them to drop the difficult sections and construct, as a simply fat job, the prairie section, about which there is no trouble at all.

Sir John in the latter part of his speech dealt with what has been called in this debate the monopoly question, and he contended that nothing was proposed which was not necessary for the interest of the railway in the first years of its existence, and therefore in the interests of the Dominion. I have bestowed a good deal of study on this branch of the question, and I think it would be simple suicide not to prefer our road as far as possible from being tapped by the American railroad system, and that the Company will and can have no interest apart from the prosperity of the country through which their railway will run. And as to diverting traffic over the St. Paul & Minneapolis Railway, whatever may be the interest of some members of the Company in this, they will have an infinitely greater interest in the traffic of their own eastern extension of the Canadian line.

In view of the vast political and commercial questions involved in the immediate construction of this through line, I cannot understand the entry of the persons who peddle at giving \$25,000,000 in cash in addition to the \$25,000,000 we have already spent, or are in for, and which would be practically lost, but for the expenditure of the other \$25,000,000. That is the whole length and breadth of the cash question presented for the consideration of the people of the Dominion. In putting the question in this form I leave the lands out, as without means of approaching them by the railway they are valueless, and might as well be in Alaska for all the good they could do the Dominion, while there is the further broad fact that by giving these \$25,000,000 acres and getting them opened up, we shall make as least 75,000,000 acres more intensely valuable, the sale of which will re-ump us for all the money spent, and give us a large profit beside.

Sir John announced in terms that the Government entirely repudiated and rejected the proposal of the new Syndicate as the most political sham, unentitled to any respect; and that they took their stand upon the scheme which they had presented to the House as embodying the policy on which they would stand or fall. The issue being thus sharply put and the gauntlet thrown down, Mr. Blake, the leader of the Opposition, moved the adjournment of the debate so as to have the floor for Tuesday. Perhaps I should say here that there was a caucus of the Ministerial members on Tuesday morning at which it was resolved to support and carry through the Government scheme in its integrity. This may, therefore, be considered decisive of its success, the vote being only deferred by the amount of breath wasted in opposition. It is expected as I write on Saturday that the vote may be reached early next week.

Mr. Blake opened the debate on Tuesday, speaking until six o'clock and afterwards until 10.30. His speech struck me rather as that of a lawyer arguing a brief, than the exposition of a statesman. He has eminently the gift of words, and as a deliverance of such, his speech was remarkable. At the very beginning he denied that he had supplanted Mr. Mackenzie, or that he had ever sought the position of leader of the Opposition, and said that if he had the use of the wishing cap of Fortunatus, he would wish that the path of duty and fortune would offer a way out of it. This may be true, but there is the fact that he is in Mr. Mackenzie's place. Mr. Blake also declared in answer to the remarks of Sir John, that the Opposition were animated by motives of the highest patriotism and did not believe the "House had sunk so low as to accept that contract." This statement was met by ministerial laughter, and Mr. White, of Hastings, a little later told him across the floor, that there would be a majority of 70 for it any way. To this Mr. Blake rejoined if there were a majority of 70 in the House for the contract, there would be a majority of hundreds of thou-

sands against it in the country. This statement was also met by loud ironical cheers and laughter. It was, however, one which showed what is the real object of these protracted debates, as it is well known that all the amendments the Opposition may move in the House are foredoomed and their only hope is to produce some effect in the country. A very large portion of Mr. Blake's speech was taken up with sharp negative criticism of the statements of Sir John Macdonald; and he moved a series of amendments altogether too long for the space at my disposal to enable me to give a summary of. But I may say that their general scope was not to affirm, but to negative. They in fact, negated everything, and particularly declared that the action of the Government in making an arrangement for the construction of the Pacific Railway was not justified by the Act of 1874; that wholly new conditions were proposed, that the Railway Act provided that the work should be given out by tenders. In fact, the whole argument we have had was done up in this style. It is, however, altogether too late to obtain a consideration of points of this sort. The broad question is, that even if the Government have not followed the precise prescriptions of the Act of Parliament, it is quite competent for Parliament now, to cure any little errors of that kind, if there are any; and I what the country wants is the through railway.

As respects the new Syndicate, notwithstanding the assertions to the contrary, Mr. Blake committed himself to the declaration that he had never seen it until it was laid on the table of the House nor had been consulted on it, and if he had been he would have recommended some important changes in it. Several of the Opposition members said substantially the same thing, and they would only vote for the new Syndicate propositions as a choice between two evils. The poor new Syndicate, therefore, gets more kicks that half-pennies both from friends and opponents.

Sir Leonard Tilley followed Mr. Blake, and dealt particularly with the financial aspects of the question. There was much in his speech that I should like to dwell upon, but the limited space at my disposal forbids. The same remark applies to Sir Richard Cartwright's speech which followed, and also to that of Mr. Kirkpatrick who opened the debate on Wednesday. I should say that Sir Leonard had a desire after this Parliament, to retire into private life. The debate continued on Wednesday until half-past one, when Mr. White, of Carleton, moved the adjournment and the floor on Thursday. He made many points in substantiating the same sense as Sir John Macdonald. The debate is in fact, utterly worn out and it seems impossible for even the ablest speaker to say anything new on the subject.

On Friday, however, when Mr. William McDougall made his speech there was great interest manifested to hear him, and the seats which were empty, soon filled when he rose. His speech was able and delivered from an independent stand-point, while not agreeing with some details he supported the Central as a whole, and stated his belief, founded on his late visit to Hilton that it would be supported by the country. His greatest difficulty had reference to the rates the Company might charge. But on this point Sir John Macdonald rose and said that he would see before the session was over that that clause in the Railway Act, that had reference to this question should be made so clear, as not to leave room for doubt.

The Senate has been discussing on a motion of Hon. Mr. Power, Prof. Hinds, charges of intentional falsification of the statistics used in the Canadian case before the Fisheries Commission. Mr. Power moved for papers and in a speech of some length very clearly showed that such of the charges as he had examined, were without foundation, and in fact, frivolous and vexatious. He showed, moreover, that Mr. Hinds had not even apprehended many of the points he is so anxious to have the world believe are frauds, involving the character of men of the highest standing, who have hitherto been beyond reproach. Mr. Power hinted indeed that there was quite sufficient evidence in Mr. Hinds' own letters to show that he is simply a lunatic. I have carefully read his letter to Mr. Delbosse and that to Sir Alex. Galt, in which he states his case with great prolixity. I applied myself to this perusal with an earnest desire to ascertain for myself what the merits of the question were, and I rose from my task with the painful conviction that the writer was simply out of his mind, and his lucubrations fit for nothing except a lunatic asylum. There is nothing in these letters that any man can understand. Several other Senators showed with great clearness, the utter nonsense of some of his particular statements.

**TOBOGGANING PARTY AT RIDEAU HALL.**

A correspondent in the city sends us the following letter lately received, descriptive of the tobogganing party at Rideau Hall, which will be illustrated in our next issue.

Dear \_\_\_\_\_  
I was at Rideau the other night (Monday, January 3), and as it was one of the prettiest nights I have seen for a long time, I must give you the best description I can of it, although words fail me when I need them most.

A clear, frosty night, the mercury down below zero, only a degree or two, but enough to give a crisp frostiness to the air to make the snow sound under one's feet with that delight-

ful scrunch that is so musical to a Canadian's ears, not a cloud in the pale, blue sky, scarcely a star visible, the wind that had been blowing in short gusts all day, driving the snow into whiter wreaths than ever had gone with the sun, leaving the night air still. The sky over the ravine behind the Hall a blaze of light, flecked with a thousand starry sparks as they flew up from the great bonfire below. It would be difficult to say from which point the scene was prettier. From the foot of the long toboggan slide, banked on either side with snow in which flaming torches were set upright to the top of the natural hill, long strings of coloured Chinese lanterns swinging up the sides of the artificial continuations, the great reflectors at our backs giving it the appearance of being an almost perpendicular descent of a hundred feet, down which, in rapid succession, sped the toboggans, with their living freight in the picturesque blanket coats and tuques. On one after the other at high lightning speed to the bottom, where breathless and merry they shook themselves free of the snow, and trailing the empty toboggan behind up over the deeper snow, past the great bonfire to the stairway behind the slide, to mount, load, and go down again. Away to the left on higher ground, the log house with its lighted windows in amongst the trees, before its doors the whistling skaters, the trees hiding them one moment, the bright lanterns behind showing them the next but for such an instant that almost before one could see them they were gone. Round and round, in and out, some dark, some light, some such delicious bits of colour, some so little and graceful, that with the swinging lights around, the heavens above and the faint strains of the band floating up from the valley below, one could well believe there is poetry in every thing. Or, standing on the edge of the upper rink, the circling skaters behind one under the light of the "Happy New Year," written in the trees with coloured lights, one looked down into the valley, the blazing fire the centre object. Toboggans flashing past, and from behind its light the returning ones stepping out like a moving panorama of strange figures. On either hill the lights like stars among the trees, the reflector's great eye keeping guard over all and beyond on the summit the vast pile of Rideau Hall. Its round tower and square wings rising black against the frosty sky—the jingle of the sleigh bell on the brow of the hill as more blanket-coated figures were added to the throng. The warning shouts from the descending toboggans, the notes of Norma falling on one's ears between the friendly greetings meeting one on all sides, the lights, costumes, colours and music recalling to our memory another scene, the *piece de resistance* of Lord Dufferin's entertainment the Fancy Ball, and giving Lord Lorne's tobogganing party a like place there when from the wilds of the great North-West we look back upon the luxuries of civilized life.

With kind regards, ever yours,  
"Ottawa."

**OUR ILLUSTRATIONS.**

**THE NORDENFELDT GUN,** practice with which is illustrated on another page, is a recent improvement in construction of rifled machine guns. Its shooting is said to be remarkably close and accurate as well as rapid.

**THE SURRENDER OF DELICHO.**—The story of the final surrender of this place has been told so fully in the daily press, that the accompanying sketches taken from the London *Graphic* will speak for themselves without description.

**LIFE IN BRITISH COLUMBIA.**—We have been pressed so often by correspondents in the far west to insert in our paper some drawings illustrative of the life and manners in the Land of the Future, that we are constrained to endeavour to fulfil their wishes. We publish this week a page which we hope will be appreciated by all to whom British Columbia is of interest, and to whom is it not to-day. The sketches have been gleaned from various sources, and, if appreciated by our friends we shall give them others from time to time. We have made arrangements also for a series of original sketches of the North-West which will shortly appear.

**THE WINTER SCENERY AT NIAGARA FALLS.**—The page which we present our readers with this week has been unavoidably delayed in production. The beautiful forms and fantastic shapes in which the Frost King loves to clothe the surroundings of the monster cataract speak for themselves without description. The engravings have been made from photographs kindly furnished us by Mr. George Barber, photographer, of Main street, Niagara.

**FIGHT BETWEEN CREES AND SIOUX.**—Our illustration represents the sanguinary engagement which took place a few weeks since in the Cypress Hills, but of which information only recently reached Abrams, Battle river, some two weeks after the occurrence. According to the accounts received from a Cree Indian, himself one of the combatants, the Sioux were the aggressors. Forty lodges of the half-breeds who had pitched across the Missouri River had all their horses stolen, and out of this arose a quarrel, in which the half-breeds were supported by the Crees. The police endeavoured to prevent bloodshed, but their numbers were not sufficient to enable them to interfere with success, and the affair culminated in a pitched battle. Of the loss sustained by the Sioux, who were left

masters of the field, we can obtain no accurate information, but the Crees report 30 of their number and 6 half-breeds missing.

**FATAL BOILER EXPLOSION.**—Our illustration represents an occurrence which took place on the 10th of January last, near Lucan. About 11 o'clock on the afternoon of that day the boiler of a threshing engine belonging to Mr. Bolton, London Township, and manufactured by F. W. Glenn, Oshawa, exploded while threshing at Mr. Alexander Ironside's, killing Alexander Bolton instantly and injuring three other men, who had a narrow escape with their lives, as the bulk of the engine and trucks passed just over their heads while in the act of fixing something around the cleaner in the barn. Mr. Ironside was in the act of fixing a barrel for the band cutter to stand on when it was smashed to atoms in his hands, but strange to say, he was unhurt, with the exception of a slight bruise on the arm. The threshing machine was driven completely through the barn, striking the logs of the straw pen, driving it and the straw back some feet. The engine went through the barn, striking the farther door post, thereby breaking the plate, roof, &c., leaving the barn in a wretched condition. After having spent its force, it turned upside down just outside the door. The engine and cleaner are a total wreck. The accident appears to have happened through carelessness or want of ability on the part of those in charge of the engine, they having discharged their engineer about two months ago.

**THE ELECTRIC LIGHT IN NEW YORK.**—The first practical exhibition, on a large scale, of the electric light in this city, was that on the 25th ult., by the Brush Electric Light Company of New York. Broadway, from Fourteenth to Thirty-fourth streets, was illuminated, and nightly, ever since, the brilliant exhibition has been repeated with constant and unvarying success. Twenty-two lamps, one on each block, each of 2,000 candle-power, and mounted on iron posts twenty-five high, are used, the electric current being generated by a 100 horse-power Corliss engine in West Twenty-fifth street. Two circuits, one for outdoor public lighting, and the other for dwellings, hotels and stores, will be connected with this station, which will be supplied with five Brush dynamo-electric machines. The No. 7 machines, now in use, each requiring fourteen horse-power, and calculated to supply ten to eighteen lights, weight about 2,000 pounds each, and are about six feet long by two and one-half wide and high. A larger machine (No. 8), which will require from thirty to thirty-five horse-power, and is intended to run forty lights, is now entirely completed. The Brush lights, which are extensively used, are exceedingly simple and effective. This first introduction of the Brush electric light into New York for street lighting is only repeating here what has been done in other cities on the continent. The longest circuit known for electric lighting is that on the wharves of own city, where one of the Brush machines works a circuit of 14,600 feet, or nearly two and three-quarter miles in length. The inventor, Charles F. Brush, who is a quiet, unassuming man, has been zealously at work in perfecting his inventions. While some have been engaged in heated newspaper arguments and in assertions of what might be done with the electric light, the Brush Electric Light Company has been putting down its plants and has successfully introduced electric lighting.

**CHIEF-JUSTICE MOSS.**—We omitted in our last week's issue to thank Messrs. Notman and Fraser, of Toronto, for the portrait of Chief-Justice Moss, from which our engraving was taken.

**LAWYERS AND JUDGES AT THE COURT OF HYMEN.**

It is remarkable how many lawyers have gone wrong in the one affair of their lives which might have been supposed to call forth all the circumspection and astuteness of which they were capable—some of them, too, eminent for their lack of these mental characteristics which are commonly accredited with most of the mischief in this direction. There was Lord Braxfield, for instance. The very form in which he is said to have proposed to the lady of his choice seems unmistakably to indicate a man of an eminently practical turn of mind—a man not given to sentiment or likely to be taken in by mere superficial appearances. "Lizzie," said Braxfield, "I'm looking out for a wife, and I think you are just the person to suit me. Let me have your answer off or on the morn, and nae mair about it." It is as difficult to conceive of a man who could pop the all-important question in this fashion being blinded by sentiment as it is to imagine a judge running into matrimonial complications without carefully considering what he was about. It is quite evident that Justice Clerk Braxfield had been very carefully considering the matter, and came to the conclusion that Lizzie was just the person to suit him. Now, it might be supposed that when an experienced judge seriously sets himself to form a correct estimate of a person's character, and can take his own time and his own means of investigation, he would be in very little danger indeed of arriving at an utterly false estimate. This judge made no secret in after years of having made an egregious blunder in the business. When Lord Stonfield on one occasion sent to apologize for his absence from his seat on the Bench, Braxfield wanted to

know the cause of his absence. "What excuse can a stout fellow like him hae?" he demanded. "He has lost his wife," was the answer. "Has he?" ejaculated Braxfield, "that's a good excuse, indeed. I wish we had a' the same." Lizzie, it appeared, had turned out a tartar, with whom neither husband nor servants could get along at all comfortably. The butler once went to his master and gave notice of his intention to leave, as he found it impossible to put up with his mistress's temper. "Ye've mickle to complain o', mou," exclaimed the Judge, "you may be thankful you're not married to her." Chief-Justice Holt was another occupant of the Bench who was reported to have made a deplorable mistake in this little matter, and Judge Gilbert was another.

When so many representatives of the dry practicality of the law have gone astray in such affairs, it is not surprising that men of imagination—our Shakespeares and Miltons, Shelleys and Byrons—have made more or less unfortunate choice of partners in life. It would be a mistake, no doubt, to assume that lawyers and other "practical" men are in no danger of being led away by sentiment and imaginative glamour, just as it would be a mistake to ascribe all the unhappy selections of poets and painters to the misleading of sentiment. But it may be observed that in selection for matrimony the "practical" is almost as perilous a guide as the sentimental. The astute, hard-headed wooer of the old story, who rejects one lady because she betrays her extravagance by cutting off the rind of her cheese, and another because she shows herself of a greedy disposition by eating it, may live to find that the damsel who adopts the happy medium of scraping and eating, though a prudent and careful housekeeper, makes after all only a very indifferent wife. He may, upon the whole, select quite as unhappily as the man of sentiment, who marries a fictitious being, a mere creation of his own sprightly fancy. As a rule, these matters cannot be satisfactorily managed without a certain infusion of sentiment, but they require also the exercise of a certain amount of practical common sense, and it is only when the two forces are nicely balanced one against the other that matrimony may be safely ventured on. For a man to perceive when they really are nicely balanced is however just the sum of the whole difficulty; and it is because the difficulty is so serious that marriage always has been and always will be more or less of a lottery.

**NEWS OF THE WEEK.**

TELEGRAPHIC communication has been established between the Magdalen Islands and Cape Breton.

MR. E. A. SOTHERN, the actor, died on Thursday evening last.

A \$50,000 fire, which threatened to be a very serious one, occurred in the Metropolitan Hotel, New York, last week.

MR. BOOTH'S "Othello," at the Princess's, is severely criticised by the London press.

THE Cronstadt Theatre has been destroyed by fire, and eight persons were killed.

THE writs against the Rev. Messrs. Dale and Enraght have been discharged by the Court of Appeals.

THE Haulan-Laycock race has been postponed to the 14th of February.

THE surrender of Lima to the Chilean forces is officially confirmed.

**HUMOROUS.**

OLD maids are described as "embers from which the sparks have fled."

"MINE, miner, minus!" This is the general upshot of speculation in mining stock.

A CRUEL husband calls his wife "green fruit," because she never agrees with him.

IT is absurd to suppose that a man can speak above his breath, since his mouth is below his nose.

"MIKE, did you ever catch frogs?" "Yis, sorr." "What did you bait with?" "Bate 'em with a stick, sorr."

THE following recipe for eloquence is given by a "down East" orator: "Get yourself clobbered of the subject knock out the bung, and let nature caper."

IT was a married lady who began the telling of a story by saying, "Once I knew a couple of little girls, one of whom died and went to heaven, while the other grew up and got married."

**FASHION NOTES.**

A DECIDED novelty is a set of Royal Worcester after-dinner coffee cups, decorated after the pattern on an Indian shawl.

YELLOW-white and dead-white are combined in many evening dresses this winter, the latter tint being used for the front, and the former for the back.

A RED shawl look like a daisy," says an authority, and it recommends quilted borders for shawls and coverlets quilted in diamonds, to give the proper floral appearance.

THE newest thing out in sleeve-buttons is a thin, square plate of red gold, on which a griffin is stenciled. This is backed with a thin plate of santonix, and the effect is very pretty.

SUMMER gowns are made without any shoulder seams, and with the sleeve cut in one piece with the waist and having only one seam. Waists of this kind are shirred at the belt.

MONSTER furs—made of feathers painted or plainly coloured—have suddenly become the rage. They are enormous, measuring a yard across, and almost a yard long when closed. When carried folded in the hand they look like walking sticks.

## THE LATE JUDGE DUNKIN.

The Hon. Christopher Dunkin, D. C. L., Puisne Judge of the Superior Court of the Province of Quebec, was one of the most prominent men in this country during many years of his life and has held many important public offices. He was born in England in 1812, and was educated at University College, London, and at the Universities of Glasgow and Harvard, at which latter institution he held for a short time a position as Greek tutor. He came to this city when a young man and edited the *Montreal Morning Courier* from May, 1837, until the summer of 1838, when he became Secretary of the Education Commission under the Earl of Durham, the then Governor-General. He served under Lord Sydenham in carrying out the work of that Commission, and afterwards became Secretary of the Post-Office Commission, and in 1841 Assistant-Secretary for Lower Canada, in which office he remained until 1848. He studied law with the late Alexander Buchanan, Q. C., and subsequently with Mr. F. G. Johnson, afterwards the Hon. Justice Johnson, was called to the bar in 1846, and was made a Q. C. in 1867. He was a very successful lawyer in this city for some years, in partnership with the present Chief Justice Meredith and Mr. Strachan Bethune, Q. C., the firm of Bethune and Bethune being then known as Bethune and Dunkin. He was the unsuccessful candidate to represent Drummond in the Canadian Assembly in 1844, but sat in that body for Drummond and Arthabaska from the general election in 1857 to the general election in 1861 when he was defeated by Eric Dorion. Shortly after he was elected in Brome and sat for that county from January 1862 to Confederation, when he was returned for both the Commons and the Local House by acclamation, where he remained until his elevation to the Bench on the 25th of October 1871. He was a member of the Executive Council and Treasurer of the Province of Quebec from July 1867 until sworn in a member



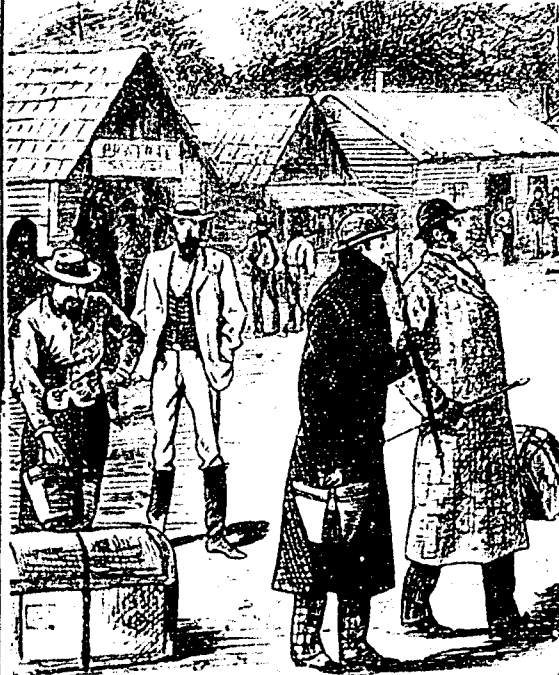
THE LATE JUDGE DUNKIN.

of the Privy Council and male Minister of Agriculture in November, 1869, which office he held until his appointment to the Judgeship of the District of Bedford. He retained the Judgeship up to the time of his death. He was once President of the Shakespeare Club, Montreal, was at his death a Governor of McGill University, a trustee of St. Francis College, Richmond, and a director of the South Eastern Junction Railway. He was Lieutenant-Colonel of the Volunteer Militia, First Montreal Light Infantry, from 1856 to 1859, and from September, 1869, to June, 1872, of the 62nd Battalion of Bedford. Judge Dunkin has lived for many years on his large farm on the shore of Brome lake, near Knowlton. His wife was Mary, daughter of the late Jonathan Barber, at one time of McGill University. The deceased was a consistent member of the Church of England. He was strongly conservative in his politics, though refusing to follow that party in some of its measures opposing the Confederation of the Provinces and the Coalition Ministry which brought it about, and voting against the Cartier-Macdonald Administration a few years before in the vote of want of confidence which resulted in its defeat. He was a man of strict temperance principles and his name will be perpetuated by the fact of his being the author of the Temperance Act of 1854 better known as the "Dunkin Act." His decisions on the Bench gave universal satisfaction.

In his public, social and private life, Judge Dunkin was conservative, methodical, persevering, sternly just, but warmly sympathetic and philanthropic where help was really needed. Of these traits of character the number of his friends and the quantity and quality of the work done by him in his lifetime are the evidence. Said Mr. T. E. Foster, himself a resident of Knowlton, in summing up after giving a short sketch of the deceased Judge's prominent and untarnished career:—"All that I can say is that he is dead, and the world is much better for his having lived in it."



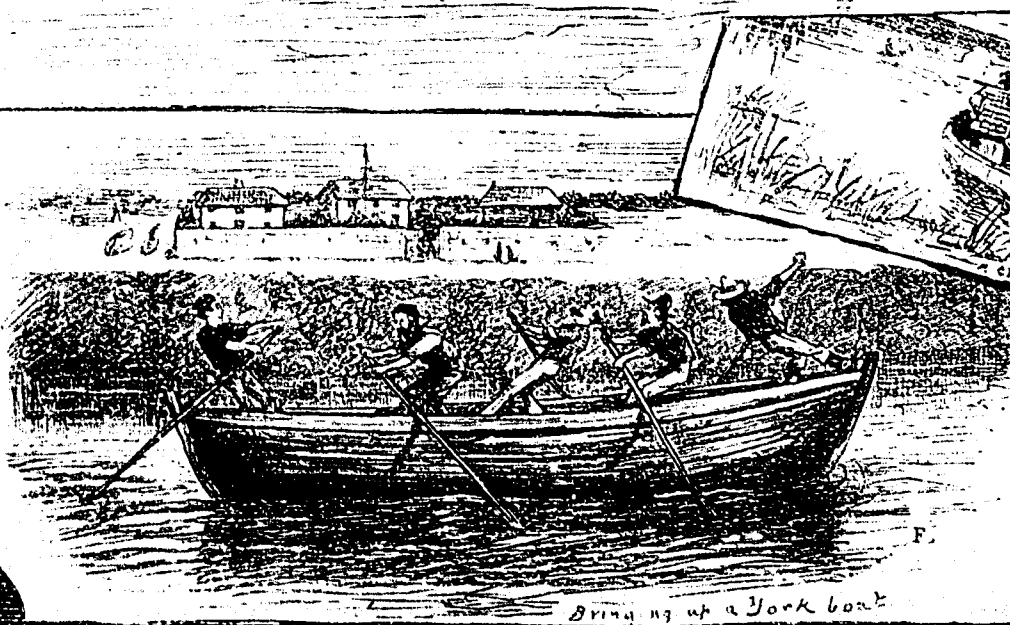
THE STREETS OF NEW YORK ILLUMINATED BY THE ELECTRIC LIGHT.—(SEE PAGE 67.)



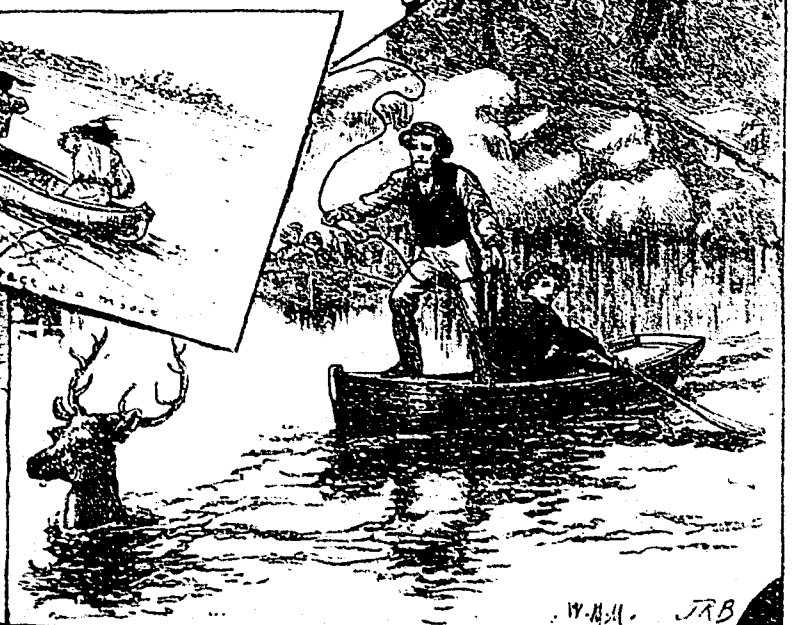
New arrivals from Europe



A Saloon in the 'jar' city.



Bringing up a York boat



W.M.A. JAB

# AGAINST THE LAW.

A NOVEL.

BY DORA RUSSELL.

Author of "The Vicar's Governess," "Footprints in the Snow," "The Silver Link,"

&c., &c.

## CHAPTER XIII.

### LAURA'S LOCKET.

Weary and tired as she was, Laura sat up that night with the sick children. They were ill and restless, of course, and required constant attention, and it was all the poor governess could do to keep herself awake.

At last the gray dawn broke, and her weary vigil was over. The trained nurse came into the room to relieve her, and Laura crept up to the cold attic, and lay down on the bed which had been hastily prepared for her.

She slept so long that, at last, Mrs. Glynford herself went to rouse her. The lady of the house had a reason for doing this. She wished, in fact, to know something more about her nephew and her governess.

She had had a hint given to her on the subject during Miss Keane's absence at Seaton-by-the-Sea. One of her friends, in fact, had remarked to her that she had seen Mr. William Glynford talking to her pretty governess in the streets.

Now, Mrs. Glynford liked not to hear any woman called pretty, and this speech of her friend's offended her. But still she never for a moment thought that William Glynford really admired Miss Keane; but last night, during Master Dolly's roars, she fancied she had heard her nephew say that he would "see her again presently" to the governess, and these words had lingered in Mrs. Glynford's mind.

So she went up to her attic about eleven o'clock, to look after her governess.

On a little uncurtained iron bedstead Laura was lying asleep, with her long, soft hair falling over her.

She was goodly to look upon, this young girl, lying there in the chill misty air on this winter's morning, and for a few moments Mrs. Glynford stood examining her critically. Then Laura moved restlessly, and turned her head; and, in doing so, disclosed to Mrs. Glynford's gaze that round her slender throat she wore suspended a valuable gold locket, in which shone a single diamond like a star.

Mrs. Glynford felt disgusted. It seemed like something improper to this virtuous maiden that a girl in a dependent position should be lying there with a valuable locket suspended round her throat! It was very suspicious, Mrs. Glynford considered, and roused the sleeping girl in a very sharp tone indeed.

"Well, you've had a good rest, at any rate," she said. "Do you know what time it is, Miss Keane? Considerably past eleven!"

"I was so tired!" said Laura, in her gentle way.

"You can't be tired, now, I should think!" remarked Mrs. Glynford.

"I am afraid that I am, a little," said Laura, with a half smile.

"Do you always wear that locket round your throat in bed, may I ask?" said Mrs. Glynford, the next moment, unable any longer to control her curiosity.

Laura blushed scarlet, hastily put up her hand to her throat, and drew her night-dress closer round it.

"I—I forgot I had it on," she faltered, shrinking away from Mrs. Glynford's hard, cold look.

"It seems a very valuable one for a young person in your position to possess," said Mrs. Glynford.

Laura made no answer to this. She felt, indeed, that Mrs. Glynford had no right to question her, and was most earnestly wishing that the florid lady of the house would go out of the room.

"Have you had it long?" continued Mrs. Glynford.

"Not very," answered poor Laura, incautiously; and Mrs. Glynford's cheeks grew redder.

"Then," she said, "I think I have a right to ask who gave it to you? If you have received it while in my house and in my service, I shall insist upon knowing the donor?"

"I do not think you have any right to ask this, Mrs. Glynford," replied Laura.

"No right to inquire who gave a girl like you so valuable a locket while you are in my house?" exclaimed Mrs. Glynford, raising her voice.

"Then I disagree with you. I think I have a right, and I mean to exercise that right. Miss Keane, who gave you that locket?"

"I really cannot tell you, Mrs. Glynford," answered Laura, with some firmness.

"Then I shall find out!" cried Mrs. Glynford. "And I think, as you do not choose to obey me—as you receive valuable presents from gentlemen, and won't tell from whom—I think, under these circumstances, you had better suit yourself with another situation at the end of the quarter."

"Very well," said Laura, and turned her head wearily on her pillow.

Mrs. Glynford went down-stairs after this, and straight into her husband's study, who was

sitting examining some colliery plans lying on the table before him.

"William, what do you think!" began Mrs. Glynford. That girl up-stairs—Miss Keane—is lying in bed, with a valuable gold locket, with a diamond star in it, hanging round her neck!"

"Well, what have you to do with that?" answered Mr. Glynford, senior, looking up with an annoyed expression.

"A great deal, I think!" retorted Mrs. Glynford. "Fancy a girl like that having a locket with a diamond in it! Some one—some gentleman must have given it to her."

"And why shouldn't the girl's sweetheart give her a locket, I would like to know!" said Mr. Glynford, senior.

And just then William Glynford, junior, who was standing at one of the windows of the room with a newspaper in his hand, turned round and came forward, and for the first time his aunt saw him.

"Oh, you are there, William, are you?" she said. "Well, you heard me tell your uncle, then, I suppose, about the valuable locket of Miss Keane's? What do you think of it?"

"I think," replied William Glynford, "that Miss Keane is a very lucky young lady to possess a valuable locket."

"What nonsense!" answered Mrs. Glynford, sharply; for she often had a dim idea that her nephew was laughing at her. "I think it is absolutely improper for a girl in her position to possess such a locket; and sleeping with it round her neck, too!"

As Mrs. Glynford said these last words, William Glynford flushed deeply. His uncle noted this, and said, "Do go away, Maria; don't come here any more with such foolish stories. William and I are going to be very busy over the plans of a new colliery, and we have no time to listen to such rubbish."

"Very well," said Mrs. Glynford, highly offended. "It will be some time before I trouble you with my presence again!"

And, having said this, she walked out of the room, shutting with great violence the door behind her.

"William," said Mr. Glynford, senior, "did you give that locket to Miss Keane?"

"Yes, uncle; I did," he said. "I went to Seaton-by-the-Sea, where Miss Keane lives, a few days ago; and, but for an accident, should then have asked her to be my wife."

"All right, lad," said Mr. Glynford, senior, heartily.

William Glynford left his uncle's house with a great softness and gladness in his heart. Mrs. Glynford, unconsciously, had made her nephew a very happy man.

When he returned to his house, which was in the town of Farnham, William Glynford wrote to Laura Keane, asking her to meet him on the following afternoon at a spot he named in the outskirts of the place.

"I wish to see you," he told her, "because, for one thing, I am anxious to talk to you about your sister's writings. I have read those that she sent me, and recognized her ability, even her genius, at once. But, my dear Miss Keane, they are immature—the writings of a clever mind in its dawn. Now, if she chooses, I shall undertake to publish them; but, before she faces the hard criticisms of those who give no mercy, and who know not, and care not, of the youth and inexperience of an author, would it not be well for her to pause, to wait a few years—in fact, till the powers which she undoubtedly possesses have been matured?"

These words, written with the kindest possible motive, made Laura very sad, for Maud's sake.

Indeed, the same post which brought Laura William Glynford's letter brought her also an ardent, even an impatient one from poor Maud.

Laura felt that Mr. William Glynford's opinion would be a sad blow to her poor sister, and yet she understood its kindness and wisdom.

And to ask Maud to wait for years for the fame she was so longing to achieve seemed to Laura to be almost an impossibility.

"Poor Maud!" thought the elder sister, sadly.

But waited until she had seen William Glynford to write to her.

Accordingly, on the following afternoon she said to Mrs. Glynford that she would like to go out for half an hour.

That lady demurred, but finally gave an ungracious consent; and so Laura was free to meet to meet William Glynford.

She did meet him, and again, in the kindest fashion, he repeated his advice about Maud's writings.

"But she will be so cruelly disappointed, Mr. Glynford," said Laura, half-pleadingly.

"Yes," he answered, gently; "but remember, I say this only for her sake. Tell her what I think, and then, if she still wishes to publish, I shall see about getting it done at once."

"Very well; I will tell her," said Laura. "And there is another thing," continued Glynford, "that I wish to talk to you about, Miss Keane—"

"Oh, not to-day," interrupted Laura, as William hesitated for a moment. She thought, indeed, that he was going to ask her about Mr. Bingley, and felt that she had not strength of mind to endure the subject.

"It is only about a very stupid thing," said William Glynford, smiling. "My aunt, it seems, has, somehow or other, seen the little Christmas-box that I gave you a short while ago, and has been bothering you, most likely, about it?"

The burning blush which dyed Laura Keane's cheeks at these words told William Glynford that he had guessed the truth.

"It is so, then?" he said. "Well, I will tell you how I know. She came and told my uncle of this wonderful discovery that she had made while I was in the room. My uncle was justly very angry with her; and, Laura, to put an end to any misconception on her part, will you give me a right to tell her that I gave this locket to you—that I gave it to one whom I fondly hope will some day be my wife?"

Laura half started at these, and a sort of exclamation broke from her lips.

"May I, then, have this hope?" continued William Glynford.

And he put out his hand and took Laura's.

"Don't ask me just now," answered Laura, very much agitated; and after a moment's thought, "Don't say anything more to-day about this, please, Mr. Glynford. I—I am grateful; I thank you; but don't speak of it again to-day!"

"But why?" said William Glynford, looking at her steadily. "If you can like me well enough, you know, Laura, I can offer you a comfortable home, and, I think I may add, a faithful heart."

"I know," said Laura, greatly distressed—"I know how good you are, and how kind; but—but I am unworthy, Mr. Glynford."

And quite suddenly the poor girl burst into a passion of tears.

"Unworthy!" repeated William Glynford, in a tone of pain and astonishment.

"I mean," sobbed Laura, "something that I cannot tell you that you cannot understand. You must not think of me, Mr. Glynford; you must only think of me, at least, as a friend."

William Glynford was silent for a moment or two, and then he said, in his frank, kind way,

"Why don't you confide your trouble, whatever it is, to me? I will do anything for you, Laura, if you will only trust me!"

For a moment she hesitated. Could she tell him all! But no, no. She decided the next instant. "I have not courage; I could not tell him the frightful truth. No; unless Mr. Bingley will swear never to betray me, I can never be anything to William Glynford!"

"Do not ask me," was all she said; and, wounded and disappointed, William Glynford continued to walk by her side.

He escorted her back to Bridgenorth House, and, as they proceeded along the highway, a dogcart passed them, in which Laura saw that Mr. Bingley and a stranger were seated.

Bingley scowled as he recognized those two walking on the road. He touched his hat in a very surly fashion, and the dogcart passed on, but neither William Glynford nor Laura spoke of Bingley.

They tried to talk of indifferent things, but were both greatly embarrassed. Laura was was thinking of Bingley with dread, and Glynford with anger. Bingley, in the meanwhile, was driving on with an ugly look on his countenance and a certain resolve in his heart.

"I'll put a stop to this, at any rate, Mr. William Glynford," he was mentally telling himself, and scarcely answered his companions for some minutes, who was enlarging on the merits of a house that Bingley was thinking of purchasing.

Yes, Bingley had decided to buy a country house, and to marry a pretty young lady, and to begin at once in as good a position as any "of those Glynfords."

It disturbed his mental calculations, therefore, in some measure to meet Laura with William Glynford, when he was actually on his road to view the house of which he meant her to be the future mistress.

But he would put a stop to all this nonsense, and by the time he reached the showy villa that he contemplated buying, had almost recovered his complacency.

The villa, which was named Willoughby Hall, was almost as fine a place as Bridgenorth House.

Bingley felt, as he looked round at the glass, at the avenue, at the terrace, and the lake, that he could hold his head high when he got here, at any rate. He felt, indeed, that Mr. Bingley, of Willoughby Hall, would be some one, and wished to be some one as quickly as possible. So he did not hesitate much about terms. The agent of the property, by whom he was accompanied, found him a much easier person to deal with than he had expected. Bingley, in fact, drove home in the dogcart the virtual proprietor of Willoughby Hall, and proudly contemplated himself as such. And the same evening he announced his purchase to Laura.

He did this in a letter, in which he also informed her of his intention to put a stop to her intimacy with William Glynford.

"Dear Miss Keane (he wrote), when I met you to-day I was on my road to complete a purchase of a very fine place in this neighbourhood, called

Willoughby Hall. I am now its possessor, and hope shortly to have the pleasure of showing you over it. It is quite a gentleman's mansion, and no lady need be ashamed to live in it. Perhaps you can take a hint, for I mean that to be one. I wish to see you about certain arrangements which I have, with great trouble and expense, made about certain notes. I went back to Seaton-by-the-Sea for the purpose of seeing you, but found, to my annoyance, that you had returned to Bridgenorth House. I saw little Miss Keane, your sister, and she told me. But now I must see you, so please write and tell me where we can most conveniently meet. And another thing, my young lady! I am not partial to any of the Glynfords, and don't like to see you with Mr. William, and must request that you will not walk with him again. However, if you will write and tell me where I can see you, we can settle all this, and something else also, which I hope will be agreeable to you.

"I remain, very sincerely yours,

"RICHARD BINGLEY.

"P.S. Any time to-morrow will suit me."

Such was the letter that Laura received from the man that she dared not refuse to obey.

## CHAPTER XIV.

### BINGLEY AND LAURA.

With an aching heart, Laura Keane went to meet Richard Bingley; with a sinking heart looked in his course, and knew before he spoke what he was about to say.

Oh, what shame she felt! She who loved one man stealing out of the house like a guilty thing to meet another! Yet she was forced to do this. She had not dared to ask leave of Mrs. Glynford to go out again so soon, and had had to wait until that lady left the house, when Laura tremblingly proceeded at once to Bingley's shop in Front street.

Bingley was standing as he usually did in the centre of his "establishment," talking to some good customer or other, when Laura entered. Indeed, he had quite a little group round him at the moment, for it had become known in the town that the day before Mr. Bingley had completed the purchase of Willoughby Hall.

So one or two friends had gone in to congratulate him, and Bingley was smiling, well pleased to be known as a landed proprietor at last.

"Yes; it's time I was giving up this kind of thing," said Bingley, glancing with a grand air at his counters and garment-adorned windows. "When a man gets to forty-five or so, it's time he was taking a little rest."

"Ha, ha, ha, Bingley!" laughed a facetious friend in the corn trade. "Forty-five, indeed!—fifty-five, you mean. Why, man, you must be, surely, looking out for a second wife!"

Bingley tried to smile, but he did not like it.

At this minute, and while there was still a laugh going on at his expense, he caught sight of Laura. His expression changed at once.

"Excuse me," he said, to his friends, "but I wish to speak to this young lady." And he went up and shook Laura's hand before them all.

"How are you?" he said. "So you've come here? I didn't mean you to do that. But it's no matter; come with me into the private office."

He led Laura across the shop, and his friends looked after them with a smile.

"That's Mrs. Glynford's governess, is it not?" said one.

"She's a pretty girl; twenty years too young for Bingley, though, if that's his little game," said another.

Bingley having taken Laura into the office, and closed the door, said, "You got my letter, then? I expected a note from you to ask me to meet you in the country somewhere, and we might have had a walk together."

"I could not fix any time," answered Laura, with drooping head. "The children, you know, are ill at Bridgenorth House, and your sister sent for me to help to nurse them, and does not like me to leave the house."

"Humph!" said Bingley. "It was kind, I must say, of Maria—just like her selfish ways—to send for you in your holidays to nurse her sick cubs. But about going out?—you go out to meet Mr. William Glynford, it seems?"

Laura felt that she blushed deeply.

"I went out for a short walk yesterday," she said, "after sitting up all night with the children, and I chanced to meet Mr. Glynford."

"Well, you mustn't chance to meet him again, that's all!" said Bingley. "In fact, Miss Keane—Laura—I'm a plain man, and I suppose you've seen what I've been driving at! I want you to be my wife, and I'll give you a good home, and you'll be free of Maria and her sick brats to-morrow, if you please!"

Laura did not speak. She had expected to hear some such words, and yet, when they came, they seemed to shock her—a yet further degradation.

"You know I've bought Willoughby Hall!" proceeded Bingley. "Well, I want a pretty young wife to sit at the head of my table there; and they'll be no stinting, I can tell you. You may hold your head as high as Maria's any day for that matter, and drive in your carriage, too, as well as she does."

Still Laura was silent. She stood looking down, her heart beating fast, while Bingley was enumerating the advantages of his proposal.

"Say the word," continued Bingley, "and

I'll go straight to old Glynford, who is the best of the lot, and tell him we've settled it; and ask him to have the wedding from his house. That would have a better look, as Maria's my own sister; but, if you prefer it, I'll pay your expenses to Seaton-by-the-Sea, and we can be married from your mother's!"

Then Laura spoke, and in quick and passionate accents.

"It cannot be, Mr. Bingley," she said. "I am grateful to you for your proposal, but I cannot be your wife."

"How do you mean? What for?" said Bingley, roughly, and with an angry scowl.

"Because," answered Laura, gaining courage, "I do not care for you as a woman should care for her future husband. We—we have nothing in common with each other."

"What d'ye mean by that?" asked Bingley, very angrily. "Nothing in common! D'ye mean that I'm not as good as you are?"

"Oh, no!" said Laura; "but we should not suit each other."

"Rubbish!" retorted Bingley. "Just a girl's romantic nonsense, and nothing else. But I'll tell you what it is, Miss Laura," he continued, with a darkening countenance; "I'm not a fellow to be trifled with. D'ye suppose I would give myself all this trouble, and go to all this expense, for nothing! Not I! I got you out of this confounded scrape about the notes for a purpose; that purpose was that I had taken a fancy to you, and intended to marry you; and I'm not going to be cheated, I tell you very plainly."

"But I never promised to marry you!" said Laura.

"No, you did not," answered Bingley, "because I hadn't asked you; but you must have understood very well. I'm not a particularly philanthropic man, and d'ye suppose I would have wasted all this money, and lost the chance, too, of finding out the scoundrel who robbed me; for it must have been some one in my own establishment. D'ye think I would have done this out of pure benevolence?"

"I—I hoped so," faltered Laura.

"Then I wouldn't," said Bingley. "I did it because you are a pretty girl, and I wanted a pretty wife, and I took a sort of fancy to you. There, that's honesty, isn't it?"

"But—but, Mr. Bingley, I can't marry you!"

"You must!" said Bingley, frowning.

"Come, I don't want to threaten you! I don't want to remind you that, but for me, you would have had a policeman's hand on your shoulder before now. I don't want to say that even now—now, mind ye—a word from me would place you in a common goal! But it's true, all the same. You are in my power as much as on the day when you first came here and paid in the marked and stolen notes; as much as on the day when I went to Seaton-by-the-Sea, with the detective's letter in my pocket, to tell me that two of the lost notes had at last been paid into a bank by one Johnson, a grocer. D'ye see the situation now? But I don't want to be unpleasant. I only want to make you understand why I did all this for you, and that I mean to have you in return for my money."

Laura had grown paler and paler during this long speech, and as Bingley ended she burst into tears.

"But what happiness would it bring you?" she said, with a sob, almost choking her utterance. "If—if you did force me to marry you, only misery could come of it."

"That's my look-out," said Bingley; "and if I choose to run the risk, I must take the consequences. But why shouldn't we be happy? I'm well off. I can give you as good a position as my sister Maria has there at Bridgenorth House; and—well—hang it! If you object to my establishment here, I can afford to retire from business any day. How can a man say more! I offer you a good home—a gentleman's mansion, in fact—a carriage and every comfort; and I don't think any reasonable woman could require more."

"But I don't want anything, Mr. Bingley," said Laura, imploringly. "Please don't ask me to be your wife, and I'll work, I'll beg—do anything, in fact—to repay you this money!"

Bingley's evil-looking countenance flushed, and a hard expression passed over it.

"If you mean by that," he said, "that you'll borrow this money of Mr. William Glynford, or some other of your admirers, I may as well tell you at once that I won't take it. No, my young lady; I don't want the money; I want you. That's my price for keeping you out of the clutches of the law, and I mean to have it. As I told you at Seaton-by-the-Sea, neither William Glynford nor all the Glynfords that ever were born could save you if I chose to speak the word. I've no doubt he'd advance this money for you—no doubt of that!" And Bingley laughed unpleasantly. "You are a pretty girl, and he's a rich man, they say; but if he were twice as rich, and ready to marry you—ay, ready to marry you to-morrow—he could not help you. You have committed an offence against the law—an offence that would look very dark after I had given my evidence against you, and after Johnson, the grocer, had said his say. D'ye think," continued Bingley, scowling, "that I am a man to be turned from my purpose by a few tears? No. I give you your choice, and that is, to be my wife, or pass the next ten or twelve years of your life in penal servitude!"

Laura sank down on a chair near her. What a choice was hers! A goal, or this coarse man, against whom her very soul revolted! But a

goal—the girl shuddered as she thought of it—and shame, shame, and William Glynford's contempt and scorn for evermore!

"Will you give me time—time to think?" she said at last, looking up in Bingley's hard and angry visage.

"Reasonable time only," he answered. "Come, Laura," and he laid his hand upon her shoulder; "don't you act like a fool! You have got to marry me, so you may as well make the best of me, and I'll be a good husband to you, if you'll be a good wife to me. There! that's fair enough, isn't it? I wasn't a bad husband to poor Sarah; she's dead and gone now, but she was glad enough to have me, I can tell you. But we needn't talk about that. I'm in a different position now." (And Bingley drew himself to his full height, and felt full of pride as he thought of Willoughby Hall.) "I've a bit of land now I can call my own, and a house that no lady in the land would be ashamed to enter. And I offer all this to you. Come, my girl, don't let's have any more words, but name the day, and you'll never regret it!"

"Let me have time, at any rate?" said Laura, rising.

"Well, what do you call time?" answered Bingley. "Let me see; to-day's Thursday. Well, then, on Sunday afternoon I'll call openly at Bridgenorth House to get your answer. Don't forget that your choice is whether you will marry me or go to Farnhame Gaol. For I would do it, girl," he continued, almost fiercely. "Before William Glynford, or any other young fellow, should come between you and me, I would see you taken away in the prison van! But there, there; don't cry! It will be all right, if you are wise, and don't throw away a good chance when you have got it!"

CHAPTER XV.

LAURA'S CHOICE.

Laura scarcely knew how she got home after her painful interview with Bingley—scarcely how the rest of the day passed after she had listened to his proposal and his threats.

She went and sat by the sick children, and heard their fretful complaints as if in a dream. She knew her situation, and yet could hardly realize it. To marry Bingley! It seemed too monstrous, too hideous a thing to be true, and yet she knew that that was it.

She sat up that night with the children, and each hour that struck seemed to her to sound like a knell. One hour nearer Sunday afternoon, and then another!

"But no, no; I cannot do it!" she thought, starting up. And then, remembering the choice she had, sank down again with a groan.

She looked so ill when morning came that the trained nurse spoke to Mrs. Glynford about her during the forenoon. "That young lady isn't strong enough to sit up, Mrs. Glynford," she said.

"Why not?" answered Mrs. Glynford, sharply. "She must sit up—she's paid for teaching the children; and when they are too ill to be taught, it is her duty to nurse them. Don't put any folly of that kind into her head, please, nurse."

But, during the day, Laura grew so ill in her miserable little attic upstairs that even Mrs. Glynford was forced to admit that "she was fit for nothing—a poor, useless creature, not worth the money she cost."

Some such hard, cold words as these were spoken by the selfish woman, and were heard with no small disgust by her husband.

"Maria," said Mr. Glynford, senior, "if I were you I would be a little more civil to this young lady; she is not unlikely to be your niece-in-law some day."

"What do you say?" exclaimed Mrs. Glynford.

"William admires her very much," answered Mr. Glynford, significantly.

"Nonsense! I don't believe it," said Mrs. Glynford. "If I did believe it, I would turn her out of the house to-day."

"And so induce William to publish the baits to-morrow!" said Mr. Glynford, senior. "Don't be absurd, Maria. William is not the man to stand by and see a girl he likes ill-treated. You remember that locket you made such a fuss about?"

"Yes, certainly. William did not give her that?" said Mrs. Glynford, eagerly.

"He just did, then!" answered her husband. "And William is too good a fellow to play fast and loose with a woman's heart; and so I just advise you to be civil with Miss Keane."

Mrs. Glynford felt very angry, but had enough sense to see that her husband's advice, in a worldly point of view at least, was good. What made the idea of William Glynford marrying her governess more galling to her was that her nephew-in-law held a higher social position in the town of Farnhame than she did, and was a welcome guest in several houses whose doors were closed against herself. The Glynfords were, in fact, an old and respectable family, and Mr. Glynford, senior, was considered to have married beneath him. Then Mrs. Glynford was not popular. She was good looking and rich; but the higher classes in Farnhame justly called her vulgar. People of taste shrugged their shoulders sometimes after a visit to Bridgenorth House. With less finery and ostentation she would have made her way better; but she, of course, did not see this, but thought money the grandest and most imposing thing in the world, and she was constantly (virtually) showing her

purse. But she had always courted William Glynford. She hoped he would marry well, and thus improve her own position. But she was rather afraid of him; never quite understood whether he was in jest or earnest; and knew that, in the Glynford character, there was a vein of obstinacy which was apt to develop itself very unpleasantly upon certain occasions. She felt, in fact, that if she turned Miss Keane out of the house, William Glynford (if it were true that he admired her) would be almost certain to take her part—perhaps, even as her husband suggested, marry her governess at once.

Mrs. Glynford was furious at the very idea; but what could she do?

She was cold and haughty in her manner to Miss Keane at times during the next two days, and then tried sometimes to be civil.

And for poor Laura to give up William Glynford was the least bitter, perhaps, of the agony that she was called upon to endure. Her life might be all gray, and cold, and sad, without his love; but she could have gone away and worked, she thought, and lived on quietly, loving him in secret and to the last.

But to be forced to marry Bingley; to live in the same town as another man's wife, or to have her name branded and disgraced for evermore!

This was her choice as Bingley had put it before her, exaggerating, perhaps, the consequences of her breach of the law to suit his own purposes.

But even in her misery she thought of Maud. She wrote to her young sister on the Friday morning, breaking as gently as she could William Glynford's opinion that it would be well for her to wait a year or two before venturing to brave the ordeal of public criticism.

On the Saturday night she received an answer to this letter, written while Maud was in a state of intense excitement and disappointment.

"It was cruel, worse than cruel," she wrote, "of Mr. Glynford to raise hopes in my mind if he only meant to disappoint me. I could not wait—could not live through long, dreary years."

Such, and more to the same purpose, was the letter which Laura held in her cold, trembling hands on the Sunday when Mr. Bingley had said that he was coming openly to Bridgenorth House in the afternoon to learn her choice.

The dinner-hour was an early one on Sundays at Bridgenorth House, and upon this particular Sunday William Glynford was coming to dine there.

Mr. Glynford, senior, had announced, on Sunday night, to his wife, but before Laura, that William would dine with them the next day.

Thus, on the Sunday morning Laura knew that she would see William Glynford during the day, and made up her mind to give him Maud's letter to read.

She knew also that this would be her last chance of doing so.

If Bingley came in the afternoon to ask for her decision, she knew well, whatever way she made it, that William Glynford's regard and friendship for her would be a thing of the past.

Could she expect him not to despise her if she married Bingley? Could she expect him not utterly to scorn her if she were arrested for a breach of the law?

A few minutes before the early dinner-hour she saw William Glynford arrive.

The poor girl, pale and miserable, watched him, from her attic window, come slowly down the avenue, and went at once quickly downstairs in the hope of seeing him a few minutes alone.

She did see him alone. Mrs. Glynford had been at church, and had taken a drive after her return, and was, therefore, not ready to descend when her nephew made his appearance.

Thus, when Laura entered the drawing-room no one was there but William Glynford.

He turned round as she went in, and came forward, holding out his hand, and then saw how strangely she was altered, and how very ill she looked.

"Are you not well?" he asked. "But I need not ask; I am sure you are not."

"I have been ill," answered Laura, pressing her hand against her side to still its painful throbbings. "But—but, Mr. Glynford, I wish to speak to you. I wish to say one word before Mrs. Glynford comes in—about Maud."

"Yes; certainly!" said William Glynford, gently.

He was thinking, "What can have happened to her?"

"This is her letter," said Laura, in the same nervous, agitated way in which she had before spoken.

"Poor child!" said Glynford, when he had read the epistle. "Poor, impulsive little girl! Well, Miss Laura," he continued, "let it be as she wishes. I will write to my friend, the publisher, to-day, and she shall have the pleasure of seeing her thoughts in print before three months are over. Tell her so, will you, when you write, with my kind regards; and tell her also it was only on her own account that I advised her to wait."

Laura held out her cold and trembling hand to Glynford.

"How can I thank you?" she said, in a faltering and broken voice. "Mr. Glynford, whatever may happen—however badly you may learn to think of me—will you promise still to be kind to Maud; not to let anything that I may do influence you against my poor young sister?"

As these agitated words fell from Laura's

lips, William Glynford looked at her in the utmost surprise.

"I do not understand you!" he said.

"Laura, what have you done—what are you about to do?"

Before Laura could reply, the drawing-room door opened, and Adolphus John, arrayed in ruby velvet and white lace, was ushered in by his nurse.

"Ma said, Cousin William," he began, "I was to go beside you at once!"

"Indeed! And why, pray, Master Dolly?" asked William Glynford, trying to appear at ease.

"Ma said you had been long enough alone with that pale-faced hussey!" answered Adolphus John; "and that was the reason I had to go into the drawing-room at once, and stay till she was ready to come. Didn't she say that, Bessie?" added Adolphus John, appealing to his nursemaid for confirmation of his words.

"You shouldn't repeat tales, Master Dolly!" said the nursemaid, with a giggle.

"She did say it! It isn't a tale!" reiterated Adolphus John.

"What isn't a tale, Dolly?" asked Mr. Glynford, senior, now entering the room.

"What 'ma said about Cousin William and—"

"Hush, my lad!" cried his father, catching Adolphus John in his arms, and throwing him in the air.

"Have you got another kitten yet, Dolly?" said William Glynford, also trying to distract Master Dolly's attention.

"No," answered the boy. "Ma said—"

"Here is mamma to answer for herself," again interrupted Mr. Glynford, senior; for Mrs. Glynford now appeared, looking rather flurried and red.

"I must apologize for not being ready, William," she said, as she took her nephew's hand; "but we had a longer drive than usual."

"You are in very good time, I think," answered William Glynford; and then he offered his arm to his aunt, and then led her into the sumptuously furnished dining-room.

When the dinner was over, and while Mr. and Mrs. Glynford were freely indulging in the dessert, Laura heard the hall door-bell ring.

A few minutes later the butler entered the room, and said something in a low tone to Mr. Glynford.

"Tell him to come in here, of course," said the master of the house, in reply. "Why, Maria," he continued, looking, looking at his wife; "it's your brother—Mr. Bingley!"

"Maria's" red cheeks grew redder at these words. Never before had Bingley intruded himself at his sister's board since the Glynfords had lived at Bridgenorth House.

William Glynford gave one glance—just one—at Laura when Mr. Bingley's name was mentioned by his uncle, and never forgot her look at that moment. It haunted him for months afterwards, and always filled his heart with pain.

"Mr. Bingley," the next moment announced the butler, and Mr. Glynford rose and shook hands kindly with his uninvited guest.

"Ah, Bingley!" he said; "glad to see you. You should have come an hour sooner, and taken pot-luck with us at our Sunday dinner."

"Thank you, Mr. Glynford," said Bingley; "but as I wasn't asked I dined at home. And how are you, Maria?" he went on, looking at his sister, who coldly held out her hand.

Bingley just took it, and then went round to the side of the table where Laura Keane was sitting, and shook hands with her, and then boldly drew a chair to her side.

"I didn't mean to intrude myself at your table," he said, looking again at his sister, "for I had no idea that such great people as you would dine in the middle of the day; but I called to see this young lady." And he glanced at Laura as he spoke.

"Indeed!" said Mrs. Glynford, in a tone of intense surprise and disgust.

"Yes," continued Bingley; "and I shall be glad to have a little private conversation with you, Miss Keane, when it suits you."

Laura opened her white lips, but no sound came forth, and Mr. and Mrs. Glynford alike stared at her in astonishment.

"Oh, indeed!" said Mr. Glynford, after a moment's pause. "Well, pray retire, Miss Keane, if you have any secrets to discuss."

"I'll not keep you long," said Bingley, again addressing Laura, who now rose, and a minute later she and Bingley had left the room.

Then a torrent of words broke from Mrs. Glynford.

"Well, of all the extraordinary things," she said, "that ever happened, that is the most extraordinary! What can Richard have to say to Miss Keane? William," she went on, addressing her nephew, "do you know anything of this?"

"I knew that Mr. Bingley was an acquaintance of Miss Keane's, that is all," answered William Glynford, in a husky, altered voice.

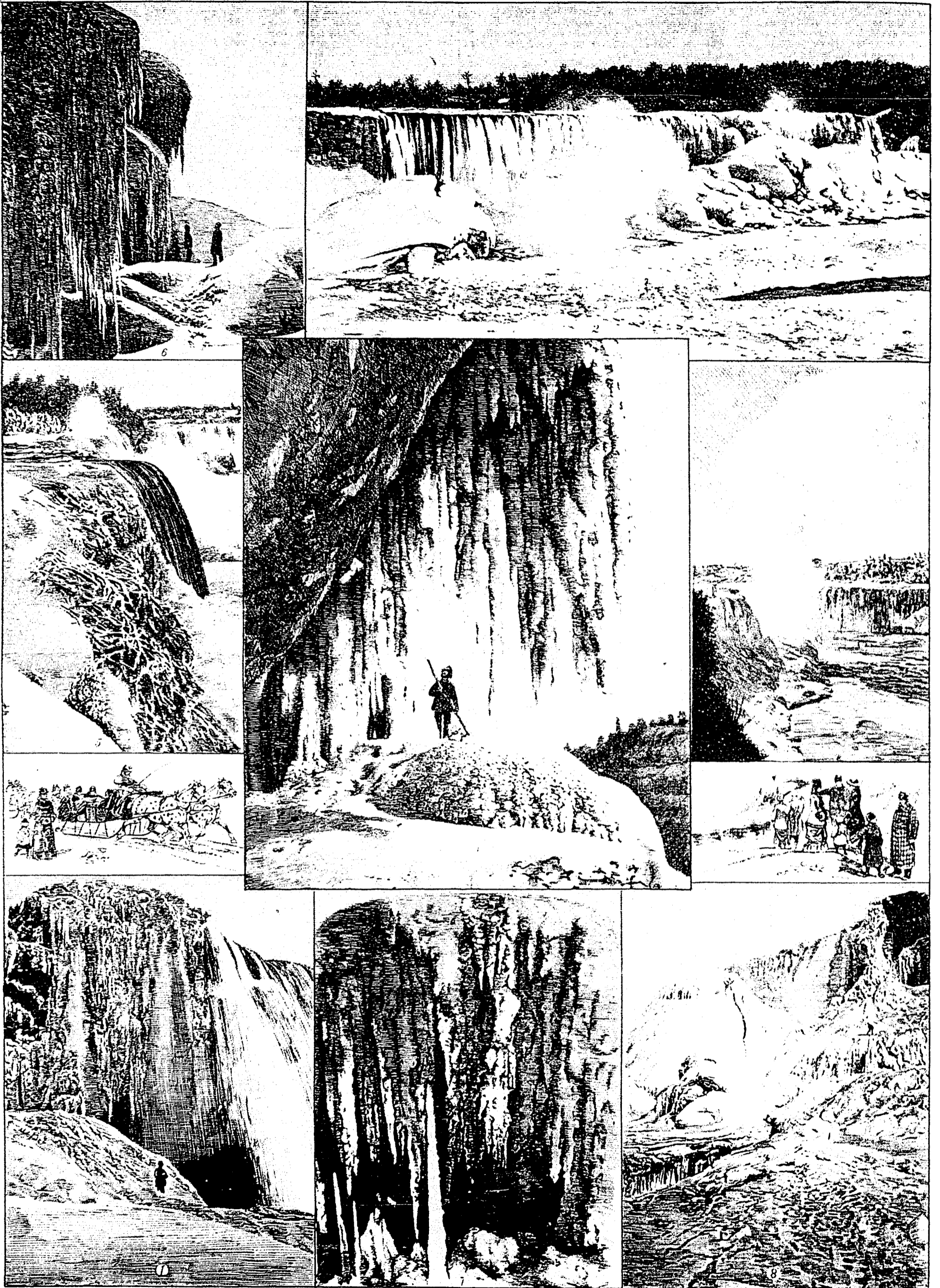
"How did he get to know her?" cried Mrs. Glynford. "And what can he be going to say to her?"

"Perhaps he is going to propose for her," said Mr. Glynford, senior, with a laugh.

"Nothing of the kind," said Mrs. Glynford. She got nervous with anxiety at last, and told her husband that she was determined to go and look after her brother and Miss Keane.

Just, however, as she rose from her seat for this purpose, Bingley himself returned to the





1. IN FRONT OF THE AMERICAN FALL. 2. AMERICAN FALL FROM THE CANADIAN SIDE. 3. COLUMN OF SPRAY NEARLY 1000 FEET HIGH. 4. BEHIND THE HORSE SHOE FALL.  
 5. PROSPECT PARK IN WINTER. 6. VIEW UNDER ONE OF THE ICE MOUNTAINS. 7. THE HERMIT'S CAVE. 8. ICE MOUNTAINS IN FRONT OF THE CAVE OF THE WINDS.

THE FROST KING AT NIAGARA.—FROM PHOTOGRAPHS BY GEO. BARKER.



SERIOUS ENCOUNTER BETWEEN THE CREES AND SIOUX INDIANS IN THE CYPRESS HILLS. - SEE PAGE 67.

room, drew a chair to the table, and sat down.

"Mr. Glynford," he said, addressing the master of the house, "I ought to apologize for asking a young lady to leave your table, to have a private interview with me; but I wished to see Miss Keane upon a very serious matter."

"Well, may we ask what is that serious matter, Bingley?" said Mr. Glynford.

"I came to receive an answer to a proposal of marriage which I had made to her," answered Bingley, with a little nervous break in his voice.

"A proposal of marriage!" echoed Mrs. Glynford.

"A proposal of marriage, eh?" said Mr. Glynford. "Come, then Bingley, you must tell us what was the young lady's answer."

"It was favourable," said Bingley, looking down as he spoke.

(To be continued.)

### A CENTURY AGO.

THE FINE COOL WEATHER ENJOYED IN 1779 AND 1780.

The weather of 1779-80 began as the present one did, and before the slight moderation in the atmosphere on Sunday many of the older residents, whose fathers and mothers had told them many tales of that terrible winter, were speculating as to whether the present one would resemble it in other respects. In 1779-80 the cold set in about the middle of November, and continued until the middle of February. During that long period there was not enough warmth in the sun's rays to melt the snow on the ground, nor to affect in the least the fetters of ice that bound the creeks, ponds, and rivers. One snow storm followed another, until finally the ground was so covered that it was difficult to go from place to place, and the ice upon the rivers at all convenient points was used by men and teams and animals in the place of roads. The cold winds were so piercing that wild turkeys were found frozen to death in the forests, and domestic fowls fell frozen from their roosts. The deer and buffalo sought shelter from the blasts around the cabin of the settlers, and all kinds of wild animals perished in the forests for want of food, which was buried beneath the snow. The fierce wolf and panther, which usually skulked about the boundaries of the settlements only by night, now came near in broad daylight in search of the bones and offal thrown from the cabins of the settlers. No rain fell, and the pioneers were compelled to obtain water for drinking, cooking etc., by melting snow and ice. The northern and western rivers were tightly bound by frost, and even as far south as Nashville the Cumberland was frozen over with ice thick enough for the safe passage of emigrant trains. The Delaware, at Philadelphia, had ice three feet in thickness, and Chesapeake Bay and Long Island Sound were frozen over. Another similarity between the present winter and that of 1779-80 was the mild autumn weather that preceded it. When the cold began, in November, 1779, the leaves had hardly fallen from the forest trees, and many of the trees and shrubs were putting forth new growth. The same condition of things was witnessed last fall. The winters of 1783, 1784, 1785, 1788, 1792, 1796 and 1799 are all reported to have been very severe. It is stated in Hildreth's *Pioneer History* that on the 26th of December, 1788, the Delaware and Ohio rivers were both frozen over, and navigation was suspended upon them until the 15th of the following March. In 1792, when the soldiers were sent to the disastrous battlefield of General St. Clair to bury the dead, they encamped where Cincinnati now stands, January 13th. The snow was reported two feet deep upon the ground, and the Ohio was so strongly frozen that soldiers rode their horses across from Kentucky on the ice. The 7th of February, 1807, was known for years as cold Friday, and was the groundwork for many a grandfather's tale. On the evening of the 6th the weather was mild, and rain began to fall as night set in. In a few hours the rain changed to snow, which fell to the depth of six inches, after which a hurricane swept over the land. It grew colder and colder as the night progressed, and the next morning the trees in the forests were cracking like the reports of guns, and everything was bound in fetters of ice. There was no thermometer to register the cold, but the day comes down in history and tradition as cold Friday.—*Industrial World*.

### THE CRUSHED TRAGEDIAN.

Gallagher was the president of a dramatic club and wrote a piece for them. It called for nine persons, and everybody in the cast except Gallagher considered that he or she had the worst part and that it was made so on purpose. At first they didn't propose to play, but finally decided to do so and connected to play to punish Gallagher. He played the hero, and in the first act said far-well to his mother and went off to sea, and when she parted with him she contrived to wrench his head and scratch his nose on a pin fixed in the shoulder of her dress for that purpose. That eased her mind and disturbed his. But he submitted.

In the next act he appeared on shipboard and had to be kicked down by the cruel captain, who hit him so earnestly with a belaying pin that it nearly killed him. And then when he headed the mutiny and cried to the mutineers,

"Follow me!" somebody opened a trap and he ignominiously fell through it, and got terribly grieved by the audience. He was awfully mad, but determined to conquer in spite of the disaster, and so came up and went on with the play. In the third act he was to have a terrible combat with the villain of the play and whip him. Mr. Hancock Smythe played the part. He was satisfied he had the worst part in the piece, and that Gallagher made it so to spite him. Gallagher, as he clinched him, cried: "Villain, I'll beat your life out in about two seconds." But he didn't. The villain was the strongest man, and the way he lathered Gallagher about the stage was awful. When it came to the part where the villain had to cry: "Let me up! I'm crushed!" he had Gallagher jammed under the table and was beating him with a chair-leg, and of course his speech and Gallagher's reply: "I will not spare your life!" sounded absurd.

Before the villain consented to be overcome he had got the audience to shrieking with laughter and had beaten Gallagher black and blue. Gallagher went home terribly enraged and the rest of the company were delighted. The piece was to be played the next night and Gallagher reported himself too ill to appear. But he sent a substitute. That substitute was a prize-fighter, under an assumed name. He hugged the mother so, in the parting scene, that he nearly killed her and pulled her false hair off, accidentally. He threw the cruel captain down the trap. He hurt all the other actors, and, in the fight with the villain, mopped the whole stage with him and hurled him clear through the back flat. The company and scenery were completely wrecked, confusion reigned, and Gallagher sat in the front and laughed till he nearly died. Revenge is sweet! —*Boston Post*.

### ECHOES FROM PARIS.

THE Vicomtesse d'Haussonville has just returned to Paris. She will shortly resume her literary Thursday teas, which last year were as much frequented by the members of the Left as by those of the Right.

"YESTERDAY the wife of the massacreur of the Republicans was buried." Such is the terse and elegant paragraph that Rochefort's journal devotes to the funeral of Madame Thiers, who not a little contributed to found the Third Republic, and secure for the Communists the right even to be abominable in thought, word, and speech.

BIBLIOPHILES collectors, anxious to find a new and effective style of cabinet for their treasures should take a hint from Paris, where it is now the fashion to fit up old sedan chairs with shelves for the display of ancient china and other "objets de vertu." These sedan chairs look particularly well in the halls of country houses, and their spare corners can be filled up with antique fans.

MME. LA MARQUISE DE POILLY, one of the leaders of fashionable Paris society, gave, the other evening, a most successful fête, at which more than two hundred guests were present. The supper was an original feature of the entertainment; it was served on a large number of little separate tables, placed in all parts of the Marquise de Poilly's apartments, and this innovation was considered a very happy one.

M'LE. OZY, an actress, received the following original declaration: "Mamemoiselle, I am only a poor worker, but I love you like a millionaire. While waiting to become one I send you this simple bunch of violets. If my letter gives you a wish to know me, and to answer to the sentiments of my soul, when you are on the stage to-night lift your eyes to the cock-loft, my legs will have eyes."

A GRAND FÊTE is being organized at Lausanne for the 9th inst. The principal feature of it will be a procession in which will appear costumes of all kinds worn in olden times by soldiers and persons notable in history; there will be, also, several allegorical chariots, representing some of the principal events during the past year. The fête will include a musical entertainment, in which a chorus of 100 voices will assist. The subscriptions for the affair are in charge of the students of the city and will be used for benevolent purposes.

### ECHOES FROM LONDON.

IT is just fifty years since the foundation of Kings College, London, and the governing body propose to celebrate the event by a movement in connection with the higher education of women.

THE fund which it was proposed to raise for the late Mr. Mechi is now to be applied for the benefit of his widow and two daughters. The Duke of Bedford has subscribed £200, and the Earl of Leicester a like amount.

IT is stated that an influential committee is to be formed in London to publish to the world the doings at Monte Carlo, and to make an appeal to the French Republican Government for its early suppression.

INDISCREET persons who have concealed woful secrets in the agony columns of the *Times* should tremble. Messrs. Chatto and Windus are about

to cry those secrets on the housetops. A lady who has studied the column for the first seventy years of the century and has found a key to most of the cyphers, has written out her discoveries in full, and they will be published shortly under the title of *The Agony Column from 1800 to 1870*. It is surprising that this thing has not been done before.

MR. AGNEW may yet recover his lost Gainsborough, the portrait of the Duchess of Devonshire, for which he gave £10,000, and then lost. A picture is about to find its way into the National Gallery which was supposed to be gone as irreclaimably as the beautiful Georgiana. Da Vinci's "La Vierge aux Rochers" has been bought for the nation for £9,000 from the Earl of Suffolk. Some years ago it disappeared. Search was made for it in every European city. All the time it was lying in a garret of the Earl's own mansion, having been stolen by a servant, who, after he had seized it, found that he dared not dispose of it. Nor did he dare to confess the crime until, finding himself dying, he made restitution when beyond the reach of punishment.

YEARS ago, when Mr. Foster was in America, he met the Hon. Carl Schurz, the Minister of the Interior of the United States. "You have," said the American Home Secretary of to-day to the Irish Secretary of to-day, "three difficulties to deal with in Ireland." Mr. Schurz, as American Home Secretary knows well the Irish people. "Two of them," he continued, "you will set right. The Church question will give you little difficulty. You may settle the hands question. But when you have arranged both church and land, another and the greatest difficulty will still remain with you. You will still have to settle the difficulty of the Irish character." Mr. Foster in these days recalls the words of Carl Schurz.

THE Salisbury Club is a great success. Within the short space of nine months applications have been received from no less than 284 candidates for admission to the club, and about 700 have been elected. At the present time there are 134 candidates on the list waiting admission. Encouraged by this success, the proprietor has secured the freehold of the public-house from the Duke of Marlborough, and has determined upon making important additions thereto. The present dining-room will be converted into the ladies' dining-room, and a new room (35 feet by 35 feet) will be built for the members on the ground now occupied by the stables. In addition, a conservatory (56 feet long) will be constructed, and two of the existing rooms will be set aside for private dinner parties. The regulations for the introduction of visitors to the club have been eminently successful.

REGENERATING THE BRAIN.—The best possible thing for a man to do when he feels too weak to carry anything through is to go to bed and sleep as long as he can. This is the only recuperation of brain power, the only actual recuperation of brain force; because during sleep the brain is in a state of rest, in a condition to receive appropriate particles of nutriment from the blood, which take the place of those which have been consumed by previous labour, since the very act of thinking burns up solid particles, as every turn of the wheel or screw of the steamer is the result of consumption by fire of the fuel in the furnace. The supply of consumed brain substance can only be had from nutritive particles in the blood which were obtained from the food eaten previously, and the brain is so constituted that it can best receive and appropriate to itself those nutritive particles during the state of rest, of quiet and stillness of sleep. Mere stimulants supply nothing in themselves; they gorge the brain, and force it to a greater consumption of its substance, until it is so exhausted that there is not power enough left to receive a supply.

NATURE AND ART.—"There are abundant facilities for the exercise of the most luxurious and expensive taste in the selection of the accessories needed for transforming into a *Fern Paradise* either dwelling-house or garden. In the drawing-rooms and sitting-rooms of the houses belonging to the rich it is not by any means uncommon to find plant-cases or flower-pots of an ornamental kind. Sometimes a number of these may be found in one room, and the fact is an indication that the owner or some member of his household possesses a taste which is strongly appreciative of the beauties of nature. Sometimes the plants are ferns, more frequently they are flowering plants. But even in cases where this taste for introducing plants into the dwelling-houses has been exercised more freely than usual, it is seldom that the effect produced is striking. The conservatory—when an adjunct of the drawing-room and immediately contiguous to it—supplies in some degree the requirements of a refined taste; but dwelling-rooms are mostly subjected to the despotic sway of a system of conventional ornamentation. Even rigid conventionalism, however, pays homage to nature by calling artistic effort into requisition in order to produce petrified imitation of leaves and flowers. The high art of the painter and sculptor, and the ruder arts of house-decorating, are employed in this work of imitation; but the result—often beautiful and striking as an artistic success—pales before the exquisite reality of Nature itself. Why then do we not sweep away from our dwelling-houses the rigid conventionalism which is content to represent nature in stereotyped lines in places where she is only ready to come herself, in all her chaste and simple yet inimitable loveliness? Her image may still be preserved in stereotype where she

cannot come herself; but away with the charm of setting up lifeless imitations where the charming reality can exist, and smile upon us in its pure and dewy freshness."—*The Fern Paradise*.

### VARJETIES.

A TORONTO gentleman has just returned from a visit to some friends near Brattleboro', Vt., and tells the following story about a sign-board which came under his notice in the Green Mountain State. A small creek divided the farms of two tillers of the soil, and the little stream was said to be always full of excellent trout. One of the farmers displayed a sign-board on his side of the creek, warning people "not to fish here, or they would be prosecuted according to law." As an offset to this mandate, the other farmer hoisted a sign-board bearing the following inscription: "Fish here, and be—d. Worms behind the barn."—*World*.

THERE has been a great outcry because a number of people lost their lives at the burning of the Madison Street tenement house through the alleged carelessness or ignorance of a plumber. The fact is, that many more lives than were here lost are sacrificed every week through the ignorance and carelessness of men called plumbers, and yet some people doubt the propriety of attempting to legislate to control those who work at this trade. More bodily injury is caused in New York city alone from defective plumbing than is produced in the whole United States from steam boiler casualties, and yet engineers must be licensed, and plumbers are free from any control. The inference is plain.

PROFESSOR TAIT, of the University of Edinburgh, is having a pleasant tilt with Herbert Spencer in the pages of *Nature*. He quotes the famous formula of Mr. Spencer: "Evolution is a change from an indefinite, incoherent homogeneity to a definite, coherent heterogeneity, through continuous differentiations and integrations," and translates it thus into plain English: "Evolution is a change from a nohowish, untalkaboutable not-alikeness, by continuous something-isations and stick-togetherness." Tait declares this to be no formula at all, but a definition precisely like Mr. Kirkman's recently discovered expression for universal change: "Change is a perichoretical synecdoche of pampallagnatic and horroteroponematic differentiations and integrations."

PRESERVING THE BALANCE.—Old Captain Stanley, who lives down in the middle of Kentucky, was a good old Hard-shell Baptist, who occasionally would tell a story at the expense of some of the brethren. Many years ago they were not so conspicuously orthodox on the temperance question as they are in our time. "On one occasion," said the captain, "the brethren down in my region were about to have a grand church gathering, and all the faithful in the neighbourhood were expected to exert themselves to entertain suitably and hospitably the visiting brethren. Two of my neighbours met each other just before the grand gathering, one of whom said,

"What are you going to do?"

"Well," replied the man, "I've laid in a gallon of first-rate whiskey."

"A gallon?" retorted his neighbour, with a look of contempt; "why, I've got a barrel; and you are just as able to support the Gospel as I am."

In those days you could always tell a hard-shell by looking at him from behind; one of the skirts of his coat would hang lower than the other—the one in which he carried his bottle. But the captain said there was one old brother down there whose denominational views couldn't be ascertained in that way: his skirts hung even—a bottle in each pocket.—*Harp's Magazine*.

WORDS AND WORD-MAKING.—There are three spelling reform societies in Germany, one in England, one in Switzerland, one in India, and a half dozen more or less in the United States. Württemberg, Bavaria, and Prussia have introduced improved spelling in the schools by government direction. The German reform movement as a whole shows still some disposition to multiply differences in details, but, like the government of the Fatherland, it must eventually come to unity. All transitions from old institutions to new scientific forms require a certain margin for free invention and action, for through their exercise alone can the best, which is the aim of change, be discovered. The first stage is that of suggestion and invention, producing a multiplicity of schemes; the second is the critical period when the diverse methods are compared and the best selected; the third is the executive devoted to establishing the new standard and clearing away the ancient obstructions. The English-speaking people have passed nearly through the first and are entering upon the second. Just at present England seems to be very fertile in new inventions—more so than America, which passed through that stage some time ago. In both countries are to be found numbers who have sifted the many theories and projects and established themselves on the solid basis of common-sense and the method of gradual, safe, practical, simplifications.

FIRST CLASS TAILORING.—A fine assortment of English, Scotch and French tweeds on hand, and made up to order on the premises, under my own personal supervision; at very reasonable rates, at L. Robinson's, 31 Beaver Hall Terrace.

BEAU.

(Dedicated to the Modern "Heroic" School of Writers.)

HON. PONDEROUS POLYLOQUENT, LOQUITUR.

That reminds me, dear sir, of a little occurrence which happened

When I was a lad, Ah, let me replenish your glass, sir. And if you'll permit me,

I shall be very glad To recount it to you, for I venture to flatter myself that

It is other than bad.

You observe, at the side table there, that majestic old darky?

Well, that, sir, is Beau, The hero who made himself famous upon that occasion, A long time ago.

'Way back in Virginia—let's see, if my memory serves me,

In the year twenty-fo'.

'Twas in Albemarle County, Virginia, my father resided Till the day that he died,

Well off in fine horses, and niggers, and arable acres, And family pride;

Thomas Jefferson's friend; as a horseman, a swordsman, a Christian,

Was he known, far and wide.

This digression pray pardon: 'Twas there that he raised us together—

Old Beau there and me. Though Beau was a nigger, and I was the son of his owner,

Not a little cared we; We were simply two boys—we were friends—we were constant companions,

In work or in spree.

Well, a cousin of mine, James Tottett, from Washington City,

Came over one year To pay me a visit—a priggish young blue-blood and charlish,

With an arrogant sneer For our "primitive" customs, and boasting his wondrous achievements

In tobacco and beer.

From the first Beau conceived a dislike to James, 'the town-tackey,

Which he sought not to hide; While James was accustomed to make him the butt of his banter,

And frequently tried To goad him by taunts to a quarrel, to which the young darky

Very seldom replied.

One Sabbath we went, with a lot of the neighbouring youngsters—

Inclusive of Beau. And of James—to the river near by, our ultimate purpose

A swimming to go. Walking thither James ridiculed Beau more severely

Than usual (if he could have done so).

Now Beau was a wondrous musician on whistles and flutes,

Which he made with his knife. And the Christmas preceding my father had brought him

From Richmond A marvellous fife,

To perform upon which, to his friends' and his own delectation,

Was the pride of his life.

And upon this occasion his fife, from his pocket projecting,

In view of us all, Was snatched at by James. Then they clinched. In the tussle ensuing

Beau was rather too small; James gave him a drubbing, and then put the fife in his pocket.

Thus concluding the brawl.

We continued our journey until we arrived at the river. Our prime destination;

Our ablutions performed, our habitments donned, 'twas suggested

That, for mere recreation, We proceed up the stream to the "Door of the Devil,"

Which notion Received approbation.

This Door of the Devil was then a notorious feature

In the river hard by. Where the water dashed swirling beneath the steep bank

excavated. With a sough and a sigh;

And never again has aught swallowed down by its current

Been perceived by man's eye.

Arrived, we were gazing with wonder down at the white waters,

And with some superstition, When, attempting to cast an unwieldy projectile into them,

James lost his position— Falling in—in a trice sucked from sight—while we stood

stark as statues. In our helpless condition,

Great God! Not an atom of hope! Yet some one cried "Murder!"

In response to which call Came a number of parties—among them were Beau and my father

(Beau after the brawl) Having sulked in the rear—and despair and a sickening horror

Filled the faces of all.

No hope; for the Door of the Devil never yields up its victims,

And none is so rash As to forfeit his life in a futile endeavour to rescue.

Nor—Hold!—like a flash, A figure darts through us—leaps over the bank—in an instant

Disappears with a splash.

It was Beau! There's a breeze of a murmur, and then dead silence.

He can ne'er re-appear; This we know, even though he is one of the finest of divers

To be found far or near. Thus we wait a full minute—another—two heads above water!

And from us a hoarse cheer.

There's a fearful suspense—a grand struggle—and Beau, with his burden

At last is ashore; And the men rear him, dripping and bleeding, aloft on their shoulders,

With a thunderous roar. And my father for once is profane, as he swears, "By Jehovah,

He is FREE, evermore!"

When James had recovered, he walked up to Beau, and he thanked him.

And assured him James Trottett Was his friend from that forth, and he offered his hand, but Beau scorned it.

And muttered, "Dod rot it! Do you think it war YOU I war after?" (his hand on his pocket)—

"'Twar my *ffe*, and I got it!"

T. H. ROBERTSON.

—Harper's Magazine for February.

ON THE VERANDA.

The people who owned it called it a porch, but Miss Hetherington thought that a rather depreciatory way of speaking of her country resort, for the summer's boarders lived there. The house might have been a very pleasant one when it was opened, but in the summer-time it was virtually closed, because of the flies, and heat, and dust, and sun, Mrs. Fries said. In the morning the bed in the boarders' room was nicely made—too nicely for a considerate person to disturb—the furniture all dusted, and put back against the wall, and the furniture was solid Mahogany; the blinds were shut, and indeed the windows too, and coming in out of the sunlight one had to grope one's way all over the house. So Miss Hetherington went out upon the veranda immediately after breakfast, and remained there, if she remained near the house at all, till bed-time.

Just now it was delightful. She had just left the breakfast-table, but by the little watch that hung from her girdle it was already nine o'clock, and the little watch kept excellent time. All through the meal there had been a pleasant "chickety music from the neighbouring field. John had told Miss Hetherington the night before that he would reach the middle of the field with his mowing machine when she left the breakfast-table the next morning, and sure enough there he was. What a Hercules was this young farmer Fries! and a handsome, stalwart fellow, and a fine, frank, excellent nature, and a gentleman withal. The Frieses had always sent their sons to a sort of college for a few years, to polish them up; then, if they chose to go on with a profession, the money was found for it. In fact, several of John's cousins were students of divinity, of medicine, of law; but John chose to be a farmer, of his own free-will, his mother said. She was a nice, quaint, wholesome little woman, whom Miss Hetherington liked very much, and Mrs. Fries seemed to return this affection, until John—

But that was a matter of course. "Cela va sans dire," Miss Hetherington said, and felt sorry that these little hobbies of mother's always interfered with their happiness. She felt sorry, but not sufficiently so to let it interfere with her own. She had begun by liking Mrs. Fries better than her son. She amused her, and interested her; the old lady had all that native ingenuity, vigour, simplicity, and honesty of expression which the few years at college had cured for John. But of late Mrs. Fries had been very busy. It was haying-time, and she went to bed early. Mrs. Fries did; not Miss Hetherington, who disliked going to bed more than anything in the world, unless it might be getting out of bed after she had once gone to it. As for John, he liked the moon. But there he was, quite in the middle of the field, as he had sworn to be. The veranda faced the road, running the whole length of the house. Some fine old horse-cleatnuts shaded the lawn, which extended down a dozen rods or so to the road; then across the fence was the field of hay where John was mowing.

Miss Hetherington put up her glass. Her sight was tolerably good by moon or gas-light, but deficient in the garish light of day. Without her glass, John and the mower looked one; she couldn't tell where John began and the mower ended. Miss Hetherington put up her glass, and just then the veranda made a pleasant picture. A few vines had been trimmed with a due regard to light and shade, but the most of them had been left to their own sweet will, just as the farming had been left to John, and there is always something delightful in the attributes of an unfettered will. Humming-birds and bees, darning-needles and butterflies, and all sorts of winged things, darted in and out of the blossoms, and a gorgeous spider hung midway in a magnificent palace made in a single night. The spider wore black and yellow, the fashionable colours, and so did Miss Hetherington, who was not only a handsome creature, but she had a great respect for the accessories of beauty. The spider paused in the construction of his palace to look at her; and so did John. All at once the music of the mower ceased, and the fine figure at the helm, or whatever the governing power of a mower is called, took off its wide-brimmed straw hat, and waved it in the sweet summer air; and Miss Hetherington, not to be outdone, took from her belt a little trifle of lace and linen, and also waved it. And Heaven knows how long this little pantomime might have gone on if Miss Hetherington had not heard behind her a peculiar cough; it was an apologetic cough—a cough that begged to be excused for intruding—and it came from Mrs. Fries, who was also looking at Miss Hetherington, but not like John, or the spider, or the many well-known ways of looking at a pretty woman. There was something in the gaze of Mrs. Fries that went to Miss Hetherington's heart without elating it.

"Good-morning," said Miss Hetherington—"Good-morning, Mrs. Fries. You tell me without speaking that I must not interfere with the shining hours of haying-time, and you see that

it is just as if I went within doors—not a bit of me is to be seen, and I promise you won't be till the tedious sun goes down."

Miss Hetherington had put herself and her draperies quite behind a huge Japanese honeysuckle, and now sank into one of the big red easy-chairs, and reached a book from a convenient and sheltered nook which was crammed with paper literature. She yawned slightly. The compact mass of summer reading took a somewhat wearisome shape.

"And how long does this troublesome haying-time last?" she said.

Miss Hetherington looked up, and was surprised to see that Mrs. Fries had turned into an old woman. From a comfortable middle age she had shrunk and faded into something quite pitiable. The red in her cheek, which had hitherto bloomed like that in a winter apple, had suddenly fled, and her eyes, which had always held the snap of virility, were sunken and dull.

"It's too late to tell you not to interfere with John," she said; "it's too late; the mischief's done."

Miss Hetherington was touched and interested. The fault: he had found with her summer reading was that she couldn't get to believe in it. Here was something before her eyes.

She suddenly put up her soft white hands, from which a shower of lace receded, and catching the trembling, wrinkled hands of Mrs. Fries within her own, she drew her gently into a chair by her side behind the honeysuckle.

"Dear madam, dear Mrs. Fries," she said, in that low, caressing voice which was a valuable accessory of Miss Hetherington's, "don't, please, worry. I assure you there's nothing to worry about."

"Begging your pardon, miss, I think there is," said Mrs. Fries; "if you ain't in earnest, my John is; and that's what I want to talk to you about this morning. I don't say you're all to blame. It's perhaps just as natural for you to go round trappin' foolish boys like John as it is for that nasty black and yellow spider to lie in wait for flies."

"Madam!" Miss Hetherington drew herself up haughtily.

"Begging your pardon again—perhaps I'm wrong; perhaps it may be as John hopes, though I sorely distrust it. You ain't the kind of a girl to take kindly to farm life; and there may be a way to leave the farm behind—the farm and me too, and everything that might be a trouble to you—if you only love John. Ah! you draw back. I thought you would. I told John so last night. 'John,' says I, 'she's fooling you; that's only her summer sport;' and he tried to laugh me off. But I talked on and on, trying to show him the pitfall he was tumbling into, when all at once he turned on me with a white face, and 'Mother, hush!' sez he; 'there's only this to say, in that case; what's fun to her is death to me!' And I don't say you can help it, any more than yonder spider can help catching flies. The Lord made you both, and sent you, but I wished it had pleased Him to send you somewhere else, and spare my John."

"I'll go—I'll go now!" beginning, in fact, to gather up her draperies.

"It's too late now. The mischief's done." And it seemed that more mischief was at hand, for a great cry arose from the opposite field, and a bad sight could be seen from the veranda. Nothing less than a stalwart man dethroned from his proud perch on the mower, and trampled under hoofs that had always seemed to move only at his bidding.

Miss Hetherington stood there as if turned to stone. Mrs. Fries had disappeared, and in the meanwhile they were bringing the poor young farmer to the house on a rough litter. I approached Miss Hetherington. "I think we had better go," I ventured to say, for I was the only other summer boarder. "Come, let us go and pack up and get away, Kate."

She turned on me quite fiercely.

"You, a woman!" she said, "and talk of going at a time like this!"

"I spoke as a boarder, Kate, not as a woman. You know we have no right to intrude any further; we were not wanted in the beginning; we forced ourselves upon these worthy people."

"We didn't know there was a man within miles," said poor Kate; "that is, a young man—I mean a—a gentleman—"

"Of course we didn't," I said, encouragingly; "but we know now, to our, to their, and to everybody's cost. Let's get away, Kate; it's the refinement of cruelty to stay any longer."

She stood there quite dazed, and I led her quietly up stairs into our darkened room. The whole house seemed kept in readiness for any sort of catastrophe. I confess I was dying to get rid of it, and threw open the shutters the better to see to pack our trunks. Upon which, Kate ran over and closed them again. "How can you let the sun come in on her carpet in that way?" said Kate; "and the flies. Haven't we done her enough injury already?"

"Speak for yourself, my dear," I said; and at that moment the poor little old lady ran in, crying and wringing her hands.

"He isn't—isn't—" I stammered, while Kate became white as the wall she leaned against. The old lady went up to her and grasped her dress. "Packing your trunk! Going?" she said, in a hollow whisper.

"She don't want to go," I said, coming to the rescue. "She'd rather stay, but I don't think it's best. I—"

The old lady turned to me, keeping her hold on poor Kate's black and yellow trimming. "I

don't care whether you go or not," she said to me; but if you've a soul in your body, you won't take her with you. He's asking for her now; she may save his life. Let her save him first; for God's sake, let her try to save him!"

There was more force than politeness in the old lady's appeal, but this was no time for platitudes.

"Mrs. Fries," said I, "there's one thing about it—if she stays now, she must stay forever."

Kate uttered a soft little cry, and put her arms about the old lady. She looked over at me, with a wonderful light in her eyes, and a sudden softening of her whole being.

"Oh, is that it?" I said. "Well, stay, then, dear, in heaven's name, and so will I till the worst is over. You won't be incongruous here, Kate; you're wonderfully adaptable—"

But she had gone away to John with the old lady.

It was a terrible risk. I waited in great suspense, placing what hope I could in trepanned skulls and the modern improvements in artificial limbs, for I knew from the first he wouldn't die—young men like John hold on to life, especially with a temptation like Kate by the side of them.

I am writing upon the same veranda a year after the accident in the hay field. The honeysuckle is in full bloom, and Kate's pet mocking-bird is shrieking in a flood of light that radiates the dining room. Young Mrs. Fries has substituted nets for the Cimmerian gloom that used to envelop the house. Now any one with half an eye can see to the farthest end of any corridor, and the bedrooms have a sun-bath every day. The old lady don't mind. She's all the way of twenty years younger, and the best of company. John didn't lose his leg, let alone his life; and the funniest part of the whole thing is that Kate has made quite a match. John happened to be ever so much richer than any of the marriageable men we knew.

LITERARY AND ARTISTIC.

The King of Sweden has published a volume under the title of "Poems and Leaves from my Diary."

A COSTLY edition of Dickens's works is shortly to be issued, dedicated by permission to the Queen.

The manuscript journal of Gilbert White, the naturalist, which has been missing for many years, has lately been discovered in England. It consists of six volumes, and contains, besides many letters and poems, which have never been published, a full day-to-day weather report between the years 1768 and 1789, also copious and minute observations in the various branches of natural history.

It has more than once been stated that Lord Beaconsfield has for some years been preparing materials for his autobiography. It is said that such is the case, but the work is intended for posthumous publication, and that its revision and completion will be undertaken by Lord Rowton, should he survive his chief. More interesting than any romance is the true story of Benjamin Disraeli's upward career.

The papers are all lamenting that there is no authentic portrait, bust, or photograph of the late "George Eliot." This is not the case. A very excellent portrait was painted some twenty years ago by Mr. Lowes Dickinson, and exhibited in the Royal Academy of London. No name was given, and the portrait was known as such only to intimate friends. But it was exhibited, and we trust may be placed at the disposal of some eminent engraver.

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\$500 REWARD.

They cure all diseases of the Stomach, Bowels, Blood, Liver, Nerves, Kidneys and Urinary Organs, and \$500 will be paid for a case they will not cure or help, or for any thing impure or injurious found in them—Hop Bitters. Test it. See "Truths" or "Proverbs" in another column.

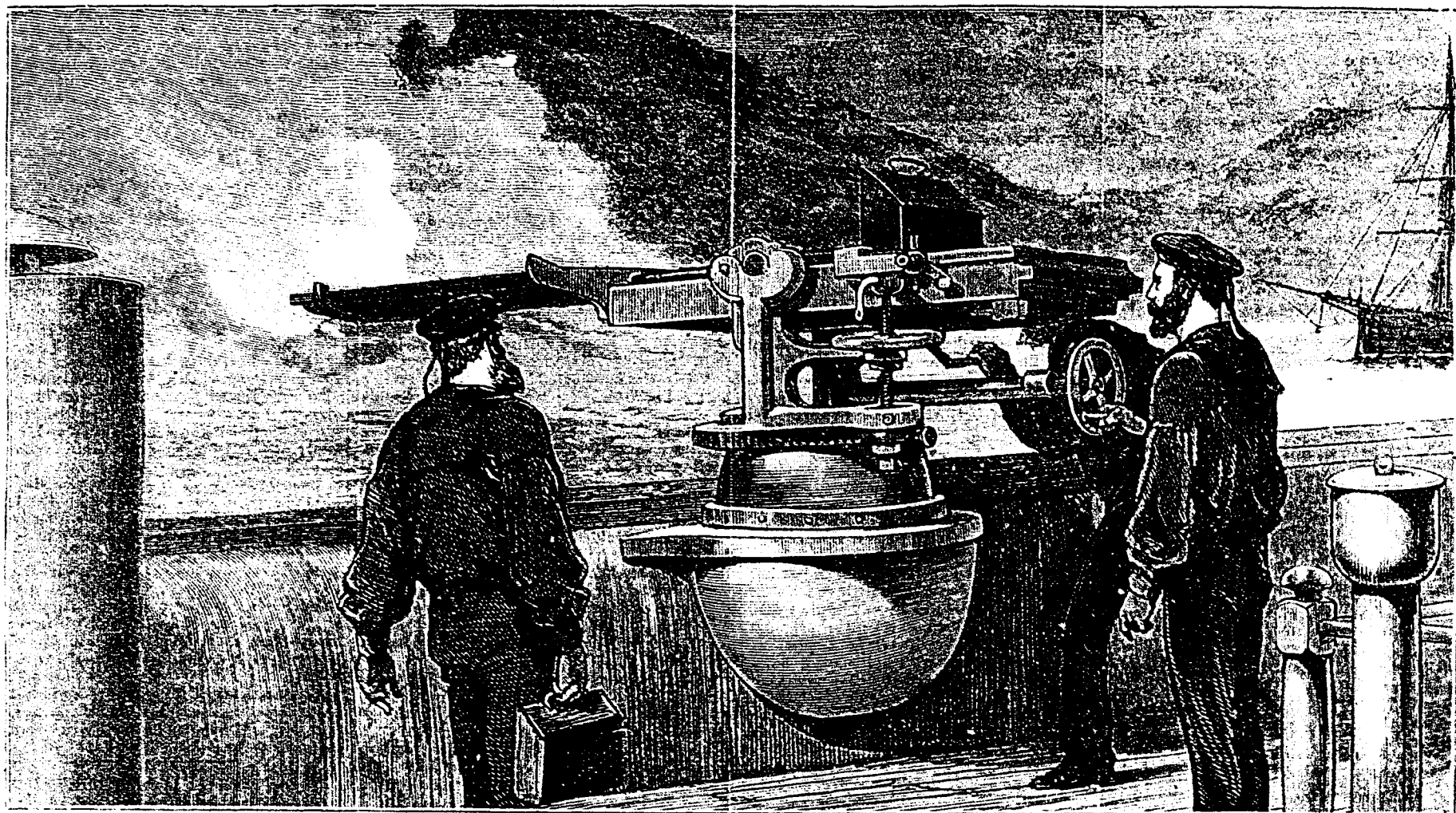
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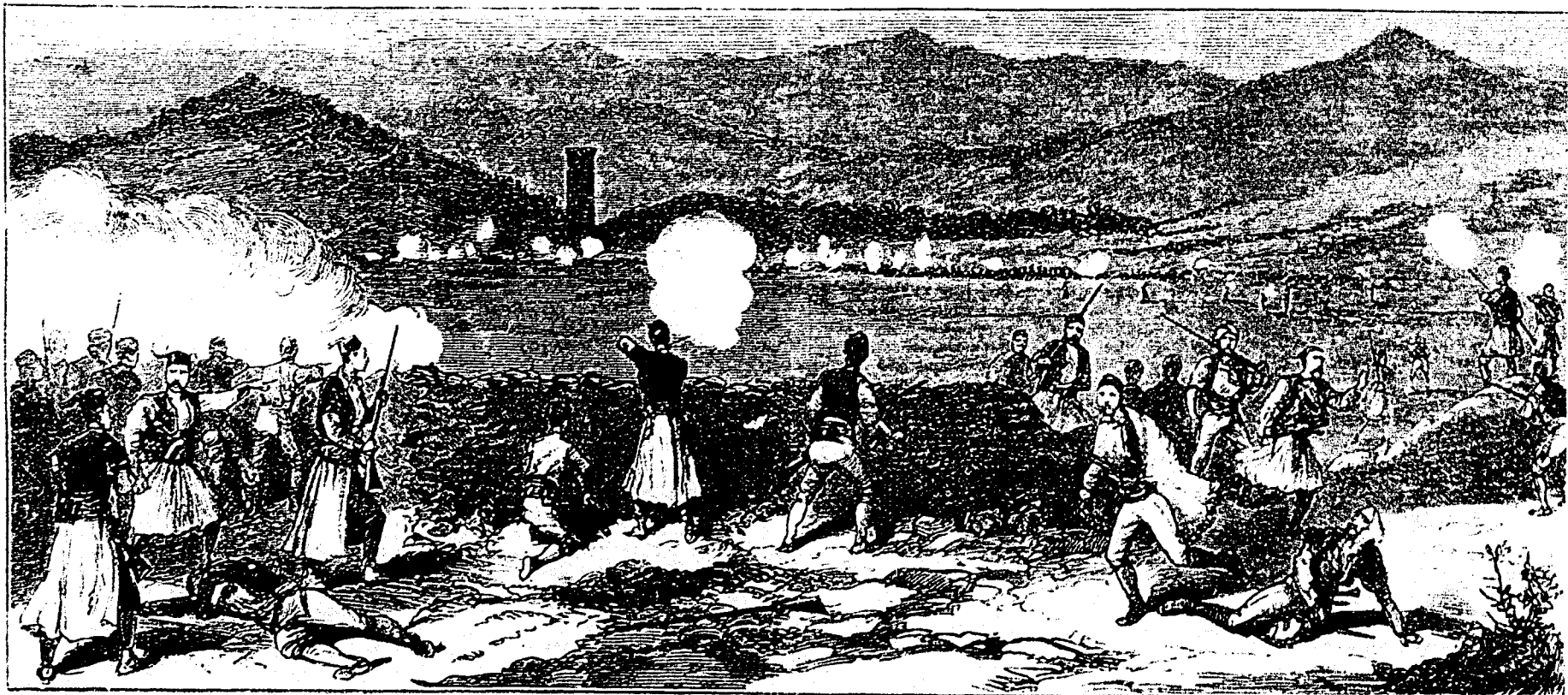
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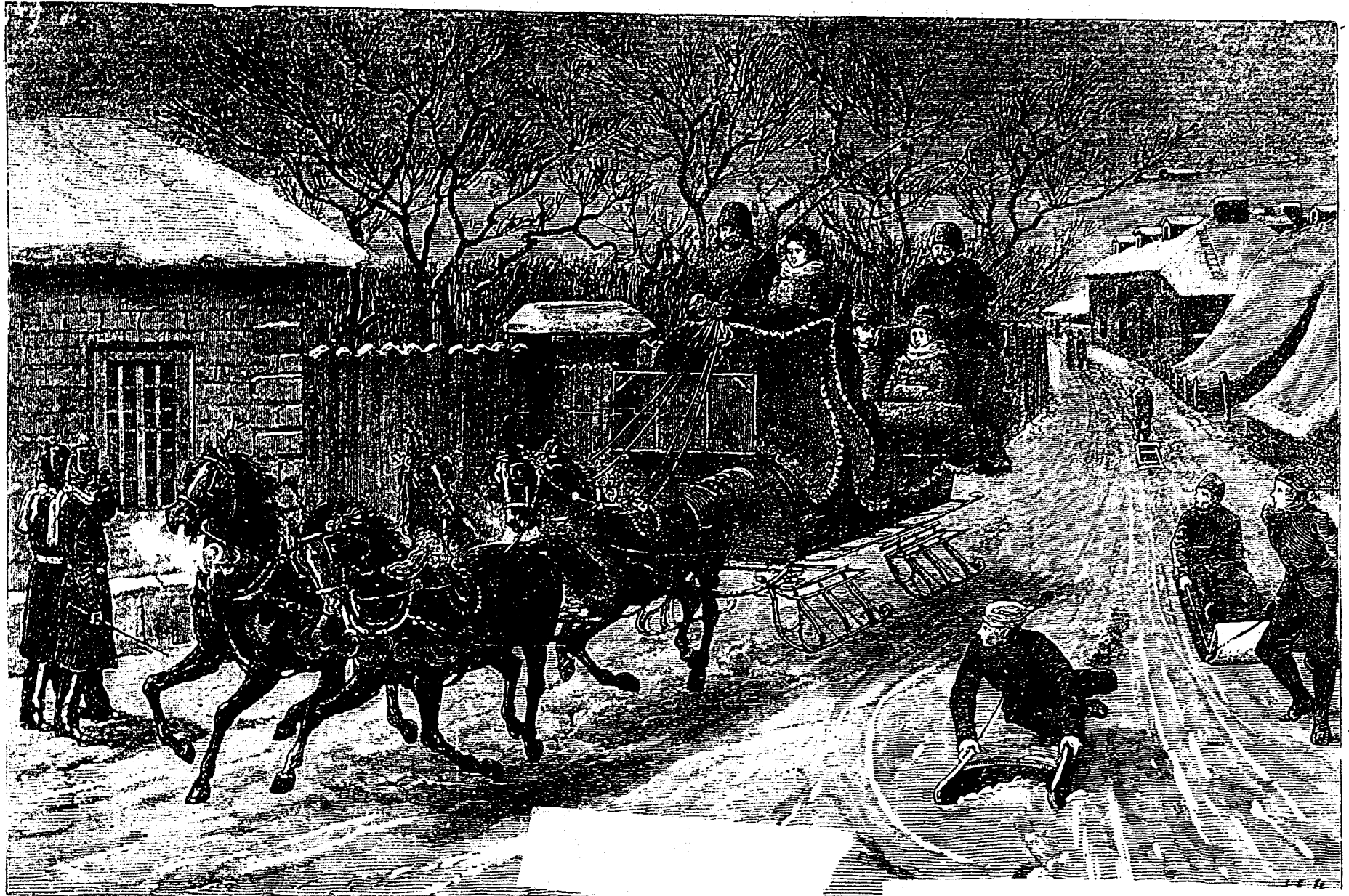


THE ENTRY OF THE MONTENEGRINS INTO DULCIGNO—IN THE TURKISH QUARTER

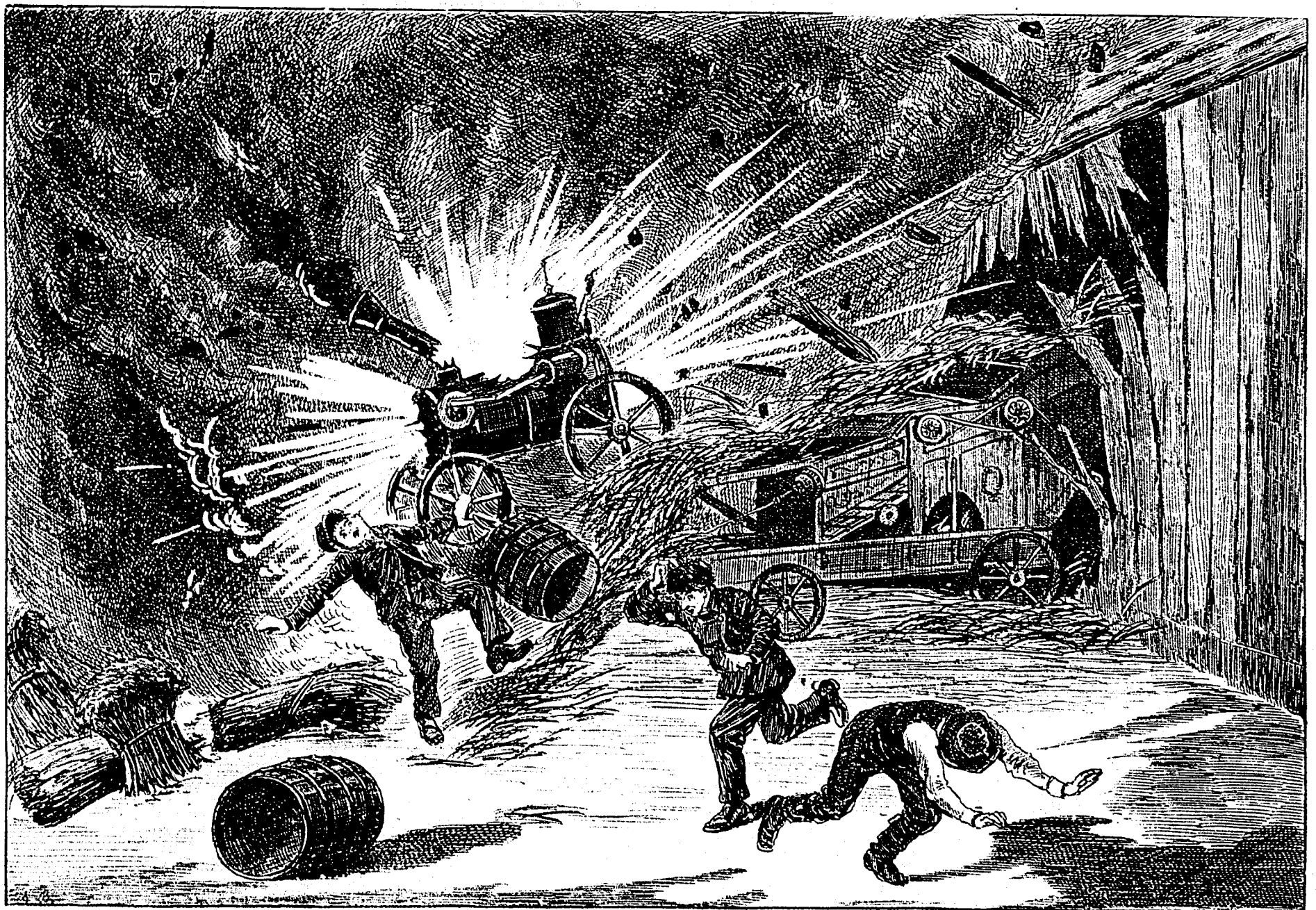


THE BATTLE AT MARTICI BETWEEN THE ALBANIANS AND THE TURKS UNDER DERVISH PASHA

THE SURRENDER OF DULCIGNO



QUEBEC.—FOUR-IN-HAND SLEIGH DRIVING.



FATAL BOILER EXPLOSION IN LONDON TOWNSHIP NEAR LUCAN.—(SEE PAGE 67.)

## REALITY.

Fade lesser dreams, that, wrought of tenderness,  
Young trust and tinted hopes, have led me long.  
These jagged ways ye whiled will pain me less  
Than doth your falsity. Your spirit song  
Sent magic wafted up and down along  
The waves of wind to me. Your world was real.  
There was no ruder world that I could feel,  
I lived in dreams and thought you all I would.  
Nor knew what dread, bare truth is doomed to rise,  
When love and hope and all but one far good,  
Like sunset lands feel the cold night of lies.

Go, sweetest visions, die amid my tears,  
For hence, nor cheered, nor blinded, must I seek  
That larger dream that cannot fade; though years  
Of leaden days and leagues of by-path bleak  
Must intervene, with austere sadness gray.  
Fade dimmer! lest in agony I turn  
And heartless seek ye, though the Fates shriek "Nay!"  
And the wroth heavens with judgment lightnings burn.

Fade, useless lesser dreams. And where they were,  
Rise, grave aerial good. Thy texture's true.  
There is no good can die. "No ill," says Time, "can  
bear,  
However beautiful, my long, long earnest view."

W. D. L.

## AMUSEMENTS.

**SALVINI AT THE ACADEMY OF MUSIC.**—We owe to Mr. Thomas the unusual opportunity of comparing at short intervals of time two artists who have been each in their own way the subject of so much criticism and discussion as Bernhardt and Salvini. Of the two Sara Bernhardt has undoubtedly met with the more enthusiastic reception, and gained a greater though perhaps less enviable notoriety. But to those who estimate the artistic representation of character at its real value, and judge not the artist but his art, there is literally no comparison. Middle Bernhardt is handsome, graceful, well dressed, often fascinating in the extreme, but throughout she is Middle Bernhardt still. Salvini is none of those things, certainly neither graceful nor well-dressed in the sense of becomingly dressed—but as he steps upon the boards we think no more of Salvini—it is Othello who stands before us; Othello who calm and dignified tells to the Senate the tale of his love; Othello who rushes from the ship to clasp the wife who has never been absent from his thoughts; Othello who flings Iago to the ground with eyes flashing with fury so real that we shuddered for the fate of the villain; Othello who merciless, relentless, drags Desdemona to her death bed; Othello, the same to the last, who does not fear to seek the same fate for himself. No higher compliment can be paid to an actor than this, that we never thought once of personal identity. We cared not if it were Salvini or another; we listened to Othello alone. What though we knew the very lines he was to speak; what though we knew that Iago's villainy would triumph, and Desdemona's innocent pleading be in vain? We thought of none of these things—we joyed and sorrowed with the Moor; with him we felt the first dawns of jealousy; with him we alternately believed and mistrusted, hoped and feared; with him we all but relented when the woman we deemed guilty made her passionate appeal to be believed. And here a few words as the excellent support which Salvini received from the ladies of his company. Miss Wilton's Desdemona was a really charming impersonation, rising at last to a real passion and dignity which was worthy of her part. Emilia, too, in the person of Miss Prescott, won golden opinions in the scene where she denounces and defies the Moor after her mistress' death. But the male support was poor, as perhaps might have been expected by those who witnessed the very indifferent performance of French Flats on Tuesday, which if not very French was decidedly flat. I have said nothing of Salvini's performance of the Gladiator on Monday. The play is one which gives but few opportunities for the display of his parts, and those disjointed and far between. That he played well goes without saying, but we only saw the man he is in his performance on Wednesday night. Much more might be written, and with justice, but I have said enough to show where is I conceive that the great merit of Salvini as an actor lies. "Ars est celare artem," and it is in this subtle concealment of the art that we recognize the artist's powers to the full. Few men have ever been able thus thoroughly to identify themselves with a character; but Salvini's Othello is certainly an instance of the perfect attainment of this object.

**THEATRE ROYAL.**—Last week Harry Webber's Company appeared in "Nip and Tuck," a new drama by the author of the "Two Orphans." The piece abounds in amusing hits and strong dramatic situations, and was well represented throughout. Harry Webber is a host in himself, and in his various changes of character, provoked the laughter of, I am sorry to say, a poor house, at least on the occasion on which I was present. Mr. Devlin, as the detective who, after trying to get the better of his partner is ignominiously defeated on all hands, was amusing in the extreme, and the play was well put on the boards.

**STERNBERG, FRITCH, WILHELMJ.**—Friday night at the Academy was devoted to the classic Muse, or more properly speaking to classical music. M. Sternberg has been before the Montreal public already, and his reception on that night was cordial. He has a somewhat mechanical style, and I doubt whether he could ever assume to rank as a great musician, but his smooth and elegant execution especially in such music as the *Concertstück* of Liszt's with which

he opened the programme. Miss Fritch possesses a pleasing voice and manner and her singing was appreciated to judge from the two encores she received and obligingly responded to. Her *technique* however is far from perfect, and it would be to her own interest to discard the two frequent use of the shake. There are very few singers indeed who can shake so as to please, and Miss Fritch is decidedly not of the number. Of Wilhelmj it is only necessary to say that he was Wilhelmj and that we enjoyed the sympathetic and charming playing, with the careful interpretation of the most difficult texts, which all hearers of Wilhelmj expect, and in which they are rarely disappointed. Undoubtedly the most attractive piece of the evening was the closing number; the *Ave Maria* adapted by Gounod to Bach's 1st prelude. This work, which I have always looked upon as a translation by the modern master of the exquisite modulations of the original prelude into a tongue "understood of the people," was rendered in a thoroughly sympathetic manner, in which the only thing left to be desired was a little more power on the part of Miss Fritch, whose voice was hardly distinguishable in the forte passages against the force of piano and violin. On the whole the concert was a treat which the audience, though small, thoroughly appreciated. We would like, however, to call the attention of Mr. Thomas to the behaviour of the "gods" both on this occasion and during the Salvini engagement. If more order could be enforced in the gallery it would add greatly to the comfort of those who go to enjoy the performance.

## WAPPING.

Wapping is a narrow strip of old London, which lies below the Tower and between London docks and the river. It is, as might be expected, wholly occupied by mariners, or those who supply their wants. It is very damp and very dingy, and everybody in it seems to smell of oakum. The "stairs" in the song (which, by the way, is not very old,—only of the last century) are the steps by which, in the days of wherries and London watermen, when the river was the principal highway between London and Westminster, people descended to the river and took boat. There were Whitehall Stairs and many others, the names of which I do not now remember. Some of these stairs were of marble, with an arched and pillared gateway. They have disappeared only within the last half century, and I believe one of them still remains. As I walked through Wapping, I saw in a little window, on a dingy little card, "Soup 1d. A good dinner 4d. and 5d." But as I did not visit Wapping to dine I did not go in, and so saved my fourpence. And who knows but I might have been tempted into the extravagance of the extra penny! As there was no longer a wherry to be had at Wapping Stairs,—which, if I could have had it, I should certainly have taken,—I took one of the little steamers at London Bridge and came home that way. But I had some compensation. On the boat was a little band of minstrels, who were allowed to play for the few pence they could get. There was a fiddle, a flute, and a harp; and the harpist, although his instrument was very primitive in structure, did not quite succeed in making me understand (what I have never been altogether able to understand) how it was that David, by harp-playing could charm away Saul's evil spirit. But their music was not very bad, and mingled not unpleasantly with the splash of the boat, as we glided by the old wharves and the Thames embankment. Enterpe had not watched over these her poor votaries, who were sadly neglected and forlorn. Their clothes had certainly been worn out by predecessors in their occupancy and had never fitted them; and they were shiny and drawn into rucks. Their trousers were darned at the knees with thread not so exactly of the color of the cloth as a punctilious tailor might have desired. And yet their shoes, although in one case tied with twine, were well blackened, and they wore chimney-pot hats; battered indeed, and smoothed out and washed into a ghostly and sorrowful likeness to the real thing; but still they were chimney-pots. I remarked that well-blackened shoes and a chimney-pot hat seemed to be regarded by English people in their condition of life as the first steps toward respectability in dress,—the *sine qua non* of elegant costume. When the time had come for collecting contributions, and the flute was going round, hat in hand, I spoke to the violin, who did not resent my intrusion. I asked him if they did well on the boats. "Purty well, sir, thank 'e,—purty well, as things goes. But music isn't 'preciated now as 't used 't to be; 'r else 'Hi shouldn't be 'ere." "No, indeed; you're something of a musician, I should say." "Somethink!"—a pause of admiring contemplation. "Wy, sir, 'Hi 'ave played in a band,—in hocchesters. I've played in gentleman's 'ouses; in Russell Square, wen they give their parties,—vile-in, flite, piannah,—I expected him to add cornet, sackbut, psaltery, and all kinds of music, but he disappointed me and only added, "hanythink;" and he accompanied the mention of each of his many accomplishments with a gentle and gracious wave of his bow. "Ah, yes, I how it is; and your friend, the flute-player there, I suppose, is a fair musician, too." "No p'ticler friend 'o mine, sir. Business, business. No great musician. 'ither, sir." He he mused a moment. "Plays well enough, but no feeling."—a slight deprecatory shake of the head,— "no sentiment; an'"—with a nod of convic-

tion—"sentiment's the thing in music; sir." The flute-player had made his round; and just at the hither end of his circle a gentleman dropped a fourpence into his hat, which he then presented to a lady and a lad sitting next the gentleman, when suddenly with gracious flourishing of the battered head covering, he said, politely, "Beg pawdon, sir,—beg pawdon. Same party, I see." We in the United States lose a great deal by having none but foreigners in positions like this. Our relations with those in the humbler walks of life are always with Germans, Irish, Italians, or, most rarely, French. Our street musicians, for examples, are invariably Germans or Italians. And thus our sympathies are narrowed and limited, and our sight of life is all along one plane. One of the charms of England is that you are cheerfully served by Englishmen and Englishwomen; that from morning to night you look only into English faces, and hear your own language spoken without a brogue or a break.—RICHARD GRANT WHITE in the *Atlantic Monthly*.

## MISCELLANY.

THE steamship "Chimborazo," which went ashore in the Gulf of St. Vincent on the 9th inst., has got off safely, and proceeded on her voyage to Melbourne.

MR. Bjornsterne Bjornsen, the Norwegian writer, who is now at Madison, Wis., according to the *Milwaukee Sunday Telegraph*, will shortly marry the widow of Ole Bull.

LADIES' CO-OPERATIVE DRESS ASSOCIATION.—This society proposed by Miss Kate Field, has received a reinforcement in the shape of the assistance of the Englishman who organized the successful society in London which is taken as a prototype of the New York project. He holds out the attractive prospect to the members of the association that they will be able to get three dresses for the money they now pay for two. This ought to give the enterprise plenty of fresh zeal, and as many new members as it wants.

THE fashion is growing in England of printing *editions de luxe* on specially prepared paper and with due attention to the typography and illustrations, the edition being limited to a comparatively small number of copies, which are numbered, while the type is distributed as each sheet is printed. A curious instance of the popularity of such work is furnished by the publication last week of a new edition of Hamerton's "Etchers and Etchings." Macmillan, of London, issued 1,000 copies at five guineas on Friday; on Saturday the publishers offered six guineas a copy to such subscribers as would return their books, and this they could very well afford to do, seeing that the booksellers were asking eight and nine, and receiving such prices from eager purchasers. This advance of a book's price, 80 per cent. in twenty four hours after its publication, is something unparalleled in bibliographical annals.

A WESTERN HUMORIST.—Mr. Murat Halstead, of the *Cincinnati Commercial*, is well known as an original and versatile journalist, and a politician of great independence and some eccentricities; but it is not generally known that he is the humorist *par excellence* of the West. Recently a fellow applied to Mr. Halstead for either work or a temporary loan of money. His application being declined, he undertook to enforce it by threatening suicide. He said he would walk out to the centre of the Covington bridge, jump off, and drown himself. "Well, now, that's a good thought," said Halstead. "I'd go right down and do that; it will relieve you and me of a great responsibility for your future support. Go right off and do it while you are in the notion."

The fellow struck out in the direction of the bridge. Presently Mr. Halstead rushed after him, and called him to stop. The fellow evidently thought he had won his point. "Stop! stop now! don't do that," continued Mr. H. "It won't be safe; try some other plan. Come to think of it, the last two fellows who tried that were both *got out alive*."

THE appearance of Mlle. Bernhardt on the American stage has been the signal for an out-break of a certain sort of criticism for which we see no just occasion. The broad facts as regards the actress's life were too well known to need much repetition from press or pulpit. Every person in the country knew enough to have the material for an intelligent decision as regards his own conduct. It was known that her life was no more stainless than that of Shakespeare, or Rachel, or scores of our actors and public men of past generations, and some in the present. Many good people found themselves unable to sever the woman from the artist, and resolved, although not hostile to the theatre, to abstain from witnessing her acting. We respect their decision, but we think they would be among the first to condemn the gross indecency, alternating with frivolous jests, with which the moral tragedy in the life of a talented woman has been discussed. Others decided that, for their own part, they could and would make the distinction. While they would not have gone to see any actress take part in an indecent play, they saw nothing to keep them from witnessing her presentation of dramas which contained nothing offensive to public morals. They recognized the fact that her public career as an artist has been as blameless as that of Nilsson herself; and they treated her appearance on the stage just as they would have treated the appearance as one of the

pictures on the walls of a public gallery. They regard either as a matter of public interest in a purely artistic sense, and as deriving a moral significance only from the moral character of play or picture. We respect this attitude of mind equally, and we honor those who assume it for their refusal to be bullied into compliance with an opinion which they do not share. And we deplore the coarseness and ill-manners displayed by many of the representatives and leaders of our public opinion towards this woman and stranger, towards whom our utmost severity should have been our silence and our reserve.—*American*.

THE FIGURES OF 1881.—What has only occurred once in a century for eight hundred years occurs this year, viz., the two middle figures being the same and the first and last figures the same. Thus in 1891 two 8's are the middle figures, and the first and last figures the same. Thus occurred 110 years ago, namely, in 1771, before that in 1661, and so back to the year 1001. This coincidence will not again occur till 1991, but eleven years afterwards, namely, in 2002, we shall have the same relative position of figures. No year for 110 years before has been, and no year for 110 years to come will be, so circumstanced.

A SLIGHT ALTERATION.—We were sitting (writes Planché) in the greenroom at the Haymarket one evening during the performance, chatting and laughing, Mrs. Nisbett having a book in her hand which she had to take on to the stage with her in the next scene, when Brindal, a useful member of the company, but not particularly remarkable for wit and humour, came to the door, and leaning against it in a sentimental manner, drawled out—

"If to her share some female errors fall,  
Look on her face."

He paused. She raised her beautiful eyes to him, and consciously smiled—her smile—in anticipation of the well-known complimentary termination of the couplet, when with a deep sigh, he gravely added—

"And you'll believe them all!"

The rapid change of that radiant countenance—first to blank surprise and then to fury, as, suiting the action to the look, she hurled the volume in her hand at the culprit's head, was one of the most amusing sights imaginable. Concentrating the verbal expression of her indignation in the word "Wretch!" she burst into one of her glorious laughs, too infectious to be resisted even by the contrite offender, who certainly was never, to my knowledge, guilty of anything so good either before or after.

THE *Court Journal* says:—Probably many have heard of the crack corps of Canadian cavalry, the Princess Louise Dragoon Guards. It may be interesting, perhaps, to them to learn that on the representation of her Royal Highness a special badge, of which the following is a description, has been authorized to be worn on the appointment of the corps viz.:—"The badge is to be the joint monogram of H.R.H. the Princess Louise and his Excellency the Governor-General the Marquis of Lorne, and to consist of a Princess's coronet and a Marquis's coronet, the former above and the latter in the centre of two inverted L's representing Lorne and Louise." The Princess takes the greatest interest in the corps, and has several times shown it special marks of favour, which are appreciated by all ranks, and have attracted some of the best horsemen in the Dominion.

## MUSICAL AND DRAMATIC.

ADELINA PATTI is singing in Madrid. Her debut was made in "La Traviata," with enormous success.

M. LEO DELIBES now fills the professor's chair of composition, left vacant by the regretted death of Henri Reber.

HERR HENSCHEL has given song recitals in New York to appreciative audiences.

MADAME ALBANI will shortly give a series of performances at the Theatre de la Monnaie, Brussels.

"LA MASCOTTE," a new operetta by the composer of "Olivette," has been produced at the Bouffes Parisiens with signal success.

MARY ANDERSON and Salvini will probably play together for a week, in the spring, in "Ingomar." J. H. Haverly is now negotiating with them, and his proposition has been received with favour by both stars.

"AIDA" was recently performed of an afternoon for the exclusive delectation of the King of Bavaria. The singers, both male and female, were rewarded by the eccentric but lavish sovereign with presents of nearly priceless value.

SARAH BERNHARDT is coming to San Francisco. Her contracts with Eastern managers forbid her to do so, but she is going to throw all these up, at an expense of half a million or so, and come here just to gratify a momentary whim. She declares that she has heard so much about The Original Swain's Bakery, on Sutter Street, above Kearney, that she will dine there or die.

## GOOD FOR BABIES.

We are pleased to say that our baby was permanently cured of a serious protracted irregularity of the bowels by the use of Hop Bitters by its mother, which at the same time restored her to perfect health and strength.—The Parents, University Avenue, Rochester, N. Y.

GENTLEMEN, do you want nice-fitting, well-made garments at reasonable prices? Go to L. Robinson, practical tailor, late of London, England, 34 Beaver Hall Terrace.

HEARTH AND HOME

RANCID butter boiled in water with a portion of charcoal (say a tenth part), will be entirely divested of its rancidity, and may be used for cooking purposes, although its fine flavor will not be restored fit for table use.

If a person of fair complexion exposes himself to the electric light for some time in examining the action of lamps, the hands and cheeks will show all the symptoms of "sunburn" even in mid-winter, and he will develop freckles on his countenance as quickly as when he goes about unprotected by a sun-umbrella in mid-summer.

The finest paste for all purposes is made as follows: To a teaspoonful of flour add gradually half a pint of cold water, and mix quite smooth; add a pinch of powdered alum (some add a small pinch of powdered resin) and boil for a few minutes, stirring constantly. The addition of a little brown sugar and a few grains of corrosive sublimate will, it is said by practical chemists, preserve it for years.

RICE AND TOMATOES.—Boil a breakfast-cupful of rice as if for curry; when done and strained perfectly dry, add the contents of an ordinary-sized tin of tomatoes—the American are very good for this purpose—mix well, add a small piece of butter, pepper and salt to taste, and a little onion chopped very fine. Put this in a well-buttered pie-dish, cover with bread-crumbs, and put a few chips of butter here and there all over the top; bake in an oven until a nice brown or gold-colour. Serve hot.

AS ingenious little lady of my acquaintance, says an American writer, has originated a really excellent way of utilizing one's cast off furs. She has gathered all her own old muffs, tipsets, trimmings, and boas that has been stowed away for years in packing chests, ripped them up, sewed the skins together, the greater the variety in color the better, and contrived the most unique of rugs. She has one spread out besides her own bed. In the centre is a piece of ermine, silverfox, sealskin, chinchilla, all manner of fur in short, and the result is as odd as it is beautiful.

BOSTON AND NEW YORK. So long ago as 1719, Daniel Neal an observant traveller, who ought to be held in high esteem by Massachusetts people, wrote of the New England metropolis: "There are five printing-presses in Boston, which are generally full of work, by which it appears that humanity and the knowledge of letters flourish more here than in all the other English plantations put together, for in the City of New York there is but one bookseller's shop, and in the plantations of Virginia, Maryland, Carolina, Barbadoes, and the islands, none at all."

Happily humanity and the knowledge of letters are no longer confined to one corner of the country; but notwithstanding the growth of an opinion that Boston and New York are to occupy relatively the positions of Edinburgh and London, the capital of Massachusetts still has a peculiar prestige as the oldest centre of literary culture in the country, causing the eyes of the rest of the Union to turn towards it with a particular interest, a glance compounded of respect and reminiscence with something of insatiable expectancy. The privileged Bostonian, it is true, laughs at Boston in his quiet way. "It is a capital place to live in," said an eminent publisher who has his dwelling there, "because then you can go to New York. But if you live in New York, where can you go?"

The *not* epitomizes the sentiment of many among his townsmen; but if they sometimes join in the alien laugh against their "little city," and recognize a degree of smallness and constraint in its general attitude, they also keenly appreciate the other side. So do some of our friends the New Yorkers. One of the younger New York poets, on visiting Cambridge for the first time, said to me: "We hear a great deal about the failure of Boston to quite appreciate the mental breath and energy of New York. But with all the admiration I felt for this region before I came here I find I didn't wholly appreciate it; there is such a thing as New York Bostonianism."—GEORGE P. LATHROP, in *Harpur's Magazine*.

OUR CHESS COLUMN.

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

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

J. W. S., Montreal.—Papers to hand. Thanks.  
R., Hamilton.—Letter received. Thanks.  
Student, Montreal.—Correct solution received of Problem No. 307.

We have received the first number of the fifth volume of the *Chessplayers' Chronicle*, and we are happy to find that this old favourite is still to exist as one of the chess periodicals of the day. A change has taken place, however, in the time of its issue, so that instead of its being a monthly, it is to be, in the future, a weekly journal. The price is two pence a number, which, considering the amount of matter it contains, is remarkably cheap. We have no doubt of its success in its present form, as the subscription is a very small sum for a chess-player to give in order to be furnished every week with intelligence respecting a game which is so extensively known and appreciated at the present time.

In Canada, where we are always anxious to obtain information from the other side of the ocean, a periodical of this nature is most acceptable, and we shall be disappointed if our amateurs do not avail themselves of so

favourable an opportunity of receiving every week the latest chess news from the mother country. The number now before us contains a notice to readers, an excellent article on chess club intercourse, (to which we may again advert in a week or two) an account of the chess match by telegraph between Liverpool and Calcutta, and a weekly record replete with interesting matter, besides a goodly number of games and problems.

The chess picture of Mr. A. Rosenbaum was on exhibition in London for the last time on the 31st ult., and was then raffled for at the residence of Mr. Gumpel. Forty persons became subscribers at five guineas each. It was arranged that the names of the subscribers should be drawn one by one, and that the last should be the winner. It is rumoured by the *Chess Monthly* that when only four names remained to be drawn, and that the persons represented by these were absent, it was a singular disposal of the French proverb, *les absents ont toujours tort*.

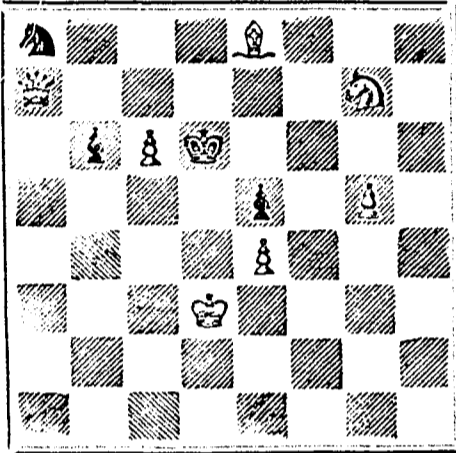
Mr. Thurbay, of Trinity College, Cambridge, was the winner. He is well known to chessplayers as an excellent problem-composer.

The score in the French National Tournament is: Rosenthal, 7 won, lost 0; Clerc, won 6, lost 0; de Riviere, won 2, lost 2, drawn 1; Chaserau, won 3, lost 4; Mathéus, won 2, lost 4; Oberdorfer, won 1, lost 6, drawn 2; de Boisterre, won 1, lost 6, drawn 1. Our latest news of the tourney is in *La Revue Illustrée* on the 25th ult. As we go to press, the foreign papers of Jan. 1st have not arrived.—*Turf, Field and Farm*.

PROBLEM No. 313

By R. Braine.

BLACK.



WHITE.

White to play and mate in two moves.

We stated three or four weeks ago that a telegraphic chess match was being carried on between Liverpool and Calcutta, and that the moves were transmitted by means of a new code made expressly for this contest. This dull match is attracting much attention. The *Chessplayers' Chronicle* gives the scores of the two games of the match, as far as they had gone up to the time of going to press. They will be found subjoined.

CALCUTTA GAME.

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

LIVERPOOL GAME.

- White.—(Liverpool.) 1. P to Q B 4, 2. P to K 3, 3. P to Q Kt 3, 4. Kt to K B 3, 5. B to Kt 2, 6. P to Q Kt 4, 7. P takes P, 8. P to Q 4, 9. P to Q R 3, 10. B to Q 3, 11. Castles, 12. P takes P, 13. Kt to B 3, 14. B to B 2.
- Black.—(Calcutta.) 1. P to K 3, 2. P to Q B 4, 3. P to Q 4, 4. P to Q 5, 5. Kt to Q B 3, 6. Q P takes P, 7. Kt takes P, 8. Kt to B 3, 9. Kt to R 3, 10. P to Q Kt 3, 11. P takes P, 12. B to Kt 2, 13. Kt to B 2.

In the latest telegram Calcutta has asked for a repetition of White's 14th move.

SOLUTIONS.

Solution of Problem No. 311.

- White. 1. B to K sq, 2. Mates now.
- Black. 1. Any

Solution of Problem for Young Players No. 309

- WHITE. 1. Q to K Kt 7, 2. Mates acc.
- BLACK. 1. Any

PROBLEM FOR YOUNG PLAYERS, No. 310.

- White. K at K B 2, Q at Q 6, R at K R 5, R at K Kt sq, Kt at K 2, Kt at K 3, Pawns at K B 3 and K 6.
- Black. K at K R 6, Pawns at K R 5, K Kt 7, Q 4, K 5, K B 3 and 6.

White to play and mate in two moves.



NOTICE.

SEALED TENDERS addressed to the Superintendent General of Indian Affairs, and endorsed "Tender for Indian Supplies," will be received at this Office up to noon of Saturday, 26th February, 1881 for the delivery of the usual Indian Supplies, duty paid, at different points in Manitoba and the North-West Territories for the year 1882-83—consisting of Flour, Bacon, Groceries, Ammunition, Twine, Oxen, Cows, Bulls, Agricultural Implements, Tools, Harness, &c. Forms of Tender and full particulars relative to the supplies required, can be had by applying to the undersigned or to the Indian Superintendent, Winnipeg. The lowest or any tender not necessarily accepted.

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

L. VANKOUGHNET,

Deputy of the Superintendent

(General of Indian Affairs.)

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



SEALED TENDERS, marked "For Mounted Police Clothing supplies," and addressed to the Right Hon. the Minister of the Interior, Ottawa, will be received up to noon on Thursday, February 17th.

Printed forms of Tender containing full information as to the articles and quantities required, may be had on application at the Department.

No Tender will be received unless made on such printed forms.

Patterns of all articles, except leather, may be seen at the Department.

No payment will be made to Newspapers inserting this advertisement without authority having been first obtained.

J. S. DENNIS,

FRED. WHITE, Deputy Minister of the Interior, Ottawa, Jan., 17th, 1881.

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Diamonds, Fine Watches & Jewellery. ENGLISH AND FRENCH CLOCKS. SILVER AND SILVER-PLATED WARE. No. 321 Notre-Dame St. Montreal.

CONTRACTS FOR ADVERTISING IN THE CANADIAN ILLUSTRATED NEWS MAY BE MADE AT OUR LOWEST RATES WITH MR. E. DUNCAN SNIFFIN, ASTOR HOUSE OFFICES NEW YORK.

The Scientific Canadian

MECHANICS' MAGAZINE

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.

PUBLISHED BY

THE BURLAND LITHOGRAPHIC CO.

OFFICES OF PUBLICATION,

5 and 7 Bleury Street, Montreal.

G. B. BURLAND General Manager.

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, 9 cts. per line; for six months, 8 cts. per line; for one year, 7 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.

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
- 1 PATENT LABEL GLOSSING MACHINE.
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- 4 PHOTOGRAPHING MACHINES,
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- Also CUTTING, PERFORATING, NUMBERING, EM-BOSsing, 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,

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.

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

\$5 to \$20 per day at home. Samples worth \$5 free. Address STINSON & CO., Portland, Maine.

British American

BANK NOTE COMPANY,

MONTREAL.

Incorporated by Letters Patent.

Capital \$100,000.

General Engravers & Printers

Bank Notes, Bonds, Postage, Bill & Law Stamps, Revenue Stamps, Bills of Exchange,

DRAFTS, DEPOSIT RECEIPTS, Promissory Notes, &c., &c., Executed in the Best Style of Steel Plate Engraving.

Portraits a Specialty. G. B. BURLAND, President & Manager

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, Pastry, Cakes, 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, 55 College Street.

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





**BUY YOUR FURS AT**  
**R. W. COWAN & CO'S**  
 CORNER OF  
 Notre Dame and St. Peter Streets.  
*The best value for your money in the city.*

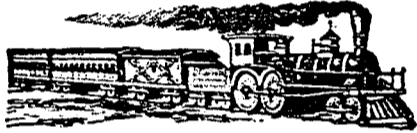
**CANADA PAPER CO.**  
 Paper Makers and Wholesale Merchants,  
 374, 376 & 378 St. Paul Street,  
 MONTREAL, P. Q.

—AND—  
 11 FRONT STREET,  
 TORONTO, ONT.



**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.

**HENRY R. GRAY'S**  
**DENTAL PEARLINE!**  
 A Fragrant Tooth Wash. Superior to Powder Cleanses the teeth. Purifies the breath. Only 25c. per bottle, with patent Sprinkler. For sale at all Drug Stores.



**Q. M. O. AND O. RAILWAY.**  
**Change of Time.**  
 COMMENCING ON  
**Thursday, Dec. 23rd, 1880.**

Trains will run as follows:


	MIXED.	MAIL.	EXPRESS.
Leave Hochelaga for Ottawa.....	1.30 a.m.	8.30 a.m.	5.15 p.m.
Arrive at Ottawa.....	11.30 a.m.	1.10 p.m.	9.55 p.m.
Leave Ottawa for Hochelaga.....	12.10 a.m.	2.10 a.m.	4.55 p.m.
Arrive at Hochelaga.....	10.30 a.m.	12.50 p.m.	9.35 p.m.
Leave Hochelaga for Quebec.....	6.00 p.m.	3.00 p.m.	10.00 p.m.
Arrive at Quebec.....	5.00 a.m.	9.50 p.m.	6.30 a.m.
Leave Quebec for Hochelaga.....	5.30 p.m.	1.10 a.m.	10.00 p.m.
Arrive at Hochelaga.....	8.00 a.m.	5.00 p.m.	6.30 a.m.
Leave Hochelaga for St. Jerome.....	5.30 p.m.	—	—
Arrive at St. Jerome.....	7.15 p.m.	—	—
Leave St. Jerome for Hochelaga.....	6.45 a.m.	—	—
Arrive at Hochelaga.....	9.00 a.m.	—	—
Leave Hochelaga for Joliette.....	5.00 p.m.	—	—
Arrive at Joliette.....	7.25 p.m.	—	—
Leave Joliette for Hochelaga.....	6.00 a.m.	—	—
Arrive at Hochelaga.....	8.20 a.m.	—	—

(Local trains between Hall and Aylmer.)  
 Trains leave Mile-End Station Seven Minutes Later.  
 Magnificent Palace Cars on all Passenger Trains, and Elegant Sleeping Cars on Night Trains.  
 Trains to and from Ottawa connect with Trains to and from Quebec.  
 Sunday Trains leave Montreal and Quebec at 4 p.m.  
 All Trains Run by Montreal Time.  
 GENERAL OFFICES—13 PLACE D'ARMES.  
 TICKET OFFICES:  
 13 Place D'Armes, } MONTREAL.  
 202 St. James Street,  
 Opposite ST. LOUIS HOTEL, Quebec.  
 L. A. WENEAL, Gen'l Sup't.


**ROBERT MILLER,**  
**BOOKBINDER**  
 AND  
**WHOLESALE STATIONER,**  
 15 Victoria Square, Montreal.

25 New and Beautiful Japanese, Rose Bud, Trans-parent, Comic and Blue Bird Cards, with name on all, 10c. Twelve packs for one dollar. Agent's complete outfit, 10c. Sample of Magic Cold Water Pen (writes without ink), 5c. Agents wanted. Queen City Card House, Toronto.  
 \$66 a week in your own town. Terms and \$5 outfit free. Address H. HALLETT & Co., Portland, Maine.  
 50 All Gold, Chromo and Lithograph Cards, (No 2, Allks.) With Name, 10c. 35 Filtration Cards, 10c. Game of Authors, 15c. Autograph Album, 20c. All 50c. Clinton Bros., Clintonville, Conn.  
 \$72 A WEEK. \$12 a day at home easily made. Costly Outfit free. Address TRUX & CO., Augusta, Maine.  
 50 Gold, Chromo, Marble, Snowflake, Wreath, Scroll, Motto, &c. Cards, with name on all 10c. Agent's complete outfit, 60 samples 10c. Heavy gold ring for nb of 10 names. Globe Card Co., Northford, Conn.

**LEA & PERRINS' SAUCE**

In consequence of Imitations of THE WORCESTERSHIRE SAUCE which are calculated to deceive the Public, Lea and Perrins have to request that Purchasers see that the Label on every bottle bears their Signature thus—  
  
 without which no bottle of the original WORCESTERSHIRE SAUCE is genuine.  
 Ask for LEA and PERRINS' Sauce, and see Name on Wrapper, Label, Bottle and Stopper. Wholesale and for Export by the Proprietors, Worcester; Cross and Blackwell, London, &c., &c.; and by Grocers and Oilmen throughout the World.  
 To be obtained of  
 MESSRS. J. M. DOUGLASS & CO., MONTREAL. MESSRS. URUHART & CO., MONTREAL.

**THE BEST REMEDY FOR INDIGESTION.**

TRADE  MARK.  
**NORTON'S**  
 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. 1/4d., 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.



**CAFE DES GOURMETS.**  
**ACKERMANN BROS.**

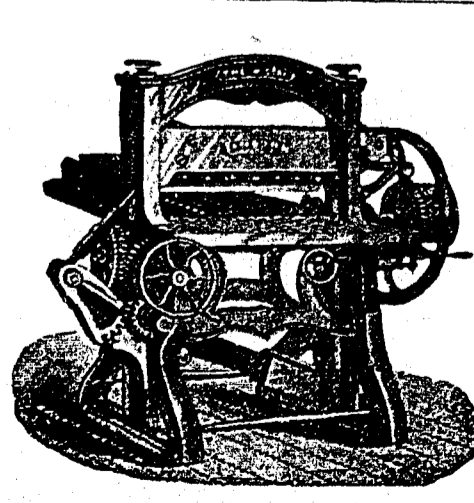
It is a well-known fact that Coffee roasted in the ordinary manner and not placed in airtight receptacles, is greatly deteriorated by evaporation of the aromatic particles, and as this process goes on for months afterwards, the result is apparent to every one.  
**WHAT IS CLAIMED FOR IT.**  
 Being roasted and ground in a Patent Apparatus, packed in Glass Jars while hot and then hermetically sealed; by this process not a particle of the Aroma is lost.  
 It is much stronger, for the reason that it is roasted higher, after the manner of the French. They put no water with it while in the process of roasting, as is universally done to save weight.  
 It is more economical, as two-thirds of this is equivalent to one pound of the other Coffee.  
 It is clarified, has a beautiful colour, the flavour is delicious, wholesome and invigorating.  
**WILLIAM JOHNSON & CO.,**  
 77 St. James Street, Sole Agents, Montreal.

**LIEBIG COMPANY'S**

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

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

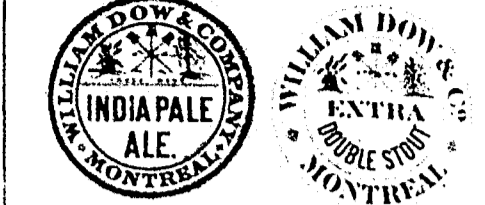
50 TORTOISE, Scroll, Wreath, Chromo, Motto, and Floral Cards, 10c. U. S. Card Co., Northford, Ct.  
**THE ALBERT TOILET SOAPS**  
 ARE PURE AND THEIR  
 PERFUME CHOICE AND LASTING.



**THE STAR.**  
 30 inch, 32 inch, 34 inch 36 inch, 44 inch, 48 inch.

**BOOK BINDERS'**  
**PRINTERS' and**  
**PAPER BOX**  
**MAKERS'**  
 NEW YORK,  
 25 Beekman St.  
 CHICAGO,  
 77 Monroe St.  
**GEO. H. SANBORN,**  
 Standard Machinery Co.

**WILLIAM DOW & CO.**  
**BREWERS and MALTSTERS,**  
 MONTREAL.



Superior Pale and Brown Malt, India Pale, and other Ales, Extra Double and Single Stout in Wood and Bottle. Shipping orders promptly executed. Families supplied.  
**1000** AGENTS WANTED for Visiting Cards, Books, and Novelties. Outfit 3c. Big Profits, 50 gilt edge cards, in case, 35c. Detective Club, 30c. Bird Call, 15c. A. W. KINNEY, Yarmouth, N.S.

**JOHN MCARTHUR & SON,**  
**OIL & COLOR MERCHANTS,**  
 PROPRIETORS OF THE  
**CELEBRATED**



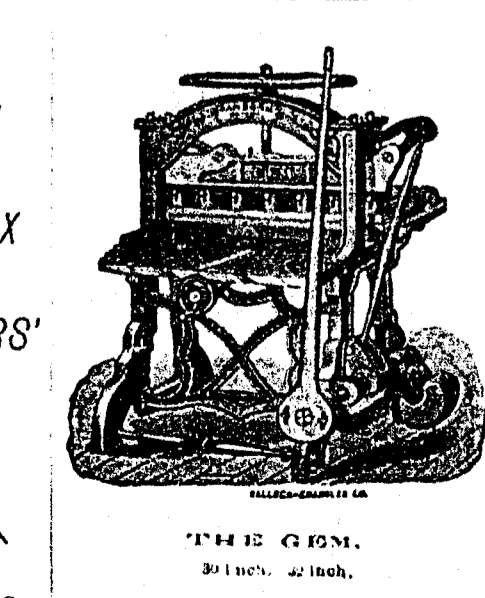
**WHITE LEAD.**  
 MONTREAL.

50 ELEGANT NEW STYLE CARDS, Gilt Edge, Chromo, Fan, Ivy Wreath, Gilt Vase of Roses, &c. Two alike, name on, 10c. by return mail. Agents outfit, 10c. Carl Mills, Northford, Ct.

**The Burland Lithographic Co.,**  
 (LIMITED.)

**NOTICE.**  
 The sixth Annual General Meeting of the Stockholders will be held at the Company's office, 5 & 7 Henry Street, Montreal.  
**On Wednesday, February 2nd, 1881.**  
 at 2.30 o'clock, p.m. for the election of Directors and transaction of other business.  
 By order,  
 F. B. DAKIN, Sec.  
 Montreal, 17th January 1881.

If you are a man of business, weakened by the strain of your duties, avoid stimulants and take  
**HOP BITTERS.**  
 If you are a man of letters, toiling over your midnight work, to restore brain and nerve waste, take  
**HOP BITTERS.**  
 If you are young, and suffering from any indiscretion of dissipation, take  
**HOP BITTERS.**  
 If you are married or single, old or young, suffering from poor health or languishing on a bed of sickness, take  
**HOP BITTERS.**  
 Whoever you are, wherever you are, whenever you feel that your system needs cleansing, toning or stimulating, without intoxicating, take  
**HOP BITTERS.**  
 Have you dyspepsia, kidney or urinary complaint, disease of the stomach, bowels, liver, or nerves? You will be cured if you take  
**HOP BITTERS.**  
 If you are simply ailing, are weak and low-spirited, try it! Buy it. Know your health. Your druggist keeps it.  
**HOP BITTERS.**  
 It may save your life. It has saved hundreds.  
 THE Prettiest Tea Book yet published. Pretty Pictures and other illustrations by Rosa Bonheur. Beautifully illustrated in colours. Fancy covers \$1.00. Mailed from CLOUGHIER BROS., 100 Wellington, Toronto.



**THE GEM.**  
 30 inch, 32 inch.