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**GUARDIAN**

**Illustrated Weekly**



**NORTH  
ATLANTIC OCEAN**

**Vol. XXI.  
1880.**

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FROM 3RD JANUARY TO 26TH JUNE, 1880.

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THE OLD AND THE NEW.

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

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

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

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

AN OFFER.

Our readers are aware that the subscription price of the CANADIAN ILLUSTRATED NEWS is \$4 paid in advance and \$4.50 if not paid in advance. In consideration that the times have been hard, and because we should like to begin the new year with as many clear accounts as possible, we have concluded to offer the following reduction:—

All subscribers who will pay up the arrears by the 1st January will be required to pay only \$4.00, the same as if they had paid in advance. After this notice any of our subscribers who do not accept these terms will lose a favourable opportunity of reduction, as the \$4.50 will have to be collected in all cases.

In connection with this offer we cannot too strongly impress upon our readers and patrons the propriety of assisting us as much as possible by prompt payments, and inducing their friends to subscribe, to make the NEWS more and more worthy of a permanent place in every household of the Dominion.

1880.

With the first number in January we begin the XXI. Volume of the CANADIAN ILLUSTRATED NEWS, and have the pleasure to inform our numerous friends that we have resolved to increase our efforts toward making it more acceptable than ever. The NEWS being first and foremost a pictorial paper, the artistic department will be materially improved, current events of interest being sketched and attention paid to all important incidents abroad. Our Canadian Portrait Gallery, now considerably over three hundred, and the only series of the kind attainable in Canada, will continue to be a leading feature. No pains will be spared to make the literary character of the NEWS equal to that of any journal in America. Original articles, stories, and poems will be contributed by several of our best writers. Different series of literary papers will also appear, chief among them being Pen Pictures of Canadian Statesmen, beginning with the Opening of Parliament, and Studies on the Literary Men of Canada, a work hitherto never attempted. The NEWS being the only illustrated paper and the only purely literary weekly in the Dominion, and having taken the field early at great expense, we solicit encouragement thereto as a national institution. Our friends are respectfully requested not only to renew their own subscriptions, but to engage at least one of their neighbours or acquaintances to try the paper for one year.

OUR NEW STORY.

Our readers will doubtless give us credit for our efforts to continue presenting them with original serial stories, in pursuance of the course we have followed till now. We have the pleasure to announce that, with the present number, we begin the publication of a new original romance, entitled:

CLARA CHILLINGTON,

OR

THE PRIDE OF THE CLIFF.

A STORY OF 100 YEARS AGO,

BY

THE REVEREND JAMES LANGHORNE BOXER.

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

EDITED BY THE

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

The scene of this very interesting story is laid on the Kentish coast, and the characters are representative of English life at the beginning of the century. The plot is full of interest, the incidents are well constructed, the tone is manly and thoroughly English, while the style is often enlivened with racy humor. The story will run through several months, and now is the time to subscribe.

TEMPERATURE.

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

THE WEEK ENDING

Table with 4 columns: Date, Max. Min. Mean, Corresponding week, 1878. Rows for Dec 28th, 1879, and corresponding week 1878.

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CANADIAN ILLUSTRATED NEWS.

Montreal, Saturday, January 3, 1880.

CANADIAN ACADEMY OF ARTS.

Nearly every week we have the pleasure of announcing some measure or other which points to our further nationalization and self support. To-day it is the creation of a Canadian Academy of Arts that we have to place before our readers, and perhaps no better proof of our capabilities and progress could be adduced. While, however, holding that native talent was ripe for such an institution, it is only right to say that the latter owes its initiative mainly to the enlightened zeal of the Governor-General, supported by Her Royal Highness both of whom have taken the liveliest interest in matters of Art ever since their arrival in the Dominion. Without such high encouragement it is probable that a Canadian Academy of Arts would not have been established for many years to come, and this circumstance should be taken into account when we cast up the many advantages of our present system of Vice-Regal Government.

The object of the Canadian Academy are the encouragement of design as applied to Painting, Sculpture, Architecture, Engraving and the Industrial Arts, and the promotion and support of education leading to the promotion of beautiful and excellent work in manufactures. These objects will be attained by the institution of a national gallery at Ottawa; the holding of exhibitions in the principal cities of the Dominion, and the establishment of schools of art and design. It is intended that the society shall consist of not more than forty members, of whom not more than ten shall be architects, three engravers, and six designers. There shall be a number of associates to the number of not less than twenty, and a number of honorary members, men who take an interest in art and the industrial progress of the country. The officers of the academy shall in the first instance be nominated by the Governor-General, but subsequently elected. There shall be an annual exhibition of paintings, sculptures, engravings and designs, in which all artists of distinguished merits shall be permitted to exhibit their works. These exhibitions are to be held every year in a different city of the Dominion, but for the present Ottawa, Halifax, St. John, Quebec, Toronto and Montreal will be selected in the order named. It needs no further words to express our unqualified gratification at this fine result, and we can only pledge ourselves to do our best, within our sphere, to promote the success of this national institution.

OUR CANADIAN WINTERS.

In canvassing the several elements that are destined to exert more or less influence on the destiny of this country, climate is not the least interesting and deserves some consideration, inasmuch as much ignorance prevails about it amongst outsiders. It is especially important that intending immigrants should be made acquainted with the true facts of the case. First of all, there is the remarkable fact, confirmed by history, that the climate of Lower Canada has not materially changed in the last two hundred years. Our meteorological observatories register pretty much the same figures that were set down by the missionaries in Quebec in the beginning of the seventeenth century, as we find recorded in that well of curious information, the Relations des Jésuites. In the second place, our winters, though severe, possess

two remarkable properties—they are eminently salubrious, owing to their dryness and the predominance of pure oxygen, and they are conducive to the fertility of the soil, instead of being a check to the same, on account of the chemical and dynamic qualities of the snow. Our harvests never—at least, hardly ever—suffer from the late springs, but only from summer droughts, and Canada is less subject to these than more tropical regions. The great drawback of our winters is the stoppage of navigation, but the inconvenience of this is now immensely lessened through railway transportation. Our winter roads in the interior are better as a rule than those of more southerly countries, because they are harder and admit of more rapid transit, so that the moving of produce from the farm to the city market is not really difficult, except in the rainy season of fall and the thawing days of spring. Altogether then there can be no obstacle to immigration from the severity of our climate, while so far as Ontario is concerned that severity is reduced to a level with the moderate temperature of the Middle United States.

From another point of view, the condition of our winters is curious enough, as several of our meteorologists avail themselves of the advance of that science to make forecasts of the same. Mr. Vennor has won a wide reputation in that field, and spite of much friendly banter, perseveres therein under the conviction, whether mistaken or not, that he is contributing to the sum of useful knowledge. We have had frequent occasion to refer to his vaticinations and would not perhaps care to deal with them further to-day, were it not that as this is the beginning of a pretty sharp winter and as Mr. Vennor has thought fit to trace out its programme almost to the finish, our readers might judge it worth their while to have his "probabilities" under their eyes and to see for themselves how far they are going to be fulfilled. Mr. Vennor deems it pretty certain that we shall have to record at least two more terms of severity during the present winter, and it is an interesting problem to determine when each of these may be expected to occur. To determine, if possible, this point, he has carefully studied his charts of our winters as far back as the winter 1860-1861, and arrived at the following conclusions, viz:—that the next marked severe term is likely to occur between the 9th and 15th days of Jan., or very close upon these dates. This will be severe and probably equal if not exceed the December cold term. The third "dip," which he thinks will be the severest of the three, is likely to come upon us in proximity to the 8th day of February and continue for three or more days. Two other dips of minor importance will probably be located towards the end of February and close to the 17th of March respectively. Between these very cold periods there are likely to occur two or more very general thaws, probably with rains.

Now let us all watch carefully and see how these prophecies will turn out.

ECHOES FROM LONDON.

ARRANGEMENTS have been made for the Princess Louise to return to Canada by the screw steamer Sarmatien on January 22nd, landing at Halifax.

MR. GLADSTONE'S return for Midlothian is being made the subject of a considerable amount of wagering; those deeply interested making heavy bets on the event.

SO little hopes have the Radicals of scoring a win with their favourite for Midlothian, that preparations are said to be in progress for securing him a walk over or an easy run for some minor stake.

AFRICA is at length to be colonized. A trading and emigrating company has been founded which may grow—who knows!—into a new Indian Company. Central Africa will soon have the white man in its midst.

SALMON fresh from Canada in the London market is one of the latest novelties. The British

and Irish salmon interests must suffer like all the rest of the interests from the next door neighbourhood steam has made, and the open door free imports have provided.

THE new diving-dress, exhibited at the Polytechnic (in practical use), is likely to prove a valuable invention. By means of it a diver can remain four hours under water. Air is not supplied by a tube from above the surface, but is carried down in some way within the dress of the diver. How this is effected remains a secret. Dr. Richardson, the prophet of "Salutland," has interviewed the inventor, a Mr. Fluss, and thinks that the invention will be useful to his "Salutlanders" in their deep-sea expeditions. Jules Verne, in "Twenty Thousand Leagues under the Sea," equips Captain Nemo and his companions with similar apparatus.

ONE of the learned judges who appears to be graduating for the reputation of a wit of the calibre of the late Mr. Baron Alderson, was sitting a morning or two ago, when the buzz and noise in court became so very pronounced that he could not hear a learned counsel, who was asking him to postpone a case in the list on the ground of the illness of the defendant. "Do make less noise," exclaimed the learned judge in his loudest accents, "I find it quite impossible to hear the voice of the learned counsel who is addressing me. Silence, I say. Justice may be blind, but not deaf also!"

AT a dinner the other evening a Turkish sweetmeat, which is much advertised, was handed round. One of the guests, who had been in the east, and who declined to partake of this delicacy, observed that it was believed to be made of concentrated Sultanias. A momentary horror seemed to fall on some of the company who were eating rather freely. They had a vision of lovely women boiled down and made into sweetmeats, and imagined that at that moment they might be devouring the essence of some charming creature who had adorned the harem.

THE humours of the Zulu photograph are not yet exhausted. The stationers who were frightened by the warnings from the magisterial chair of the Mansion House, and withdrew the pictures, are filling the vacant places with a new piece of art. It is called "A newly-married couple, adapted to the rising generation." In this case the Zulus are not merely draped, but dressed—he in the costume of the Crutch and Toothpick school and she in the latest finery of Mary Anne. With bashful modesty they are turning their backs upon each other, the while she dangles her parasol nervously and he sucks his toothpick.

SAYS the Court Journal, in its account of the wedding of William Christopher James, Lieut. Royal Scots Greys, only son of the Right Hon. the Lord Justice James, to Effie Gray, eldest daughter of John Everett Millais, Esq., R.A.:—Among the many pretty dresses to be seen at Mrs. Millais's ball, given in honour of her daughter's wedding, the lovely toilette worn by Miss Macpherson, of Canada, was particularly noticed on account of its exquisite colouring, artistic design, and magnificent embroidery. The petticoat was composed of embroidery worked over silver ground in the most delicate colorings imaginable; the train, which was arranged à la Watteau, was in a soft shade of Etruscan satin duchesse, and the corsage having soft old English lace sleeves and trimmings with silver, completed a toilette at once simple, yet most graceful and elegant, and well adapted to the style of the graceful wearer.

MUSICAL AND DRAMATIC.

A BOSTON gentleman has written a life of E. L. Davenport.

ENGLISH ballad concerts are extremely popular in London.

PINAFOROFFSKI is what it will be called in Russia when they catch it there.

THE burning of Rome is one of the scenic effects in Rubenstein's opera Nero.

THE original Pinafore Company, in London, has recently given its 20th performance.

THE band of the 1st Belgian Regiment of Guides is coming to America on a concert tour.

THE Count Joannes becomes plain George Jones under a recent Court decision. There can be no evasion.

GEN. SHERMAN is said to be the most persistent theatre-goer of all the public men in Washington.

HARRY SARGENT thinks he has picked up another fortune in Adèle Belgarde, the female "Hamlet."

ADELAIDE NEILSON'S profits during the first five and a half weeks of her American tour are said to have been \$15,000.

FRANCIS A. DURIVAGE, the novel-writer, has turned dramatist, and produced a character comedy called "Dead Bruke."

JOHN T. RAYMOND has given up "My Son" in disgust. There is no money in it, and the public won't accept him in a serious part.

MR. DALY now pays himself for the costumes which the ladies of his company wear upon the stage, thus bringing the matter of dress where it properly belongs—within the province of the stage manager, who, under this system, is enabled at once to restrain the soubrette who would wear better clothing than her mistress, and to assist the mistress always to wear better than her maid.

ECHOES FROM PARIS.

A NEW slipper is cut very low and fastened across the instep by a real gold bracelet.

M. EDMOND ABOUT is completing an important novel, of which the title is *Le Roman d'un Brave Homme*.

A SNOWFLAKE costume for skating is made in the new black velvet, dashed with white, and trimmed with black and white fur.

THE death is announced of the Countess d'Andigné, widow of the Vendean General, at the age of eighty-two. She studied under Robert Lefèvre, and was an accomplished amateur.

A SMART Parisian lady has discovered an interesting illustration in support of the claim that woman is superior to man. She contends that the last creative work of the Deity must have been the best, and that as woman was created after man, she must have represented perfection. On the other hand, she urged that if the earlier created beings were the strongest proofs of the Almighty power, then man was inferior to the beasts, birds, and fishes.

BANTING'S work, telling how he worked off his corpulence, has been done off into French, and all the fat women in Paris are trying on his regimen to try out their superfluous flesh. The Paris correspondent of the *Boston Post* tells us of this dialogue, which he says he overheard at a ball:—"Have you seen Madame G—? Since she has embraced M. Banting's religion she has diminished at least one half."—"Then she must be charming," said Mlle. — with *satire*.—"Not at all; she looks like a cathedral that has lost all its spires, and preserved all the niches from which they were taken."

MADAME THIEFS has resolved to keep the study of her husband in the same state as he left it; nothing is changed. It has the appearance as if the owner had left for a few moments. The last book he read—Plato's *Dialogues*—lies open, having a pencil with which he annotated the text, for, when an author in this case, Cousin presented him with a copy of these writings, it was specially printed to leave meadows of margin; all Hugo demands is that presentation copies be richly bound. An addition has been made to the library; it serves as a storehouse for all the "crowns" that could not find a place in his tomb; in a press is the plaster model of his features taken after death. No shelf was in the library higher than he could reach from the floor. He loved his workshop—entered it every day at five o'clock. He never had an almanac out, so that he was puzzled frequently for the date, and, when uncertain, never dated his letter. One day a young man called on him to be recommended to a Minister.—"What day of the month is it?" he demanded of the visitor, who confessed he did not know;—"Don't know, Monsieur, and how can I write a recommendation without a date? Take my advice, sir, never be without a pocket-almanac."

THE CANADIAN ILLUSTRATED NEWS.

THE last number of the *Canadian Illustrated News* contains some excellent cuts.—*Kingston Whip*.

THE Christmas number of the *Canadian Illustrated News* is out with a frontispiece representing the Canadian snowshoe soldier while he passes around the "compliments of the season" to friends and patrons. The child's dream of a "Carnival of Toys" is a very pretty picture, in which Santa Claus, perched on a big drum and the loaded branches of a fine Christmas tree all around him is dispensing a magnificent display of children's delights of the season. On a two-page supplement is a beautiful picture of the birth of the Saviour, which is well worth framing. Various other Christmas scenes are prettily represented. The literary selections are choice. A Christmas story by Mr. W. S. Humphreys and other features make the number a very interesting one. Canadians may well feel proud of their *Illustrated News*.—*Montreal Star*.

THE *News* is the only Canadian illustrated newspaper worthy of the name, and is in all respects a first-class journal worthy of the support of every Canadian. The regular price of the *News* is \$4.00 per year, but to any of our subscribers who desire to take it we will furnish both the *TELEGRAPH* and *News* for 1880 for only \$4.25 in advance.—*Prescott Telegraph*.

THE *Canadian Illustrated News*, published by the Burdett Lithographic Co., Montreal, is before us, and from it we cannot fail to notice that Canada is fast overtaking our neighbors in literature, as in everything else. Its illustrations are mostly and beautifully executed, and its reading matter embraces many original and selected articles of a high order.—*Cornwall Observer*.

"CANADIAN ILLUSTRATED NEWS."—The Christmas number of this paper is a credit to Canadian journalism. The illustrations are not only in keeping with the season, but are instructive and well executed. The letter press is up to the mark and compares most favorably with papers of a similar class.—*Montreal Herald*.

*Canadian Illustrated News*.—We wish we could find room this week to give our readers an idea of the splendid Christmas number just issued. This journal is now fully equal to any of its American rivals, and being strictly a Canadian enterprise, should receive the preference. It is a welcome thrice-visitor.—*Sherbrooke Gazette*.

THE illustrations in the *Canadian Illustrated News* are now scarcely inferior to those of the highest grade of art papers, and the ability with which the paper is conducted reflects great credit upon the enterprising management. Subscription \$4 in advance. THE *EXAMINER* and *Illustrated News* will be sent one year for \$4.25. See the *Crisis* in number just issued; everybody should get one.—*Sherbrooke Examiner*.

THE Christmas number of the *Canadian Illustrated News* is marked by special enterprise. The edition is very attractive.—*Kingston Whip*.

AUTHORS AND BOOKS.

"I have known all the famous authors of my time—Dickens, Bulwer, Thackeray, Carlyle, Trollope, Ouida, Miss Braddon." The speaker was a man of medium height, well built, with a bright, animated expression, wearing a white moustache and chin whiskers; frank in his manners, simple in his dress, entirely devoid of the ostentation usual in men who have risen from small beginnings to commanding positions. It was Mr. J. B. Lippincott, the great Philadelphia publisher. We were sitting in his private office, in the centre of his mammoth establishment—he alone, as the head of the firm, enjoying the distinction of an inclosed apartment. Two chairs, a sofa and a desk comprise the office furniture of a man whose note for any amount would be gladly discounted by any bank in the country.

DICKENS AND THACKERAY.

"How did you like Dickens personally?" "Dickens was naturally a good-hearted, jolly, pleasant fellow. But his early and brilliant success turned his head. Like Napoleon, he was intoxicated by his own glory. To use a horse expression, he 'felt his oats' a little too much. He was a good deal of a fop and a little of a snob in his dress and manners. It was pert, if not impertinent for Dickens, a young man of thirty, to call Washington Irving, an old man of sixty, and the most famous living writer, 'My dear Irving.' But his snobbery and foppiness were forgotten in the presence of the man himself, he was so hearty, fresh and jovial."

"But his novels still sell well." "Oh, yes; they sell, but a reaction in favor of Thackeray has set in. Thackeray won his way slowly to recognition, and he was all the better for it. He was thirty-seven when he wrote 'Vanity Fair,' the novel which established his reputation. After that his course was right onward. Thackeray was less effusive than Dickens, but he was more genuine. He was delightful at a private dinner, but not so ready as Dickens as a public speaker. The latter was particularly happy upon such occasions. Once, at a meeting of the Authors' Fund Society, Tom Campbell, the Chairman, could not preside, and Dickens was called upon, at a moment's notice, to take his place. He made a brilliant and impromptu speech, which surprised and delighted all who heard it. Thackeray enjoyed a good dinner. He was particularly fond of American oysters and canvas-back ducks. In fact, he was too much of a club man—he ate too many good dinners. His literary fame, though less splendid than Dickens' during life, will probably be more lasting."

A DUKE AT A FEED.

"You have entertained the Duke of Buckingham, have you not, Mr. Lippincott?"

"Yes; it happened in this way. When Robert Chambers visited the United States some years since I gave a dinner in his honor. The Duke of Buckingham happened to be stopping at the Continental Hotel at the time, and hearing of the affair that was to come off he signified to me his desire to be present at a genuine Philadelphia 'feed.' Of course he was invited and sat down, as he told me afterward, to the 'most elegant entertainment he had ever enjoyed.' There were present at the dinner the Governor of Pennsylvania, the Mayor of Philadelphia, and the most distinguished men of the day to the number of one hundred. When I next visited England the Duke invited Mrs. Lippincott and myself to Stowe, where my wife remained two weeks. Stowe is one of the most magnificent seats in Great Britain, the house 200 feet long, the grounds an earthly paradise, everything on a scale of royal splendor; in fact I doubt whether royalty itself has a more sumptuous domain than the princely Duke of Buckingham. I highly appreciated the honor of being invited to the duke's seat, where an English publisher's horse would as soon be invited as himself."

THE ENGLISH PUBLISHING PRINCE.

"Speaking of English publishers, of course you have met John Murray?"

"Oh, yes; I have dined with Murray many times, both in town and at his country seat, about five miles from London. It is a pretty little place of about twenty acres, highly cultivated, with fruits and flowers of all kinds. He is the prince of English publishers."

"Is he on such intimate terms with the noblemen as his grandfather was with Lord Byron?"

"No; he is never invited to the seats of the neighboring gentry. In England the lines are closely drawn between the aristocracy and the shop. Byron was a democratic lord in his life, but in his feelings he was a thorough aristocrat, and prouder of being a descendant of the Biron who came over with the Conqueror than he was of being the author of 'Manfred' and 'Childe Harold.' Murray is a fashionable publisher, but he is not a fashionable man. The noblemen invited me to their houses because I was an American and only a temporary sojourner in England."

BULWER AND HIS BIOGRAPHY.

"Did you meet Bulwer?"

"My personal acquaintance with Bulwer was very slight. He was not a very approachable man—excessively aristocratic, high-toned and reserved, even for an Englishman. In his last years he was very deaf, and this infirmity made him avoid society. Strange that his early name

of Bulwer should cling to him, although he bore it only for the first thirty-five years of his life. As Bulwer he made his early reputation, as Sir Edward Bulwer Lytton he lived many years and as Lord Lytton he died."

"Why has his life never been written?"

"His son, Lord Lytton, the present Governor-General of India, is writing the life of his father, or rather, he was writing it before he was sent to India, but his official duties have been so engrossing that he has been compelled to abandon it for the time. I am to be the American publisher of the book."

"It will be looked forward to with great interest."

"Yes; Bulwer was an interesting man, what the Germans call a many-sided man—a novelist, poet, historian, essayist, dramatist, statesman, orator, nobleman, editor, society man and dandy; but as a novelist he will be remembered. By the way, have you met Dr. Shelton Mackenzie?"

"Not yet."

A WALKING MEMORY.

"You should see him," said Mr. Lippincott. "He is full of anecdotes of authors, and his memory goes back to the time of Charles Lamb, Campbell and Hood. He was introduced to Lamb at the India house, where the author of 'Eliu' was one of the chief clerks. This was in 1825. Mackenzie's brother was a junior clerk, and calling there one day he was taken in to see Lamb as one of the celebrities of the place. Lamb was mounted upon a high stool, bending over a ledger, when the elder Mackenzie came in with his brother and said: 'Mr. Lamb, have you any objection to being introduced to my brother?' 'As the gentleman is present,' said Lamb, 'it would not be polite to decline being introduced to him.' Whereupon he descended from his chair, and, after being introduced, stood in his favorite position, with his back to the fire and his hands behind his back. Lamb at that time drew a salary of \$3,500. In a year or two he was retired on a pension of \$2,500. Dr. Mackenzie also met Hood in London—sad Hood, writing for a livelihood. He was not very entertaining in company; in fact, he seemed to keep all his good things for his books. George Cruikshank was another of the doctor's London acquaintances. The true story of the origin of 'Oliver Twist' is not generally known. It is this: After the amazing success of the 'Pickwick Papers,' Dickens was thinking of following it up by a story of London life, with which he was more familiar than with English country life. Just about that time he happened to visit the studio of George Cruikshank, and was shown some drawings the latter had made illustrating the career of a London thief. There was a sketch of Fagin's den, with the Artful Dodger and Master Charley Bates, pictures of Bill Sikes and his dog and of Nancy Sikes, and, lastly, Fagin in the condemned cell. Dickens was much struck by the power of these character sketches; and the result was that he changed the whole plot of 'Oliver Twist.' Instead of taking him through spiritless adventures in the country he introduced him into the thieves' den in London, showed up their life of sin and shame, but brought his hero through pure and unadulterated. Thus, it will be seen, that George Cruikshank, not Charles Dickens, was the originator of the leading characters that appear in 'Oliver Twist.'"

THE SAGE OF CHELSEA.

"You have met Carlyle, I suppose?"

"When I was in London last winter Carlyle invited me to Chelsea, saying he 'wanted to see the man who had the pluck to print a variorum edition of Shakspeare.' He is a queer man, a bundle of inconsistencies who delights to surprise people. To literature alone he owes his reputation; yet, his advice is, 'Of literature keep well to the windward. In fifty years it will be a credit to declare, I never tried literature; believe, I have not written anything.'"

ENTER ANTHONY.

"My experience with English authors has been rather peculiar. One day I was sitting in this office when a stranger entered and in a gruff voice, without mentioning his name, said, 'I want you to publish my views upon America.' I asked him what he had seen of the country, what he knew of our people, our institutions, &c. He said he had seen New York, Boston, Niagara Falls. In short, he had seen American society in hotel parlors, on steamboats and in railroad cars, and was fully prepared to write up America in the most approved style of foreign tourists. I asked him why he had honored our house by selecting it to publish his book. 'I have been so awfully cheated by other publishers that I want to see whether you will not treat me better.' All this time, the visitor had not announced his name. At length, I said: 'With whom have I the pleasure of conversing?' 'I am Anthony Trollope,' he replied, with an overwhelming air. Having survived this tremendous announcement, I proceeded to talk business, and finally agreed to publish his proposed work. I divided the edition with the Harpers, each house putting its own name upon the copies it published. When Trollope heard this he thought it was some trick to cheat him, and denounced us both as 'pirates.'"

PRESCOTT.

"It was a lucky hit of yours to take Prescott's works from Boston."

"I was determined to have them, cost what they might, so I gave my agent orders to offer \$5,000 more than anybody else."

With them you secured the services of Mr. Kirk, Prescott's last secretary—the one who was with him the longest. It is a pity, however, that the author of the 'History of Charles the Bold' should be lost in a magazine editor."

"Perhaps he finds it more profitable to edit a magazine than to write books. You remember what Sir Walter Scott said, 'Literature is a good staff but a poor crutch.'"

"What do you think of Americans as a reading people?"

"They are the greatest readers in the world—men, women and children all read."

"What do they read?"

"Books of all kinds—good, bad and indifferent. The literary taste of the country has greatly improved during the last twenty years. With wealth have come leisure, culture and appreciation of art and literature."

MRS. WISTER.

"Mrs. Wister's translations from the German have been very successful, have they not?"

"Remarkably so. One day a fashionably dressed lady came in here, and throwing down a roll of manuscript, said, 'Mr. Lippincott, I want a hundred dollars for that.' I took up the package, opened it, and read the title, 'Old Mlle.'s Secret,' by E. Marlitt. After turning over the leaves and glancing at the matter I told the lady I would give her a hundred dollars for it, and immediately signed a check for the amount. This was the first of Mrs. Wister's translations, or rather adaptations, from the German. It was at my suggestion that she 'adapted' these novels instead of literally translating them. They thus read like original works. Mrs. Wister now derives a handsome income from her literary work, and has made a national reputation."

THE MYSTERIOUS OUIDA.

"Who is Ouida?"

"Ouida is a mystery that no person has yet been able to solve. All that is really known of her is that she is the daughter of a Frenchman, and her name is Rose de la Ruee. She was an obscure contributor to the *Louison* magazines, glad to earn a pound a page for her stories, when I came across 'Granville de Vinge.' Struck by its powerful delineation of character and the dash and brilliancy of its style, I published it under its original name of 'Held in Bondage.' The name was unfortunate. People thought it was a novel about slavery, of which they had a surfeit just then. Consequently the book failed to attract attention, and only 800 copies were sold, and that was more owing to our immense distributing facilities than to any public interest in the novel itself. When 'Strathmore' was published in England, I republished it here, still having faith in Ouida as a strong writer, although I did not know at that time whether the author was a man or woman. 'Strathmore' was a success, and upon the strength of that I brought out a new edition of her first novel, under the better title of 'Granville de Vinge, or Held in Bondage,' using the second title to avoid deceiving people who had already bought the book under its original name. It made a great hit, and Ouida's reputation was established. She says she is indebted to me for her success, and is grateful for it."

"Where does she live?"

"Two miles from Florence, in a lovely villa. Dogs are her pets, and the house is full of them; wherever she goes she is surrounded by her canine favorites. She says they are more faithful than the human race. Whenever one of them dies he or she is buried with more respect than is sometimes shown to men and women."

"Is Ouida pretty?"

"She is dashing-looking rather than pretty. Her manners are fascinating, her conversation lively, her eyes bright and expressive. She is saucy and audacious in her remarks and sometimes indulges in ladylike slang; but in spite of all this she is a great favorite among English and American residents at Florence, and they are glad to accept invitations to her villa, for she entertains magnificently."

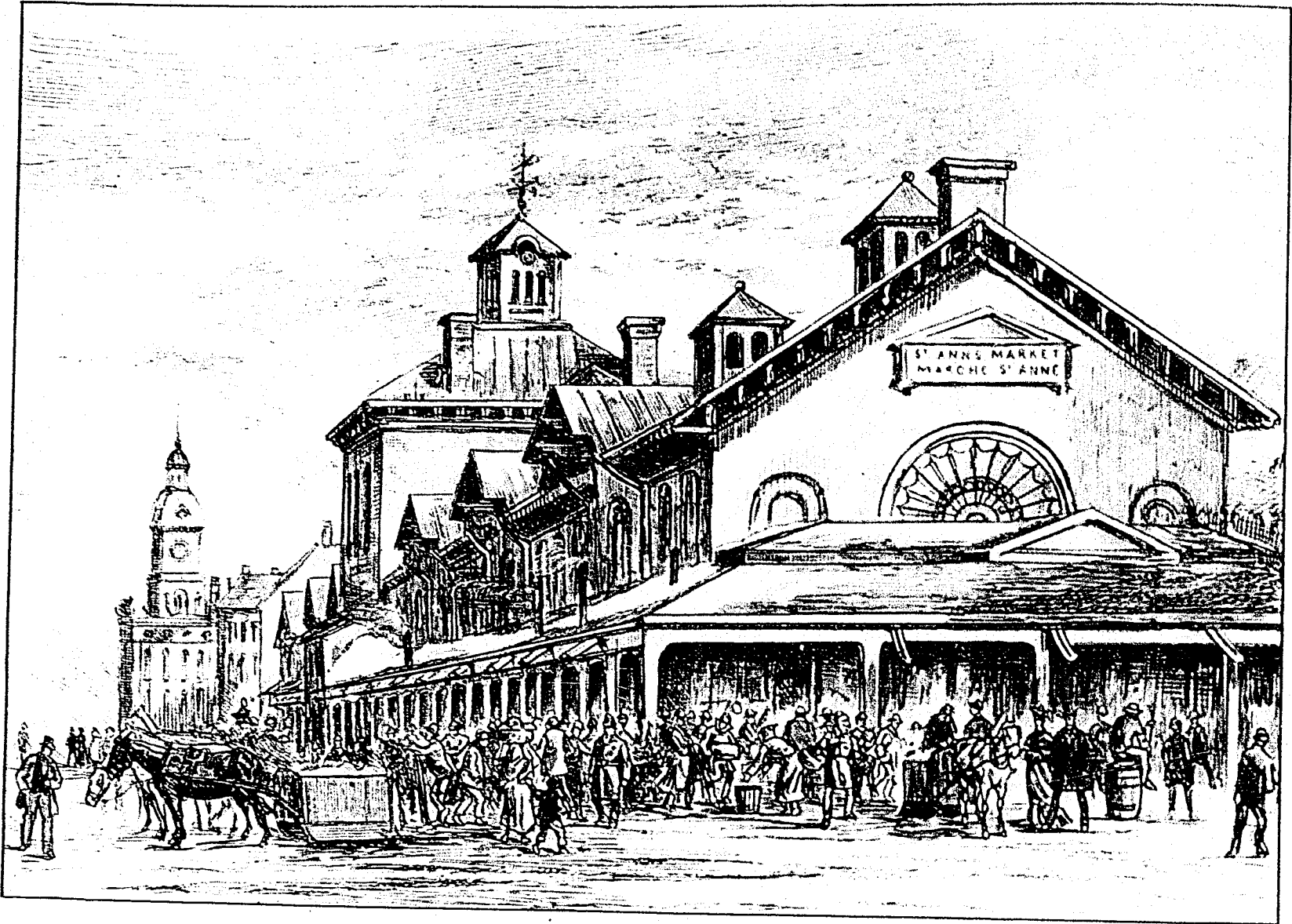
A PALMETTO PREACHER.

"In your dealings with authors you must have some singular experiences?"

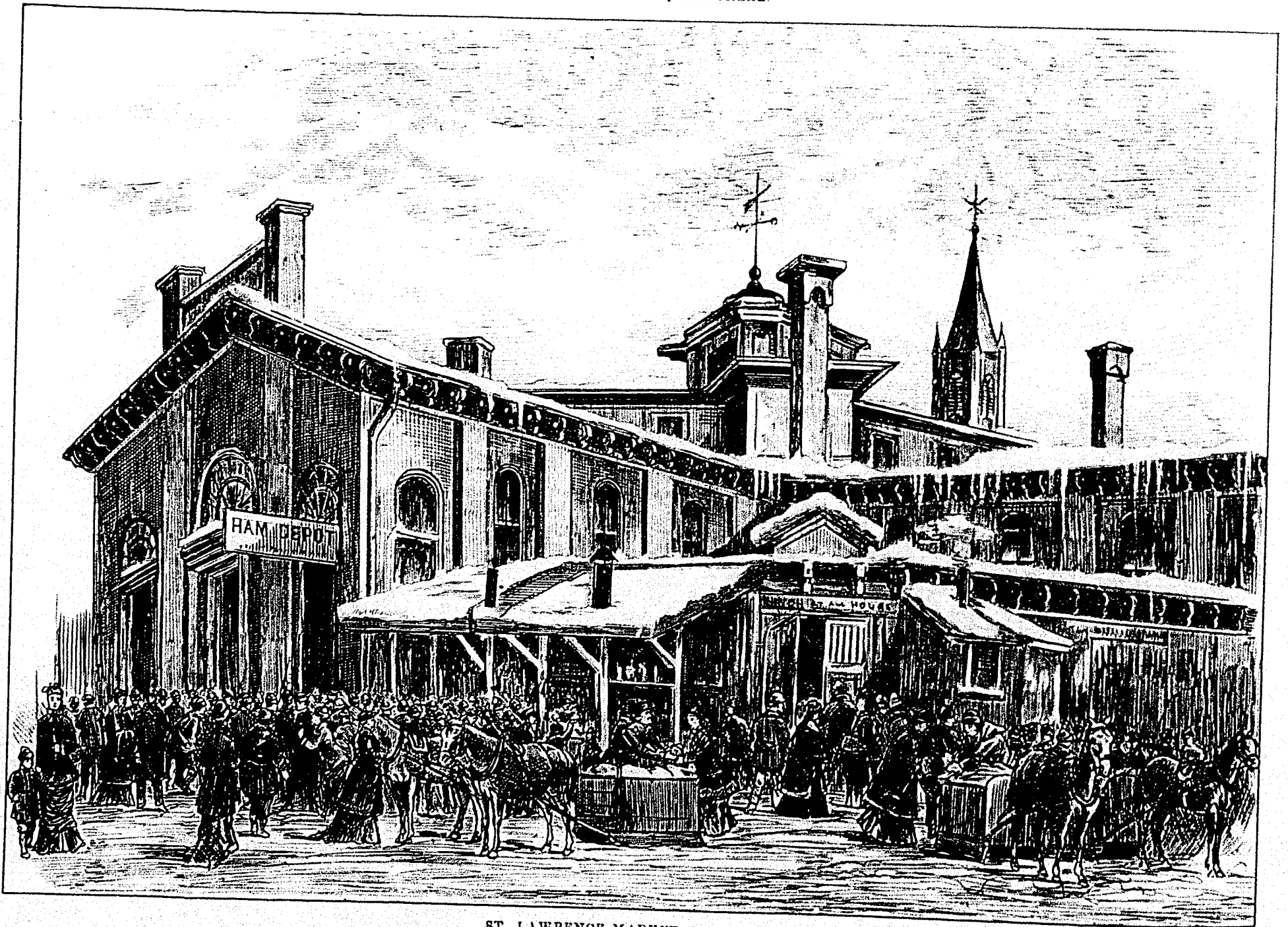
"Yes, here is one example out of a hundred: A South Carolina clergyman delivered a sermon which delighted his rural congregation; it was praised in the village newspaper. Whereupon the divine thought he would seek a larger audience for the eloquence, and wrote to me to publish his sermon in pamphlet form, and suggested 20,000 as the least possible number that should be printed, saying that he would undertake to sell 5,000 himself. The pamphlet was printed to the number of 1,000; 100 copies were sent to the author, several hundred were disposed of through our numerous correspondents in the South, and that was the end of it."

SORROWS OF THE UNKNOWN.

"The publisher's experience is not always *couleur de rose*. He occasionally witnesses cases of real distress. Sometimes young girls, after spending years of toil over a volume of verses, come to have it published, having the freshest and most innocent ideas about the demand for such things, thinking that because a piece has been printed in a country paper, and been praised by admiring friends, the world at large is upon tiptoes to read it. In many cases they leave the publisher's presence drowned in tears at their failure to convince him that their volume is worthy of publication."

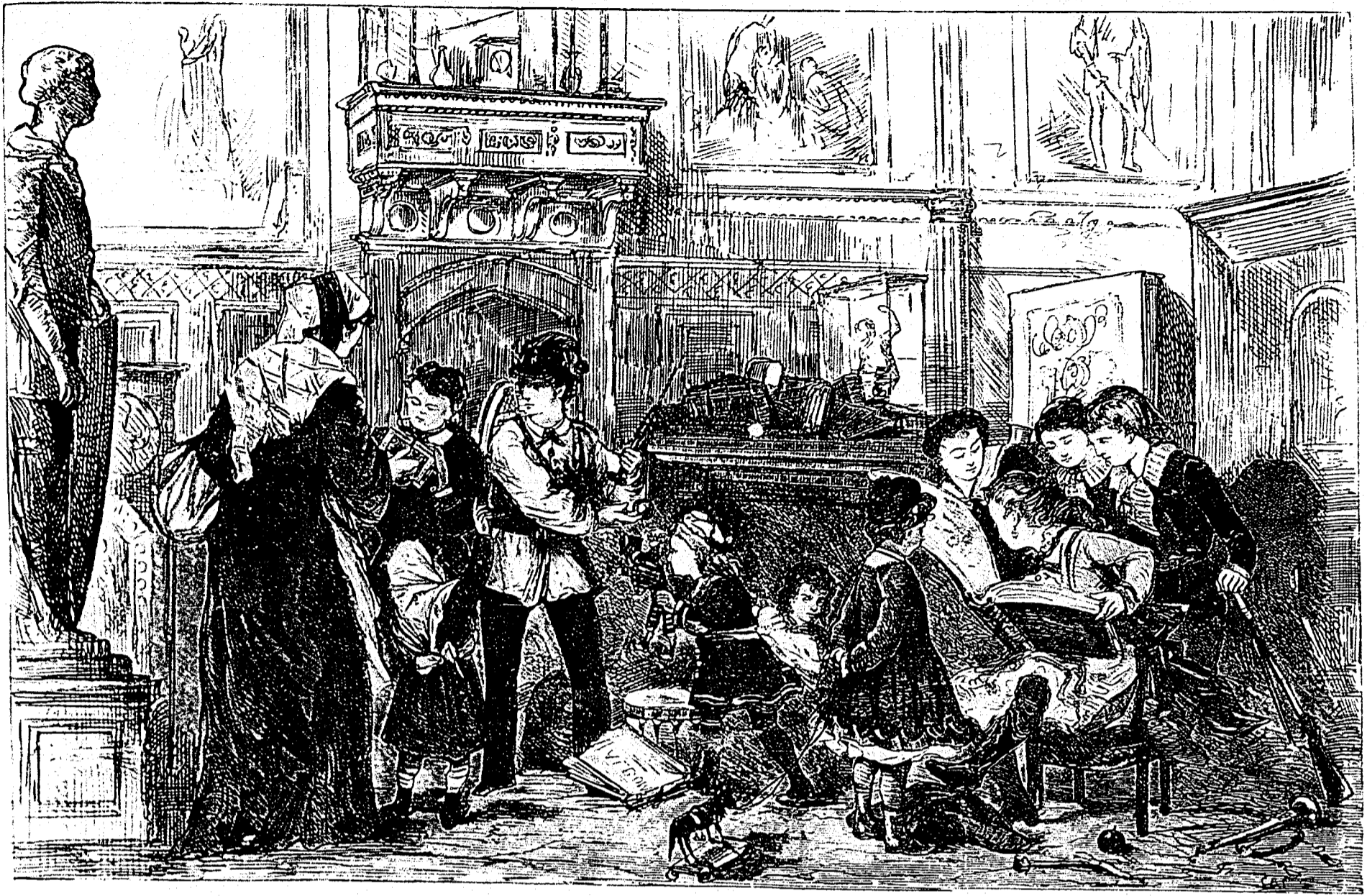


ST. ANNS MARKET, MONTREAL.



ST. LAWRENCE MARKET, MONTREAL.

THE MARKETS HOLIDAY TIME.



NEW YEAR'S GIFTS.



HOLIDAY FESTIVAL IN GERMANY.



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## CLARA CHILLINGTON;

OR,

## THE PRIDE OF THE CLIFF.

A STORY OF ONE HUNDRED YEARS AGO.

BY

THE REVEREND JAMES LANGHORNE BOXER,

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

EDITED BY THE

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

## INTRODUCTION.

The following story is a faithful picture of the state of society on the Kentish Coast at the close of the last and the beginning of the present century. The various armistices and short truces with the French Republic or Empire gave great opportunities for the daring feats here chronicled of the Free Booters (smugglers), with whom the Romany (Gipsy) gangs were often in confederation. The old Martello Towers, as the quarters of the early Coast Guard (preventive) service and the ravines and caverns about Shorne Cliff could tell a story perfectly in keeping with the narrative, while the reckless character of the gentry of that period and locality, is not a whit overdrawn. The scenes about Dover and Folkestone, Calais and Gravelines, the classic ground of Romano-British and Norman-English history, are drawn to the very life, and no one either a native of, or visitor to, those places, can fail to recognize their identity. Although having no distinct historical or political complexion, but simply regarded as a social fiction, the author's pen has given us another "Waverley." We see almost the very homes and people with whom we were acquainted in our childhood, fifty or sixty years since, as the story goes on with unabated interest, under the skilful manipulation of the writer. In giving it to the public after careful revision, the only changes made are such as the more particular information and correct knowledge have suggested, and for which purpose the manuscript was placed in the hands of the

EDITOR.

## CHAPTER I.

## A MIDNIGHT ADVENTURE.

"It'll be a rough night, Bob," said a coast guard at a telegraph station, situated on the cliff on the south-eastern coast of England. That telegraph was the semaphore of a hundred years ago, which told its tale to distant watchers by the movement of its arms. The person thus addressed was sitting by a blazing fire burning in the watch house, and wrapped in a number of heavy garments was awaiting the moment that should summon him forth to discharge his night duty as a patrol for preventing smuggling. Having therefore knocked the ashes from his pipe and refilled it preparatory to smoking it on his beat, as he heard the wind rattle against the shutters of the hut, he replied,

"You are right, Jack; and in my opinion it'll blow hard enough to send a fellow's teeth down his throat; nor will there be any chance to seek shelter, for old 'Luff' will be in his glory to-night, especially as he has heard that the Ransly gang intend running a cargo. I believe the old fellow to be a distant relation of Mother Carey's chicken, for there is no turning in with him when it blows hard."

"They'll never try to run a cargo through such a sea as will presently be raised."

"You wouldn't hold to that opinion long, if you knew the skipper of the *Nancy* as well as I do. It'll take a heavier sea than will be raised to-night to prevent Jack Pegden from coming over."

"Well, all I hope is that something will stop him, for I have no inclination to shoot any one to-night."

"Bah! shoot, indeed. If ever you try your hand with those fellows, take my advice and be very careful, or you may come out of the affray only second best. It is well enough to talk by the fire-side of what you will do, but if we have to attack them you'll find it to be no child's play."

"Ah! well, we shall see. Good-night, Bob."

"Good-night," was the response; and as he spoke the coast guard, swathed in his numerous garments, plunged into the darkness, and made his way along the cliff to the post. The wind by this time was blowing a fearful gale, and as the man bent his head before the blast, he puckered his lips as though fearful his own prediction would prove a correct one, and that the morning would find him bereft of the power to masticate his breakfast with any degree of pleasure.

The Ransly gang, whose presence was a matter for alarm with the men occupying that coast guard station, were a desperate set of ruffians led by a villain of that name, who defying all law and authority made it a business to convey contraband goods landed on the coast to a place of security; and this they did in opposition to the means employed to suppress the traffic, and very frequently after a pitched battle with the dragoons and coast guard who opposed them. Indeed the name of the Ransly gang was a terror to all who heard it; for there was no villainy they would hesitate to perform.

The wind whose violence had excited comment at the telegraph station, also whistled among the trees surrounding an old, but still substantial building, and known in that neighborhood by the name of the Priory; and as it howled around the dwelling, and rattled the leaden casements, even the obdurate heart of Sir Harry Chillington became subject to unpleasant sensations. Pacing the floor of what he from courtesy choose to term a library, the fury of the tempest awoke within him thoughts unfriendly. His manner was that of an iron soul struggling hard to eject feelings unhappy, which without being courted had quartered themselves on him. Increasing the speed with which he now wildly paraded that apartment, and sinking into a reverie, he clenched his fist and compressed his lips as though in defiance of some form fancy had created within his brain. The feelings of Sir Harry were becoming excited beyond control, when a knock at the door from without aroused him.

"Come in!" he sharply exclaimed, being glad that something had occurred to break the chain of thought which was fast binding him in feelings of horror. In obedience to his command the door opened, and a servant entered bearing a note that had just been left at the Priory. Eagerly seizing the paper, and casting a glance at the superscription, Sir Harry enquired:

"By whom was this note delivered?"

"Mad Tom has this moment left it, Sir Harry," was the response.

The baronet broke the seal, and as he read its contents his brow became corrugated, and such ferocity overspread his countenance as to make him a frightful person to look upon. But a sudden relaxation of the stern rigidity of his aspect quickly followed and a grim smile sat upon his lip, apparently the offspring of a fresh thought which had flashed across his brain. Being temporarily relieved from the incubus that had before been crushing him, he took the handle of the bell and pulled it vigorously.

In reply to the enquiry of his servant, Sir Harry ordered that his favourite horse should at once be prepared for a journey. Bowing obedience to the command, the servant retired to give the necessary instructions, and quickly returned with the riding-coat and boots of the baronet. Being equipped for a ride on such a tempestuous night, he stood impatiently awaiting the announcement that all was in readiness.

It was not an unusual thing for Sir Harry to be out late at night, nor indeed at any hour, as his habits were eccentric, and his unamiable disposition rendered the remotest hint at the cause of his absence perilous. Having therefore mounted a roan, which appeared proud of being called on to discharge a duty in the midst of such a wild storm as was still raging, he dashed off into the darkness of night, and took the direction of the cliff road leading to the old town and port of Dover.

The storm maintained its violence as the baronet pursued his journey; the rain still fell pitilessly; and as the angry gale came booming across the seething waters it moaned as being the death knell of many a gallant sailor. But the hardy form of that horseman was proof against its fury, and he passed through it as fearlessly as though himself were the Storm King.

The road taken by Sir Harry in this night ride, led him toward the telegraph station on the cliff; and as he approached the place the clatter of his horse's hoofs upon the flinty road aroused the fears of the coast guard within. That boaster of an hour before, as he heard the sound, felt his courage retreat to his extremities, and as though it were in their weakness entreating his legs to convey him to a place of security from the terrible Ransly gang, whom he believed were now about to attack the station. Sinking into a corner the King's man held his breath from very fear, nor was it until the sound had died away that he ventured to peep out at the door, and again in the absence of all danger to feel that he was a courageous man.

Ignorant of the state of perturbation into which he had thrown the mind of the coast guard, Sir Harry Chillington rode on, and disregarding the challenge of the horse patrol whom he met, and who turned in his saddle with a superstitious awe to look after him as though he were a phantom rider, he pushed his way onward at full speed toward the town he had now nearly reached. Passing the battery that guards that old cinque port on the west, he traversed the dark and crooked streets, until he at length drew rein in an obscure passage bearing the somewhat unique name of Live Post Lane.

Having dismounted he entered into a dingy-looking shop, over the door of which hung a weather-beaten lamp, casting a lurid light on to

the surrounding darkness. That sign showed the house to be the abode of an apothecary. Obeying the signal of the presence of the baronet in the tinkling of a small bell, the dispenser of drugs, a man tall, pale, cadaverous, whose skin, from being hunger pinched, had become too loose for his frame and hung in wrinkles, made his appearance. A short conversation followed, which at first lighted up the countenance of the apothecary with pleasure, but was quickly succeeded by the shadow of apprehension. These expressions of mingled feeling told of a conflict going on in his mind, and it was not until Sir Harry had talked for a long time that quiet was restored, and the aspect of heroic resolve settled itself on his features. Offering to the baronet a broken chair as a seat, the man then quickly disappeared in the rear of his little shop.

On leaving Sir Harry, the apothecary entered into a little back yard, and made his way toward a dilapidated kitchen forming the stable for a miserable hack which business compelled him to maintain as best he could.

"Come, Bones," said he, as he entered the apartment occupied by the wretched brute; "there is before you the prospect of a better feed than any you have had since we became acquainted; but like me, you will have to plunge through the tempest of this dreadful night to earn it." "Bones," as the apothecary, in the wit that springs up in some minds even from extreme misery, had chosen to call his hack, on hearing his master's voice turned his head toward him as much as to say, "I understand you, and it is a good deal that I will dare for the pleasure of again tasting a feed of corn." The appearance of "Bones," was that of having been fed upon daylight, and until the ethereal diet had rendered him almost transparent. He was a most melancholy-looking horse, that from constant hunger had grown tired of life, and yet had not sufficient courage to put an end to his existence by refusing to live any longer. Picking up an impure cabbage leaf which had fallen beyond the reach of the creature, the last of a handful that had been given to "Bones" by a neighbouring green-grocer, the apothecary offered it to try him as he unfastened the string that formed his only halter.

"That's it," said he, as having placed the saddle on his back, he bade "Bones" grope his way in the dark through the house from the kitchen to the street. As therefore the wretched creature felt the gushing wind, and heard the rain still pouring, he hesitated. There was indecision in the manner of the horse, which seemed to say, "This threatens to be a rougher affair than I thought, and I am doubtful about entering on it." But either recollecting the luxury of the promised feed of corn, or wisely remembering the cudgelings with the broomstick he was subject to when at all refractory, he slowly, and with the utmost caution, picked his way into the street.

Having made ready his horse, the apothecary fetched from his slender wardrobe such garments as seemed best adapted to resist the force of the storm, and left the shop in company with Sir Harry. Being mounted they both pursued their way along the ill-lighted streets of the old town, the baronet being compelled to hold in with a tight rein his fiery steed whose mettle was thoroughly aroused by its previous run, that it might accommodate its pace to the travelling capabilities of its slower friend.

Being seldom called on to make night visits beyond the limits of the town, the fears of the apothecary increased as the habitations of men became fewer, and were still augmented when he found himself alone with the baronet in the wild country. Tenaciously the man of drugs held on to the wretched beast which carried him, as though apprehensive of being swept from his back by the fury of the gale, or of being carried away horse and all no one might tell whither by some treacherous foe. Penury and wretchedness had for years been the lot of that man, and it was a large bribe that had been offered to tempt him on such a night, and to such a distance from his home.

Having pursued their way for some time along the public road, the horsemen turned off into a country lane, leading toward a corner of the Priory estate, where stood a red brick building, bearing the name of Bromly House. Why that residence should bear such a name does not appear, but this is the appellation the old place still wears. The road they had newly entered on, from being but little used, gave license to the brambles forming the hedgerows to stretch their briary arms across the path, and this in turn became a source of alarm to the apothecary. Repeatedly did those fugitives hook their pointed fingers into some portion of his person, or apparel, and as often as they did so, would he regret his temerity in venturing forth at such an hour, and feel willing to sacrifice the reward, could he but be planted again safe and sound in Live Post Lane. But it was now too late to retreat, and there remained nothing for him but to yield himself the strange and mysterious fate which had brought him thither.

At length Bromly House was reached; and on passing through the doorway the sight that presented itself was far from relieving his fears. Stretched on a low bed, with but slender covering, and apparently in the last stage of consumption, lay a woman whose age was scarcely forty years, and whose appearance still indicated that she had once been beautiful. A cursory glance told that her dissolution was fast approaching, and that the consciousness of this fact was settled on her mind. On seeing Sir

Harry and the apothecary enter the room, the dying woman faints.

"She is gone," said the baronet, addressing his companion, as he looked upon the pallid cheek and bloodless lips of the sufferer.

"I think not," he replied, as he placed his skinny fingers on the woman's pulse. "She has fainted; a restorative will bring her back to consciousness."

Having drawn forth from his pocket a small phial containing a subtle remedy whose powers could release from a state of lethargy suspended animation, he applied it to the nostrils of the apparently lifeless woman, and as her feeble inspiration gently inhaled the spirit, she awoke as from a delicious dream.

"I thought it to be all over!" she sighed; "but I have yet to pass through it. O death!"

"Take this draught," said the apothecary, who had mixed with water from a jug resting on a chair a few drops of a stimulant he had brought with him, and holding a broken cup to the mouth of the patient she drank the contents. The remedy thus applied produced an immediate effect on her enfeebled frame, and her countenance became more animated, and her intellect more lucid.

Sir Harry saw the change produced in the patient, and hated the sight. Inwardly he cursed the apothecary for his folly, and but that he knew the effect would be only transient he would have kicked him forth into the darkness. Yet short as was the resuscitation it proved too long to be agreeable to his feelings.

On becoming fully conscious who were the persons present in the room with her, the dying woman beckoned Sir Harry to her bedside. He beheld the mute request, and would gladly have been spirited away a thousand miles from that room; he dreaded the interview that he could not now avoid; and had it not been that with all his boasting he was at heart a coward, he would have mixed with his own hand a potion that would have sealed in the silence of death the lips of the sufferer. It was not virtue that restrained him from sending the invalid into the domain of Death a few moments earlier than disease would have conveyed her thither: he dreaded the consequences that might follow such an act, and this alone prevented the deed. There being no excuse for refusing to approach the dying woman, he reluctantly yielded to her request.

Commanding the apothecary to retire to the other end of the room, the baronet drew near to the invalid. Taking his hand in her own, the dying woman pressed it with all the fervor her remaining strength could command. But had a viper stung him he could not have felt more frightened than he did when touched by the delicate fingers of the mother of Mad Tom. What was there in the touch of that delicate hand to cause such an unpleasant feeling? He had once caressed that very hand which now made him start in terror. Did there travel along that almost bloodless arm a pulsation that could move a soul so encased in sensuality as to be past feeling; and revive within it recollections that it was hoped had faded for ever? Something in that touch made Sir Harry shrink; and as the almost voiceless tongue of the dying woman whispered words unknown to any but themselves, the colour faded from his cheek, and for the first time in many years he trembled. Earnestly the woman spoke; and as with an imploring look she uttered her last appeal, she pointed with her attenuated finger to Mad Tom. It was evident from her manner that she was pleading for the idiot boy she was leaving behind.

"I will," was all that Sir Harry was heard to say in response to her appeal.

Having obeyed his employer in removing from the bedside of the invalid, the apothecary peered through the window pane into the surrounding darkness. The tempest still raged; and as he listened to its roar his fears became intensified, and his thoughts flew back to those he had left at home, to be followed by the wish that he was again within his little shop. Never famous for courage, the years of struggling poverty he had endured, although sharpening his wits, had robbed him of that hopeful manliness of feeling essential to happiness, in taxing his nerves to their utmost tension under the apprehension that some calamity might suddenly overwhelm him on account of his distressed condition. This feeling was now haunting him; and he started as a low moan from the lips of Sir Harry fell upon his ear. Turning at the sound, he beheld the baronet bending over that body, whose soul already poised on the wing of immortality was now longing for release. In eagerness to escape, that soul seemed to be tugging at the thread of life attenuated and torn by the attrition of sorrow, that it might snap it and enter eternal freedom. It at length succeeded in its effort; and as the spirit floated away it cast on to the countenance still turned toward its oppressor, a look of forgiveness.

Being assured that the vital spark was at length extinguished, the baronet called his companion to him. There was a trembling in his voice as he did so; but startled at the expression of his heart's feeling, as it became manifest in articulation, he quickly resumed his accustomed sternness.

"She is gone this time," he said, assuming the tone of an unnatural levity, that struck a deeper horror into the heart of the apothecary.

"She is gone," he replied, as he laid his finger on the place where the feeble pulse had so lately palpitated, but from which it had now flown for ever. "She is gone," he whispered, but in a

tone louder than it was his intention; "and dead, as the result of a spirit crushed and broken."

"Pray keep your opinion to yourself," said Sir Harry, fiercely. "At her own request it was I who sent for medical aid, and, as it suited my purpose to employ you, I am willing to pay you for your services, and you are a witness that her death is the result of natural causes."

What a mockery! And did Sir Harry Chillington think to cheat his own soul by such sophistry? Is it possible that a man of education could become so forgetful of that terrible power that the wicked possess against their own will—conscience—as to flatter himself that, however such an excuse might for the time prevail, truth would not come back to him in greater force from being for the present evaded, and in moments, too, the most unwelcome? Natural causes, indeed! that attenuated frame as it lay stiffening before him for decay was a mute witness against the illusion he was seeking to impose upon himself. Not from natural causes did the mother of Mad Tom lie there in the silence of death, but as the result of false promises and a cruel deception. She had been caressed by the baronet until others had drawn away his sensual soul from caring for her, and then, almost the only interest he took in her welfare was to permit her to make her last in that wretched dwelling, and to die, shut out from the sympathy of mankind. The note brought to the Priory by Mad Tom was the struggling effort of departing life, that she might obtain another interview with him, and plead with him to care for the poor boy after her decease. That she might do this successfully, she begged as a favor granted to her dying request, that he would bring to her medical aid. The nurse answered her desire; and that he might in some measure silence his own conscience, as well as be able to stop the surmises of unfriendly enquiries concerning her death, Sir Harry responded.

"You will see to the corpse," said the baronet to a deaf old crone, who had been discharging the duty of nurse, and on whose silence he could depend in keeping secret the fact that himself was present at the time of her death. "Get what you may require, and bring me the account."

The old witch, with a wicked twinkling in her eye, dropped a low curtsy in response, and numbling through her closed and toothless gums some unintelligible expression, prepared to light them from the room.

Casting a look on Mad Tom as he left the house, the baronet muttered a fearful imprecation which, had but the smallest portion of it been realized by the idiotic creature, would have consumed him on the spot. But vengeance was reserving the boy for its own work.

The first streak of dawn was marking the distant horizon as Sir Harry and the apothecary left Bromley House. Placing his hand in his pocket, the former drew forth, slowly and grudgingly, the promised fee, and counted it into the hand of the forlorn creature he had employed. The sight of such a gilded palm astonished the man of physic, and, being paid, the pair separated—one to take a bride-path leading to the Priory, the other to return to his little shop. Yet, as the latter watched the departure of the man whose mingled pride and covetousness produced the drama before us, he felt it impossible to respond to his "good morning," for his lips were locked in silence by the hand of a strange fortune.

CHAPTER II.

THE APPREHENSION OF POVERTY.

As already appears, the Five-Post Lane apothecary was a man enervated through having to contend with unceasing difficulties. The shade of business and domestic sorrow had for years rested on this man, the latter because of the former, and had increased with the number of his family. Being of a sanguine temperament, he had held on tenaciously to hope as long as it was possible for mortal to do so, but circumstances had been too much for him, and he had at length become so enfeebled by the friction of sorrow as easily to succumb to the most gloomy apprehension. Fear had now become his constant companion; and having fixed its cruel fangs into his soul, it gnawed away at his strength of mind until an unmitigated dread filled his heart, and cast its shadow on his daily life. Yet occasionally, and as the result of the reaction of a mind stretched to the utmost limit of endurance, a momentary break would take place in his gloomy existence, producing a transient exercise of quiet even on his own misfortunes.

In early life, and wrongly calculating the success that would attend the practice of his profession, the apothecary took to himself a wife. Struck with her personal appearance, he sought no other dowry than the privilege of calling her personal charms his own; and, having obtained this desire, he threw all his energies into his profession. But, do what he might, success fled him; and as his family increased in the ratio of one per year, so his troubles multiplied in equal proportion. Indeed, it may be fairly said that money and the apothecary were strangers; the business of his life appeared to barter drugs in just sufficient quantity to keep himself and family from dying of cold and starvation. Yet even this, and getting the cheapest drugs possible, left him on the wrong side of the credit list, and only that he had nothing to sell, his home would frequently have been invaded by such as fatten on human misery.

Such being the ordinary condition of this man, his surprise as he saw the, to him, enormous sum of twenty guineas lying in the palm of his hand, and shining in the first rays of the early dawn was complete, and for a moment sealed his lips in silence.

Having parted with his patron, he reflected that, doubtless, in a moment of excitement, and as a bribe to tempt him to face the tempest of the terrible night that had just passed away, Sir Harry had bestowed upon him the money he held in his hand, in the hope that nothing more would be heard of the matter. Yet even this reflection, from the long rule of apprehension over him, filled him with alarm, and he perplexed himself with the fear that mischief might grow out of it which would possibly lead to his being hanged; or, failing this, whether the entire scene was not an illusion forced upon him by the evil one, under the stress of his poverty, and that he might gain full dominion over him. Sitting on the back of "Bones," and ruminating until fancy became distorted, the apothecary appeared the picture of misery as he soliloquized:

"Am I dreaming! Dreaming, or bewitched, that's certain. My reason teaches me this is a reality. Yet, I feel it to be impossible, and that I am made the victim for the sport of some awful power. Bah! Seeing the guineas shining in the sun, and do you ask if it is a reality? I do, that's sure; and every ray shot forth by what I sincerely hope is precious metal, and bearing the genuine stamp of the King's face upon it, becomes an inciter of my worst apprehension. What if it should take to itself wings and fly away? and under this new thought, being aroused from his gloomy reverie, he quickly placed the money in his pocket.

Assuring himself from this act that it was possible for it to be real, and that the money was now secure, he drove his heels against the frame work of "Bones," and at the same time jerking at the bridle, that unhappy brute, which seemed to retain in memory the promised feed of corn, and had during the night been working it up into a brilliant anticipation, now, in the hope of realizing it, began his homeward journey with far greater spirit than he had evinced since his youth departed.

It was at—for him—a remarkable pace that "Bones" trotted down the muddy road, and possibly he would have continued at this rate of speed until he had reached the kitchen, which formed his stable, had not his effort been suddenly checked by such a tight reining up as almost overset him. Apprehension was abroad on that road in force at that early hour, and as though determined to vent all its cruel power upon the poor apothecary, for a fresh idea had now entered into his shattered mind, and this had nerved his arm with more than ordinary strength thus to check the career of "Bones." In a feeling of security he deposited the money in his breeches pocket, but now the thought had seized him, lest from want of use the stitches which held the different parts of that receptacle together should be so weakened by age as to yield easily to the pressure put upon them, and readily permit the treasure to work its way out and escape him. Acting on this fear he had stopped the brute which carried him, and now removing his hat, which he rested on the front of the saddle, he drew the money forth. Piece after piece he dragged out cautiously, until being convinced of their safety as he held them between his hands he rattled them from side to side, as though they were hot, and then carefully opening his palm he breathed on them for luck, and then deposited them, one at a time, in the crown of his hat. A careful scrutiny of the suspected pocket followed this act, and having fully convinced himself, by pulling at the stitches, of its capability to conserve the guineas in safety, he then returned them, but, in doing so rubbed each one of them over his right eye, in the belief that this action would prove a prelude to a prosperous future. Putting "Bones" again into motion, the thought of home arose in his mind, and while fancy poured forth his reception there, he again indulged in soliloquy.

"What will they say?" he began. "Will they believe that all this money is mine? It is impossible they can do so; and will they not think me mad when I tell them? Indeed, should I show them all, would they not become filled with alarm, lest in a fit of desperation I had been driven to turn highwayman? I know I am not a likely person to act thus, but when distress goads, who can tell to what point a man may leap? Shall I show them all my wealth? This is an important question; for, should I do so, and should the children in their glee at the sight speak of the matter out of doors, I am ruined. The knowledge that I possess such an amount of cash would instantly bring the vultures upon me, and in the belief that I had more they would squeeze the very life from me. Yet it would be hard not to tell them, for none of them ever saw such a mountain of gold, and it may be a long time before they get the chance again to do so. I think I will tell them; yet I am afraid lest in their joy at the sight they should betray me and bring ruin on us all.

"Oh, dear! I hope this event will not turn my brain; and yet I am beginning to fear lest the hour of my prosperity should prove the signal for my destruction, and that having passed through an existence of clouds and storm, I shall sink beneath the rays of the golden splendour surrounding me. It would be an awful thing to die just now. Death fled me in the time of my wretchedness, and to intrude his unwelcome presence on this the hour of my prosperity would be tantamount to cruelty. The thought of such

a probability positively makes me nervous. Yes, I will tell them. We have been one in suffering, and now they shall share with me my pleasure to the full. 'Every dog has its day.' Misery has had its day over me; but now it is my turn; and although mine may be a short affair, we will enjoy it while it remains.

"Dead from repletion; horrid thought! and yet I have no doubt that such would be the case were I to permit them to eat as much as they choose. Well, who can wonder at it? for not one of the eleven ever remember the time, sleeping or waking, when they were not hungry. But for once in their lives they shall have a feed, even if it kills them. Yet I sincerely hope it will not do so. We cannot afford to die. Living, we can manage to hold on to each other, although goodness knows how it is done; but if one of us were to die the rest are ruined entirely, as it would take all we possess to pay the expenses of a funeral. By Jingo! what pleasure is in store for them at home. I shall be looked upon by them all as being a veritable hero; and my declaration of our good luck will claim for me a thorough ovation. Ovation! that's the word. We'll form a procession, and the eleven, with their mother at their head and myself following, carrying the bridle and saddle of "Bones," will march around the back yard and through the kitchen into the parlour, and upstairs and down-stairs, to do honour to the man who braved the darkness and the tempest—and I think I may say death, too, for I might have been killed—to snatch his wife and family from the jaws of starvation. There! I am getting sentimental. Well, who can be surprised at it with this change in my circumstances? Prosperity has created a feeling which bubbles through a part of my heart long unoccupied, and the thought arising from it is more than I can withstand. My head fairly reels; and the cause of it lies either with the strange emotions filling my soul, or with the thumping glass of brandy Sir Harry gave me from his flask to keep the cold out. Quicker, "Bones!"

As the apothecary uttered this latter sentence, he accompanied the demand by again bringing the heels of his boots into fresh contact with the ribs of the horse; and that animated trestle, always in greater haste on a homeward journey, plucked up his remaining spirit and put it forth to its fullest energy. Nor was the quickening of his pace untimely, for the next minute found the man suffused in a cold perspiration, and nearly paralyzed from fear. A strange sound had fallen on his ear, a sound which filled his mind with the dread of murder and robbery, and to his excited imagination it appeared that his throat was already at the mercy of a ruffian who threatened to operate on it unpleasantly, that he might take from his victim the twenty guineas he was so carefully preserving. But the cause for this alarm was less dreadful, and was nothing more than the hooting of an owl returning to its nest, and shrieking out its hatred of approaching day.

(To be continued.)

OUR POETS.

We cheerfully publish the following tribute to our native poets from the pen of one who has already made his mark, as a pioneer in our magazine literature, and the author of such excellent works as "Evenings in a Library" and "The Earl of Dufferin's Administration in Canada."

In a recent magazine article, Mr. John Lesperance, himself an elegant and forcible writer, has some good words to say concerning Canadian poetic literature. We have few poets in Canada worthy of the name, and perhaps on that account as much as by reason of the excellence of the work which they have produced, we should treasure our native bards, and note out to them all the encouragement which their genius or talent merits. It must be confessed we do not treat our literary men fairly. Heavens, perhaps the greatest of them all,—certainly he wrote the most marked poem ever written in Canada, the strong and powerful drama of "Saul"—was suffered to die unnoticed, save by a few friends, in the city of Montreal. His books never sold as they should have done. "Saul" passed through three editions.—The last one was issued in Boston,—but the author barely paid the expenses of publication by them. "Jephtha's Daughter" was another commercial failure, though a noble literary effort, full of the promise which later developed itself, and "Count Fillippo, or the Unequal Marriage," has always been a house-keeper on the publisher's shelves. Charles Sangster, who has done so much to perpetuate Canadian rivers and Canadian scenery, in his tuneful lyrical poem "The St. Lawrence and the Saguenay," has received the cold shoulder from our people, and been made to feel the pangs of neglect. But, poets like Longfellow long ago recognized his ability, and the latter has not hesitated to avail himself of choice excerpts from our own poet's works for his pretty collection of Poems of Places. Even John Reade, one of our most mellifluous singers, has had to go abroad for a reputation. Matthew Arnold—a severe and formidable critic, ten or twelve years ago saw the *divine affluence* in the author of the "Prophecy of Merlin" and without hesitation called him a true poet. So did Longfellow, and so did Whipple, if we mistake not. But while all this was very pleasing to the writer of gentle and musical verse, he sighed naturally enough for an appreciation of his labors nearer his own home. That appreciation has never come. The

few who know Reade and his modest bearing, and gentleness, appreciate and love him, and read often his slender volume of poetry, but he might never have existed so far as the masses of the people are concerned. He might never have written a line of poetry, so far as our so-called patrons of the arts and of literature are concerned. His sensitive mind shrinks from notoriety, and his book is too ill-known to find the readers it should have. Mr. Lesperance in his clever paper, which has the fault only of being too short, strives to make the little which his friend has done in sonnet writing, win the favor of the public by calling fresh attention to its varied excellence as a whole. We trust this will have its due effect. Surely nothing more is needed than an introduction to the gems which may be found among what Mr. Lesperance beautifully calls the "Cameos of literature." Mr. Reade's admirers will not think the estimate which is placed on their poet's work too high perhaps, when it is stated that after Longfellow he is the first sonneteer in America. Certainly much of his verse is of the same noble character, of the same high endeavor, of the same sublimity and grandeur, but there is no echo, conscious or unconscious, of the New England singer. If Reade recalls any one, it is Tennyson, and at times, though faintly, a little of John Keats, but for the most part he is an original writer, and a thinker of singular delicacy and gentleness. The critic will search in vain for a halting line or a limping verse. The columns of the *Chronicle* have often been enriched by the fruits of Mr. Reade's muse, and in that way our readers have had an opportunity of reading for themselves some of the tenderest things ever written by a home poet. Mr. Lesperance quotes three sonnets in his article, but he could easily have proved his assertions by any other three in the collection, which we hope, some day, to see in less fragmentary and more enduring form.

A very small part of Mr. Lesperance's criticism, or shall we call it "apology," is devoted to French-Canadian sonneteers, Mr. Frchette, whose "Avril" in a late number of *The Atlantic Monthly* will be remembered, coming in for judicious acknowledgment. Two pieces are reprinted, the pretty, glowing sonnet "Belœil Lake," and the lines to Miss Chauveau, a daughter of the esteemed Sheriff of Montreal. Mr. Lesperance should amplify his paper.

HUMOROUS.

A GREEN Christmas makes a lean plumber.

AN honest milkman is the scarest work of God.

"THAT'S what beats me," as the boy said when he saw his father take the akate strap down from its accustomed nail.

YOUNG swell: "Schneider, I should like to have my moustache dyed." Polite barber: "Certainly; did you bring it with you?"

THE King of the Belgians gets only \$1,643 a day, and if the wages are again reduced, will have to saw his own wood this winter.

THE two important events in the life of a man are when he examines his upper lip and sees the hair coming, and when he examines the top of his head and sees the hair going.

A CORRESPONDENT wishes to know the best way to winter geraniums. The best and cheapest way is to sling 'em over the back fence and buy a new lot in the spring.

WHEN you deprive a boy of the privilege of taking off his coat and vest together at one pull, and leaving his boots in the middle of the floor, what do you expect he has to live for?

WHAT is the difference between a hornet and a flea? One difference is that when you put your finger on a flea it isn't there, but when you put your finger on a hornet it is there.

"WHAT is a Bible?" asks an exchange. How stupid some editors are. "Why, what lunatic don't know that a Bible is a—er—is a—who walked off with our encyclopedia, anyhow?"

"ANNIE, is it proper to say this 'ere, that 'ere?" "Why, Kate, of course not." "Well, don't know whether it is proper not, but I feel cold in this ear from that air."

A SOCIETY man thought he would make a casual call the other evening, and was somewhat taken aback when the servant remarked as the door was held open: "Third door, back." A retreat was in order, and was duly executed.

AN English physician says: "If you feel like sneezing, throw yourself flat on your back." Yes, or it will do as well to turn a hand-spring and then crawl under a sofa. By the time you're accomplished this you'll have got over wanting to sneeze, which will amply repay you for your trouble.

JUST as he finished his little serenade the moon came out from behind the cloud, and she, the mother of the moon of his heart, leaned out of the window, and upon him emptied about ten gallons of cistern water. "After me, the deluge," he simply and prettily said, and as he walked briskly away the plashing squakers in his light gaiter made it sound as though he were carrying home a jug.

SPECIAL NOTICE.

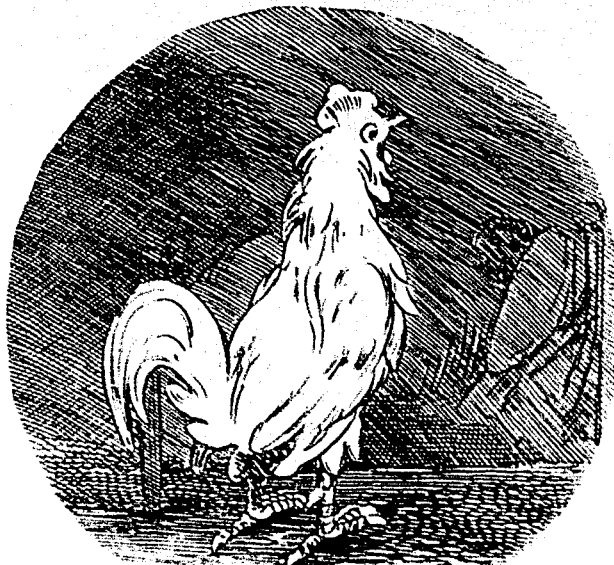
Pimples eruptions on the face so annoying to the young and difficult to cure, can be entirely eradicated from the system by using ACNE PILLS. They contain nothing injurious nor, apart from the disease, do they in any way affect the constitution, save as a healthy tonic and an aid to digestion. Box with full directions for treatment and cure mailed to any part of Canada for \$1. Sample packets 12 cents in stamps. Address, W. Hearn Chemist, Ottawa.

A CARD.

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



PREPARING FOR THE CALL:  
(THE GROWING-PIECE).



THE FIRST CALLER.



PREPARING FOR THE VISITORS:  
(THE FINISHING-TOUCH).



A HAPPY NEW-YEAR  
TO MY  
DEAR DOLLY!



THE FIRST CALLER:  
MA!



TRYING TO STOP THE FLIGHT OF TIME.



WAITING IN VAIN.



NOT SO HAPPY!



SAYING A GOOD-BYE TO THE  
OLD YEAR.



THE COUNTRY-COUSIN.



MAKING UP OLD QUARRELS.



BAD BEGINNING.



NOW! WHAT SHALL I DO?



COMING SORROWS:  
(NEW-YEAR'S BILLS)



OFFICIAL CONGRATULATIONS.

FABERER.



THE PATRIARCH'S BLESSING ON NEW YEAR'S MORNING.—A FRENCH CANADIAN SCENE TAKEN FROM LIFE.

## ST. MARTIN'S SUMMER.

BY JOHN GREENLEAF WHITTIER.

Though flowers have perished at the touch  
Of Frost, the early comer,  
I hail the season loved so much,  
The good St. Martin's summer.

O gracious morn, with rose-red dawn,  
And thin moon curving o'er it!  
The old year's darling, latest born,  
More loved than all before it!

How famed the sunrise through the pines,  
How stretched the birchen shadows,  
Braiding in long, wind-wavered lines  
The westward sloping meadows!

The sweet day, opening as a flower  
Unfolds its petals tender,  
Renews for us at noon-tide's hour  
The summer's tempered splendour.

The birds are hushed: alone the wind,  
That through the woodland searches,  
The red oak's lingering leaves can find,  
And yellow plumes of larches.

But still the balsam breathing pine  
Invites no thought of sorrow,  
No hint of loss from air like wine  
The earth's content can borrow.

The summer and the winter here  
Midway a truce are holding,  
A soft, consenting atmosphere  
Their tents of peace enfold.

The silent woods, the lonely hills  
Rise solemn in their gladness;  
The quiet that the valley fills  
Is scarcely joy of sadness.

How strange! the autumn yesterday  
In winter's grasp seemed dying;  
On whirling winds from skies of gray  
The early snow was dying.

And now, while over Nature's mood  
There steals a soft relenting,  
I will not mar the present good,  
Forecasting or lamenting.

My autumn time and Nature's bold  
A dreamy tryst together,  
And, both grown old, about us fold  
The golden-tinted weather.

I lean my heart against the day  
To feel its bland caressing;  
I will not let it pass away  
Before it leaves its blessing.

God's angels come not as of old  
The Syrian shepherds knew them;  
In reddening dawns, in sunset gold,  
And warm noon lights I view them.

Nor need there be, in times like this,  
When heaven to earth draws nearer,  
Of wing or song as witnesses  
To make their presence clearer.

O stream of life, whose swifter flow  
Is of the end forewarning,  
Methinks thy sundown afterglow  
Seems less of night than morning!

Old cares grow light: aside I lay  
The doubts and fears that troubled;  
The quiet of the happy day  
Within my soul's doubled.

The clouds must veil this fair sunshine  
Not less a joy I find it;  
Nor less you warm horizon line  
That winter lurks behind it.

The mystery of the untried days  
I close my eyes from reading;  
His will be done whose darkest ways  
To light and life are leading!

Less dear the winter night shall be,  
If memory cheer and brighten  
Its heavy hours with thoughts of thee,  
Sweet summer of St. Martin!

## THE MYSTERIOUS CABINET.

BY J. G. BOURINOT.

I.

Very many years ago—I hope my friends will not require the exact date—I was living in the pleasant and picturesque city of Quebec, and among the acquaintances that I made soon after my arrival was the Abbé Letellier. He was connected with one of the educational institutions of the city, and was considered one of the best scholars in the country. To him I was indebted, not only for numerous facts respecting the early history of Lower Canada, but for many interesting details of the manners and customs of the French Canadians. Under his guidance Quebec and its suburbs became as familiar to me as the old town by the sea where I was born. Even now, whilst I write, I can see the tin-roofed, solid buildings fastened on the hill-sides, or nestling at the foot of that noble promontory, which overlooks the dark waters of the river that carries to the ocean, many hundred miles below, the tribute of the great lakes of the west. Again am I bathed by the mist of the lovely fall of Montmorenci, tumbling in one mighty leap from the rocks, nearly three hundred feet above, or am "coasting" down the sides of the immense ice-cones which are formed at the foot, and afford so much amusement to the pleasure-seekers of jovial Quebec during the many months that the frost king holds the land in his icy grasp.

But I must remember that I have not sat down to describe the social or natural characteristics of the old capital of Canada. I have a short story to tell, not connected immediately with Quebec, but with a pretty village which is situated a considerable distance from the city,

on the St. Lawrence. Soon after my introduction to the Abbé I stated that it was my intention, at the earliest opportunity, to visit some of the old French villages and see the *habitant* in his own home. Thereupon the Abbé very kindly offered to give me letters of introduction to some friends of his own at the village in question—which is called, like so many others in Canada, after one of the saints so numerous in the Roman Catholic calendar—and assured me at the same time that I would see the *habitant* very little altered from what he was last century when he came under the dominion of Great Britain. Before I had availed myself of this kindly offer the Abbé called on me at my lodgings and stated that it was his intention, two days later, to take a trip into the country, and that he would be very happy to have me as his companion. I gladly accepted the invitation and made all the arrangements necessary to accompany him at the time agreed upon.

II.

Early in the morning of a fine September day, when the sun was just rising above the surrounding hills and lighting up the roofs of the city so that they fairly shone, I was seated in the Abbé's study, a cosy apartment well lined with the choice authors of English and French literature. We soon took our places in the old *calèche*, of which the Abbé was to act as driver, and were on the point of starting when a gentleman crossed the street quickly and handed my companion a letter, saying something at the same time in French, the purport of which did not reach me. I recognized him immediately as a young man who had assisted me on one occasion in copying some old historical documents which I had hunted up in the Legislative Library. He had been introduced to me by the venerable librarian, but I had quite forgotten his name. He was a first rate penman, and had not only copied but translated the paper in a most admirable manner. He was very young—not more than twenty to all appearances—and somehow or other it seemed to me, when I noticed his retiring, subdued manner, that he was oppressed by the sense of some recent misfortune. I had intended questioning the librarian respecting him, but something occurred to prevent me from carrying out my intention.

"I had given you up," said the Abbé. "A moment later you would have missed us. I will not fail to do what you wish, and trust ere long to have good news to tell you."

With these words the Abbé bade the young man adieu and touched up his horse gently with the whip. As he passed rapidly over the rough pavement towards the ancient gate leading to the country, my companion observed:

"That young man has friends at the place to which we are going. Indeed, he was, at one time, high in the favor of Monsieur de Guercheville, but some differences have unfortunately occurred between them."

By this time we had passed through the gate and the Abbé's attention was directed to something else. We went through the pretty suburb of Beauport and caught a glimpse of Montmorenci sparkling in the morning sunlight. The country through which we drove was dotted by neat villas and churches with their tapering spires and quaint ornaments. We met many of the natives—the men in red shirts or blouses and the women in caps and stiff homespun dresses. The villages consisted of one-story, whitewashed, red-roofed houses, most of them clustered round the church and the curé's residence. Now and then we could see a large, pretentious looking building of stone or wood, surrounded by tall Lombardy poplars, maples or elms, and giving the idea of substantial comfort and respectability. These generally belonged to the Seigneur, who so long exercised feudal rights over wide domains, and necessarily exercised a large influence throughout the rural districts, even when the seigniorial tenure was abolished.

It was nearly dark when we arrived at our destination, which was a large village prettily sequestered by the side of a small stream, just where it emptied into the St. Lawrence. The largest houses were low, rudely built structures of stone, some of which gave the evidence of considerable age—indeed the Abbé pointed out several erected immediately after the fall of Quebec. The chapel was a fine edifice of gray stone, with a lofty steeple surmounted by a cross, and ornamented by an old fashioned dial and some curiously carved images in niches on each side of the entrance. Only a few persons were moving about the roads, and we could see the farmers busy at their barns storing grain, or taking the cattle to water. As we drove along we could see the Château des Ormeaux, the pretentious name given to the residence of Seigneur de Guercheville—a large, square building, with a square tower at one end, overshadowed by magnificent elms, which gave the place its distinctive name.

At my request the Abbé left me at the house of a *habitant* who took summer boarders, whilst he went on to the cottage of the curé—a pretty little building, almost covered by wild grape vines and Canadian ivy, and within a stone's throw of the church. A French woman of middle age, very stout and good humored looking received us with a courtesy, and promised the Abbé to do her best to make me comfortable. Then my kind friend left me with the understanding that he would see me early the next morning, as he had to go and visit a sick friend and might not be able to see me in the course of the evening.

III.

I was soon at home in the snug, though certainly plainly furnished cottage of Jean François Marmontel, who also kept the post-office of the village—a sure evidence that he must have been a man of some political influence when he received the place. His knowledge of English was very meagre, and I found it more agreeable for both of us to fall back on my own stock of French, which had received large accessions since my arrival in Quebec. As the evening passed we were perfectly friendly with one another and I heard all the news in the village.

As we sat chatting, a bright eyed, rather pretty girl came in and the old man introduced her as his youngest child.

"Oh, father," she said, soon after entering, "do you know what I've heard at the Château? Marguerite and the other servants will have it that the building is haunted—music and strange sounds have been heard several times in a part of the house where nobody has been living for years."

"Old wives' fables, child."

"Stephanie and Marguerite both heard the music the other night—Thursday, I think."

"They're both silly girls," replied the old man, "for filling your ears with such nonsense."

The young girl, however, appeared still to have her opinion on the subject, and followed her mother to another part of the house, to tell her more about it in all probability. The old man then became very communicative, and told me many things concerning the Château and its inmates. M. de Guercheville was evidently more feared than loved by the people of the district, who still looked up to him as their "great man." His only daughter, Estelle, on the other hand, was clearly a great favorite—to use the emphatic language of a people, naturally devout, she was "*comme un ange*," both for her personal beauty and her amiable qualities. Another favorite was one whom the *habitant* called Raoul, and from what he said I conjectured rightly that he was the young man I had seen that morning in Quebec.

"But what is the reason," I asked, "that Raoul never comes now to the old house?"

"Ah, sir, it is a strange story. He was, you must know, the son of a notary, who long managed the affairs of the old seigneurie. His mother died when he was only three or four years old, and as he grew up he was a great deal at the Château and was much loved by Madame, who was a kind, gentle lady—she died just eighteen months ago. Raoul and Estelle were playmates from an early age—just like a brother and sister, and when his father died he went to live altogether at the Château and was brought up as one of the family. He was educated by Monsieur le Curé, who is a great scholar, and then was sent, at his own request, to study law in the office of a lawyer at Quebec. Now it is said he got into bad habits, squandered a great deal of money, and so enraged M. de Guercheville that he has denied him the house. Another story is that Estelle's father, who is a very proud man in his way, noticed that there was an attachment growing up between the young man and his daughter and so insulted Raoul that he left the Château and has never since come back. But it is not easy to get at the truth—nobody ever talks of Raoul at the Château. None of us believe he ever did anything wrong—he was a kind well behaved lad—and I don't think even the curé could change his character as some will have it."

I had an idea as I listened to the old man that he knew more about the matter than he wished to tell. However, as it was already late, I returned to the pleasant room which the worthy hostess had got ready whilst I was listening to the gossip of her husband.

IV.

Next morning the Abbé called and told me that the old friend, whom he had come particularly to see—an old notary, who had been one of his college friends—was not expected to live many days, and that consequently he had been unable to see me the night before. About eleven he proposed to take me to the old manor house and I gladly consented. Whilst on the way I questioned him with respect to Raoul, in whom I began to feel somewhat interested—chiefly because there appeared to be some mystery connected with him.

"Ah, I see, my old friend and gossip, Marmontel, has been retelling to you all the news, replied my companion. "It is perfectly true the doors of the Château are closed against him. M. de Guercheville believes he has been deeply wronged by one in whom he had placed every confidence. I am not free to state the circumstances, for it is M. de Guercheville's wish that they should be kept secret. Raoul has also spoken to me on the subject, and positively declares he is entirely innocent of what he has been accused. It is true the young man was somewhat extravagant and got into debt, but I cannot believe he is what the old Seigneur (who is very obstinate in his opinions) declares him to be. The curé, who has known him from his childhood, is confident that the truth will come out sooner or later, and that it will be in favor of his pupil. The letter you saw the young man hand me when we were starting yesterday was for his old friend and tutor."

We had now reached the entrance to the Château, which was fronted by a high stone wall, and passed up an avenue of fine maples, beeches and elms. A well kept lawn lay directly in front of the house and a small conservatory at one side, facing the east. Over the door we saw

the date of the building—A.D. 1744—and some words in old character which I could not decipher, but which the Abbé said was the motto of the family:

"RETINENS VESTIGIA FAME."

We went through a large hall, with oak stained walls and a stone floor, decorated with wolf and bear skins, and found ourselves in the library—a handsome, airy room. M. de Guercheville received us with much courtesy and introduced me to his daughter, an exceedingly charming girl, with dark blue eyes and very regular features. Her smile was remarkably sweet, and she wore her hair in coils twisted round her shapely head. The old Seigneur himself was a small, wiry looking man, with keen eyes, which were deeply set in his head, and with a chin and mouth indicating a strong will. He at once pressed me very strongly to come and stay at the Château.

"Sir," he said, "if you knew the gratification you would give us by remaining, you would not continue to refuse. We lead a quiet life in this old house and are always glad to see the Abbé and his friends. As I understand you take an interest in old Canadian times, I shall be most happy to show you some rare works and manuscripts which may interest you."

I was well satisfied with the quiet quarters I had found at Marmontel's cottage, but when I saw that the old Seigneur would be annoyed if I did not accept his hospitable offer, I allowed him to send for my portmanteau.

V.

I was soon at home in the Château, which possessed a capital library, including such treasures as M. de Guercheville had spoken of. The Seigneur himself was of an old French family, which had come into the country at the end of the seventeenth century. As his name showed, he was descended from a branch of that family, of which the celebrated Marquis, who withstood the blandishments of Henry IV., was the most distinguished member.

"She it was, you perhaps remember," said the old Seigneur, when the conversation had turned on his family, as we were looking over some portraits, "who repulsed the gay monarch with the naughty retort, 'Sire, my rank perhaps is not high enough to permit me to be your wife, and my heart is too high to permit me to be your mistress.'"

The Seigneur's brother, a doctor by profession, though he rarely practised them, joined us in the course of the day. When I learned that he had a son, now at college, I wondered if he had anything to do with the disgrace into which Raoul had fallen. He seemed an off-handed, pleasant gentleman—much more a man of the world than his brother, and I soon dismissed the suspicion that had flashed across my mind that he was perhaps jealous of the favour which had been shown to Raoul.

I accompanied M. de Guercheville and his brother over his principal farm, which covered several hundred acres, although it was only a portion of his possessions, which reached to the hills away beyond. One of the most interesting objects we saw was a large stone building, once used as a saw-mill, but now as a granary. The mill was always an important feature on the estate of a Seigneur, for under the old feudal tenure, the *seigneur*, or holders of land, were bound to grind their corn at the *moulin banal*, or lord's mill, where one-fourteenth part of it was taken for his use as toll. The *habitants* we saw on the estate were just the same class of people, in their faces and manners, that one sees at the present day in some old Breton village.

The evening at the Château passed away pleasantly. Mademoiselle de Guercheville was a charming musician, and sang simple Canadian airs, which are favorites among the *habitants*, many of whose fathers and grandfathers had been *voyageurs* and *coureurs-de-bois*. The Seigneur and doctor told anecdotes illustrative of the life of the simple-minded, old-fashioned natives, and then we all parted for the night.

VI.

I sat for awhile in my bedroom—a large, comfortable apartment overlooking the river—smoking a cigar and enjoying the pleasant fire of maple splinters, which blazed on the hearth, with its quaint brass andirons. The night was chilly, as is generally the case in the month of September in Canada, and the room had not been occupied for some time. So I sat for an hour at least watching the sparks flying up the spacious chimney, and then the clock in the lower hall struck one and sent me to bed. I had been asleep for some time in the old canopied French bedstead, which probably held many generations since it was first put up, when I awoke with a start, imagining that somebody was stirring in the room. I listened for a moment or two and soon laughed at my foolish fancy. The moonlight was streaming into the apartment and playing some strange freaks with some old wood engravings hanging on the walls, so that the French men and women who were delineated with a Rembrandt-like fidelity, seemed almost to laugh at me as I sat up and peered out of the curtains. I heard nothing, however, for some minutes except the tick of my watch, which I had placed on the dressing-table. I was arranging myself once more comfortably under the bed-clothes when I heard a

noise as if something was being dragged stealthily on the floor of the corridor, and a few moments later the notes of an unknown air distinctly broke the stillness of the night. When I reached for my watch and found that it was not quite three o'clock, I could not believe that any member of the family would be up playing a musical instrument at that time; but the music was very peculiar, low and weirdlike, unlike any I had ever before heard. I confess I was somewhat startled when I remembered the story I had heard at Marmontel's on the previous evening. I was on the point of putting on my dressing-gown and going out into the corridor, when the music ceased and the noise began again, as if something was moving slowly through the hall, I unlocked the door as quickly as I could, but nothing was visible as I looked into the hall, which appeared perfectly dark, for the moon had at that instant gone down behind the hills. Shutting the door I got again into bed, with the determination of having a full explanation in the morning from some of the family.

I met only M'dlle de Guercheville and her uncle at breakfast, as her father did not feel very well and sent his excuses for his non-appearance. I mentioned the circumstances which had occurred during the night, and as I did so I noticed that one looked at the other in surprise. After a pause of a few moments, Dr. de Guercheville observed:

"I cannot at all explain the matter—it is certainly very curious; for the servants have, on two previous occasions, heard the very same noises. None of us, however, have paid any attention to their statements—indeed I don't think my brother has yet been told of them."

"I hope you don't think," said M'dlle de Guercheville, addressing me, "that we put you purposely in that room—it is the most comfortable in the house, and nobody ever believed there was anything in the stories which Marguerite and another servant have been telling. I thought when I was told of them yesterday, that the silly girls had made them up to frighten the house-keeper who is very superstitious, and no favourite with some of the servants."

"After what you have told me," continued the Doctor, "I must believe that the servants did hear something. I suppose the Seigneur will rather plume himself on the fact that this old house is haunted. I believe it is only your old families that are properly entitled to ghosts in their houses—they are luxuries beyond the reach of commonplace people."

"I remember hearing a similar story about a year ago," said M'dlle, "when poor Raoul left us. Uncle—"

Here she stopped suddenly and blushed slightly, as if she had been betrayed into the mention of a name forbidden at the Château. The Doctor, evidently observing her confusion, changed the topic, and took me into the garden to show me some rare autumnal flowers which he was himself cultivating.

VII.

I did not see the Seigneur, the rest of the day, as he was obliged to drive away at noon to a distant part of the estate where some expensive improvements were going on. Nor had his daughter any opportunity to speak to him, for some of her female friends arrived in the course of the morning. I was left at my own desire in the library, where I found some papers from which I wished to make some extracts. In the evening, after dinner, we were all assembled in the large drawing-room, and then M. de Guercheville learned, for the first time, the story of the mysterious noises in the east corridor. When I came to mention the music, he looked exceedingly perplexed and then gave a quick exclamation of surprise, as if he had remembered some circumstance long forgotten.

"What instrument do you suppose it was?" he enquired.

"That I cannot tell," I replied; "the music was very low indeed, quite muffled and indistinct, as if it proceeded from a distance."

"Your story," said Mr. de Guercheville, "recalls to my mind something I had forgotten. If you will wait a few minutes, we may unravel the mystery."

"Thereupon he went out and returned shortly, asking us to follow him. The house-keeper and a servant preceded us with lights to the corridor, where my bed-room was situated, and finally entered a large chamber in the old tower. The room was filled with furniture which had been injured—in fact it was a lumber-room. The house-keeper laid the lights on an old cabinet which stood against the wall; it was evidently the worse for wear, most of the bronze ornaments with which it was covered being broken; and the only part that appeared perfect was one of the Louis Quatorze legs.

The Seigneur pressed a spring concealed under a bunch of grapes, and a large compartment flew open, and showed us a knight on horseback, fully equipped for the battle or tournament. Suddenly the sound of music was heard, and the knight rode forward on a mimic stage, and then stood motionless with spear at rest. Two airs were played—the first stirring and the last plaintive—and then the knight turned and vanished behind. The mechanism was perfect, and the music effectually drowned the slight creaking of the secret springs.

"This old cabinet," said M. de Guercheville, "was brought from France by my grandfather, and was the work of a clever Parisian artisan. If you will look closely at it, you will see that it was intended to represent a tourna-

ment, but it got broken and the other knight is missing though, as you see, the machinery still works perfectly. I had entirely forgotten the toy, until you alluded to the music, which, of course, proceeds from a little box concealed in the interior. Years ago the cabinet was consigned to the lumber room until it could be sent up to Quebec for repairs, but it was forgotten, and has ever since remained there among other odds and ends."

"You must get it repaired, papa," said M'dlle de Guercheville; "it is a pity to have so pretty a toy hidden away."

"Yes; I must try and think of it; but if my memory serves me aright, there used to be a secret drawer somewhere in the cabinet which is full of strange contrivances."

After fumbling about for a minute, he found a knob which he pressed. As a long deep drawer flew up, M. de Guercheville laughingly said:

"Perhaps we shall find an old will, or other document revealing some family secret. M. le Curé will you take the responsibility of first looking in?"

The Curé thus laughingly addressed, put his hand in and brought out, sure enough, a small package which he handed to the Seigneur, who appeared startled at the realisation of his prediction. When he had looked at the package, he dropped it with the exclamation, "Mon Dieu," and then added, "It is the missing money."

The Abbé picked up the parcel, and running over several bank notes, said:

"Yes, there are exactly £250 here."

"Poor Raoul!" I heard Estelle (who was at my side) whisper involuntarily. It was quite evident to me that the discovery of the notes had something to do with the banishment of Raoul from his former home. The necessary explanations were afforded me, late in the evening, by the Abbé, who came to my room.

"A year ago," said the Abbé, "M. de Guercheville received a sum of (£250) for the purpose of paying some workmen who were constructing a new mill on the estate. Raoul was, at the time, on a visit to the Château, and on the night previous to his departure for Quebec, he was in the study and saw M. de Guercheville place the money in the escritoire and lay the key carelessly on the mantel-piece, whilst he was giving the young man orders concerning some articles he wished sent from the city. Now the study, as you know, communicates by folding doors, which are generally open, with the bed-room in which the Seigneur sleeps; and on the night in question he saw Raoul distinctly in the moonlight pass from the escritoire to the door leading into the hall. He thought nothing of the circumstance at the time, but you can imagine his astonishment the next morning when he went to the escritoire and found the money gone—the key also was lying on the table, and not on the mantel piece. Questions were put cautiously to the house-keeper, but she declared positively that neither she nor any of the servants had entered the room that morning—in fact, they never did so, until M. de Guercheville had come to breakfast. The suspicion then took firm hold of the Seigneur's mind that Raoul had, in a rash moment, taken the money. When the Seigneur learned, for the first time, that Raoul had been somewhat extravagant and got into debt at Quebec, his suspicion of the young man's guilt was very much strengthened. Raoul, indignant at the charge against him, refused to come near the Château whilst under so shameful an accusation. He did not deny that he had gone into the study late at night, when all the household had retired, but declared that he had done so simply to get a pocket-book which he had left on the escritoire, when M. de Guercheville had concluded giving him some instructions with reference to some business he wished done at Quebec. When he persisted in denying all knowledge of the transaction, M. de Guercheville became deeply incensed and declared that he was sure of his guilt. It is just to say of him, however, that when his first outburst of anger was over, he was as ready as any to prevent the matter getting beyond the family, the Curé and myself, for he was unwilling to injure the young man's prospects in life. The Curé never for an instant believed that Raoul was guilty—M'dlle de Guercheville held the same opinion—as to the Doctor, he was never referred to in the matter in my hearing. To-night, as you have seen, the young man's innocence has been revealed in a very extraordinary manner; it is very curious that the missing money should have been found in the old cabinet."

"Who could have put it there?" I asked.

M. de Guercheville declares that he had not seen the cabinet for a number of years—indeed, he had forgotten its existence until you mentioned the strange fact of the music.

The Abbé made some more allusions to the subject, and then announced his intention of leaving for the city at an early hour the next morning.

"I need not tell you," he said, "that M. de Guercheville wishes to repair, as soon as possible, the wrong he has unintentionally done to Raoul. It was my intention to have returned the day after to-morrow under any circumstances, and I may as well leave in the morning, especially as it will afford me great pleasure to be the messenger of good tidings to the young man. You must remain here until the end of the week, for I see you are about to volunteer to accompany me; but that certainly I will not permit."

VIII.

Raoul's return—for I pass over the unimportant incidents of the two days after the Abbé's departure—was hailed with much delight by all. It was not difficult to see from M. de Guercheville's manner that he was anxious to make amends for the past. The Doctor seemed satisfied with the denouement—at least he did not give any signs that he was sorry or glad that Raoul was restored to favour. Undoubtedly the one who showed her delight most unequivocally was Estelle. It was easy to see that the sisterly affection she had hitherto felt for the young man was likely to grow into a deeper feeling.

But there was a mystery still connected with the missing notes. How did they become concealed in the cabinet? Was the mysterious noise that I heard in the corridor at all connected with the music and the concealment of the notes? I have no doubt of it whatever.

The night after Raoul's return I retired to my room at a somewhat earlier hour, as I had a severe head-ache. It was a very stormy night; the wind perfectly shrieked around the house and shook the elms till they almost bent; the rain came down in torrents at intervals. But I soon fell asleep notwithstanding the roaring of the wind and the constant tapping of the branches of the elms against the window panes. My sleep was considerably disturbed by dreams in which music played a principal part. I thought that I was in a spacious concert room, which was brilliantly lighted and filled by a gay concourse, and that a singer, resembling Estelle, came forward to sing. Just as I imagined that I heard her voice filling the air with its harmony, I woke suddenly to hear the trees still moaning as the wind swept through them. Then in the lull of the storm I again distinctly heard the music of the cabinet. I jumped up hastily and threw on my dressing gown, but before I could get to the door and unlock it, I was startled by the sound of a rustling in the hall—exactly the same noise I had heard on the previous occasion. I threw the door open and called "Who's there?" but the only answer was the shriek of the tempest. As I looked up and down the corridor, I saw nothing but darkness—the only familiar sound I heard was the tick of the old French clock in the lower hall. Perplexed at the mystery I returned to bed; but it was long before I could compose myself to sleep.

When M. de Guercheville heard that I had been again disturbed by the mysterious noises, he was as much puzzled as I was, and immediately ordered the cabinet to be packed away in an out-house until it could be sent to Quebec for repairs. This decisive action on the part of the Seigneur apparently annoyed the mysterious visitant, for during the remaining nights I was at the Château I heard nothing unusual. Nor, as I have been told, were the noises again heard on the re-appearance of the cabinet in the library—the mystery ceased with the removal of that article from the lumber-room.

Of course the servants believed to the end of their lives that there was something supernatural in the circumstances. The Doctor, however, contended for a solution of the mystery, which will be probably satisfactory to matter-of-fact people in this prosaic age. He said that he had noticed, for some time past, that his brother showed an unusual languor and dullness about the eyes, as if he had not his necessary amount of sleep. M. de Guercheville himself confessed that he awoke frequently in the morning just as weary as when he had retired. This fact corroborates the theory of his brother—that the Seigneur had become a somnambulist and was himself the author of the noises which had so perplexed us all. He probably fell asleep after he had seen Raoul pass out of the study on the night previously mentioned, and dreamed that the money was not safe, or had been taken out by the young man. Now a somnambulist has been somewhere described as "a dreamer who acts his dreams"; and we may therefore surmise that M. de Guercheville got up in his sleep, took the money out of the escritoire, and carried it to the cabinet. The fact that he had not seen the cabinet for years does not weaken the force of the theory; for it is one of the phenomena of dreams that ideas and facts, long forgotten, suddenly appear in these visions of the night.

A few weeks after the events I have narrated, as briefly as possible, M. de Guercheville and his daughter went to Europe, whilst Raoul continued his legal studies at Quebec. The Seigneur certainly never walked again in his sleep—his somnambulism, according to the Doctor, was owing to his nervous system being deranged, and disappeared with a change of air and scene. Of course my readers can adopt or reject the Doctor's theory as they may think proper; my duty ends when I have laid the facts before them.

Four years after I left Quebec, Raoul was married to Estelle; and when I saw him last he was one of the Judges of the Superior Court, where he still continues, whilst Madame adorns the society of the Ancient Capital. The Abbé, I am sorry to say, died a year ago. His remains are laid beneath the shadow of an old gray church in the suburbs of Quebec.

A LADY of the West End, with rather remarkable ideas for a republican country, remarked the other day at a little dinner that she should like to see this country a monarchy, and that she wished the people might have titles, as in foreign lands. "Yes," gravely replied the youth to whom she spoke, and who happened to be a Michigander, "I should like to be duke of Pontiac, and see my mother duchess of Kalamazoo."

ROUND THE DOMINION.

B Battery is to be augmented by one hundred additional men.

ON Saturday morning, the 20th ult., the temperature at Winnipeg was 30° below zero; Battleford 43° below.

THE Mounted Police intend erecting a monument to the memory of the murdered Constable Grayburn.

AN excellent specimen of mica, taken from a mine about 30 miles beyond the terminus of the Kingston and Pembroke Railroad, was shown in Kingston lately.

IT seems to be a settled fact that the steamer "Northern Light" will run this winter as last between Georgetown, P. E. I., and Picton, N. S. Should the ice seriously interfere with navigation, the "Northern Light" will try the route between the Capes.

A PLAN is in contemplation for the construction of a harbor of refuge, at what it is estimated would be a comparatively small expenditure, in the Lower St. Lawrence.

IT is said that the Minister of Militia has given instructions for the establishment of a manufactory for the making of cartridges in Quebec, and that an officer of B Battery of Artillery is to be sent to Woolwich, Eng., to thoroughly acquaint himself with the details of their manufactory. The proposed factory in Quebec will be under the supervision of B Battery.

PERSONAL.

EARL GROSVENOR, son of the Duke of Westminster, was a guest at Rideau Hall last week.

ROBERT MARSHALL, M.P.P. for the city of St. John, has been sworn in a member of the New Brunswick Government without office.

HER Royal Highness the Princess Louise sails for Canada in the "Farnham" on January 22nd. This disposes of all stories to the contrary.

A LETTER has been received by Mayor Ray from the Governor-General, in which he enclosed a Christmas gift of \$500 to be distributed among the poor of St. John who still suffer from the effects of the great fire.

MR. BENTLEY, the Brazilian Consul-General, hitherto residing at San Francisco, has been transferred by the Emperor to Canada, and he will reside at Montreal. This step has been taken in view of the expected closer relations between the two countries.

J. H. SPENCER, B.A., Ph.D., has been elected by the Governors of King's College to the Professorship of Chemistry and Natural History. Dr. Spencer highly distinguished himself at McGill College, and after graduating there prosecuted special studies in Germany.

BRELOQUES POUR DAMES.

"No! Algernon, dear. I say that the boy shall not be brought up on the bottle. Look at its grandpa's nose!"

No woman should ever give a plump "no" to an offer of marriage. Hold on to even a poor one and use it for bait.

THE girl who gets married on the 29th of February and thinks she's smart, won't feel as proud of the job when she comes to want to celebrate tin and crystal and silver weddings.

BULKINS, in referring to the time his wife complimented him, says the coal fire needed replenishing, and she pointed toward the fire place with a commanding air and said, "Peter, the grate."

MAMMA to Isabel (four years of age) who is rather unmercifully teasing the kitten: "Isabel, my child, you must not do so. I don't like to see it." Isabel: "Well, don't look, mamma."

LITTLE boy of four was sleeping with his brother, when his mother said: "Why, Tommy, you are lying right in the middle of the bed; what will poor Harry do?" "Well, ma," he replied, "Harry's got both sides."

THE gentlemen at a dinner-table were discussing the familiar line, "An honest man's the noblest work of God," when a little son of the host spoke up and said: "It's not true. My mother's better'n any man that was ever made."

THE clergyman in a certain town having, as the custom is, published the banns of matrimony between two persons, he was followed by the clerk's reading the hymn beginning with the words, "Deluded souls that dream of heaven!"

"My wife," remarked a prominent manufacturer, "never attends auctions. She went once, and seeing a friend at the opposite side of the room, nudged politely, whereupon the auctioneer knocked down a patent cradle, and asked her where she wished it delivered."

THERE is nothing so charming as the innocence of children. "Mamma," said a five-year-old the other day, "I wish you wouldn't leave me to take care of baby again. He was so bad I had to eat all the sponge cake and two jars of raspberry jam to amuse him."

"My dear," said a sentimental maiden to her lover, "of what do these autumnal tints, this glowing baldric of the skies, this blazing garbure of the dying year, remind you?" "Pancakes," he promptly answered. And then she realized for the first time that two hearts did not beat as one.

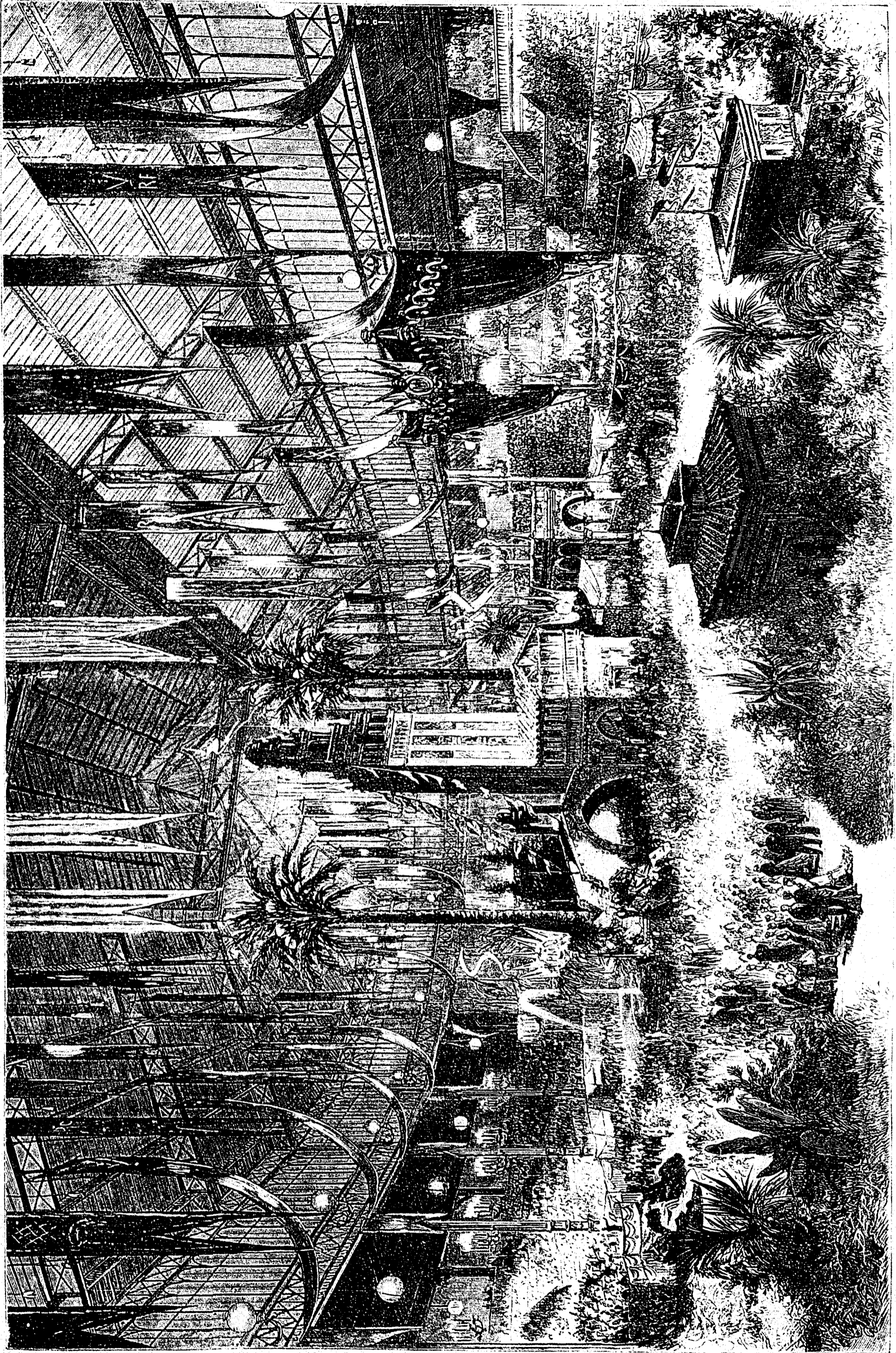
THERE is still some pleasure in the airy castles and dreamy scenes of a hopeless love—some beauty in the gossamer fabric woven by love in the loom of fancy, whose web is the golden wire of wisdom and whose web is the silver threads stolen from the sunlit realm of imagination and hope.

THE Rochester Democrat of last Monday says: "There was a go-as-you-please walking-match at the conclusion of the services at one of the churches last night. It was a young lady who went as she pleased, and the youth waltzed off towards home alone, with a large sized mitten in his pocket. From present indications there will be no match."

A PICTURE is now being exhibited at Munich which is ascribed to Michael Angelo, and some connoisseurs are of opinion that this ascription may possibly be correct. It represents a "Pieta" of the same character as the master's statue, only that two angels flank the Madonna. A letter of Victoria Colonna's, mentioning such a picture from Michael Angelo's hand, further seems to confirm its authenticity. The picture comes from Ragusa, and was in the possession of one family for several centuries. According to them, it was painted for a bishop, a friend of Michael Angelo's. So excellent an authority as Steinle, of Frankfurt, has pronounced in favour of its authenticity.



NEW YEAR'S DAY.



GRAND FESTIVAL AT PARIS FOR THE INUNDATED OF SPAIN.



LITTLE MIKE.

"Little Mike," a lonely little wail, who died in the Children's hospital some time ago, lay all day the day before his death plaintively watching several children who were pronounced cured and whose friends had come to remove them; and then with a pitiful sobe in his voice, turned to the nurse in charge, saying, "Dear Nurse, when will my friends come? All the rest going, only I have no home."

I. Only a hospital child! Why let fall a tear? Only a hired nurse Standing beside the bed!

II. Only a mercy he went After all the bere; Only a child the less! Only a bed the more!

III. Aias I only that wail Sounding for days gone by, Only that hard-drawn breath, Only that stifled sigh!

IV. Only that eye beseeching, Freely fixed on mine; Only that start convulsive, Sudden suffering's sign!

V. Only a fair straying curl, Sweetly soft and fine, Upon his brow all tangled, No mother's hand to twine!

VI. Only those plaintive tones, Wavering, weak, and low, The last the little speaker Will ever breathe below!

VII. Only "I have no friends," Dear nurse, when will they come! See! all the others going, Only I have no home!

VIII. Only a short, short wailing, White-winged friends have come, And borne the little lone one, Up to love and a home!

MONTREAL SKETCHES.

I. THE VOICE OF THE ROCKS.

On St. Gabriel street, facing the Champ de Mars, there stands a handsome three-story building which, as a large brass plate informs us, is the Museum of the Geological Survey of Canada. Thousands pass before it every day without noticing it, but it is perhaps the most remarkable, and certainly one of the most important buildings in the Dominion. Let us enter it. In the vestibule, seated at a little desk, we find the obliging guardian, who, in reply to our inquiry, informs us that the collection contains a complete series of specimens illustrating the geological character of Canada from the lowest stratum to the highest.

The collection being public property the public are allowed to inspect it, free of charge. We are first ushered into a large well-lighted room on the left of the hall. Glass cases are ranged along the wall and glass cases set along narrow tables in the middle of the floor. These are filled with specimens of primitive or igneous rocks, such as form the first and most ancient deposit of the earth and were crystallized from the action of the central fire. There are of course quartz, felspar and mica. Also, gneiss, sienite, hornblende and porphyry, with its rich specks of green and white.

In this room, too, are found specimens of the different ores which constitute the mineral and metallic wealth of the Dominion. Iron is abundant and so is copper. There are traces of silver, and gold dust is impounded in diminutive, almost capillary phials. A case is reserved for the graduated exhibition of Canadian coals, chief of which were taken from the magnificent beds of Nova Scotia. In a second room, opening on the first, are gathered the rocks used for building and decorative purposes. If this is strictly speaking a less scientific show, it is unquestionably of great practical utility.

Here are found in slabs and other wrought forms, marbles of every hue and grain—the buff sandstone, the snowy limestone, the delicately foliated serpentine or verd antique. These are all highly polished and flash like mirrors. Alongside are exhibited splendid specimens of the chalcidony, the jasper, wherewith the gates of paradise are inlaid, the agate, whose magic properties made it the *fidus Achates* of the wandering *Aeneas*, and the purple amethyst, whose property was that it rendered innocuous the heady fumes of wine. In this room finally are ranged collections of mineral paints, mineral manures and lithographic stones.

Having done these two rooms, we ascend a first flight of stairs and with it mount to another stratum in the geological scale. This is the Silurian. Here, imbedded in the rocks, are found the first fossils, remains of the primordial and lowest forms of life. We have spread out before our eyes the crinoids or sea-urchins, the sea-anemones or polyps of the Radiata class; the accephala or headless clams; the brachiopods that creep upon their arms; the gasteropods that crawl upon their belly; the pteropods that have pseudo-wings; the cephalopods or mollusks that walk upon their heads. Next come a few species of the Articulata. This whole room is

full of interest, being specially rich in specimens of the Potsdam and Hudson river groups.

A small room, on the one side, is consecrated to the Quebec group. It contains a fine series of trilobites entombed in their beds of slate and limestone. Another small room of the same flat is devoted to the primordial Silurian period, and is distinguished for a variety of casts. One monster cast imbedded in the wall is particularly worthy of attention.

We next ascend the third story and are introduced to all the higher geological strata. First of these are the middle and upper Silurian, subdivided into the Niagara, Onondaga, Heidelberg and other groups. The Silurian, in the disposition of this museum, is made to take a vast range, including the Cambrian and Cambrian strata. This is well enough—although perhaps for the purposes of study, to which the museum ought naturally to be adapted, a more minute and modern classification might be an improvement.

We pass next to the Devonian, or the sandstone beds with which the name of Hugh Miller is immortally associated. Here the cases are filled with fine specimens. It would take too long to particularize, but as we move along the splendid array, our eye is caught by a large beautifully situated trilobite, the *Phacops Rufo*—an ebony toy such as the voluptuous Cleopatra or the long-haired Berenice might have worn upon her bosom as an amulet against the treacheries of an amorous fate.

The carboniferous period which follows is not so well represented, though one of the most interesting in the whole geological scale. The higher strata, up to the drift, are likewise singularly meagre. Of detached fossils there are almost none. Canada seems to have furnished few of the great mammals which swarmed in the waters and woods of the tertiary era. There are some giant teeth and tusks in this room, but they are not labelled. The only authenticated specimen of the kind is a Harp Seal, whose skeleton has been restored. It was found 30 feet below the surface in clay pits, at Montreal, in 1831. Strange, too, to say, Indian remains are very rare. One or two lance heads, an axe, a hammer, a dagger and a few other trinkets are the only relics of the Aborigines who so thickly inhabited this country for many ages.

It will be seen from this cursory description that the Geological Museum is a vast treasury from which the student of science can draw the largest and the most accurate stores of information. It was, indeed, for this purpose that the collection was made, and much care has been taken to prepare it. Its position in Montreal is most favourable as being central, but there are also good reasons why it might be transferred to Ottawa, and before this should happen I have hastened to put it first in this series of Montreal Sketches.

CARCANEL.

BURLESQUE.

NOT HER MOTTO.—A Woodward avenue policeman was the other day halted near the City Hall by a two-hundred pound woman with a parcel in her hand, and she requested to be directed to the store where they sold mottoes. He asked what particular store she wanted, and she explained:

"Well, I can't tell. My old man came to town yesterday, and I wanted him to buy the motto of 'God Bless Our Home.' He got in somewhere where they told him that stylish folks no longer hung up that motto, and the old dot went and brought home this one."

She unrolled the parcel and held up a card on which was tastily painted:

"Don't ask for credit—Our terms are cash."

"You needn't grin," she said as she rolled up the card again; "I'm heavy on foot, and the walking is bad, but I'm going to walk this town till I find the man who got this thing off on Samuel for 'God Bless Our Home.'"

HIS SENTIMENTS.—On a Grand River car the other day a lady suddenly discovered that she had lost her purse. The other passengers consisted of an old man and six women. Three of the women chuckled at the loss, two whispered to each other that they didn't believe it, and the sixth looked around on the floor with eager eyes. The old man's sympathies were aroused from the first, and he asked:

"Did your wallet contain any money?"

"Of course it did!" she sharply replied.

"Did it also contain a photograph of your deceased husband and other relics of no value to any one but the owner?"

"No, sir! My husband is not dead! I had over \$5 in the purse."

"Over \$5 and winter right at our doors!" he mused. "Were you carrying this wallet in your—in your pocket?"

"Yes, it."

"Did you stop in any tobacco store down town?"

She gave him a blast with her eyes and refused to answer.

"Because," he went on, "I allus lose my wallet in a tobacco store, if anywhere. I don't think you will ever see your lost wealth again. Have I your permission to take up a collection on this car for your benefit?"

"No, sir; you will please attend to your own business!"

"Very well—I will! My sentiments, however, force me to say: I sympathize with the bereaved in her loss. That's all!"

Then he sat down.

OUR CHESS COLUMN.

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

TO CORRESPONDENTS

J. W. S., Montreal.—Paper, &c., received. Thanks. Correct solution received of Problem No. 256.

Student, Montreal.—Correct solution received of Problem No. 253.

J. H., Montreal.—Many thanks for score of game. It shall appear next week.

B., Montreal.—Problems received. Many thanks. E. H.—Solution received of Problem for Young Players No. 255. Correct.

We have received the programme of the Fifth American Chess Congress, and would be very willing to publish it in full in our Column, but want of space compels us to limit ourselves to the chief particulars of this important Chess meeting.

The Grand Tournament will be open to all first class players, and will begin on January 20th, 1880. The locality where this contest is to take place has yet to be decided upon by the Managing Committee.

The entrance fee is twenty dollars. Ten rules to be observed by the contestants in the Tournament are given, and they seem to have been drawn up by the Committee with great care. The laws of chess as laid down in Staunton and Wormald's "Laws and Practice" are adopted when they do not conflict with the rules especially made for this Tourney. As likely to interest players we may state that each player is to play two games with every other player, and that each contestant will be considered bound in honor to play all his games.

The time limit is to be fifteen moves an hour, and the time saved by a player in every hour will be allowed to him in the next hour. Drawn games are to count one-half a game won.

There will be five prizes in the Tournament: the first five hundred dollars; the second, three hundred dollars; the third, two hundred dollars; the fourth, one hundred dollars; and the fifth fifty dollars.

It is proposed if the funds be sufficient that a minor Tourney shall be held which will be open to all who receive odds from first class players.

The particulars of the Tourney Problem are the same as those which we published in our Column about three weeks ago.

We see it stated in the programme that the Committee contemplate making arrangements for a series of blindfold games, and in connection with this we feel sure that should Mr. Blackburne, of England, be present, his wonderful talent in this respect will be brought into requisition. At the close of the Tournament the Congress will continue. The Congress will comprise subscribers to the fund, delegates who may be chosen to represent clubs and localities, the contestants in the Tournament, and such distinguished persons as may be specially invited by the Committee.

The principal subjects for consideration are: a new chess code, the formation of a National Chess Association, and the Grand International contest which has been contemplated as a feature in the World's Exhibition in New York in 1883.

We are sorry to see that the amount of money which the Managing Committee have at their disposal is as yet uncertain. We most cheerfully recommenced the subject to the whole body of chessplayers in the Dominion.

We must not forget that the Managing Committee have opened the two Tourneys to players in all parts of the world, and that the prizes in connection with these will constitute the chief expenses of the Congress, and in this account we feel that efforts should be made to help them in carrying out their liberal measures. Contributions may be sent to Charles A. Gilberg, Treasurer, Box 226, P. O., New York City.

It is hinted that the South is going to launch upon the New York Chess Congress another Murphy. It was at the first American Chess Congress that Murphy won the championship of America, and by two wonderful skill displayed caused the chess masters of the old world to tremble for their laurels. That was nearly a quarter of a century ago, and it is about time for a new chess inquiry. Look out for the "dark horse" in some-where.—*Hartford (Conn.) Times.*

One of the features of the Congress may be an address on the "History and Antiquity of Chess," by the veteran, Minor J. Hazeltine. Esp. then whom no one knows better how to handle that interesting subject.—*Turf, Field and Farm.*

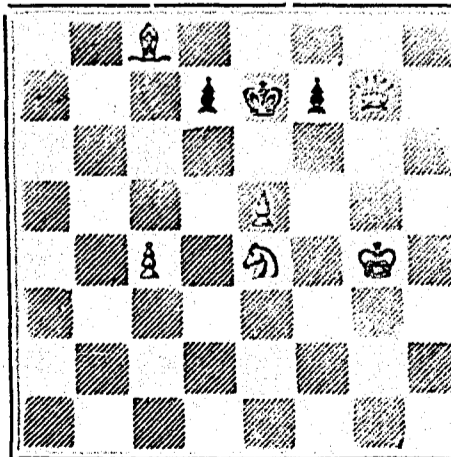
We understand that Mr. Blackburne will not find time available to be in New York by the date fixed for the commencement of the Congress Tournament, but it seems likely that he will pay a visit to that city in February. Should he do so the New York chessists will no doubt give him a hearty welcome.

A match is at present going on in Paris between M. de Bezkrovy and Mr. Gossep at a time limit of twenty moves per hour, and the winner of five games is to be the victor. *We see by La Revue des Jeux, des Arts, et du Sport* that the first game in the contest has been won by M. de Bezkrovy.—*Land and Water.*

PROBLEM No. 257.

By J. P. Taylor.

BLACK.



WHITE

White to play and mate in two moves.

GAME 357th.

CHESS IN AUSTRALIA.

(From the Adelaide Observer.)

Bravely and Brilliantly.

The following games, played between members of the Adelaide Chess Club, will be found entertaining, particularly the endgame. The first was fought May 1, 1878,

during the stay of Herr F. Ott, formerly of the Vienna Chess Club:—

WHITE.—(Mr. H. Charlock.) BLACK.—(Prof. Ott.) (From our Danish Gambler.)

- 1. P to K4 1. P to K4
2. P to Q4 2. P takes P
3. P to Q B3 3. P takes P
4. B to Q B4 4. P takes P
5. B takes Kt P 5. Kt to K B3
6. P to K5

Gossip in his latest work on the Openings gives Kt to Q B3 as best.

- 7. B to Kt3 6. P to Q4
8. K to B 7. B to Kt5 (ch)

White's tactics deserve attention. He must now win with the Q P.

- 8. K Kt to Q2

We prefer Kt to K5 ex gr.

- 9. B takes P 8. Kt to K5
10. Kt takes Kt 9. Kt to Q7 (ch)
10. Q takes B &c. 10. Q takes B &c.

This variation we cannot find in the books, and we commend it to the notice of analysts.

- 11. B takes P 9. Castles
12. P to K6 10. P takes P
11. B takes P (ch) 11. K to B
12. B takes P (ch)

If Q to Q4 Black can return with Q to B3. If Q to K Kt 4 Black then plays Kt to K B3. The text mate is mates some lively manoeuvring.

- 13. Q to Kt4 (ch) 12. K takes B
14. Q takes B 13. K to R (ch)
14. Q to B3 14. Q to B3

Exactly! Still, Kt to K4 were more effective.

- 15. Q to Q B3 15. Q to Q B3

A striking climax.

- 16. Kt to K B3 15. Kt to K4
17. B takes B 16. Q Kt to B3 (ch)
18. Q Kt to Q2 17. Q R takes B
19. Kt to K4 18. Q R to Q
20. Kt to Q B3 19. Kt to K B3
21. Q R to K 20. R to Q3
21. P to K 21. P to Q Kt

Well played! White dare not take the Kt.

- 22. Kt to K4 22. R to Q5
23. Q to Q Kt3 23. K to K
24. P to K R4 24. P to K R4

To play R to R3 leaving the Kt and P to be save, although White hardly expected Black would venture to destruction by taking them.

- 25. P takes Kt 24. Kt takes Kt
26. R to K Kt (ch) 25. Q takes B P
26. R to R 26. K to R5

White mates in two moves.

GAME 358th.

WHITE.—Mr. Charlock. BLACK.—Mr. A. G. (From our White's Q R4.)

(Petrot's defence.)

- 1. P to K4 1. P to K4
2. Kt to K B3 2. Kt to K B3
3. B to B4 3. Kt takes P
4. Kt to B3 4. Kt takes Kt
5. Q takes Kt 5. P to K B3 (ch)
6. Castles 6. Q to K2 (ch)
7. Kt to B4 7. P to P K3
8. Kt to R4 8. P to B3
9. P to B4 9. P to Q4
10. P takes P 10. P takes B (P takes P)
11. P takes P 11. Q to K B3
12. B to K (ch) 12. B to K3
13. Q to K Kt4 13. K to Q2
14. Q to Q (ch) 14. B to Q3
15. Kt to B3 15. B to Q3
16. R to K7 (ch) 16. B takes R

The winning move.

- 17. Kt to K5 (ch) 17. K to K3
18. Kt takes Q 18. B takes B P
19. Kt to K5 (ch) 19. K to K2
20. Q to B5 (ch) 20. K to Q2
21. B to B4 21. B takes Kt

White mates in six moves. How

SOLUTIONS

Solution of Problem No. 256.

- White. 1. Q to K5 1. K to Q B3
2. Q to Q Kt3 2. B takes P
3. Q to B mates 3. Anything.

Black has other defences.

Solution of Problem for Young Players No. 255.

- White. 1. R to K Kt4 1. K takes B
2. R mates

PROBLEMS FOR YOUNG PLAYERS, No. 254.

WHITE. BLACK.

- K to K Kt4 K to K K4
R to K2 K to K R4
B to Q7 P to Q3
K to Q5 P to Q3
Pawn to K6 K Kt3 and 4

White to play and mate in two moves.

DERBY.—Lord Derby is enormously rich, one of the very wealthiest subjects in Europe, and his income is steadily increasing. It is calculated that in a few years he will be in receipt of some two-thirds of a million per annum. This is one great secret of his success, or rather of the profound veneration with which the majority of Englishmen regard him. The second fact to be taken into account is that this man of 60, one year is the head of the Stanleys, a name which has shown again and again with singular brightness in English history, and has been inscribed by immortal writers in the pages of England literature. The Earldom of Derby, the oldest on the roll excepting that of Shrewsbury, dates from 1485, when Henry VII. conferred it on Thomas, Lord Stanley, as the meed of his treason to Richard III. For even a Stanley may fall short of absolute perfection.

We would advise all our readers who think of making a Vegetable or Flower garden this spring to send to D. M. FERRY & Co., Detroit, Mich., and get their valuable and beautiful Seed Annual. The house is entirely reliable, and if you wish to get exactly what you order, you can not do better than to entrust your order to them.



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As a newspaper, THE SUN believes in getting all the news of the world promptly, and presenting it in the most intelligible shape—the shape that will enable its readers to keep well abreast of the age with the least unproductive expenditure of time. The greatest interest to the greatest number—that is the law controlling its daily make-up. It now has a circulation very much larger than that of any other American newspaper, and enjoys an income which is at all times prepared to spend liberally for the benefit of its readers. People of all conditions of life and all ways of thinking buy and read THE SUN; and they all derive satisfaction of some sort from its columns, for they keep on buying and reading it.

In its comments on men and affairs, THE SUN believes that the only guide of policy should be common sense, inspired by genuine American principles and backed by honesty of purpose. For this reason it is, and will continue to be, absolutely independent of party, class, clique, organization, or interest. It is for all, but of none. It will continue to praise what is good and reprobate what is evil, taking care that its language is to the point and plain, beyond the possibility of being misunderstood. It is uninfluenced by motives that do not appear on the surface; it has no opinions to sell, save those which may be had by any purchaser for two cents. It hates injustice and rascality even more than it hates unnecessary words. It abhors frauds, pious tools, and deplores all compounds of every species. It will continue throughout the year 1880 to chastise the first class, instruct the second, and discountenance the third. All honest men, with honest convictions, whether sound or mistaken, are its friends. And THE SUN makes no bones of telling the truth to its friends and about its friends whenever occasion arises for plain speaking.

These are the principles upon which THE SUN will be conducted during the year to come. The year 1880 will be one in which no patriotic American can afford to close his eyes to public affairs. It is impossible to exaggerate the importance of the political events which it has in store, or the necessity of resolute vigilance on the part of every citizen who desires to preserve the Government that the founders gave us. The debates and acts of Congress, the utterances of the press, the exciting contests of the Republican and Democratic parties, now nearly equal in strength throughout the country, the varying drift of public sentiment, will all bear directly and effectively upon the twenty-fourth Presidential election, to be held in November. Four years ago next November, the will of the nation, as expressed at the polls, was thwarted by an abominable conspiracy, the promoters and beneficiaries of which still hold the offices they stole. Will the crime of 1876 be repeated in 1880? The past decade of years opened with a corrupt, extravagant and insolent Administration entrenched at Washington. THE SUN did something toward dislodging the gang and breaking its power. The same men are now intriguing to restore their leader and themselves to places from which they were driven by the indignation of the people. Will they succeed? The coming year will bring the answers to these momentous questions. THE SUN will be on hand to chronicle the facts as they are developed, and to exhibit them clearly and fearlessly in their relations to expediency and right.

Thus, with a habit of philosophical good humour in looking at the minor affairs of life, and in great things a steadfast purpose to maintain the rights of the people and the principles of the Constitution against all aggressors, THE SUN is prepared to write a truthful, instructive, and at the same time entertaining history of 1880.

Our rates of subscription remain unchanged. For the DAILY SUN, a four-page sheet of twenty-eight columns, the price by mail, post paid, is 55 cents a month, or \$6.50 a year; or, including the Sunday paper, an eight-page sheet of fifty-six columns, the price is 65 cents a month, or \$7.70 a year, postage paid. The Sunday edition of the SUN is also furnished separately at \$1.20 a year, postage paid. The price of the WEEKLY SUN, eight pages, fifty-six columns, is \$1 a year, postage paid. For clubs of two sending \$10 we will send an extra copy free.

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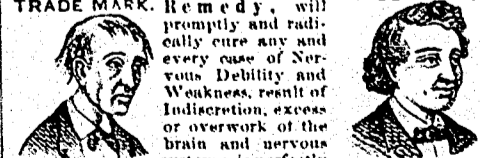
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