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Whitbread's News

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MONTREAL, SATURDAY, APRIL 3, 1880.

{ SINGLE COPIES, TEN CENTS.
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HON. SIR ALEXANDER TILLOCH GALT, K. O. M. G.,
HIGH COMMISSIONER TO ENGLAND.—From a Photograph by Notman & Sandham.

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NOTICE.

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TEMPERATURE.

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

THE WEEK ENDING			Corresponding week, 1879.		
Max.	Min.	Mean.	Max.	Min.	Mean.
Mon.. 46°	25°	32°	Mon.. 33°	7°	20°
Tues. 39°	19°	29°	Tues. 39°	23°	31°
Wed.. 39°	15°	27°	Wed.. 28°	10°	24°
Thur. 25°	4°	14°	Thur. 41°	30°	35°
Fri.. 33°	9°	21°	Fri.. 32°	20°	26°
Sat.. 32°	11°	24°	Sat.. 37°	18°	27°
Sun.. 32°	18°	25°	Sun.. 44°	33°	32°

CONTENTS.

ILLUSTRATIONS.—Hon. Sir Alexander Tilloch Galt, K.C.M.G.—Horse on Snowshoes—taken fifty miles up Lièvre River, North of Ottawa.—Views on the Q. M. O. & O. Railway.—Views on Q. M. O. & O.—Lachute.—The first Elephant born in captivity.—A Canadian Hero, W. D. Andrews.—The Army of Salvation in New York.—Amusements on the Ice in the Tyrol.—The late attempt on the life of the Czar.—View of the Winter Palace.—Scene of the Explosion.—S. P. C.

LETTER PRESS.—Editorial Paragraphs—Our High Commissioner—From the Seat of Government—Clara Chillingworth (continued)—Brelouques pour Dames—Napoleon and his Court—Varieties—A Canadian Hero—The Gleaner—Humorous—Musical and Dramatic—Our Chess Column.

CANADIAN ILLUSTRATED NEWS.

Montreal, Saturday, April 3, 1880.

It is anticipated that, during the coming summer, money, at the rate of \$25,000 per week, will be circulated by the Chaudière mill owners. This will be the result of the revival in the lumber business.

THERE is an amusing pictorial reference, on our last page, to a secret society existing in Montreal. The police are not yet decided whether to regard it as serious or not, though they have clues enough to show that several young men of good families are engaged in the foolish scheme and thereby stand a good chance of disgracing themselves. Several of the journalists of the city have been threatened with murder and arson, and a number of cottages belonging to a gentleman in Hochelaga have had their garden statuary mutilated. S. P. C. means a Society for the Protection of Canadians, as against Englishmen, Irishmen and Scotchmen. No real harm may be meant, but the idiotic youths should be made to understand that mere threats of bodily injury or destruction of property are a criminal offence.

THE political campaign contest in Great Britain is regarded as unparalleled in this generation, and it is expected that more votes will be cast than at any previous general election; Liberals show great confidence, while Tories are more cautious; social festivity is practically suspended during the elections. Every boarding is covered with political placards. Many private houses are displaying bills of candidates; cabs, busses and other vehicles, public and private, even carriages, are similarly decorated. The total number of candidates now reaches nearly 1,100, comprising 499 Liberals, 495 Tories, and 97 Home Rulers. Both sides are attacking nearly every doubtful seat. Barely a hundred constituencies are uncontested; these return 172 members, and are nearly equally divided politically. Betting at the Carlton Club, formerly 3 to 1 on a Tory majority, is now even.

OUR HIGH COMMISSIONER.

The public man who has most occupied attention during the past week is Sir ALEXANDER GALT. We, therefore, present our readers a portrait of him taken from the latest photograph. It is not necessary that we should append a biographical memoir, as we have had the privilege of doing so in these pages on several previous occasions. It will suffice to say that Sir ALEXANDER is still in the prime of life, in the enjoyment of good health, and prepared to devote all his energies and his transcendent abilities to the service of his country. He enjoys the exceptional advantage of being acceptable to both parties, with a record above suspicion, and that independence of private fortune which places a man above the temptations of office. For a small country, Canada can boast of quite a large number of men whose talents are above the average, and whose character is beyond suspicion, as we had occasion to state only last week, in reference to the late Mr. HOLTON, and among these none occupy a higher position than Sir ALEXANDER GALT. For several years past he has chosen, for reasons best known to himself, and which have been generally accepted, to withdraw from active political life, and during that time he has been chosen to perform several functions eminently serviceable to Canada, and which have tended to enhance his reputation. He was selected by the late administration to preside over the Halifax Fisheries Conference, and the manner in which he discharged the delicate duties assigned him received general approval. On the accession of the present government he was chosen to discharge a difficult diplomatic mission on the continent, and there, too, he acquitted himself to the satisfaction of all parties. His success was indeed so marked that no one was surprised to find that he had received a higher and more responsible appointment as High Commissioner from the Dominion to Great Britain, with official residence in London. The appointment was so well received on all sides, that prior to his departure he was tendered a banquet in Montreal by a large number of his friends and admirers, irrespective of party. The banquet was in every way a successful one, and rose to the proportions of an event from the speech pronounced on the occasion by Sir ALEXANDER, in which he gave a detailed programme of the functions which he was expected to fulfil as High Commissioner. In advance of the debate on this subject, which may be expected in Parliament, the speech of Sir ALEXANDER acquires an exceptional importance and a brief analysis of the same will, therefore, be acceptable to our readers who take an interest in the onward march of the Dominion. We notice that some papers have affected to exaggerate the bearing of this discourse, and it is, therefore, the more important that its main features should be properly understood. Sir ALEXANDER divided his mission into three parts—financial, immigration and diplomatic.

With regard to the first it is intended that the Dominion should take charge of its own finances in London. The credit of our country is now so firmly established in the money market that we no longer require exceptional support, and while we continue to be grateful for the assistance received in past years from the financial firms who have attended to that duty in London, Canada has now grown to that point where it is no longer necessary that it should get its access to the London market through any particular channel of that kind, but has the right to appear there in the same way as much less important colonies are now doing, seeking any assistance they require entirely and solely on the financial merits of the colony itself. When it is stated that \$100,000 will be saved every year in this way, the uses of the mission will be most readily appreciated.

With reference to the subject of immigration there is no doubt that a resident High Commissioner can be of invaluable assistance to us on the other side. The set-

tlement of the North-West, which is the most vital of all points of policy at the present time, can only be carried through at a very considerable expense and, to be successful, that expense has to be incurred at a very early date. Sir ALEXANDER declared, and his statement was received with enthusiastic applause, that it is only through railways that this immigration can be furthered, and that unless those railways are built through our own territory before the opportune moment passes away, we shall see all the emigration, which is certain to leave the British Isles, diverted to a foreign country, instead of being utilized and brought to our own shores, strengthening not merely Canada, but the empire itself. In two years we shall have direct communication by railway through our own territory to probably 200 or 300 miles to the west of Red River. We shall then be able to carry immigrants through our own country without being obliged to hand them over to foreigners.

With regard to his diplomatic duties, Sir ALEXANDER made some very interesting and important statements. He held that by the Confederation Act, we were placed *quoad* commercial questions on the same footing in respect to the Imperial Government as toward any foreign government. Whatever we do has to be made the subject of negotiation, and being the subject of negotiation, we must be an assenting party as well as the Imperial Government. This is strong language, but it is statesmanly, because it places our relations to the Empire in their true light. In all commercial transactions, therefore, we have not only to be consulted, but our decision is expected. Britain will meet us half way, but will never impose her will or her peculiar policy upon us. In regard to any negotiations of ours with foreign countries, we are informed that England will assist us with her good-will and all the ability of her trained diplomatic staff. It is not proposed to attempt any independent negotiation, but we shall have the Foreign Office to assist and support us. We are further told that the Governor-General heartily approves of all these arrangements.

Coming down to particulars Sir ALEXANDER GALT divided the subjects upon which he would be called upon to deal with the Imperial Government into three heads—the defences of the country, the territorial question and the commercial question. We are bound to do our duty for the defence of our own shores, and also, in a less degree, to do our duty as the defenders of our common Queen and country. Hence we ought to assume our share of the military defence of the Empire, including war ships, a naval reserve and a powerful militia organization. Territorially, we may look for the assistance of the mother country in developing the immense resources of the North-West. There is no reason why we should be charged with the whole of the labour of that gigantic undertaking. Canada has done her share nobly, pledging her whole financial resources and honour in opening up that country, and there is no reason to doubt that England will perform hers, especially in view of the fact that we work over this half a continent at the instance of the Imperial Government for the sake of her children as well as our own. With respect to the commercial question, Sir ALEXANDER was rather more speculative and his meaning was not quite so clear. Some have contended that he alluded to an Imperial Zollverein, or commercial union between the mother country, Canada and all other colonial dependencies. This is a vast subject and practically does not belong to the near future. For further light on the intentions of the government in this respect we shall have to wait for the parliamentary debate which will doubtless soon come up on the point. Altogether the speech of Sir ALEXANDER GALT was received with general favour, and taking it in its essential features, it may be set down as the most important discourse pronounced in the past twelve months.

THE SEAT OF GOVERNMENT.

BUDGET DEBATE.—WELLAND CANAL.—FISHERY AWARD.—IMMIGRATION PAMPHLETS.—REDUCTION OF SALARIES' BILL.—EXTRADITION.—WINDING UP INSURANCE COMPANIES.—THE HIGH COMMISSIONER.

(From Our Special Correspondent.)

OTTAWA, March 27th, 1880.—There was an effort made to get through the Budget debate before the Easter holidays, but it was not successful. Many of the members have seemed anxious to make deliverances of their sentiments on this question, and although some of the speeches have exhibited industry and ability, it is still very wearisome to have constant *rechauffés* of the same old arguments. There are no new facts; there can be no new arguments; and for the rest, the debate is purposeless, seeing that nobody expects to change a single vote, and as far as effect upon the country is concerned, it seems to me this is rather an unfortunate time for that. I shall not, for these reasons, try to furnish you with any recapitulation of the arguments used in the debate this week.

There was, on Monday, a conversation of some interest on an enquiry by Mr. Mackenzie if the Welland Canal could not be opened early in April. He stated that the question was one of great importance for the trade of the country; and Mr. Gault, one of your city members, said that the non-opening of this canal before the 1st of May would send 2,000,000 bushels of wheat through the Erie Canal, which would otherwise go to Montreal. Sir Charles Tupper replied that the Government were exceedingly anxious to open the canal at the earliest possible moment, but it was impossible to complete the works going on before the 26th of April, after which it would take until the 1st of May to fill the canal; but as respects the Erie Canal competition, it may happen that this canal will not be open before the same date, so that, in point of time, at least the competition may not be serious.

On the same day, Mr. Macdonnell, of Inverness, moved his resolutions on the Fishery Award, the object being to assert the principle that the money should be divided among the Maritime Provinces, and this motion was warmly supported by the Opposition members from those Provinces, who went so far as to refuse to accede to Sir Leonard Tilley's request that the debate should be adjourned until certain papers could be brought down. They asserted, in reply, that there could be no further papers of importance to bring down. On this issue, of course, they were simply defeated, and the debate was adjourned *sine die*. There is undoubtedly much to say in favour of the pretension that the fisheries follow the individual territorial rights of the Provinces—a principle which was recognized in the case of Newfoundland. But then that Province does not belong to the Confederation, while all the others are, as it were, married to each other, and have thrown their interest in with the Confederation. I think, therefore, that the less we make any questions of this kind sectional and provincial, the better. It certainly would happen, in the event of any body attempting to interfere unduly with the fisheries, that the whole Dominion, and not any single Province, would be obliged to maintain the rights and privileges belonging to them. This motion is, therefore, a mistake.

There was a little breeze the same evening over immigration pamphlets, remarkable principally for much *ado* about nothing. It appears that a series of somewhat lively letters written by the Hon. Peter Mitchell, descriptive of his travels in Manitoba and the North-West, which appeared during the autumn in the *Montreal Herald*, were subsequently published in pamphlet form; and that, in this pamphlet, the St. Paul, Minneapolis and Manitoba Railway Co.—that is the Company holding the line of railway from St. Paul to the boundary of Manitoba, of which Mr. Geo. Stephen, of Montreal, is President, and Mr. E. B. Angus, late of the Bank of Montreal, one of the principal managers—procured the insertion of an advertisement offering for sale the lands of the Company in Minnesota. Some of these pamphlets, with this advertisement in, were sent up to the Department of Agriculture to be distributed as "immigration literature." This led to a good deal of declamation on the part of Mr. Mackenzie, Mr. Blake, Mr. Frow, Mr. Anglin and others, on the impropriety of spending the public money of Canada to promote emigration to an American Railway Company's lands in Minnesota. The Minister, Mr. Pope, answered by stating that no public money whatever had been paid for that pamphlet, and that its distribution had been stopped as soon as the objectionable features which it contained had been perceived. I do not see anything remarkable in all these circumstances, and certainly nothing on which to get up declamation in Parliament against a Minister known to be so favourably disposed towards immigration to Canada as Mr. Pope. He himself took this ground in the debate, and said he was willing to stand on his record as a promoter of immigration. He has, in fact, been conspicuous among all the Ministers for his zeal on this subject, and, therefore, deserves well of the country. It is nothing to say that an American advertisement might have slipped into a pamphlet which he did not publish, over which he had no con-

trol, but which, without that advertisement, he might have been willing to take as an immigration publication. The zeal of our Yankee friends in pushing advertisements in every available place is too well known among intelligent men to excite debate, except, indeed, a pretext were very sadly needed. The matter, however, did not stop here, as on Tuesday evening the Postmaster-General was attacked for some more Yankee advertisements, which had crept into the "Postal Guide," an official publication printed by the Messrs. Stephenson, sons of the well-known Conservative whip, the publication being edited by a well-known official of the P. O. Department. It was an impropriety to allow such an advertisement to slip into such a publication; but I understand it was disallowed some time ago, when it was brought under official notice, and the most there is to say of this incident is that it is another example of the zeal and ingenuity of our Yankee friends to push their advertisements everywhere. But surely this was not a matter at all worthy the serious consideration of the Parliament of Canada.

On Tuesday evening, Mr. Béchard's bill, to which I have before referred, for a general reduction of salaries, from that of His Excellency downwards, the measure, however, not to apply to the present Governor-General, came up for discussion. The House was not full, many of the members having left for their Easter holidays. Several of those present, however, spoke in its favour, while others denounced both it and its author, treating the bill as a mere exhibition of weakness. None of the speeches delivered could be considered as constituting a real debate upon a question of this nature. There may be something to be said as to the necessity of keeping down expenses to the lowest possible point; but the question of salaries cannot be properly dealt with by such a body as the House of Commons in mere general talk upon such a bill as that proposed by Mr. Béchard. It is a question with some whether the \$1,000 paid to each member of the House, in addition to his mileage and other little perquisites, is not very high remuneration for the service rendered. But if this is put as a set off, as was done by some of the speakers, against election expenses and cost of living ten weeks away from home, the amount will not probably be more than covered. It is, however, a very moot question, whether the country would not be better served by a class of more independent men, if there were no payment at all to members. Dr. Bergin closed the discussion by moving the adjournment of the House, which was carried.

Mr. Blake moved a resolution for an address on the subject of Extradition, having for object to extend the list of offences for which there should be extradition between Canada and the United States; and this principle seems to be manifestly in the interest of both countries, for it cannot be for the advantage of either that its territory should be made a refuge for scoundrels, for which the long frontier line gives such easy facilities. Sir John Macdonald asked for the withdrawal of the resolutions, stating that the Government were in daily expectation of a communication on the subject from the Imperial Government, and Mr. Blake consented to the withdrawal.

Mr. Ives' bill for winding up insolvent insurance companies was read a second time. The measure provides that any insurance company which failed to pay claims proved against it after the space of 60 days should be considered insolvent. A claim should be held to be undisputed unless the company gave notice to the contrary, and gave the reasons for which they contested the claim; the notice to be given within 60 days. There were a number of other provisions. Mr. Blake thought the matter was one that should be dealt with by the Government. The bill was referred to the Committee on Banking and Commerce.

There was no session on Wednesday, the House having adjourned for the Easter holidays, and many of the members, including two or three Ministers, having gone to Montreal to the dinner to Sir A. T. Galt, the Canadian High Commissioner to England. I think it is well Sir A. T. Galt's proposed title is changed from Minister to High Commissioner, and, certainly, taking Sir Alexander's own view of the functions he is to perform, they are not Ministerial, but only those which belong to agency. They will be exercised under the responsibility of the Ministers to Parliament. This is bringing things down to common sense, and I must say, I, from the first, did not believe that Sir John Macdonald would commit the anomaly of calling an agent, however superior his functions, a Minister, and that in England. The agency which Sir Alexander will have to fill is, undoubtedly, very important; and if it is admitted, as I think it must be, that, in the matter of its finances, the credit of Canada is sufficient to take care of itself, the saving under the new arrangement will be immense, even if a very high salary is paid to the agent, as compared with the very large sums which have been all along paid to the financial agents of the Dominion for their management of the Canadian account in London. Sir Alexander's experience as Finance Minister and present connection as a Director of the leading Canadian bank, fit him specially for this most important part of his new duties. The only wonder is that some arrangement of this sort for the management of the Canadian account by a salaried Canadian agent was not made long before. It is unnecessary to say anything as respects Sir Alexander Galt's ability and ready speech, as every body in Canada recognizes these.

STILL LIFE.

Stretching down from the Scotch Border to Derbyshire is a rugged range of high land, rising here and there into peaks and hills noted in the North, and known amongst our English eminences. That elevated land—the backbone of England—is the gathering ground for many of the chief northern streams; its enviroing hills are the storehouses in which much of our leaden ores are stored; and the dales that intervene are usually plentiful and secluded.

The country presents remarkable obstacles to the formation of railroads; it is traversed by no canal; and thus traffic is limited by the inadequate facilities, and travel is rare in the dales. There are variations in the shades and character of these dales, just as the industries are varied. On the borders of the fells and in the Cumbrian and Westmoreland dales, the descendants of the statesmen still tinge the character of the population with their rugged uprightness and homeliness; in the Durham dales, lead-mining becomes dominant, and influences even character; whilst in southern dales agriculture rules the roast, and tones the customs of the people.

Amongst all, however, there are generic likenesses, and the life that is led by all is emphatically still life. It has its resemblances to the existence of the bees, its busy phases in summer, and the comparatively dormant state in winter, but its busiest condition is torpor compared to the fever-life of towns, and only the echoes of the great questions that ebb and flow continually in the outer world penetrate into these regions guarded by hills and bleaknesses.

In summer this still life is Arcadian in its simplicity, and it merits in considerable degree the praise the gossiping old Evelyn bestowed upon Switzerland: "The safest spot in all Europe—neither envied nor envying;" and the remarks applied to the Swiss have application to the people in this Northern Arcadia: "Nor are any of them rich nor poor; they live in great simplicity and tranquility." Summer brings to them its abundant labour; in the Eden village the fruitful corn-fields furnish full employment, whilst lower down it is, in the farm proverb, "up with the horn," to the exclusion almost of arable land. Early and late dairies need attention, and the tons of butter that are sent to the Yorkshire markets show the result, whilst piles of cheese are growing for the fairs, and stock are "summering" for sale at Brough Hill or at the Penrith auction mart. From spring seed time till the last rick of corn is thatched, or till, in the non-arable dales, the hay is thatched, and stacks of "brackens" for bedding for the cattle are laid in, there is little leisure, and the few days of comparative idleness are isolated occasions, such as village fairs, which mark as red-letter days the almost incessant labour.

But with the Martinmaste the stillness of life becomes intensified, while the labours are necessarily restricted. Intercourse with the outer world becomes less; isolation of villages is brought about by storm and snow; cattle are drawn from the fells and sheep from the hills; and with less opportunity for using it abroad the idle time of the workers grows with the longer nights. The coming of winter is marked outwardly and inwardly. The little streams that sparkled over the pebbles on the fell sides or brawled down the hill are swelling daily from the sodden ground, and rush ruddy down the dale, or noisily dash their peat-embrowned waters over the boulders. The dead-brown ferns on the hillsides are whitened with morning frosts; the heather droops with heavy dews; and the stunted bushes gather rainlets of water to drip and plash on their decaying leaves below.

In the villages roofs of thatch or tile look damp, and the few slated eaves or gables glisten in the unfrequent sun's rays, whilst the green that centres in the villages alternates between frosty white or sodden olive. There are few people in the "streets," and the lanes become mud-tracks, in which the hoofs of animals leave traces which surface ice transforms into miniature pitfalls. Homely hospitality reigns; in the north the "merry nests" still linger when the villagers entertain by "house-row;" to the south, though these are unknown, more public and promiscuous gatherings have their place. The denominational assemblies are important events to certain portions of the community, whilst to other classes even occasional card parties are as important. In the dull season of the year the arrival of the weekly newspaper is an event, and the editorial "we" is here a power in the mimic state.

These religious denominations are not so fully marked in the divisions as in towns; the well-to-do farmer will be found regularly at church in the morning, and as regularly at chapel in the evening. In some of the Durham dales John Wesley laid the foundation of enduring societies that are still the most numerous of all the sects in these dales; in others the followers of another eminent peripatetic preacher, Hugh Bourne, prevail. Further north, the Baptists have hold of the affections of the people, and though the Church has put forth efforts of late, it has much leeway to make up, especially in the lead-mining dales.

The people live primitive in habit, peculiar in customary observances. There are many of the old churches where garlands are hung in olden style; there are others where rush-bearing festivals are held; and in one, under the shadow of "Stanmore's shapeless swell," there is a holly bough observance that has been practised for generations.

Of all times of the year this district is the most isolated in winter, and especially in snow-storms. The winds send down the snow from the hills to drift up the valleys, and to call the old snow-plough into use. Great white sheets, undulating, and only scored here and there with the tops of the dark mortarless walls, stretch to the uplands, and lose even these slight signs on the fells—presenting the appearance there of seas of snow, untracked for miles. The bushes are ribbed with snow; the disused limekilns are banked up with it; and streaks are thickly marked up and down the clefts in the hills. The villages seem deserted, if it were not that on the cleared path near the houses there is the occasional clatter of pattens, or the rattle of a Westmoreland lad's clogs. Brightness gleams through the little window, and the odour and the colour of the smoke that is blown in gusts over the thatched roofs here and there tells of the peat fires that linger. For, be it never so homely, there is always the "clear fire and the clean hearth" Sarah Battle loved, in these isolated homesteads, whilst from the crook-supported pot that depends over the fire there issues ever a savoury odour, and, if it be in Westmoreland, the have-cake of the country will not be far away, with more generally appreciated dainties. For in all, the isolation, the want of intellectual occupation, and the never-changing round of life, lessens the mental employment, and the delights of the table occupy no small share of the attention. Winter shuts out the world to a large extent, and the self-containing nature of the dales is greatly drawn upon in the months of rain or snow to intervene between the late harvest, and the time when nature chants the song of the wise man: "For lo, the winter is past, the rain is over and gone; the flowers appear again on the earth, the time of the singing of birds is come." J. W. S.

BOHEMIANS.

What a debt we owe to France for the innumerable words expressive of phases of social life and grades of social status which we have borrowed from her overflowing and expressive vocabulary! There are many states of mind and many characteristics of modern society, which though often felt and witnessed are not to be uttered in English save in roundabout ways which dissipate all the force of the idea to be conveyed. Who, for example, could communicate to another that feeling not of languor, not of disgust, not of ill-temper, but of these three combined, for which the French have given us the word *ennui*? How are we to speak of acquaintances, either male or female, who have plighted their youthful vows and are proclaimed to be "engaged"? "Who is that pretty girl with Tom Henderson?" asks an inquisitive companion. To say "She is his betrothed," is antiquated; "the girl to whom he is engaged" is stilted and lengthy; *fiancée* gets us out of the difficulty at once. So with *fleur-de-pepsilay*, *chie, ton*, and the thousand other Gallicisms which express a well-defined social characteristic or style. The fact that all the expressions we borrow from our neighbours have reference to the lighter, sometimes the more dubious, side of modern society make them all the more to be valued. The more serious affairs of life the English tongue is fully capable of putting into sound. Nowhere, perhaps, is the deficiency of our own language more conspicuously shown than in the absence of any word to denote the class of persons—who have as distinct an existence here as in France—the anglicised form of whose designation stands at the head of this article. As we found the term Arab to specify the wandering and lawless qualities of the youth which, before the days of school-board officers, pitched its tent in any convenient nook or corner of the London streets, so the gifted Henri de Murger pitched on the term *Bohème* to express the land where dwelt the great community of Free-lances who were determined to owe no allegiance to the tyrant Custom or the despot Authority. Taking the hint from the swarthy gypsy tribes whose country is the world, but whose head-quarters are popularly supposed to be in Bohemia, De Murger christened with the name of the gipsies' fatherland the whole company of intellectual knights-errants. The rallying place of the community De Murger would doubtless have established somewhere in the Quartier Latin; a more cosmopolitan spirit has seized his idea, and carried it over the globe. Though possessing no local habitation Bohemians were no longer to be without a name.

But observant eyes must have detected an insidious change creeping over society with regard to its attitude towards Bohemia and its inhabitants. Bohemia itself is becoming fashionable! Despite the shadowy, we might say shady, character of the locality, there is as steady a tide of fashion setting towards it as that from Mayfair to Belgravia. The ultimate effect which such an incursion of the barbarians must produce upon the original settlers is already beyond speculating upon. The aborigines are becoming absorbed in the new population, but not without tingeing their conquerors with some of their own traits. Bohemia is itself partly responsible for this consummation. Carried away at first by the enthusiasm which animates all young sects, it adopted extremes which were in reality no part of its substantial creed. In its anxiety to proclaim its freedom from the ordinary trammels of conventionality, it regarded with feelings of contempt any person who resorted to the use of a nail-brush. Those who considered the cleanliness of their linen to be a

matter of moment were considered outside the pale of the new Church. General recklessness of conduct, combined with extreme lightness of purse, were qualities demanded of all "convertites." Some connection with the press, the studio, or the stage was absolutely essential. More sober councils ultimately prevailed. These things came to be regarded as the accidents, and not the essentials, of the true Bohemian. All that was finally necessary before any individual could assume the name of the new sect, was a general agreement with the principle of resistance to undue pressure, above all to anything in the nature of coercion, attempted to be exercised upon thought or habit by the powers that be.

THE SALVATION ARMY.

The first detachment of the Salvation Army came over recently to New York on the steamer *Australia*. They travelled by steerage, and landed at Castle Garden with the immigrants. The party consisted of George Railton, who comes as Commissioner, accompanied by a captain and six lieutenants. These are all young ladies, and all wear a peculiar uniform of blue faced with yellow. A ribbon is stretched across their caps, with the words, "The Army of Salvation." In appearance they are all stout and able-bodied persons of about thirty years, and seemingly well adapted to any enterprise that requires energy and endurance. Their passage was paid to this country by the home association, but this they are expected to refund. The intention of the band is to carry out the gigantic and ambitious scheme of travelling all through the country, and establishing branches of their organization in every city and town. The initiatory undertaking of the band was a service of song at Castle Garden soon after their arrival.

Energy and perseverance in any undertaking are apt to bring their reward, and there can be no question that the labours of the Army have met with great apparent success. They seem to seek out and take into their organization persons from the very worst classes, and yet the work does not fall to pieces. The number of members is now estimated at 100,000. In September last, according to a circular furnished by Mr. Railton, there were in England 122 corps, under the command of 195 officers, using for services weekly, 148 theatres, music halls, warehouses, and other buildings, holding at the annual rate of 45,000 open-air services, and 60,000 in-door services, and preaching to 74,000 persons in-door every Sunday evening, and to 2,000,000 in the streets every week. Through its instrumentality 257 persons have become wholly employed in religious work, and 3,256 others stand ready to speak or labour in the cause whenever called upon. The Army is said to be approved by twenty-three mayors and magistrates, seventeen superintendents of police, and one hundred and twenty nine clergymen. Its funds are raised mainly by collections taken at the services. Last year there was raised in this way £12,000, while the general fund only amounted to £4,540.

HISTORY OF THE WEEK.

MONDAY, March 22.—The University boat race on the Thames was won by Oxford by 34 lengths in 21 min. 28 sec.—More fighting has taken place in Afghanistan, and negotiations are consequently in abeyance.—H. M. S. *Woodark* is being set in order at Devonport dockyard, preparatory to her early despatch to Canada.—Documents are said to have just been discovered which indicate that the denouement of the Nihilist conspiracy is not far off.

TUESDAY, March 23.—Five hundred thousand dollars' worth of diamonds have been stolen from the Postmaster's safe at Cape Town.—The permanent staff of the militia regiments in England have given a day's pay for relief of the distress in Ireland.—The extraordinarily cold winter in France has injured the grape-vines, and it is feared this year's crop will be very poor.—Hartmann is at Geneva, where he went to join a Nihilist committee. The trial of forty Nihilists commences shortly at Odessa.—The New Brunswick Legislature has passed the resolution providing for the erection of new legislative buildings at Fredericton.—General Melnikoff is taking severe measures against the Nihilists. There does not seem to be any improvement in the internal affairs of Russia.

WEDNESDAY, March 24.—The *Constellation* sailed for Dublin with food and clothing for the distressed Irish, on Saturday.—Prince Orloff has proposed to Prince Bismarck the basis of an international extradition treaty.—It is said the Duke of Genoa, brother of the King of Italy, is to marry H. R. H. Princess Beatrice.

THURSDAY, March 25.—The Queen, accompanied by the Prince and Princess of Wales, and Princess Beatrice, have left for Germany.—France is reviving the *Concordat* existing between her and Rome.—Russia is making preparations for a fresh invasion into Turkistan.—In Italy an early resumption of specie payments is anticipated.—The ex-Empress Eugénie has left for Zululand, travelling as Countess de Pierrefonds.

FRIDAY, March 26.—H. R. H. Prince Leopold sails for Canada in the Alban steamer *Sarratman*, from Liverpool, on the 29th inst.—It is stated that Sir Stafford Northcote is to be created a peer, and that Lord Beaconsfield is about to resign.—The London Water Works Bill will be one of the battles to be fought at the next election, regardless of party.—The brigands of Sicily captured the Duke of Sax-Meiningen, but released him on payment of a heavy ransom.—The Indian, who murdered Corporal Graham, of the North West Mounted Police, has been arrested at Fort Benton, Dakota.

SATURDAY, March 27.—The Queen has arrived at Baden Baden.—The *Herald* fund amounts to \$37,911.51.—The U. S. ship *Constellation* has sailed for Dublin.—Italy is planning an expedition to the South Pole.—An extensive emigration is taking place from Hungary.—The excitement over the elections in England is at its highest pitch. Betting on the result is even.—A new tax is to be collected in Cuba by means of a stamp to be affixed to all commercial documents.—New election tactics have been resorted to by the electors of Wick district, some of them having attempted to throw the candidate into the sea.

A CANADIAN HERO.

Mr. W. D. Andrews was born in the city of Kingston, Ontario, May 19th, 1853, and is consequently in his 26th year. His record is a brilliant one.

On the 9th May, 1869, when only 16 years of age, he rescued a young man named George Campbell, aged 16 years, who was seized with cramps while bathing, opposite the water works wharf, Ontario street, Kingston.

On May 27th, a few weeks after the above event, he rescued three Frenchmen, who, while crossing the harbour from Point Frederick to the city of Kingston, were accidentally capsized, a sudden squall striking the small skiff in which they were crossing, turning it completely over. They managed, however, to cling to the keel, until Andrews, who witnessed the accident from the Commercial Dock, foot of Princess street, (where he was then employed in the service of Messrs. Gurney & Glidden, forwarders, etc.,) sprang into a yawl that was moored to the dock, and placing the only oar there was in the boat over the stern, he sculled out to the drowning men, who could still be seen clinging to the bottom of the boat. After considerable difficulty Andrews succeeded in bringing them safe to land. The Frenchmen, after expressing their thanks to their brave preserver in broken English, proceeded to the barge upon which they were employed, and their gallant rescuer resumed his previous occupation as if nothing extraordinary had occurred. Andrews, who is modest as he is brave, seldom speaks of his heroic actions, leaving that duty to his numerous friends.

July 23rd, 1869, he rescued a younger brother, named Fred. M. Andrews, aged 14 years, who, while playing on a raft opposite Richardson's wharf, Kingston, fell into the bay, and had not Andrews, who was writing in the office upstairs, heard his cry, and taking in the situation at a glance, upon reaching the wharf plunged in with all his clothes on and rescued the boy, who had sunk twice before assistance arrived, he would in all probability have perished.

In September, 1869, Andrews removed to Toronto, where he took part in several swimming contests, in all of which he was successful. Subsequently he obtained employment on board the steamer *Waubuno*, Capt. P. M. Campbell, and while that steamer was lying at her moorings on the west side of the Sydenham river, at Owen Sound, (April 22, 1873,) he rescued an old man named ———, who attempted to cross the river upon some floating timber, (the swing bridge being in course of repair at the time,) and when about mid-stream accidentally fell into the river and would in all probability have



A CANADIAN HERO, W. D. ANDREWS.

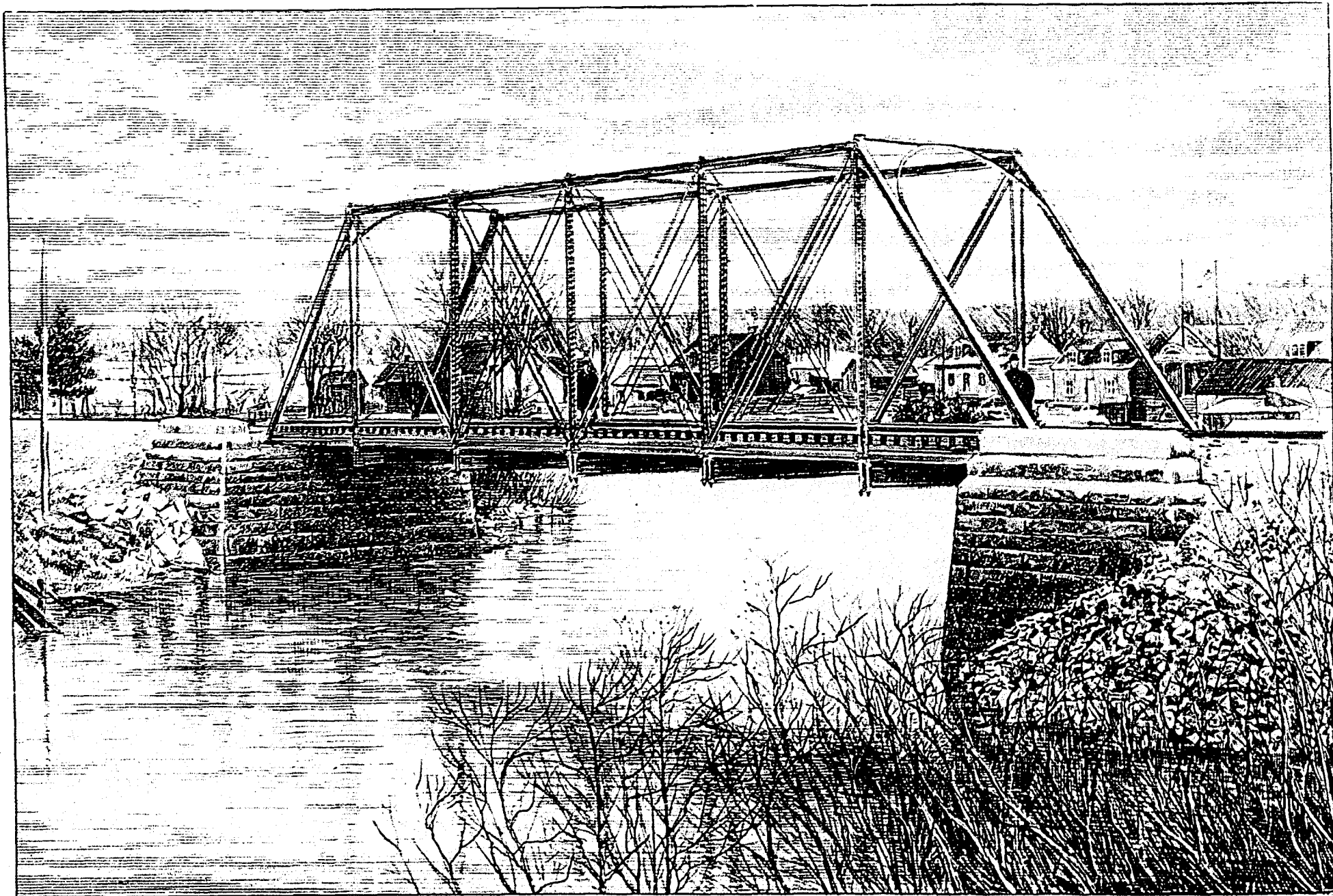
been drowned had not Andrews sprang off the *Waubuno*, where he was then employed, and swimming out to him effected a rescue, swimming back again to the *Waubuno* afterwards.

In 1874 Andrews returned to Toronto, where he was employed for a short time on the steamer *Southern Belle*. Subsequently he won in a mile swimming race on the 28th May, 1877—time, 23 min. 56 sec.

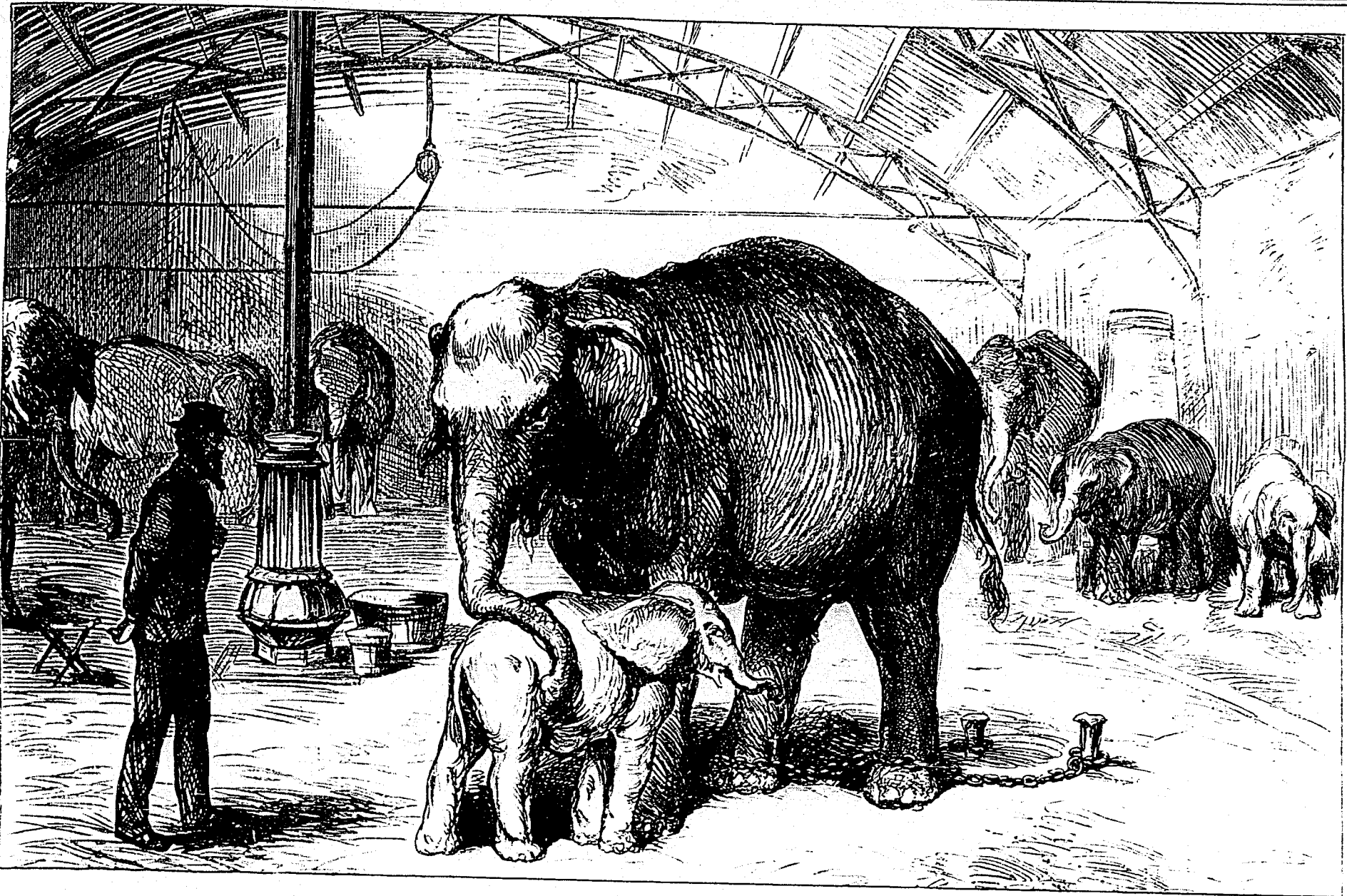
On the 24th June, 1878, while at practice in the river Don, he rescued a young man named Ed. Barnes, aged 18 years, who had got beyond his depth, and would in all probability have been drowned had not Andrews come to his assistance, he being unable to swim.

July 10th, 1878, he rescued, a little further up the river, an Englishman named Wm. Waghorne, under somewhat similar circumstances, for which he received a very handsome present from Mr. Waghorne.

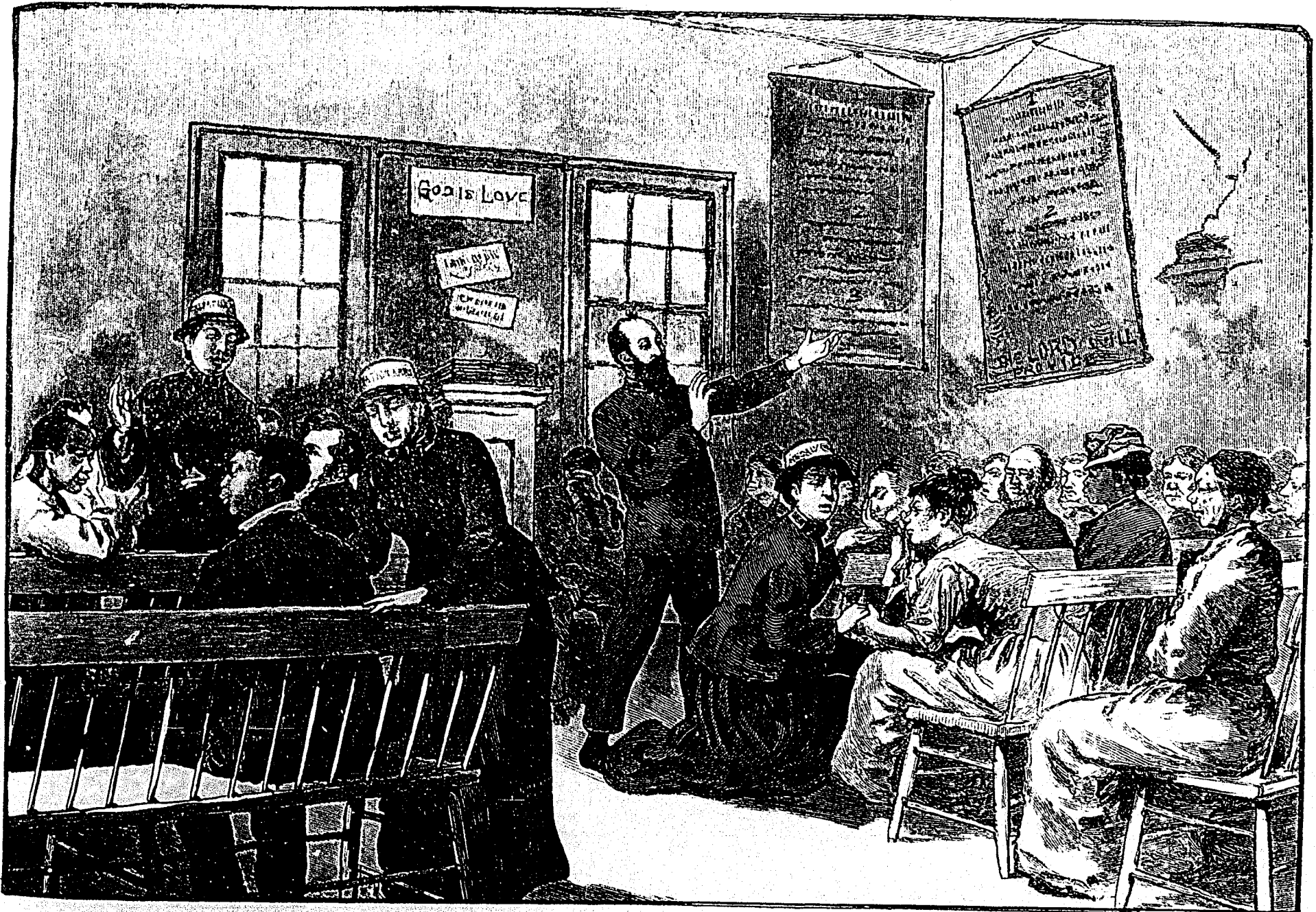
Again, on the 26th of August, 1878, he rescued Mr. J. L. Thompson, aged 36 years, who was bathing in the river Don in company with another gentleman, when unfortunately he stepped into one of the numerous deep holes with which that river abounds, and being unable to swim would have been drowned (his companion being unable to assist him), when Andrews, who had just come down to the river, seeing the state of affairs, removing his coat, sprang into the river, and succeeded in rescuing him. Both gentlemen were profuse in their thanks; and to prove his gratitude, Mr. Thompson, after making enquiries from several persons, and ascertaining that Andrews had been the means of saving nine persons from drowning, he collected sufficient money to purchase a handsome gold medal, which was presented to Mr. Andrews a few months ago. The medal bears the following inscription: "Presented to W. D. Andrews for his gallant rescue of nine persons from drowning, May 9th, 1869, to Aug. 26th, 1878." On the reverse is engraved a round life preserver, with lines attached, on which is engraved: "Presented by the rescued." Mr. Thompson also sent a communication to the Royal Humane Society of England, stating full particulars of his case, properly witnessed, which proving satisfactory, the officers of that ancient institution sent their life-saving testimonial to the Mayor, James Beatty, Esq., Q.C., who presented it to Mr. Andrews at the regular meeting of the City Council, held in the City Hall, on the 13th inst., amid the applause of the Council. Andrews also won the half-mile swimming contest, Tuesday, July 8th, 1879, beating Mr. T. C. Paterson, his opponent, by 45 yards. On Wednesday, July 23, 1879, he won the 1½ mile contest—five contestants—by 63 yards—time, 37 min. 30 sec.



VIEWS ON Q. M. O. & O. RAILWAY.—LACHUTE.—FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY HENDERSON.



THE FIRST ELEPHANT BORN IN CAPTIVITY.



THE ARMY OF SALVATION IN NEW YORK.

MABEL'S HOLY DAY.

IN A GARDEN.

Arthur. He came, saw, and was conquered. Lady mine. You cannot choose but conquer; in mere sport...

R. Your poet! If I dared—that was my dream The night when I first saw you; on that night I was so full of poetry, or verse...

E. But a week ago I had not lived. Stage fever is not life; Stage fever's quick. Yes; quick to cure or kill.

LUXURY. In a late number of the Deutsche Rundschau, Prof. Friedlaender devotes ten or twelve pages to the discussion of table luxury.

cost more than 80,000 livres. In the kitchen of the Prince de Condé 120 pheasants were consumed weekly. We will not go through pages of monotonous extravagance; let one example suffice.

sport more savage than the Indians, the poor of our cities must be swept into incestuous heaps; and Matthew Arnold, having in view the effects of luxury, complains of "a system which tends to materialize our upper class, vulgarize our middle class, and brutalize our lower class." We will take but one voice from America, out of a religious magazine: "Tens of thousands go out from their mean and comfortless homes, from which absolute hunger is kept away only by the most strenuous and constant labour, and see proud and sumptuous equipages, costly and luxurious dwellings, and children, whose superfluous ornaments would make their half-fed and scantily-clothed children comfortable. Is it strange that bitter feelings should rise in their hearts! that"—but here our subject is taking a moral and social turn, which it is impossible in this article to discuss. A number of questions of great interest and overwhelming importance here present themselves. Is this admitted spread of luxury and the attending penury—for they always are found side by side—a necessary condition of a high state of civilization? Historians tell us that such has been the case in the past; will it continue to be so in the future? The celebrated French statesman, Turgot, wrote: "Everywhere the laws have favoured that inequality of fortune which corrupts a certain number to doom, the rest to degradation and misery." Shall this be the history of the world down to the end of the chapter? or, as the actual state of society in most civilized countries is one of "immense inequality of fortune," is it not better that the wealthy should be luxurious and extravagant, and not parsimonious and frugal, in order that the poor may have "remunerative employment," work and riches thereby tend to be distributed? Would it not be a terrible economical calamity if the rich were to resolve to-morrow to consume the necessaries of life only and to live temperately and frugally? And was not Hobbs right when he pointed out that private vices were national benefits? Such are some of the questions to which moralizing on luxury almost invariably lead us, and which cannot be answered so off-hand as at first sight appears, least of all in an article like the present.

Leipsic, Germany. JAMES W. BELL.

A BABY ELEPHANT.

A very interesting event—the birth of a baby elephant—took place at the circus stables of Cooper and Briley, Philadelphia, early on the morning of March 10. The importance of the affair to the world of science will be realized when it is stated that it is the first authenticated instance of the kind that has ever taken place among these animals in a state of captivity. It is said that a similar event occurred in London some time during the last century, but there is no positive proof in regard to it.

At the sides of the stable-room where this little creature was born were a number of large elephants chained to posts, while Hebe, the mother, was chained in the centre of the room, where she was safe from molestation. The moment the baby was born, the other elephants set up a tremendous bellowing, threw their trunks about, wheeled around, stood on their hind legs, and cavorted and danced in the highest glee, as though they had gone mad. The excitement communicated itself to Hebe, and she became almost frantic. With a terrific plunge she broke the chains and ropes which held her, and grasping up the little baby elephant with her trunk, threw it about twenty yards across the room, letting it fall near a large hot stove—where a fire is always kept burning—then followed with a mad rush, bellowing and lashing her trunk as though she would carry everything before her.

The keeper, who was on watch alone, fled for his life, and not a moment too soon. Around the stove was a stout timber railing, against which Hebe charged with such effect that she reduced it to kindling-wood in short order. Not stopping here, she struck the stove, and knocked it into the position of the Leaning Tower of Pisa in an instant, and badly smashed the pipe. The keeper meanwhile had given the alarm, and three or four others coming to his assistance, the animal was, after some trouble, secured and chained to the post again.

The other elephants meanwhile kept bellowing and lashing their trunks, as if to welcome the little stranger. The attendants gently led it back to the mother, and the keepers and others who had been attracted by the unusual commotion at once became interested in nursing it. It would run about with its mouth open, very much like a young colt. The old elephant would not stand still long enough to suckle it, being constantly swaying and swinging about, so the keepers hit on the happy expedient of procuring a funnel, and a rubber tube about a yard in length. Inserting one end of the tube in the baby's mouth, they fed it by milking into the funnel at the other end, the little new-comer taking its sustenance with a relish, until it declared it could take no more by promptly jerking its mouth away. Later in the day, however, the baby proceeded to feed itself by the natural source provided for it. Throwing back its trunk, the baby applied its mouth to the mother's breast, and fed itself in a perfectly natural and easy manner. Writers of to-day have held that the young elephant uses its trunk in the process of suckling, while ancient writings were directly to the contrary. The early statements have been thus proved to be correct.

The baby elephant is a female. She is a queer-looking little animal, not much larger than a

Newfoundland dog, with a very diminutive specimen of a trunk, and with a disposition to run at things blindly like a young colt. She stands 35 inches high, measures 3 feet 11 1/2 inches around the body, and weighs 213 pounds. Hebe, the mother, is twenty years old, and weighs 8,000 pounds. She is one of five brought to this country from Ceylon in 1865. The father of the infant is called Mandrie. He is three years older than Hebe, and came with her to this country. The mother is very affectionate toward her offspring, and inclined to regard the approach of strangers with suspicion. At such times she raises a peculiar cry, to which all the other elephants respond with great excitement. The keepers say that if the baby were threatened with danger, no chains would be strong enough to hold them, so overwhelming is the interest which they manifest in the little stranger and its mother.

HEARTH AND HOME.

EXERCISE.—Exercise, to be beneficial in the highest sense, should be for itself alone; it must not be work in any sense; it should pursue its own objects, and no other; it should be made a pleasure, and not a labour; it should be utterly divorced from ulterior notions of economising expended powers; and this should never more firmly be insisted on than in the case of those abnormal creatures who say they take no pleasure except in useful work.

GOOD SPIRITS.—The power of good spirits is a matter of high moment to the sick and weakly. To the former it may mean the ability to survive, to the latter the possibility of outliving, or living in spite of, a disease. It is, therefore, of the greatest importance to cultivate the highest and most buoyant frame of mind which the conditions will admit. The same energy which takes the form of mental activity is vital to the work of the organism. Mental influences affect the system, and a joyous spirit not only relieves pain, but increases the momentum of life in the body.

MANNER.—Lack of refinement in one's manner or incivility in one's ordinary personal address ought to be a matter of regret to the person whose daily life displays such a defect. But it is by no means uncommon for men and women to think, or to pretend they think, that rudeness of manner and neglect of the courtesies of life are evidence of a strong character, and that a coarse and uncivil habit of speech is an admirable proof that the speaker is a "plain, blunt person" who is above shams and pretences. Nevertheless, while rudeness may exist along with strength of character and integrity, it is always a blemish to them, and never a help.

A TRUE LADY.—A true lady not only is always at ease, no matter with whom she is conversing, but she contrives also to make her companion as much at ease as herself. Some people, quite unintentionally, cause uncomfortable pauses in conversation, simply by the habit of hearing in perfect silence a remark which is not actually a question. It is not that they wish to ignore it, but it does not occur to them that a reply or comment is required, so the unfortunate utterer of the remark feels snubbed, and ceases to chat with the same animation as before. One simple rule to bear in mind will go a great way toward winning the reputation of being a pleasant companion. It is, always to show some interest in whatever is said to you.

EARLY MARRIAGE.—To a young woman an early marriage is the natural course of life. To this end she tends, and, consciously or unconsciously, perhaps, prepares herself to secure it, according to the requirements of society. Her unpurged taste is for a young man a little older than herself—a companion she can admire, respect, and love, but still a companion and not a father. If taught by the silent, though still powerful, voice of society that harmony of character, of aims, of temperament, are the indispensable foundation of great and lasting happiness in marriage, that material advantages are secondary to this unspeakable blessing, that thrift, knowledge of household economy, the power of creating an attractive home, are essential to the attainment of this great good, then her instinct, by an inevitable law of nature, will tend to the acquirement of these qualifications.

THE GLEANER.

The Duchess of Marlborough is an indefatigable worker. The immense correspondence from innumerable applicants for aid all pass through her own hands, and she writes most of the answers herself.

The tall, fair and fragile-looking Princess Blanche d'Orleans is going to marry the Prince de Ligne, who, although not of royal birth, is allied to several reigning families. Princess Blanche is the second daughter of the Duc de Nemours, and is the frequent companion of her father in Paris society. She is the only remaining unmarried grand-daughter of Louis Philippe.

An eccentricity of the late Mrs. Gales, of Washington, is recalled by the story of the London beauty who had all her coins scoured before putting them into her purse. If Mrs. Gales dropped her handkerchief on the floor, she would not use it again until it had been washed. Immediately on returning home after a walk or drive, she would change every article of her clothing for fresh garments.

AUSTIN DOBSON, the author of clever *vers de societe*, wrote no poetry until he was twenty-five years of age. This is the way in which he dedicates an American edition of his poems to an American poet: "Dear Dr. Holmes—Once a couple of words from you—which you doubtless have forgotten, but which I shall always remember—made me very proud and happy. Permit me, then, to inscribe this American edition of my verses to you, as a token of respect and gratitude."

PRINCE ALEXANDER, of Bulgaria, and his father, Prince Alexander of Hesse, the brother of the Empress of Russia, have announced their intention of going to Berlin, to participate in the celebration of the eighty-third birthday of the Emperor William on the twenty-second instant. There will also be present King Albert and the Crown Prince of Saxony, the Ducal families of Baden, Anhalt, Mecklenburg-Schwerin and Mecklenburg-Strelitz, and many other distinguished persons.

OFFENBACH is one of the most prolific of writers. Every year he produces three or four works. He has as firm a belief in the immortality of his works as if he were a Mozart, a Weber or a Schumann. Personally, Offenbach is a pleasant gentleman, and his conversation is as witty as his music. In the course of a life that was beset with difficulties at the outset, he has had ample opportunity to notice the failings and weaknesses of men, and upon these he dilates with bantering vein, most amusing to listen to. His thinness has grown proverbial; it is not possible to be thinner without wholly disappearing.

PRINCE PIERRE BONAPARTE, who shot Victor Noir eleven years ago, now lives alone at Versailles, in the Hotel de France, where he has two rooms on the first floor. He is tormented by gout, and never leaves his room unless it be to go to mass on Sunday, for the old freethinker is now a devoted Catholic. He eats very little and depends on the one hundred franc note that Prince Jerome sends him from time to time. His wife lives pootly with her daughter Jeanne, who is eighteen years of age, in the Rue de Lille. Jeanne Bonaparte studies at the Ecole Nationale de Dessin, and an engraving and a medallion by her were admitted to the Salon last year. The mother and daughter are supported by a monthly pension of one hundred francs paid by the Princesse Mathilde. The son, Roland Bonaparte, who is twenty-one years of age, has been educated at Saint-Cyr, and is now a sub-lieutenant of infantry.

VARIETIES.

SOCIETY IN BERLIN.—Society in Berlin is somewhat rigidly divided. The artisan contemns the rough, the burgher is cool to the artisan, the financier thinks nothing of the burgher, the bureaucrat cuts the financier, the noble disdains the bureaucrat, and the military officer snubs them one and all. The Emperor is the "All-Highest," and after him, in a genteel *diminutive*, troop his anxious subjects. Mr. Vizetelly, in his recent work on the city on the Spree, states that he has seen a card inscribed with the style and dignity of the "Royal Sweeper of the Apartments," and declares that a shopman or domestic, upon entering the service of a grocer who during the whole course of his career has by some chance or other once supplied the Royal Palace with a pound of coffee, will be compelled to address his master on every occasion as *Herr Hauptkaffee*—Herr Purveyor to the Court.

A WONDERFUL CLOCK.—This most astonishing thing a contemporary ever heard of in the way of a time-piece is a clock described by a Hindoo rajah as belonging to a native Prince of Upper India, and jealously guarded as the rarest treasure of his luxurious palace. In front of the clock's disc was a gong, swung upon poles, and near it was a pile of artificial human limbs. The pile was made up of the full number of parts of twelve perfect bodies, but all lay heaped together in seeming confusion. Whenever the hands of the clock indicated the hour of one, out from the pile crawled just the number of parts needed to form the frame of one man, part joining itself to part with quick metallic click; and, when completed, the figure sprang up, seized a mallet, and, walking up to the gong, struck one blow that sent the sound pealing through every room and corridor of that stately palace. This done, he returned to the pile and fell to pieces again. When two o'clock came, two men arose and did likewise; and so through all the hours, the number of figures being the same as the number of the hour, till at noon and midnight the entire heap sprang up, and, marching to the gong, struck one after another each his blow, and then fell to pieces.

WOMAN AT THE BOTTOM OF IT.—"Yankee" Hill, a famous actor in the first half of the present century, used to tell an amusing story of the early days of the theatre in the United States. Hill once "showed"—to use a professional phrase—in a town in the western part of New York where no theatrical performance had ever been given. He found the audience assembled, with the women seated on one side of the hall, the men on the other, exactly as they were used to sit in church, and throughout the play the most solemn silence was observed. They were attentive, but they gave no evidence of approval or displeasure; there was no applause, no laughter, not even a smile; all was solemn stillness. Hill did his utmost to break the ice; he

did everything a clever comedian could do, but in vain. He flung himself against their rigidity; it was of no use. The audience was evidently on its best behaviour, and the curtain went down at last amid a silence oppressive and almost melancholy. After the play, Hill, worn out by his extra exertion and mortified at his want of success, was passing through a public room of his hotel, when he was stopped by a tall countryman with the remark, "Say, mister, I was into the play to-night." "Were you?" said Hill. "You must have been greatly entertained." "Well, I was! I tell you what it is now, my mouth is all sore a-strainin' to keep my face straight. And, if it hadn't been for the women, I'd 'a' laughed right out in meetin'."

A GREETING.

When the pink clouds float up the blue
Like incense from the earth to God,
When the soft blessing of the dew
Falls stillly on the parched sod;
When the dripping lilacs swing
The robins after summer rain,—
When the brown woodland minstrels sing,
When autumn lifts his scythe again,
My lips may brim with laughter gay—
My thoughts and heart are far away.

When winter fires burn bright and clear
While howls the wind against the pane,—
When to the friend I hold most dear
I breathe the fancies of my brain;
When all the world seems lulled and stilled,
Sheltered beneath night's folded wings,—
When the sweet flower-cups are filled
With the rare nectar nature brings,—
My heart that seems so bitter and gay
Is with a brother far away.

Fredericton, N.B.

E. G. R.

HUMOROUS.

THE gem puzzle was invented by a block-head.

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

"Why is the world like music? Because it is full of sharps and flats.

A MAN without enemies is like bread without yeast: he never rises.

PROMINENT among the shining artists of America are the bootblacks.

THE most comfortable hat a man can wear in cold weather is one that is a little stove.

INSULTS are like counterfeit money, they may be offered, but you need not take them.

MOUNT VESUVIUS is troubled with eruptions, and they don't know what to do with the crater.

THE world is full of compensations. The more prices go up the more we have to come down for everything.

It is reported that an able statesman who built a house out of his poker winnings said that his residence was built on a bluff.

DE LESSEPS estimates that the Brooklyn bridge will endure for six centuries. There is a possible chance, of its being completed before it is worn out.

MARRIED women are not considered worthy to teach school in Chicago. We must confess that, leaving all questions of worthiness aside, we would prefer an unmarried woman if we were going to school.

A SCHOOL teacher in Iowa had the debt of the world all nicely figured up to a cent, when a Chicago man went and got trusted for a cod-fish and forgot whether it came to 17 or 27 cents. It was awful mean on the schoolmaster.

THE Prince and Princess of Wales are said to have made up their minds to establish a fashion of 7 o'clock dinners, instead of those given at the absurd hour of 9. Good! Now it only remains for some one to establish a fashion of 6 o'clock dinners instead of those given at the absurd hour of 7.

"Pa, dear," asked his son and heir, "tell me what is the difference between an accident and a misfortune?" "Pa, dear," gave it up. "Well," said his son and heir, "if my pressing tailor, Mr. Snipson, were to fall into a deep pond it would be an accident; but if any one were to pull him out it would be a misfortune."

AN Illinois schoolmistress was unable to chastise the biggest girl pupil, and called in a school trustee to assist her. The trustee found that the offender was his own sweetheart, but his sense of duty triumphed over his love and he whipped the girl. Not only did this result in losing him a sweetheart, but her father sued him for damages and got a verdict for \$50.

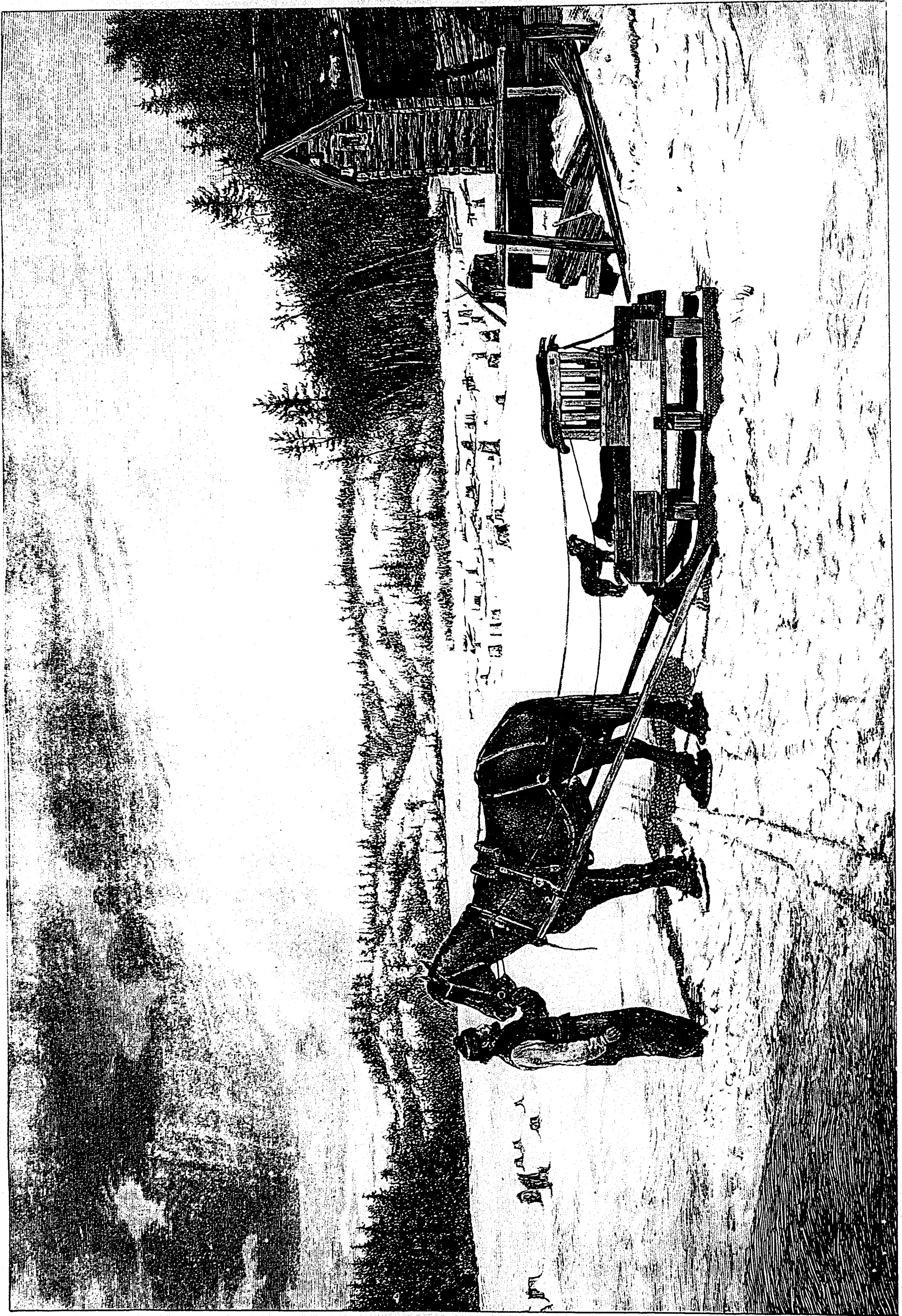
Fees of Doctors.

The fee of doctors is an item that very many persons are interested in just at present. We believe the schedule for visits is \$3.00, which would tax a man confined to his bed for a year, and in need of a daily visit, over \$1,000 a year for medical attendance alone! And one single bottle of Hop Bitters taken in time would save the \$1,000 and all the year's sickness.—Ed.

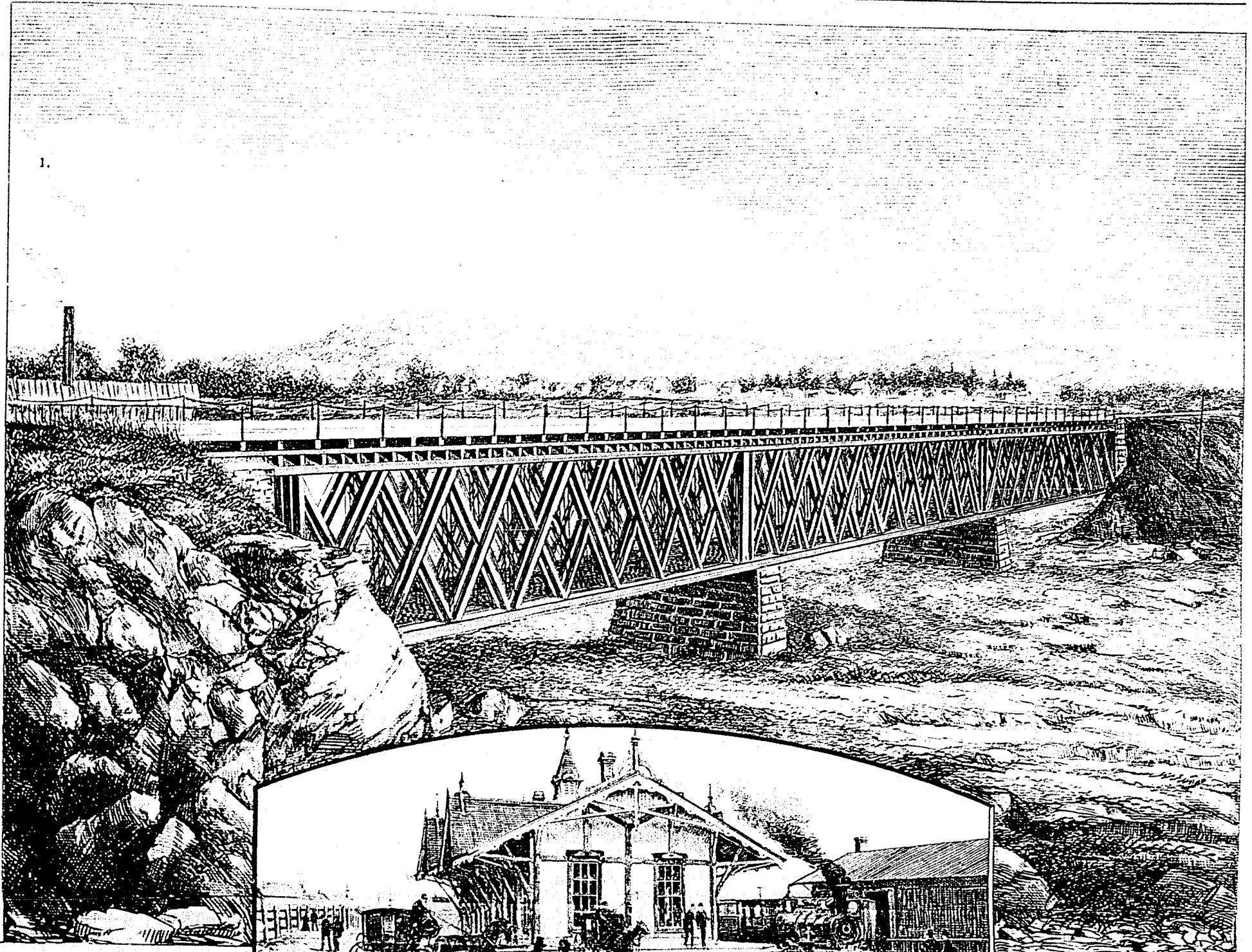
Consumption Cured.

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

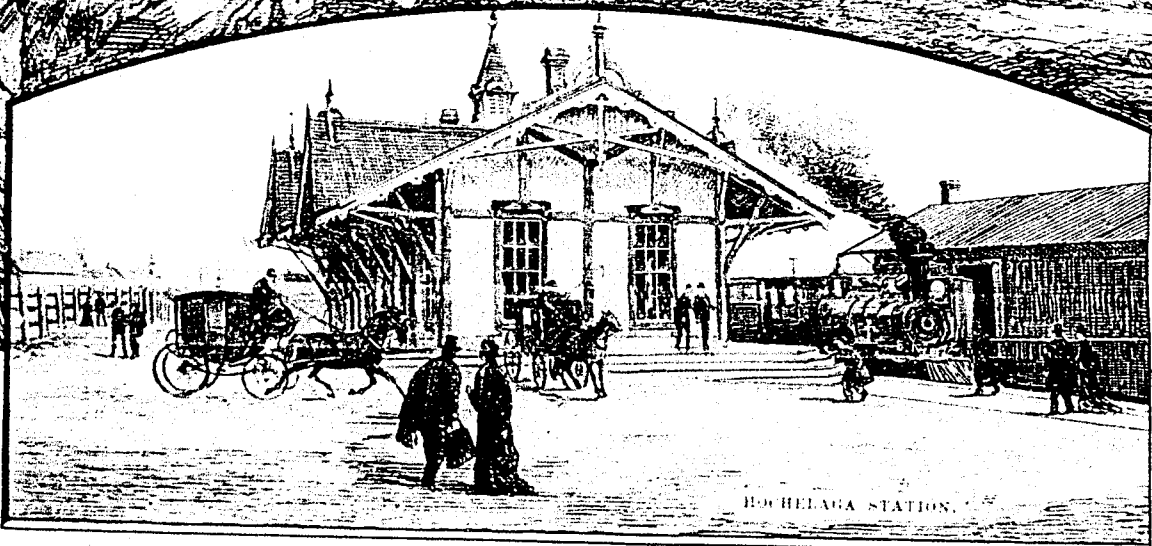
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HORSE ON SNOWSHOES -- TAKEN FIFTY MILES UP LIEVRE RIVER, NORTH OF OTTAWA. -- FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY HENDERSON.

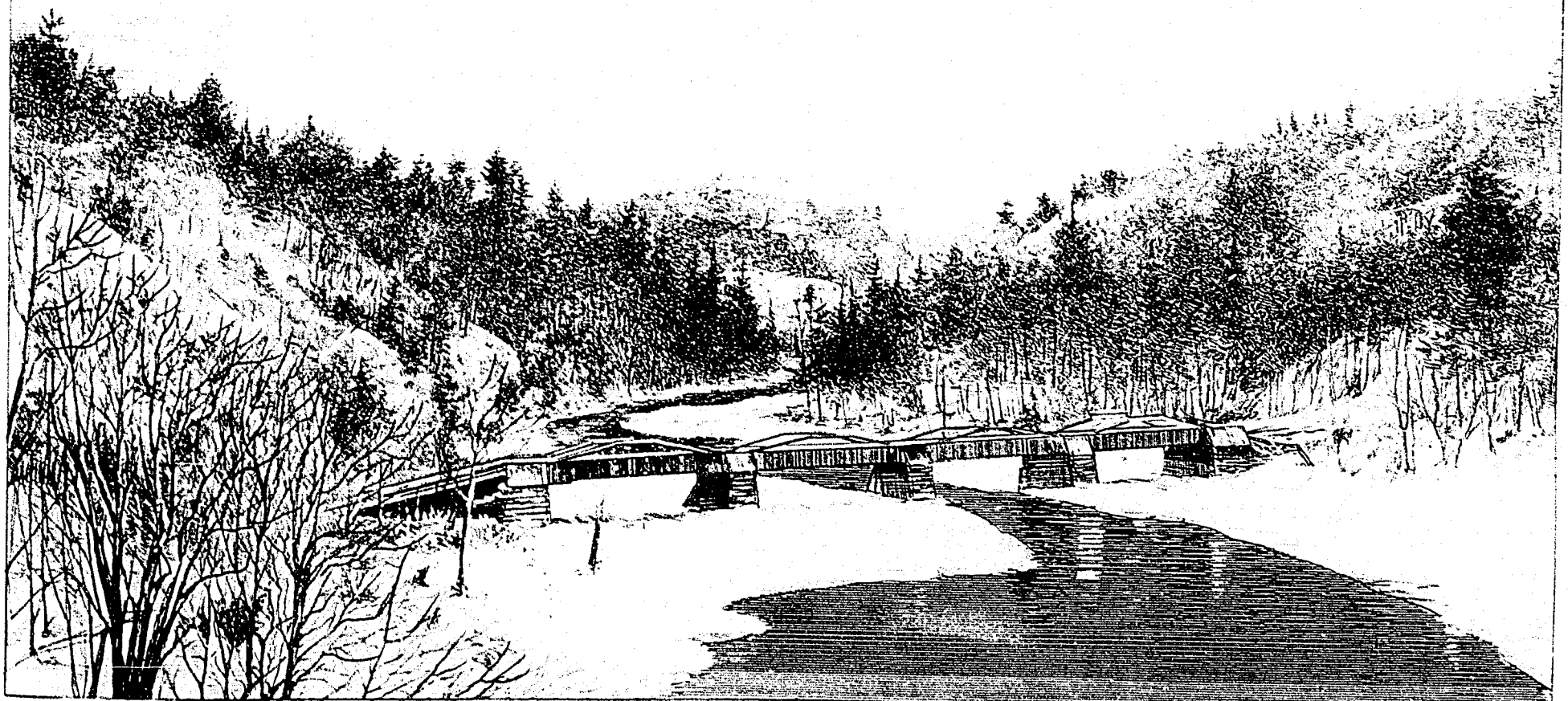


1.



2.

ROCHELAGA STATION.



1. BRIDGE ACROSS THE QUARRIES, MONTREAL.

2. BRIDGE OVER ROUGE RIVER.

VIEWS ON THE Q. M. O. & O. RAILWAY.—FROM PHOTOGRAPHS BY HENDERSON.

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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.

CHAPTER XXVI.

A GLEAM OF LIGHT.

It was seldom now that Sir Harry Chillington saw his daughter. Since Charles Freeman had disappeared he had become more reckless in his habits, and it was not often that he was at the Priory. This absence of her father was no source of grief to Clara, and she resumed her old habit of doing good to her poorer neighbours. It was while thus engaged she was informed of sickness in the home of the smuggler.

On entering the domicile of Jack Pegden, the wretchedness she beheld startled Clara, but she had come on a mission of mercy, nor would she permit her feelings to interrupt the good work.

As Clara entered that dismal den, the fears of the family, who sat grouped in front of the fire, were roused into activity, and as Jack himself happened to be within, while he gazed on her beautiful countenance he became guilt-stricken.

Innocent of the remotest suspicion that the smuggler had in any way ever been her enemy, she approached him with a feeling of pity; but as she drew near a consciousness of her presence seemed to stop his breath. Pale and agitated, with locks unkempt, with face unshorn, and eyes which stared wildly on her, he, as one suddenly bereft of reason, would have rushed from the house, had not Clara stood between him and the door.

"You have a child that is sick!" she enquired.

"I have," he gasped forth.

"Will it be convenient for me to see her? Perhaps I may be able to send her something that will afford her relief."

"I don't know," he again gasped; and, turning toward his wife he again looked at her as much as to say, "Don't you see that the presence of this woman is choking me: why don't you speak to her?"

Clara saw from the strange manner of the man that something annoyed him, and following the slatternly woman she proceeded to the sick room. Stretched on a little pallet of straw, supported on three old and broken chairs, and covered only with a piece of old blanket, lay little Sally in a state of brain fever. Her cheeks were fevered, her lips parched, her large blue eyes rolled wildly, and her long flaxen hair lay in ringlets on her shoulders. A cup, containing a little jelly, sent in by some kind neighbour to cool the parched mouth of the sufferer, and in its upward flight had run the gauntlet of the hungry crew below, stood by the bedside on a three-legged stool, and this, together with a doctor's bottle, a cracked mug, containing water, and the bed mentioned, formed the only furniture of the room.

The child was in a state of delirium when Clara entered; the hand of disease appeared to be unlocking the gates of mortality, and permitting the soul to peep forth before entering on its unknown, yet certain flight. A beatific vision filled her brain, and it seemed as though the denizens of a purer world had come within the range of her spiritual observation. As the door on being closed creaked on its rusty hinges, the invalid smiled, listened, and then imagination filled her ear with sounds of the sweetest music.

"Hark!" she whispered, "Beautiful! the angels sing so sweetly. Come closer, and let me touch the music you carry with you."

Raising herself, the child appeared to touch with her fingers some imaginary instrument. The act filled her soul with rapture, and, turning her beautiful eyes on Clara, she continued:

"Don't take it from me. You are so good. Let me go with you. The house is so dark; and father and brothers quarrel and swear that I don't like to stop here. Let me fly with you through the air and help you to sing. I can sing a little; and you will teach me to play the music, won't you? All gone again!" she sighed, as the vision passed from her brain.

"All gone again! and I am left behind. When will they take me with them? Oh, dear!"

Closing her eyes, the child muttered something unintelligible, and, having done so, reopened them, and again fixing them on Clara, continued:

"I thought you were all gone; I am so glad one of you have waited for me. I will not be long. I have not much to dress in. My frock is old and ragged, but you will not mind that, will you? You are good; you look so kind. Oh, my poor head! I know I was naughty to come and sit on the stairs that night the men were with father. I am sorry for it, but my head did ache so bad. Tell my father not to have anything to do with those naughty men. He is bad already, but he is my father, and I love him. Tell him, sweet angel, not to have anything to do with Sir Harry, nor with carrying

the man away. I heard them call him Sir Harry as I sat on the stairs holding my little apron to my head, for it did ache badly. Pray, do tell him not to take the man away, for should the Nancy sink, my father will be lost."

On uttering these words little Sally fell into a stupor, and as Clara heard them she felt that in the excitement they produced she should lose all consciousness if she did not take her departure.

Descending to the room below she saw that the smuggler was gone, and as she passed through it to reach the door, she felt it to be the place where the plot was matured which had robbed her own heart of happiness, and him she loved of liberty. This thought made her glad to escape from a den so horrid.

CHAPTER XXVII.

THE SAMPHIRE GATHERER.

It was "play" which had ruined Fred Holman, as it has done many others. Under the speculation of gambling his property had forsaken him until he had become a wreck. Of a generous, frank, open-hearted disposition, tomorrow with him was a day which might never come. He lived only for the present, and left the future to take care of itself. Fred Holman had married a wife who loved him; but she had not that strength of character sufficient to exercise over him, for his own benefit, that unfeeling control some women possess. Reckless himself, there was wanting in the wife he had chosen that refined tact, which might have guided unseemly his otherwise noble mind to a position of honour and influence. Such being the case, a heart susceptible to the gentle leadings of a woman's love was left alone in life exposed to every attempt to victimize him.

To increase the sorrow of his condition, this man possessed a family—two little girls, and a third, but newly born, lay with its mother on a wretched bed in that dismal home. The sight of his family in such a condition incited Fred Holman to the determination to make one more effort to obtain a supply of food, no matter how humble the means he must employ.

The picture of himself as a gatherer and retailer of samphire, which his pride had portrayed as contemptible and degrading, was dashed aside, and leaping to the fact, he quickly borrowed a basket and a line for the work. Obtaining these, Fred Holman prepared to go forth to gather food for himself and family from the face of the chalk cliff, or perish in the attempt.

The purpose on which he had entered he resolved to keep concealed from his wife, lest in the dread of the danger attending it she should prevail on him to abandon it. Therefore, as he approached the bed on which she was lying, and planted a kiss on her cheek, his emotions arose to his eyes, and overflowed as he bade her good morning, not knowing but it would be the last time he should ever look upon her. "Good-bye, papa," said the little ones, as they saw him leaving the house; "you will bring us something to eat when you come back, won't you? We will be good until you return." This appeal wrought up the feelings of the father to a point of intensity, and taking them in his arms, as he kissed his children, possibly for the last time, he huskily whispered the response to their enquiry, "I will; I will, or die."

The sun was shining in the splendour of summer as Fred Holman left the wretched place which formed his residence, and passed through the streets of the town towards the western cliff; and as the cooling breeze came dancing from the water, and, ascending the precipice, playfully kissed his heated brow, hope returned, and awoke within him a new sensation. Passing over the summit of Shakespeares Cliff, he pursued his way toward one of less altitude. Yet, although the one which attracted him was of less height than that immortalized by the bard of Avon, it was sufficient, while gazing down its precipitous front, to make the steadiest tremble.

Approaching the edge of the cliff he had selected as the scene of his effort, on reaching it he threw himself on the grass, that he might look over at its chalky face. There, but far down, grew nature's wild supply. Luxuriantly it flourished, and could he but grasp it he felt that it might quickly be turned into food to save his perishing family. The sight of such a plentiful supply of the coveted herb strengthened the hope of immediate relief for those he loved; but the jutting rocks which lay far beneath,—rugged monsters torn from their original bed by the very waters now lying placid and laying in gentle ripples those objects on which they had exerted the fury of their strength,—made him shudder. A feeling of horror seized him as he looked down upon them, and for a moment his heart failed him. To reflect now was ruin. In

desperate circumstances reflection makes men cowards. Turning away, therefore, from the scene of danger, he sought in a neighbouring hedgerow for a stout, strong stake.

This search was quickly rewarded, and having secured a tough ash-stick, and bending it to and fro that he might test its capability to support him, he returned to the brink of the precipice. On that stick was to rest the hope of success, and the safety of his life. Driving it into the ground by means of a large stone—the only implement his poverty afforded him—and having securely fastened the line around it, he sat down, as though hesitating to go further.

He seized the end of the rope and bound it around his waist, and having done so, again sunk into a reverie. "Poor rope!" he exclaimed, as he held the end of the line in his hand, "on you depends the temporary relief of my little ones, or my own destruction. Which shall I choose!"

Once more trying the knot which secured the rope firmly around his body, he crept on his hands and knees to the brink of the precipice, and then turning, that the sight of the frightful depth might not make him giddy, he commenced descending. Fixing his toes firmly as possible against the pliable chalk, and holding on tightly to the line, he lowered himself yard by yard until he hung suspended in mid-air. The reflection of the sun's rays from the chalk cliff cast on his countenance a deadly paleness; but from the moment the first step was taken in his desperate task he became soulless, and neither heard nor saw anything.

Entering on the domain of the sea-gull, he disturbed their repose, and, exciting their defiance, hundreds of these wild birds flew around him, screaming out their indignation at the intruder; but he heard them not, nor saw them, for his brain, being temporarily paralyzed by his situation, refused to flash from its surface the least defined thought. Reaching the object of his endeavour, mechanically he stretched forth his hand and gathered the samphire, then placed it in the basket hanging from his shoulder. Being now for some minutes thus suspended in mid-air, and literally held on to life by a single thread, his brain recovered its power to act, and began familiarizing his mind with surrounding objects. From the fact of having hung so long in safety, his mind became comparatively calm, and casting his eyes around he saw, in a recess made in the chalk, a piece of paper.

The sight of such an unlooked-for object in such a situation excited his curiosity, and putting forth his hand he picked it up. Examining it, he found it to be a leaf from a pocket-book, and containing characters written in pencil. With eagerness his eye ran over the writing, and as he did so, he read:

"Whoever may find this, take it to my friends. I have been drawn into a trap, seized upon, bound, and am placed on board a smuggling vessel. I am but slightly wounded, nor do I think it to be the intention of my enemies to do me serious bodily harm. Having my hands free, I write this unseen, and placing it in a bottle I found on deck, I commit it to the sea, and may heaven direct its course.

CHARLES FREEMAN."

On reading this note Fred Holman was surprised. To him, as to all others in the district, the absence of the lost one was known; and in the generosity of his nature he became forgetful of his own condition, in the hope of imparting relief to others.

To ascend immediately, and to hasten to the friends of the lost man with the treasure he had found, was his instant intention; but as he was about to reduce it to practice, a shout and a shriek uttered from the top of the cliff, and just over his head, shot as a bolt through his brain. Looking upward, he saw peeping over the brink of the precipice the grinning, mocking, frenzied face of Mad Tom. So distorted were the features of the idiot, and so malignant the expression of his countenance, that it appeared as though some mocking fiend had come forth to insult his condition, and to claim him as a victim.

A feeling of inexpressible horror shot through the mind of Fred Holman as he saw the mad wretch leap to his feet, and in a moment felt himself lifted up the face of the cliff and then let fall with a jerk which threatened to snap the rope sustaining him. Repeatedly was this act performed, every motion fixing despair more firmly within him.

Unable to help himself, he shrieked imploringly to the wretch to abandon his malignant exercise; but the only response he elicited was a mocking laugh, and another lift up the face of the cliff. While being made the helpless sport of the idiot, this thought, terrible in its nature, suggested itself to his mind: Suppose the maniac should be in possession of a knife, and that a love of mischief should tempt him to use it on the rope; or supposing that, from very imitation of what he must have often seen, he should obtain two stones, and hammering the rope between them, wear away its strength by means of friction. These thoughts drove him to the verge of madness. Again he shouted to let the rope alone; and again the same mocking response came floating on the air. The agony he endured was fast becoming insupportable, and as the long minutes rolled wearily away the mad wretch appeared far from being tired of the sport so terrible to the samphire gatherer.

As he hung dangling on the side of the cliff, being occasionally lifted up and then let down with a jerk, the condition of Fred Holman appeared to him in frightful distinctness. Every sound he heard fell upon his ear with terrible

force. The waves of the sea as they dashed upon the rocks far below him, sent up their voice as though tolling his death-knell; the shrieking of the sea-birds, as they uttered their responses to the howlings of the idiot, seemed now to mock the man whose life appeared not worth a moment's purchase; and the croakings of the ravens, as they hovered over him, sounded as the rejoicings of those birds of ill-omen at the fate apparently about to befall him. While enduring this agony the chill of death ran through his manly form, and he felt it to be an awful thing to die by means so terrible.

Being thus driven to despair, he resolved to make one more effort to drive the idiot from his purpose, and repeated his cry for help; but the only answer he obtained was the echo of his voice from among the jutting rocks, and a peal of delight from the wild man above. The shouting of his victim seemed to increase the glee of Mad Tom, and as he caught the cry of despair, he lifted him higher than before, and again let him fall with a violence which made the rope crack.

Unable any longer to sustain the intensity of his feelings, Fred Holman, as he heard the rope crack, felt his consciousness forsaking him, and gazing upward with a countenance wild from despair, he offered a prayer to heaven for aid. How long he remained senseless he had no means of knowing, nor how often he had been hoisted up the precipice during the time he had been dead to earth; but a howl louder and wilder than before restored him to life, and on looking up he saw Mad Tom rushing along the top as if in alarm. The sight of his tormentor running as though pursued, produced a feeling of security, and in the hope that his life was spared his heart sickened, and he again hung swinging in mid-air, apparently lifeless.

This time the fainting was of short duration, and on opening his eyes he saw, looking down upon him from the dizzy height, a form so beautiful, that for the instant he thought his prayer to be heard, and that a celestial being had been sent, specially at his request, to drive away the cruel fiend seeking to destroy him.

The deliverer of Fred Holman remained on the top of the cliff, and smiling encouragement, yet with a countenance of pity, she watched him as he feebly and slowly ascended. Hand over hand he seized the rope, after the manner of a sailor, and in this way he pulled himself up. Finding himself once more on the solid earth, and not doubting but he owed his life to the being before him, indifferent in the excitement of the moment whether she was an earthly or heavenly being, he bowed before her, and as he did so the strong man yielded to the emotion of a surcharged heart, and he wept.

Seeing the emotion of the man, his deliverer bade him arise, and then kindly enquired how he became placed in such a situation. Being now persuaded, from her voice, that she was earthly, he told of the first appearing of Mad Tom, what he had done to him, and how he had given himself up for lost. Having told the danger he had escaped, in the choicest language he poured out his gratitude for the salvation he had obtained through her.

Clara Chillington, for she it was who had saved the life of Fred Holman, had been walking in silent sadness, weeping and longing for some intelligence of him she loved, that she might know were he living or dead, when the shrieking of the idiot in the distance arrested her attention. Pausing, she watched his doings; and then the fearful thought flashed on her mind that he was playing off his pranks upon some poor samphire gatherer, which might end in death. Under this impression, and regardless of her own safety, she started in the direction of the idiot, resolved, if not too late, to relieve the person she believed to be in distress. On seeing her approach, Mad Tom started, and left his victim unconscious, but safe.

Fred Holman repeated his thanks when he heard the story, and having more fully recovered his senses, the thought of who it was who had saved him flashed on his mind.

"Have I not the honour of thanking the daughter of Sir Harry Chillington as my deliverer?" he enquired.

"I am Clara Chillington," she responded.

"Madam, may Heaven reward you for your kindness."

"It was through no design on my part I took the path leading to your rescue."

"That may be; but the fact that you *did* save my life imposes on me an eternal obligation."

"I join my gratitude to Heaven with yours that, although unintentionally, I have been employed in rescuing a fellow-creature from death."

"Madam, I have no means of showing my gratitude to you but in words; yet, if at any time my services can avail you in any matter, I pray you to command them. And, pardon me, in token of my sincerity may I offer you this piece of paper I found in a cavity of the cliff? The matter of which it is the silent messenger is, if I mistake not, one in which you are deeply interested."

Taking from his pocket, where he placed it, the slip of paper, he presented it to Clara. On reading it she trembled, and, becoming exceedingly agitated, she enquired:

"How came you by this?"

"I have already told you that I found it in the cliff."

"How was it possible for it to get there?"

"I know not. I have told you its history so far as I know it, and for the rest it speaks for itself."

"Are you sincere in your assertions concern-

ing this paper!" enquired Clara, more than half suspicious lest some trick was being imposed on her.

"God forbid that I, who have just escaped from death through your interposition, should seek to impose upon you. Heaven has spared my life again to try me, and should my first act be one of villainy toward my deliverer? Pardon me, madam, but Fred Holman was never dishonest toward any but himself.

"What do I hear?" exclaimed Clara. "Are you Fred Holman, formerly of the 'Larches'?"

"At your service."

"Then, pardon my suspicion, for I had no thought it was you."

"Time and circumstances have changed my appearance," he replied, with a sigh.

Without seeming to regard this remark, Clara proceeded:

"How happy I feel, even for old acquaintance sake, that I have saved your life."

"Not more happy than I am grateful, and I trust the document I have placed in your hand will set your mind at rest that he who wrote it is still alive."

"He is living; this writing tells me so; it is his own effort in the moment of his greatest trial."

"There can be little question but Charles Freeman wrote that note."

"But how could it get to lodge in the cliff?"

"This is the theory I formed on finding it, that the bottle, being washed ashore, became broken on the beach, and as the tide receded, the paper getting dry, was carried by the wind and deposited where I found it."

"Precious treasure!" exclaimed Clara, and, regardless of his presence, she pressed the paper to her lips.

The heart of Fred Holman, as tender as a woman's, was melted at this simple act of affection, and in this manner, being in some measure able to repay the obligation he was under for his safety, his countenance became more radiant than it had been for months.

"Happy discovery!" continued Clara; "never shall I be able to express my gratitude for placing in my possession this document. How mysterious that your danger should result in such joy to me!"

"Human life is inexplicable," he replied, speaking more to himself than to his companion; for the thought that it was not the danger he was in, but the necessity to which he was reduced that led to the finding of the paper now flitted across his mind. This brought the former shadow to his countenance, and again filled his mind with sorrow.

Clara observed the shade pass across his aspect, and in the kindness of her heart would have gladly elicited from him the details of his condition, which she knew from his appearance must be wretched, as well as from the fact of employing himself as a sapphire gatherer.

Fred Holman guessed the design, and turned aside with adroitness every attempt she made to ascertain the fact of his circumstances. Her most cunning questions she found courteously, and yet certainly, baffled. What could she do? She saw that he was in the deepest distress, and she longed to afford relief to his condition; but she also saw that he had made a rampart of his pride, behind which he so suddenly entrenched himself as to defy every attempt to approach him with an offering of kindness.

"Madam," said Fred Holman, as he coiled up his rope and placed his basket on his arm, ready to take his departure, "will you permit me, in parting, once more to offer my grateful feelings for saving my life?"

"Pardon me, sir; but I am the greatest debtor."

"Then let our mutual kindness be considered as one of those mysterious incidents in human affairs, which lie beyond the range of our intelligence."

"I am not content it should be so considered, unless you will also admit my indebtedness to you."

"The obligation rests with me."

"I cannot think so. Your condition was truly one of great peril, but the rope which sustained you on the face of that frightful cliff might not have broken, and it is only probable to suppose that the diseased brain of the idiot would have led him in an instant to forget you, and to have gone quietly on his way; but this dear document, which I prize more than gold, could not have been recovered but for you. I am certainly, then, your debtor; and as a token of my gratitude to God for his kindness, permit me to place in your hand this humble gift as a thank-offering, to be disposed of as you shall consider most prudent."

"Am I to understand this offering of money is being made to myself for unintentional service? If so, I pray you not to tempt me to receive what, on reflection, I should blush to acknowledge."

"The offering is made to Heaven, and I pray you to be good enough to become my almoner."

The earnest manner in which Clara uttered these words, and the anxious look she cast on him as she pressed into his hand a well-filled purse, prevented Fred Holman from returning an immediate reply, and before he could recover himself sufficiently to do so, she had departed.

Having the money he held in his hand forced on him by such an act of delicate kindness, and being left free in his office as the almoner of Clara (Chillington), he felt that the claims of his own family demanded his chief consideration, and deserved from him his first attention.

(To be continued.)

HANDWRITING.

CHIROGRAPHY OF VARIOUS LIVING CELEBRITIES.

Nobody has yet succeeded in getting any large part of mankind to believe that a man's character can be foretold from his handwriting; but a work on this subject, recently published in England, has considerable interest from the free and caustic observations it contains on the autographs and manuscripts of well-known men of the present period. Although it has for its title the words "The Philosophy of Handwriting," it has in reality very little to do with the subject as a matter of philosophy, and is confined exclusively to comments on the handwriting of individuals. The author, who calls himself Don Felix de Salamanca—evidently a non-de-plume—prints first at the top of a page the autograph of a celebrated person in facsimile, and then comments upon it to the length of a page or more, just as he likes—usually in a very spicy way. In a preface he states that the articles were first printed in an illustrated English periodical and that they excited some interest and amusement at the time, the idea being "frequently plagiarized." Much correspondence came of the comments. "One of the most distinguished scientists of the age," in acknowledging the justice of strictures which had been passed upon his writing, regretted that he was "too old to mend." Other well-known personages desired a niche in the chirographic pantheon. The series was finally brought to a close by certain unavoidable circumstances, and rather than resume the original scheme it was thought best to publish the whole of the sketches in book form. There are in all 135 autographs. Below are given extracts of some of the more interesting of Salamanca's comments:

Matthew Arnold's autograph typifies his literary character, if an author's ever did. It is "clear, classic, cold, and as neatly penned as one could wish," making it easy to believe its writer to be a man of taste and of talent, but "scarcely a genius, and not without a slight suspicion of dogmatism."

Lord Beaconsfield's writing has changed in character "as often as its author's fortunes have changed." Generally it may be described as "bold and flashy," but it changes its style even more rapidly than the semi-fabulous chameleon its hue. "Sometimes an entire note has been decently written—especially when intended to be complimentary in tone—and upon other occasions scarcely a single letter has been well formed, and only the autograph upon which extra carefulness is invariably lavished—has been presentably finished." Its shifty and changeable character "does not inspire much confidence in the writer's stability of purpose, although self-esteem may safely be predicated upon it."

Gen. Beauregard's writing, although not so pleasing to critics as Gen. Johnston's, is "the clearest and most legible of the confederate chieftains." It indicates "a straightforward person, having nothing to conceal, but not ill-disposed toward the pomp of office."

As for Rosa Bonheur, some of her strokes are "most artistic and picturesque." While her flourishes are "veritable lines of beauty," they are no "handwriting." Only a few letters are legible, and these are not correctly formed. "An intense love of bold design and of a somewhat defiant *beverina*," is all the author ventures to say of her character from her penmanship.

John Bright's autograph "is one of unpretentious strength and simplicity." Of grace and picturesqueness, it has little, but it indicates "a straightforward, decided temperament not quite unalloyed with a spice of self-esteem."

Robert Browning "writes as a poet should write." And his manuscript is "thoroughly emblematic of his poetry." He punctuates carefully and his words are neatly finished. "Were his beautiful chirography placed before us as that of a stranger we should at once pronounce it not only that of a distinguished man but also of one who never did things carelessly."

Mr. Bryant's writing is severely censured. For a young clerk seeking a situation "it might prove a recommendation," but for the poet who wrote the lines on June "it is most disappointing." Late in life it assumed "a more manly and decided style," but during the larger part of his career "it was simply horrible and did not intimate the slightest scintillation of genius." The letters sloping in different directions, the array of flourishes and the looping of words on to each other give his manuscript "an execrable appearance." Indeed, "these calligraphical fanfaronades in a literary man are heart-rending, and cast grave doubts on his genius." Finally "there is no beauty and nothing but commonplace about every specimen of Bryant's correspondence that has yet come under our ken."

Carlyle's hand is not a very commendable one, although it is not conventional. There is "too much evident effort at effect for it to pass current as pure inspiration." "Eccentric and spiteful-looking little flourishes dart about his manuscript in various odd ways." As for the autograph, "its crabbed look is not very significant of amiability."

Charles Darwin's writing is so illegible that he has certainly never carried out his idea of "Natural Selection and the Survival of the Fittest" in the choice of his letters. They are "without form and void." The only inference

the author draws from them is "immense labor that allows of no leisure."

In the writing of celebrated confederates there is "a certain family likeness," while their signatures are clearer than those of most European statesmen. "As a rule they do not appear to have paid so much attention to handwriting as did some of their Northern opponents."

Jefferson Davis writes a fairly good style, "somewhat too free, however, though legible." Its manner "is dictatorial, not to say, so far as our experience of his correspondence extends, tyrannical."

Theophile Gauthier's hand is "one of the most singular to be met with." Sometimes it was most exquisitely fine, again it was larger, after the manner of the sixteenth century, "but it was always beautiful and most original. The author of such a hand could never by any possible chance be an ordinary person." In the paragraph on Gauthier, Edgar Poe is alluded to as the supreme prince of manuscript.

The introduction of postal cards has demoralized Mr. Gladstone's handwriting. Previous to them it was of the usual parliamentary type—"clear, undemonstrative and readable." It had, however, a chief defect—"uncertainty," but since the postal innovation it has "fallen into chaos." The fac-simile which Salamanca gives is from a signature "prior to that lamentable descent."

The writing of no American pleases Salamanca so much as that of Oliver Wendell Holmes. Like his verse, it is sometimes old-fashioned, but it has "the polish of a man accustomed to good society, and is indeed that of a gentleman." It indicates enough independence to preserve him from doing a shabby act, without any trace of those flourishes which betoken offensive egotism.

As for Victor Hugo's, no one could glance over it "without arriving at the conclusion that it was the production of an illustrious personage."

Lowell's is far more slightly than that of Longfellow's and would prognosticate greater wealth of imagination and more terseness of style than its author has yet given evidence of. It is distinguished by no vain-glorious flourish, nor affected straining after originality, but is "just what one would wish a poet's to be."

George Sand "inherited a more manly hand than did most of her manly compatriots." Hers was "a very legible and noble style, replete with frankness and originality."

Swainburne exercises the presumed prerogative of genius, and "writes a wretched hand." It has much picturesque vigor, but no beauty, and gives one the idea of having been written by a pen that, having served several generations of authors, its owner deemed sacrifice to cut. "Something of his originality might be derived from it, but nothing of the voluptuous beauty and unparalleled music of its author's verse."

M. Zola's is not very commendable. It possesses a few negative virtues—being legible and without flourish—but "it is not free from vice." There is "a general lack of elegance and deficiency of artistic taste." The signature is "utterly preposterous."

Longfellow's hand is not very much to the author's taste. In the signature the flourish of the "L" is "very unsightly" while the "H" is "simply preposterous for a man of genius—while the author of 'Hiawatha' undoubtedly is." There is little natural fluency about the hand; "it is sicklied o'er with the pale cast of thought and is a manufactured style, more significant of the length of art than the fleetness of time."

Salamanca finds Whittier's manuscript "very vexatious; it varies so wildly, and gives very slight indications of any character at all."

When Walt Whitman uses a steel pen "he never writes decently," but when his chirography is indited by a flexible pen, although neither pleasing nor intellectual, it is not without a certain grandeur. With all his failings however, "it must be confessed that far more vigor, real, unaffected originality, and even masculine beauty, is discovered in one short, hasty note of Whitman's than in fifty folio pages of Bryant's or Whittier's conventional manuscript."

Wagner's letters are "miserable, straggly, scratchy creatures, utterly devoid of grace or vigor. Neither beauty nor imagination is shown in his manuscript."

Tennyson's writing at first seems illegible, but on inspection it is found to be "singularly distinct—at all events, for a genius." It has a certain " quaintness, almost bordering on the grotesque, that proclaims the writer to be anything but an ordinary man." No commonplace character could write as he does, and his calligraphy is "almost all that one would wish that of a first-class poet of the age should be, and from it one can easily divine the beauty, elegance and completeness of his works."

The Princess Stéphanie, of Belgium, the future wife of the young Crown-Prince Rudolph of Austria, is only sixteen years old, and is one of the most beautiful princesses of Europe. She is accomplished, her tastes being highly artistic and musical. The Crown-Prince first met her two years ago. The betrothal was celebrated privately in the family circle, after the Crown-Prince asked the royal parents for the Princess Stéphanie's hand. The Princess has hitherto led a secluded life, having been seen very seldom, even in Brussels. The wedding will probably not take place for a year. Hungary is particularly pleased, as Stéphanie is the granddaughter of the much-loved Archduke Joseph, for half a century Palatine of that country.

THE DEATH OF ROLLA.

(Translated from Alfred De Musset.)

"Rolla divides his fortune into three parts, and tells his friends that at the end of three years, having spent each portion of his heritage in a twelvemonth's fit of pleasure, he will kill himself. At the close of the three years, when the means of life are exhausted, he meets in a place where we should least expect it, that which he had denied and scorned and blasphemed against—the spirit of Love. On this catastrophe De Musset has exhausted all the resources of his genius. In spite of its essentially morbid nature, it leaves an ineffaceable impression of pathos on the mind. The picture is wonderfully vivid, and the feeling, though perverted, is intense. Rolla dies, as he had fore-determined, by his own hand, having for a moment loved, and therefore for a moment lived."—North British Review, December, 1868.

Marie then, smiling, looked into the glass: There she saw Rolla, but so pale, alas! That she grew faint, and paler still than he. "Ah!" she said trembling, "what doth trouble thee?" "Trouble!" said Rolla, "Hast thou not heard tell That I am ruined utterly, ma belle? I came to see thee, and to say 'good-bye': Men know that I am ruined—I must die!" "Didst lose at play?" "My ruin is complete, And all is over—ask no further, sweet." "Ruined!" she cried; and, like a statue, gazed Downwards, with eyes dilated and amazed. "Ruined! Thou hast no mother, then, alive! No friends! no kin! no comrades that survive! And thou wilt kill thyself! Oh! wherefore die!" The fond sweet gaze grew fonder in her eye.

More she scarce dared to question—so she laid Her lips to his, and kissed him, half-afraid. "One thing, however, more I would be told," At length she said: "Ah me! I have no gold—E'en when I have, my mother takes it all—But here's my necklace. True, it is but small, Still, it is gold, dear: I'll me, shall I go And sell it for thee? Nobody will know, And thou canst take the money for thy play." With a soft smile grave Rolla turned away.

Draining a small dark phial, no word he said; But kissed her neck, bending down his head: She raised it tenderly—the man was dead!

His soul departed in that one chaste kiss, And for a moment two had tasted bliss. Montreal. GEO. MURRAY.

BRELOQUES POUR DAMES.

"You look good enough to eat," said he, looking over her shoulder into the mirror. "Food for reflection," she replied without a smile.

WHEN a girl is twenty she feels very easy on that score. It's only when she scores another that she begins to wonder who invented wrinkles.

"Now, Johnny, if you had an orange which you wished to divide with your little sister, how much would you give her?" Johnny—"A suck."

WHEN ladies meet they always greet with kisses heard across the street; but men, more mild, don't get so wild: they meet, then part, when both had "smiled."

"Ah, me," said a pious old lady, "our minister was a powerful preacher; for the short time he ministered the word of God among us he banged the in'ards out of five Bibles."

THE other day a father said to his five-year-old boy, who came in late to dinner from school: "Robbie, why are you late? Didn't you hear the bell?" "Yes, father," replied Robbie, "but I couldn't hear it plain."

"Oh, mother, may I go play fifteen?" "No, no, my dearest daughter; it's the biggest fraud that ever was seen. Go draw the washing water—and the length of the fair daughter's countenance was expressive of the great length of time it would take to solve the puzzle.

Breathes there a man with a soul so dead, Who never to his wife has said, When she has laid her little head Upon his bosom for a bed: "Why, there's yer sky-blue bombazine, I'm sure it's nicer'n any seen, A sweeping muddy crossings clean; Why won't it do to turn?"

When lovely woman hears strange news, What form of speech so efficacious, To give expression to her views, As this plain English—"Goodness gracious!"

And when she hears a tale of woe Of friends who've lost good name or money, How can she sorrow better show Than remarking—"Ain't it funny?"

William goes a courtin', With her silent sit, Both engaged in sortin', Wood in little bit, Not a word they utter— "Curious kin o' courtin'— Now and then they mutter: "Thirteen—fifteen—fourteen."

FAIR PLAY.

Dear little May sat grieving alone, With a pout on her lip and a tear in her eye, Till kind old grandamma chanced to pass, And soon discovered the reason why. "The children are planning a fair," sobbed she, "And 'cause I'm so little they won't—have—me!"

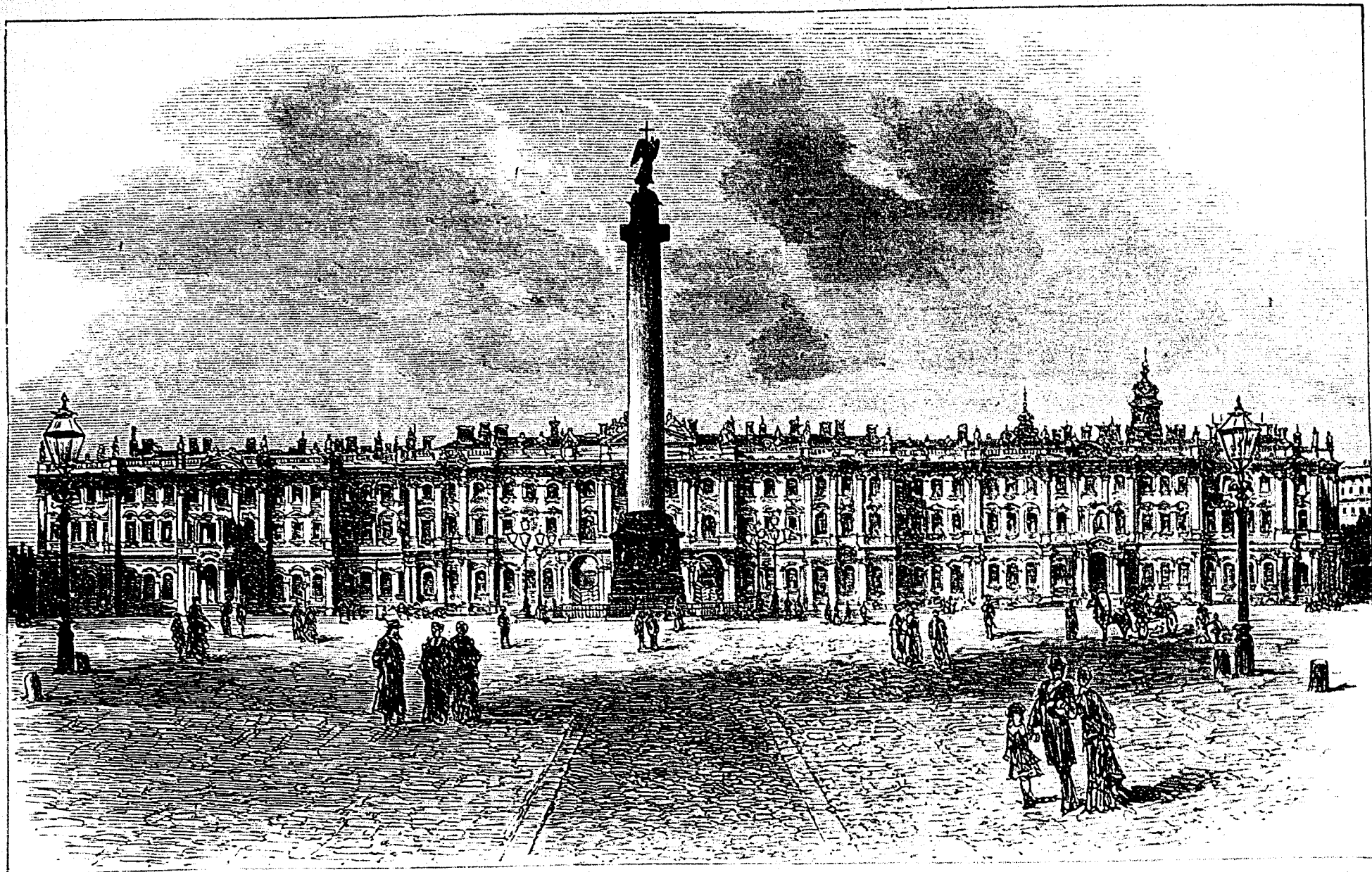
So grandamma thought of a beautiful plan, And whispered a secret in little May's ear— Something which brought the dimples and smiles, And scattered with sunshine the pitiful tear. Then off to grandamma's room they went, On something important very intent.

Well, the fair came off on a certain day, And what do you think was the first thing sold? A beautiful pair of worsted reins, All knit in scarlet and green and gold. The "big girls" wondered how came they there— "The prettiest thing in the children's fair!"

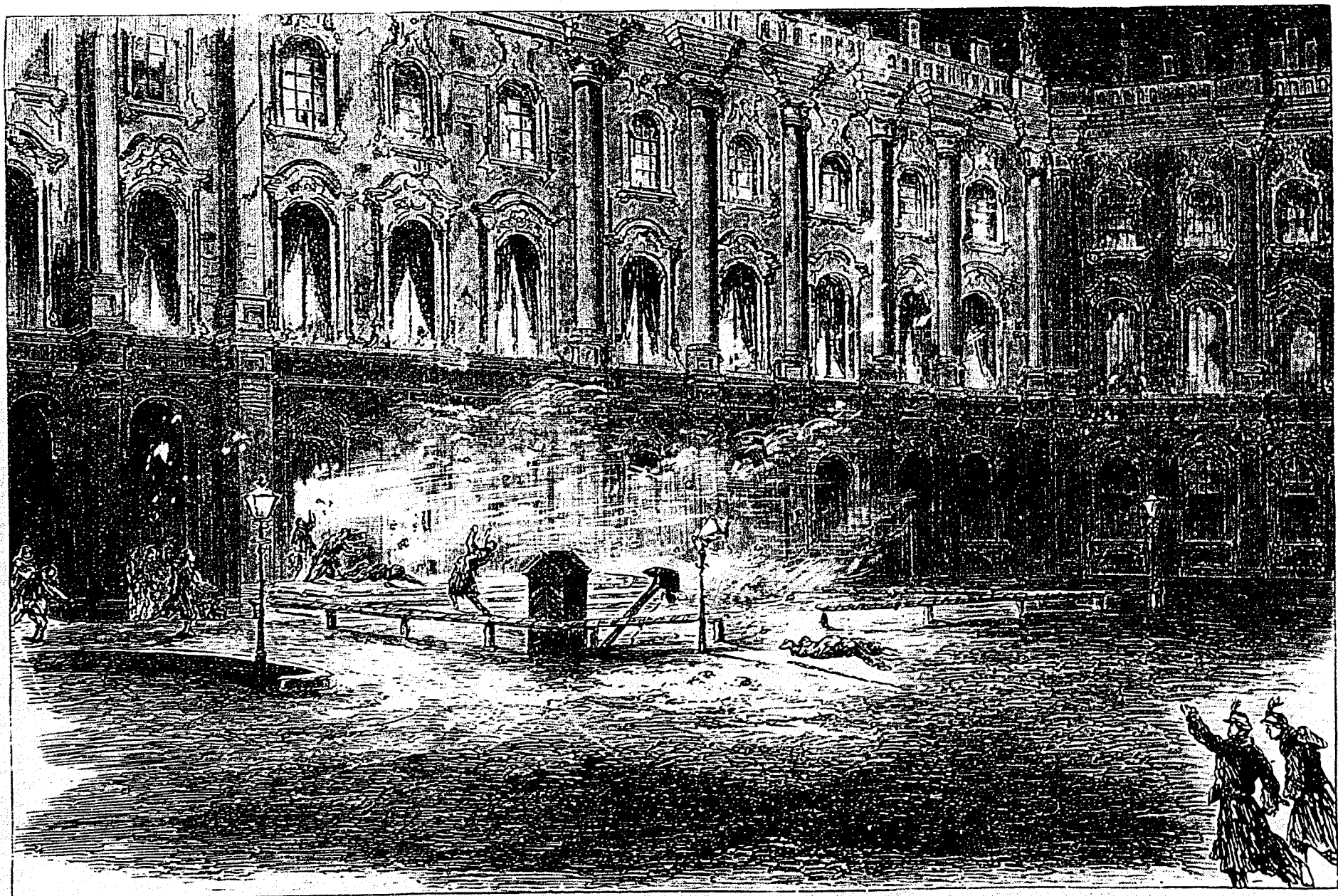
Then out stepped May, with her cheeks so red: "You said there was nothing that I could do, 'Cause I was little; but I made those." And now, I guess, I'm as big as you! So little May at the fair that day Was the reigning queen, it is fair to say.

A Cross Baby.

Nothing is so conducive to a man's remaining a bachelor as stopping for one night at the house of a married friend and being kept awake for five or six hours by the crying of a cross baby. All cross and crying babies need only Hop Bitters to make them well and smiling. Young man, remember this.—Ed.

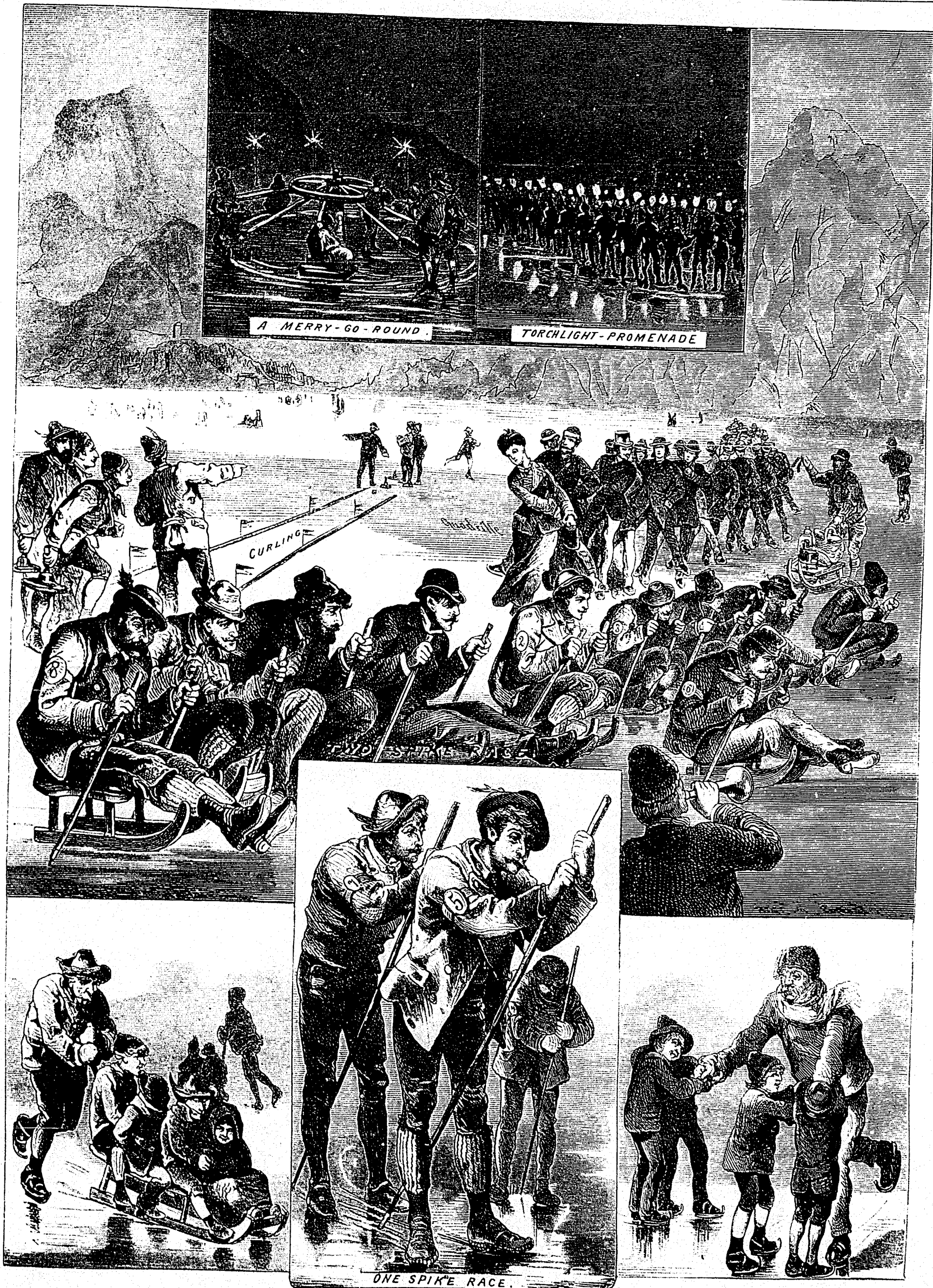


VIEW OF THE WINTER PALACE.



SCENE OF THE EXPLOSION.

THE LATE ATTEMPT ON THE LIFE OF THE CZAR.



A MERRY-GO-ROUND.

TORCHLIGHT-PROMENADE

CURLING

ONE SPIKE RACE.

AMUSEMENTS ON THE ICE IN THE TYROL.

WHEN COMES THE SUMMER.

A VISION BEFORE THE SPRING.

When comes the summer our spirits free,
Dancing on the light waves of life's youthful ocean,
Shall seek all glory of immensity,
Pleased with the frenzy of our commotion.

Nor yet heed the battle looming from afar
Gloom-bringing sadness, terrors fierce to greet us;
We mark no evils of approaching war,
Smiling we linger and laugh at all who meet us.

After that the spell of long-enticing charms
Has displayed no power to conquer or to cherish,
Quietly resting from old vague alarms,
Guarded we will seek—fame that can never perish.

Life is at best a weak attempt at show,
Shallow, and removed from bliss are we poor mortals,
Doomed still to drink the bitter cup of woe
Ere the summons call us to Death's gloomy portals.

How shall we strive to live and win a name
To be written nobly on the scroll of honour,
Shall we in dullness crouch and sigh for fame,
Fancying that idle heroes we have won her?

Shall we attempt the mountain's height to climb,
Falling ere the middle we have gained in toiling,
Such is the struggle to the vast sublime,
In the heat of youth, with anger vainly boiling.

Stung by the sense of dull and dreary hours,
Time slips fast away and we lose by complaining,
Staying love fond in sweet and shady bowers,
Ah! 'tis the wounds of Cupid that are paining.

Lord, now grant us aid to rise not now revelling
In the public plaudits ignorantly given,
While here as yet so proudly, nobly swelling,
We soar from Earth and seek for higher Heaven.

Spare us to strike a blow in self-defence,
Strengthened to fulfil our loftiest intention,
Not with the emptiness of rash pretence;
But in the calmness of an high invention.

So shall the years bring to us ease of thought,
Soothing all harshness and embittered feeling,
Out of confusion shall there, too, be brought,
Fancies of memory, loveliness revealing.

Montreal. C. W. RITCHIE.

NAPOLÉON AND HIS COURT.

The emperor, feeling secure of France, gave himself up to his grand projects, and kept his eyes fixed on Europe. His policy was no longer directed to securing his power over the opinions of his fellow citizens. In like manner, he disdained the little successes of private life, which we have seen him at an earlier period anxious to obtain; and I may say that he looked upon his court with the indifference which a complete conquest inspires, when compared with one as yet unattained. He was always anxious to impose a yoke on every one, and to succeed in this he neglected no means to his end; but, from the moment he perceived his power to be established, he took no pains to make himself agreeable.

The dependence and constraint in which he held the court had at least this one advantage: anything resembling intrigue was almost unknown. As each individual was firmly convinced that everything depended on the sole will of the master, no one attempted to follow a different path from that traced out by him; and in our dealings with each other there was a feeling of security.

His wife was almost in the same position of dependence as others. In proportion as Bonaparte's affairs increased in magnitude, she became a stranger to them. European politics, the destiny of the world, mattered little to her; her thoughts did not reach to heights which could have no influence on her own fate. At this period she was tranquil as to her own lot, and happy in that of her son; and she lived a life of peaceful indifference, behaving to all with equal graciousness, showing little or no special favor to any one, but a general good will. She neither sought for amusement nor feared ennui; she was always gentle and serene, and, in fact, was indifferent to nearly all things. Her love for her husband had greatly declined, and she no longer suffered from the jealousy which had in former years so much disturbed her. Every day she judged him with greater clearness, and, being convinced that her greatest source of influence over him consisted in the sense of restfulness imparted to him by the evenness of her temper, she took great pains to avoid disturbing him. I have said long ago that such a man as he had neither time nor inclination for much display of affection, and the empress at this period forgave him all the fancies which sometimes take the place of love in a man's life; nay, more, she became his confidante in these little affairs.

THE EMPEROR'S HOUSEHOLD.

The utmost order prevailed in Bonaparte's household; liberal salaries were paid to every one, but all was so regulated that no official could use for himself the sums that were intrusted to him.

Bonaparte's table was abundant and well served. The plate was of silver and very handsome; on great occasions the dinner service was of silver-gilt. Madame Murat and the Princess Borghese used dinner services of silver-gilt.

On an average the expenditure of the emperor's household amounted to fifteen or sixteen millions of francs annually. In later years he built extensively, and the expenditure was increased. Every year he ordered hangings and furniture for the various palaces from Lyons. This was with a view to encouraging the manufactures of that city. For the same reason he bought handsome pieces of furniture in mahogany, which were placed in storerooms, and also bronzes, etc. Porcelain manufacturers had

orders to supply complete services of extreme beauty.

Bonaparte's expenditure on dress was put down on the budget at forty thousand francs. Sometimes it slightly exceeded this sum. During campaigns it was necessary to send him both linen and clothes to several places at once. The slightest sense of inconvenience, or the smallest difference of quality in the linen or cloth, would make him throw aside a coat or any other garment.

He always said he wished to dress like a simple officer of his own guards, and grumbled continually at what, as he said, "he was made to spend;" while, from his caprice or awkwardness, the entire renewal of his wardrobe was constantly necessary. Among other destructive habits, he had that of stirring the wood-fires with his foot, thereby scorching his shoes and boots. This generally happened when he was in a passion; at such times he would violently kick the blazing logs in the nearest fire-place.

Every year the emperor himself drew up a scheme of household expenditure with scrupulous care and remarkable economy. During the last quarter of each year the head of each department regulated his expenses for the following twelve-month. When this was accomplished, a council was held and everything was carefully discussed. This council consisted of the grand marshal, who presided, the great officers, the intendant and the treasurer to the crown. The expenses of the empress' household were comprised in the accounts of the grand chamberlain, on whose budget they were entered. In these councils the grand marshal and the treasurer undertook to defend the emperor's interests. The consultation being over, the grand marshal took the accounts to the emperor, who examined them himself and returned them with marginal notes. After a short interval the council met again, under the presidency of the emperor himself, who went over each item of expenditure anew. These consultations were generally repeated several times; the accounts of each department were then returned to its chief, and fair copies of them were made, after which they passed through the hands of the intendant, who finally inspected them together with the emperor in presence of the grand marshal. By these means all expenditure was fixed, and seldom indeed did any of the great officers obtain the sums for which they had asked.

DOMESTIC HABITS OF NAPOLEON.

Bonaparte's hour for rising was irregular, but usually it was seven o'clock. If he woke during the night he would resume his work or take a bath or a meal. He generally awoke depressed, and apparently in pain. He suffered frequently from spasms in the stomach, which produced vomiting. At times this appeared to alarm him greatly, as if he feared he had taken poison, and then it was difficult to prevent him from increasing the sickness by taking emetics.

The only persons who had the right of entry into his dressing-room without being announced were the grand marshal and the principal physician. The keeper of the wardrobe was announced, but was almost always admitted. He would have wished M. de Rémusat to employ these morning visits in giving him an account of all that was said or done at court or in the city; but his husband invariably declined the task, and persevered in his determination with praiseworthy obstinacy.

The other physicians or surgeons on duty might not come unless they were summoned. Bonaparte seemed to put no great faith in medicine—it was frequently a matter of jesting with him; but he had great confidence in Corvisart and much esteem for him. He had good health and a strong constitution; but when he suffered from any indisposition he became uneasy and nervous. He was occasionally troubled with a slight affection of the skin, and sometimes complained of his liver. He ate moderately, drank little, and indulged in no excesses of any kind. He took a good deal of coffee.

While dressing he was usually silent, unless a discussion arose between him and Corvisart on some medical subject. In everything he liked to go straight to the point, and if any one was mentioned as being ill his first question was always "Will he die?" A doubtful answer displeased him, and would make him argue on the inefficiency of medical science.

He acquired with great difficulty the art of shaving himself. M. de Rémusat induced him to undertake this task on seeing that he was uneasy and nervous under the hands of a barber. After many trials and when he had finally succeeded he often said that the advice to shave himself with his own hand had been of signal service to him.

Bonaparte so thoroughly accustomed himself during his reign to take no account of those about him that this habitual disregard pervaded all his habits. He had not any of the delicacy that is ordinarily imparted by training and education, and would make his toilet in the most thorough fashion in the presence of any person whatsoever. In the same way, if he got impatient while his valet was dressing him, he would fly into a passion, heedless of all respect for himself or others. He would throw any garment that did not please him on the floor or into the fire. He attended to his hands and nails with great care. Several pair of nail-scissors had to be in readiness, as he would break or throw them away if they were not sufficiently sharp. He never made use of any perfume except eau de Cologne, but of that he would get through sixty bottles in a month. He considered it a very wholesome practice to

sprinkle himself thoroughly with eau de Cologne. Personal cleanliness was with him a matter of calculation, for, as I said before, he was unaturally careless.

When his toilet was concluded he went to his cabinet, where his private secretary was in attendance. Precisely at nine o'clock the chamberlain on duty, who had arrived at the palace at eight a.m., and had carefully inspected the whole suite of rooms that all might be in perfect order, and seen that the servants were at their posts, knocked at the door and announced the *levée*. He never entered the cabinet unless told to come in by the emperor. I have already given an account of these *levées*. When they were over Bonaparte frequently gave private audiences to some of the principal persons present—princes, ministers, high officials, or prefects on leave. Those who had not the right of entry to the *levée* could only obtain an audience by applying to the chamberlain on duty, who presented their names to the emperor. He generally refused to see the applicants.

The *levée* and audiences would last until the hour of breakfast. That meal was served at eleven o'clock, in what was called the *salon de service*, the same apartment in which he held private audiences and received his ministers. The prefect of the palace announced breakfast and remained present, standing all the time. During breakfast the emperor received artists or actors. He would eat quickly of two or three dishes, and finish with a large cup of coffee, without milk. After breakfast he returned to his work.

After 1805 he almost always dined alone with his wife, except when the court was at Fontainebleau; he would then invite guests to his table. He had all courses of the dinner placed before him at once; and he ate without paying any attention to his food, helping himself to whatever was at hand, sometimes taking preserves or creams before touching the more solid dishes. The prefect of the palace was present during dinner; two pages waited, and were assisted by the footmen. The dinner-hour was very irregular. If there happened to be any important business requiring his immediate attention, Bonaparte worked on, detaining the council until six, seven, or even eight o'clock at night, without showing the smallest fatigue or appearing to feel the need of food. Madame Bonaparte waited for him with admirable patience, and never uttered a complaint.

The evenings were very short. I have already said how they were spent. During the winter of 1806 there were many dancing entertainments given both at the Tuileries and by the princes. The emperor would make his appearance at them for a few minutes, and always looked excessively bored. The routine of the *coucher* (retiring for the night) was the same as it was in the morning, except that the attendants came in last to receive orders. The emperor in undressing and going to bed had no one near him except the *valets de chambre*.

No one slept in his chamber. His Mameluke lay near the inner entrance. The *aille-de-camp* of the day slept in the ante-room with his head against the door. In the rooms on the other side of this salon or ante-room a marshal of the Home Guard and two footmen kept watch all night.

No sentinel was ever seen in the interior of the palace. At the Tuileries there was one upon the staircase, because the staircase is open to the public, and they were everywhere at the outer doors. Bonaparte was very well protected by very few persons; this was the care of the grand marshal. The police of the palace was extremely well managed. The name of every person who entered its doors was always known. No one resided there except the grand marshal, who ate there, and whose servants wore the emperor's livery; but of these there were only the *valets de chambre* and the *femmes de chambre*.

DRAMATIC EXCHANGES.

As a general rule there are very few exchanges of civility between rival "stars" in the same city, but there was a notable exception last week in St. Louis. Sothern and Florence were playing there—at two theatres, of course—and they are "chums." Ed. Sothern and Billy Florence go a-fishing together in the summer, and they angle for the biggest trout or salmon or maskinonge, and tell their own stories about their fisherman's luck; but no matter for that. They are friends. They act in the dramatic season, but seldom meet. When they do come in collision in the same city they are fruitful of practical jokes, and they played some that night. Sothern was quietly playing Dundreary, and was skipping through the third act with Georgina, in the dairy scene, when Florence lumbered in upon him, made-up and dressed as the Hon. Bardwell Sloté. No two characters could be more diametrically opposed and positively heterogeneous than Lord Dundreary and Bardwell Sloté. Sothern was dumfounded, and looked more dazed than usual to see the "queer fish" on his scene. Sloté lumbered off, and victory perched on his banner "by a large majority." He hurried up from the Olympic to Pope's to go on with his own concerns in the play, and the Olympic audience relished the immense joke.

The love scene of Sloté and Mrs. Gillfory was progressing all right in the fourth act of the "Mighty Dollar" at Pope's. Sloté and Gillfory were fixing it, when a strange figure appeared on the scene and staggered them. It was Sothern as Lord Dundreary, who came skipping on as if he had something of vital interest to com-

municate. Mr. and Mrs. Florence were paralyzed. The audience felt "mixed" until Dundreary commenced telling his story of the dogs and the rabbits, involving a complex question of the double rule of three, when the audience let go and laughed and screamed for one hour by the watch. There was likely to be a tragedy until Mr. Horace Wall came on and led Dundreary off the stage, telling him he had no manner of business there. Then Sloté and Gillfory gathered themselves together and finished the scene and the play. The effect was immense and Sothern scored the last joke.

OUR CHESS COLUMN.

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

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

J. W. S., Montreal.—Paper to hand. Thanks.
Student, Montreal.—Correct solution received of Problem No. 267 received.
E. D. W. Sherbrooke, P.Q.—We gave the solution of Problem 262 in our last Column. The Problem was correctly printed.
H. & J. McGill, Côte des Neiges.—Correct solution received of Problem for Young Players No. 264.
E. H.—Solution received of Problem for Young Players No. 264. Correct.
J. W. R., Buffalo, N. Y.—Thanks for letter. Will answer by post.

We could not resist the temptation to insert in our Column this week the following extract from a recent number of the *Illustrated London News*. It contains such a graphic and otherwise pleasing account of noble chessplayers of years gone by, that we cannot but feel that it ought to find a corner, at least, in every chess student's scrap-book.

DELTA'S REMINISCENCES.

We continue our old correspondent's reminiscences of chess and chessplayers. "No one who looked at Staunton's fine frontal development and keen serious glance as he played 'en garde,' could doubt for a moment that he was a chess matador of the very first class. He was not by any means a general rule, a slow player. It was only in positions of great complexity that he saw once or twice long, and pondered. He told me that I played far too quickly to do myself justice. The average length of our games was not more than three hours. After Staunton left me and went to Glasgow I found him there, and played at the club game at P and two, in consultation with A. G. McCombe, against Staunton, which we drew. It was published in the *Chessplayer's Chronicle*. Staunton thought, in his after analysis of the game, that at one point he ought to have won it, by a certain brilliant manoeuvre; but neither McCombe nor I agreed with him in that view, as we had looked at that very manoeuvre, and believed it to be unsound. The game is well worthy to be studied by young players. The game at P and two, which Staunton won at Edinburgh against Gamma, Meikle, and Donaldson consulting, was not played by me, but by the son of my old chess friend, who gave promise of becoming a first-rate player, like his father, but who died in his early life. Staunton's visit to Scotland in 1852 was quite an ovation, and he returned to London much pleased with the reception that he had met with everywhere north of the Tweed. We considered him to be our champion as well as that of England, and honoured him accordingly. Harrwitz, at the odds of P and 2 with Staunton, in 1848, did not fare much better than I did, as he won only three games out of seven. It was much debated about the year 1852, in chess circles, whether Lowenthal or Harrwitz was the better player. Their long and arduous match which Harrwitz won at last only by the odd game, after Lowenthal had at first carried all before him, proves to my mind that they were then of equal force. They both improved very much after that, and showed good fight with Morphy at last. He was 'facile princeps,' the first player of the age."

BELLEVEILLE CHESS CLUB.

This club met on the 15th inst. and elected the following office-bearers for the year: President, Chief H. McKinnon; 1st Vice-pres., W. J. Diamond; 2nd do., P. H. Hamby; Secy., T. T. D. C. Ferguson; Managing Committee, H. May, J. W. Datoe, Thos. Ritchie, R. Thomson, A. Diamond.
It was also resolved to affiliate with the Ontario Chess Association and send a delegate to Toronto next month.—*Toronto Globe*.

CHESS ITEMS.

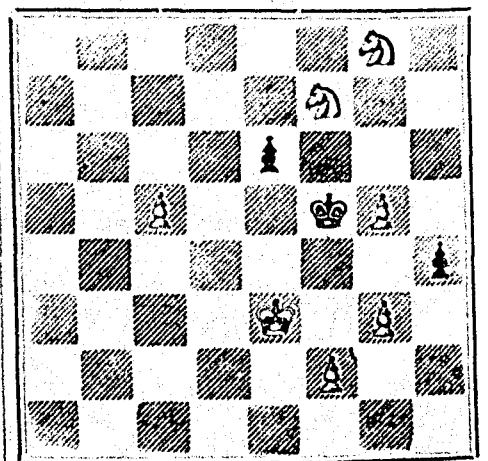
A chess contest took place recently between East and West Scotland, forty-seven players aside. East gained 22, West 15, three draws.
The scores in the pending N.Y. matches are as follows: Delmar, 2; Barnes, 0; Mohle, 2; de Visser, 1. Mr. W. de Visser and Mr. C. Mohle are playing a private match for a set of chess men.
Toronto has just sent some players to Hamilton for a friendly fight.
Two International Chess Congresses are to be held in Germany next summer.
Mrs. Gilbert has won the fourth game from Mr. Gustaf in the International Tourney.

PROBLEM No. 270.

(From *Mechanics Magazine*.)

By J. E. A.

BLACK.



WHITE.

White to play and mate in three moves.

GAME 400TH.

CHESS IN ENGLAND.

One of six blindfold and simultaneous games played by Mr. Blackburne in London, Eng., some time ago. (Evans' Gambit.)

- White.—(Mr. Blackburne.) Black.—(Mr. Manning.) 1. P to K 4 1. P to K 4 2. Kt to K B 3 2. Kt to Q B 3 3. B to B 4 3. B to B 4 4. P to Q Kt 4 4. B takes P 5. P to Q B 3 5. B to B 4 6. Castles 6. P to Q 3 7. P to Q 4 7. B to Kt 3 8. P takes P 8. Kt takes P 9. Kt takes Kt 9. P takes Kt 10. B takes P (ch) 10. K to K 2 11. Q to Kt 3 11. Kt to B 3 12. Kt to Q 2 12. R to B sq 13. B to Q B 4 13. Kt to Kt 5 14. Kt to B 3 14. Q to K sq 15. B to Kt 5 (ch) 15. Kt to B 3 16. Q R to Q sq 16. B to Kt 5 17. Kt takes P 17. B takes R 18. Q takes B 18. R to Q sq 19. Q to Kt 4 19. R to Q 3 20. B to R 4 20. K to Q sq 21. Kt to B 3 21. Q to R 5 22. Q takes P 22. B takes P (ch) 23. R takes B 23. R to Q 8 (ch) 24. R to B sq 24. R takes R (ch) 25. B takes R 25. Q to K sq 26. B takes Kt (ch) and wins.

SOLUTIONS.

Solution of Problem No. 268.

- WHITE. BLACK. 1. R to Q B 4 1. Anything 2. Mates acc.

Solution of Problem for Young Players No. 266.

- WHITE. BLACK. 1. Q to Q Kt 2 1. Anything 2. Mates acc.

PROBLEMS FOR YOUNG PLAYERS, No. 267.

By G. E. Carpenter.

(From the Dubuque Journal.)

- White. Black. K at Q 6 K at Q 5 Q at K B 3 R at Q B 2

White to play and mate in two moves.

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Tenders must be on the printed form, which, with all other information, may be had at the Pacific Railway Engineer's Office, in Ottawa and Winnipeg, on and after the 1st day of March, next.

By Order, F. BRAUN, Secretary.

DEPT. OF RAILWAYS AND CANALS, Ottawa, 11th February, 1880.

The reception of the above Tenders is postponed until noon, FRIDAY, 9th April next.

By Order, F. BRAUN, Secretary.

Department of Railways and Canals, Ottawa, 22nd March, 1880.

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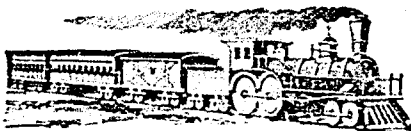
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Drawings, specifications and other information may be had on application at the office of the Engineer-in-Chief, at Ottawa, on and after the 15th day of MARCH next.

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

By order, F. BRAUN, Secretary.

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

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The Rolling Stock to be delivered on the Pembina Branch, Canadian Pacific Railway, on or before the 15th of MAY next.

By order, F. BRAUN, Secretary.

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

The time for receiving the above Tenders is extended one week, viz.: to MONDAY, 1st March, and the time for delivery of a portion of Rolling Stock is extended to the 1st JUNE.

By Order, F. BRAUN.

19th Feb., 1880.

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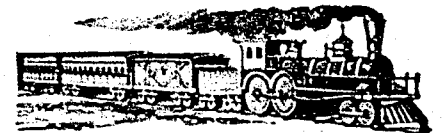
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	A. M.	P. M.
Express Trains from Aylmer at	8:15 and 3:30	
Hull at	9:20 and 4:20	
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