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Wholesale News

Vol. VIII.—No. 26.

MONTREAL, SATURDAY, DECEMBER 27, 1873.

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THE MIDNIGHT MASS.

1874.

THE CANADIAN ILLUSTRATED NEWS.

The month of December of this year closes the eighth volume of the CANADIAN ILLUSTRATED NEWS, under the most favourable auspices. The paper has not only retained the success which it enjoyed from its inception, but it has gone on adding to its popularity, and, at the beginning of a new year, finds itself with a large and

STEADILY INCREASING CIRCULATION.

This state of things is so far satisfactory that we have been encouraged to introduce new and important improvements both in the management and editorial composition of the paper. Henceforward, particular attention will be given to

REGULAR DELIVERY,

so that newsdealers in all parts of the Dominion will be punctually served, and readers may rely upon having their paper in good time, every week. Experience shows that, while this country is well provided with a daily press, there is an ample field for the development of weekly family papers, which shall embrace, besides the usual amount of literary matter, a comprehensive account of the current events of the day. It is our ambition to take rank with the best weekly papers of Britain and the United States, in both ability and influence, and our new arrangements to compass this end are complete. Our political course will be, as usual, independent and non-partisan.

LITERATURE,

in its lightest and most attractive phases, such as serials, short stories, sketches, and poetry, will receive unremitting attention; and an immense variety of miscellaneous matter will be furnished in every issue.

The specific character of the paper will be maintained in the department of

ILLUSTRATIONS.

We have every facility for producing them in a style that defies competition. Besides the pictorial representation of interesting incidents all over the world, we shall continue our gallery of PORTRAITS of male and female celebrities. Occasionally an ART-PICTURE from one of the masters will be produced, and the periodical FASHION PLATE will appear at appropriate seasons. It is intended also to make a specialty of

CARTOONS,

setting off leading events of the day. These will be finished in a style of high art, and, from their historical interest, will form a collection worth preserving.

In addition, then, to a summary of current events, political intelligence, religious news, literary, scientific, and artistic progress, the readers of the CANADIAN ILLUSTRATED NEWS will have a weekly series of pictures and sketches so disposed as to promote, in the highest degree, the great desideratum of art culture.

CANADIAN ILLUSTRATED NEWS.

MONTREAL, SATURDAY, DECEMBER 27, 1873.

In presenting our readers with the Christmas number of the CANADIAN ILLUSTRATED NEWS we take the occasion of thanking them for the past support and encouragement they have given us and of renewing our promises for the future. In our programme printed above will be found the principal features we are desirous of giving to the NEWS. No pains will be spared to make it a bright and readable paper and a welcome guest in the home circle. With this number we close our eighth volume, hoping in a ninth to renew our relations with our present readers and make many new acquaintances. To all our patrons we wish the merriest of Christmases and the happiest of New Years.

THE FLANEUR.

It is no use lamenting the decay of the old customs which our jolly forefathers observed at Christmas-tide. Times change and men change with them. Besides, it is a serious question whether we do not enjoy ourselves at this season just as much as our ancestors did. Even if the element of uproar and roystering is taken in, I believe we make as good a show as any of the old revellers of ten centuries ago.

But there is one practice I should like to see revived and that is the yule or Christmas candle. This was a candle of monstrous size which shed its light on the festive-board during the evening, and served as an accompaniment to the yule log. It is stated that, in the battery of St. John's college, Oxford, an ancient candle socket of stone still remains, adorned with the figure of the Holy Lamb. It was formerly used for holding the Christmas candle which, during the twelve nights of the Christmas festival, was burned on the high table, at supper.

The French Canadians have a queer practice on Christmas Eve, which I fancy very much just at present, but which, possibly, I should relish less if I were an old pater-familias with a bevy of pretty daughters on my hands. Under the plea of gathering alms for the poor of the parish, the young bucks go from house to house, in various fantastic disguises and sing what is popularly known as *la gniollais*.

The opening strophe is very modest:

Ron soir, le maître et la maîtresse
Et tous les gens de la maison,
Oyez la voix de la détresse
Dans cette tant triste saison,
Et pi, et vi, ch, eh,
Veutlet bien m'donner
Votre fille aînée
A embrasser!

Now, there is certainly some wit in a custom like this and it ought, by all means to be retained.

The idea of the midnight mass is full of poetry. Men of all creeds are touched by it. And the old mediæval chants which accompany it have the ring of the true heart's devotion. *O Filii et filie* is simple and quaint as a nursery song. The *Adeste fideles* ranks in pathos and sublimity with the *Dies Ire* and the *Stabat Mater*. And yet the English have managed to vulgarize it by making it a funeral march, played on flutes at the burial of soldiers. And, still worse, the German students use it as a drinking song, to the words of one of Horace's odes. At that midnight hour, the tradition was that all animals, both wild and domestic, got down upon their knees to adore their new born Saviour, and the cock crew and thence continuously till dawn, in order to scare away all manner of evil spirits. Shakspeare refers to this beautifully, in *Hamlet*:

"It faded on the crowing of the cock.
Some say, that ever 'gainst that season comes,
Wherein our Saviour's birth is celebrated,
The bird of dawning singeth all night long:
And then, they say, no spirit can walk abroad:
The nights are wholesome; then no planets strike,
No fairy takes, nor witch's bath-power charm,
So hallow'd and so gracious is the time."

Out with your socks to-night, little beauties! Let them be long and deep. To-morrow, you will find them filled with good things. No matter who brings them. Don't be inquisitive. Leave that virtue to your mammas. Only be sure that the toys and the sweets will be there. In Germany, it is *Kruschkinkle* (a corruption of *Christ-Kindlein*, or the Infant Christ); in Saxon times it was *Pelznichol*, or Nicholas with the fur, and in France, it is simply *L'Enfant Jesus*, with that sweet face which Sanzio or Guido Reni have given him.

Did you never hear of the game of Snap-dragon. It was played on Christmas Eve, all through Britain, not more than a century ago.

Here he comes with flaming bow!
Don't he mean to take his toll,
Snap! Snap! Dragon!

Take care you don't take too much.
Be not greedy in your clutch,
Snap! Snap! Dragon!

With his blue and snapping tongue
Many of you will be strong,
Snap! Snap! Dragon!

For he snaps at all that comes
Snatching at his feast of plums,
Snap! Snap! Dragon!

But old Christmas makes him come,
Though he looks so feeble!
Snap! Snap! Dragon!

Don't 'ee fear him, be but bold,
Out he goes, his flames are cold,
Snap! Snap! Dragon!

The Christmas Carol! what music in the very name. What sweet memories are attached to it from the days of Chaucer down to those of Charles Dickens. It is associated with the tinkling of sheep bells, the song of the shepherds and the hymning of the planets as they revolved around the magical star of Bethlehem. Our literature is full of these carols. Let me close my paper with only a few verses taken from Herrick:

"Tell us, thou clear and heavenly tongue,
Where is the babe that lately sprung?
Lies he the lily-bank among?"

Or say, if this new Birth of ours
Sleeps hid within an ark of flowers,
Spangled with dew light; thou canst clear
All doubts, and manifest the where.

Declare to us, bright star, if we shall seek
Him in the morn'g's blushing cheek,
Or search the beils of angels through,
To find him out?"

ALMAVIVA.

NEW BOOKS.

In a former number we drew attention to the issue by Messrs. Harper & Bros., of a new edition of Wilkie Collins' works. As Mr. Collins is now in this country, the opportunity will doubtless be seized by many to obtain copies of his charming books. In addition to the two volumes already mentioned, "The Woman in White," and "Poor Miss Finch," two more, "Basil," and "The Dead Secret," have appeared. The volumes of this edition appear monthly. They are printed in large type on fine white paper, are neatly and plentifully illustrated, and are uniformly bound in green cloth with gold lettering. The four numbers now published would make a handsome and appropriate present.

The list of Christmas books would not be complete without something from Miss Alcott. Aunt Jo has won her way into so many hearts and homes by her good humour, her kindly spirit, and her plain but winning manner, that her silence at the festive season would be looked upon as little short of a public calamity. This year her many admirers are fortunately not doomed to be disappointed. The third of the Scrap-Bag Series has made its appearance, in the form of a set of pretty tales for children, told with all the sparkling vivacity which stamps this author's works. There is a story about a little boy who while his mother, a lady of the G. adgrind species, was purchasing some heavy books for his especial benefit, stole round to the bookseller and asked him if he had not any works for bad little boys who didn't like heavy books. For small people who are, or ought to be, of this little boy's opinion respecting heavy books, Aunt Jo was specially invented. People who are not already acquainted with this excellent lady and are fond of seeing children enjoy themselves, will do well not to let the festive season pass by without introducing her to their households.

Among the prominent foreign divines who attended the meetings of the Evangelical Alliance, at New York, in October last, was Dr. Christlieb, Professor of Theology and University Preacher, at Bonn, whose paper on the Best Methods of Counteracting Modern Infidelity—which appeared at the time in the *Tribune*, made a great impression. Messrs. Harper & Bros. have since reproduced this paper in book form. In this number we content ourselves with a mere allusion to the volume, reserving a more extended notice for a future occasion.

H. H. has acquired an enviable reputation as a writer, and her studies of travel contain many a gem of rare merit. Not satisfied, however, with her success in that branch of art, she has imitated the example of Bayard Taylor and Howells, and devoted herself to the cultivation of the muse. The volume before us contains a very large number of short poems, many of which have already appeared in the *Magazines*. Their general character is unquestionably above mediocrity, while several of the compositions are of rare merit and more than sufficient to justify Helen Hunt in her ambition to rank among the minor poets of America. "Amreeta Wine" is one of those to which we may refer. "Enone" is treated with a sculptor's skill. Our rule in looking over a new volume of verse is to search for a new thought, or a well turned sentiment, which betrays at least a little originality of treatment. Without some such, in the present plethora of verse, no book is worth reading. We find such in the following short poem:

COMING ACROSS.

Every sail is full set to the sky
And the sea blaze with light,
And the moon mid her Virgins slides in
As St. Ursula might:
And the throb of the pulse never stops,
In the heart of the ship,
As her murmurs of water and fire
She drags down at a slip.
Yet I never can think, as I lie,
And so wearily toss,
That by saint, or by star, or by ship,
I am coming across;

But by light which I know in dear eyes
That are bent on the sea,
And the touch I remember of hands,
That are waiting for me,
By the light of the eye, I could come,
If the stars should all fail;
And I think, if the ship should go down,
That the hands would prevail,
Ah! my darlings, you never will know,
How I pined in the loss
Of you all, and how breathless and glad
I am coming across.

A really thoughtfully constructed high class Christmas story is a sufficient rarity. The appearance of such an infrequent bird will therefore be hailed with delight by readers of all classes. We have given a careful perusal to Mr. Hale's new book and we are happy to be able to say that the anticipations raised by the name of the author have been very completely realized. "In His Name" is a story of the twelfth century, the scene of which is laid at Lyons and the neighbourhood. The plot is simple enough. A Florentine doctor, one of the initiates of the society of the Poor Men of Lyons, is called in to attend a merchant's daughter who has been poisoned. He finds the case beyond his skill and sends for his old master Jean of Lugio, a proscribed and excommunicated priest of reforming tendencies, who in spite of the difficulties that beset him on every side succeeds in making his way from his hiding place in the mountains to the city, and in restoring the dying child to its mother. The main interest of the story lies in the repeated mishaps that threaten to delay the messengers sent for him and his own coming, all of which are happily averted by the use of the watchwords of the Poor Men of Lyons, viz., "For the love of Christ" and "In His Name." The characters are skillfully drawn; the persecuted but brave, hardy, God-fearing priest; bluff, coarse Montferland, and his gentle wife Lady Alix; pretty Felice whose illness changes her father's hard-fistedness and hard-heartedness into generosity

* Basil. A Novel. By Wilkie Collins. 12mo. Cloth. Illustrated. pp. 336. \$1.50.

The Dead Secret. A Novel. By Wilkie Collins. 12mo. Cloth. Illustrated. pp. 359. \$1.50.

† Aunt Jo's Scrap-bag. Cupid and Chow-Chow, &c. By Louisa M. Alcott. Author of "Little Men," &c. 18mo. Cloth. Illustrated. pp. 209. \$1.00.

‡ The Best Methods of Counteracting Modern Infidelity. By Theodor Christlieb, Ph. D., D.D., 12mo. Cloth. Portrait. pp. 89. New York: Harper & Bros. Montreal: Dawson Bros.

§ Verses. By H. H. Square 18mo. Cloth. red edges. pp. 191. \$1.25. Boston: Roberts Bros. Montreal: Dawson Bros.

¶ In His Name. A Christmas Story. By E. E. Hale. 8mo. Paper. pp. 87. Boston: Roberts Bros. Montreal: Dawson Bros.

and kindness; the two noble priests Father William and Father Alexander, the two hardly less noble monks, Stephen and Hugh, are all painted with a master's hand. Some of the scenes too evince great power, notably the night service in the cathedral of St. John, and the scene with the troubadour in the hostelry. We have derived the greatest pleasure from the perusal of "In His Name." It is a book in a thousand, the work of a gentleman, a scholar, and a Christian, in which the best traits of the author are conspicuous.

(For the Canadian Illustrated News.)
CHRISTMAS.

BY

Λ

There are halting places along our journey, where we stop and gaze back. On our birth days we are apt to pause awhile and draw breath. On Christmas also, and the reflections are not always joyful. *Helas, hélas!* I remember in the Long Ago, in the *Haleyonie dies* of school-life, writing with chalk upon the wall "Hurrah for Christmas. Only six weeks off." The record was altered day by day. Only five weeks and six days, only five weeks and five days, until vacation came and with whoop and shout a throng of thoughtless schoolboys rushed from Euclid, and Algebra, from master's laws and impositions to happy homes. *Ai! Ai!* I no longer shout hurrah for Christmas. There is a sadness about the time. The trees are bare and spectre-like. The sky is very dull. The flowers are all trodden into the brown earth or hidden in the cold cruel snow.

Are not the hopes and aspirations of many of us like the sweet flowers, which are dead and buried out of sight? Do we not start in life with great expectations and how miserably they end. *Desinit in pisces mulier formosa superne.* Young Jack-soby, who delighted in Ivanhoe and read the life of Lord Clive with gusto, started in life intending to be a hero, a great military phenomenon. When I saw him last he was a linen draper's assistant, a little dapper prig, with a *chapeau de frise* of pins in the lappel of his coat. Duulops, a promising lad, great in our Debating Society, was to have been a member of Parliament, an orator in the house, a leader of men. He entered a bank and drudged at the desk. Smirkins had his ambition in the church. The white lawn of the bishop's sleeves fluttered in his future, and what of him? *Non mi recordo.* Dead, I think, broke down in his college course and the world goes rushing on. The ranks are never long broken. One falls and a comrade steps up and fills his place. Other boys are hurrying for Christmas, while I and some other old fogies are moralizing.

I shall found a Society, the Knights of Dolour, and we shall lament our youth and write doleful ditties over withered hopes and misspent lives, and we will issue tracts containing wonderful advice to guide young people, and they will laugh at us. Twenty years ago I attended a family gathering. The Christmas pudding blazed on the table and there was mirth and laughter. But the blaze died out and the remains were swept away and those who sat round the table have gone for the most part too. They are dead, some of them, all have passed from my sight. That was a melancholy dinner at a Parisian restaurant the other day. Mr. Rubelles, *ætat* 84, sat down to table at which thirteen covers were laid, thirteen chairs drawn to their places and he the only guest. Twenty years before thirteen friends, among whom were Alfred de Musset, Théophile Gautier, Count de Flehac, agreed to meet at the same place once a year, keeping the places of those who had died, as if the guests were present. Twenty years and they had all gone except Mr. Rubelles, and true to his pact, he sat down to his melancholy repast.

Ciel! What is all that racket? What shouts and romping on my old stairs. How they creak and groan under the tramp of feet. Children's voices, girls' voices. Who have invaded the old bachelor's apartments? Rosie bursts in with a Merry Christmas, and half a dozen girls at her heels, all shouting Merry Christmas. Merry Christmas, forsooth! I tell you, Rosie, *il se faut pas faire cela.* I have outlived that; I am sad, girl. You will know it by and by. The clouds which are rosy-faced have very murky linings. You see the *couleur de rose*, I look back and see only the ashen grey of burned out hopes. I see the pathway strewn with human bones. Life to the young man is a land of Canaan, flowing with milk and honey. I look back and see a Golgotha!

What are those children doing? I declare the *petites* have decorated my room with green boughs, not even my pipe rack has escaped its wreath of fresh leaves. Rosie, Rosie, for shame! I'll tell the captain. You little rogue, that was a sprig of mistletoe you held over my head!

Where do I intend dining on Christmas, Rosie! At the club. There I'll meet one or two old cronies like myself and we'll coax our appetites with a *bisque d'écrevisse*, a little *Kromieski de volaille* or some other delicacy, and lament the degeneracy of the present time. Take the stage, sir. Is there a pantomime to be seen like those of our young days? Where is the clown who could make me even smile now, and how I have laughed at their antics. I have seen a *dansuse*, sir, as light as a fairy, floating about on the music; but she has grown fat now. I was at a pantomime a year or two since. It was a sad affair. I could see the clown was sad at heart under his painted face, and while he grinned I know he was thinking of his crippled daughter at home, his little Nell Allie, a youthful cupid, who fell from the flies the pantomime before. The *ballet* girls were clumsy. The paint was too thick on their flabby faces. You suggest, my little dears, that the change was in me and not on the theatre. Perhaps it was. There were merry children in the boxes and I noticed the *jeunesse* applauding the dancers.

No, Rosie. I would not do away with Christmas. It is good for families to meet together and rejoice. When the club of thirteen commenced its dinners, it was a good idea; but it was very sad for Mr. Rubelles at the end. Still let the little folks have their gatherings, let there be gifts and merry greetings; let the fire blaze on the hearth and the mistletoe hang high in the middle of the room. Let there be a Sir Roger de Coverley—a healthy roaping dance, full of fun and innocence, which is more than I can say for others which are more fashionable, and more than all let there be one day, if only one, that we can say to each other from our hearts, *Ben ti voglio.*

Christmas day is wholesome. It may cause elder folks a few tears; but the heart is softened. Has some mother lost a child since last Christmas, let her recollect the Master who gathered little children to him eighteen hundred years ago, and who now watches over the lost one in another fold. Let us, in honour of Him, whose name we pronounce when we mention Christmas, honour the day and may we each have love in our hearts, when we say with Tiny Tim: "God bless Christmas."

(For the Canadian Illustrated News.)

DIVINATION FOR THE DRAWING-ROOM.

AN OLD ART REVIVED.

I trust the reader is not startled by my title. I am not going to initiate him into the secrets of the Black Art, not to lead him into imperilling his soul and body by dabbling in necromantic mysteries. Nor do I propose turning the drawing-room upside down for divining purpose, or introducing into the bosom of the family a spectacled magician with a whole collection of mystic invocations, magic symbols, blue fires and stink-pots. The pupil who places himself under my tutelage will need neither pentacle nor abracadabra, neither magician's wand nor diabolical compact. All that will be necessary for his art in so far as it may be practised by a beginner, will be found within the limits of this article. The divination to which I would introduce him is guided by certain marks on the palms of the hands, and the art practised by these means is variously known as Palmistry, Chiromancy, or Chiroscopy.

I.

Of all the arts of divination, and they are over a hundred in number, Chiromancy, one of the oldest of all, is the only one which at the present day has received any serious attention. It must be borne in mind, however, that the hand is consulted by modern chiromants less as a book on which the future may be read than as an index to character. And, indeed, there is more ground for this practice than an outsider would at first sight be willing to suppose. Let us begin with the highest authority of all, the Bible. In the thirty-seventh chapter of Job there is a passage which runs in the English version: "He sealeth up the hand of every man; that all men may know his work." The Vulgate rendering of the same passage runs: "*In manum omnium hominum Deus signa posuit, ut noverint singuli opera sua.*" "In the hands of all men hath God placed signs, that each one may know his own works."

In every-day life much of a man's character may be judged by the action of his hands. The new born infant whose mind is not formed comes into the world with its fists doubled. The old worn-out man, whose character and individuality are all but effaced, goes out of the world with his fingers shut over the palm. The mean man, as he walks in the streets, passes by with tightly clenched fists; the generous man goes literally open-handed. More striking still are the attitudes assumed by the honest man and the liar. The latter, in his eagerness to deceive, clasps his hands to his breast—palms inwards—and calls Heaven to witness that he is telling the truth. The honest man frankly holds out his hands—palms upwards—as he says "It is so." He is fearless, though unconsciously so, of what his tell-tale palm may reveal, while the untruthful man, equally unconsciously, hides the palm that gives the reflection of his false character.

Space does not allow of my dwelling any longer on such examples of the correctness of the palmist's theory, though they might be multiplied indefinitely. So I will proceed at once with the instructions necessary to enable the tyro to set up in business as a Drawing-Room Diviner.

II.

For the present, it will be sufficient to devote our attention mainly to pure palmistry, that is, divination by the palm alone. Where necessary, however, we may allude to the signs on other portions of the hand. Within the limits of the space at my disposal I shall only be able to touch very lightly on the main features of the science. Readers who may be so far interested in the matter as to desire further information will find all that they want in Desbarrolles's "Mystères de la Main" and Craik's "Book of the Hand."

The primary signs used by the true palmist in the exercise of his art, are three in number, namely, lines, mounts, and points. The latter, however, are less important than the two first, and will not enter in the limits of this paper.

The principal lines are seven in number, viz., the Line of Life, or of the Heart, which commences midway between the thumb and fore-finger and runs downwards toward the wrist; the Middle Natural Line or Line of Health, which begins with or near the Line of Life, and runs straight across the hand; the Table Line, or Line of Fortune, which runs from below the little finger towards the base of the forefinger; the Line of the Liver, from the wrist towards the base of the little finger; the Line of Saturn, from the wrist up towards the base of the second finger; and the Wrist Line, dividing the lower arm from the hand.

The mounts are also seven in number, as follows: The mount of Venus, between the base of the thumb and the line of life; the mount of Jupiter, at the base of the forefinger; of Saturn, base of the middle finger; of Apollo, base of the third or annular finger; of Mercury, base of the little or auricular finger; the mount of the Moon at the wrist end of the outside edge of the hand, opposite the mount of Venus; and the mount of Mars, between the mounts of Mercury and the Moon.

In examining the hand it is well to take the left hand, as it is generally less used than the right, and consequently less liable to be unduly and unnaturally creased. The hand should be freshly washed and at perfect rest, in order that the true colour of the lines and mounts may be easily distinguished.

The Line of Life, as its name implies, indicates the duration of the life. The age at which death will take place is said to be marked by the first decided break in the continuity of the line. A smaller break denotes sickness in the past or the future. For the purpose of fixing the dates of sickness or death, the line is divided into ages. A line is drawn from the middle of the base of the third finger towards the second joint of the thumb, and the point at which it intersects the line of life will mark the age of ten. If the breakage occurs in a grown

person's hand at that point, it shows that that person was ill, or met with an accident, when ten years old. If the fault in the line is a little before the point which marks ten years old, then the illness came at the age of nine or eight, and so on, according to the distance from the point. A line parallel to this one, starting from between the third and last finger, will touch the line of life at the point called twenty. Another parallel line, starting from the middle of the base of the little finger, takes you to thirty. The next line goes from the outer edge of the same finger, and gives forty. The line to find fifty starts from a little above the line of the heart. All lines crossing the Line of Life denote afflictions, past or present. Smaller lines springing from it into the centre of the palm denote wounds. A circle with two cross lines through it, on the life line portends the loss of an eye. Ramifications at the base of the line denote so many journeys, made or yet to be made. To indicate a long life and good health, the line should be long and clearly cut.

The Natural Line comes next in importance after the line of life. The following are its principal characteristics: long and well defined it denotes intellectual power; when it is joined at the commencement with the Line of Life, it is an unmistakable sign of intellectuality. The separation of the two lines, according to some authorities, is a sign of profligacy. Where the lines are separated and a cross occupies the space between the two, the individual possesses an unamiable temperament: he is the man who squabbles with his wife, and his relations and friends. Joined at its commencement with the Table Line, it is a sign of mental estrangement. If it runs with that line for any distance it denotes impiety; curved away from the line it betokens probity; if it runs into the Mount of Venus it is significant of a brutal disposition. The natural line should cross the palm almost horizontally and gradually melt away below the third finger. Too short, it indicates stupidity, too long, an excess of calculation, meanness. Pale-ness of this line denotes indecision; a formation consisting of a series of small interlacing lines, want of the faculty of concentration. A curve downwards towards the wrist indicates an over imaginative mind; and terminating in a fork it signifies deceit.

The Line of the Heart, when well formed, indicates high mental qualities, a good memory, and an affectionate disposition. When broad and interrupted it also foreshadows happiness and contentment; double and disconnected it signifies a meddlesome nature, eagerness to undertake, and incapacity to carry through. The greater the number of its ramifications, the greater the subjects scientific, literary, and artistic tastes. A line broken in many places betokens inconstancy. Short lines running downwards denote well-judged affection; running upwards, impulsive affection.

The Line of the Liver is the indicator of the health. When it entirely crosses the palm and terminates at the base of the middle finger, on the mount of Saturn, it indicates consumption. Several other indications may be gathered from its appearance, of which space will not allow a *résumé*.

The Line of Saturn is of lesser importance. When very long it is a sign of a life of hardships.

III.

We now come to the mounts, each of which has its peculiar significance.

A well-developed Mount of Venus, i.e. the hill at the base of the thumb, on the palm, denotes beauty, grace, the love of the beautiful, taste for music and the dance, gallantry, a desire to please, a desire of being loved, benevolence, charity and tenderness. If the mount is depressed it shows the want of these qualities. Its absence betokens coldness, egotism, want of energy, of tenderness, of action, and of soul in the arts. In excess it is debauchery, licentiousness, coquetry, vanity, light-headedness, inconstancy and idleness.

Jupiter is that which orders, threatens, points. Jupiter gives fervid religion, noble ambition, honours, gaiety, love of nature, happy marriages, love unions. In excess he gives superstition, excessive pride, love of power for itself, a desire to shine. In absence it causes indolence, egotism, irreligion, want of dignity, want of nobleness, vulgar tendencies.

Saturn is gloomy. He is the fallen king from heaven; he is Time, who devours after twelve months his own child, the Year-Time charged to execute the work of the Fates; Saturn is Fate. When he smiles he gives wisdom, prudence, success; but he also gives extreme misfortune. In excess he gives sadness, love of solitude, rigid religion, fear of a second life of punishment, asceticism, remorse, and often a desire for suicide. His absence is an insignificant life.

Apollo gives a taste for the arts, as of literature, poetry, music, painting; success, glory, intelligence, celebrity, genius, light,—all that which shines and causes to shine. He gives hope, the conviction of an immortal name, serenity of soul, the beauty which causes love, the grace which charms the heart; he gives religion loveable and tolerant riches. In excess he gives the love of gold, pride, haughtiness, extravagance, a taste for rich garments, celebrity at any cost. If absent, it is material existence, careless for art, monotonous life, like a day without the sun.

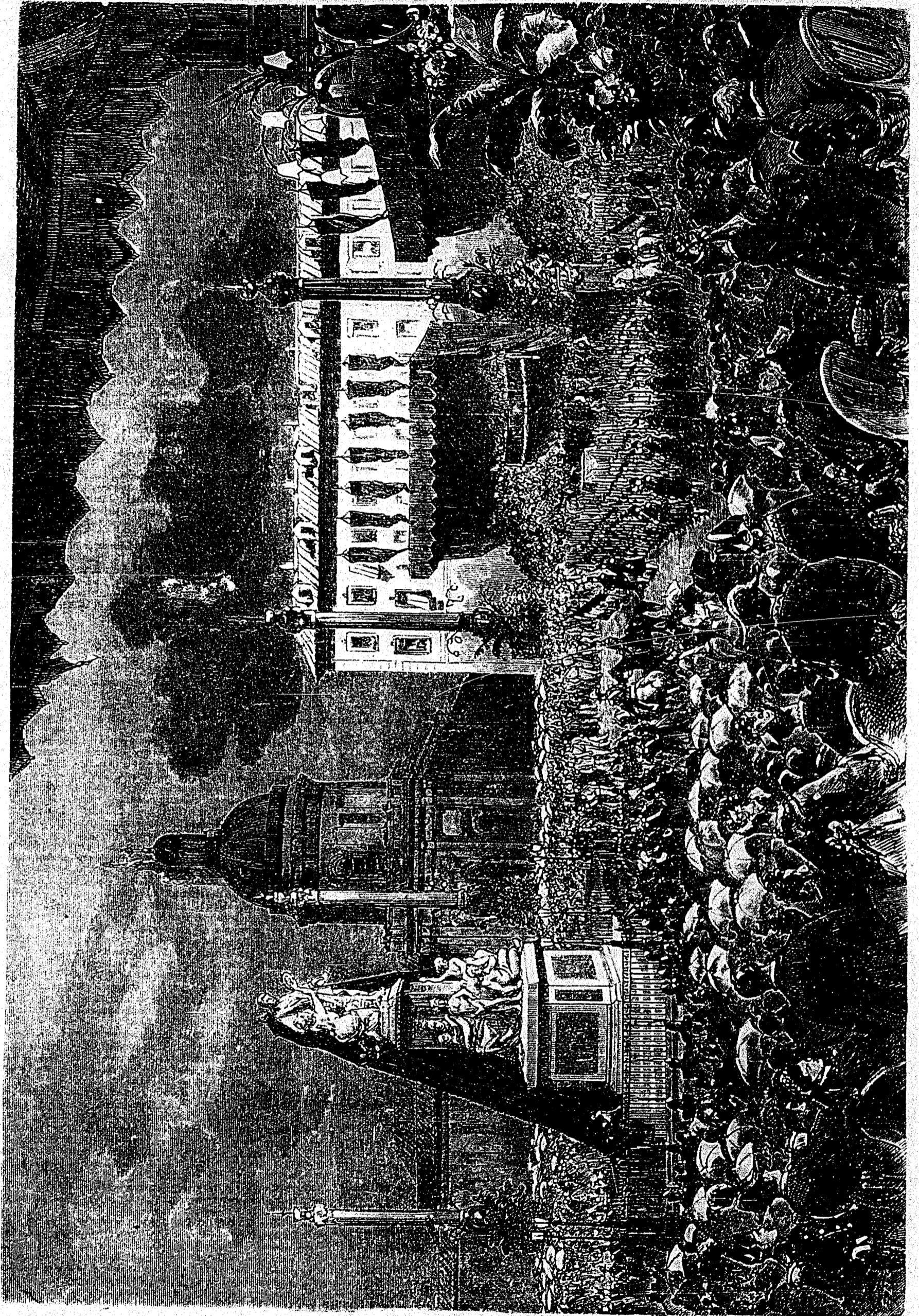
Mercury gives science, knowledge of a higher world, mental labour, enchanting eloquence, commerce, speculation honourable and intelligent, fortune, industry, invention, promptitude in action and in thought, activity, love of labour, an aptitude for the occult sciences. In excess he is the god of thieves, cunning, lying, perjury, pretentious ignorance. His absence is inaptitude for science or commerce, a useless life.

Mars gives courage, calmness, coolness in danger, resignation, self-government and noble pride, devotion, resolution, strength of resistance, impetuosity.

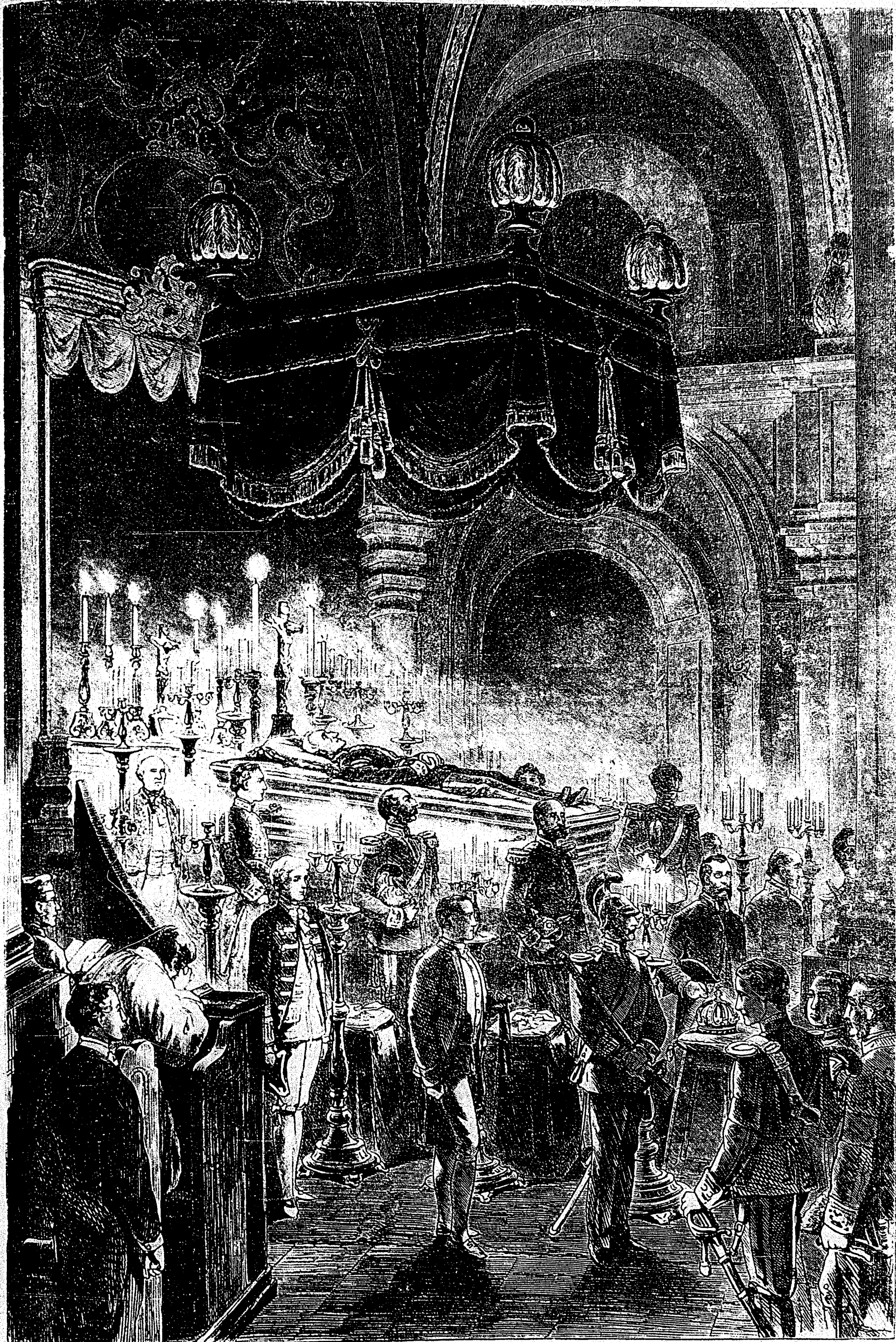
The Moon gives imagination, sweet melancholy, chastity, sentimental poetry, elegy, love of mystery, solitude and silence, dreams, vague desires, meditation, harmony in music, aspirations after another world. In excess she gives caprice, unregulated fancies, constant irritation and causeless despair, discontent, restlessness, sadness, superstition, fanaticism, brain sickness. Absent—want of ideas of poetry, barrenness of thought.

IV.

Thus far I have treated of pure palmistry. The chiromant, however, can draw no little assistance from the kindred art of chiromancy, invented by M. d'Arpentigny. By this system



ITALY.—UNVEILING OF THE MONUMENT TO GARIBOLDI AT TURIN.



GERMANY.—THE LATE KING OF SAXONY LYING IN STATE IN THE COURT CHAPEL AT DRESDEN.

the palmist takes observations of the form of the hands and fingers.

The different kinds of hands are, in M. d'Arpentigny's system, divided into six principal classes or kinds, of which, however, there are numerous modifications and combinations.

The characteristics of the elementary hand are thick unpliant fingers, a truncated thumb, and a large, thick, and excessively hard palm. To this class belong those employments for which the mere light of instinct is sufficient.

The spatulated hand has thick, square-ended fingers, with a pad of flesh at each side of the nail. This hand has confidence in itself. Abundance is its end, but not, as in the elementary hand, the only necessary.

With certain modifications in form the artist's hand has three different tendencies. With pliancy, a small thumb, and moderately developed palm, the fingers bulky at the third phalange, taper gradually from thence to the extremity, which presents the form of a cone more or less obtuse.

Whoever has a hand thus formed will instinctively attach himself, and without reflection, to the picturesque side of ideas and things. He will be swayed by the shape, entirely exclusive of the substance. He prefers what pleases to what feeds; as Montaigne says, he will conceive truth under beauty; fond of leisure, novelty and liberty, at once ardent and timid—humble and vain, he will have more impetuosity and dash than force and power.

The modification of the artist hand with a moderately large palm with smooth fingers, a feeble thumb, rather conical phalanges, is strong passions without sufficient moral restraint—a mind wanting in power to subjugate the senses, and based on a groundwork of moderately intellectual ideas.

The useful hand is of mean size, rather large than small, fingers knotted, the exterior phalange square—that is, the two sides prolonged in a parallel direction. The thumb is large, with a developed root, the palm middling, hollow, and tolerably firm. The spirit of order, perseverance, foresight, abound in dispositions represented by the square phalanges.

The philosophical hand—that of the rationalist and sensualist has a palm moderately large and elastic, with knotty fingers, the end phalange partly square, partly conical, and forming by reason of the two knots, a kind of ovoid spatule; the thumb large, and indicating as much logic as decision—that is, formed of two phalanges of equal length, or nearly so.

him a purer guide than instinct, faith even than love. It is by this test, and not by custom, education, or law, that everything is tried. The order which others see in the material world in symmetry, he sees in its relations. He aspires after liberty because he feels that God has endowed him with a knowledge of the just and unjust. He knows not vain scruples, superstitions, terrors, and uses pleasure with moderation.

The hand psychical is small and fine, relatively to the person, medium palm, the fingers without knots, or very moderately undulated, the outer phalange long and filberted, the thumb small and elegant. Large, and with knots, it has strength and combination, but it wants simplicity. The psychical hands are to the philosophical what the artistic are to the hands in spatule; they attach and add to the works of the thinker, as the artist to the work of the artisan, beauty and fancy; they gild them with a sun ray; they raise them upon a pedestal, and open to them the door of the heart.

V.

Beside the shape of the hands, and the lines and mounts of the palm there is another great index to character, viz.: the thumb. The thumb is to the palmist what the nose is to the physiognomist. At the root of the thumb sits the sign of the reasoning will, the intensity of which is measured by the length and thickness of that root, i. e. the Mount of Venus of Chiromancy. In the first phalange is the sign of logic, that is to say of perception, of judgment, of reason; in the second is that of invention, decision and the initiative.

The first phalange strong, the second narrow, thin, slender and short indicates complete absence of decision, subjection to received opinions, to the ideas of another, doubt, endless uncertainty, and at length moral carelessness—a wavering condition of mind, and incapacity to take or adopt the course, but ability to give a logical account of it.

The second phalange long and strong, the first slender and short denotes fixed ideas, a mind prompt, decisive, initiative, but probably, at the same time a bad reasoner, a man endowed with more passion than judgment.

The thumb small, mean, contemptible announces an irresolute disposition, vacillating in such matters as result from reason, and not from sentiment or from instinct; an impressionable, sensuous nature swayed by the inclinations, but impartial and intolerant of any character; a man, finally, who breathes more freely in an atmosphere of sentiment than in that of thought, and sees better with the eye of the moment than with that of reflection.

Is your thumb large and overbearing? You belong to yourself, and you have then as Henry IV said, "only a foolish master." Your principles are your laws, but you are inclined to despotism. You are true, but you want native grace. Your strength is not in pleasing. You breathe more freely in an atmosphere of thought than of sentiment, and see better with the eye of the reflection than of the moment.

VI.

The hand in women is deserving of a brief notice, as there are separate rules for reading off the formation of the female hand. Women may be ranged under two principal banners—those with a large thumb, and those with a small one.

A woman with a large thumb is more intelligent than feeling, wise from history; she calls forth pleasure tempered with reflection. Love, under her enlightened guardianship, attains its end without reproach. Her passion, always under restraint, has more root in her senses than in her heart. Leave her to act and confide in her management: at a suitable time she will come to the help of your timidity; not that she may sympathise in your torment, but in obedience to her own will. Yet constancy, and every mental charm is found in her.

Women with small thumbs are not endowed with a very high principle of sagacity. To love, with them, is all their thought; but such is the charm attached to that powerful passion, that there is no seduction equal to it. Nevertheless order, arrangement, symmetry and punctuality reign in those dwellings governed by the gentle economist: with the square phalange and small thumb.

The woman with square phalanges has less imagination than judgment—her mind is more just than original. In the number of her axioms are these—silence is a power, mystery is an ornament. She has necessarily the social instinct well developed, and she joins to a respect for the suitable the love of influence and rule, a mind as far removed from singularity as vulgarity.

Women with a strong palm, conical fingers, and little thumb love that which dazzles, and rhetoric has more power over them than logic. Three things govern them—indolence, fancy and feeling: to please is their chief care, and they love as much being beloved and admired as esteemed.

In women the delicate, smooth and pointed fingers, when a palm narrow and elastic, without softness, serves as a stem, signalize a taste for pleasures in which the heart and soul have more share than the senses and the mind, a charming combination of excitement and indolence, a secret attraction for the realities and duties of life, more piety than devotion.

In concluding this article on the hand I cannot do better than quote the theory of the Borborites, an excommunicated sect that existed in the early days of the Christian Church, with respect to this useful member. Their system is the more interesting as it shows the existence at that remote period of a belief in the principles of what is now known as the Darwinian theory. According to the ideas of these people the whole civilisation of man is due directly to his hands. Without hands man would be no better than a horse or an ox. At the beginning, said they, men were furnished with paws like dogs; and so long as they only had paws they lived like mere brutes, in peace, blissful ignorance and concord. Later on their paws were converted into hands, and from this time date man's character, individuality and reason.

F. K.

Chess.

It is impossible for us to answer letters by mail. Games, Problems, Solutions, &c., forwarded are always welcome, and receive due attention, but we trust that our correspondents will consider the various demands upon our time, and accept as answers the necessarily brief replies through our "column."

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

J. W. B., Toronto.—Solutions of Problems Nos. 109 and 120, correct. As to the difference between Problems and Enigmas, there is hardly any. The former is generally considered a little more difficult to solve. The Problem you speak of is no doubt faulty.

F. X. L., Ottawa.—Thanks for your communication. Will be happy to hear from you again. Your solution of Problem No. 109 is correct.

The following are two out of ten simultaneous blindfold games played at Nottingham by Mr. Blackburne, on the 15th Nov. (From Land and Water.) Scotch Gambit.

- White.—Mr. Blackburne. 1. P to K 4th 2. K Kt to B 3rd 3. P to Q 4th 4. B to Q B 4th 5. Kt to Kt 5th 6. B takes P ch 7. Kt takes Kt 8. Q to R 5th ch 9. Q takes B (a) 10. Castles 11. Q takes Q's advanced P 12. Q to Q 3rd 13. Kt to B 3rd 14. B to Kt 5th 15. P to K H 4th 16. Q to K Kt 3rd 17. Q to R 4th 18. K to R sq 19. P to B 5th 20. P to B 6th (c) 21. P to K Kt 4th 22. P takes Kt (d) 23. P takes P 24. Q to R 6th 25. K to Kt sq 26. Q takes R ch 27. Q to Kt 7th ch 28. Q to K 7th ch 29. Q R to Q sq ch Black.—Mr. E. O. Gilpin. 1. P to K 4th 2. Q Kt to B 3rd 3. P takes P 4. B to Q B 4th 5. Kt to R 4th 6. Kt takes B 7. K takes Kt 8. P to K Kt 3rd 9. Kt to B 3rd 10. P to Q 3rd 11. P to Q B 4th (b) 12. R to K sq 13. P to R 3rd 14. B to K 3rd 15. Q to Kt 3rd 16. Kt to R 4th 17. P to R 5th dis ch 18. K to Kt sq 19. B to B 2nd 20. R to K 4th 21. Q takes Kt P 22. Q takes Kt 23. B takes P 24. B takes P ch 25. R takes B ch 26. K to B 2nd 27. K to K 3rd 28. K to Q 4th 29. Resigns.

(a) Some players prefer checking with Q, at Q, 5th before taking the B.

(b) A weak move; R to K sq, or B to K 3rd, would have been better play.

(c) This move gives to White a winning position.

(d) Many players would have simply retreated the Knight, being content with the piece gained. Mr. Blackburne, however, selects another and far more effective line of play.

Vienna opening.

- White.—Mr. Blackburne. 1. P to K 4th 2. Q Kt to B 3rd 3. B to Q B 4th 4. P to K B 4th 5. K Kt to B 3rd 6. Castles 7. P to Q 4th 8. B to Kt 3rd 9. Kt takes K Kt P 10. Q B takes P 11. B takes P ch 12. Kt to K 2nd 13. B to Q Kt 3rd 14. R to B 2nd 15. Q to Q 3rd 16. P to Q B 3rd 17. P to R 5th 18. Q to K Kt 3rd 19. Q takes Q 20. P takes B 21. K takes Kt 22. P to Q R 1st 23. P to K Kt 3rd 24. Kt to Q B 3rd 25. P takes P 26. K to K 3rd 27. B to Q sq 28. P takes R 29. R to R 7th 30. P to B 5th and wins. Black.—Mr. Poynton. 1. P to K 4th 2. P to Q B 3rd (a) 3. P to Q R 3rd (b) 4. P takes P 5. K B to Q Kt 5th 6. P to Q 3rd 7. P to Q Kt 4th 8. P to K Kt 4th 9. Q takes Kt 10. Q to K Kt 5th 11. K to Q sq (c) 12. Q R to Q R 2nd 13. Q R to K Kt 2nd 14. Kt to K B 3rd 15. P to K R 4th 16. K R to K sq 17. B to K B 4th 18. Kt to K 5th 19. R takes Q 20. Kt takes R 21. P to Q 4th 22. B to Q 4th 23. Kt to Q 2nd 24. R to K B sq 25. R P takes P 26. B to B 5th 27. R from Kt 5th takes B 28. K to K 2nd 29. R to K Kt sq

(a) The correct move is here B to Q B 4th.

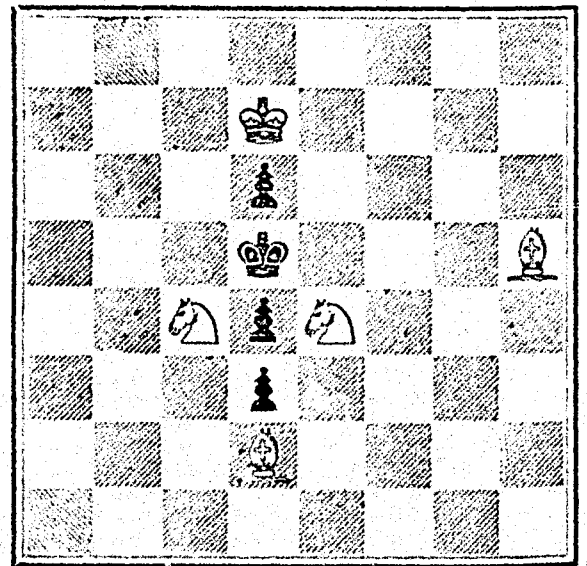
(b) Black probably thought to confuse the blindfold player by adopting so bizarre a line of defence; the result, however, conclusively demonstrated the fallacy of any such position.

(c) It is obvious that Black could not have taken the Bishop without seriously compromising his game.

PROBLEM No. 111.

By Alpha, Whitby, Ont.

BLACK.



WHITE.

White to play and mate in three moves.

SOLUTION OF PROBLEM No. 109.

- White. 1. R to Kt 2nd 2. B to K 5th mate Black. 1. K takes Kt (or A B) 1. K to B 1th 1. K to K 6th

* The space between two joints of the finger is a phalange.

(For the Canadian Illustrated News.)

A RHYME OF CHRISTMAS.

Once more the ruddy season reddens all
The swiftly sweeping days,
Once more glad hearts in hovel and in hall
Beat loud with praise.

With praise of thee, old season, ever young,
That bring'st along with thee,
The grand old songs that centuries have sung,
The wine that circles free,

The laughter of our Norse and Celtic sires,
The hospitable board,
The mellow hours when round the piled fires
The wassail wine is poured.

Nay! not of wine nor wassail be the song
That welcomes in the dawn
Whence, day by day, for centuries so long,
The whole world's light is drawn.

Lift up thy voice, exalt thy heart and sing,
When beams the daylight broad,
The endless ming of Heaven's Crowned King,
The glory of thy God.

O Poet! song-inspiring is the wave
That beats on England's strand,
The gusty channel is a champion brave
For thine own lusty land;

But wilder songs are hidden in the foam
Where Carmel looks to sea,
And Bethlehem's cave is nobler for a home
Than England's halls to thee.

High are thy thoughts on many a storied ground
Where heroes took their death;—
Rise higher, poet, in the ways around
The lowly Nazareth;

And reach thy topmost height before the cave
Whence God's divine decrees,
Shall flood the world with light, in wave on wave,
From Heaven's resplendent seas;

Pant up, piled high to many mountains height
Our Mother held them fast,
(God's Mother, worthy fountain of God's light)
But they roll forth at last;

To all the hidden corners of the world
The bright light breaks its way,
The folded wings of darkness are unfurled,
And Night gives place to Day.

Ring out the music of the bells, that makes
Thy sparkling, splendid fires
Vocal, as Memnon when the morning breaks,
And swell thy chanting choirs;

But ring no peal to motley or to masque,
To wine or wassail cheer,
And sing no strain to fill up Folly's task,
And scorn the dying year.

But sing thy noblest hymns at heaven's gates,
Now high with voices wild,
Now soft, sweet sounding, like to Christmas Wals
To please the new born Child.

MARTIN J. GRIFFIN.

Miscellaneous.

Muscular Insects. In the course of certain observations on the muscular power of insects, the Abbé Plessis made the following interesting experiment:—In a light paper box, fastened to the back of a large beetle, he placed weights to the total amount of two and one-quarter pounds. Though this load represented a weight of one hundred and fifteen times that of the beetle's body, yet the brave little insect was able to move it steadily along over the smooth surface of a plank.

Ingenious Substitute. At a recent marriage at Bath the party walked, and when the vital knot was tied it was discovered that it was raining heavily. The bridegroom, however, being a man of resource, hailed a bath chair, and, getting into it, took his bride on his knee, and the happy pair were drawn away in triumph, whereupon the best man followed suit, and, calling another Bath chair, took the bridesmaid on his knee, and they too were shut safely in. Then followed two ladies who hailed a Bath chair, and sat on each other's lap.

Funeral Riot. A Milanese lady, whose pet dog had died, invited all the small dogs in Milan to the funeral; 300 mourners appeared, and each was supplied with a pall covered with silver tears; the defunct was buried just like a free-thinker. After the ceremony the 300 were invited to partake of the funeral baked meats, but the same good conduct was not observed, philosophy failed them, and the feast broke up abruptly; the Riot Act had to be acted upon, but not until one of the guests had been torn to pieces between the dinner and dessert.

Costly Costumes. In the comedy of "Uncle Sam," now being represented in Paris, the dresses of the actresses have cost 30,000 francs; this expenditure is, however, reduced by a set-off on the part of the theatre for the publicity given to the dress-maker, and the shop which supplies the stuff. All artistes have the right, when a scene is relegated to the old moons, to buy in their wardrobe gloves at a reduction of seventy-five per cent.; the silks and satins, too, in minor theatres, or are worked up into costumes as good as new for the general public.

Flowery Land. If Mexico is the land of revolutions it is also the land of flowers. According to a contemporary Indian at the street corners all the year round in the early morning, making and selling for a cent (6d.) bouquets which in London or New York could not be got for a guinea. Roses, verbenas, bellotropes, and carnations grow like weeds; and besides the made-up bouquets, the Indians bring down from the mountains packs of the Flor de San Juan (Bouvardia), a flower like a white jessamine, and for a quartilla (1/2d.) one can buy an armful of it, which will scent a whole house or a week.

Little Inconvenience in Spain. A correspondent writes:—"There is a little inconvenience connected with living in Spanish inns. But one knife is put on the table at meals; this one knife is intended, I presume, for the guest from a foreign land; the natives always produce shining blades with strong springs and horn hafts from unknown resources about their person. These knives are useful in more ways than one; they are not restricted to the carving of dead meat. And it may be interesting to know that a Spaniard is never at a

loss to discover a knife when the provocation comes, either of hunger or anger.

A Hint for Art Museums. A suggestion worthy of notice has been made by a Parisian art critic. Strolling through the Louvre he noticed that those galleries are overstocked with the works of some painters (such as Rubens, &c.), while other artists (Michael Angelo, Albrecht Durer, and many more) are very poorly represented. He recommends a system of exchange of the surplus pictures with other famous galleries which may be overdone with the identical painters lacking in the Louvre, so that the various schools of art may be equally represented in the different museums and picture-galleries of Europe.

Eighteenth Century Gallantry. The Empress Catherine of Russia having sent as a present to Voltaire a small ivory box made by her own hands, the poet induced his niece to instruct him in the art of knitting stockings, and he actually half finished a pair of white silk when he became completely tired. Unfinished as the stockings were, however, he sent them to Her Majesty, accompanied by a charmingly gallant epistle in which he told her that, "as she had presented him with a piece of man's workmanship made by a woman, he had thought it his duty to crave her acceptance in return of a piece of woman's work from the hands of a man."

A Curious Analogy. One of the most remarkable illustrations of the mysterious line that separates the deadly and the wholesome in nature is given in the English Medical Press, which states that the poison of the cobra, the most deadly of the East India serpents, has been chemically analyzed, with the following results: Carbon, 46; nitrogen, 13; oxygen, 6; sulphur, 21; and hydrogen, 10. This is exactly the composition of beer yeast. The latter is used in manufacturing the staff of life—bread; the former is so deadly in its nature that, even when taken from the snake and preserved and afterwards injected under the skin of animals, it is immediately fatal.

The Arabian Nights. The completeness of all the collections of the "Arabian Nights," says a writer, "was made by a German scholar, Mr. Von Hammer, in the year 1824—not so far back that your fathers and mothers may remember little stray paragraphs in the papers which made mention of how a German scholar had traced those old Arabian tales back to a very dim antiquity in India; and how he believed they had thence gone into Persia, with the great men of the stories all become Caliphs, and how they floated thence by hearsay into Arabia (which was a country of scribes and scholars in the days of Haroun al Raschid); and how they there took form in the old Arabic manuscripts which Antoine Galland had found and translated."

The Paris Fire Brigade. The fire brigade in Paris, including one colonel and forty-nine officers, numbers 1,500 men, distributed in eleven barracks, and sixty postes de garde. The total annual expense for the maintenance of this force and its accessories is one and a-half millions of francs, defrayed by the municipality. The privates and non-commissioned officers' pay varies per class from 550f. to 1,200f. per annum; the children of the regiment receive eleven sous per day, with bread, and an increase of one sou daily for every year, commencing from their eighth year. This early service renders the firemen of Paris veritable Lectards, as they have to practice gymnastic exercises daily; and the value of such training is evident to the visitor who has seen the small, wiry, India-rubber-muscled firemen of Paris at work. The firemen in question climb anything upright, like cats or monkeys.

A Feat in Reporting. The Glasgow Herald, speaking of Mr. Disraeli's speech on Saturday, says:—"We think it due to our staff, and to the gentlemen with whom they were co-operating, to mention what we believe to be a feat almost unprecedented in reporting and printing. Mr. Disraeli's speech, which lasted an hour and a quarter, closed at 4.25, and the meeting terminated about 20 minutes later. At 5.25 we published a third edition, containing a verbatim report of the preliminary proceedings and of Mr. Disraeli's speech, and the substance of the subsequent proceedings, every word of which, with the exception of the Conservative address, was reported from the lips of the speakers. The report occupied five closely-printed columns. Seventeen minutes were occupied in the process of stereotyping, so that everything could have been printed from our types in 18 minutes after Mr. Disraeli closed."

Newly Wedded. An observing chronicler in the St. Louis Republican exclaims:—"They are rural. No one can mistake them for anything else. They have arrived the night before from the interior of the State, and they look brand-new all over, but old, like different parts of two pairs of scissors. They are taking a walk now to see the city, and as he holds the back of her arm in the cup of his hand, she leans slightly back against his manly breast. She is willing to go whithersoever he directs. His black clothes have an unearthly gloss; he wears a shining new stove-pipe hat, a black satin vest, and he carries a gold-headed cane perpendicularly as if it were a plumb-line. Mary Jane is as pretty a girl from Pike as you could wish to see, and she is dressed in lavender—all over lavender, because Demorest declared, no later than three years ago, that lavender was a travelling colour for brides, and ever since that rusticity newly-chained would have robed itself in lavender or perished at the altar. It is delicious to see them as they walk along. They look in all the windows, and when they stop at one more interesting than another, Mary Jane nestles closer than ever. Two hearts that beat as one. What do they care? Isn't Bob Mary Jane's B.? And isn't Mary Jane Bob's M. J.?"

Gossip of the Couliases. The theatrical profession being very popular in France, there is every excuse for the journalist who expatiates on the subject, even though he be at times more amusing than discreet. Every one is interested to know how Kopp, the comedian, used to carve his name with a pen-knife on every pear from his fruit-trees; how Leopold de Meyer, the pianist, has often been observed to carry a tooth-brush in his pocket, and on his friends asking him the reason he answered, "Because the lock of my door is hard, and it is difficult to turn the key. I put the handle of my tooth-brush through the ring of the key, and I can unlock my door immediately;" how Daiglemont, the inimitable Tartuffe, on an occasional occasion has been known to insist on the retirement of too demonstrative admirers, on the ground that they spoil his sonorous periods; how Patti delights in cooking her own macaroni; how Capoul has been living in the Italian style ever since his debut in Italian opera, eating macaroni, lazagn, tagliarini, in quantities, and drinking nothing but Grignolino; how Faure was a chorister as a boy, and how his first appearance as a singer was a conspicuous failure.

Life Saved by Subscribing for a Newspaper. Near the Golden Gate Park, San Francisco, lives one Hughes, a bachelor, who raises hogs for the market. On Monday afternoon, Mr. Hughes fell into his wall, and, being unable to get out, was obliged to wait patiently for help, meanwhile standing up to

his waist in water. As no one passed near the place he shouted until hoarse in hopes of making some one in the park hear him. On Tuesday morning, the carrier of the Call left a paper at the house, and the man in the well, hearing footsteps, called loudly, but the carrier was in a hurry, and, though he heard some one, he did not know where the sound came from, and had no time to investigate. On Wednesday morning, the carrier noticed the paper of the preceding day on the steps, and, hearing at the same time a voice, he thought something must be wrong, so he got off from his horse and finally found Hughes in the well. He immediately procured assistance, and the man was taken out alive, although, of course, in an exhausted condition. As he is a man of good constitution, he will probably recover. He continues to take the Call.

Breast-works of Snow. In February last some instructive trials took place in Austria, with the object of ascertaining the power of resistance of breast-works of snow against canon and musket fire. The works thrown up for the purpose were fired at from rifled four and eight-pounder field guns at a distance of 600 paces, and it was found that the shot from both kinds of guns penetrated the works to a maximum depth of four metres before it exploded. The explosion had the effect of destroying the solidity of the work, and it was thus proved that this kind of breast-work could not resist for any length of time the fire of rifled field-guns. On the other hand, the trials showed that a breast-work two metres thick afforded sufficient protection against continued rifle fire; a fact which, considering the ease and rapidity with which such a work can be thrown up, may prove of considerable importance in winter campaigns. The influence which deep snow-fields situated in front of a body of troops to be fired at have on the effect of the fire was also ascertained, and it was found that the effect of shell-fire decreases in proportion to the increasing depth of the snow. The use of snow-fields as a means of protection from artillery fire may therefore be recommended.

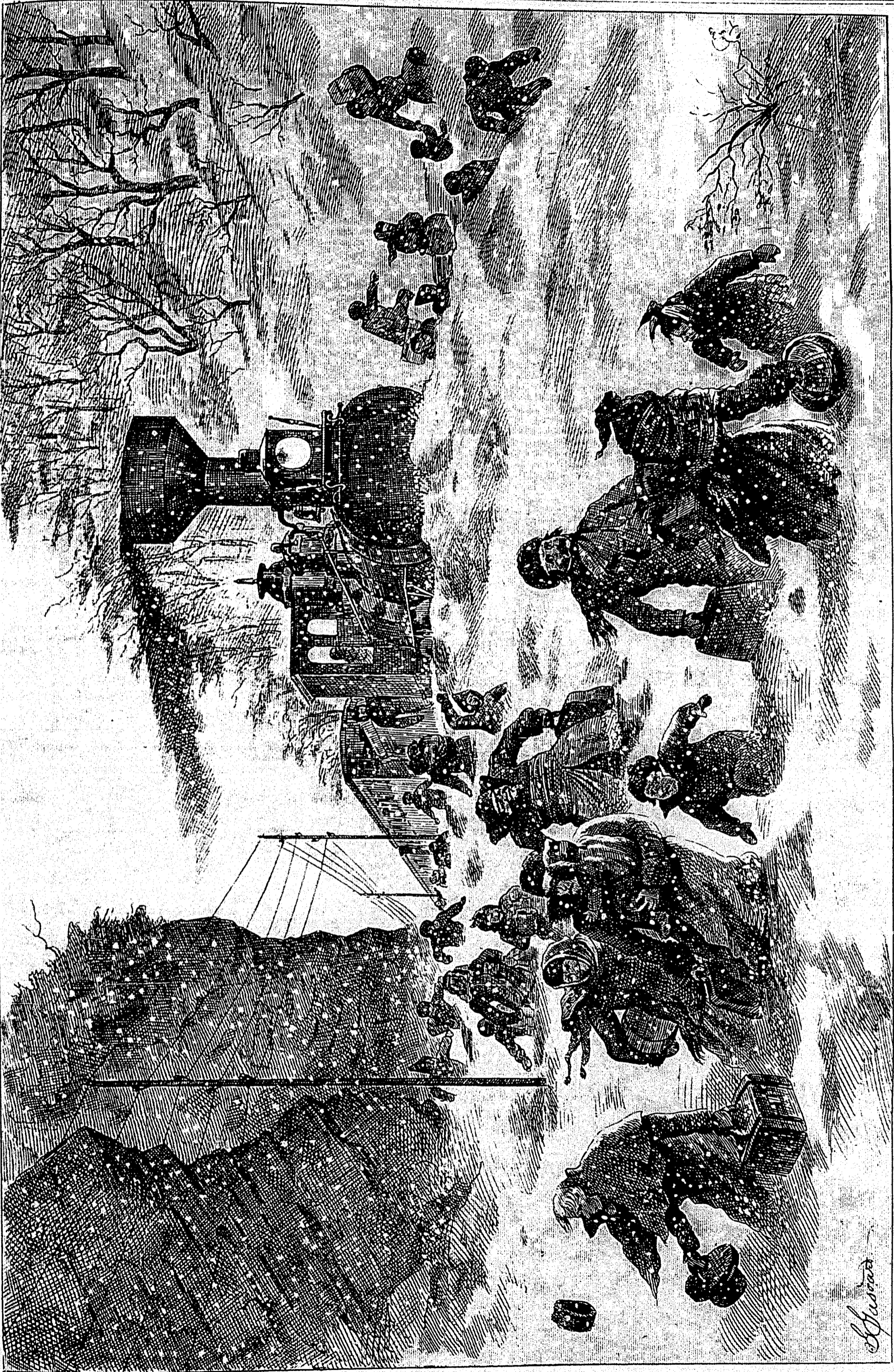
A Sardine Story. In one of the cities of New Hampshire, some years since, a man named H— was elected Mayor, and very important he thought his position. During his term of office a fire company sent word that they would visit the city, and remain several days. The Mayor called a meeting of the city council to see what should be done towards entertaining the firemen. He wanted to show the hospitality of the city in its most munificent form, and proposed that a collation should be given to the strangers. "And what," asked one of the Aldermen, "do you propose to put on the table for the collation?" "We will give them," said his Honor, in reply, "hot coffee and sardines." One of the Council thought that sardines and hot coffee were hardly up to the mark for the hungry firemen. "I know better," said the Mayor, in an angry tone. "Sardines are hearty, and will do just what the men need." "Perhaps," said an Alderman, "his Honor does not know what sardines are." The Mayor sprang to his feet, angry all over. "I know," he shouted, "what sardines are as well as you do, or any other member of the Board. I've eaten enough of them in my life—they are easily prepared. Just take two pieces of bread, and put a piece of sardine between them, and then your sardine is made." His honour sat down amid a roar of laughter. He'd got things, such as sardines and sandwiches, kinder mixed up in his mind.

A Good Turtle Dog. "If anybody has seen a black-and-tan dog answering to the name of Judge," says the Peoria Review, "going down the street in company with a hard shell turtle that won't answer to anything, and certainly won't answer to tickle, as the dog will tell you if you can only get him to stop long enough, please to halt the eloping pair, as they are the property of the editor of this paper. We are fondly attached to the dog on account of his vagabondish, Bohemianish habits. He knows every dog in Peoria by name, and is on speaking terms with nine-tenths of the dogs that come in under the wagon, and he knows more of the inhabitants of this city than the tax collector does. The turtle is a more recent acquisition. It was placed in the backyard yesterday, and the dog spent an hour and a half trying to induce it to come out of its shell and be comfortable. The old iron-clad maintained his reserve, however, until the dog examined his nose against the forward part and commenced to sniff. The pair seemed to come to some sort of an understanding at once, for the dog made an impetuous remark on a very high key and then they both started on a trip together. The dog was last seen sauntering along like a whirlwind, the turtle staying right by him. We should be very sorry to lose the dog now, as he has acquired another important and valuable quality. He knows more about turtles than any other dog in the country, and it's mighty hard to find a real good turtle dog."

Types of Watering-Place People. Henri Taine, writing of watering-places in the Pyrenees, chronicles the people one meets in the regulation salon as follows:—"An old nobleman, somewhat resembling Bazic's M. de Mortsauf, an officer previous to 1830, very brave, and capable of reasoning exactly, when he was hard pushed. He had a great long cartilaginous neck, that turned altogether and with difficulty, like a rusty machine; his feet shook about in his square-toed shoes; the skirts of his frock coat hung like flags about his legs. His body and his clothes were stiff, awkward, old-fashioned, and scant, like his opinions; a dotard, moreover, fastidious, peevish, busy all day long in sifting over nothings, and complaining about trifles; he pestered his servant a whole hour about a grain of dust overlooked on the skirt of his coat, explaining the method of removing dust, the defects of a negligent spirit, the merits of a diligent spirit, with so much monotony and tenacity, and so slowly, that at last one stopped up one's ears or went to sleep. He took snuff, rested his chin on his cane, and looked straight ahead with the torpid, dull expression of a mummy. Rustic life, the want of conversation and action, the fixedness of mechanical habits, had extinguished him. Beside him sat an English girl and her mother. The young woman had not succeeded in extinguishing herself, she was frozen at her birth; however, she was motionless as he. She carried a jeweller's shop on her arms, bracelets, chains, of every form and all metals, which hung and jingled like little bells. The mother was one of those hooked stalks of asparagus, knobby, stuck into a swelling gown, such as can flourish and come to seed only amid the fogs of London. They took tea and only talked with each other. In the third place one remarked a very noble young man, dressed to perfection, curled every day, with soft hands, forever washed, brushed, adorned, and beautified, and handsome as a doll. His was a formal and serious self-conceit. His least actions were of an admirable correctness and gravity. He weighed every word when he asked for soup. He put on his gloves with the air of a Roman emperor. He never laughed. In his calm gestures you recognized a man penetrated with self-respect, who raises conventionalities into principles. His complexion, his hands, his beard, and his mind had been so scoured, rubbed, and perfumed by etiquette that they seemed artificial. Ordinarily he gave the cues to a Moldavian lady, who kept the conversation alive. This lady had travelled all over Europe, and related her travels in such a piercing and metallic voice that you wondered if she had not a clarion somewhere in her body. She held forth unassisted sometimes for a quarter of an hour together, principally about rice and the degree of civilization among the Turks, on the barbarism of the Russian generals, and on the baths of Constantinople. Her well-filled memory only overflowed in tirades; it was almost as amusing as a gazetteer."



THE CHRISTMAS TREE



CHRISTMAS EVE UNDER DIFFICULTIES.

A CHRISTMAS CAROL.

BY GEORGE WITHER.

I.

So now is come our joyfult feast,
Let every man be jolly;
Each room with ivy leaves is drest,
And every post with holly.
Though some churls at our mirth repine
Round your foreheads garlands twine;
Drown sorrow in a cup of wine
And let us all be merry.

II.

Now all our neighbours' chimneys smoke
And Christmas fires are burning;
Their ovens they with baked meat choke,
And all their spits are turning,
Without the door let sorrow fly;
And if for cold it hap to die,
We'll bury't in a Christmas pie,
And evermore be merry.

III.

Now every lad is wondrous trim,
And no man minds his labour;
Our lasses have provided them,
A bagpipe and a tabor;
Young men and maids, and girls and boys,
Give life to one another's joys,
And you anon shall by their noise,
Perceive that they are merry.

IV.

Rank misers now do sparing shun,
Their hall of music soundeth;
And dogs thence with whole shoulders run,
So all things then aboundeth.
The country folks themselves advance,
With crowdly-muttons out of France,
And Jack shall pipe and Jill shall dance,
And all the town be merry.

V.

Ned Squash hath fetcht his bands from pawn,
And all his best apparel;
Brisk Nell hath bought a ruff of lawn
With dropping of the barrel.
And those that hardly all the year
Had bread to eat or rags to wear,
Will both have clothes and dainty fare
And all the day be merry.

VI.

Now poor men to the justices
With capons make their errands;
And if they hap to fail of these,
They plague them with their warrants;
But now they feed them with good cheer,
And what they want they take in beer,
For Christmas comes but once a year
And then they shall be merry.

VII.

Good farmers in the country nurse
The poor that else were undone;
Some landlords spend their money worse,
On lust and pride at London,
There the roysters they do play,
Drab and dice their lands away,
Which may be ours another day
And therefore let's be merry.

VIII.

The client now his suit forbears,
The prisoner's heart is eased;
The debtor drinks away his cares,
And for the time is pleased.
Though others' purses be more fat,
Why should we pine or grieve at that?
Hang sorrow! care will kill a cat,
And therefore let's be merry.

IX.

Hark! now the wags abroad do call,
Each other forth to rambling;
Anon you'll see them in the hall
For nuts and apples scrambling.
Hark! how the roofs with laughter sound,
Anon they'll think the house goes round,
For they the cellar's depth have found
And there they will be merry.

X.

The wench with their wassel-bowls
About the streets are singing;
The boys are come to catch the owls,
The wild mare in it bringing.
Our kitchen-boy hath broke his box,
And to the dealing of the ox,
Our honest neighbours come by flocks,
And here they will be merry.

XI.

Now kings and queens poor sheepcotes have,
And mate with everybody;
The honest now may play the knave,
And wise men play the noddy.
Some youths will now a mumming go,
Some others play at Rowland-bo,
And twenty other game boys mo,
Because they will be merry.

XII.

Then, wherefore in these merry daies,
Should we, I pray, be duller?
No, let us sing some roundelays,
To make our mirth the fuller.
And while thus inspired we sing,
Let all the streets with echoes ring;
Woods and hills and every thing,
Bear witness we are merry.

(For the Canadian Illustrated News.)

THE THUMBLING.

A FAIRY CHRISTMAS STORY FOR CHILDREN.

There was once a woman who ardently desired to have a little child. But she did not know where she could get it. So she went to an old sorcerer and said to him:

"I so ardently wish to have a little child. Can you tell me where to get one?"

"O, I can very soon let you know," said the sorcerer; "get a grain of barley seed; not the kind which grows in the farmer's field, or which the chickens feed upon, but one which I will give you. Place it on the top of a flower and you will see something wonderful."

"I thank you," said the woman, and she gave him twelve shillings. Then she went home and planted the grain of barley. Soon there grew a fine, large flower like a tulip, but its leaves remained fast together as if it were still a bud.

"That is a beautiful flower," said the woman and she kissed its gold and yellow leaves, but as she kissed it, the flower burst open with a noise. It was as genuine a tulip as ever man saw. But lo! in the centre of the flower, on top of the green velvet petals, sat a tiny maiden, very neat and fair. She was hardly half as tall as your thumb, and for that reason we shall call her The Thumbling.

A bit of a walnut shell was the cradle of the Thumbling; her bedding was of blue violet leaves and her covering of rose leaves. There she slept at night, but during the day, she played on the table where the woman had placed a dish and entwined it with a wreath of flowers, whose stems stood in the water. In this water floated a large tulip leaf and on this the little maid would sit and row from one side of the dish to the other, with two white horsehairs for her oars. This was wonderful enough, but she could sing, too, just as nicely as any one would choose to hear.

Once as she lay in her pretty bed, by night, there crept in an old toad through the window, in which a pane was broken. The toad was old, big and nasty. He jumped upon the table where the Thumbling lay and slipped under the red rose leaves.

"That would be a fine wife for my son," said the toad, and taking the walnut shell wherein the maiden slept, he jumped with her through the window, into the garden beneath.

There flowed a large and broad brook, but its banks were damp and slimy. Here lived the toads with their children.

"Coax! Coax! brekkekeker!" that was all they could say when they saw the neat little woman in her walnut shell.

"Speak not so loud," exclaimed the old toad. "You may frighten her off that is as light as a swan's feather."

There grew in the brook many water lilies with light green leaves which undulated on the water. The leaf, in its widest part, was large. Thither swam the old toad and set the walnut shell with the Thumbling upon it.

The dear little maiden remained there all night, but when the morning dawned, she felt very sad, seeing nothing but the wide waters.

The old toad watched her from the bank for some time, then swam over towards her with his ugly son. She stood up in the water and said to the Thumbling:

"Here you see my son. He will be your husband and you will live together on the slimy bank."

"Coax! Coax! brekkekeker!" was all that the son could say. The Thumbling felt sore at heart.

The little fishes, had seen the toad and heard what she said. They held up their heads and found her so fair that they vowed she would not become the wife of an ugly toad. So they formed a ring under the leaf, bit off the stem, and the Thumbling floated away out of reach of the toads.

She passed along many a flowery shore, and the little birds, sitting in the bushes, saw her and sang:

"What a pretty little maid!"

"A neat, small, white butterfly fluttered around and at length fell upon the leaf. The Thumbling harnessed it with gossamer bands, and, taking flight in the rosy air, he drew her forth along the shining river.

Many days passed thus and the maiden was very happy, but she was doomed to have further trials. One beautiful morning, when she least expected danger, a great bird, dashing out from the dark forest which overshadowed the bank, hovered over her for a long time and then pouncing upon her leaf, rolled it up in his claws and flew away into the greenwood with the Thumbling as his prisoner. At first she was very much frightened indeed, but when she looked the bird in the eyes, her confidence returned, for it seemed to her that he meant to do her no harm. And this proved true. He called other large birds to visit her and they all found her so beautiful and so good that they took care of her as if she had been a sister. And thus she lived the whole summer in the wild wood.

But the autumn came, and after it, the long, long winter. The birds flew away to the south, shamefully deserting her. Trees and flowers lost their leaves and the luxuriant clover, on which she had so often reclined, dried up and withered. It seemed that the poor little Thumbling must perish of cold. So she wandered disconsolate through the wood; but, one day, as good luck would have it, she came to the door of a field mouse's underground hut. There she met the field mouse himself, who was so struck by her charms and her distress that he invited her to spend the winter with him. She accepted his invitation with many thanks. The good field mouse had no reason to regret his charity, for the Thumbling made the long heavy months appear short by her lively chat, sweet songs, and unremitting services.

Spring came at last, with its flowers, its soft air and awakening life. The Thumbling rejoiced to gaze upon the sun once more and the field mouse to resume his excursions through the planted ten-acre.

Early one morning, as they both journeyed along in a valley, they came upon a poor little swallow which had perished in the snow. Its wings were stretched out, its feet cramped and its eyes closed. The Thumbling was moved to compassion.

She picked up the bird, kissed its cold beak, placed it against her heart and sighed over its fate.

Suddenly the heart of the swallow grew warm, its wings moved, its legs stretched out and it opened its eyes wide, fixing them on its benefactress.

"Teewhit! teewhit!" was its song of praise and thanksgiving. The maid was surprised. The field mouse laughed. "Ah! Thumbling," he said, "you are destined to be a great lady. The swallow is the Fairies' bird and it comes to lead you away from

me for some wonderful purpose. Don't desire to stay. I rejoice at your good fortune. Go."

The swallow flew ahead and the maiden followed, impelled by an irresistible impulse. On and on they went, never tiring and always delighted with beautiful sights on every side. As the swallow flew, it grew more and more beautiful. At length it came to a stand in a lovely spot. Under massive green trees, near the blue sea, stood a marble castle of the olden time. Vinyards twined around it and under the eaves of its leads were many swallow's nests. One of these was the home of the swallow which had guided the Thumbling.

"This is my house," said the swallow. "Choose one of the fairest of the flowers which grow beneath; then I will set you upon it, and afterwards a blessing will come to you, such as you could never expect."

"That is grand," said the maiden, clapping her little hands.

There lay there a large white marble column, which had fallen on the ground and was broken into three parts, but between these fragments grew the most beautiful of large white flowers. The swallow flew with the Thumbling under these and placed her on one of the broadest leaves. But lo! what a wonder. There sat a little man in the midst of the flower as white and transparent as if he had been of glass. The neatest crown of gold encircled his brow and the finest wings sprang from his shoulders. He was not taller than the Thumbling. It was the Angel of flowers. In every flower, there is such a little man or woman. But this was the King of them all.

"Heavens! how handsome he is," said the Thumbling to the swallow.

And he, on his part, when he looked on the Thumbling, rejoiced in his heart and said she was the sweetest maiden he had ever beheld. He, therefore, soon made up his mind. Taking the gold crown from his head, he set it on her brow, asked her her name and if she would become his wife. Ah! if she did, she would be the Queen of all the Flowers.

Yes! he was indeed a different man from the ugly son of the ugly old toad, who dwelt on the slimy banks of the brook.

Her little heart fluttered, as from her rosy lips the magic word "Yes" flew out like a butterfly.

Then from every flower came a lady and a gentleman so nice that it was a treat to look at them. Each brought the Thumbling a wedding gift, but the best of these was a pair of beautiful wings, taken from a large white fly, and placed on the shoulders of the Thumbling. With these she could easily flit from flower to flower. Everybody was happy, the air was full of mirthful voices and the swallows in their nests under the eaves sang the wedding song. They did this as well as they could, for in their hearts they loved the Thumbling who had been so good to one of them.

"You must no longer be called the Thumbling," said the Flower Angel to his queen. "That is an ugly name and you are so pretty. We all wish to call you May."

"That is well, that is well," said the little swallow with a laughing heart, and it flew forth from the warm lands, far up over the colder Fatherland. There it has a little nest, under the window sill, where the man lives who has told this story. To him the swallow sings:

"Teewhit! teewhit!"

And from this we all know the burden of its legend.

Our Illustrations.

Most of the illustrations in this number are sufficiently characteristic of the beautiful Christmas festival and season, not to need any extended description. "The Midnight Mass," "Christmas Eve under Difficulties," "The Christmas Tree," represent as many episodes with which most of our readers are familiar, either from personal experience or from literary reminiscence.

Two of the Christmas stories, "Thumbling" and "The Brankling Stones," are illustrated with striking incidents, the explanation of which will be derived from a perusal of the stories themselves.

Current events have not been forgotten in this number. The late unveiling of a statue to the illustrious Cavour, at Turin, is an event of interest which has been the subject of general enthusiasm throughout Italy. King Victor Emmanuel was present at the ceremony.

The funeral obsequies of King John of Saxony have attracted attention on this side the water from the great reputation of this prince as a profound scholar and elegant poet. He is succeeded on the throne by his eldest son.

The battle of Montejura, near Estella, was one of the latest advantages of the now waning Carlist forces. The different movements of the armies during the action are clearly indicated by figures and letters in the sketch itself.

Prof. Louis Agassiz died at Cambridge, Mass., at 10:15 o'clock on Sunday evening. He passed away peacefully and painlessly. One of his attending physicians said that he could compare it to nothing but a child dropping off quietly to sleep. His wife, Mr. and Mrs. Alex. Agassiz, and Dr. Brown-Sequard and Wyman were with him at the time of his death. His illness lasted scarcely more than a week, beginning Saturday afternoon, Dec. 6, and ending on Sunday, Dec. 14. During all this time, save a small quantity of beef-tea early in the week, he had been unable to take any food in the natural way, his throat being badly affected, and the esophagus suffering from spasms which rendered him incapable of swallowing. On Friday he was taken with a severe attack of congestion, and suffered considerably.

Then for the first time he seemed to realize his condition. "It is the end," he said, in French. It was not the end, however. He rallied again, and continued about the same until Saturday, not speaking or showing definite signs of consciousness. On Saturday afternoon he had another attack of congestion from which he again rallied. The attack was repeated on Sunday afternoon about 2 o'clock, and was so severe that his friends thought it must be his last. His face and head became deeply surcharged with blood, and for about half a minute his breath stopped. His breathing improved somewhat in the afternoon, but consciousness did not return. In the evening he gradually faded away until nearly a quarter past 10, when he breathed his last. His last word was spoken on Sunday morning, and was an affectionate word to his wife, who stood by his bed.

We beg to call particular attention to our double-page cartoon entitled: "Forgotten Feuds: An Annual Millennial Comedy." The idea is to represent the leading political opponents of the country consorting together under the genial and healing auspices of Christmas-day. They dance a wild dance together, those who are particularly hostile to each other being partners in the rout.

It is one of those bacchanal scenes where all exclaim: "Nunc est bibendum, nunc pede libero Pulsanda tellus....."

Considering the intense antagonism which prevails in political life throughout the country, the idea of reconciliation for such brief evening is not an undesirable one.

Music and the Drama.

Miss Susan Donin has been acting in Chicago. C. W. Taylours has written a play entitled "Jealousy." The Vesceilus Sisters have played recently in Washington. E. L. Davenport is announced to appear in New York shortly. Jefferson is going to act *Dr. Pangloss* and *Bob Acres* in Baltimore.

Bouclenault's "Formosa," has been revived at the Pavillon, London.

Falconer has revived his "Peep o' Day" at the Adelphi, London.

Miss Amy Roberts, has been acting in conjunction with the Vokeses.

Miss Ada Gray lately presented the "New Magdalen," to the Baltimore public.

Miss Susan Galton has sung *Boulotte* in San Francisco, Jennie Lee singing the rôle of *Fleurette*.

W. S. Gilbert, author of "The Wicked World," has a comedy in preparation at the Haymarket.

An English version of an operetta by M. Lecocq is to be brought out at the Gaiety Theatre, London.

Clara Morris is acting in Philadelphia, and the *Press* says she is like a "reminiscence of Salvini."

Mr. Leathes, sustains the hero in Mr. Rendle's "Wandering Heir" at the Queen's Theatre, Liverpool.

The "Black Crook," illustrated by the same attractions as at Nible's, is to make a tour of New England.

Mrs. Field, mother of Kate Field, used to play *Smike* particularly well, and always gave it for her benefit.

Miss Sydney Cowell, of Hooley's company, Chicago, is credited with a delightful personation of *Polly Eccles*.

Mme. Parepa-Rosa is to be the *Elsa* of the forthcoming production of "Lohengrin" at Drury Lane Theatre.

Mr. Frank Marshall, author of "New Year's Eve," has a new comedy called "Wedded Bliss," which is to be produced at the Globe.

J. H. Stoddard, supported by Miss Ione Burke, Miss Julia Gaylorá, Mr. Ringgold, and Mr. Rockwell, is playing in Washington.

Judie wears some gorgeous array in the new piece at the Bouffes Parisiens—"La Quenouille de Verre" (the "Glass Dittaff").

A new society play entitled "Long Branch" has been produced at San Francisco, the leading "motive" of which is love—and forgery.

Miss Ada Cavendish, while playing in the "New Magdalen" recently in England, hurt her wrist when falling upon the stage, and was obliged to wear her arm in a sling.

The Signora Bentami who has made a hit as *Rosina* in Ferrara, is the wife of Mr. Bentham, the English tenor, and from Signora Fernandez became Signora Bentami (Bentham).

Oddities.

"Wanted," says a country paper, "young ladies who can and will play at croquet without cheating."

"Broom handles—two car loads (82,000) just received, and for sale at depot." Another warning to husbands.

A dandy is a chap who would be a lady if he could; but as he can't, does all he can to show the world he's not a man.

In Decatur, Ill., when a young lady declines an offer to convey her home, he asks permission to sit on the fence and see her go by.

A California paper says: "Born—A son, a regular fifteen pounder, to the wife of Elder Mannheim, the eloquent expounder."

An obituary notice in a Western paper contained the touching intelligence that the deceased "had accumulated a little money and ten children."

A Scranton paper, in giving an account of a shooting affray, says the wounded man is expected to recover, as the pistol-ball lodged in his dinner-pail.

A sharp Toledo girl said to a gentleman to whom she had just been introduced, that he would be very presentable if the Lord hadn't turned up so much of his legs to make feet of.

The tirade of a lecturer against corsets, at Springfield the other night, so told upon a young lady that she burst her corset strings and tossed them to her neighbours "to play cat's-cradle with."

An observing lady says that if you wish to see a fine display of diamonds upon the human form you must procure an introduction to the ugliest woman to be found at a fashionable watering-place.

A little four-year-old girl who had "been there," gives the following recipe for vaccination: "Scrape your arm a little; scrape it till it hurts; put in a little putty; let it dry; and that's all, till it takes."

A pious old lady being asked by her pastor what she thought of the doctrine of total depravity, replied, she thought it a most excellent doctrine, and had no doubt it had been the means of saving many souls.

A Western paper says that a Sioux City Justice of the Peace, undoubtedly afflicted with absent-mindedness, about to marry a couple, said: "Hold up your right hands. Now, what do you know about this case?"

An imaginative Irishman gave utterance to this lamentation: "I returned to the halls of my fathers by night, and found them in ruins! I cried aloud, 'My fathers! where are they?' And echo answered, 'Is that you, Patrick McCarthy?'"

Perhaps it was not amusing to see John the other night, slugging contentedly to himself, and crumbling bread into a bowl of starch which his wife had placed in the pantry, and saying there was nothing like bread-and-milk after all.

A photographer advertises:—"In consequence of the daily increase of accidents by railway, the public are earnestly requested to call at—, and have their portraits taken, that some memento of departed friends may be left to sorrowing survivors."

The *Congregationalist* advises its readers to "sit at the feet of a horse and learn humility." "Just so," says the California *News-Letter* "Sit down at the feet of a mule, and if he don't humiliate you pull his tail and tickle the inside of his legs with a stable fork."

A "reader" in New Britain very truthfully and indignantly asserts that no woman, however nervous she may be, has a right to wake her husband from a sound sleep to tell him on his inquiring what is the matter, "Nothing, only I wanted to know if you were awake."

Prisoner (to learned magistrate).—"Has any one a right to commit a nuisance?" Learned magistrate.—"No, sir, not even the mayor—no, sir, not even the governor." Prisoner.—"Then you can't commit me; for I was arrested as a nuisance, and you've decided that I am one."

William Arps says: "I'd tax a man nuthin on an incum of 5 thousand dollars and under. I'd tax 10 per cent on all between 5 and 10 thousand; twenty per cent on all between 10 and 20 thousand, and so on, double up to 50 thousand. Above that I'd take it all, every dollar. I tell you that will git."

A Quaker, intending to drink a glass of water, took up a small tumbler of gin. He did not discover his mistake until he had swallowed the dose, when he lifted up both hands and exclaimed, "Verily I have taken inwardly the balm of the world's people. What will Agiball say when she smells my breath?"

At a California fair several bottles of strained honey were exhibited, when a man put a bottle of castor-oil with the rest. Several old ladies sampled it, with the same result. The opinion of all who tried it was that the bee who made it was a fraud. One old lady said that even the bees had got to cheating nowadays.

A San Francisco milliner (says a local paper) has invented a hat which will probably sell well in cases where blushing is not so spontaneous as it might be, or used to be. When the wearer bows or lowers the head abruptly, a tiny pair of steel clamps compress the arteries on each side of the temples, sending the blood at once to the cheeks.

A man wrote to the editor of a horticultural paper, asking "What are the most advantageous additions to dried grasses for winter ornament?" The editor replied briefly, "Sir—Aeroclinium roseum, A. alba, Gomphrena globosa, and G. globosa earnea.—Yours truly—The Editor." The querist answered, in a passion, that he had never been so much insulted in his life by the use of bad language.

Little Jenny T—is five years old. Her uncle gave her a doll. Jenny cherished the doll with all a mother's care. The other day she was nursing it on her knees; she started suddenly, the doll fell, and the head was broken off. Jenny was overcome with grief at this misfortune, and looked aghast at the poor headless doll; then raising her eyes, she said with a sigh of resignation, "Another little angel in heaven."

The Western person has evidently had his mind so thoroughly imbued with the idea of pork that in speaking of ships he supercedes ordinary nautical terms by expressions drawn from the pork market. Thus a Milwaukee paper informs us that the "forequarter of a large vessel" has just been washed ashore near that city. Whether the upper joints of the vessel have yet been found, or whether any of her spare-ribs were attached to the fore-quarter, is not mentioned.

An inebriate some little while back got into a tramway car in Glasgow, and became very troublesome and annoying to the other passengers, so much so that it was proposed to eject him; but a genial and kind-hearted Reverend Doctor, who was also a passenger, interposed for him, and soothed him into good behaviour for the rest of the journey. Before leaving, however, he scowled upon the other occupants of the bus, and muttered some words of contempt, but shook hands warmly with the Doctor, and said, "Good day, my friend; I see you ken what it is to be drunk."

Scraps.

Mrs. Thompson, daughter of the poet Burns, died recently in Scotland, aged eighty-four.

A prize of £100 for the best national song and chorus has been offered by Sir John Bennett.

Berlin is prospecting an International Exhibition on as grand a scale as the Vienna *Ausstellung*.

Professor Agassiz left three children, Alexander Agassiz, Ida (Mrs. Higginson), and Pauline (Mrs. Shaw).

Much of the sugar-syrup in general use is manufactured out of woody substances by a free use of the oil of vitriol.

One of the Chicago papers thinks the only hope of the Reformed Episcopal Church is in making Henry Ward Beecher Bishop.

Count de Bardi, nephew of the Count de Chambord, is to marry the Princess Marie, sister of Francis II., ex-King of the Two Sicilies.

Count Staempfli has been reimbursed his expenses as member of the Geneva Court of Arbitration, having refused to accept a testimonial.

The Rev. Newman Hall has gone back to England with \$1,200 for the memorial tower to Abraham Lincoln in connection with his church in London.

An ordinance providing that in future all bishops, upon their installation, shall swear to maintain the strictest subordination to the state, has been officially promulgated at Berlin.

Paris advices state that some cases of cattle disease have occurred in Germany, and that the German Government has adopted vigorous measures to meet the danger. The malady was imported in Germany from Lower Austria.

A memorial fountain to a faithful dog has been erected by the Baroness Burdett-Coutts, at George the Fourth's Bridge, Edinburgh. Greyfriars Bobby was the animal's name, and he had shown an extraordinary attachment to his master by following his remains to the grave, and lingering round the spot for four years.

The latest industry in Paris is the sale of relics from the ruins of the Opera House. Antique rusty swords are found the most lucrative articles of commerce, and shabby old weapons are being rapidly bought up, half calcined in the fire, and disposed of as "the sword worn by M. Faure in *Hamlet*, *Don Giovanni*, or *Faust*." At least sixty of M. Faure's *soi-disant* swords have thus been sold.

Saturday, the 9th ult., was the *fete* day of the ex-Empress of the French, but as she had expressed her wish that no notice should be taken of the anniversary, there was no public reception at Camden House. The day, however, was not forgotten by the ex-Empress's friends and partisans, for a number of persons called to inquire, and on finding there was no celebration paid their respects to the dead instead of the living—visited the tomb of Napoleon III. Numerous bouquets and wreaths were sent to the ex-Empress from France as well as England, and immediately on their arrival the bouquets were despatched to Napoleon's tomb, where they soon formed a good-sized pile.

Art and Literature.

Quizot has another volume ready for the press.

The Messrs. Appleton will publish a "Life of Chief-Justice Chase."

Wylie Collins' "New Magdalen" has been translated into Italian.

Robert Dale Owen's autobiography will be published in London by Trubner.

Mr. Millais is said to be painting a Scotch landscape for next year's Academy Exhibition.

Sir Samuel Baker will give the results of his recent African explorations in two large volumes.

Whittier is going to try his hand at the autobiographical business in a series of papers for the *Atlantic*.

Mr. George Augustus Sala has written the story of the Comte de Chambord in a shilling volume, published by Messrs. Routledge.

The first volume of a Spanish translation of Shakspeare has been published in Madrid. It contains "Othello" and "Much Ado About Nothing."

A correspondent of the *Scotsman* writes that Mr. Odger is about to follow Mr. Bradlaugh's example, and start on a lecturing tour in the United States.

A quarterly review, to be called the *Educational Review of the French Language and Literature*, has appeared in England. It is written in French and English.

The first number of a new English weekly journal of satire, politics, and criticisms has appeared. It is entitled *The Octopus*, and will be brought out in Brighton and London simultaneously.

A new story from the pen of Sir Arthur Helps is in the press. It is concerned with Russian conspiracies, and gives an account of the economics of Siberia, to which his chief characters are transported.

Mr. George Smith states that, on the recommendation of the trustees of the British Museum, the Treasury has directed him to proceed to Kouyunjik and resume the excavations for Assyrian antiquities.

Mr. Pimmsoll, M.P., has, it is said, purchased an interest in a magazine which is supposed to represent more or less the class whose welfare he has so much at heart, and intends bringing the serial out under his own avowed editorship.

We are informed that the director of the Chaucer Society, Mr. F. J. Furnival, has found in the Record Office an entry that King Edward III. paid £16 on the 1st of March, 1360, towards the ransom of the poet Chaucer, who had been taken prisoner in the war with France in 1359-60.

Messrs. Hachette have just brought out a beautiful folio edition of the Holy Gospels, in two volumes, and at the marvellous price of £20. Not too much, however, for such perfection as the work exhibits in each detail, and not enough it would appear to remunerate the editors; for Messrs. Hachette declare that after selling the whole first edition they will still be 300,000*fr.* out of pocket. The text is a translation "unconsciously" made by Bossuet—that is, a collection of fragments from Scripture, which he translated for his own use, and which are to be found scattered through his writings. M. Wallon, member of the Institute, was the learned and patient individual chosen to put them together, and he has executed his task with such skill as to leave no joinings visible. The form of each single letter is an architectural monument, designed by that excellent artist, M. Charles Bossignoux. He has likewise sketched with his own hand all the ornaments of the work, the titles, headings, and tail pieces of chapters. The illustrations are due to the pencil of M. Bida, who went to Palestine for the express purpose of taking on the spot the landscapes, types, and costumes, scarcely changed now after a lapse of eighteen centuries. These plates are 125 in number, having cost their author nine years to produce. They have been etched by the best French artists, under the direction of Edmond Héreau, a good painter, full of taste and capacity.

News of the Week.

THE DOMINION.—The Quebec Legislature has adjourned till 8th January.—Hon. Geo. Brown has been appointed to the Dominion Senate.

UNITED STATES.—Col. Dent, father of Mrs. President Grant, is dead.—The Charleston and Brooklyn navy yards have resumed their usual hours of labour, and the emergency being now over, a number of the hands have been discharged from the latter yard.—Chief Justice McKean, of Utah, has again refused to admit a polygamist to citizenship.—President Grant's message to Congress concerning the Island of Cuba has been most severely criticised by the Cuban papers.—Two-thirds of the business portion of Hutsonville, Ill., was destroyed by fire on the 17th. The loss is estimated at some \$50,000, there being little or no insurance.—Ex-Major Hall of New York has been notified that his trial, on which the jury heretofore disagreed, will be moved on Dec. 22.—The U. S. Postmaster-General has made arrangements for European mails to be despatched from New York four times a week.—It is rumoured that Woodward has been taken back to New York through the instrumentality of Richard Tweed, to aid in convicting those who deserted his brother, the "Boss."—Professor Agassiz, who, by the deed of endowment of the School at Penikese, had the right to appoint his successor in the Presidency, has nominated his son, Alexander Agassiz.

GERMANY.—The Emperor of Germany is greatly prostrated by the throat disease from which he has for some time been suffering.

SPAIN.—The Carlist insurrectionists are decreasing in number.—The Spanish are going to demand the return of the "Virginilus," her crew and passengers, on the ground that the vessel was not entitled to sail under the United States flag.—It is rumoured that serious complications with regard to Cuba have arisen between the British Government and Spain.

FRANCE.—It is rumoured from Paris that in consequence of the success of the Republicans in the late supplementary elections for members of the Assembly, the Right has resolved to propose an alteration of the suffrage law, by which four million of persons will be deprived of the franchise.—In the French Assembly the bill for increasing MacMahon's salary has been passed.

SANDWICH ISLANDS.—The Sandwich Islanders have withdrawn from their Reciprocity Treaty with the United States having an idea that Reciprocity means Annexation.

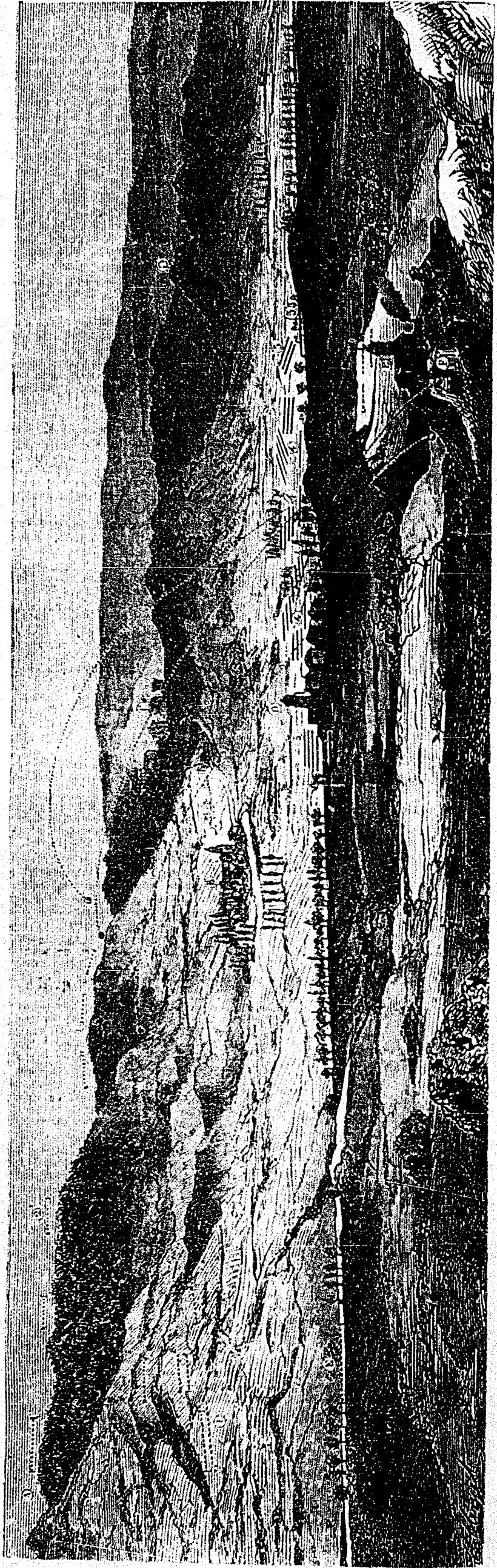
ENGLAND.—The ex-Empress Eugenie lately visited Queen Victoria at Windsor Castle.—The trial of the Tichborne claimant is postponed until the 29th, in consequence of the illness of Dr. Kenealy, defendant's counsel.—Mr. Arch announces that 500 more emigrants will sail for New Zealand in a few days.

AFRICA.—A despatch from the Gold Coast announces that the King of Dahomey has joined the Ashantes.—Fever continues among the British troops, and 100 invalids have been sent to the island of St. Helena.

CUBA.—The surviving passengers and crew of the *Virginilus* were delivered on the 18th to Commander Braine, of the United States steamship "Junista." They were sent on board that vessel, which soon after took her departure for New York.



ENGAGEMENT BETWEEN CARLISTS AND REPUBLICANS ON THE BILBAO RIVER DURING THE PASSAGE OF THE PORTAL STEAMER "LUCHANO."



THE BATTLE OF MONTEJICA, NEAR ESTRELLA.—POSITIONS OF THE ARMIES AT THE COMMENCEMENT OF THE ACTION.

— Republicans. — — — — — Carlists.

1 Position from which Don Carlos continued to follow the movements of the troops. 2 Positions occupied by General Olla and his staff. 3 Positions occupied by Generals Elio and Dorregaray and Don Carlos' staff. 4 Republican artillery. 5 Republican cavalry.

A. Heights of Montejura, occupied by the Carlists. B. Village of Loquim, occupied by the Republicans. C. Village of Barbasins do. D. Urbola do. E. Villamayor, occupied by the Carlists. F. House from which Don Carlos surveyed the operations, shelled by the Republicans. G. Heights of Monte Coquillo, whither the Republicans were pursued by the Carlists.



THE LATE PROFESSOR LOUIS AGASSIZ.



THUMLING.



THE SEA MAIDEN.

THUMLING. (SEE PAGE 410)

(For the Canadian Illustrated News.)

CHRISTMAS MORN.

BY BELLELVA.

O'er the earth this festive morning
 Myriad voices gladly raise,
 Pealing forth with jubilation
 To their God a song of praise.
 And the angel choirs listening
 Echo back the glorious strain
 To that heaven and earth and ocean
 Mingle in one grand refrain.
 Glory, glory in the highest!
 (Glory thrice to Him be given
 Who to be Our Lord and Saviour
 Left his mighty throne in Heaven
 "Glory, praise, and benediction
 Through all land forever till
 Time ends and earth has faded:—
 Peace to all men of good-will.
 Years ago o'er Beth'hem's mountains,
 Melody celestial rang
 Through the midnight air, when angels
 First this hymn of glory sang;
 Telling of a God Incarnate
 A Redeemer newly born
 Bringing peace and joy and gladness
 To the world on Christmas morn.
 Since that day it hath resounded
 Rising from the hearts of men
 Swelling on the wings of zephyrs
 In a great harmonic strain
 Piercing through the mazy clouds and
 Far beyond the starry skies
 Till it joins the heavenly chorus
 In a song that never dies.
 Then the peace that angels promised
 Falls upon the busy world,
 And the flags of love and concord
 To the breezes are unfurled.
 Hands are clasped in friendly union,
 Hushed the cries of strife and war.
 While again the hymn reechoes
 "Peace to good men near and far."
 May this holy peace fall on us
 Through our dear Canadian land,
 Binding all who live upon it,
 In a strong fraternal band.
 Wreathing fast the rose and thistle
 With old Erin's emblem green
 And the maple of our country
 Winding here and there between.
 May we all who on this morning
 Kneel with friendly full accord
 To the same sweet infant man-God,
 To the same Incarnate Lord;
 While we sing the hymn of Glory,
 And with joy our bosoms thrill,
 May we feel the angels' promise;
 Peace to all men of good-will!"

TAKEN AT THE FLOOD.

A NEW NOVEL,

By the Author of "Lady Audley's Secret," "Strangers and Pilgrims," &c., &c.

CHAPTER XXXI.

THE ALOE THAT BLOOMS BUT ONCE.

The Dean House family saw no more of Edmund Stenden that night. He stayed in the study for about an hour, and then let himself quietly out of the hall door, and set off in the direction of Hedingham. Some curious impulse of mind and heart led him to the scene of his lost happiness—the shadowy old churchyard where he had lingered with his beloved in the summer evenings that were gone, the wide-stretching old yew which had so often been their trusting tree—the garden hedge by which he had waited sometimes after dark for the stolen hand-clasp, a few hasty words, a promise of meeting to-morrow.

The moon was up, and the country side glorious in that solemn beauty which only moonlight can give. The distant line of sea yonder, which the lonely pedestrian saw from the hill top, looked silver white against the dark of wood and moor. Edmund crossed that little copse adjoining the hill-side meadow, and the old chestnut tree beneath which he and Sylvia had met so often.

The past is eternal, says Schiller. Edmund felt that his past happiness must colour all his life to come, never to be forgotten, an ever present regret, a haunting shadow dividing him from all possibilities of joy. He lingered a little beneath the wide boughs of the chestnut. Early to blossom, early to fade, like his own hopes, had been the old tree. The dead leaves fluttered slowly down about him as he stood there, alone with his withered hopes. "Poor leaves, poor dreams," he said to himself, "who would have thought in your spring tide that you bloomed but to decay?"

It was ten o'clock when Edmund entered the village, and Hedingham was for the most part asleep. The ripple of the brook that ran through the rustic street was the only sound in the place. There were lights in the rectory windows, and lights in the schoolhouse, lights gleaming from the two lattices he had watched so often. He crossed the churchyard, lingering a little by the tomb of the De Bosineys, as he had lingered under the chestnut. Here they two had parted with vows of eternal fidelity. Here he had left her sorrow stricken.

"Fortune is a speedy consoler," he said to himself bitterly. He opened the loosely latched gate, between the churchyard and the schoolmaster's garden, and went in. He wanted to see James Carew—to talk to him with having forced his daughter to this ill-assorted union—to tell him in no gentle phrase his opinion of that act.

He knocked at the low door under the porch, and it was opened promptly. But not by James Carew. The person who opened it was a youngish man, with sandy hair and spectacles. "Is Mr. Carew at home?" asked Edmund, wondering who this stranger might be.

"Mr. Carew left Hedingham six weeks ago," answered the young man. "He gave up the situation of schoolmaster, partly on account of declining health, and partly because of his daughter having married Sir Aubrey Perriam."

"Do you know where Mr. Carew has gone?"

"Not exactly, sir. I believe he went abroad, somewhere in the south, to spend the winter."

This seemed curious. Edmund fancied that Sylvia's father would remain at Hedingham to profit by the barter of his daughter's peace, yet it had been foolishness to expect to find him still a parish schoolmaster, toiling for a pittance. That would have been a sorry bargain which would have left him no better off than before he had doubtless married off to enjoy life, remote from the scene of his iniquity.

Edmund left the schoolhouse. It had a changed look to him somehow, as if it were but the dead corpse of the place he had once known. The garden was strewn with faded leaves—the dahlias and ragged chrysanthemums spoke of autumn and decay—the perfume of the summer was fled, scentless flowers bloomed coldly in the beds that had once been sweet with roses and carnations, sweet peas, and mignonette.

"How shall I teach myself to forget her?" thought Edmund, as he walked homeward to begin common daily life again, the charm that had sweetened it.

He had been happy enough before he met Sylvia Carew, but now happiness seemed impossible without her.

Mrs. Stauden and Esther were both agreeably surprised by Edmund's manner next morning. They had fancied that the gloom of this great sorrow would hang over him long, would poison his life for years to come. They had thought, with fear and trembling, how some desperate illness, some perilous fever of mind and body might be issue of this sudden and bitter disappointment. They were unspeakably relieved to find him in outward bearing almost the same as of old; a little graver and more silent perhaps, but manly, cheerful, thoughtful for others. In a word, Edmund Stauden did not wear his heart upon his sleeve for days to peck at.

Yet in his innermost heart he felt that all the best and brightest part of his life was ended. The hopes and dreams that had made youth so fair a morning were dead for ever. He nerved himself to face this grief and conquer it, or at least rise superior to it; but the grief was none the less intense because he bore it like a man, he also felt it like a man to the core of his wounded heart.

He had a long, serious talk with his mother the day after his return. They walked up and down the broad gravel mall together in the cheerful autumn sunlight, and spoke of many things, but not a word of Sylvia.

"I think I shall go back to the Continent, mother, and wander about for a year or two," said Edmund; "there's a great deal of Northern Europe that I should like to see—Roumania, Hungary, Poland. I might stop away as much as three years perhaps."

"Very well, Edmund," said his mother, in her firm yet gentle voice. "If it is really for your happiness that you should go, I cannot say stop. But I am getting old, and I had hoped you would have been my friend and companion in declining life. It seems hard that you must run away from me just when I need you most. Do you think it will be so much easier to get rid of your trouble in a foreign land—that you can dig a deeper grave for sorrow in a strange soil?"

"You are right, mother. Trees and hills and flowers, and every wind and angle in the road, remind me of—what has been. But they do not awaken memory. That never sleeps, never can sleep. I daresay I should be just as wretched in Germany. If my going away would grieve you, why I'll stop."

"If it would grieve me, Edmund! What have I to live for except you? Poor Ellen and the children—and Esther. They are very dear to me, but they have always been secondary to you. I give you my whole heart, Edmund."

"Yet you would have disinherited me."

"That was a desperate means to save you from a fatal step. Providence has interfered. I shall never talk of disinheriting you any more."

"If you knew how little I value money you would better understand how vain a threat that was. Fate has been on your side, mother, but I could have held my own against all the world. I care less for money now; and yet I feel that I can't lead an idle life. The dawdling, half-asleep and half-awake existence of a country squire won't do for me. I should go out of my mind. If you will not let me go abroad and roam from one place to another, I must find some kind of employment."

"My dear boy, I only desire to see you happy."

"I believe that, mother," the son answered tenderly, "and to be happy I must be occupied; hard work is the best panacea for my disease. I'll go to Monkhampton to-morrow morning, see Sanderson, the manager, and get him to take me into the bank. I fancy I must have inherited some of my father's commercial capacity."

"Dear Edmund, there is so little occasion for you to do anything. You will have as good an income as you can possibly desire."

"I want employment, mother, not income. If I were a heaven-born genius I should go up to London and read for the Bar, but I don't feel that I could wait seven years for my first brief. I'd rather have a stool in the Monkhampton Bank, and count the farmer's greasy notes. I should feel that I was doing something."

"Ah, Edmund, I look forward to the day when you will see things in a new light. When a hope that I once fondly cherished may perhaps be realised."

"What hope, mother?"

"The hope of seeing you united to an amiable and worthy wife."

"Stop, mother. Let the subject be a sealed book. I shall never marry."

"Never is a long word, Edmund."

"But life is not long. You know what my favourite poet says—'Our brief life forbids the indulgence of a distant hope.' What is to-day with me will be to-morrow."

"If I thought that I should be miserable. But I trust in the goodness of God. My beloved son will not always be unhappy. The leaves fall from yonder trees, Edmund, but spring will bring new buds."

"The heart of man has not the same happy facility for putting forth new shoots. Man's heart is like the aloe, which blossoms once in a generation."

"My dear Edmund, it is natural for you to feel as you do. Yes, you shall take a situation at the Bank; you shall work as hard as you like; only stay near me. Life is indeed too brief for the severance of a mother from her only son. I will put my trust in Providence, and wait till the aloe blossoms again."

"Not this aloe, mother. It may grow into a good strong plant and be of some use in its generation, but it shall put forth no second flower."

"Who shall answer for the heart? Only God and Time," answered the mother solemnly.

This conversation was not without a consoling effect upon Edmund. He went to the Monkhampton Bank next day, and as it was only his caprice to seek employment, and salary was not a matter of bread and cheese to him, he was received by the manager with open arms. Mr. Sanderson was glad to pay honor to the representative of the founder of the Bank. He offered Edmund a post immediately, and a hundred and fifty per annum to start with. "It seems absurd to talk to you of sa-

lary," and Mr. Sanderson grandly, "but an hundred and fifty will give you an extra hunter in the course of the year, or pay for your gloves."

"You're very kind," answered Edmund, "but I don't want hunters or gloves. I want employment and independence."

"Rather a curious business," thought the manager, when the applicant has retired. "I suppose he has had another shindy with the old lady. They said that mother and son quarrelled about that schoolmaster's peety daughter, whom Sir Aubrey Perriam was foolish enough to marry, but what is the present row about I wonder?"

The manager was surprised by Mr. Stenden came to fetch her son after the first day at the Bank. Still more surprised to see the mother's look of love as Edmund joined her.

"Come to fetch her little boy home from day school," said said Mr. Sanderson to himself, "then there has been no shindy after all, and the young man means business."

CHAPTER XXXII.

BITTER AS ASHES.

Lady Perriam had been married three months. Two out of those three months she had spent at Perriam Place, and it seemed to her that her existence, as Sir Aubrey's wife, was quite an old thing. "Lady Perriam, Sylvia, Lady Perriam," she repeated the title to herself wonderingly sometimes. There was so small a difference between Lady Perriam and Sylvia Carew. The same discontent, the same unsatisfied yearnings gnawed Sylvia's heart, amidst the placid grandeur of Perriam Place as in the village school house. Her ambition had been gratified beyond her wildest dream, but its gratification had brought her so little.

For a little while, just as long as novelty, like the bloom upon a peach, gave charm and beauty to her surroundings, she had believed it all sufficient for content, nay for happiness, to be mistress of Perriam Place; to be able to say my house, my dressing room, my boudoir, my gardens, my servants; to be waited on by respectful attendants; to have a carriage at her command; and to be called "My Lady." It was also very pleasant to have no rooms to clean, no dinners to cook, no cups and saucers or plates and dishes to wash after every meal, in a word, no daily routine of domestic labour. These were all on the credit side of her ledger. But on the other side the sum of her discontents swelled day by day. Novelty's brief bloom soon faded from Perriam Place; the large empty rooms began to wear a dreary look; nay, at times, when she had been long alone in the drawing-room, there grew upon her a sense of some ghostly unseen presence lurking in the background of that spacious saloon. She almost feared to look behind her chair lest she should see something, what she had never imaged to herself. Sometimes she would glance nervously at one of those seven long windows, half fearing to see a strange face looking in at her—a face not of this earth. Perhaps the vicinity of so many dead Perriams in the little church-yard yonder, below the Italian garden, may have had something to do with this fancy.

This stately solitude seen from the outside would have seemed perfect to the girlish eyes of Sylvia Carew. It was the life that she would have asked for had some liberal fairy bade her choose her own destiny. But how many of us would choose wrong were we permitted to select our own lot out of the urn of fate. He who shakes the lots in the urn alone knows what is good for us.

That splendid life, set round with worldly pomp, was very dismal for Sir Aubrey Perriam's young wife. Sweet though it was to be free from menial labour, the days seemed long and empty without that sordid toil. Sylvia laid out a grand scheme for completing her education. She would read the Latin poets, with the aid of grammar and lexicon; she would improve her German. Unhappily, schemes such as these are apt to break down where there is no one to supervise the studies or sympathise with the student. Sylvia had worked desperately at German during Edmund Stenden's brief courtship, so that she might read the books he admired, and talk to him a little in that rugged language which has a force and power hardly found in more melodious tongues. Edmund had read Sculler's ballads to her sometimes in their twilight dawdlings by streamlet or meadow, and to please him by her progress she had worked assiduously, and deemed the labour sweet. Now, she yawned over the strong wine of that verse, as if it had been the weakest milk and water of the Wordsworthian school—indefinitely diluted Wordsworth. Nor did Horace's odes, which had seemed full of grace and meaning when Edmund declaimed and explained them, now appear anything more than a string of nouns and adjectives, ablative absolutes and gerundives, worked into a distracting tangle.

She might have obtained some kind of assistance from Mordred, but whenever she ventured to appeal to that authority he meandered off into prosy criticism upon the bard, and insisted on entertaining Sylvia with a catalogue of editions. His own understanding was too weak for a teacher. He could only repeat what he had read. Thus, after a month or so of systematic study, Lady Perriam lost heart, and only took up her books in a desultory manner.

Sir Aubrey gave her no encouragement to study. He had the old-fashioned notion that a young woman should know how to make what his grandfather had called "puddens," and be great in the still-room. If she hankered after higher accomplishments, she should paint flowers and butterflies upon velvet, or draw minute landscapes in pencil, to the injury of her sight, or paint feathers in the same minute style to adorn her friends' albums. Then to fill up the sum of her industrious days she might do tambour work, or Abraham and Isaac in tent-stitch, as the last Lady Perriam but one had done, a work of art which might be seen to this day in the Bolling-broke chamber. Of blue stockings Sir Aubrey had a pious horror.

"Look at Lady Mary Wortley," he said, when he dissuaded Sylvia from the study of the Latin poets, "she was vastly clever, but hardly respectable even at her best; and if the scandals of the period are to be believed, not over clean."

For music, vocal or instrumental, Sir Aubrey cared not a jot. He had bought a cottage piano at Sylvia's request, and it was permitted to stand in a corner by one of the fire-places in the saloon, where, in his heart of hearts, the baronet deemed it an eye-sore. He would ask Sylvia to sing to him every evening, in exactly the same courteous tone; but he read the paper while she sang, and was rarely aware of the subject of her minstrelsy. Yet he thanked her with undeviating politeness when she closed the piano.

The monotony of life at Perriam Place was far beyond anything one could expect in a monastery. Those solemn abodes are subject to the intrusion of travellers, the inspection of a vicar-general, changes in administration even, feast days, fast

days, retreats, an endless variety as compared with life at Perriam, which was smooth and changeloss as the bosom of a canal.

Sir Aubrey was never unkind to her; but, on the other hand, he was not the indulgent husband she had expected him to be.

One day she ventured to suggest that they might lead a gayer life than their present existence, that Perriam Place

would seem all the pleasanter if it were occasionally filled with visitors. Sir Aubrey raised his brows in placid astonishment.

"My love, are you not happy?" he asked. Sylvia sighed, and replied that she was perfectly happy.

"I know you lived here like a hermit while you were a bachelor," she said; "people used to talk enough about it.

"I hope the prospect of entertaining the county people was not your sole inducement to become my wife," answered

Sir Aubrey, with that air of offended dignity with which he armed himself at times as with a hauberk.

Sylvia shrugged her shoulders, and submitted. She was obliged to submit, had indeed discovered that life matrimonial was all submission.

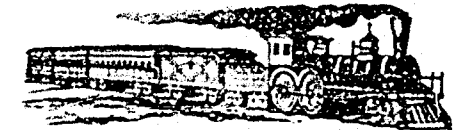
(To be continued.)

THE WALTHAM WATCH COMPANY

have experienced a his-might serve for a nation. They for years they persecution and they bore coun- and now from

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C. J. BRYDGE, Managing Director. Montreal, October 6, 1873. 7-15 22

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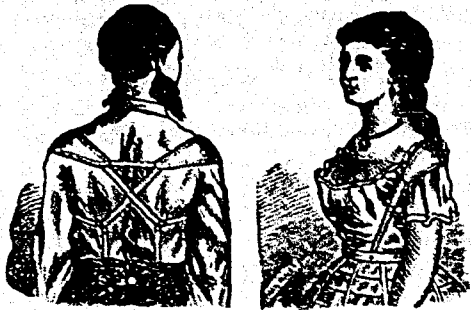
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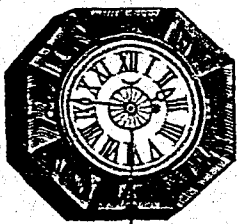
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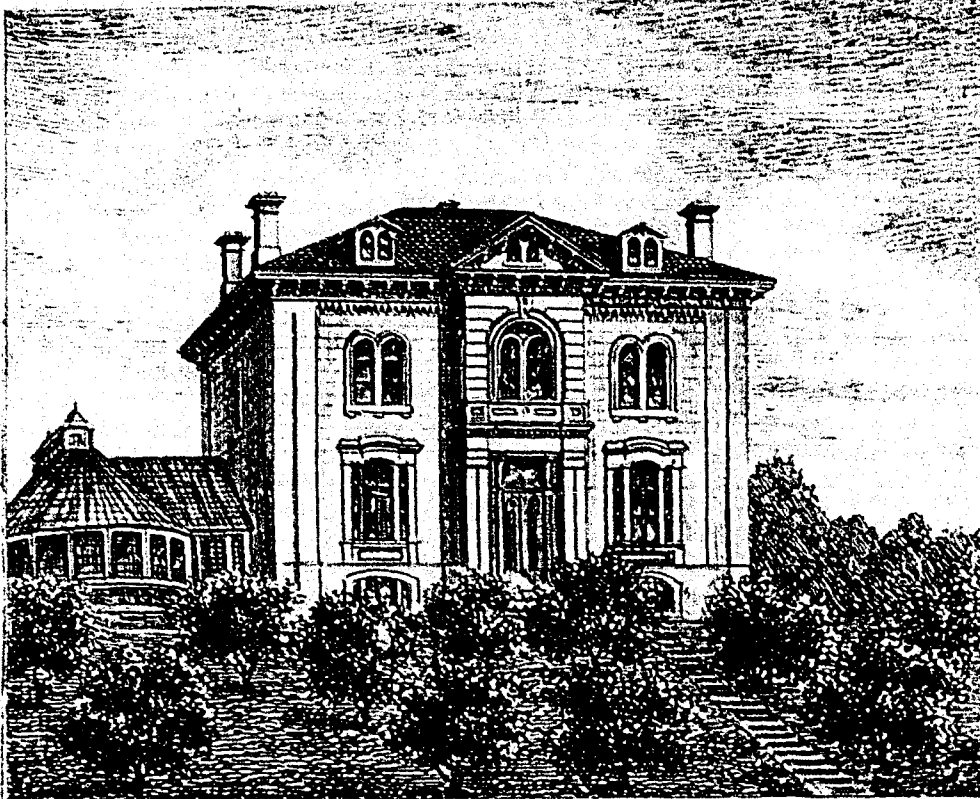
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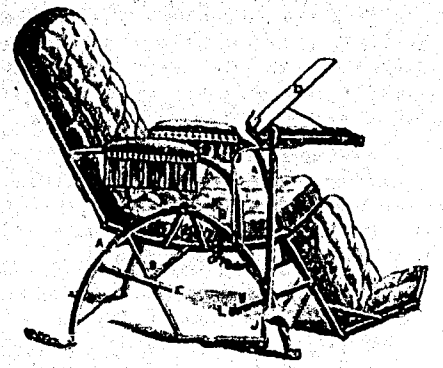
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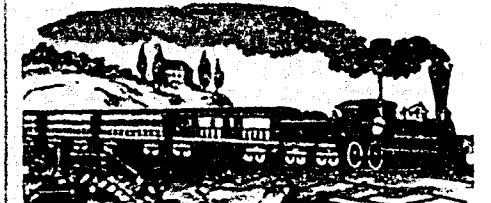
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A CHRISTMAS DRAMATIC SKETCH.

SCENE I.

In Front of Queen's Hall—A Sleigh Drives up to the Door.

Cobby.—Here ye are, surr. Just in time.
Henry.—Hardly. Let us out quick.
Lucy.—I hope the ball has not opened. That would be too bad.
Henry.—My usual luck, confound it. Step down, Lucy. (Helps her out of the sleigh.)
Cobby.—What time will I call for you, surr?
Henry.—At twelve sharp, John.
Lucy.—Oh! yes. We must be down at the Gesù for the beginning of the Midnight Mass. I wouldn't miss that *Glória* for anything.
Cobby. (adjusting his sleigh robes.)—Much the chick knows about *glory*. Ball first and choorch afterwards. Hum!
 (An unknown person stoops down on the side walk, picks up something, and walks away hurriedly.)

SCENE II.—ANTEROOM OF THE BALL.

Lucy.—I say, Harry, where's my tippet?
Henry.—Why, you haven't lost it I hope?
Lucy.—I had it in the sleigh. I must have dropped it at the door, or on the stair. Go and see.
Henry.—Oh! hang it. (Exit.)
Lucy.—My tippet! The costliest and the prettiest bit of fur in the city. And sent me by Walter only this morning. Oh dear! what will become of me if it is gone?
Henry. (returning.)—Can't be found. You must have left it in the sleigh.
Lucy.—No, I didn't.
Henry.—Then it is lost.
Lucy.—Lost? Lost? But it shan't, can't, musn't be lost. You will have to find it. Go at once and question everybody about the corridors and the lower entrance.
Henry.—But Lucy.....
Lucy.—I will hear no "buts." Go and see the police. It must have been stolen.
Henry.—There is only one policeman, and he can't leave his beat. I would have to go away to the Central Station.
Lucy.—Well, go there then, and be quick about it.
Henry.—But it will take me two hours to go and come back.
Lucy.—I don't care if it took you the whole night.
Henry.—And the ball? I hear the fiddles.....
Lucy.—Fiddles and fiddlesticks. What of the ball? There will be no ball for you till you find my tippet, and mind don't return without it.
Henry. (aside.)—Blast these girls. They are as imperious as devils. (To Lucy.) And what will you do in the meantime?
Lucy.—Don't you fret. I'll manage. Only I won't be happy till I get my tippet. (Henry dashes his fur cap over his ears and rushes out with mothered oaths.)

SCENE III.—MAIN STAIRWAY.

(Two gentlemen cross each other, one going up and the other going down.)
Walter.—Hello! Harry, is that you?
Harry.—Don't talk to me. I am as mad as the ———.
Walter.—What's the matter?
Harry.—It's all that vixen, Lucy. She lost her tippet, and I must hunt for it, down as far as the Central Station.
Walter. (laughing.)—Well, that's a jolly go. I wish you luck in this snow-storm. There are none but private sleighs at the door, and you'll have to walk it.
Harry.—Confound it. Just my luck. (They separate.)

SCENE IV.—THE ANTEROOM.

Lucy.—He is gone, and won't be back in a hurry. That is so much done. Now, I wonder if..... But first, I must pull off my wraps and make quite ready for the ball. The first dance is nearly over. (She suits the action to the word. Then goes to the open door opening on the corridor. Walter meets her there.)
Lucy. (smiling and holding out her two hands to W.)—Well!
Walter.—Well? (Smiling also.)
Lucy.—I tell you I fixed him.
Walter.—I know you did. It was a master-piece. Accept my heartiest thanks, darling. But, come, the ball.....
Lucy.—First, my tippet, if you please.
Walter.—Here it is. Didn't I pick it up neatly?
Lucy.—And didn't I drop it neatly?
Walter.—Beautiful conspirator!
Lucy.—Elegant sultan!
 (Walter bows, Lucy takes his looped arm, and they both trip gaily to the ball-room.)

SCENE V.—IN FRONT OF QUEEN'S HALL.

(It is midnight. Lucy and Walter come down and, standing near the sleigh, talk in a low voice with John, the cobby.)
Walter.—Well, John, how did it go? Tell us all about it.
Cobby.—O, surr, but it was a gran' lark. Everything turned out pat. You see, I goes off down Union Avenue, and then down Beaver All. I was jest off Victory Square, when I hears a mon a tucklin' down the 'ill, a rollin' in the snow once or twice, an' a callin' out to me. I know'd it was 'im, and I stops. "Well, surr," ses I. "O, John, is it you?" ses he. "What is it, surr?" ses I. "Drive me down to the Central Station," ses he. all of a blow: "somebody 'as stolen Miss Garthfield's tippet an' I want to get the piece." I 'elps 'im into the sleigh, though 'ardly keeping from laffin' in 'is face, and we drove down lively. Of course the Chief was not in at that time o' night, surr, and no special constables could be sent, as they were all about the churches for the midnight service, which is very queer all the same, surr, that people should need a watchin' then, surr.
Walter. (laughing.)—Bad world, John, bad world.
Cobby.—Which it is, surr, and no mistake. But Mr. Grymes he fretted awful, and asks me what he should do. "See the detectives, surr," I ses. "I knows where they all live." And so, to make a long story short, I drives him about for two hours, from street to street, stopping in several houses, where the detectives were not in, had just gone out, and the missuses didn't know where they were gone, until Mr. Grymes he was tired out. Besides it was nigh on the stroke of twelve, and I had to be back 'ere, surr.
Lucy.—Well done, John. (Laughing.)
Walter.—Capital. Coubin't be better. Here's your guinea, John. You have deserved it richly.
Cobby.—For which I'm obliged, surr. But it was rare fun, and the old 'ocman will have her Christmas goose after all, surr, and the children a bauble or two, and the poor 'orsey, but he is pretty well blown, surr.
Lucy. (to Walter.)—But Harry, where is he after all? He might pounce upon us yet.
Walter.—I declare I had forgotten all about him, I was so amused. And Mr. Grymes, what did you do with him, John?
Cobby.—Why, surr, I waated once or twice to upset 'im in a snow drift, but I 'adn't the 'art to do it. I brought 'im back, and he is gone up stairs to look for the Miss.....
Walter.—Dear me, we are in mortal peril. He may appear at any moment.
Lucy.—That he may. Let us go quick.
Cobby. (jumping on his seat.)—Where, surr?
Walter.—To the Gesù.
Lucy.—Of course, we couldn't miss that.
 (They go. As the sleigh drives off Henry appears on the door-step. But probably he does not hear the merry laugh of Lucy, who has espied him.)

SCENE VI.—CHURCH STEPS AFTER SERVICE.

(Most of the Congregation has filed out. Walter and Lucy standing together. Henry sees them, and comes up to them.)
Henry.—I have caught you at last, Lucy. I am nearly dead with fatigue and vexation. But you have found your tippet; that is the chief thing.
Lucy. (smiling.)—Yes, but small thanks to you.
Henry.—Oh! of course, I lost your company, lost the ball, wore myself out, but did not find your tippet after all. Just my luck. A pretty Christmas, indeed. And Mr. Walter has.....
Walter.—Come now, none of that, Henry. I saw Lucy alone in the anteroom, and I kept her company during the evening. That was all.
Lucy.—No, that was not all. Walter brought me my tippet.
Henry.—Oh! ah!
Walter.—Ah! ah!
Henry. (to Walter.)—Then you found it?
Walter.—I did.
Henry.—And you had it when I met you on the stair?
Walter.—I had.
Henry. (pathetically.)—Do you approve such duplicity, Lucy?
Lucy. (laughing.)—A la guerre comme à la guerre!
Henry. (reflecting a moment.)—Well, well. I see it all. Do you know one thing, Lucy?
Lucy.—Namely.
Henry.—That I have just sense enough left to take the hint.
Lucy. (sotto voce.)—Tant mieux!
Henry.—Good night! Happy Christmas!
 (Walter and Lucy—Happy Christmas!
 (Henry walks off. Walter and Lucy get into the sleigh.)
Cobby. (laughing as he takes up his ribbons.)—Well, blessed is the mon as can take an 'int, he! he!

SCATTER YOUR CRUMBS.

BY ALFRED CROWQUILL.

Amidst the freezing sleet and snow,
 The timid robin comes;
 In pity drive him not away,
 But scatter out your crumbs.

And leave your door upon the latch
 For whosoever comes;
 The poorer they, more welcome give,
 And scatter out your crumbs.

All have to spare, none are too poor,
 When want with winter comes;
 The loaf is never all your own,
 Then scatter out your crumbs.

Soon winter falls upon your life,
 The day of reckoning comes;
 Against your sins, by high decree
 Are weighed those scattered crumbs.

'TIS STRANGE, 'TIS SAD, BUT IT ENDS IN JOY.

BY BELLELLE.

I.

On the side of the mountain, in one of the palatial residences of our proud city, preparations had been made for a ball. The parlours were decked with evergreens through which hot-house flowers were mingled. Innumerable gas jets from crystal gaseliers threw down a light as brilliant as that of day on the magnificently furnished apartments, and liveried footmen stood expectantly waiting for the slightest touch of the bell to throw open the hospitable doors of the mansion to invited guests. In the library, slowly pacing up and down, stopping now and then to look into the burning coals in the grate, was a man dressed in full evening costume. He was tall, finely formed and though his hair was snowy white, age did not seem to have marked any lines on his smooth brow or laid any burden on his straight broad shoulders. This gentleman who was master of the house and host to-night was John Munro, aged sixty and a bachelor. At that moment the expression of his face was not sad, but serious, and though memory might be wandering back to the days of youth, either they provoked no regrets, or it only found graves whose tablets time had almost entirely effaced. Slowly he paced up and down with his hands behind his back and his eyes lowered on the carpet, till the sound of a merry voice from above stairs, rang out through the house singing with flexible sweetness the chorus of one of Claribel's songs:

"Oh I tell them they need not come wooing to me,
 For my heart, my heart, is over the sea."

He stood for a moment, raised his head, and smiled as he listened. Nearer and nearer came the voice, echoing through the corridors, down the broad staircase, nearer and nearer till the library door flew open and in its oaken frame there appeared a vision of youthful beauty. "Uncle, I have been looking for you all over," she exclaimed; "I dressed early purposely to have a chat with you before the people can look at me. Will I do?" His answer was to take her hands, draw her closer to him and while kissing her forehead to murmur, "Heaven bless you and give you many happy Christmas days, dearest child."

"Thank you, dear uncle; but look at me now, and tell me. Am I dressed to please you? Do I look well?"

"Oh! ho! Miss Vanity, compliments you want, eh!" and a look of amused admiration spread over his features as he held her at arm's length and exclaimed:

"Charming! lovely! Why, Helen of Troyes herself could not have rivalled you to-night, Stella."

"Oh! uncle, now you are laughing at me. It really is not fair that you should treat me thus, when you know that my dearest ambition is to be pleasing to your eyes and worthy of your love."

"Pleasing to my eyes when he is not here, eh! Stella?" he said, while, with paternal fondness, he stroked the dark head which lowered at these words to conceal the blushes on the smooth round cheek.

Stella Munro was truly a beautiful girl, tall and graceful as a deer, with small delicate features, soft dark brown hair and large lustrous grey eyes. Though naturally pale, she had an ever recurring blush which came and went with every variation of feeling. She was an orphan and from her earliest recollection had lived with her uncle whose dearest treasure she had ever been. It was for her pleasure the ball was being given to-night. One month ago, she had become engaged to her first and only lover, a young distant cousin of her uncle's, who had asked for her hand before starting for Europe, whither he had gone for a year's experience, having just completed his studies as doctor. Her life so far had been all sunshine, and her young heart was overflowing with the two great loves of her existence, either of which was dearer to her than the life itself.

Having drawn her uncle to a large arm-chair, before the fire, she seated herself on an ottoman at his feet and remained for a few moments very pensive.

"Uncle, I have been thinking a great deal," she said at last, breaking the silence.

"Indeed? a very wonderful fact, no doubt," he answered smiling.

"And I would like to ask you some questions."

"A thing you very seldom do, eh! Stella?" he replied jocosely. "However, proceed my dear, I am all attention."

"Well, I want you to tell me something about my mother."

He started visibly, hesitated for a moment, then in rather a cold voice asked:

"Have you ever heard any thing of her?"

"Never, never," was the answer.

He seemed to grow assured at this, and his tones were calm and kind when he asked:

"Have you any remembrance whatever of her, my dear?"

"Not the slightest, uncle. But I would like so much to hear something of her. Was she young, when she died? Do I resemble her at all? Oh my dear, dear mother. I would have loved her so much," and the girl's voice trembled with her depth of feeling.

Again he started, again he controlled himself and drawing her head around that he might better look into her eyes, he said in serious tones,

"Stella, my child, have you ever missed a mother's love or a mother's care?"

"No, dearest uncle, never," was the answer assuringly given.

"Have I not been to you all that the tenderest of fathers could be!" There was a pained shadow over his face, she saw that she had grieved him.

"Yes, yes," she answered throwing her arms about his neck, neither father nor mother could ever have been kinder to me than you. Pardon me, dear uncle, I did not mean to pain you. Indeed I did not."

"You have not pained me; only I do not want you to trouble yourself about those whom you never know, whom you own yourself you have never had cause to miss. Your life is strewn with flowers, do not seek for thorns, they will present themselves soon enough. You are young, beautiful and my sole heiress, for, excepting Norman Handell, I have no relation living. The future shines before you unclouded, why seek to know the past? You are loved by Norman whom you love. You are my Stella, the star which in its gentle beams has cast peace, joy and happiness on my old life. What more can you want?"

There were tears in her eyes as she looked up to him.

"Nothing, dear uncle. I am very, very happy, very, very blessed."

At this juncture the flutter of feet in the hall announced that guests were arriving, so drawing her arm tenderly and proudly into his they went together to meet them.

It was past midnight and pleasure was at its height. The sweet dreamy music of Strauss' last novelty vibrated throughout the large salons, bar gliding into bar with a never ceasing harmony, while round and round in many circlets flew the dancers; the floors seemed converted into living gardens with lovely moving flowers of every hue.

They were about to start again when a confused murmur was heard in the hall, people near the door seemed to draw back in fear and a woman's voice loud and shrill cried out,

"Where is my child. I can do without her so longer. Give her to me, give her to me!" And rushing wildly into the room came the woman herself. She had evidently just come in from the snow storm, for great white flakes covered the scanty shawl which was drawn closely over her thin shoulders and the few stray grey locks which escaped from her hood hung damp and listless upon her forehead.

"Where is my child? I want my child," she called out, and her eyes scanned with wonderful rapidity the astonished faces which were turned upon her.

"I can do without her no longer. I have no one else left me in this world. I must have my child." At that moment she detected Stella and with a joyous cry she threw her arms out towards the latter who, like the rest, stood gazing on in startled amazement.

"Minnie, my little Minnie, do you not know me? Ah! though parted from you, I have for many years watched over you. I have many, many times followed your carriage, longing for a word from your dear lips, but I could bear it no longer. Look at me Minnie, speak to me, speak to your mother," and she cast herself at Stella's feet endeavouring to grasp her hand.

The affrighted girl drew back uttering a cry of terror.

"Uncle, uncle, where are you?" she called out.

But he had already heard the commotion and was advancing to ascertain the cause. When the scene which was going on presented itself to his view, he turned deadly pale, raised his hand to his head as if to collect his thoughts, then with firm footsteps came forward. There were no signs of emotion in his voice as he turned to Stella.

"Do not be alarmed, my child. The unfortunate woman is crazy, she does not know what she says."

"Oh! yes, oh! yes, I do know what I say. She is mine, she is my child, you have taken her from me, but I cannot live without her any longer!"

She attempted again to take Stella's hand, but before she succeeded a servant at a sign from his master had advanced to remove her by force from the room.

"No, they will not take me from her," she shrieked. "She must know me. I will never leave her again. If I go, she must come with me."

But her strength was powerless against the man who held her with iron grasp and led her away. "Oh! will she not speak to me," were the despairing words which reached the ears of the astonished guests. "Why does he not tell her that I am really her mother." And dying away in the distance could be heard,

"My child, my child, I cannot live without her any longer. I cannot, I cannot."

Mr. Munro followed her from the room, but in a few moments returned and apologised for the disagreeable interruption which had taken place in the evening's amusement. He explained how the doors having been left open the poor unknown mad woman had entered unseen into the house, assured them that he had provided for her safety and comfort and begged of them to continue their dancing.

Stella having recovered from her fright was perfectly satisfied with this explanation. She pitied the poor creature and begged of her uncle to treat her kindly, which he promised willingly to do.

Many jested upon the good taste displayed by the crazy woman in choosing for her daughter the belle of the room. The band struck up the unfinished waltz. The dancers returned to their places. The strange scene was forgotten or remembered only as an exciting variety and the first gray streaks of morning appeared in the east before the gay revellers returned to their homes.

II.

A year has fled, and again it is Christmas Eve. Once more we will wend our way to the elegant home which we visited a year ago—but step lightly as you cross that threshold, for the scene has changed. Alas! there is no joy there. Reverently enter this room to the left and you are in the awful presence of the dead. On a stately couch lies he whom a year ago we knew full of life and strength as John Munro. He is clad in a suit of black similar to that in which we last beheld him. The soft white hair is thrown back from the temples as it used to be, but now the proud head reclines back motionless, the expressive eyes are closed, the powerful frame is still for evermore.

Crouched on the floor beside him in an attitude of extreme woe is the form of a girl whose loose white wrapper fails to hide the outlines of a figure which we immediately recognise. Poor Stella, this is a sad Christmas Eve for you; this is your first real sorrow.

Her friends below stairs believe that she is sleeping, for AD

hour ago they lod her fainting to the room, and having placed her on her bed as she closed her eyes wearily, they left her to repose; but sleep came not, and once again she sought the room in which the remains of all she loved was laid.

"Uncle, uncle! will you never speak to me again," she moans piteously. "Just one word—call me your Stella once more."

But the ears that never before had been deaf to her slightest wish heard her not.

At last the pent up fountains of her heart were let loose, tears flowed from her eyes, and her frame quivered with sobs. An hour passed before she again raised her head, but she was calm then, the wild wordless sorrow had exhausted itself.

She stood gazing at the dear dead face, and murmured: "He gave me a packet addressed to myself yesterday; he said I was to read it when he was no more. I will read it now. No doubt it contains some advice, some words of consolation perhaps for his poor Stella."

With silent footsteps she sought her own room, took a large sealed envelope from her writing desk and returned to the chamber of death.

"I will read it here beside him; it will seem as if I heard him speak," and she broke the seal.

"My dearest child: Before you commence to peruse these pages stop for a moment and remember the assurance you gave me last Christmas Eve, viz: That you had never in your life missed a mother's care; remember the paternal affection I have lavished upon you, remember that my every wish has been for your happiness, and then try to forgive me if I have done wrong. I will not weary you with an account of my own life; suffice it to say that while yet young I met with a serious disappointment which threatened to darken the remainder of my days, and for many years I lived alone an unhappy, bitter man. I was rich, I had position, but my heart was without affection. So time went on until one Christmas Eve just eighteen years ago. I was leaving my house in the afternoon to go to town upon some business, when I was met on the doorstep by a poor woman, who asked me for charity. She carried an infant in her arms and led a little girl of about three years old by the hand. The sight was pitiable, so I rang the bell and bade one of my servants attend to her. It was late in the evening when I returned, and as I passed through the streets the glad faces I met and the happy voices I heard jarred on me terribly, for of all days of the year Christmas was the loneliest to me. I hurried home, but just as I was lifting the latch, the light ringing laugh of a child greeted my ears. I opened the door, and still the laugh rung out. I enquired of my housekeeper, and she informed me that she had kept the poor woman I had sent in, and that it was the little girl who was laughing down stairs with the servants.

"She is a little beauty, sir," she said: "might I bring her up and let you see her?"

"Do so," I replied, and in a few moments she returned, leading the little thing by the hand. I had always loved children, and this was certainly no ordinary child; she was a beauty indeed; she came straight to me without any signs of timidity and stood looking up into my face. She was so sweet, so innocent, that I caught her in my arms and placed her on my knees. She gazed at me earnestly for a moment, then hiding her face in my breast, said in pretty baby accents:

"Oo is good; I love oo."

"Already a natural coquette," I smiled to myself.

"What is your name?" I asked her.

"Minnie," was the answer.

"That name is not pretty enough for you; you should have a name as bright and pretty as yourself; Stella, for instance," I said.

"She looked at me in surprise; she evidently did not understand me.

"Shall I call you little Stella?" I asked.

"She repeated the name over two or three times, as if she liked the sound, then turned to me and asked—

"What ith oo name?"

"Call me old Uncle John," I answered.

"She laughed and was satisfied. That night I recalled to my mind all the fairy tales I had ever heard to amuse her, and for the first time in many years I spent a pleasant Christmas Eve. The next day the child never left me for a moment. The following morning she was still at my side, prattling away in her baby language, when a servant came in and said: "The poor woman is going away, and wants her little girl."

"I thought for a moment. I was growing to love the child, she interested and amused me, my resolution was formed, and I sent for the mother. I found the latter to be a gentle, refined creature, who, though a widow now and miserably poor, had seen better days. I had a long talk with her, then she left, bringing only her infant away. Little Minnie or Stella, as I ever after called her, remained with me. I promised to bring the child up as my own, on condition that the mother would never claim or make herself known to it. A short time before my only brother had died in India, followed in a few weeks' interval by his wife. They left no children, but to those who inquired I said that little Stella was their child and my niece, and this was generally believed. Of the woman I heard no more until a little over a year ago. One day she came to my office and made herself known to me. Her other child, also a girl who had grown up to be her support, had just died, and she was wild with grief. She begged of me to let her see you. For your happiness and my own I refused. I gave her money and, after much persuasion, she promised never to return again. But you remember the scene of your ball last Christmas Eve. God forgive me! I told you—I told all assembled—that the woman who claimed you as her child was mad. But, beloved Stella, her words were only too true; child of my heart, forgive me—she was really your mother. When I followed her from the room that night she told me that she had been very ill, that she believed she would soon leave this world for ever, she asked me again to let you speak to her only for a moment—she wanted you to call her 'mother' once, then she would go away content. But I would not; I could not allow this. I explained to her how happy you were, how rich, how beloved; I promised to provide for her as long as she lived if she would only leave us, and never trouble you. She refused, then I threatened if she disclosed your parentage to you to cast you both from me; and I told her that as you loved me as dearly as if I were your father, this would break your heart. She was silent at last and went away. I settled a sum of money sufficient to support her respectably at my bankers to be drawn monthly, and I never saw her again. For four months only she drew the money, then I made every inquiry concerning her, but to no avail, so I came to the con-

clusion that she was dead. Now, my dearest Stella, you know all. Once more forgive me if I did wrong. Once more remember how much I have loved you, remember that although Norman is my relative, I leave you my sole heiress. Thank God I am not wronging him, since you are to be his wife.

"JOHN MUNRO."

As Stella finished reading, the paper fell from her hands, and she sat down as if in a dream.

"Oh heavens!" she exclaimed, "why did I not know this sooner, or why did I ever know it at all?"

The tears streamed from her eyes, and her voice quivered as she said,

"My poor mother, how you must have suffered, and your wish was only that I should call you once by your name! Mother, mother, mother!" she repeated, dwelling on the word with a longing tenderness as if she would thereby satisfy the desire of the unknown lost one. Then she was lost in reverie, the expression of her face changed. A dread had come over her.

"In a few hours," she said, "Norman Handell will be here. He arrived in New York two days ago, on his way to spend Christmas with us. The sad news of my uncle's death met him there, and he telegraphed that he was coming with all speed. How can I meet him? How can I tell him this? What shall he say when he hears that his affianced wife—the proud Stella Munro—is in reality only the daughter of a beggar. If his pride revolts against this fact he will be poor, while the fortune which should have been his is mine. No, no," she cried, "this will never do." She dashed the tears away which were glistening on her lashes, and her grand-greedy eyes shone with heroic resolution.

"I have no right to this money, no right to my name, no right to his love, and Minnie, the beggar's child, is too proud to throw herself on the pity of a noble heart."

She hurriedly wrote a few lines, which she enclosed in her uncle's letter. They read as follows:

"You will see by this letter who I am. I was ignorant of these facts until a few minutes ago. I release you from your engagement. I am going away to find my own poor mother, if she is alive. Do not seek for me; rather try to forget her who once was

STELLA MUNRO."

She addressed the sealed envelope to Norman Handell, placed it where it might be immediately seen, and her face was strangely pale as she bent over the form of her uncle, taking a last adieu. She kissed his hands nervously and hurriedly as if she feared that hesitation might make her waver. She flew next to her own room, gathered a few jewels—her uncle's gifts—together, put on her cloak, and went down stairs, and having glanced cautiously around to see that she was unperceived, she noiselessly opened the great hall door. The cold wind caused her to draw back for an instant, the next she had stepped out beyond its threshold and it closed behind her.

Out she went alone on that frosty December night. The moon shone coldly upon her, and the wintry winds moaned with a despairing loneliness through the mountain pines. Poor Stella, this is a sad Christmas Eve for you. To-night you have met with your first real sorrow.

III.

Another year passes away. The scene is now in a humble room in a remote part of the city, the floor is uncarpeted, the furniture is poor and shabby; but notwithstanding this, there is an air of unmistakable refinement about the place. It lies in the exquisite taste with which the few dried flowers are grouped together on the wooden mantle, in the graceful draping of the coarse white muslin curtains which adorn the one small window; but above all it centers in a slight girlish form seated on a low stool plying her needle with silent industry. She is very pale, she has grown thin, but who can mistake the glorious eyes which turn around with inexpressible kindness to the elderly woman, evidently an invalid, who occupies the only comfortable chair in the room. Listen to her low voice, you will soon know her.

"Are you cold, mother dear?"

The woman's smile is full of love as she answers,

"No."

Again the needle is plied in silence for several minutes, then a sigh of relief is heard as the last stitch is finished, and with justifiable pride she holds up the work which her fair fingers have wrought. It is a smoking cap embroidered in gold on crimson velvet.

"Is it not pretty, mother," she says.

"Beautiful, indeed; but you are very tired, my child."

"Oh no," answers the young girl, "not when I think that I will soon be paid for it. We will have quite a grand Christmas dinner to-morrow, you and I together, mother, with the money I will receive for this. Won't that be nice?"

She stoops to kiss the thin careworn face of the woman who throws her arms round her and holds her close to her bosom, while the tears chase each other down her cheeks.

"Mother, Mother! What is the matter? Are you not glad to have me with you?"

"Oh! I never expected such joy on earth" the woman answers. "Yet I would give it all up to see you rich and happy as you once were."

"Rich! mother! I do not want riches; and can I be otherwise than happy when near you? You are all I have in this great busy world. If you only knew how I used to long for a mother when I was rich. I cannot be otherwise than happy now, having found such a good, sweet gentle one."

Stella Munro—for we will still call her by that name, though now she is only known by her mother's—having settled the latter comfortably and bade her not be uneasy during her absence, put on her hat and cloak; she then took from a drawer a small gold locket, opened it and looked with yearning eyes at the faces therein. One, old and kind, was that of her adopted uncle; the other, young and handsome, and her eyes dwelt longer and more sadly upon it, was the face of her lost lover, Norman Handell. With a half-stifled sigh she hung the trinket upon her neck, took up her piece of work and went out.

It was about eight o'clock and the streets were very busy. She might have been sad if she had had time to think; but too much responsibility weighed upon her, for she was the only support of her invalid mother. No one but herself and God knew what sacrifices she was obliged to make in order to give some comfort to that new-found parent. All the jewels which she took with her the night she left her uncle's home, she had been obliged to sell one by one; but she was young and her heart was brave, so as she went along the cold bracing air brought

roses to her cheeks and much of the old ravishing beauty might be discerned about her. Having at last reached her destination, a handsome residence similar to that in which she herself once lived, she rung the bell and disappeared in the doorway. Half an hour elapsed ere she again came out, but that half-hour had wrought a dreadful change upon her. Her face was marble white and her lips quivered. "Well," she said to herself, "since she refuses to pay me to-night the last trinket I have, my locket, must go. I had hoped to be able to keep that always, but for my mother's sake I shall part with it."

The lady whom she had just left had brought her the work three days before, which we saw her completing, and had urged her to do it for Christmas it being meant for a present, and since that time night and day she had been employed upon it scarcely stopping to sleep or eat. Then when she brought it home she had been told to call next week for her money. She had scarcely a dollar left to buy bread with till then, so she summoned courage to beg the lady to pay her immediately; the latter, a coarse selfish woman who surrounded by luxury herself had no feeling for the wants of others, answered in cold sarcastic tones: "Are you afraid that you will not get your money? Come after to-morrow you will be paid, not till then."

With a bursting heart Stella retraced her homeward path, murmuring the words we have above cited. She did not slacken her pace till she had reached an unpretentious jeweller's shop where she had often before found sale for her jewels. Here she stopped in the window's light to take one more look at her last treasure. She put her hand to her neck, she did not feel the tiny chain which held it, she opened her cloak, she shook her dress, it was not there. With heartrending though stifled cry, she exclaimed:

"My God! Is it possible. I have lost it."

Then a mist seemed to cover her eyes, the lights became indistinct around her, the noises in the streets grew more and more distant. Her limbs lost their power and she sank down on the icy pavement. A man who saw her falling stooped to help her, two or three gathered around him. "A woman has fainted," said they one to another, but the crowd rushed by indifferent. Who cared for the poor girl in that great crowded city?

A young gentleman strolling leisurely along stopped through mere idle curiosity to see what was the matter. "A woman has fainted," some one said to him, and he was about to continue his way when he caught a glimpse of the pale young face. He started, approached her, his heart beat wildly, while he exclaimed half aloud:

"I have found you at last, my Stella, after a whole year's dreary search."

He helped to raise her and bore her carefully and tenderly into the jeweller's store. The latter advanced, recognised immediately the young girl whose jewels he had bought, received her kindly and gave her into the charge of his wife.

Then the gentleman asked the jeweller for the lady's address, informed him that he was an old friend of hers, though he had not seen her for a long time, bade him have her conveyed to her home as soon as possible, and having made him promise to say nothing about him until he should make his appearance on the morrow, he departed.

When Stella recovered from her faint she fell into a heavy slumber from which she did not awake until late on the following morning. When she did open her eyes she found herself in her own poor little room, and at first she could not remember the events of the preceding night. One by one at last they presented themselves to her mind till her heart grew heavy again. She remained quiet for a long time, she felt as if life were so dreary that she wished she would never more really awaken to it, and then she began to wonder where her mother was, when the latter entered the room.

In seeing her Stella no longer could restrain the tears which welled to her eyes.

"Mother, Mother!" she said, "we have nothing left us; what shall we do?"

Had she looked into her mother's face she would have perceived a joyous light beaming there which she had never seen before. The latter, however, only replied:

"Come, my dear girl, there must be no tears on Christmas day. Get up and dress quickly, it is nearly time for our dinner."

Stella obeyed mechanically, she felt too weak to do otherwise. And when she had completed her simple toilet it seemed as if she and her mother had changed places, for she leant on the latter's arm as they entered the only other room they had and which served as dining and sitting room to them. When Stella raised her eyes she drew back in amazement, for before her there was a table with a snowy cover and shining with silver and crystal, while in the centre arose a beautiful obergne laden with fruit and flowers.

She rubbed her eyes, she believed it was a dream and trembling she caught her mother's arm.

"What does it mean, mother! Am I dreaming?" She came nearer to the table, she thought the plate before her was familiar. She looked closely. Yes there was her adopted uncle's crest upon it.

"Oh! what does it mean?" she said again; "What is the matter with me? Am I awake?"

At that moment the door opened and Norman Handell stood before her, but the surprise was too great, the shock too sudden and he reached her side just in time to catch her in his arms or she would have fallen.

He put a glass of water to her lips and as the colour returned to them she murmured a third time:

"What does it all mean?"

"What does it mean, my Stella," he replied. "It means that after searching day and night for you during a whole year I have found you at last. I have now come to have my Christmas dinner with you."

He then related the events of the preceding night to her and as he finished he said:

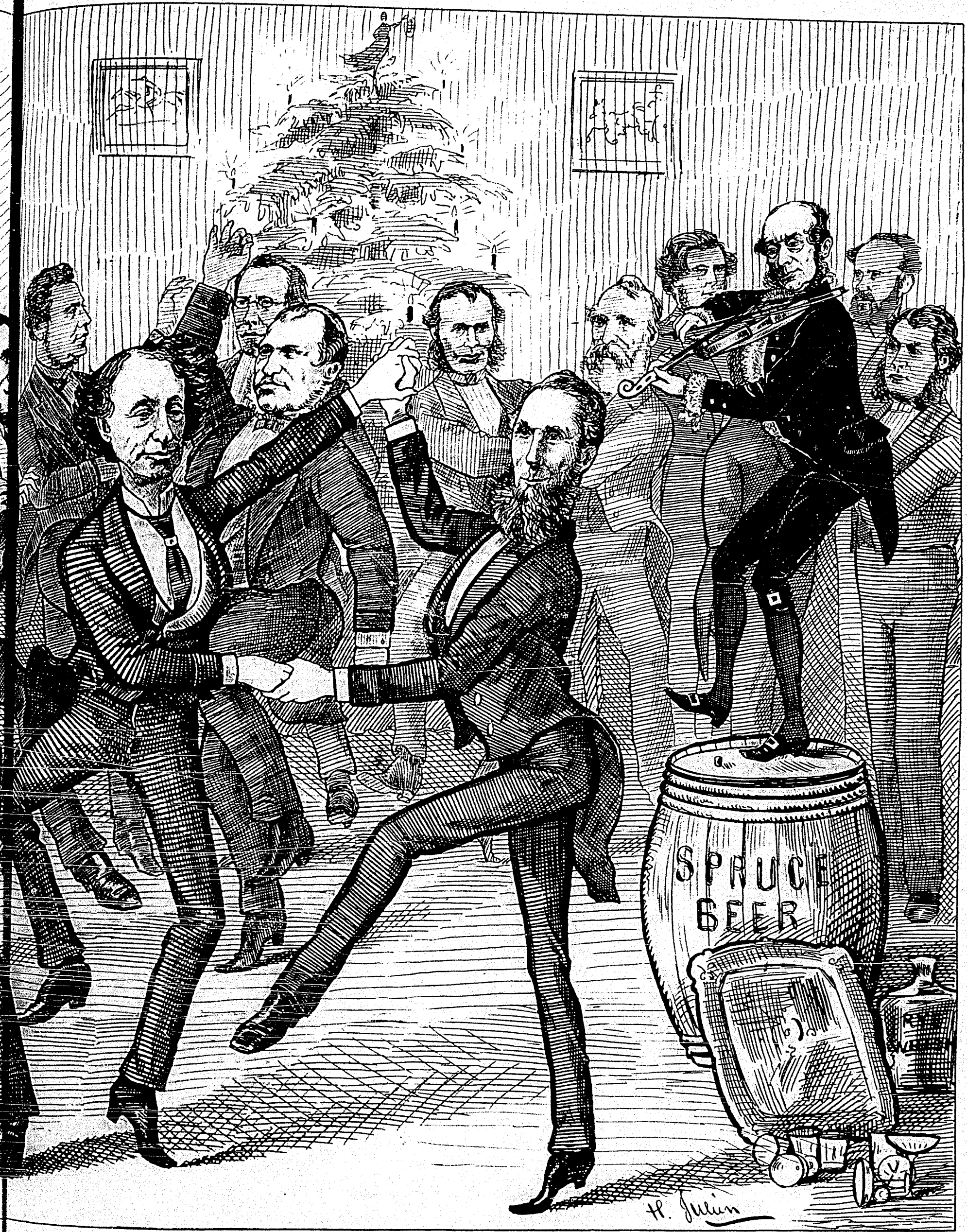
"I need not ask you what were your motives in breaking our engagement and hiding yourself away from me, for, noble girl, I understand them; but now that I have found you I think I read in your eyes that the old love is not all forgotten. Tell me, dearest Stella, that we will never be parted again."

Sweetly, seriously, she echoed his words: "Never again."

All sorrows were buried forever in the past when these three sat down to the delightful meal which Norman Handell had provided for them. Happy, happy was the mother in seeing her child restored to her former position, happy was the lover in having found his beloved one again, and happy was Stella, though often in future years would her mind wander back to those three Christmas Eves of her girlhood, so strange, so sad and ending in such joy.



FORGOTTEN FEUDS: AN ANN



ANNUAL MILLENNIAL COMEDY.

AN OLD TIME CHRISTMAS CAROL.

I saw three ships come sailing in
On Christmas-day, on Christmas-day;
I saw three ships come sailing in
On Christmas-day in the morning.

And what was in those ships all three,
On Christmas-day, on Christmas-day?
And what was in those ships all three,
On Christmas-day in the morning?

Our Saviour Christ and his Lady,
On Christmas-day, on Christmas-day;
Our Saviour Christ and his Lady,
On Christmas-day in the morning.

Pray whither sailed those ships all three,
On Christmas-day, on Christmas-day?
Pray whither sailed those ships all three,
On Christmas-day in the morning?

O they sailed into Bethlehem,
On Christmas-day, on Christmas-day;
O they sailed into Bethlehem,
On Christmas-day in the morning.

And all the bells on earth shall ring,
On Christmas-day, on Christmas-day;
And all the bells on earth shall ring,
On Christmas-day in the morning.

And all the angels in heaven shall sing,
On Christmas-day, on Christmas-day;
And all the angels in heaven shall sing,
On Christmas-day in the morning.

And all the souls on earth shall sing,
On Christmas-day, on Christmas-day;
And all the souls on earth shall sing,
On Christmas-day in the morning.

Let us all rejoice again,
On Christmas-day, on Christmas-day;
Then let us all rejoice again,
On Christmas-day in the morning.

(For the Canadian Illustrated News.)

RESURGAM.

Bertha Butler was one of two sisters, daughters of Edward Butler, a merchant of high standing in the city of Quebec; he had made his fortune in the lumber trade, and having large means at his command determined to give his children a good education; Bertha and her elder sister, Louisa, had, therefore, from their earliest childhood, been under the care and received their tuition from a governess, possessed of unusual accomplishments and refined taste. Under her the Miss Butlers had been instructed in many branches not often included in the education of young ladies in Canada, and, from her experience as a woman of the world, who had been from circumstances over which she had no control, obliged to leave a superior station in society in the old world, had imparted to them deportment and presence here rarely met with. But further than this, the Miss Butlers, by nature had been endowed with strong wills, courage and proper pride. No wonder then that Mr. Butler should feel proud of his daughters, and that, although deeply engaged in commerce, he sacrificed as much of his time as possible to his motherless children. Their slightest wish received his instant attention and no demand on his purse, which tended to this enjoyment, was denied them. They were spoiled girls, who spoiled their father with a devoted affection. He had but one sister and she was married to a Montreal merchant, William Houghton, who had but one child, a son, who, at this time had matriculated, and was commencing the study of the law. Edward Houghton was the beau ideal of an English youth; at the age of nineteen he was entering in the study of a profession, which in this country, secures to the earnest student the richest prizes; and such was he, for not only had he matriculated with the highest honours, but was now, even after his laborious studies, heartily and steadily making use of and increasing the knowledge which he had gained. He did not intend, as is too generally the custom of those who have finished their education, to allow his school books to be encumbered with dust; and, while others were spending their evenings at the theatre or the billiard room, he chose rather to work out those problems, which before so tested his energies. Not that Edward was a pedant; he had too keen an enjoyment of life to neglect those opportunities for relaxation which offered; he was a thorough sportsman, a daring rider and a lover of aquatic sports. Between the households of Butler and Houghton there had ever been the most harmonious accord, and the holidays of Edward and his fair cousins were always spent in either of their respective parental mansions; and it was thus that he had at an early age conceived a strong affection for Bertha, who was in her seventeenth year at the opening of our story, two years the junior of her sister Louisa.

It was in the month of September in the year 1854, on a morning that Edward and Bertha were riding along the Cap Rouge road, Quebec.

"Berty, is it not beautiful?" said Edward. "I was going to say that I do not believe there is a colour unrepresented; but looking at you prevents the recording angel registering a fib against my name."

"Edward, don't be blasphemous, how dare you say such things?"

"A Spanish student, says 'Look in my face and see if there he aught I would not, have not'—well! the truth is, Berty, I have not dared much for you yet, except steal apples for you long ago; but really you look superb this morning. I never can imagine how you girls manage to get yourselves up so fascinatingly, so distractingly on horseback. In your case I admit it is not a great stretch of imagination, but in others, for instance Miss—"

"Edward! I shall have no more of this and will take another gallop;" and with a cut of her whip the beautiful girl again started off.

"Stay Berty. I want to speak to you," and the two riders were once more at a walk.

"Before you begin, Edward, promise, no more flattery."

"So be it, my queen, but it is no flattery with you, dear coz. You know I am off home to-morrow and unless you pay a visit to Montreal before, it is not likely I shall see you till the holidays."

"It is a long time, Ned, and I do not think we shall go up this winter; but we can write, can't we?"

"That is some satisfaction; but, I wish I was past twenty-one; just *majeur* two long years. I am glad that you are not to wait till you are that age. I don't know what I should do had that been one of the conditions of our marriage."

"Then be thankful, sir, that it is not."

"It is all very well for you, Berty, to take it so coolly, and tell me to say, 'For all these mercies &c.,' but you have Loo and such countless friends that hours must pass as moments with you, while I have to suffer the inverse method."

"Do you think, Ned, that these rounds of parties and balls are so pleasant? You can't say how stupid they sometimes seem to me, and I often fly off in imagination to the days when we used to roam about your old Montreal mountain, and sit in the library with you reading some of your queer old books of tales and listening to your college stories."

"I wish they were back again, at least I don't because we then should be further off my *majeur* question."

"Why do you leave so suddenly?"

"I received a message this morning from the governor, and I must go like a dutiful child. I know, dear Berty, I can trust you anywhere, but say again that you love me and no one else."

"I have said that often to you, but you men are so impatient and seem never to tire hearing 'I love you'; so I say it now: I love you, you, only you. Are you content, your horrid task master?"

"Yes, you tyrannical fairy queen. Now for a canter."

And the two bright young lovers drew not rein until they halted at the door of Mr. Butler's residence, richly proud of and confident in each other.

Edward bade good-bye at the door saying that he would not be able to call before leaving to-morrow.

On meeting her sister, Louisa told her that they were invited to a picnic next day at the Natural Steps, and in the morning a gay and happy party, including the Miss Butlers were driving down the Beauport road, towards the Montmorenci River. Putting their horses up at the hotel they descended the zig-zag hill and viewed the falls from the river's brink. So near did they approach that the spray drenched them, and through it they saw the beautiful miniature rainbow.

Up the hill, by the fields and through the woods the party took their way to the Natural Steps, at that time of the year singularly beautiful from the variegated hues of the foliage. Wandering up and down the steps, watching the wild rapids, looking down into the deep black waters, getting dizzy at the whirling eddies, picking up ferns and gathering autumn leaves, and meanwhile indulging in pleasant conversation the party of pic-nickers passed the time, till lunch was called for. Spreading a cloth on the rocky table the dishes of cold pie, fowl and ham were soon placed and reclining on the rocks, or natural seats all became engaged in the improvised meal. The dessert and sparkling champagne made all jocular; again the party separated into twos and threes to admire the work of nature there so lavishly displayed. Lieut. Burton, one of the party, had joined the Miss Butlers and by them was being initiated into the beauties of the locality. Louisa, who was collecting ferns, left to gather some she had seen in the cleft of a rock.

Bertha and Mr. Burton strolled on. An angler was seen casting his line into the black eddies, and going a little further on Berty was astonished to see Edward Houghton; he at the same time recognizing her. Their mutual exclamations denoted the surprise of each, and Edward added,

"Why did you not tell me yesterday you were coming here, Berty?"

"I did not know myself then."

"I am no sooner gone than you commence to flirt. Who is that fellow?"

"Lieut. Burton. You have no right to speak to me in that way, Edward."

"Do you say so, Berty, after what passed between us yesterday?"

"You should trust me more."

"Why are you alone in the place with that fellow?"

"I am not alone, nor shall I allow you to speak to me in that manner."

"Come here, Berty, I want speak to you." At the moment Mr. Burton approached.

"Good-bye, Edward; I hope you will be in better humour when we next meet. Mr. Burton, let us go on," and the proud girl turned on her heel.

Edward was seized with a violent passion of jealousy; throwing his rod and line into the river he sprang along the rocks and disappeared from view.

A cry of "Edward" from Berty was unheard by him and she, poor girl, burst into a flood of tears. At her earnest appeal Mr. Burton ran to overtake Edward, but the latter, knowing every footstep of the locality, was too fleet for him.

He returned to Berty, who was now recovered from her grief, having been soothed by her sister. The party soon after returned to the hotel for the carriages. There they found that Mr. Houghton, who was well known, had arrived early that morning in his skiff from Quebec, and had left in it. The return was then made by the Beauport road.

A terrible gloom fell upon Berty when, a few days afterwards, a letter from Mr. Houghton to Mr. Butler mentioned the fact that Edward had not returned home, although he had been telegraphed for, and directing Mr. Butler to tell him to leave immediately. A letter was received for Edward by the same mail. The incident of the skiff was mentioned and Mr. Butler went to make enquiries where such boats were let out on hire. The boatman was as anxious for his skiff as Mr. Butler for his nephew. Both proceeded to the Water Police office and were there informed that a skiff, which the boatman recognized as the one which Edward had hired, had been found bottom upwards off the Island of Orleans. The sad news was received by Bertha in heartrending sorrow, and she ceased not to upbraid herself as the cause of his death. The river was s-darched up and down for days, and the still sad story was told day by day that the body was not found and no news received. Mr. and Mrs. Houghton were informed of the probable fate of their son and their grief was intolerable.

Hoping against hope Bertha listened to every ring at the door, expecting the return of her loved Edward; but weeks passed into months, and the sad habiliments of mourning were at last the outward sign of grief for the lost one; Bertha was disconsolate and wept daily, and had not even the diabolical satisfaction of placing flowers upon his tomb.

Mr. Burton was a constant visitor at Mr. Butler's house and did his best to assuage her grief; pitying the poor girl who was the victim of a misunderstanding. Pity often turns to love, and so in this case; but the love was not for the heart-stricken Bertha, but for her sister Louisa.

They became engaged; but the Crimean war had broken out and Mr. Burton's regiment was ordered home, en route for the seat of war.

He sailed and promised to return on the cessation of hostilities to claim his bride.

Edward, in his mad flight to reach his skiff was filled with jealousy and resentment, and he threw himself into the frail vessel and pulled out into midstream almost unconsciously. Brooding on his misery he allowed the boat to float down the river, for how long he knew not, till he was aroused to the fact that evening was approaching. He then heaved up the stream, but as the tide was still down he found it hard work; he was several miles from Quebec and could not reach it till after dark. Knowing the river, however, he was without apprehension. It was dark when he reached the western end of the Island of Orleans and the tide was at the ebb and he laxened the strenuous efforts of his rowing, and once more brooded over his fancied injuries. He was awakened from them by a shout from out of the darkness of "look out there;" but it was too late, his skiff was run over by a large boat and he found himself struggling in the water. He was a good swimmer, but he had been struck by an oar of the other boat and was almost insensible. He struggled long against death, but at last became unconscious.

"I say, Jim, we are in luck to-night," said the one in command, as the body of Edward was hauled over the gunwale; "we're one short, and this cove can answer for Bob Riley, the scoundrel who gave us the slip."

"Yes," said Jim, "he is a fine strapping fellow and seems a sort of a swell; there's life in him yet and we can give him a dose which will keep him quiet till he's a good piece down the river."

"Yes, Jim, and you may as well change your coat for his, and I'm sure you won't lose by the bargain."

"And the vest too and what's in it," answered Jim as he divested Edward of these articles of clothing and put on him his own old shabby pilot coat, also making trade with hats.

"Sarah Ann; aloof!" shouted the first ruffian.

"What do you want?" was returned from a ship looming up in the darkness.

"Fling us a rope," replied Jim, "these are your men."

Edward was just returning to his senses when a bottle was applied to his lips and half the contents emptied down his throat.

The sailors for the ship "Sarah Ann" were then hauled up all in a state of utter helplessness; they were rauged along the quarter-deck, to which they were dragged, and the first mate and the crimp, called over the names, Edward being pointed out as Bob Riley. All were then huddled into bunks as being unfit for the work; the crimps took their leave and the "Sarah Ann" commenced her voyage to Liverpool.

It was late, next day, when Edward awoke, but his head was still swimming from the effects of the poison which had been given him by the crimps; during the day efforts had been made by the mate to rouse him, but cuffs and blows were useless; that he lived was certain, but he was without sense or feeling. When he awoke in the afternoon he was too ill to care what and where he was, and, altho' being sensible of strange noises and sensations, he turned over and sought peace in slumber. At four o'clock, next morning, however, it was the second mate's watch and Edward was unceremoniously bundled out of his bunk by that officer.

"Turn out, you land lubber, I'll have no more of your skulking; I'll teach you to ship as an A.B."

Edward's head had become clear and he instantly saw how matters stood; that crimps had picked him up and shipped him on board some outward bound vessel. He obeyed the summons of the mate and went on deck; the ship was far from land, the steam tug had left and the pilot been taken off; his only chance was the captain who might put him on board another vessel, inward bound. His coat, his vest, his money and his watch had been stolen and he stood now in an old sea coat with a tarry sou'wester on his head.

At breakfast time he saw the captain; he told his tale but that gentleman did not see that he could do anything and ordered him forward and to work.

Edward saw the futility of complaining and decided to accept the situation.

The length and excitement of the sea trip had not worn away the edges of his grief, but rather incited him to further adventure. The Crimean war had commenced and recruits were in demand. Without hesitation he enlisted into a regiment then leaving for the seat of war; he quickly learned the drill and, by his soldier-like bearing and aptness, soon won the esteem of his officers and was rapidly promoted as sergeant. In storming the heights of Alma he made himself so conspicuous by his bravery that he received a commission. Through all the distress of the winter and its danger he dauntlessly did his duty. In the battle of Inkerman, where the contest was so severe and English and Russian bayonets crossed he was in the thickest of the fight. A Russian colour was near him and he determined to reach it; he fought with the ferocity of a demon; his strong arm hewed down the blue coated foes and he was nearing the prize. He saw another officer making the same efforts as himself, but, with a superhuman effort, he leaped over those intervening and with his sword pinned the Russian ensign-bearer to the ground and secured the prize. He looked for a moment to see who the officer was, from whom he had swept the honour, and recognized Mr. Burton. He gleamed triumphantly and hatefully at him and rushed on through the opposing ranks. By his daring Edward had gained the admiration, not only of the men of his company, but the whole regiment and even out of that his deeds of hardy recklessness were spoken of. In the storming of the Redan he was again destined to meet with the man he most hated, and again to supercede him. In rushing through the breach, although at first in the rear he quickly found himself in the lead, hacking out a way for the followers, and, in turning his head to cheer on his men, discovered Mr. Burton, now Captain Burton, at his back. Again Edward bestowed upon him a look of triumph and hate.

The treaty of Paris was signed and gradually the allied armies, or what was left of them, returned. Edward had not come out unscathed; he was wounded, but not dangerously, and he required repose. With a Captain's commission and a V. C., he was content to rest a little and recuperate. Obtaining a leave of absence he went to the quiet watering place of Abergill, in the north of Wales, and, among the beautiful mountains of that country, roamed about and gathered strength. In the solitude of the sea shore and the woods, his thoughts wandered homewards and he gradually arrived at the conclusion to visit his parents and apprize them of his safety, (on his arrival in England he had seen the notice of his drowning copied from a Canadian paper). Why should he make his parents suffer for the heartlessness of another? He would visit them and return to fight England's battles in China, where it was then rumoured that a war was on the eve of breaking out.

It was about the beginning of December, 1850, when Edward was again starting to cross the Atlantic.

Arrived at Portland, Edward stepped on board the cars and whether by chance or mistake, at Richmond took the train for Quebec instead of to Montreal. When he discovered the error it was too late to return and on Sunday morning he found himself at the Grand Trunk station at Levis.

"Why, Kent, are you out again? How do you do?"
"How are you, Williams?"
"You are the third of the Regiment out this winter. Burton and Wells are here before you. I suppose you are on the same hunt."
"I think not," said Capt. Kent. "I believe Burton and Wells are on matrimony bent. I intend to go after moose and cariboo."

"Anyhow you will have the pleasure of seeing Burton enter the bonds. He is to be married next week."
"So soon? He told me the lady's name, but I forget it," said Capt. Kent. "Who is it?"

"Miss Butler" replied Mr. Williams.
"Yes, that is the name he told me."

This conversation Edward heard. His fur cap covered his face, and the expression of it was hidden. "Heavens!" he muttered between his teeth, "is this the first welcome I get? What a fool I was to have come here. I shall go mad if these fellows don't stop." But the fellows did stop, at least on that subject, and the Beauport Lunatic Asylum lost a patient. Fevered and excited and cursing himself a hundred times for coming to Quebec, Edward, after breakfast went out to cool his aching head. He walked along steadily, without noticing those he met; he wished to get out of the city to find the country; the hotel had stifled him and he strode on rapidly.

A lady and gentleman, evidently on their way to church, were slowly walking along.

"Why, Loo, I swear here is that dared-evil Capt. Houghton who balked me in the Crimea. He seems to haunt me."

"Where?" asked Louisa Butler.
"Meeting us," answered Capt. Burton.

"Edward!" screamed Louisa Butler, and she stood face to face with him.

"How do you do, Louisa?" and they shook hands.
"Oh! Edward, how glad I am to see you. We all thought you were drowned."

"I wish I had been, but the sea won't have me and war won't harm me. How is your father?"

"Very well, but come and see Berty."
"Excuse me; she may not wish to see me."

"Not wish to see you! and she has been nearly dead because she thought she had been the cause of your death. You must come, right away. Excuse me for not introducing you both before. My cousin Mr. Houghton, Capt. Burton, and your cousin too, for do you know you are in time for our wedding, which takes place next week," said Louisa.

"Loo; tell me," cried Edward, "is it you that is to be married to Capt. Burton?"

"Yes," answered Louisa.
"And were you at the Natural Steps that day?"

"Yes, of course I was, and came up just in time to find Berty almost crazy because you had gone."

"My God," cried Edward, "what a fool I have been. It has been all a mistake, and what misery I have suffered, and how I have suspected you all! Can you forgive me, Loo? And you, Capt. Burton, can you forgive me, for I have hated you? And dear Berty, how is she, and can I ever forgive myself for having doubted her? Let us go to her at once," and Edward seemed besides himself.

"Dear Edward, don't be so excited; there is nothing to forgive, but you cannot see Berty, if you do not control yourself, for she has been very ill for the last two years, and the least excitement might prove injurious to her."

"I have killed my darling," exclaimed Edward in his anguish.

They had reached Mr. Butler's house and Edward waited in the library while Louisa prepared Berty for his appearance.

Berty reclined on an easy chair before a grate-fire in a sitting room, and Louisa walked quietly in, in case she was asleep; but the door had hardly closed when, as if by intuition, Berty glanced quickly at her sister's face and read there her fate. The blood overspread her pale face and she screamed out, "Tell me quickly, Loo, you have seen Edward, he is here, why don't you fetch him," and she sprang from the chair; the blood fled from her face, and giving a piercing shriek she fell into her sister's arms.

In a moment the house was in commotion, the doctor was in attendance and restoratives applied; slowly she recovered from the deathlike faint and when her eyes opened the first word she uttered was "Edward," he was by her side with her hand in his, "My darling; my own one, I am here."

He hardly knew the pale face before him from that he had left so bright and glorious two years ago; and oh! how earnestly he prayed that those fresh colours would soon come back again. And they did, for the presence of him she loved filled the aching void in Berty's heart and was more beneficial than any medicine.

Edward would not leave his Berty, but telegraphed to Montreal his safety and arrival in Quebec. Mr. and Mrs. Houghton came the next day to welcome their long lost son, whom they had so sorrowfully mourned.

Louisa's marriage with Capt. Burton was to take place shortly and so it did, and at the same time that of Berty and Edward; for Berty quickly recovered after that happy meeting.

These marriages were duly recorded in the evening paper under the usual heading as follows:

"This morning, at the Cathedral, by His Lordship the Bishop of the Diocese, assisted by the Rev. Rector, Charles Burton, Esq., Captain in Her Majesty's 20th Regiment and of Burton Hall, Cheshire, England, to Louisa, eldest daughter of Horace Butler, Esq., of this city."

"At the same time, Edward Houghton, Esquire, Captain in Her Majesty's 40th Regiment and Bellevue House, Montreal, to Bertha, second daughter of Horace Butler, Esq., of this city."

In the same paper, under the heading *Fashionable Weddings* was given a description of the proceeding, who were there and what they were.

Christmas soon came, and we need not say it was royally celebrated at the residence of the above Horace Butler, Esq., nor that it was the happiest at least for two years that had been passed by the families of Butler and Houghton.

T.

(For the Canadian Illustrated News.)

THE DRINKING STONES.

A BRETON CHRISTMAS STORY.

(From the German.)

Not far from Vannes, in Morbihan, which the reader will remember is the Breton Department *par excellence*, is a small scattered hamlet that bears the quaint but characteristic name of Plouhinec.

Now Plouhinec, unlike other localities chosen by story-tellers for the scenes of their relations, is remarkable for nothing more than the extreme poverty of its inhabitants. The country round about is hard rocky ground, which does not even afford pasture enough to fatten an ox for the festive season of Christmas. Even a fatted hog is a rare and highly esteemed delicacy.

But if there is a notable absence of pasture in the neighbourhood of Plouhinec, there is no lack of stone. One spot in particular is covered with immense boulders, fantastically arranged, by the fairies, the simple Bretons say, in rows, forming long alleys.

Not far from this Breton Stonehenge, there lived, at the time of which my story tells, a peasant, named Marzinne, the only rich man in the neighbourhood. He would hardly have passed for a wealthy man anywhere else than at Plouhinec, but at Plouhinec he was looked up to and respected as only a Cræsus is looked up to and respected by his humbler neighbours. Did he not salt down a pig every year? Had he not always black bread enough and to spare? And had any one ever known him fail to appear at mass on Palm Sunday with a brand new pair of wooden shoes? Yes, Marzinne was undoubtedly a rich man, and he knew how to comport himself accordingly. Besides his wealth, however, he was the happy possessor of something else that greatly increased his prestige. This something was a sister, of whose good looks the neighbours were as proud, almost, as of the wealth of her brother. Rosine was certainly a comely, buxom lass, the acknowledged belle of that part of the country. Of course she had no lack of admirers; wealth and beauty never want for such.

Among the number of those who aspired to Rosine's hand was a young peasant named Bernez—a hard-working, honest young fellow enough, but who unfortunately for the success of his hopes, was of all the poverty-stricken people of Plouhinec, the least endowed with worldly goods. He had made his appearance in the parish some years before, in search of work. At that time Rosine was quite a little girl. The two had now grown up, and of all her former admirers Bernez was the only one who had not been discouraged by Marzinne's refusal to dispose of his sister's hand and fortune. His constancy was the talk of the whole hamlet, and the gossips without exception agreed that Bernez was in love with Rosine as surely as the English had nothing but petition to look forward to. As this last proposition amounted to a conviction among them we may be sure that they had some grounds for the assertion.

Rosine, I may add, treated him kindly, though it was only in secret; while Marzinne was always well disposed towards him, although he did refuse him his sister's hand.

One Christmas Eve Marzinne invited a number of young men, Bernez among them, to his house. He wished to assert his position and his generosity by treating them to a supper of sausages with barley-broth and honey. Had it been a fine night the whole party would have gone to midnight mass first, but the weather was so bad that they were compelled to stay at home. So, as they had nothing better to do, they fell to at the fare their host had provided—with the exception of Bernez, that is, for he was too much occupied with the thoughts of his hopeless love to care even for such unwonted delicacies as barley-broth and sausages.

The guests had just joyously responded to the invitation of their host to draw their stools up to the table, when a knock was heard at the door and without further parley an old man entered the room and wished all present a hearty appetite.

The new comer, though he was dressed in rags and had all the appearance of a beggar, had boldly stepped into the room without waiting for permission to enter. No one bid him welcome or returned his greeting. In fact the only recognition he received was a scowl, for he was a suspected man. He never had been known to enter the church, so he was generally set down as a sorcerer, and feared and disliked accordingly. The peasants accused him of bewitching their cattle and blighting their crops. Some even went further and insisted that he possessed the power of changing himself into a werewolf.

Out of respect for his cloth the old man was allowed to draw up a three legged stool before the hearth, and a bowl of broth was handed to him. When he had eaten his fill the beggar asked to be shown a place where he could pass the night, and Marzinne showed the way to the stable—a ramshackle old shanty, the only occupants of which were a mangy donkey and a very lean, ill-favoured ox. Without more ado the old man coiled himself up in the straw, and was on the point of dropping asleep when midnight struck.

The last stroke of twelve had hardly died away when the mangy donkey shook its long ears and addressed himself to his neighbour, the ill-favoured ox.

"Well, cousin," said the gifted animal, "how have things gone since our conversation last Christmas?"

The ox at first made no reply, but contented himself with eyeing the beggar suspiciously.

"Much was it worth while," he grumbled at last, "that our forefathers were present at the Birth at Bethlehem, and that therefore we are allowed the gift of speech on its anniversary, if we must talk in the presence of such a good-for-nothing fellow as this."

"Hoity toity, you are mighty proud, cousin," returned the ass gaily. "If any one has a right to be so, surely I have, for do I not bear the mark of the Cross on my shoulders, the sign that my ancestor carried the Saviour into Jerusalem. But I am not given to bragging about the powers that have been conferred on me. Don't you see that the old sorcerer is asleep?"

"Yes," replied the ox, "that's always the way with him. He is always asleep when he should be awake, and so with all his sorcery he never did anything yet. Had he been awake to-night I could have told him a better secret than the Devil ever has."

"What is that?" asked the ass, pricking up his ears with curiosity.

"That on the last night of the year he could make his fortune close by here."

"How so? How so?"

"Don't you know," said the ox, contemptuously, "that once in a century the great stones on Plouhinec heath go to the river to drink? This year their time comes, and while they are away at the river the treasure they conceal lies unguarded."

"I know, I know," cried the ass, pensively shaking its ears.

"How one's memory gets rusty as one grows older. Yes, the treasure lies unguarded, and anyone can take as much as he likes, but the stones come back so swiftly that the treasure-seeker is crushed to death unless he has taken his precautions."

"Not if he has provided himself with groundsel and five-leaved clover, and holds them out before the returning stones."

"And even then, if I remember right," continued the ass, "he must sacrifice a Christian soul or all his treasure falls to dust."

"Yes, unless he receives a Christian soul in return the Devil allows no mortal to enjoy his treasure."

"Pooh, the old sorcerer would have no trouble about the soul."

Here the conversation took a domestic turn. The beggar, who had heard every word, laughed to himself as he thought:

"Ah, my little beasts, my dear little hearts, you have made me richer than the mayor of Vannes. Don't be afraid, the old sorcerer was not asleep when he should have been awake."

At day-break the old beggar rose and went his way. Begging, however, was not his business. The two charmed herbs, groundsel and five-leaved clover, were the objects of his search.

The quest was no easy task, for he had to seek a more fertile part of the country than that about Plouhinec. After a week's hunt, however, he succeeded in finding what he wanted and returned to the hamlet on the last day of the year.

He had all the look of a weasel that has found its way to the dove-cot. And we may be sure that he had not forgotten the last necessary to the compact, namely, the Christian whose death and deliverance to Satan was to ensure him undisturbed possession of his treasure. This was no other than poor Bernez.

The first person the sorcerer met on reaching the heath was Bernez himself. His unconscious victim was standing in front of one of the largest of the unholy stones, which he was busily chipping with a pointed hammer.

"God help me," cried the sorcerer with a crafty laugh, "are you hollowing a cave for yourself in yonder rock?"

"No," returned Bernez. "I am out of work just now, and I thought it would be a God-fearing deed to carve the Holy Cross on one of these unhallowed monsters. It can do no harm, and may be God will not forget it when I go to him with a request."

"So you have a request to make to God?"

"Where is the Christian that has not?"

"Ah, but has not yours something to do with Rosine?"

"So you know all about it," returned Bernez. "Well, there is neither shame nor sin in loving her, nor in wishing to make her my wife. Unfortunately Marzinne wants a brother-in-law who has more reals than I have sous."

"And supposing," whispered the sorcerer eagerly, "I were to put you in the way of earning more louis d'or than Marzinne has reals?"

"You?" cried Bernez in astonishment.

"I," replied the beggar coolly.

"What would you require me to do in return," inquired Bernez eagerly. He knew the man he had to deal with only too well.

"Nothing more than remember me in your prayers."

"Then I do not endanger my salvation."

"Not at all."

Bernez let his hammer fall.

"Tell me," he cried eagerly, "what I must do. Had I to face death a hundred times I would do it joyfully, for Rosine is dearer to me than life."

"Listen then," said the beggar, mysteriously lowering his voice. And he poured into the youth's willing ears the whole story he had heard a week before in the stable, taking good care, however, to omit that portion which related to the danger to be incurred and the necessary sacrifice of a Christian soul.

"Old man," cried Bernez, "so sure as there are Three Persons in One God you may count on me for this adventure, and I shall ever be beholden to you for letting me into the secret. Leave me to finish the Cross I am carving here, and when the time comes I will meet you in the wood yonder."

Bernez was true to his word. An hour before midnight he made his appearance at the spot he had indicated. The beggar was already there. In anticipation of the spoil, he had brought with him three large sacks, two of which he carried in his hands, while the third hung round his neck.

"Let us sit a while here," he said. "Now tell me what you intend doing, if you get as much silver, gold, and jewels as you can wish."

"What I intend doing if I get as much silver as I could wish?" said the young man, seating himself by his tempter's side. "I shall give my darling Rosine everything she can wish for, from linen to silk, from black cherries to golden oranges."

"And if you get as much gold as you could wish for?" continued the sorcerer.

"If I get as much gold as I can wish for," replied Bernez, dreamily, "I would make all Rosine's relations and friends rich."

"But if you get all the jewels and precious stones you could wish for?" asked the beggar once more.

"Then," cried the young peasant, in an outburst of generosity, "I would make all men rich and happy, and say that my Rosine had wished it so."

The two stopped talking and each busy with his own thoughts awaited the coming of the hour that was to make them rich men.

Suddenly a thundering crash broke over the heath. It was midnight and the old stones awoke from their hundred years' slumber, to quench their long thirst. Rocking to and fro they tore themselves from their beds and started off in the direction of the river, stumbling and blundering like drunken giants. By the dim light of the stars the two men watched the monsters rush past them and disappear in the distance.

Springing from his lair the sorcerer made as fast as his legs could carry him, for the coveted treasure. The young man, ignorant of the danger that threatened him, followed at a slower pace. When he reached the deserted spot Bernez uttered a cry of amazement and piously crossed himself. Each hole in which a stone had stood was filled to the edge with silver, gold, and jewels. The sorcerer was cramming his sacks



NO ONE BID HIM WELCOME OR RETURNED HIS GREETING.

as fast as he could. Bernez followed his example, but he had nothing wherein to stow away the treasure except the pockets of his linen jacket. These were soon full, and the old man had nearly filled his third sack, when a low rumbling was heard in the direction of the river. The stones had quenched their thirst and were coming back.

Turning round to see the meaning of the noise, Bernez saw them bent forward like runners hastening towards them and crushing everything that lay in their path.

"Holy Virgin!" he cried in horror, "we are lost!"
 "Not I!" cried the sorcerer, holding out the protecting herbs. "In these is my safety! But you must die! A Christian must be sacrificed that I may retain my treasure!

Your evil angel brought us together—forget Rosine and prepare for death!"

The stones were close upon them, but as the sorcerer held out his herbs they parted on either side of him and threw themselves on Bernez. The poor young man closed his eyes and fell upon his knees.

Suddenly one of the largest stones stopped in front of him. Astonished at finding himself spared, Bernez looked up. It was the stone on which he had that day piously carried a cross. Thus baptized the monster no longer had the power of hurting a Christian. It sheltered Bernez until the last of its comrades had passed by. Then it rose and skimmed along the earth. The sorcerer tried to slip aside but it was too late.

Still he fearlessly held out his magic herbs. All in vain. The stone, now marked with the sign of salvation, cared no longer for the demon's power.

When Bernez awoke from his amazement the stone stood in its accustomed place and the sorcerer lay crushed and mangled on the ground—dead!

The old wizard's treasure now of course belonged to Bernez.

The following Christmas Eve the mangy ass and the lean ox held their usual conversation. But this time they could talk of nothing else but the wedding that had just taken place, the wealth of the young bridegroom Bernez, and the beauty of the bride—the peerless Rosine.



"HOLY VIRGIN, WE ARE LOST!"
 "NOT I," CRIED THE SORCERER.

THE DRINKING STONES.