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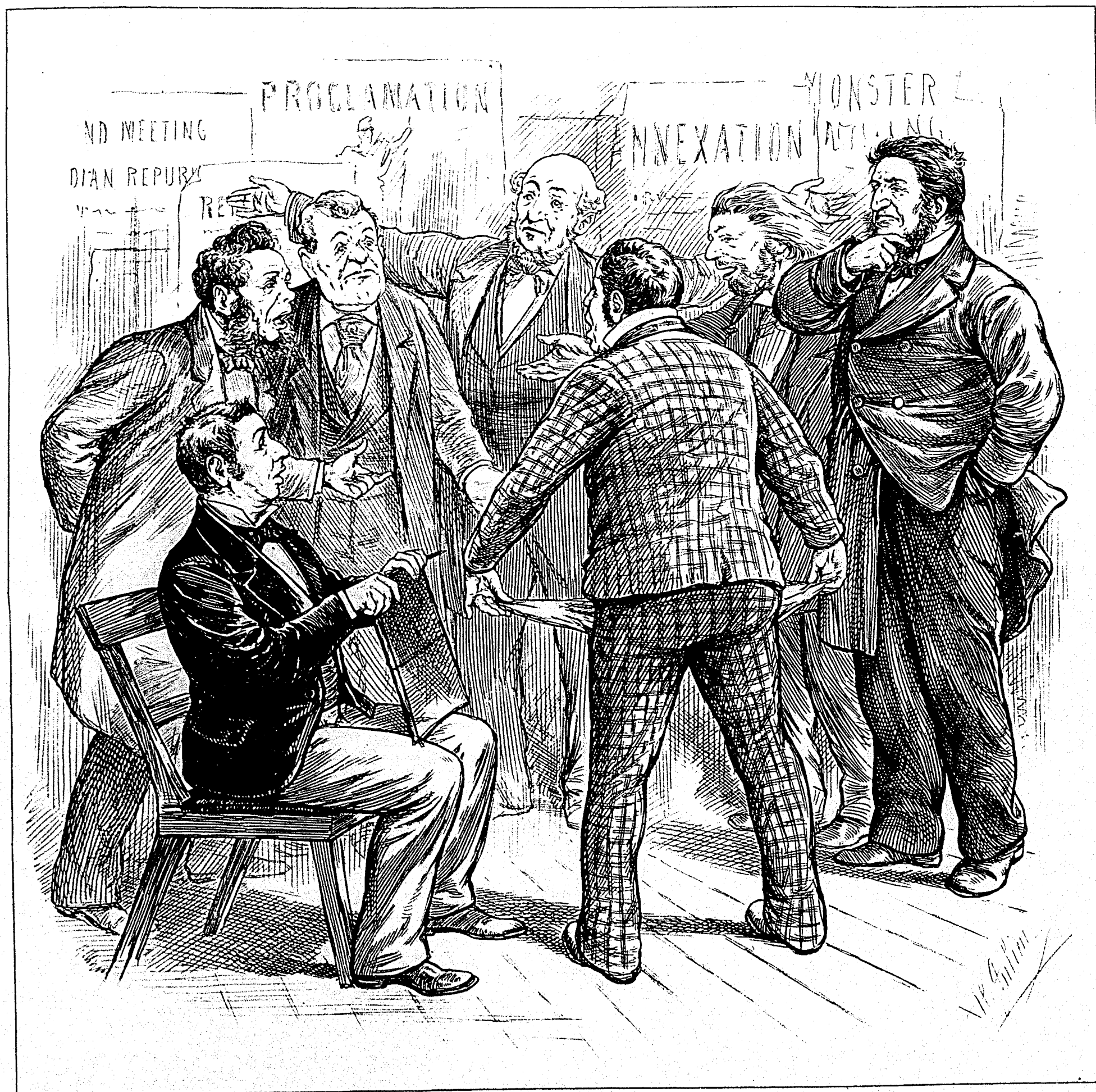
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Wholesale News

Vol. XXI.—No. 5.

MONTREAL, SATURDAY, JANUARY 31, 1880.

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THE CANADIAN REPUBLIC.

THE MUCH-TALKED OF MEETING in Toronto, for the organization of a Republican Club held on Saturday night, was attended by seven people, including reporters. The Club was formed, but it is said at the conclusion of the meeting there was a wonderful searching in the depths of empty pockets for enough to pay the rent of the room.

TELEGRAPHIC DESPATCH FROM TORONTO.

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

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

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

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

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

1880.

With the first number in January we begin the XXI. Volume of the CANADIAN ILLUSTRATED NEWS, and have the pleasure to inform our numerous friends that we have resolved to increase our efforts toward making it more acceptable than ever. The NEWS being first and foremost a pictorial paper, the artistic department will be materially improved, current events of interest being sketched and attention paid to all important incidents abroad.

OUR NEW STORY.

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

CLARA CHILLINGTON,

THE PRIDE OF THE CLIFF.

A STORY OF 100 YEARS AGO,

BY THE EVEREAD JAMES LANGHORNE BOXER, Rector of La Porte, Ind., U. S., formerly co-Editor with Charles Dickens of All the Year Round.

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

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

The Burland Lithographic Co'y

(LIMITED.)

NOTICE.

A DIVIDEND of Four percent. on the paid-up capital stock of the Company has been declared, and will be payable at the office of the Company on and after the THIRD day of FEBRUARY prox.

The fifth Annual General Meeting of the Stockholders will be held at the Company's Office, 5 & 7 Bleury street, Montreal.

On Wednesday, February 4th, 1880,

at 3.30 o'clock, p.m., for the election of Directors and transaction of other business.

By order, F. B. DAKIN, Secretary.

Montreal, 19th January, 1880.

TEMPERATURE.

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

THE WEEK ENDING

Table with columns for dates (Jan. 25th, 1880) and corresponding week (1879), with sub-columns for Max., Min., and Mean temperatures.

CONTENTS.

ILLUSTRATIONS.—The Canadian Republic—Cup Presented by the Victoria Rifles to the Queen's Own—Presentation of the Cup—The Cannibal of the North-West—Thyestis, the Frontier Town—The Falls of Niagara and their Surroundings in Winter—Henry Irving as Shylock—Sketches at the Entertainment Given for the Benefit of the Ladies' Protestant Benevolent Society and Church Home, Montreal.

LETTER PRESS.—Editorial Paragraphs—The First Sin—Spelling Reform—Chrysalis—Clara Chillington (continued)—Varieties—Gems from American Poets—Glenn—Echoes from Paris—Echoes from London—Personal—Musical and Dramatic—Literary—Artistic—Humorous—A Memento—Rules of Whist—Beloques pour Dames—History of the Week—Our Chess Column.

CANADIAN ILLUSTRATED NEWS.

Montreal, Saturday, January 31, 1880.

In the article headed "Canadian History," in the NEWS for January 24, the statute incorporating Hamilton is cited as 6 Wm. IV., Chap. 17. It should be 3 Wm. IV., Chap. 17.

The Courtship girls feel sore at having been omitted in the list of the "Girls of Canada," published by us lately, and one of them writes to say that they are the most fascinating girls of the Dominion. We believe it; in fact, we know it, and hence comply all the more willingly with the modest request that this shall be made public.

It is some satisfaction to know that the Provincial Government of Quebec seem determined to practice strict economy, as evidenced in the refusal to supply vacancies where none really exist. Such economy is our only possible salvation. The example of the Ontario Government is the one to follow.

It is to be hoped that, at the coming election for City Councillors, the electors will make it an imperative obligation—no matter who the candidates may be—that they shall use their influence to bring about sensible sanitary reform in this city, particularly in connection with plumber's work and house-drains.

WHATEVER else may be said of Canada, there are at least three things in which it has taken an initiative, giving the world an example. First, ladies have taken active part in the discussion of the intricate affairs of a suffering bank. Secondly, a railway has been built over the broad St. Lawrence. And lastly, though not "leastly," the ugly question of clerical plagiarism has been taken by the horns.

NEARLY all the pictures appearing in the present issue have separate descriptive matter attached to them. We may add to the account of the cup, presented by the non-commissioned officers and men of the Victoria Rifles to the non-commissioned officers and men of the Queen's Own, that, on the 19th inst., a deputation from the Montreal Victorias, consisting of Sergeant-Major Carpenter, Colour-Sergeants Rodden, Kellond, Busted and O'Connor, and Sergeants Varey, Dillon, Blaiklock and Peddington arrived at Toronto, and were splendidly received by the Queen's Own Rifles, assembled in the Drill Shed, under the command of Colonel Otter.

few warm words of welcome from this deservedly popular officer, Sergeant-Major Carpenter stepped to the front and laid on the table the magnificent silver cup. Sergeant Dillon read the address, expressing the kindly feeling which the "Vics" felt for the Queen's Own. Sergeant-Major Cunningham briefly returned thanks, and the deputation and non-commissioned officers then tried to give the men an opportunity of seeing the cup, after which the regiment was dismissed, and the deputation returned to their hotel.

THE FIRST SIN.

The press is getting omnivorous. Not content with treating of every subject that bears any relation, however remote, to secular life and material needs, it is every day trenching more and more on the spiritual domain. We have kept our readers on the track of several of these exegetical excursions of late, and shall continue to-day by referring to the curious subject which forms a title for this article. In the September number of the Contemporary Review, there is a very learned paper by Lenormand, containing every bit of curious information and conjecture relative to the transgression of our first parents in the garden of Eden.

A writer in the Nation, pursuing the subject, adds a suggestion concerning the serpent being always connected with the tree, as on the early Babylonian cylinder. The serpent seems to have represented the principle of evil very early, probably long before it was connected with the tree, and to have been at first the sea, which in a storm was the chaos out of which everything was turned and which, as it seemed to swallow up sun, moon and stars, and to bring forth the storm clouds—those monsters, which the sun-god fought with his arrows the lightnings—came also, not naturally, to represent the distinctive principle. But how, further inquires the writer, did it become a serpent? May it not have been the singular resemblance that the edge of the sea—as seen from a moderate height in a calm—bears to a huge serpent, now blue, now white, according to the amount of foam, winding and writhing about the earth, and eating out its rocks and shores, that causes its distinctive attributes to be transformed to the serpent? A common name may have been the means. The resemblance is especially striking when the eye looks along the shore, as in the bend of a bay.

ECHOES FROM LONDON.

MR. EDWARD JENKINS, M.P., it is rumoured, is to be the editor of the Liberal illustrated paper. The new paper is expected shortly to make its appearance.

It is said that next session the Earl of Carnarvon will take his seat on the cross benches. This may be regarded as an indication of a further and more decided withdrawal from the Conservative party.

It is stated that an Irish M.P. has written a drama dealing with the land question, and that it will, before long, be produced at one of the principal London theatres.

THIRTY millions a week more are passing through the Clearing House in London than at this time last year. As a proof of the revival of trade, nothing could be quoted which would be more confirmatory.

WHILE enlistment in the British Army has not maintained its usual standard by some thousands, it is satisfactory to find that the number of deserters is far below the average. The total for 1879 is 5,840, as compared with 8,399 in the previous year.

The address to the Crown in answer to the Speech from the Throne will be moved in the House of Commons by Lieutenant-Colonel H. E. Home-Drummond M.P. for the County of Perth, and seconded by Mr. J. P. Corry, M.P. for Belfast.

ONE of the steamship agents is of the opinion that nearly a hundred large steamers are either on the stocks in Europe, or have been ordered to be adapted exclusively for the cattle trade. This will give an enormous stimulus to the live-stock shipping interests the coming season.

MR. PRINSEP is said to be rapidly progressing with his great "commission" picture, representing the declaration of the Queen as Empress of India. It will be ready in May, but it is expected to go directly into Her Majesty's possession, without being shown at Burlington House. The size of the canvas is 25 feet by 12.

It is a nice question for lawyers whether the relatives of the victims of the Tay Bridge disaster have a claim for compensation against the North British Railway Company. The point has already been much discussed. It is thought that the crucial question will be whether the company showed negligence in allowing the train to cross the bridge in such a terrific storm.

The new penny postage stamp has been issued. It is red, but not of the old dull brick-red colour, and the Queen's head and bust—especially the latter—show very clearly. To prevent people spending a shilling's worth of time in attempting to make a penny stamp pass muster again, the colour is "fugitive," and servants sent to post letters will probably be cautioned against taking off the colour as well as the gum.

TELEGRAMS to and from the Cape are now of every-day occurrence; but one would like to know the truth of the story that is going the round of the Clubs that Sir Garnet Wolseley, determined to beat Caesar's "Veni, vidi, vici," telegraphed to Sir Bartle Frere after the battle of Ulundi that "Cetwayo is Outwayo." Sir Bartle, who probably shrewdly guessed that the young Caesar was quizzing him for his exaggerated tears and pompous phrases about the celibate manslaying machine, did not finish the joke.

COMMANDER CHEYNE may not succeed in reaching the Pole in a balloon, but he really deserves to succeed. Without official support, and in spite of the jealous opposition of those who should aid him, he has by his unaided exertion made a new Arctic expedition possible. He has gone about the country with a magic lantern and a lecture, exciting public interest. He has interviewed nearly every member of Parliament. He has seen nearly every metropolitan journalist. He has formed committees in nearly every part of the kingdom. Royalty has examined his plans. Ministers have privately assured him of their sympathy. Now he has the Lord Mayor's consent to a big meeting in the city, the purpose of which will be to consider his scheme. The chief balloonist of Wood, which has undertaken to go with him. The principal "balloonist" of the day has assured him that his scheme is practicable. If he can only get his £30,000, he will make one more effort to reach the North Pole.

ECHOES FROM PARIS.

THE sums entrusted to the Figaro newspaper for distribution to the poor of Paris at present exceed the colossal figure of 1,000,000fr.

A WOMAN, named Madeline Casson, has been arrested for stealing the Golden Crown of Thorns from the Chapel of the Holy Virgin at the Grotto of Lourdes.

M. WADDINGTON, on quitting power, observed "The Foreign Office is like an opera hall; we like to get there once, but never to return again."

THE death is announced of the Vicomte le Boutellier, a nobleman well known in the Parisian world in 1830. He had been a Guardsman under Louis XVIII. and Charles X. The deceased viscount was eighty-two years of age.

M. HENRI ROCHEFORT, the pamphleteer and political refugee, will soon, it is said, return to Paris, after obtaining the pardon for political offences which has not as yet been granted to him. It is also announced that his pen will again be devoted to partisan writing.

EVERYTHING English is so fashionable in Paris just now, that a committee of gentlemen have organized a series of ballad concerts, at which a number of London artists will appear. This is not the first time that France has been smitten with Anglo-mania.

THE subscription for the Prince Imperial Memorial has been closed, the amount being 200,000fr., and the committee propose to erect a

chapel, surrounded by a garden, on some elevated point between the Arc de Triomphe and the Invalides. The license of the Government will be necessary for holding religious services in it.

ALL great men have tastes of their own, and it may be interesting to some people to know that M. Gambetta delights in fresh plover's eggs. As plovers are very rare in France, the President of the Chamber has rented a preserve at Osnabrück, near Hanover, and the eggs are sent up to the Palais Bourbon as fast as they are collected.

A VERY aristocratic French fashion is that of white toilets, for paying or receiving visits in the daytime. This fashion commenced in country chateaux, and seems likely to be continued in Paris. Dresses of white cloth are exceedingly pretty, and quite unique in style. Several brides have paid their visits recently in dresses of white Hindoo cashmere, trimmed with ivory white plush, with the mantle and bonnet of plush to match.

IN Paris there were not a few weddings in high life last month. One of the most interesting was a wedding at which there was a great profusion of flowers; one would have thought summer had come back again. The bride wore orange blossoms, not only in her hair and upon her dress, but even upon her satin slippers. The marriage jewels were enclosed in a case formed of natural flowers; the sides were made of the firm buds of the Marechal Niel roses, crossed with a line of tea-roses; the cover was composed of splendid white roses; in the centre the initials of the bride were formed of Parmese violets; the inside was lined with white satin. The fan was of sprays of lilies of the valley and white heather blossoms, with the delicate foliage of the tamaris, spread out, and the stems joined together by a bow of white satin.

A FEW GEMS FROM AMERICAN POETS.

American poetry may be divided into three periods—the Colonial Age, the Revolutionary Age and the National Age. The Colonial Age was not very favourable to literary production, either in prose or poetry, as the colonists were engaged in a constant struggle for existence, and had but little time to devote to literary pursuits. The Revolutionary Age, characterized by political independence, was marked by conflicts with tongue, pen and sword. In consequence of the stirring incidents of this period, the poetry of the Revolutionary Age is almost exclusively of a political and patriotic character. It was only with the National Age that American literature began to assume a national importance and to show signs of a distinct national life. With the advent of Bryant and Longfellow, American poetry began to challenge the attention of the world, and to show the results of American thought and culture. For years and years there had been a kind of ciffidence in American literature, but the great civil war, besides marking the era of the social emancipation of three million slaves, may be well looked upon as marking another and very important era—the era of the intellectual emancipation of thirty millions of freemen. The Americans are fast laying the foundation of a national literature, and whether we turn the pages of Emerson, Longfellow, or Holmes, the spirit of an independent and self-reliant nation greets us in every line. Nor is this to be wondered at, for self-reliance is just as essential to the achievement of success in the individual as in the nation. William Cullen Bryant, who may be almost called the father of American poetry, wrote one of his finest poems, "Thanatopsis," when only sixteen. He is called the American Wordsworth, being characterized by the same reverent observation of nature. A deep religious feeling pervades all his works. There is a classic dignity in his style and a purity of diction seldom surpassed. It is not often that we meet in verse anything more beautiful than the following from "Thanatopsis":

"So live that when thy summons comes to join
The innumerable caravan that moves
To that mysterious realm, where each shall take
His chamber in the silent halls of death;
Thou go not like the quarry-slave at night,
Scourged to his dungeon, but, sustained and soothed
By an unfaltering trust approach thy grave,
Like one who wraps the drapery of his couch
About him, and lies down to pleasant dreams."

In his poem "The Battlefield," how forcibly and chaste-like he shows the power of truth, which Dr. Oliver Wendell Holmes states in his "One-Hoss Shay" to be the only thing together with a tree which keeps its youth. The potency of truth is visible in every line of the following:

"Truth, crushed to earth, shall rise again;
The eternal years of God are hers;
But Error wounded, writhes in pain
And dies amid her worshippers."

Henry Wadsworth Longfellow, one of the most popular, if not the most popular, living poet, has already reached the ripe age of seventy-three. He lives at Cambridge, Mass., in an old house once occupied by General Washington as his headquarters. He alludes to the fact in one of his poems, in which he says:

"Once, ah, once within these walls,
One who—memory oft recalls,
The father of his country dwelt."

The characteristics of Longfellow's poems are simplicity, grace and refinement. He has but

little imagination and passion, but frequently charms us by presenting the ordinary sentiments of humanity in a new and attractive garb. What simplicity and grace characterize the touches of sadness and consolation in his poem "The Rainy Day":

"The day is cold and dark and dreary;
It rains, and the wind is never weary;
The vine still clings to the mouldering wall,
But at every gust the dead leaves fall
And the day is dark and dreary."

My life is cold and dark and dreary;
It rains, and the wind is never weary;
My thoughts still cling to the mouldering past,
But the hopes of youth fall thick in the blast,
And the days are dark and dreary."

Be still, sad heart! and cease repining;
Behind the clouds is the sun still shining;
Thy fate is the common fate of all;
Into each life some rain must fall,
Some days must be dark and dreary."

John Greenleaf Whittier is said to rank next to Longfellow in popularity. He has not Longfellow's wide and elegant culture, but possesses a more real poetic genius. We find a masculine vigour in many of his poems. Whipple says that in his patriotic lyrics he seems to pour out his blood with his lines, so terrible is his energy. He was born the same year as Longfellow, and while a boy worked with his father on a farm. He afterwards became editor of a paper, and has since devoted himself to literature. That he remembers still the loneliness which characterized his boyhood days is visible in his poem, "The Barefoot Boy":

"Blessings on the little man,
Barefoot boy with cheek of tan;
With thy turned-up pantaloons
And thy merry whistled tunes;
With thy red lips redder still,
Kissed by strawberries on the hill;
With the sunshine on thy face
Through thy torn brim's jaunty grace;
From my heart I give thee joy:
I was once a barefoot boy."

Whittier is a fierce hater of wrong in every form. His anti-slavery lyrics bear testimony to the love of justice and right which reign in the heart of the great Quaker poet.

Belleville, Ont. T. O'HAGAN.

HEARTH AND HOME.

CHEERFUL ROOMS.—Do you ever observe that a tidy room is invariably a cheerful one? It is cheering to come into one's breakfast-room and find it spotlessly tidy; but still more certainly will cheerfulness come if tidiness is the result of our own exertion; and so we counsel you, friend, if you are ever disheartened, vexed or worried about something that has gone wrong with you in the world, to have resort to the great refuge of tidiness. Don't sit brooding and bothering. Go to work and make everything tidy about you, and you cannot fail to recover your cheerfulness.

A GOOD HUSBAND.—A man is a good husband, you say. It is well. No husband at all, perhaps, or worse than none. His goodness is his wife's, or more his wife's than his. It is well, we say, that under any influences he can be good; but let him not take all the credit of his goodness to himself. The bigger share is due to his better half. Some might be good, if tried, to two or three in succession; some, but to one; and some, alas! to none. A woman is a good wife. This, too, is well. But how much of her goodness is her husband's? She cannot tell. Perhaps one-half. Perhaps two-thirds. Then let her not be proud. Let her keep from boasting. Let her cherish modest thoughts of herself, and form charitable judgments of others, and her virtue will be all the greater, and her comfort all the safer.

HOUSE PLANTS.—Those who keep house plants must be aware that there is no settled rule to regulate watering. During the first part of a season plants rarely get dry; but towards spring they absorb a great quantity of water. In the former case they are weak, trying to rally and build themselves up afresh. In the latter case they are hungry and robust, and assimilate nutriment very rapidly. "But give us a rule," says the amateur. There is positively none. No rule can be given. Watering requires all one's powers of observations, thought and common sense, to perform properly. It was recommended once, in the case of a greenhouse shrub, that it have "plenty of air and intelligent waterings." No one can tell how much or how little a plant may need. The nearest approach to a golden rule that we have seen is given by one of our leading florists. "In proportion to the vigour of a plant should its food be supplied." And this accords with the statements already made.

THE HOUSEWIFE.—The fashionable young lady takes pride in saying and believing that housekeeping is not her forte. She was not born to do "menial labour." That is all very well if she is wealthy; but if she marries a man in moderate circumstances, the folly of her words becomes obvious. The women who think it no disgrace to work are proud of their homes, proud of the dinners they cook, and what not? They are not ashamed to have it said of them, "She does her own housework." Oh, how many people are doomed to live always in rented houses, because they will not give up the luxury of servants, for they are truly a luxury when it takes all your husband's income—above necessary expenses—to furnish the board and pay the wages of servants. What servant

will care for the things in daily use as you yourself will? A home all our own is most precious, and when we are saving for an object it is so much easier to deny ourselves, and if the money often wasted on servants was saved, it would, by and-by, secure a home. Think of this, girls, when you are frittering away precious hours in idle pursuits and pleasures..

HISTORY OF THE WEEK.

TUESDAY, January 20.—The Spanish Cortes has adopted all the clauses of the Cuban Abolition Bill.—It is said that Russia will temporarily abandon the expedition against Merv.—M. Ferry has reported his amended bill for remodelling the system of primary education.—A large Home Rule meeting was held in Dublin, to take into consideration means of relieving the prevailing distress.—Serious riots, necessitating the calling out of the military, have occurred at Rio Janeiro, in consequence of popular opposition to the railway passenger tax.—Chief Douglas has demanded rations from the agent at Los Pinos agency, but as it is illegal to issue rations to Indians on the war-path, the demand has been refused. The Indians are much dissatisfied in consequence, and are busily engaged collecting arms and ammunition.

WEDNESDAY, January 21.—Nihilist and Socialist agitation has appeared among the Polish population of West Prussia.—Further arrests have been made of persons implicated in the recent riots at Claremorris, in Ireland.—A thousand operatives of the Mossy cotton mills, in Lancashire, are locked out, having struck for a ten per cent. advance in wages.—Lord Beaconsfield's health is again a subject of anxious discussion in Government circles in England, and an early retirement from the cares of official life is spoken of as advisable.—News of three terrible disasters which took place in England, comes over the cable. Two of the accidents are coal gas explosions in mines, by which 100 miners are said to have perished in the Lyceet mine at Newcastle, and 80 miners in the Fair Lady mine at Henley, in Staffordshire. The third disaster was an explosion at the gunpowder mills at Dartford, in Kent, but the despatch does not state whether any loss of life occurred in this instance.

THURSDAY, January 22.—Her Royal Highness the Princess Louise sailed from Liverpool. The Princess was accompanied by the steamer by her brothers the Prince of Wales and the Duke of Edinburgh. Her suite consists of Hon. Mrs. Langham, Lady Pelly, and Captains Charter and Collins. Col. McNair will be in attendance at the Queen's command.—The Peruvian and Bolivian forces in the province of Tarapaca are rumored to have been surrounded by Chileans, and forced to surrender.—Lord Ramsay is the Liberal candidate for Liverpool in the English House of Commons, and, it is thought, will have the support of Lord Derby in the contest.—Despatches from Egypt state that Ismail Ayoub's appointment as Governor-General of Sudan has been cancelled, and Reouff Pasha appointed in his stead.—It is feared that the ship *Arklow*, which left New York on the 19th of November for London, with a cargo of petroleum oil, has been lost, as she has been out 61 days without being heard of.

FRIDAY, January 23.—The Duchess of Marlborough's fund amounts to £26,500.—Another Cossack division is to be added to the Russian army in Asia.—The reported evacuation of Tchikisklar by the Russians is contradicted.—The Montenegrins are said to be withdrawing from Casnie, but intend to return in the spring.—Olessa is threatened with a serious danger, certain evidences leading to the conclusion that the city is undermined.—The ship *Arklow*, concerning the safety of which fears were entertained, has arrived in an English port, 66 days out from New York.

SATURDAY, January 24.—A very large force of Turkomans are menacing the Russians between Chatter and Tchikisklar, and a battle is imminent.—A despatch from Cabul says Ayoub Khan will join Mahomed Jan at Ghuznee.—The engine of a train on the Metropolitan Elevated Railroad in New York jumped the track and fell into the street below.

OBITUARY.—The Duke of Schleswig-Holstein, from heart disease.
Frank Leslie, the well known artist and publisher.
Hon. James D. Westcott, ex Senator and ex-Governor of Florida, at Montreal, aged 79.
W. H. Brehaut, Clerk of the Crown and Peace, Montreal, aged 71.
Wm. McLeod, M.P. for Stormont.
Jules Favre, the eminent French lawyer and statesman, aged 71.

OPINIONS OF THE PRESS.

A MERITORIOUS PUBLICATION.—The Christmas number of the *Canadian Illustrated News* comes to us this year vastly improved over all similar previous issues, elegantly illustrated, and printed on fine paper. In typographical appearance it is excelled by few like publications in this country, and must have brought joy to the little folks, as well as to those of mature age, in many a Canadian home. It is published in Montreal by the Burland Lithographic Company, and is issued every Saturday at the low price of \$1.00 per year in advance.—*Chicago Journal of Commerce*.

CANADIAN ILLUSTRATED NEWS.—We would call the attention of our readers to the advertisement, in another column, of this excellent paper. It is the only illustrated paper published in Canada, and deserves a liberal support.—*Napanee Standard*.

The *Canadian Illustrated News* is about to introduce a number of new features in its literary department, with the design of making it the especial exponent of Canadian literature, treating of all subjects that engage public attention. It is a publication that fills a useful field. The *Scientific Canadian* (same publishers) for November contains a number of interesting articles. The letter-press and illustrations show good workmanship, and the matter treated of is such as will prove profitable.—*London Advertiser*.

Special attention is directed to the advertisement of the *Canadian Illustrated News* in this issue. The *News*, literary weekly in the Dominion, should receive encouragement as a national institution. A new original romance will be commenced in the first week in January, entitled "Clara Chillington, or the Pride of the Cliff."—*Durham Chronicle*.

We welcome to our exchange list the *Canadian Illustrated News*, one of the newest and best illustrated papers published in the Dominion. We are also in receipt of the same *Canadian Mechanics Magazine*, published by the same Company that publishes the *News*. This magazine is replete with information for the mechanic. Price of the *News* for one year, \$1; single copies, 10 cents. For the *Magazine*, \$2.—*Presbyterian, Charlotte-town, P.E.I.*

VARIETIES.

PARNELL.—Charles Stewart Parnell, M. P., the leader in the present land agitation in Ireland, is the grand-on of Commodore Charles Stewart, of the United States Navy, who distinguished himself as the senior flag officer in the Mexican war. On his father's side he descends from an old English family, originally from one of the Midland counties. The poet Parnell was one of his ancestors. His paternal grandfather was the last Chancellor of the Exchequer of the Irish Parliament. Calm, cool, bloodless, Mr. Parnell is a man whom nothing can move. O'Connor Power grows savage under the exasperating treatment of the House, and O'Donnell hisses his words through his teeth with ill-disguised resentment. But Parnell remains invariably imperturbable. Though a man of this resolute and unbending stamp, he has, in personal intercourse, the mildest and most gentle manner conceivable. He is almost womanly, and Sir Wilfrid Lawson has long since noted that he is an inveterate water drinker. Mr. Parnell's mother and his sister, Miss Francis Parnell, a young lady of twenty or twenty-two years of age reside at the New York Hotel, N. Y., but they also own an estate on the Delaware River, about a mile and a half below Bordentown, N. J., where they spend a part of their time.

THE INDIAN SUMMER.—The prolonged beautiful weather of October, raised the familiar questions, when is the Indian summer, and why is it called so? The poet in "Evangeline" answers the first question:—

"Then followed that beautiful season,
Called by the pious Acadian peasants the summer of All Saints,
Filled was the air with a dreamy and magical light, and
the landscape
Lay as if new created in all the freshness of childhood."

The summer of All Saints is the soft hazy season about the 1st of November, which is All Saints day, and its general character is best described by Wilson Fagg in his book upon the New England landscape. The season is a little later than is generally supposed, and its days are readily observed. The origin of the name Indian summer is disputed. We have heard Mr. Webster say he was satisfied it came, in general, from the autumn fires of the Indians kindling the woods, and introduced the "smoky" atmosphere. But the most satisfactory explanation was that of a man whose love and observation of nature were inferior only to Thomson's. He said that the name dated from the earliest settlement of the country. The colonists, warned by the early frosts of September, began to fear an early winter, and made every preparation. But the Indians assured them that winter was not at hand, and that there would be summer, or warm weather, yet. When, therefore, the milder days came in late October and November, the colonists said: "Here is the summer predicted by the Indians," the Indian summer.

Si non e vero—if it is not true, it is well imagined. It is a natural and plausible explanation, and ought to stand until a better one can be offered.

MUSICAL AND DRAMATIC.

RUBINSTEIN is said to be turning his attention more and more to composition.

THERE are now in Paris seventeen theatrical and thirteen musical newspapers.

MR. SIMS REEVES recently informed his audience at a London ball concert by deputy, that he should not respond to any encores.

JOHN McCULLOUGH played to \$1,707 at the Walnut, Philadelphia, evening of the 3d—the largest one night's receipts ever known at that house.

AN autograph score of Handel's opera, "Amadigi," was sold in a London auction room for £35 10s, and one of Mozart's quintets in D major for 43 guineas.

THE most remarkable indication of the success of the "Pirates of Penzance" is found in the fact that the receipts for the first four days aggregated the large sum of \$9,023.25.

MANAGER MARETZEK has sufficiently recovered to resume his duties as a teacher, which were interrupted by his recent disastrous attempt to sustain "Sleepy Hollow" on the operatic stage.

ARRANGEMENTS are being made for the production of "H. M. S. Pinafore," and the new opera comique "Marigold," at some of the principal theatres in Amsterdam, Rotterdam, Antwerp, and other places.

ORGAN-GRINDERS in France are made to pay composers for the airs which they grind on their barrels, at the rate of 5 francs a tune, the Dramatic and Lyric Authors' Society enforcing the tax. Suppe's *Faust* has brought the composer 1,500 francs in this way.

THE New York *Tribune* printed a letter last week, written by Dion Boucicault, in 1873, in which appears this significant paragraph: "I never paid a farthing for a favor from the press, and I never will, and in candor I am bound to say that if I offered it I am sure it would be regarded as a gross insult."

THE compliments of the season were thus exchanged by telegraph, Christmas night, between Chaufray and Florence. "Pittsburg—Business unprecedented. Terrible snow-storm all day. Everything blocked up. A cool \$3,523 for the day. Chaufray." "Chicago—Sorry it snowed. Thermometer here 25 below zero, but beat you by \$1,693. Florence."

ARRANGEMENTS have been made to carry English ballads into the heart of the French metropolis. A company has been formed to give a series of three ballad concerts at the Continental Hotel, Paris, and Mme. Sineco, and Mr. Campobello have been retained as chief artists. The first concert will be given January 30.

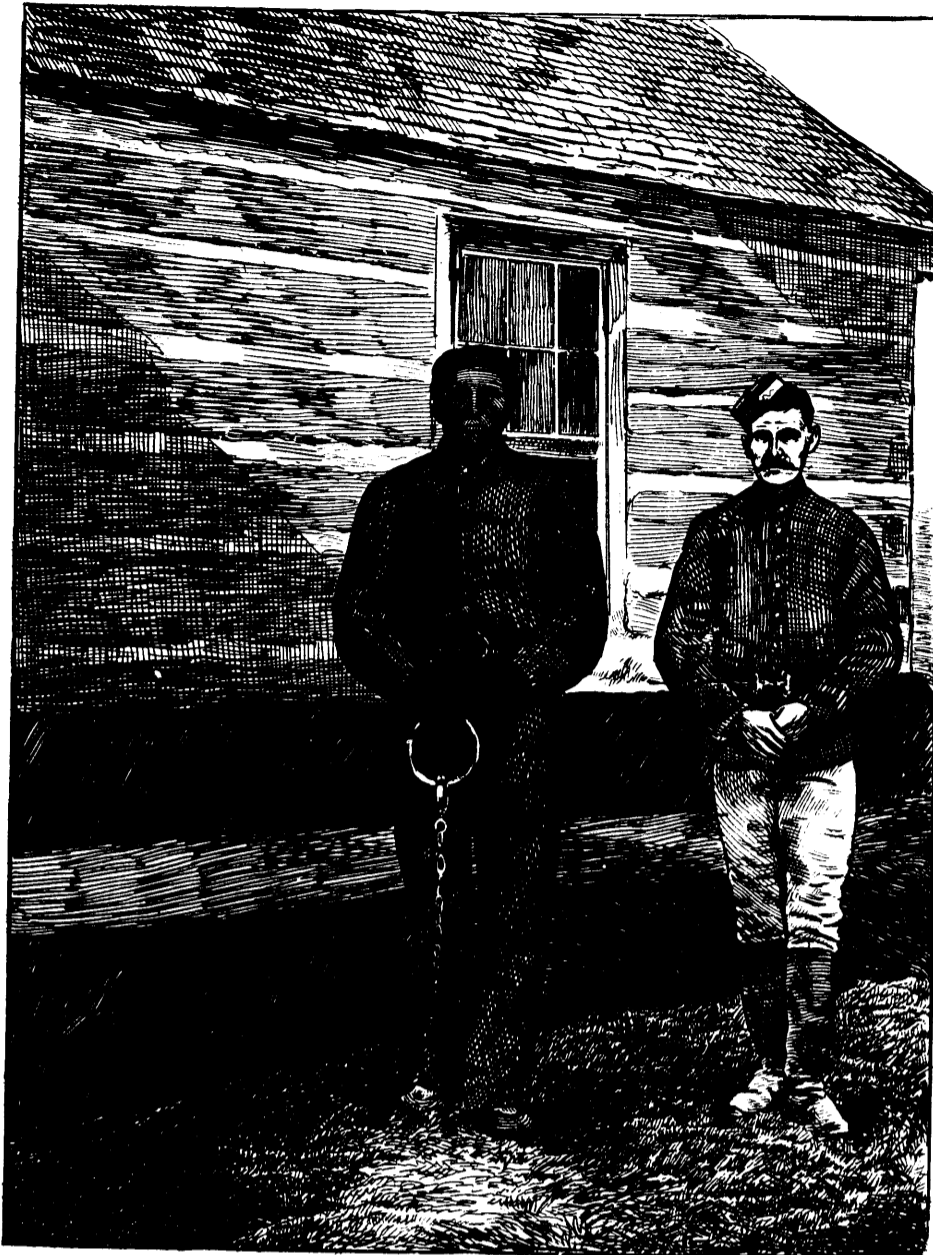
THEY have discovered a prodigy in the way of a juvenile *Little Buttercup* in London, where a children's company is doing "Pinafore" at the Opera Comique. It is a Miss Eric Mason, whose singing and expressive action especially delighted the audience, and who evinced an aptitude for the stage likely to bring her into prominence in future years, if the spontaneous humor and histrionic capacity here indicated should receive further development.

A CANNIBAL OF THE NORTH-WEST.

The subject of our illustration, a thick-wood Cree Indian, was hanged at Fort Saskatchewan, about twenty miles from Edmonton, on the 26th of last month. He is represented not in his native costume but in prison dress and in charge of one of the Mounted Police. He is supposed to have killed and eaten in all eight persons during the winter of 1878-79. These included his wife, five children, his mother and half brother. He seems to have gone about the matter deliberately enough as even the bones which were found had been broken to extract the marrow. It was proved that he could not have been actually starving and the last victim was a boy whom he killed not far from Victoria, to which place he might have come for relief if really in want. He was tried at Fort Saskatchewan last summer by Col. Richardson, the Stipendiary Magistrate, and acknowledged the correctness of the charge in respect to four of the victims though denying it for the others. His wife had been heard to say long ago that she was afraid her husband would some day kill and eat his children as he had told her that his familiar spirit or Manitou—a moose—had urged him to do so. Instances of cannibalism are not very uncommon among the natives of the northern part of the continent, but generally occur only in cases of actual starvation. Swift Runner is said to have met his death bravely, and his execution was heartily approved of by all the Indians of the region. The execution of Swift Runner is probably the first official execution in the North-West Territory.

A NOBLE DONATION.—Mr. John Jacob Astor has presented to the trustees of the Vistor Library a plot of ground adjoining the present building, with funds for the erection of a new building, which will increase the capacity of the Library for books from 200,000 volumes to 350,000. When it is completed, a million of dollars will represent the liberality of the Astor family in behalf of the library since the date of its foundation. The first sum given by the elder Astor \$400,000. In the construction of the first building \$100,000 was expended, and the erection of the second building involved an outlay of \$150,000. These figures do not include the value of the land upon which the library stands. Since its opening contributions of from \$15,000 to \$20,000 have been made yearly by the Astor family for the purchase of new books.

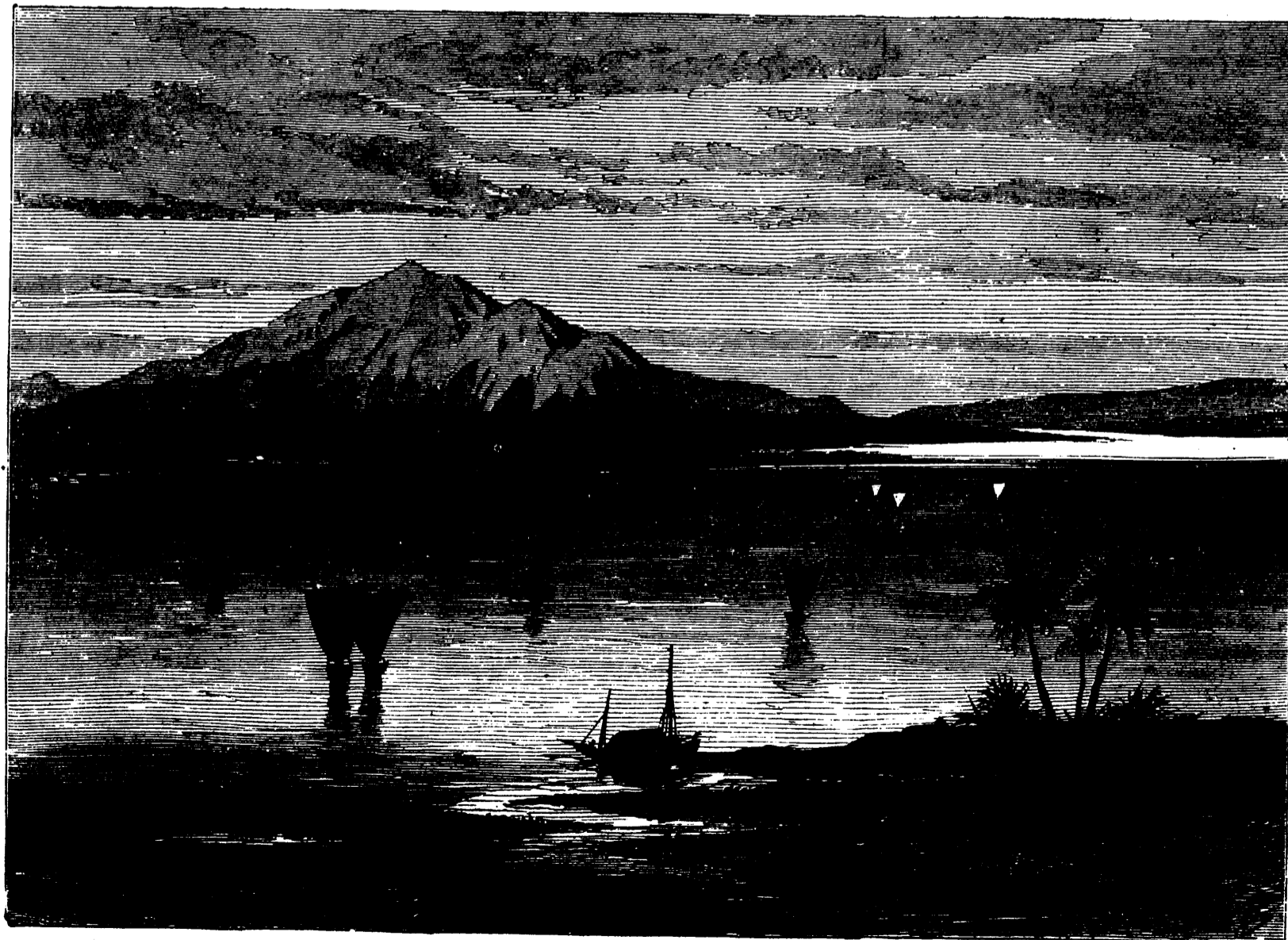
HERBERT SPENCER.—A forehead that would have suggested the term "dome-like" quicker



THE CANNIBAL OF THE NORTH-WEST. C-1516

than WEBSTER'S, a pair of eager but kindly hazel eyes, an almost femininely delicate Roman nose, a singularly upper lip, a firm but gentle mouth, the whole framed in a dark beard, shaved from the lips and chin, and hair thin on top, but increasing into thick waves on the sides—such is the portrait which a correspondent of the Evening Post presents of Herbert Spencer, whom he saw as one of the regular attendants at Professor John Fiske's lectures on "America's Place in History." Mr. Spencer said afterward to the correspondent that, supposing himself to know the subject as well as his time would permit him to know it, he had gone to the first lecture solely from interest in the lecturer, but, to his surprise, he found himself so interested and instructed by the entirely novel treatment that he continued going to the end of the course.

DR. JOHNSON.—Hannah More and her sister visited London in 1773 and 1774, and were the guests of Garrick. They were received with favour by Johnson, Reynolds and Burke. Hannah More's sister has described their first interview with Johnson: "We have paid another visit to Miss Reynolds; she had sent to engage Dr. Percy—Percy Collection, now you know him—quite a sprightly modern, instead of a rusty antique, as I expected. He was no sooner gone than the most amiable and obliging of women, Miss Reynolds, ordered the coach to take us to Dr. Johnson's very own house. Yes, Abyssinian Johnson! Dictionary Johnson! Ramblers, Ilders and Irene Johnson! Can you picture to yourselves the palpitation of our hearts as we approached the mansion? The conversation turned upon a new work of his just going to press, 'The Tour of the Hebrides,' and his old friend Richardson. Mrs. Williams, the blind poetess, who lives with him, was introduced to us. She is engaging in her manners, her conversation lively and entertaining. Miss Reynolds told the doctor of all her rapturous exclamations on the road. He shook his scientific head at Hannah, and said she was a silly thing. When our visit was ended, he called for his hat, as it rained, to attend us down a very long entry to our coach, and not Rasselas could have acquitted himself more en cavalier. Dr. Johnson's wigs were in general very shabby, and their foreparts were burned away by their near approach to the candle which his short-sightedness rendered necessary in reading. At Streatham Mr. Thrale's butler always had a wig ready; and, as Johnson passed from the drawing-room, when dinner was announced, the servant would remove the ordinary wig and replace it with a newer one; and this ludicrous ceremony was performed every day."



AFFAIRS IN BURMAH.—THYETYMO, THE FRONTIER TOWN.

SOUVENIR TO THE QUEEN'S OWN.

We publish herewith an engraving of the silver cup presented to the Queen's Own Rifles of Toronto by the Victoria Rifles of this city as a souvenir of their visit to Toronto in September last, of which so many pleasant recollections remain. The bowl of the cup is supported by three Union Jacks crossed between the staffs which stand upon the base of the cup are three figures, several inches high, of volunteers in V. V. R. uniform. In the centre of the base a bugle bears the regimental monogram of the Queen's Own, with the motto, "In pace paratus," while that of the "Vics," with the motto "Pro aris et focis," adorns the other side. The lid is handsomely set off by the figure of a Victoria Rifleman kneeling in the act of firing. The figures are all admirably executed, and are said to bear a strong resemblance to a certain member of the corps. The cup stands on a pedestal in a beautiful morocco case, elegantly lined with light blue and pink satin. On the inside of this case a handsome silver plate bears the following inscription:

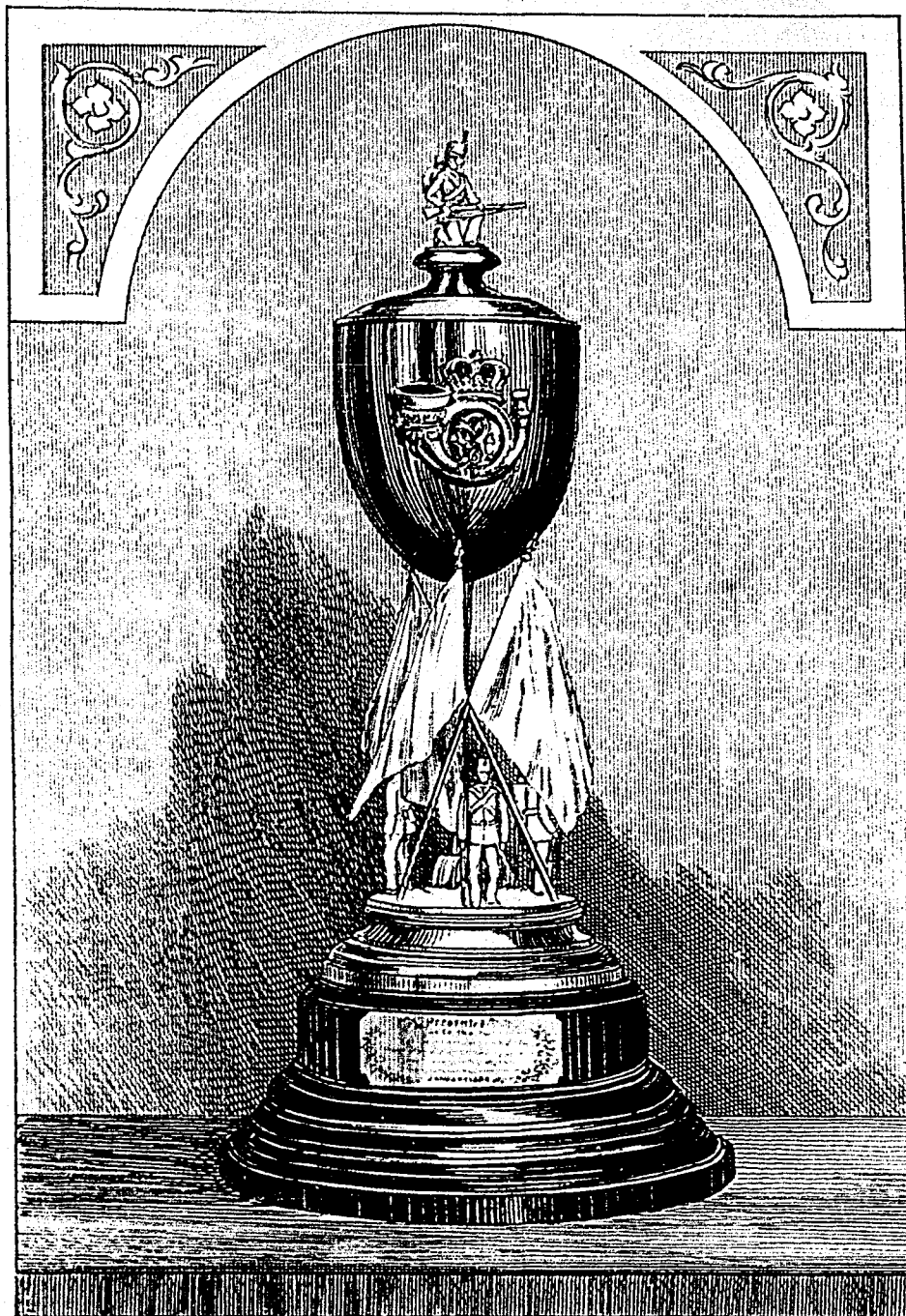
"Presented to the non-commissioned officers and men of the 2nd Battalion, Queen's Own Rifles, by the non-commissioned officers of the 3rd Battalion, Victoria Rifles, January, 1880."

Last Thursday evening a deputation under Sergeant Major Carpenter, went to Toronto for the purpose of making the presentation on Friday evening at a full dress parade of the Queen's Own, which was ordered for the occasion.

Our engraving is from a beautiful photograph kindly furnished us by the artist Mr G. C. Arless, of Bleury street. We may add that the address accompanying the presentation was designed and illuminated by Corporal S. M. Blacklock of No 5 Company Victoria Rifles and was much admired.

BUTTER THIRTY-FOUR YEARS OLD.—It is just thirty-four years since a large crock of butter was suspended by a rope into the well on the farm of Abraham S. Mylin of Lancaster, Pa. This old custom was a good one for keeping the butter fresh, but this particular lot was destined never to be eaten, for the rope broke and for thirty-four years it has rested securely in the bottom of the well. One day last week the well was cleaned and the butter again brought to light. It was found to be as white as snow, and as hard as adamant. It will not be eaten, but will be kept as a relic, and it certainly is one of the most peculiar relics in existence.

ELECTRICITY AND HORSES.—An application of electricity to the mouth of unruly horses promises to be more successful than even Rary's method. A metallic conducting wire runs from

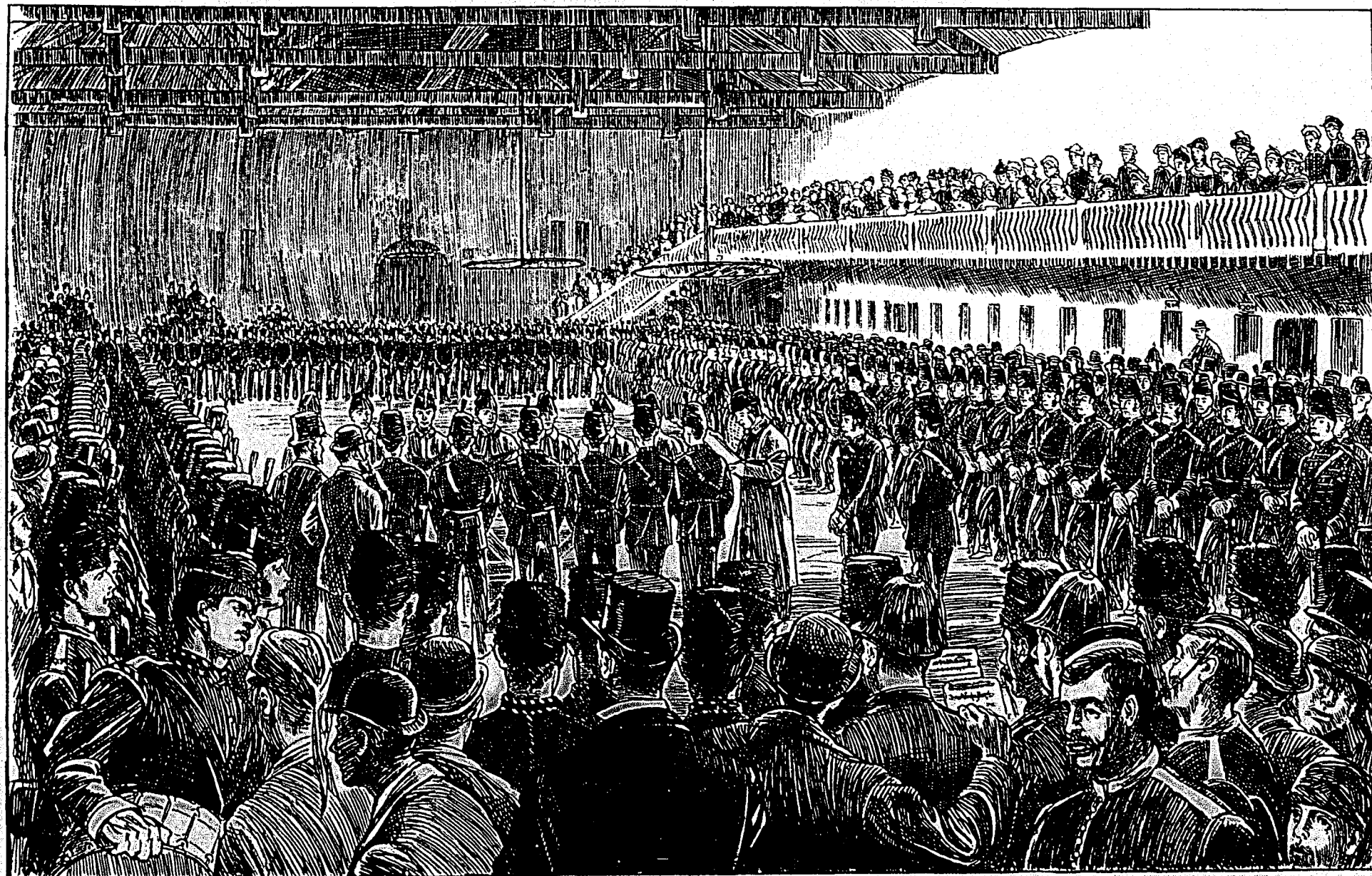


a Clark electric magnet on the seat of the wagon or carriage, through the horse's bits. By turning the crank of the magnet a current of electricity is induced and sent to the animal's mouth. No violent shock is given to benumb or greatly alarm the horse, but the slight prickling sensation, peculiar to electrical influence, surprises and subdues him. It was invented by Mr. Dupuy, but the Superintendent of the Paris Omnibus Company brought it to public notice. An electric whip to prevent rearing or turning suddenly is another ingenious invention.

AN AUTHOR'S REST.—There was a doubt that Mr. Hepworth Dixon had finished his "Royal Windsor," about which there was much pleasant expectation, but we learn that nearly the last must have been written before the lamented death of the author. As we are told, Miss Douglass Jerrold, or "Polly Douglass Jerrold" (the daughter of Douglass Jerrold) as everybody calls her, was staying with Mr. Dixon just before Christmas, and said to him—"Don't work so hard at that Royal Windsor; go out of town for the Christmas week; get rest; get change of air and scene, and come back with fresh vigour and finish it." Mr. Dixon replied in his sprightly manner—"I shall finish it, Polly, in five days more, and then I shall rest." Before the five days were over the writer had, indeed, finished his task and had gone to his rest.

THE AUDIPHONE.—A new instrument called the audiphone to enable the deaf to hear, was tested the other day in New York. The instrument has the shape and size of an ordinary stiff fan. It is made of a composition said to possess the property of gathering sounds and conveying the sensation to the auditory nerve through the medium of the teeth, the external ear having nothing to do with hearing in this matter. The material resembles gutta-percha. Small cords running from the thin edges and converging at the handle serve to bend the blade of the instrument to the proper curve for hearing to the best advantage under different conditions. When in use, the edge of the curved blade is touched by one of the upper teeth. The invention, it is stated, proved a great success. A young man deaf from infancy, heard words spoken in the tone of ordinary conversation. A little girl, born deaf, indicated by signs and looks of amazement that she heard the sounds of voices, but of course did not understand the meaning of the words. Instruments were then placed in the hands of the entire class, and a lady sang, accompanied by an organ. The deaf patients were thrown into an ecstasy of delight at the first sound of the notes, and waved their hands in accompaniment with the music. The inventor maintains that totally deaf persons may be taught to speak by means of the audiphone.

CUP PRESENTED BY THE NON-COMMISSIONED OFFICERS AND MEN OF THE VICTORIA RIFLES TO THE NON-COMMISSIONED OFFICERS AND MEN OF THE QUEEN'S OWN.



PRESENTATION OF THE CUP BY A DEPUTATION OF THE VICTORIAS AT TORONTO.

THE RULES OF WHIST.

If you the modern game of whist would know,
From this great principle its precepts flow;
Treat your own hand as to your partner's joined,
And play, not one alone, but both combined.
Your first lead makes your partner understand
What is the chief component of your hand;
And hence there is necessity the strongest
That your first lead be from your suit that's longest.

In this with ace and king, lead king, then ace;
With king and queen, king also has first place;
With ace, queen, knave, lead ace, and then the queen;
With ace, four small ones, ace should first be seen;
With queen, knave, ten, you let the queen precede;
In either case you the lowest lead.

Ere you return your friend's, your own suit play;
But trumps you must return without delay.

When you return your partner's lead, take pains
To lead him back the best your hand contains,
If you receive not more than three at first;
If you had more, you may return the worst.

But if you hold the master card, you're bound
In most cases to play it second round.

When'er you want a lead, 'tis seldom wrong
To lead up to the weak, or through the strong.
If second hand, your lowest should be played,
Unless you mean "trump signal" to be made;
Or if you've king and queen, or ace and king,
Then one of these will be the proper thing.

Mind well the rules for trumps—you'll often need them
When you hold five, 'tis always right to lead them;
Or if the lead won't come in time to you,
Then signal to your partner so to do.

Watch also for your partner's trump request,
To which with less than four, play out your best.

To lead through honours turned up is bad play,
Unless you want the trump suit cleared away.

When, second hand, a doubtful risk you see,
Don't trump it, if you hold more trumps than three;
But having three or less, trump fearlessly.
When weak in trumps yourself, don't force your friend,
But always force the adverse strong trump hand.

For sequences, stern custom has decreed,
The lowest you must play, if you don't lead.

When you discard, weak suit you ought to choose,
For strong ones are too valuable to lose.

CHRYSALIS.

I.

"Nowhere to go, old man? Come down with me. It will be dull enough certainly; but nothing is so dull as Christmas by one's self in town. Will you come?"

"I think so. It's very kind of you to ask me. I never felt so thoroughly 'blue' in my life. Isn't it always so?" continued Lewis Hogarth, as he took his friend's arm and turned with him out of damp, muddy Pall Mall into the comfortable warmth of Junior Carlton. "If we have waited and hoped for anything through year after year, it seems of no value when we have it at last; and we almost wish to be back to the time when we were hoping and waiting, without the unpleasant feeling of satiety."

"Yet such an acquisition as yours is scarcely likely to lose its charms so quickly, Sir Lewis," said his companion, laughing.

George Wynne was a somewhat older, graver man than the friend he had just invited to his home; a little on the wrong side of thirty, of middle height and unpretending appearance, with one of those calm, true faces which bear an expression of strength and self-reliance, and unknowingly inspire trust. The other was tall and dark, scarcely handsome, perhaps, but with a certain nobility of countenance, and a winning manner which earned him many friends.

He gave a pretended shudder at the last two words. "How sick I am of the sound of this new title of mine! I seem to hear nothing else. My groom repeats it in such an exasperating manner that I threatened to discharge him yesterday. I tell you, Wynne, I am thoroughly tired of it! If this money had come to me five years ago, you know what a godsend it would have been, but now what does it matter? Last year I came into enough to set up a yacht and keep my hunter, without feeling myself in hourly danger of being obliged to cross the Channel and end my days as one of the *vauriens* of Poulgogne. I really was contented. And now, a fortnight ago, in the midst of a delightful cruise among the Greek islands, I am called home to England to attend my uncle's funeral, arrive too late, owing to being nearly smashed in a railway accident on the way to Paris; am received by a weeping aunt and five ditto maiden cousins, meekly requesting three months time to turn out of that gloomy, ghost-haunted structure, where my ancestors glare at one from every corner, and the rats carouse behind the wainscot. To be overwhelmed with piles of accounts and musty letters, made to interview grim-looking keepers and bailiffs, all Sir Lewisings me! Lectured upon my duties as a landlord, and patted on the head by scores of horrid old villagers, who told me how I had grown, and how they remembered me in petticoats! It was really too much. Of course, I couldn't stay down there; and as all my friends have made up their parties for this festive occasion, I am left in the lurch, and the for."

"And you are coming down to enliven us," said George Wynne. "We shall be very quiet; only my brother-in-law and three children, and my sister."

"But I thought your sister—"

"You are thinking of the married one, poor Florence. You do not know my younger sister. Well, I shall expect you at the station to-mor-

row, 2.25 train. At present I have an engagement, and must run away."

The new baronet was left looking out over the miry pavement, where a few men hurried along in overcoats, and water-proofed women, exhibiting a good deal of thick boot, struggled on through the driving rain from their visit to the Christmas-decked shops.

"Cheerful season!" muttered Lewis, for to him the festival was little else than a name. Early left an orphan, he had only been as a guest, an outsider in its social gatherings and happy reminiscences; so it all seemed very wearisome and dull. And as he looked back over his checkered life, he wondered what would be the end. He thought of the bright days of his boyhood, the sad struggles with poverty which were his when he grew to man's estate; the careless, useless life when he had partially surmounted them, rendering of no avail the talents God had given him, because the love which had lighted him onward was quenched by the chill hand of death; of the pure desire and purpose that love had given to his life, and which for years after its loss had made him wayward and careless. And now that his mind had regained its balance, now that he was once more ready for the conflict, the rusted talents needed no brightening, the new-found energy was useless for a life of ease and pleasure lay before him. What he wanted he could stretch out his hand and take. So it was that ten days before Christmas he accepted his friend's invitation to accompany him to the little fishing village down on the south coast.

The next day in the misty evening the two drove up to the lodge gates of George Wynne's home. It had originally been a farm house but enlarged from time to time, and with the ancient lichen walls still standing and the square tower some ancestor of ambitious mind had set up on one wing, the structure had gained such an imposing appearance that it was now called the castle. At the gate the old lodge-keeper came out to welcome them. Wrinkled, toothless, her scant grey air blown about by the rough seawind, she was an unpleasant picture, and reminded the baronet so forcibly of the persecutions of his own tenants that he turned to the other window of the carriage. He started as he did so at the utter contrast of what he saw. In the dark setting of the window-frame, with the shifting light of the carriage-lamp dancing about her, stood another woman, with a face such as Lewis had never seen before; such a face as a painter might have striven in the old days to give to the Magdeline of his imagination, of which the holiness—almost divine—of expression was pervaded by a patient sadness from some deep, past grief, the shadow of which still remained; a strangely beautiful picture in the wavering light. Transfixed with astonishment, Lewis sat staring at the apparition, while an exquisite smile deepened over the fair face, chasing the sadness.

"George!" she cried, dispelling his half-formed idea that the vision was only a creation of his brain.

George Wynne turned. "Ivy!" he exclaimed, "you here!"

She stretched a little white hand through the open window and clasped her brother's.

"I am so glad to see you," she said, "and you," she added to Lewis; "though George of course forgets to tell me the names of any friends whom he invites—I shall be home in time for dinner, George. I came to see old Mrs. Brown's little grand-child." She drew the crimson shawl closer about her head, and disappeared into the darkness, followed by the old woman's muttered blessings.

"She looks well, dame," said George quickly.

"Ay, sir. 'God's angel,' the little one calls her. We could not have well spared her."

They drove on. "Wynne, who is she?" asked Lewis, breathlessly.

"My sister," he answered. "I have been anxious about her. She was very ill last summer. Poor Ivy!"

"What a lovely face!" Lewis continued. "I never saw any one so beautiful!"

"Yes," George answered, abruptly. "How cold it is!" He drew up both windows and was silent till they reached the house.

Arrived at the castle, Lewis Hogarth dressed in his low old-fashioned room with a conflicting medley of sensations. It was years since he had last been there, but his thoughts were not busy with any phantom of the past; they were now filled with the unexpected beauty of his friend's sister, to whom, when he first heard of her existence, he had not given a second thought.

He found his way downstairs a little before dinner-time into the long drawing-room, with dark oak rafters and modern furniture, gay with all the traces of woman's handiwork and presence; and before the door leading to the conservatory, half hidden by the heavy curtains, stood his hostess, Ivy Wynne.

He came in quietly and she, absorbed by a book in her hand did not notice his entrance. For a moment he watched her silently. The face, which he had but half seen in the misty twilight, was far more lovely, now that the form of the head was visible, with its wealth of golden waves. Presently she looked up, "I beg your pardon," she said; "I did not hear you come in." She closed her book, stepped from the shadow of the curtains, and came toward him.

But as the girl advanced a great horrified surprise came over the baronet. A mist seemed to come before his eyes and hide the face he had but one moment ago deemed so fair. In its stead came a crooked misshapen figure, limping with ungraceful, halting motion. Was this the

woman—this the woman who for two hours had filled his thoughts!

"George has told me your name," she said gently, taking no heed of the behaviour of her guest. "I hope he has also told you who I am!"

"Yes, yes," he stammered; "It is—I have—I mean it is a great pleasure to me to make your acquaintance."

She pointed to a chair and moved away to her own, a kind of lounge beside the fire. Then he realized the truth. This woman with the glorious eyes and perfect face, with that almost divine holiness of expression was—a cripple.

CHAPTER II.

Christmas morning, bright and clear, with the sun shining on the snow-laden branches of the great laurels, and washing the silver frost-work from the window-panes. The yule-log burning in the little morning-room, with its holly wreaths and vases of hot-house flowers lifting their delicate petals in surprise at the keen blast which stirred them. One window was open, and through the sere Virginian creeper stems which clustered round it, three little children were sprinkling crumbs on the snow-carpet, printed by the robins' tiny feet as they hopped to and fro gathering their Christmas bounty. They were pretty children, golden-haired, grey-eyed, like their dead mother. Lazily watching them, Lewis Hogarth stood at the other window, drumming the panes, looking out now and then vaguely at the white distance, so peaceful and still, save when at intervals was heard the low sough of the sea which stretched away to the right hand, and the first tones of the church bell which came across the fields.

Sometimes in the course of our lives there comes a season—an oasis in the desert, as it were—of rest, when the past grows dim and distant, and future there seems none; when in the present we are so content that all the rest may go so long as we can drift on aimlessly in the same sweet calm. In one of such pauses Sir Lewis Hogarth had been spending the past ten days. It seemed as if some spell were cast upon him, as though some fascination, till then unknown, fettered his senses. Only on this Christmas morning he had awakened to a knowledge of its cause. Why or how he could not tell, but he knew that he loved Ivy Wynne, with a love strong and tender, such a devotion as the Catholics of old time gave to their patron saints; such a love as he had deemed over for him years ago. He had forgotten all besides, utterly contented in that lonely ancient country-house, made brighter by the face of its mistress. Those old grey walls, so marred and weather-worn, the thick rough growth of the climbing leaves that bore her name, the sweet pure face—all these things passed through his mind as he stood there, thinking, thinking; for he knew that ere long he would be called upon to make a choice which, in a measure, must have an influence over his whole life. On that first evening, in the shock of his discovery of the fearful blemish fate had cast upon the woman he since had learned to love, he sought to avoid her. It seemed so terrible—that lovely face and crooked, feeble form, that angel smile and those ungainly movements; till, when he was next morning for the second time alone with her, the scales fell from his eyes, and he saw her as she was; he realized the beauty of the character her brother had been describing to him; he understood the veneration in which she was held by those around her, and then he found himself talking to her as though their friendship had lasted years. And soon she had heard more of his life and thoughts and hopes than any one else in the world. To her he had unlocked the secrets of the hidden past, and noted the tears gather in her eyes as he told of his dead love. For the past she pitied him; for the future, she spoke to him as no else had done, of his duties to the old home, which he affected to depreciate. He had never in the course of his wanderings seen another woman like her; he forgot the bent figure and ungainly walk, as the light changed and softened in those wonderful eyes. And now the glamour had been thrown over him, and he knew he loved.

During those few days much of the sadness had gone from her face—perhaps for the joyous season. As the bells were still pealing she appeared dressed for the Christmas morning service. "Children," she said, "are you coming with me to church, or will you stay with the robins?"

"Aunt Ivy!" cried the youngest, a little one of four years old, running up and clinging to her with the love and confidence of all children toward her—"Aunt Ivy! where do the robins go to church?"

A great tenderness came into her eyes, a yearning look of motherliness towards the motherless child as she led her back to the window. "Up there, May, in the great holly tree. Don't you see the berries? The fairies have decked them with white feathers in the night."

"And they have church there, and God listens to them?"

Ivy smiled. "No doubt," she said.

"And Alfred says the robins don't go to heaven. Is it true, auntie?" continued the little one, pleading for her favourite.

"I don't know, dear. It is time to go to church. Run up to nurse."

"But, auntie, my little canary was all stiff, and wouldn't eat, and nurse said it was dead; and Alfred shut it up in a night-light box and put it in a hole. It had broken its leg, and

could only hop on one, and I hope it will be well in heaven!"

"So do I, darling," murmured Ivy, as the children sped away. She went to the window and rested her head against the panes for a moment, watching the birds, which had ended their morning meal, and had flown back to the great holly tree, glowing red through its burden of snow. Lewis went to her and as she lifted her face, her eyes were shining with tears. "Children say strange things—don't they?" she said, smiling.

"Yes," was all he answered; but he longed to take her in his arms and bless her and tell her all she was to him. Perhaps something in his voice did so, for she turned away and left him.

In the afternoon Lewis had strolled out with the other men down to the fishers' cottages upon the cliff; but they were soon involved in a discussion on farming implements, which, in his state of mind, was not congenial; so he wandered back alone through the winding village street, where the children's merry voices proclaimed it Christmas time; all happy; and in his heart was a strange unrest, a doubting of the future. The door of the old grey church was open; some sudden impulse made him enter, and go up the holly-decked aisle and sit down in the old square pew where he had sat that morning at Ivy's side. There was a trembling swell of music upon the silence, solemn chords upon the organ, the deep heart-soothing melody of Mendelssohn's grand angels' song, "Rest in the Lord." The organ throbbled and quivered, rolling its volume of sound among the wreathed pillars, then ceased suddenly, dying away into silence.

"I did not know I had a listener," said a soft voice close to him.

"You?" he said, starting up. "Was it you playing?"

"Yes. Why not?"

"Only, because I never heard anything like it," he replied. "How and where did you learn?"

"Here," Ivy replied. "I had a few lessons, and taught myself the rest. It is my greatest happiness, I think," she went on softly; for she too, had grown to trust him and talk—as she did so rarely—of herself. "Whenever I am vexed or impatient, I come and play here."

They were walking slowly homeward now, over the powdery snow. "Are you ever impatient?" he said. It appeared to him impossible that earthly passions should have place in that nature, which seemed so near to heaven.

"Very often," she answered, smiling, "more often than I like to say. You a man, would not understand what absurd little things trouble and fret me."

"But to-day?"

"You share the sin of curiosity, I see," she answered. "If you wish I will tell you. I shall be glad, for it is a subject upon which I cannot speak at home. It is the future that troubles me," she went on quietly. "I see a change approaching in the distance, coming nearer every day, and I know that my home will soon be my home no longer."

"But your brother—"

"You forget," she interrupted. "Sisters cannot always be first; it would not be right they should; but—he has been all the world to me."

"Is George going to be married, then?" Lewis asked.

"Some time, I suppose."

"But surely he would never wish you to leave him?"

"Oh no; but—women are so different, you see. I suppose a dozen men could live together in that old house without a disagreement, yet two women could not. I have been first so long in the house—and it would never do."

"But where shall you live then?"

"Oh, here," she answered, "I could not leave the dear old village."

"But you will not be happy?"

"Yes," she answered, "I shall grow used to it; and with use will come content."

The steadfast smile in the grey eyes as she raised them, shining through a gathering mist of tears, haunted Lewis Hogarth for many a year after, when that Christmas day had passed forgotten among the crowd of others which followed it, when by none but him were remembered all its pleasure and its pain.

CHAPTER III.

It was evening; the candles on the Christmas tree had dwindled down to little lumps of wax; a scent of frizzled fir twigs filled the room; a litter of sweets and coloured paper covered the floor; and the children, their arms filled with new possessions, clustered round Ivy as she sat in her low chair telling them the good-night story—and to-night it was the old story of Christmas that the sweet tones of her voice repeated, with many a quaint child-like conceit and comment, told with unconscious heedlessness of any stranger's presence, though Sir Lewis had drawn near to listen to the familiar words.

When at last the children were dismissed, Ivy leaned back silently, her eyes gazing into the glowing fire-pictures; and he sat silent, too, watching her. The sadness had come back to her fair face; not from the remembrance of that burden laid upon her for nigh 20 years, and borne so patiently, that it might not darken the lives of those around; nor for the approaching future of which she had spoken; nor from the thought of those who had once made the Christmas bright in the old home, whose voices

and laughter had made the dark oak rafters ring, those who had forgotten Christmas joys and Christmas sorrows in the land beyond the "wreck of time." She was thinking of that strange influence the last few days had cast upon her life. Those who only knew her outward existence, her peaceful round of duties, her self-devotion for the happiness of others, perhaps thought—as it is often thought of those who hush their sorrow to silence, and teach themselves contentment—that she had no hidden life. Yet the yearning for love which dwells in every woman's heart had its place in hers—the longing for that joy from which she had deemed herself forever shut out—and now. Was it then to be wondered at that she, for the first time sensible of homage to herself, should have given her whole heart unconsciously to the only one who had looked with love, not pity, upon the beauty of her face? How would it be when he was gone, and she was alone again, with the memory of this bright glimpse of blessedness all remaining?

At last she roused herself. "Are you not going to keep George company to-night, Sir Lewis?"

He started. "Half-past eleven! I had no idea it was so late."

"Nor I," she rose and unfolded one of the shutters and opened the vapor-bedewed window.

The night was cold, with clear myriads of stars shining down upon the snow-whiteness.

"Good night," she said.

"Are you going to stay here?"

"Yes. I always wait for the bells."

"The bells?"

"The chimes," she answered. "On this night they are always rung—as a farewell to Christmas, I suppose."

"May I not stay?"

"If you wish."

He wrapped a shawl about her, and together they stood upon the balcony. There, in the pale, clear light, with that lovely face near his, the presence and calmness to which Lewis had schooled himself fled away, and burning words trembled on his lips. But when she looked at him, it was so calmly, so smilingly, almost as though she might have guessed his thoughts, and silenced them by unspoken reproach. He turned from her abruptly.

"Take care!" she cried, stooping and lifting a little dark object from the ground at his feet.

"What is it?" he asked.

"A chrysalis," she said. "Does it not seem strange to think there is life in that—that it is only sleeping and will wake?"

"It is very ugly now," he said.

"Ah, yes," she answered; "but it will be beautiful some day. Perhaps a lovely butterfly!" She touched the hard papa case caressingly. Then turning away she hid the sleep-enveloped insect carefully in the hollow of the balustrade, and stood by it silently, perhaps comparing its lot with her own. The action was eagerly noted by her companion, who, with a sudden impulse, clasped her in his arms.

"Ivy—darling!" he whispered. And she, startled, looked up at once with glad surprise; then a great crimson wave flushed her face, as she tried to free herself from his embrace. "No, no!" he said hurriedly. "Ivy, listen."

And then while she stood passive in the dawn of that unlooked-for happiness, he told her of his love. Wrought up by the excitement of the moment, carried away by her beauty and the influence her presence wrought on him, he spoke. He told her that his happiness now depended upon her, that she must be henceforth the guardian angel in his home and life—and then awaited the response.

There was no answer; only her little hand closed more tightly upon his—then—through the night came the first clash of the Christmas bells. Something as she heard them seemed to shake her from head to foot; then very gently she freed herself from his hold.

"Sir Lewis!" The words were spoken so calmly, there seemed no likeness between her and the trembling girl but an instant before clasped in his arms, and with her low tones still came the songs of the bells. "Sir Lewis, I cannot but thank you for your words to which I ought not to have listened—only love is so new, so—" She paused for a moment. "I was surprised," she continued; "and you—you have not thought sufficiently over what you have said; you have spoken on the impulse of the moment. But I thank you for whatever the future may have in store for me, I shall feel that I am not so utterly shut out from the happiness of God's creatures. But you have not counted the cost."

"Cost?" he broke in. "What cost?"

"You have told me," she went on, gently, "of your beautiful home, of your position there, of your social duties. You bear a title; you have a high place to fill. And I—I—the tones faltered for a moment—" "I am not fit for this. I ought not to bring a cloud on any man's life; and I will not on yours. Hush! You think now you love me; but soon you would grow tired of hearing ridicule, or, at least, surprise, at your choice."

"Hush, hush!" he cried. "Why do you speak so? What do you mean?"

"Listen!" and she held out her hand. "I believe you. Your words are sincere now; but will they remain so? Prove yourself. Go away to-morrow, free, as you came; you will find in a very short time that you are wrong; if not, come back again next Christmas day. Only go now, and do your best to forget me. If you value your happiness you will."

"Never!" he answered passionately. "Ivy! Ivy! won't you hear me? Won't you give me one promise, one word of hope?"

She looked up for an instant, a whole world of love in her eyes. Then she stole in quietly through the open window, and left him alone with the stars.

The echoes of the bells died in the distance; yet he stayed, hoping she would return, confident in his own firmness of purpose and strength of his love. His waiting was in vain.

CHAPTER THE LAST.

The days glided by, and weeks and months, bringing no change to the peaceful little village, which counted its seasons by herrings and mackerel, its Sundays by holiday clothes—no other outward change. Only up at the "Castle" the life which had flowed on there so steadily was taking another course.

Christmas day again—a wild, blustering Christmas, with a strong wind, driving heavy clouds, which were now coming to earth in drenching showers of rain and sleet. The church was just the same, decked with the shining holy leaves. It was afternoon, and from the organ the deep notes sounded sad and slow. There was no one to listen, no one to go home with Ivy as she struggled back against the relentless blast, along the path she had trodden last winter with Lewis Hogarth by her side. Now, as she had predicted, she was alone—not for the moment, but for all her future life.

The day which was to separate her from her brother was drawing near, and Sir Lewis Hogarth was married! In so short a space he had proved—not himself, but the truth of her words. He had gone away in the full confidence that he would come back to claim her at the end of the time she had appointed; and for weeks, in fancy, that lovely face which had so fascinated him had dwelt with him night and day, till he one morning met some other friend of George Wynne's, who, not knowing, spoke of her in terms which opened the baronet's eyes to the manner in which such an unfortunate marriage would be received by the world. Then he grew tired of his London life, and went down to his home.

In all the awakening beauty of the first days of spring, he realized the worth of his possessions; and over and over again, as he paced the stately rooms, he saw those graceless, halting movements, that bent and crippled form; and as he regarded the pictures of the stately women of his race, he contrasted with them the poor cripple he had asked to be his wife. He grew restless and unhappy. He saw now what he had called love had been but a brief "stound," which had come with that awakening to pure desires and high endeavours which had been her work. He had committed himself foolishly; gone too far for a man of honour to retract, yet, "Do your best to forget me. If you value your happiness you will," and with scarce a struggle he succeeded in obeying her. Six months after he married a beautiful girl of good family living near. A suitable match, the world said.

And the woman he had loved had waited in trembling suspense, hoping vainly for a return of the happiness she, by her own act, had renounced, for with all her soul she had loved him with that great store of love hidden away all the years of her woman's life—loved him so that the struggle to bid him leave her had been almost too hard—the battle almost too fierce for her to win the victory. And this was the reward of her self-sacrifice. Yet even when she heard that he was lost to her forever, she bowed her head in thankfulness, because in all her gloomy, afflicted life she had known one happy hour! Oh, God, who from the height of heaven looked down upon Thy sinning, suffering creation, with how many years of misery must we pay for the one hour of joy! How many lives are there like this, unknown, unnoticed, crushed in the world's turmoil—ruined, dark existences!

The day closed in. Ivy sat by the fire, dreaming idly; the night fell; the children's Christmas tree blossomed and faded, and she was left alone to wait for the bells. A servant came in with a message—a child at one of the fishermen's cottages was ill; the doctor was away. What should they do? She went to the window, opened it, and looked out. The rain was over, though the wind still blew roughly, extinguishing the lights, and tossing her hair in its wild, unholy glee. She longed for some movement, some change from her own dreary thoughts, "I will go with you," she said to the boy who had brought the message.

It was scarcely five minutes' walk from the gate; and her errand over, the child sleeping quietly, she set off for home, followed by the mother's blessings and escorted by the boy, who insisted on accompanying her. Suddenly as they passed along the beach, it seemed to her as though some other voice than the wind's sounded over the heaving waters, above the roar of the surf. She stopped. "Did you hear a shout?" she asked the boy, who stood and listened. Three times that vague sound was repeated; then Ivy hurried forward round a point of cliff which, jutting out, obstructed her further view. Again it came, that voice, whatever it might be. On she hastened, as fast as her feeble strength would allow, past the point, though there was scarcely footway between the chalk wall and the dashing surf. "Do you not see," she said breathlessly, "out there by the Lion rock!"

The boy strained his eyes in the uncertain

light, and dimly, within almost a stone's throw of the shore, could be seen, through the clouds of foam flying over her, some vessel in distress.

"Give me the lantern," said Ivy, hurriedly, "and run back: tell some of the men to come here and some to get the boat—only go quickly."

There was no need to urge speed; the boy, sailor-born, knew all the danger; and Ivy, alone on that terrible beach, lifted his little light on high, to show to those in peril that some one at least was watching them, that sooner or later help must come. The coast was an easy one; it was deep water everywhere till close to the shore, with the one exception of that reef of rocks called the Lion, almost hidden by the high tide upon which the small vessel, owing to the violence of the wind, and perhaps the insufficiency of her crew, had been driven.

On the deck of the little craft was all helplessness confusion. The men irritated by not reaching their homes by Christmas time, as promised, had grown sulky and rebellious, and in the darkness of the night and the strength of the wind had, through their carelessness, brought themselves into this peril. Two of them had been washed overboard into the seething waves; the other three remaining held on grimly to the ropes, occasionally giving those cries for help which had startled Ivy on her homeward way. And beside the ruined mast, with one hand clasped about a drooping figure clinging to him, stood Lewis Hogarth. Only that morning he had found fault with Fate; and now his past life seemed fraught with every charm as death was menacing near. There, in those awful moments, his one thought was life; life for himself and the girl beside him, the wife entrusted to his keeping who in that short space of time he had learned to love with an intensity that had seemed impossible a few hours before.

Suddenly another shout from the seamen: "A light!" There, upon the shore, so near to them, shining like a star—a light! They were sure. Surely help would come.

"Courage, dear!" he whispered; "it will soon be over now."

Over it must be: but for life or death?

A loud cheer from the beach, and over the dark waves sped a boat to the rescue—those on board the yacht eagerly watching as it bore up on its beneficent mission. With infinite difficulty and danger the rescuers drew near the rocks, and flung a rope to those waiting in such agonized suspense; and then steadily, one by one, they were handed on board.

On the beach some fishermen's wives had gathered, and some blazing wood they had lighted cast a lurid glare over the ridged surf, and further flickered that little light which had first brought them the message of deliverance. This Lewis desisted as he covered in the stern, his wife resting half-unconscious in his arms, her hands clasped in prayer.

The landing was the greatest danger, for the force of the surf was such that the boat might be dashed to pieces, swamped or overturned before they could reach the beach. The tide had turned, and was on the ebb. At last, after breathless watching, now on the crest of a great, heaving wave, now in the darkness of an abyss, from which it seemed they would never rise, they came near, and while a cloud of foam blinded the stalwart rowers and made the watch-fire seem dim and distant, the keel grated on the pebbles.

The foremost man sprang in safety; those on shore rushed down to drag the boat above the fury of the waves, which tried remorselessly to suck her back.

"Go you, sir!" an old sailor shouted to Lewis. "Leave the lady to me. You could not stand with her," he added as Lewis paused. "There's no time to be lost. Go!"

Lewis sprang toward the shore, losing his footing in the treacherous surf, and was finally helped to land by the friendly hands of the fishermen, who, followed by the women, had crowded down to the water's edge. Then, as he stood trying to collect himself, to find words to thank them, a sudden mighty wave dashed over the foremost of them, bearing all down before it, lifting the boat like a shell, carrying with it the old sailor, and dragging the lady from his arms—then tore back with a hollow, rasping sound, leaving the two powerless human beings fighting in the foam for life.

The spectators stood paralyzed. All was confusion. Then, a wild cry for strength went up to heaven, as the little light which had burned so clearly vanished into the darkness, and Ivy rushed down to aid. She heard an answering shout from the fishermen as they followed; but hours of horrible agony seemed to pass as she struggled amid the waters, her hands clinging with desperate force around the drowning lady, her eyes blinded by the spray, her feet seeking vainly some firm hold, till she was dashed upon the cruel stones, and all was blank! The next wave, greedily to seize its victims, rolled up triumphantly, broke with a crash upon the shore, and rolled back disappointed. The fishermen had balked its fury.

Gently they unclasped the poor, bruised, hands, which had never loosed their hold, and Lewis clasped his wife once more, half-fainting, but living, in his arms.

As soon as possible he left her for a moment to inquire for her preserver, about whom the others had crowded.

There were broken exclamations, sobbings from the women and murmurs from the men, as he made his way through them. On the rough beach, the light falling on her tangled gold hair, lay Ivy, white and still. Lewis

sprang forward, pushing aside the women, and raised her in his arms.

"How comes she here?" he cried, "How has she come by this?"

"It was she who gave the alarm—who sent for the boat!" answered a dozen voices. "She rushed into the surf! It was she who saved your lady! She's badly hurt, poor Miss Ivy," they cried angrily, as they pressed around their darling.

"God bless her and spare her," one old man murmured.

"She is an angel already," a woman's voice answered; and Lewis, unheeding, knelt there in silent misery. Ivy dead!—for him who had acted by her so cruelly, who had won her love and thrown it aside as some worthless thing.

Suddenly, borne upon the wind came the sound of the midnight bells, and with them, life returned for an instant, as though the spirit were loth to leave so pure a shrine. Once more those sweet eyes were fixed upon him.

"Lewis," she whispered, so low that only he could hear, "the bells! It is Christmas day departing—"

For the second time, while those chimes pealed gayly, he held her in his arms; only now she rested there passively, with a smile upon her lips. She did not bid him go. Ended now forever were sorrow and life and love.

LITERARY.

LONGFELLOW was seventy-three years old on the 27th inst.

MR. KINGLAKE, the historian is obliged to leave London because of bronchitis. He is residing at Wilton House, near Taunton, and is convalescing.

It is stated that Lord Beaconsfield intends to write a preface to a biography of the late Lord Derby, which is being written by his son, Colonel Stanley, the Secretary for War.

THEODORE MARTIN has completed another volume of his "Life of the Prince Consort," and is now at Windsor with the proof sheets for the inspection of the Queen. Every page of the work passes under Her Majesty's eye before it is published, and the last volume, I hear, is particularly satisfactory to Her Majesty as well as to the author.

THE British Museum has acquired about 1,000 more tablets and fragments of inscribed terra-cotta documents from Babylon. Amongst them is a tablet of Samsu-irba, a Babylonian monarch hitherto unknown, who probably lived about the time of Sardanapalus, and was one of the intermediate rulers between Cambyses and Darius, B.C. 512. Another fragment has a representation of one of the gates of Babylon.

ARTISTIC.

CONSIDERABLE damage has been done by fire in the Palazzo Sforza-Cesari at Rome; a valuable Van Dyck was among the pictures burned.

THE trustees of the British Museum have just added to their classical treasures a cast of the Venus of Milo, now in the Museum of the Louvre.

A COMMISSION has been formed in Paris for the purpose of organizing a museum of casts from the antique. This project has long been talked of, but it seems now as if it would be definitely carried out. The right wing of the Trocadéro building is to be used for this purpose.

At the Salon next May pictures are to be classified by styles instead of alphabetically, and the contributions *hors concours*—viz., those by artists who have already won all the honours—will be hung apart as also will the works of foreigners.

THE museum of the Louvre is reported to have suffered some damage by the rapid thaw. Paintings of French masters, Chardin and others, have been so much affected by the dampness of the walls that a great number will require considerable repairs.

DR. H. N. HYNEMAN'S beautiful picture, "Desdemona," which figured in the Paris Salon of 1878, and which is now on exhibition at the Philadelphia Academy of Fine Arts, has been sold for the sum of one thousand dollars.

SOME cases of small antiquities from Bamburg, near Larnaca, have been forwarded by the Foreign Office to the British Museum. Among them are two slabs of calcareous stone, with Phœnician inscriptions—apparently lists—written in black and red ink.

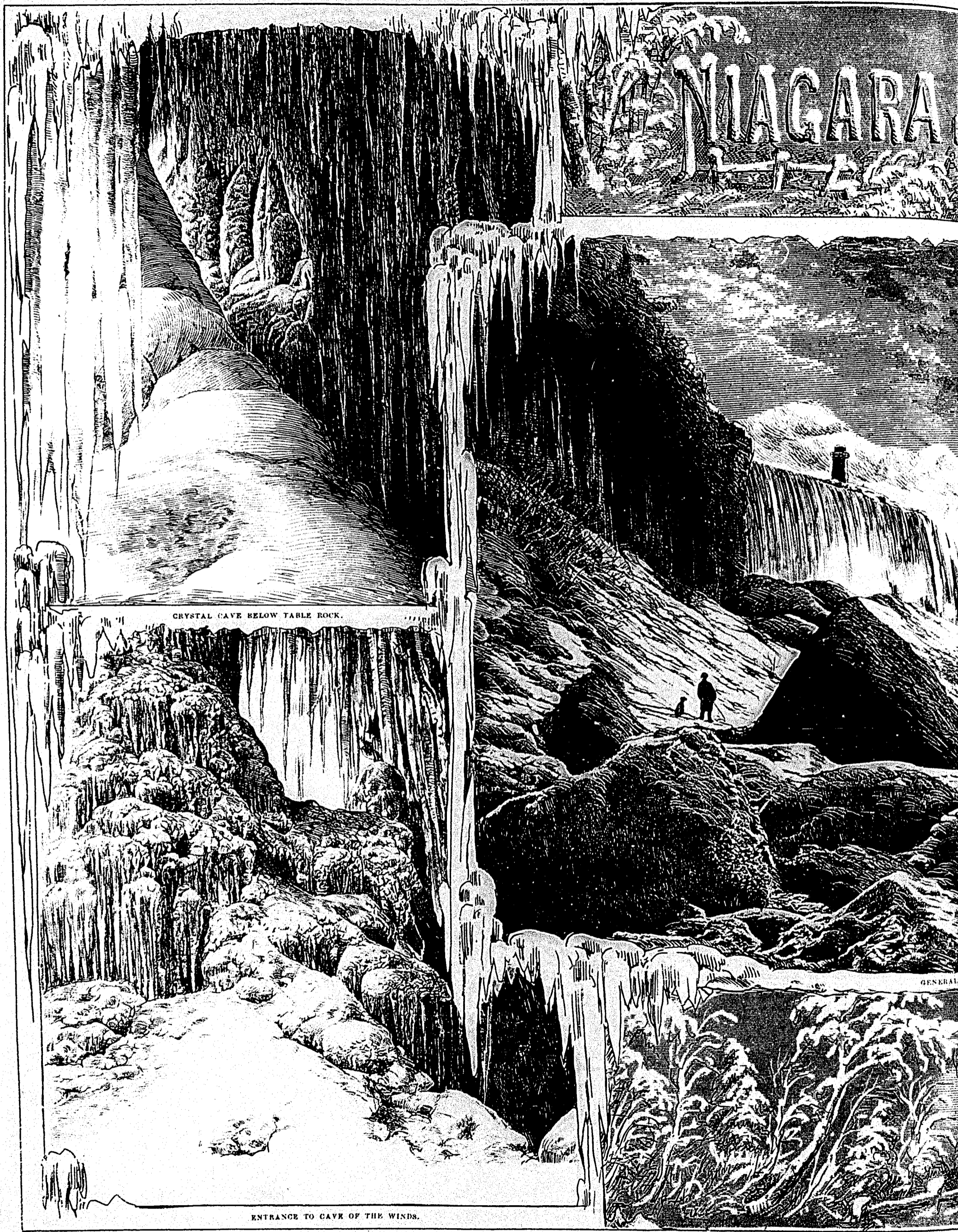
THEY are scraping the whole surface of the Duomo in Florence, and washing its bas-reliefs and all with sulphuric acid, to make it look new; and they are going to do the same with Giotto's Campanile. In the front of the Duomo they are tearing down the ornamentation round the doors, and replacing it with droll modern Renaissance scroll-work.

THE Italian journals announce that Signor Caroni, a Florence sculptor, has just finished a group in plaster, representing the late King Victor Emmanuel on his death-bed. The King is lying stretched on his couch, while near him stands Prince Humbert, his son and successor, to whom he is confiding his last wishes. The group, it is said, is to be executed in marble, and will then be placed in the room in which Il Re Galantuomo expired.

A PICTURE which has in its time undergone several very severe ordeals, is to be put up to public auction at the Hotel Drouot this winter. It is the "Judgment of Solomon," by Rubens, which, while in the Museum at Antwerp, was struck by a cannon-ball during the siege in 1832, and was so damaged that its repairs amounted to 1,200 francs. Its warlike adventures did not, however, end here, for after its removal to Paris it received another cannon-shot during the Revolution in 1848, which struck it, if we are to believe tradition, in exactly the same spot as the former one. This wound has also been carefully healed, and the veteran picture will now, it is to be hoped, find a more peaceful home than has hitherto fallen to its lot.

A CARD.

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

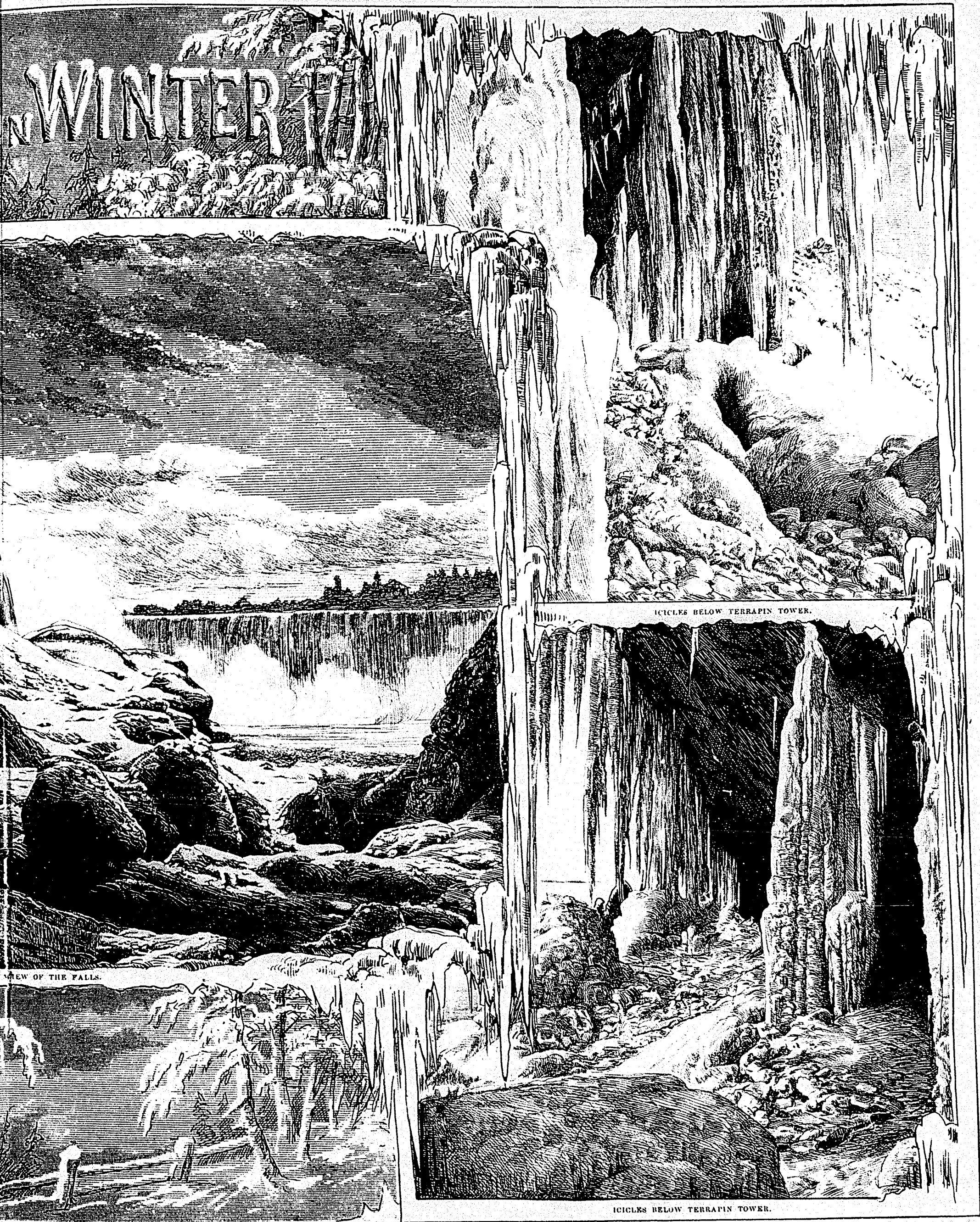


CRYSTAL CAVE BELOW TABLE ROCK.

ENTRANCE TO CAVE OF THE WINDS.

THE FALLS OF NIAGARA AND T

FROM PHOTOGRAPH



WINTER

ICICLES BELOW TERRAPIN TOWER.

VIEW OF THE FALLS.

ICICLES BELOW TERRAPIN TOWER.

THEIR SURROUNDINGS IN WINTER.

BY NORMAN & SANDRAM.

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CLARA CHILLINGTON;

OR,

THE PRIDE OF THE CLIFF.

A STORY OF ONE HUNDRED YEARS AGO.

BY

THE REVEREND JAMES LANGHORNE BOXER,

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

EDITED BY THE

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

CHAPTER X.

AN INCIDENT.

Human life is made up of a collection of incidents, standing out distinctly against departed years. The history of mankind is but a superstructure of events, built up of circumstances, more or less imposing. Taken singly, the events of life frequently appear purposeless; but when united, there is seen to be a plan and Providence in them all. The smallest incident is often the link uniting the greatest events.

It was the month of August. The golden glories of the setting sun lingered in the heavens and threw their rich tints in twilight over the surrounding landscape. On that evening, both Clara Chillington and Charles Freeman might have been seen walking the public path along the cliff, leading from Dover to Folkstone. Both of them were advancing from opposite directions, yet neither knew that the other was on the road. The beautiful weather had drawn forth Clara from the Priory to bewail in solitude her lonely condition; and Charles Freeman had come forth from a scientific study, that he might the more readily in the open air solve the problem perplexing him.

The loneliness of Clara at the Priory was becoming insupportable, threatening to fix itself on her as a disease, for which no alleviation could be found, save in what fed the malady—the melancholy pleasure derived from thinking over the evil. The two had never met since the last pencil-case was restored, nor had any communication passed between them; yet in the minds of both the image of the other was distinctly retained.

Within the mind of Clara the image of the stranger lingered, forming a pleasing subject for reverie, and occasionally cheering for an instant the dreary hours of her existence. There was nothing defined nor practical in the thoughts she entertained of him, and the feeling arising from her thinking was only such as is produced by lingering over the vision appearing in a pleasant dream. Clara was a simple child of nature, and had no distinct idea that in the esteem of the world she ought to consider her wealth and position as the all-powerful agent to which she must submit, that she might appear eligible for marriage with one of the class who would look down in lofty scorn upon such as Charles Freeman. Shut up within the Priory, and lingering over the phantom produced by the magic of memory, she only thought of herself as being unworthy to enjoy the acquaintance of such a person. She felt toward him as one whom, in secret, she might adore, but with whom she had no thought of associating. Not for a moment did she ever suspect that, even to recognize one of such humble origin as a friend, would, in her position, be esteemed by society such a condescension as to expose her to the tongue of scandal.

With Charles Freeman the image of Clara was frequently present, but only to be pushed aside by more tangible and practical considerations. To him she was as a beautiful form he had once seen, the recollection of which afforded him pleasure. He knew too much of the world ever to suppose for a moment that one in her position could bestow a thought on such a person as himself. Had such a possibility been so much as hinted at in his presence, he would have considered it an unwarrantable presumption, calling for the contempt of silence. Did he think of marrying, he would seek nothing more than a woman who could confide in him and make him her guide and protector. Of late the thought of Clara had become almost banished from his mind, and he had no wish that it should return.

Yet on this evening they were again to meet; they were approaching without knowing it. Clara pursued her walk, drinking in the gentle murmur of the waves as they kissed the shore, and their sound fell on her ear in the low cadence of the unruffled deep. Charles Freeman was absorbed in his scientific solution, and walking, or resting, as his thought became more intensified or relaxed.

While thus moving slowly along the cliff, dreaming in the twilight, the attention of Clara became suddenly arrested by the sight of a dove, which, as a messenger, had winged its way across the channel, bearing, secured beneath its pinions, a note of diminutive size. Wearied with its long flight, on reaching the land the little creature sought to rest on a jutting crag projecting from the level face of the cliff, but, in attempting it, it fell from sheer exhaustion. Anxious to know whether the tired little messenger had fallen to the bottom of the precipice, she had reached a point of observation, when Charles Freeman drew nigh.

The sympathies of Clara for the wearied bird had led her unconsciously to place herself in

proximity to a danger so serious as to threaten her with death. Ignorant of what she was doing, in her eagerness to see what had become of the tired creature, she had placed herself on a portion of the cliff which, while it presented the appearance of firmness, was so undermined as to render it even dangerous for a child to tread upon.

The peril to which Clara was exposed was immediately recognized by Charles Freeman, not only from the place being known to him, but also from the fact that, approaching as he was doing, the condition of the platform on which she was standing distinctly appeared.

The sight aroused him, and invited the emotion he had felt on first seeing her to return upon him with increased energy. For the instant it appeared as though that beautiful vision had re-visited him for the purpose of reproducing the tormenting feelings he had battled with and overcome, and then possibly to dissolve and plunge him again in confusion. It seemed impossible that it could be herself, and in such a situation. But he possessed little of romance; his studies had given a practicalness to his character, and he saw that a moment's delay might be attended with fatal results. Yet how could he give her warning of what she was exposed to, without the alarm being followed by a dangerous result? While taxing his ingenuity, a thrill of horror ran through his vigorous frame, and then, becoming oblivious of every other consideration than the safety of herself, he advanced to where she was standing, and, lifting his hat, as though nothing extraordinary was the matter, begged the favour of addressing her.

This request, and at such a time, however strange it might have appeared to others in a similar station in life, had nothing strange in it to her. Etiquette with Clara had not so absorbed and withered her common nature as to distort every little act of distant familiarity into an impropriety. She often permitted herself to be addressed by such as others would have looked down on in contempt. Being therefore spoken to, and seeing who made the request, she, too, felt that her imagination was playing with her. That it could be the ideal which, in the secret of her heart, she had silently worshipped, appeared for the instant beyond all credence. Yet there he stood; and, permitting herself to be prompted by that kindness which formed an important trait in her character, she approached to listen to him, and thus withdrew herself from danger.

"Pardon me," said Charles Freeman, "but you seem not to be aware of the danger you have so narrowly escaped."

"Danger, sir?" replied Clara; "may I ask your meaning?"

"If you will be good enough to advance a few paces you can see for yourself!"

The sight of the danger to which she had thoughtlessly exposed herself, and from which she was delivered in a manner so strange, caused the cheek of Clara to pale, and a feeling of horror seized her in such force, that it became a sheer act of humanity to conduct her to rest on an adjoining embankment. Having seated her there, Charles Freeman withdrew a few paces, and then stood looking at her in manly compassion. The emotion under which Clara laboured was transient, and in a few minutes she had conquered her excited feelings.

Having recovered herself sufficiently to enter into conversation, Clara poured out her thankfulness to her deliverer, and related to him the cause that had led her into such a position. As the sound of her voice fell on the ear of Charles Freeman, it seemed to him as though it were sweet music proceeding from more than an earthly being, and while he listened he became enraptured. The pleasure filling his soul as he heard the story of the wearied dove from her lips was distinctly visible. His countenance was radiant with delight, and when she had finished the narrative, which showed so plainly the kindness of her heart, it was plain that the happiness enjoyed by the hearer was reciprocated by the narrator.

As Clara proceeded with the details of the incident which had arrested her attention, she fixed her eyes on her only auditor, and saw in him one on whom she believed she could lean in passing through life, one whom she could love as a brother. The vision that, since they had met in the presence of the old sailor, had formed for her a pleasing reverie, had now become changed into a reality, and she was actually speaking with him she loved without knowing it. The nature of Charles Freeman was such as invited confidence to repose in him; his was a nature formed to sustain the weak, and was such as by an irresistible attraction drew the tendrils of an ardent affection to entwine themselves around him.

Having heard the story of the wearied dove,

and, finding its resting-place, by a side path cut on the face of the cliff, he descended, and quickly returned, bearing in his hand the little stranger. Although faint from exhaustion, the bird was still living, and when it had recovered from its fatigue was again likely to become vigorous. Placing the bird in the hand of Clara, as she smoothed its plumage, delicately white, it nestled on her bosom, as though confident of security.

While watching the recovery of the bird, the two thus strangely brought together walked toward the Priory, so deeply engaged in conversation as to be heedless of the distance they had come. For Clara to have a companion, educated, intelligent, and refined, with whom she could converse, was breaking the monotony of her existence, and introducing her to a new world. The disparity in their social position did not enter her mind; she believed that in him she had found a friend, and her loving heart entwined itself around him. Under this feeling, her simplicity of the doings of the world became a fountain whence gushed forth affection, pure and free, and, being a stranger to dissimulation, she loved with the frankness of childhood.

The dove having now regained its strength, after the missive it was the bearer, which had become loosened by its misfortune, was again secured, the little creature spread its wings and flew on its homeward flight. Together they watched the course of that bird, until the shadows of evening, now fast hiding the surrounding landscape, shut it out from view. That link in the chain of incidents, which had brought them into an acquaintance, being removed, and, approaching near to the Priory, they separated with a mutual regret, the secret of which they both concealed.

That evening Clara returned home with the dawn of a new existence opening upon her. A state she had longed for with an intense earnestness, and in the absence of which she had wept bitter tears, was now before her. She felt that she was about to possess a friend, a brother, of whom she might make a confidant.

Charles Freeman also returned homeward, but his thoughts were not so happy. With a greater knowledge of the world, as he retraced his steps, he blamed himself for permitting his affection to over-rule his reason. He felt it to be impossible that a correspondence could be carried on between himself and the heiress of the Priory, and he upbraided himself with a vehemence he did not often practice.

From the incident of that evening, the former tranquility in the life of Clara Chillington and Charles Freeman became seriously disturbed, and a new state of being, more boisterous and difficult than either of them could have thought of opened before them.

Is it not a strange law of nature, that when two souls become bound together in the ties of mutual affection, they bid defiance to all the sorrows and difficulties of life to separate them? The attrition of events frequently severs the closest friendship; but these do but more securely fasten the sacred enclosure surrounding the temple of Love.

From that night, the meeting of these two friends was of frequent occurrence.

CHAPTER XI.

THE INTIMATION.

The fire was burning brightly in the parlour of that old-fashioned inn, wearing the sign of the "Folkstone Arms." The year was drawing to a close; it was within a few days of Christmas, and signs of that approaching festival appeared on every hand, when gathered in that parlour, and encircling a steaming punch-bowl, were some of the best men of that day. That was a fast age, and differed widely from the demureness succeeding it. It was an age vivid in gay clothing; and the blue coats, trimmed with gilt buttons which flashed in the light of wax candles and yellow waistcoats, and gay neckerchiefs, and top boots, gave to the company there assembled a brilliant and variegated aspect.

The spectacle of that day with those men had been a cock fight; the betting had run high, and it had fallen to the lot of Sir Harry Chillington to be the winner of a considerable amount of money. The baronet was elated with his successes, and it being a standing rule with the clique that the winner should frequently replenish the punch-bowl, that he might not part with more than he was compelled to, Sir Harry was forcing himself to drink deeply.

The party was a thoroughly convivial one, and under the influence of the potations they so freely imbibed, the peculiar organization of their moral temperament developed itself. In one corner of the room were the political men, who imagining themselves to be discussing the doings of the Premier, were hammering their fists on the table with the very natural result of breaking glasses and tobacco pipes. Glancing at each other from bloodshot eyes that overlooked cheeks purple from drinking punch, they attempted to say much, but said very little, and for the simple reason that the idea drink had inspired them to conceive was from the same cause driven from their muddled brain before it could be placed into words. This led to a great deal of effort to speak, an unceasing nodding of heads, and but very little plain articulation. As a very natural consequence of this condition sentiments were left but half expressed and such as escaped outire from their lips

were of the most confused character. The scenes produced from amidst this mental confusion were most grotesque. The Premier of England and the King of France were doing the same thing at the same time, and had both been summoned to Windsor Castle. Queen Charlotte had just been guillotined; King George had danced with Marie Antoinette until she had fainted and was placed under a pump as a restorative, and the government were about to introduce a measure to tax the salt eaten by the man in the moon. Yet these politicians would talk, and did talk, until not even a monosyllable could be uttered, and their chins dropping on their chests told plainly that they were gone.

At another table sat a party engaged in an attempt to play a game of cribbage, while under the influence of drink enning planted itself upon their arched brows, and the hope of being able to cheat, or to outwit each other glanced from their twinkling eyeballs. Surrounding the fire sat the uproarious party, singing songs as gentlemen, of such a character as would not now be tolerated in public company in the village pot-house, or in the slums of large cities. Sir Harry Chillington being excited had become furiously speculative, and was willing to lay a wager with anybody, and to any amount, on any matter.

"I'll bet any gentleman fifty guineas that I will produce a man who will eat a couple of ducks with etceteras in half an hour."

"It is a wager!" shouted the man who had been a heavy loser by the winnings of the baronet, and who either in the hope of retrieving his losses, or avenging himself, was willing to enter the lists again.

"Gentlemen," said Sir Harry, addressing the fuddled crew, "you are witnesses this is a fair wager."

"All right" was exclaimed by such whose intellect was sufficiently clear to admit the idea of what was going on in the room.

Touching the bell the summons was obeyed by the landlord in person.

"Digby," said the baronet, "have you a couple of ducks in the larder?"

"I have two very fine ones; they are as good a couple of ducks as ever was seen in the market, let the rest come from where they may. I hatched 'em myself, gentlemen; they had the run of the stable and pig sty all the summer, and then I shut 'em up and fattened 'em for Christmas."

"Don't stand prating," replied Sir Harry, angrily, "get them done quickly. How long before they will be ready?"

"I'll ask," said the landlord, only too glad to get away from the furious man.

On receiving an answer as to the time it would take to prepare the birds for table, the baronet, having drunk another glass of punch, staggered to the door and forth into the street. The wind was blowing cold and bleak as he groped his way through the unlighted streets, whose darkness was only broken by the flickering light from the lantern of some belated matron, or spinster, who had been out to sea, and was returning home. But every nook and corner of that angular town was to him well known; he often visited every part of it in the darkness, and for purposes too of which daylight might be ashamed. It was therefore an easy matter with him to find that portion of it bearing the French name of the *Fleur de Lis*; and it was while travelling in that direction, and opposite to the only confectioner's shop the town could then boast of, that a wild hullabaloo burst upon his ear with startling effect.

"It is the press gang," said Sir Harry to himself, as he heard the noise; "they have caught some poor wretch, and regardless of his cries are forcing him on board of a man-of-war to serve his country against his inclination." But the shouting was advancing; and as he heard another shriek, the hat of the baronet was knocked from his head. The fearful cry aroused the inhabitants of the street, and lighted candles revealed, not the press gang, but the person of a lame Irish tailor, drunken in his habits, who had met with a misfortune.

The fact was this. Having his residence in a cottage near to the place whither Sir Harry was going, this poor tailor, for once in a long stretch of drunkenness, had summoned sufficient courage to keep himself sober long enough to earn a small joint of meat for his starving family, and this he was determined they should feast off that evening. That the joint might be prepared to meet the wishes of the man, it was suspended before the fire in an open grate, being secured by means of a piece of worsted attached to a nail driven over the mantelpiece of the cottage fireplace. Carefully the fire burnt in the small grate, and the slender stick cracked and hissed, as it revolved, as though pleased to be cooked for the benefit of that miserable family. During the progress the lame tailor sat working in a room above that where the meat was roasting; and as the grateful odor from the revolving joint ascended the stairs he sniffed largely, being careful that even the steam should not be lost. In this way things were proceeding quietly, and the tailor's wife and children being distributed in different parts of the house, the joint was left to turn its lonely round to the tune of the singing tea kettle.

Ill-fated joint! How misery sometimes mocks the wretched! The grateful odor from that steaming meat could not be kept within the limits of the tailor's cottage, and borne on the heated and lighted air it rushed out at the door which had been left a little open to prevent the chimney smoking at the wrong end.

There it met with another than the tailor's family that night hunger bitten; and a starving dog, tempted by the appetizing steam, poked his shaggy head in at the door, and seeing the meat hanging in solitude made a rush at it, and breaking the worsted carried it off in triumph. The noise of this act quickly brought the tailor from his perch, just in time to see the brute running away with his supper. It was not a moment for hesitation, for life and death hung upon prompt and vigorous action. Seizing his crutch therefore, with a wild howl, he rushed after the beast, pursuing him into the depths of the surrounding darkness. Springing along without scarcely touching the ground, the poor fellow followed hard on the track of the thief. In the flickering light flowing forth from the confectioner's window he saw the hungry dog holding on to his prey; and thinking himself to be within reach of the creature he stopped, and taking aim hurled his crutch that he might fell it to the earth. But that night Fate was against the Irishman. His wooden supporter flew forth from his hand, but instead of hitting the dog it went smashing through the confectioner's window, and then glancing off struck the hat of Sir Harry Chillington.

"Och, murther! I'm kilt intirely! Dead, double dead it is that I am. Good people, take me off and bury me decent; for misfortune, as the ghost of my grandmother, follows me everywhere." In this manner shouting, as the effect of taking a false aim came more vividly before his mind, he at length threw himself on the ground, exclaiming, "The baste! the baste! 'Tis the fault of the baste intirely!" The condition of the supperless man quickly obtained for him sympathizers; while the baronet, not waiting to assist the wretched man, having recovered his hat, went off uttering bitter curses.

A few minutes placed him at the door of the house he was seeking, and on entering a tall, dark, cadaverous-looking man, who was sitting smoking a short pipe by an almost empty grate, without rising from his seat, nodded his head in token of recognition.

"Tom," said the baronet unceremoniously, "I require your services to-night."

"You want something, I daresay, or I shouldn't have seen your face."

Without regarding this gruff reply, Sir Harry proceeded, "I wish you to go with me to the Felkstone Arms."

"Something more in your way than mine, I'll wager."

"It may be in your way too. I have laid a wager of fifty guineas, and I wouldn't lose it for double the amount."

"Yes you would."

"I tell you that I would not."

"It would take a good deal to make you forego the chance of getting fifty guineas."

"It would mortify my pride beyond endurance to be beaten at last by a fellow from whom I have been winning all day."

"Bah! your pride, indeed; the pride you possess wouldn't remain long if your pocket could be filled by removing it."

"Wretch! have I not often saved you and yours from starvation?"

"Whew!" replied the dark man, and as he spoke he drew his hand across his throat, then looking at the grate as though talking to the cinders, he continued, "and you might be fitted with a halter did I choose."

On hearing this last sentence Sir Harry adopted a more conciliatory tone. There was a secret between him and the dark man that the world was in ignorance of.

"What is the use of all this talk?" continued the baronet; "will you serve me?"

"To do what?"

"I have, perhaps, foolishly, and under excitement, laid a wager of fifty guineas that I would produce a man who would eat a couple of ducks in a half hour."

"And who is to make himself a glutton that he may fill our purse?"

"Yourself, Tom."

"It cannot be done."

"It must be done!"

"You are too late, I have had my supper."

"Supper or none, you must do it."

"For what?"

"Five guinea."

"Five guineas out of fifty; that'll never pay."

"Ten guineas then! You know you have me at an advantage, or you wouldn't act thus."

"It isn't often that you are to be caught at such a point."

"Will you do it?"

"I shall fail."

"Try and the ten guineas are yours."

"But that I shall be glad to lay hold of the money, I wouldn't stir a single step to-night."

"Money rules the world," muttered the baronet, "I wouldn't care who made the laws, if I might but hold the purse strings."

Gathering up his long, hungry form, the dark man prepared to follow his leader. To look at his leanness, and his height, as he stretched himself to his full stature, there need not have been the least surprise had he eaten a whole flock of ducks, feathers and all. So thin and famine-stricken did he appear, that to afford him the opportunity to deposit within his person a couple of ducks, seemed rather an act of compassion, than one encouraging a disgusting feat.

On reaching the inn, the number of such as had sunk beneath the influence of punch, was greater than when Sir Harry left the room. Some, however, who were anxious to see the

disgusting sight, had kept themselves in possession of a little consciousness, and gazed vaguely on what was passing before them. He who had laid the wager was sober, and looked vindictively on the two as they entered the parlour.

The ducks being placed upon the table, the lean man began to play his part on them with a degree of spirit by no means flattering to the character of the supper he had boasted of having taken; and from his manner it appeared that a long time must have passed away since he had taken anything half so inviting within his person. Limb after limb of the feathered victim was dissected and picked clean. One of the ducks had disappeared, and he had commenced an attack on the other. But he had not proceeded far with the second, when he gave evident signs of failing energy.

"I cannot manage it," he whispered to his supporter, who sat opposite to him at the table, watching the process of eating as eagerly as though his life depended on it.

"What does he say?" demanded the other side.

"He wishes to know if there is any pudding," replied Sir Harry adroitly.

"Good!" whispered Tom; and the joke seemed to afford fresh zest to his effort.

Knowing the circumstances of the lean man, the baronet rattled the ten guineas in the palm of his hand; for he knew how his champion would esteem the chink of gold, and he sought to make a stimulant of its music. It was a race for wealth both with the gourmand and his supporter; and as the last vestige of the lump of poultry disappeared, the bitter taunts of Sir Harry irritated his opponent to madness.

On finishing his task, the eating machine, whose feat appears at this date truly sickening, and creates a surprise at the want of delicacy with gentlemen of the past, was treated and petted by the company as though his doings were worthy of praise.

"Gentleman, the wager is mine," said the baronet, with a look of triumph that stung his opponent to the quick.

"And much good may it do you," replied his adversary, now fairly enraged.

"That is my concern," he responded, as he took the fifty guineas, short of the ten which he handed over to the glutton.

"It will help to start in life the poor fellow your daughter has selected to become her husband," taunted the defeated man.

"Wretch!" exclaimed the baronet springing to his feet, "dare you mention the name of my child in this company?"

"Why should you be angry on being told what everybody is acquainted with?"

"I demand an explanation and an apology," roared out the baronet furiously, "or you know my terms."

"Nonsense!" shouted the fuddled men.

"I have said the word," he replied.

"Rubbish!" cried out the voice of an old toper, the sound of which was as the grating of a knotty iron hinge; "Charles Freeman is a good fellow, he is one of nature's gentlemen."

"Gentlemen," said Sir Harry, now half guessing the cause of annoyance, "am I to consider your conduct in selecting a subject I am utterly ignorant of to taunt me with, as being the result of a studied conspiracy, because the fickle goddess has chosen me as her favourite for the day? On my honour I knew nothing of the meaning of your remarks."

"It is this, then," replied the old toper, "a certain pretty young lady living at the Priory has, and very naturally too, fallen in love with a smart young fellow by the name of Charles Freeman."

"Beast!" furiously burst forth the baronet, and the working of his features told that the most demoniacal passions were active in his mind.

"Asses!" returned he of the rusty voice sarcastically, "and if Sir Harry Chillington does not wish to be kicked in his turn, he shouldn't associate with them."

"But for your ago I would rend you in pieces," shouted Sir Harry, now maddened beyond restraint. The row had now become general; blows were being freely exchanged; and in the fracas the table was upturned, and the fragments of the punch bowl lay scattered on the floor.

Being taunted beyond all endurance by the whole company, the baronet left the room, cursing and swearing, and as he did so reminded his opponent that he would hear from him again. This threat raised a shout of laughter among them; for they all knew him to have too great a regard for the safety of his own person to proceed beyond the limit of threatening words. The effect of the row upon the company was the demand for another bowl of punch, and the debris being removed, they sat down to make another effort to destroy their reason.

Such were the good old times. Who wishes for their return? The present age may be too demure, too earnest in the matter of health getting; the shrine of Mammon may have its adamant steps leading to the altar worn by the worshippers of that god ascending to pour out before him the libation of a life of peace and happiness; but who would go back to the period when oaths and drunkenness formed the embellishments of polite society?

On leaving the inn, Sir Harry took his way to the Priory; it was his intention to walk home; and with every step he took the vision of the plebeian Charles Freeman haunted his imagination. Bitterly did he curse the folly of his daughter, neither did he refrain from cruelly

reflecting on the commercial origin of her dead mother, to whom he attributed the meanness of spirit which permitted her to condescend to regard the groundling he had that evening been taunted with.

Had it been the lot of Charles Freeman at that hour to have crossed the path of the baronet, possibly in the heat of passion he might have made short work of getting rid of him; but as such an accident did not occur, the future perplexed him.

As Sir Harry pursued his way homeward, a deep gloom succeeded the wild excitement which had before been vaulting through his brain. Deeper the darkness fell upon his soul, neither could the brisk pace with which he walked force it from him. At length a thought cruel and inhuman flashed on his brain with lightning speed; for a moment he poised it in the balance of possibility, and then striking his fist upon his broad chest, he exclaimed, "I have it! and if what they tell me is true, and she refuses to listen to reason, I'll do it, and that will end the matter."

(To be continued.)

THE GLEANER.

THE phosphate mines at Ottawa are being worked this winter.

THE Pope has sent the golden rose to the new Queen of Spain.

THE Empress Eugénie inherits \$150,000 a year from her mother.

A FRESH egg has a limelike surface; stale eggs are glossy and smooth of shell.

DR. SHULTZ is mentioned as the next Lieutenant-Governor of British Columbia.

THE ex-Empress Eugénie has inherited a fortune of about £30,000 a year from her mother.

THERE are now over fifty-two lodges in Ontario of the Ancient Order of United Workmen.

150 cattle are slaughtered in Montreal every week by a firm engaged in making fluid beef for export.

THE coloured citizens of New York now have a weekly journal devoted to the interests of their race.

CANADA has a Roman Catholic population of 1,546,800, with 23 bishops, 1,599 priests, and 1,617 churches.

YARMOUTH, N.S., lost 30 ships and 99 lives in 1879, and now owns 276 vessels with a total tonnage of 144,354.

A WOMAN'S rights journal *La Donna*, has been established at Bologna, under the editorship of two ladies.

THE Pope is making overtures to the Sultan to have rules laid down to serve as the basis of ecclesiastical rights in Turkey.

THE Bishop of Manchester's marriage with Miss Duncan of Bath, takes place next month, after an engagement of a quarter of a century.

At a late meeting of the Mansion House Sir Rowland Hill Memorial Committee it was stated that the subscriptions amounted to about £10,000.

CETEWAYO is making earnest efforts to acquire a knowledge of reading and writing, and under Captain Poole's tuition he is making steady progress.

It has been determined to hold an International Exhibition at Rome in 1882, an important feature being the recent applications of science to general industry.

SCOTLAND Yard, the centre of the police force of London, is to be visited by a deputation from Japan, anxious to learn the English system of crime detection and punishment.

ONE of the sons of the late Charles Dickens, Francis J. Dickens, is an inspector in the Canadian North-West Mounted Police, and is stationed at Fort Walsh.

GOOD accounts are now being received of Mr. Spurgeon's health which is at length beginning to mend under the influence of the beautiful weather at Mentone.

A STATUE of Earl Russell will be placed in the House of Lords. It will be six feet six inches high, and will represent his Lordship in his usual attitude when addressing the House.

HANLAN is having a shell constructed for sculling on the ice. It will be run on skates, and the sculls will be furnished with spikes. He expects to be able to make a mile in three minutes.

THE Governor-General has extended an invitation to the Scotch Foot Ball Team, who are coming to Canada next spring to visit the Capital, and play the first match on Rideau Hall grounds.

MR. PLIMSOLL has intimated his intention of striving hard next session to put an end to the loading of grain in bulk—a great source of danger to ships—as he did to legislate against overloading.

MR. ALEXANDER FORREST'S expedition across the north-western portion of the Australian continent has been successful, and the discovery of many millions of acres of pastoral land is reported.

THE Pope has declined immediately to canonise Pius IX., but has approved of facts being collected bearing on a claim which must, he says, be considered deliberately and dispassionately.

HER Royal Highness Princess Louise is expected to arrive at the capital on the 1st of February. His Excellency the Governor-General will leave on the 26th or 27th inst., for Halifax, to meet the Princess.

ST. BARTHOLOMEW'S Church, New Edinburgh, has received a handsome New Year's gift in the shape of a chime of bells from Her Royal Highness the Princess Louise. They were sent from England.

ALBERT Victor and George, sons of the Prince of Wales, now on Her Majesty's steamer *Bocchante* at Barbadoes, will be at Halifax about the 1st prox., when the Princess Louise will arrive from England.

It is possible that the Queen will go to Italy in March on a short visit to the Crown Princess of Germany, but the carrying out of the idea will depend on Her Majesty's health, the weather, and the state of public affairs.

IN the Queen's New Year's gifts to the poor of Windsor and Clewer 3,300 lbs. of beef, in joints of from 3lb. to 7lb. each, were distributed among 800 persons, and 1,200 cwt. of coal were likewise distributed in quantities of 1 to 3 cwt.

AN Irish Club has been organized in London. It is completely and essentially Hibernian, from the president and secretary down to the hall porter and chief cook. One novel feature of this congenial home is that it is purely non-political.

THE Emperor William went about Berlin before Christmas buying presents for his trusted friends and servants. Day after day his carriage stood waiting for him before the fashionable shops in which his elderly majesty was rummaging.

THE preparations which are being made for the celebration of the anniversary of St. Jean Baptiste Society on the approaching 24th of June in Quebec are of a grandeur which will eclipse anything ever held as yet in the ancient capital.

A MEMORIAL of the late Princess Alice has been commissioned by the Grand Duke of Hesse-similar to the recumbent figure intended for erection at the mausoleum in Windsor for the Queen. It is intended for the tomb at Darmstadt.

THE Russian Synod have, it is stated, in pursuance of orders from the Czar, caused a manifesto to be read in the churches of the western and central provinces in which the revolutionary party are solemnly consigned to eternal punishment.

GEORGE AUGUSTUS SALA writes to his friends that he will go to Florida at once, and thence to the West Coast of South America, taking Lima and Valparaiso on his way, then run to Rio de Janeiro, and so home. His trip will last till the end of March.

A COMPANY will apply to Parliament next session for the necessary powers to bring sea water to London, and to supply it to every household at a trifle less cost than is now paid for the intermittent supply of fresh water which the Metropolitan Companies deal out.

ABBREVIATIONS in letter-writing, such as ye for the, after the old style of Queen Anne's time, are in vogue in London fashionable circles. With the revival of Queen Anne art and decoration, Queen Anne spelling is certainly in good form.

LORD Beaconsfield will have completed six years of continuous Premiership on the 20th of February. Lord Palmerston's total was nine years and upwards. Lord Melbourne was Prime Minister for six years and two months. Lord Liverpool held the same office from 1812 to 1827.

SIGNOR Dario Mazzei, shorthand stenographer to the Italian Senate, has, it is said, invented a machine which will reproduce a speech in the ordinary printed characters as rapidly as it is spoken, a word or several syllables being recorded by a single touch of the keys.

RICHARD WAGNER will spend the winter in Naples, and as soon as warm weather comes will go to the little French watering-place of Saint Euzat on the coast of Brittany, where he will make his home at a villa belonging to Judith Gautier, the well-known writer and a daughter of Théophile Gautier.

M. HENRI SAY, the wealthy French banker, who, with his family, is making a tour of the world in his steam yacht *Henriette*, which was sometime since disabled, has decided to have built in Baltimore a new steam yacht, to cost \$200,000. The yacht will be completed about the first of August, and until that time M. Say will remain in the United States.

THE Royal baton of beef—which, with the bear's head and game and woodcock pies, decorated Her Majesty's sideboard at Osborne on Christmas Day—was cut from a fine shorthorn ox, bred and fed upon the Prince Consort's model farm at Fregmore. The baron weighed upwards of 300 lbs., was roasted before the great kitchen fire at Windsor Castle, and when cold was sent two days after to the Isle of Wight.

QUEEN VICTORIA is said to have a long memory for persons and faces. Her whole thoughts now seem centred in her soldiers, especially in those who have been wounded in her service, and in looking over paintings of subjects in the recent wars she knows and remembers the names of all those soldiers—even privates—on whom she has conferred the Victoria Cross or other honors, at once picking them out in the painting, and asking after them by name.

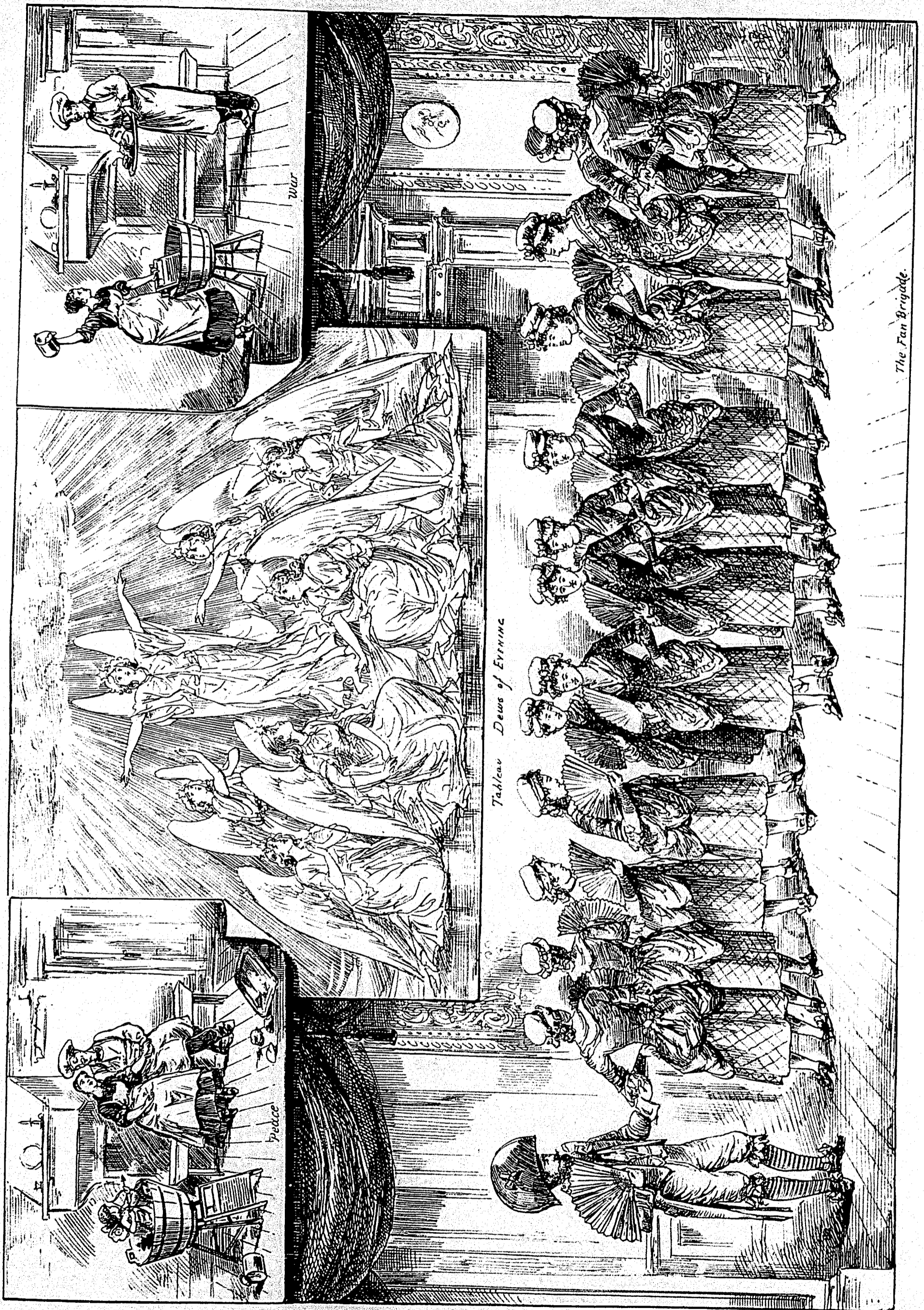


Tableau Deus of Evening

War

Peace

The Fan Brigade

MONTREAL.—SKETCHES AT THE ENTERTAINMENT GIVEN FOR THE BENEFIT OF THE LADIES' PROTESTANT BENEVOLENT SOCIETY AND CHURCH HOME.



HENRY IRVING AS SHYLOCK :--IN "THE MERCHANT OF VENICE."
SHYLOCK :--"How like a fawning publican he looks!" Act 1st, Scene 3rd.

OUR CHESS COLUMN.

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

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

J. W. S., Montreal.—Paper received. Thanks. Student, Montreal.—Correct solution received of Problem No. 257. T. S., St. Andrews, Manitoba.—Correct solution received of Problem No. 255; and also Problem for Young Players No. 252. G. W. L., Montreal.—New York papers received. Thanks. E. H.—Solution received of Problem for Young Players No. 258. Correct.

THE AMERICAN CHESS CONGRESS.

As the Tournament of this Congress progresses, the interest increases, and Chessplayers in the United States and Canada are daily receiving, with more than ordinary excitement, the report of each day's play, and the relative standing of the competitors. It may be truly said that the results so far have created a surprise. Mr. Grundy, who now takes the lead in the contest was never spoken of, we believe, as the player who was likely to surpass, in a struggle of this nature, such men as Mackenzie, Delmar and Judd. But at all Chess Tournaments, preconceived notions respecting Chessplayers and their powers seem to receive shocks which are hard to explain. Such contests, nevertheless, are very useful as they afford opportunities for genius or talent to assert itself, and maintain its position. It was, if we mistake not, at the American Chess Congress of 1876 that Paul Morphy began his wonderful career, and who knows what other meetings of a like nature may do in giving other gifted players the means of achieving skill in the Royal Game of Chess.

We subscribe from American papers two extracts which we feel will be perused with much interest by Canadian players, and we will endeavor to obtain the latest news for publication. The contest will finish on Tuesday the 27th inst.

THE TOURNEY PLAYERS.

(From the New York Sun)

The contestants in the present tournament, given in the order of their supposed relative strength at the game, are: Capt. G. H. Mackenzie, of Napoleonic note, broad forehead, and brown curly hair; present champion of America. Mr. Eugene Delmar, of colossal forehead, large, clear-cut nose, and heavy black mustache, one of the best players in New York. Mr. Max Judd, of St. Louis, with a poet's brow and face; one of the best Western players, and the winner of the second prize at the Centennial Tournament in Philadelphia. Mr. Preston Ware, of Boston, with the keen face of a Wall Street broker, used to play with Morphy, and one of the strongest players in New England. Mr. C. Mohle, of New York, with high forehead and blond German features, aged only 20; probably the coming chess player; one of the best players in the Manhattan Club. Mr. A. G. Sellman, of Baltimore, entirely dead and nearly a name from the effects of scarlet fever; plays a strong game with his hat on; has a close student's face. Gen. Congdon, of Washington, with bulging brow and earnest demourner; he played in the Chicago Congress of 1874. Mr. James Grundy, of the Manchester Chess Club, England; overhanging forehead, brown whiskers and mustache; he won the second prize in the late Manhattan Club Tournament. Mr. J. S. Ryan, of New York, clear-cut features and Jacksonian forehead; a strong player. Mr. A. Cohnfeld, of New York; forehead running to the back of his head, and a member of the London Chess Club.

THE COMING CHAMPION.

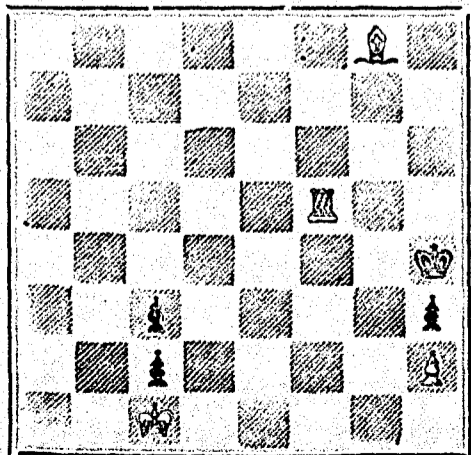
What will old Mrs. Grundy say if it should turn out that young Mr. Grundy had not only aspired to wear the crown of American chess supremacy, but had, with sacrilegious hands, reached out and ruthlessly torn it from the head of his so long graced? It begins to look as if he would do it regardless of what the old lady may think or say. At all events he has a better chance to carry off the prize than even Captain Mackenzie. His advantage does not consist so much in the slight lead he possesses as in the fact that he has encountered and vanquished the strongest players who the champion has yet got to run the gauntlet of Delmar's and Judd's play. After his brilliant victories over Judd, Delmar and Mackenzie we may reasonably expect him to win every game of the others, though Ware, Sellman and Mohle are antagonists not to be despised. Let the tournament result as it may we are determined to write it. "Champion" Grundy.—Hartford Times.

We learn by the latest telegram that the Chess Tournament closed on Monday night, and that Grundy and Mackenzie are tie for first prize.

The Congress Dinner is to take place on Tuesday next, the 27th inst., at 7 o'clock p.m., at the Westminster Hotel. It is expected that Richard A. Proctor, the astronomer, who is Vice-President of the British Chess Association, will be at the dinner. Mr. J. Henderson, of Montreal, has composed a song, words and music, which is to be sung on that occasion. Mrs. Miron J. Hazeltine has contributed an elegant little poem, which will be read at the dinner.

By Thomas Sinclair, St. Andrews, Manitoba. PROBLEM No. 261.

BLACK.



WHITE

White to play and mate in four moves.

GAME 2916T.

(From Turf, Field and Farm.)

An off-hand game between Mr. J. S. Ryan, of New York, and Mr. Sellman, of Baltimore.

(Scotch Gambit.)

- White.—(Mr. S.) 1. P to K 4, 2. Kt to K B 3, 3. P to Q 4, 4. B to Q B 4, 5. Kt to K Kt 5, 6. Kt takes B P, 7. B takes Kt (ch), 8. Q to R 5 (ch), 9. Q to Q 5 (ch) (b), 10. Q takes B, 11. B to K Kt 5, 12. Q takes Q, 13. B to K B 4, 14. B takes Q P, 15. B to K 5 (ch), 16. Castles, 17. B takes Q P, 18. B takes Kt (ch), 19. Kt to Q B 3, 20. P to K B 4, 21. Q R to K, 22. Kt to K 4 (ch), 23. Kt to Q 6, 24. P to K B 5, 25. P to B 6 (ch) (e), 26. R to K 7 (ch), 27. R takes R (ch), 28. B takes R (ch), 29. Kt takes R, 30. P to K Kt 4, 31. P to Q Kt 3, 32. P to K Kt 5, 33. K to B 2, 34. K to K 3, 35. R takes B (f), 36. K to B 4, 37. P to K R 4, 38. P to K R 5, 39. P to K Kt 6, 40. P takes P. Black.—(Mr. R.) 1. P to K 4, 2. Kt to Q B 3, 3. P takes P, 4. B to Q B 4, 5. Kt to K 4 (a), 6. Kt takes Kt, 7. K takes B, 8. P to K Kt 3, 9. K to Kt 2, 10. Q to K B 3 (e), 11. Q to Q 3 (d), 12. P takes Q, 13. Kt to K B 3, 14. Kt takes K P, 15. K to B 3, 16. R to K, 17. R to K 5, 18. K takes B, 19. R to K 4, 20. R to K B 4, 21. P to Q Kt 3, 22. K to Kt 2, 23. R to K B, 24. B to Q R 3, 25. R takes P, 26. K to B, 27. R takes R, 28. K to K 2, 29. K takes Kt, 30. B to Q B 5, 31. B to K 3, 32. K to K 2, 33. P to Q 4, 34. B to K B 4, 35. P takes R, 36. K to K 3, 37. P to Q Kt 4, 38. P to Q R 4, 39. P takes P.

And Black resigns.

NOTES.

- (a) An exploded defense. Kt to K R 3 is the proper move. (b) Whether this check is preferable to capturing B at once is somewhat questionable. (c) Mr. Ryan's play in the opening is much below his usual standard; he should now have attacked the Q by P to Q 4. (d) Q K 3 is better than this, which gives him a triple pawn on the Queen's file. (e) Very well played. Black is almost compelled to take the pawn, though by doing so it costs him the exchange. (f) The coup de grace.

SOLUTIONS

Solution of Problem No. 259.

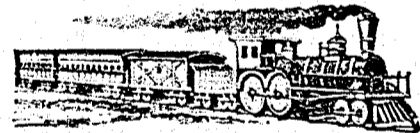
- WHITE. 1. K to Kt 7, 2. B to Q 5 (ch), 3. Q to Q B 8 mate. BLACK. 1. K to K 5 (a), 2. K to B 4. (a) 1. K to B 6, 2. K to Kt 5.

- WHITE. 1. B takes P, 2. Mates ace. BLACK. 1. Any move.

PROBLEMS FOR YOUNG PLAYERS, No. 258

- WHITE. K at K R sq, Q at Q B 3, Kt at K Kt 5, Pawns at K R 2 and K Kt 2. BLACK. K at K Kt sq, Q at Q Kt 3, B at Q R 2, R at Q B sq, Pawns at K R 2, K Kt 2 and Q B 3.

White to play and mate in five moves.



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