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Wholesale News

VOL. XXI.—No. 19.

MONTREAL, SATURDAY, MAY 8, 1880.

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Right HON. W. E. GLADSTONE.

William Ewart Gladstone, the fourth son of Sir John Gladstone, of Fasque, Kincardineshire, was born in Liverpool, (Eng.) December 29th, 1809. From a very tender age young Gladstone exhibited a wonderful aptitude for learning, and an almost superhuman industry, which age, instead of abating, seemingly increases. His course at Eton and at Oxford was marked by the highest distinction. A student of Christ Church, he graduated "double first," in his twenty-second year, a superlative master of the language and literature of Greece and Rome. He has published Latin sacred verses not appreciably inferior in grace to those of Buchanan and Milton, and, as a Homeric student, his "Studies of Homer and the Homeric Age" entitle him to a place among scholarly critics. In 1832 he was returned for Newark in the Conservative interest, and in 1834 Sir Robert Peel made him a Junior Lord of the Treasury. In 1835 he found himself Under-Secretary for the Colonies. Shortly after Sir Robert Peel's Administration fell, and Mr. Gladstone, in the cool shade of Opposition, found leisure to write his oft-quoted works, "The State in its Relations with the Church," and "Church Principles Considered in their Results." In 1841 Sir Robert Peel came back to office, and Mr. Gladstone was made Vice-President of the Board of Trade. In 1843 he became President of the Board, and for the first time his wonderful genius for finance had full scope. In 1845 he resigned office rather than be a party to adding to the endowments of Maynooth, which he had condemned in his work on "Church and State." In the Budget of 1845 he defended a proposal to put slave-grown sugar on a less favourable footing than free, and when the Corn Law question became a "burning" one he resigned his seat for Newark because of the anti-repeal views of the Duke of Newcastle. His powerful pen was, however, at the service of the repealers, and when the battle was fought and won he was returned in 1847 for the University of Oxford. About this time his strong Tory proclivities, which had hitherto led him to oppose all measures of reform, began to moderate.

In 1851, Gladstone, who had voted for Disraeli's motion of inquiry into the agricultural distress, was solicited by Lord Derby to join the protectionist administration; but he not only refused to do so, but in the following year signalized his opposition to his old Conservative friends by making a scathing attack on Disraeli's maiden budget. The formation of the coalition ministry under Lord Aberdeen, in 1852, again brought Gladstone into office. He was appointed Chancellor of the Exchequer, a position for which he was peculiarly qualified by his intimate acquaintance with the



theory and practice of finance. In introducing his celebrated Budget, in 1853, he delivered a series of addresses, which were highly praised by Cobden, and pronounced by Lord John Russell to "contain the ablest expositions of the true principles of finance ever delivered by any English statesman." When the Aberdeen Ministry was broken up by the retirement of its chief, in 1853, Gladstone was retained as Chancellor of the Exchequer in the reconstructed Cabinet of Lord Palmerston. On learning, however, a few weeks afterwards, that the Premier had determined not to oppose Mr. Roebuck's motion of inquiry into the conduct of the Crimean War, which was construed as a censure on his colleagues, the Duke of Newcastle and Mr. Sidney Herbert, Gladstone sent in his resignation, but, though out of office, continued for some time from his seat among the back benches to give Lord Palmerston's Ministry an independent support.

On Lord Derby's second accession to power, in 1859, though declining a seat in the Cabinet, Gladstone accepted a special diplomatic mission to the Ionian Islands, with the title Lord High Commissioner, to arrange the difficulties between the dependencies and the mother country.

On the return of Lord Palmerston to office, in 1859, Gladstone resumed the position of Chancellor of the Exchequer, and signalized his administration by the repeal of the paper duty, and the negotiation, through Mr. Cobden, of the commercial treaty with France. In 1861 the Liberal electors of his native County of South Lancashire solicited him to become their candidate, but this gratifying offer was declined, from unwillingness to sever his connection with his academic constituents. It was not, however, till 1856 that he was rejected by his beloved university, whose antiquated conservatism could not brook his liberal views. He was, however, again offered the nomination from South Lancashire, which he accepted, and continued to represent that county till the election of 1865, when he was again defeated. This was almost as great a blow to his sensitive temperament as his rejection by Oxford, and he was the more unfortunate as it left the Gladstone party in the House of Commons without their leader. Luckily, however, the metropolitan constituency of Greenwich at once put him in nomination. This action, followed as it was by the triumph of his cause throughout the country, was particularly gratifying, coming after two almost simultaneous defeats, the second being his rejection as a candidate for the Lord Rectorship of the University of Edinburgh, which he had held for six preceding years.

On the resignation of Mr. Disraeli's Ministry in December, 1868, Mr. Gladstone succeeded that statesman as First Lord of the Treasury.

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THE RIGHT HON. WILLIAM EWART GLADSTONE,
PRIME MINISTER OF ENGLAND.

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NOTICE.

In order to prevent any delay in the delivery of the NEWS, or loss of numbers, those of our subscribers who change their place of residence will kindly advise us of the fact.

TEMPERATURE,

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

THE WEEK ENDING

May 2nd, 1880.			Corresponding week, 1879.		
Max.	Min.	Mean.	Max.	Min.	Mean.
Mon.. 50°	42°	46°	Mon.. 53°	45°	51°
Tues. 50°	40°	45°	Tues. 57°	43°	50°
Wed.. 53°	31°	42°	Wed.. 64°	48°	56°
Thur. 53°	37°	45°	Thur.. 61°	43°	52°
Fri.. 50°	37°	43°	Fri.. 62°	42°	52°
Sat... 48°	25°	36°	Sat... 57°	42°	49°
Sun... 55°	37°	46°	Sun.. 48°	38°	43°

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CANADIAN ILLUSTRATED NEWS.

Montreal, Saturday, May 8th, 1880.

THE absurd and mendacious telegrams concerning the Queen and Mr. GLADSTONE, which appeared in our Canadian papers, from hostile American sources, and upon which we animadverted last week—an animadversion which has pleased many of our readers—seem to justify another call for a Canadian Associated Press, upon which we might rely for proper European and especially English news. Surely if the leading dailies of Toronto, Montreal, Ottawa, Quebec, St. John and Halifax, came to an understanding, in the present competition of telegraph lines, they could easily establish such an association upon reasonable terms. This would render us in a great measure independent of the American press and give enhanced value to our own papers.

THE TONNAGE DOES.

We have observed with much satisfaction that Mr. MACKENZIE has, in a letter to Mr. CRAMP, given it as his opinion that it is only justice to Montreal that it should be relieved of the burden of defraying the interest on the expenditure on the channel of the St. Lawrence, which is obviously as much a Dominion work as the enlargement of the Welland and St. Lawrence canals. Our various commercial bodies deserve the thanks of the community for their persistent and energetic efforts to obtain justice for Montreal. Up to this time the utterances of the members of the Government have been of the description generally known as non-committal, but we do not allow ourselves to doubt that the reasonable demands of Montreal, which are largely supported in the Province of Ontario, must be conceded. We venture to remind the Government of the old adage, "Bis dat qui cito dat."

THE IMPERIAL CABINET.

For the convenience of reference, we publish the following list:

First Lord of the Treasury and Chancellor of the Exchequer—Right Hon. W. E. Gladstone.

Lord High Chancellor—Right Hon. Lord Selborne.

Lord President of the Council—Right Hon. Earl Spencer.

Lord Privy Seal—Right Hon. Duke of Argyll.

Secretary of State for Home Department—Right Hon. Sir W. Vernon Harcourt.

Secretary of State for Foreign Affairs—Right Hon. Earl Granville.

Secretary of State for the Colonies—Right Hon. Earl of Kimberley.

Secretary of State for India—Right Hon. the Marquis of Hartington.

Secretary of State for War—Right Hon. Hugh C. Childers.

First Lord of the Admiralty—Right Hon. Earl of Northbrook.

President of the Board of Trade—Right Hon. Joseph Chamberlain.

Postmaster-General—Right Hon. Henry Fawcett.

President of the Local Government Board—Right Hon. J. B. Dodson.

Chief Secretary for Ireland—Right Hon. W. E. Forster.

Chancellor of the Duchy of Lancaster—Right Hon. Jno. Bright.

Attorney-General—Sir Henry James, Q.C.

Solicitor-General—Mr. Ben. T. Williams, Q.C.

Viceroy of India—Marquis of Ripon.

THE GENEVA AWARD.

What is popularly known as the Geneva Award Bill came up before the United States Senate last week, and, after a rather desultory debate, was quietly shelved. This proceeding is so very singular that it deserves a few words of explanation. It will be remembered that the United States received from England, at the Geneva Conference, the sum of \$15,000,000 in payment for damages occasioned by Confederate cruisers, fitted out in British ports. The American agents claimed that this was rather under than over the estimate, and England, notwithstanding the recusation of its chief commissioner, Sir ALEXANDER COCKBURN, cheerfully paid the money. After a great deal of delay, \$6,000,000 were distributed, and the Government then announced that the list of lawful claimants was exhausted. The surplus of \$9,000,000 was reserved for future contingencies, and it is precisely these contingencies which the Senate lately undertook to inquire into. Nothing came of the inquiry. Neither the insurance companies nor the representatives of war premiums could prove their legitimate claims. One would think that the natural result of these facts would be the return of the surplus to the British exchequer; but there appears no intention of doing this. And what complicates the matter still more is a revelation made by Senator EATON, of Connecticut, before the final vote in the Senate. He stated that there is really no fund from which to pay any more claims, the bonds in which the surplus was invested having been covered in the United States Treasury two and half years ago—so that a special appropriation will be necessary should any further disbursement have to be made hereafter. This action, very singular in itself, was apparently never sanctioned by Congress, and has been kept a secret until now. Considering the manner in which our American friends have treated the Halifax Award, their conduct in this Geneva Award gives rise to curious reflections. In place of any animadversions of our own, however, we shall quote the following passages from one of the greatest American dailies:

"To sum up the matter briefly, England owed the United States only \$6,000,000, but believing our statements and trusting to our honesty, was induced to give us \$15,000,000. We, therefore, received from her \$9,000,000 more than belonged to us, and have kept it—and intend to keep it. Such a transaction between individuals would be considered and dealt with as an impudent and outrageous swindle. We fail to see that the fact of its being an international transaction improves it any. England, of course, will not attempt to

make us refund the \$9,000,000. She will accept the swindle with the best grace possible, and have her own opinion of the swindlers. The United States has played a sharp game and won a heavy stake thereby, but will be largely the loser in the end. The smell of the Geneva Award will stick to us forever."

THE AMERICAN BOOM.

Ever since the beginning of winter we have heard a great deal of the immense revival of business in the United States. Scarcely was the long financial and commercial crisis proclaimed to be over, than we beheld an upward rush of prosperity which was fairly bewildering. Everything went up with a "boom"—prices of stocks, grain, iron, lumber, hardware, building material, paper and clothing. Factories of all descriptions were not only working at full time, but they were unable to meet the demands upon their resources. Employment was plentiful and labour was amply remunerated. Of all these facts there could be no doubt whatever, as they were visible and palpable. If a proper use had been made of them the result would have been of general benefit; but, unfortunately, forgetful of the past, the shrewdest business men lost their heads and speculation began to be rampant as in the flush days immediately after the war. The consequence is that the inevitable reaction has set in, and much sooner than could have been expected. It was foolishly imagined that consumers would be prepared to pay any prices, no matter how advanced; that farmers, builders, railway and steamboat men were ready to pay any price for iron, and lumber and labour. In consequence, workingmen recklessly struck for higher wages, and employers took advantage of that circumstance to raise their scale of prices. The strain, of course, was too great and the "boom" collapsed. Prices in New England, New York and throughout the west are steadily declining. Capitalists are postponing their projects of building and improvement till the cost of material becomes reasonable. The mills have more lumber and the furnaces more iron than there is a present call for. In view of the prospect of another good harvest this year no catastrophe need be feared, but the lesson is a profitable one and it is to be hoped that it will generally be laid to account. In that respect the "boom" will not have been without its uses, as, indeed, it has been beneficial from another point of view. It enabled the farmers of the west and the planters of the south to sell their crops in a good time, when the highest prices obtained for grain, cattle, swine, tobacco, cotton and other staples. It has filled the west and south with money and enabled thousands of farmers to pay debts which had been weighing them down for so many years. Having got out of that slough, they wisely concluded that they would endeavour to keep out of it for the future, and hence have declined to encourage the extravagance of industrial speculators. We, in Canada, are particularly interested in this matter. We have not made a sudden leap from poverty to wealth. Prosperity is returning to us much more gradually. We have been contented with a modest "hum" instead of a "boom." Some people have complained of this, but we apprehend that it is rather a subject of congratulation. Sudden changes are not a healthy symptom, as has just been proved in the United States, and it will be much better for us to improve our condition by slow degrees. But even as it is, we must beware of speculation and artificial prices. Neither must competition be carried too far, especially in certain industries for which the Dominion necessarily affords only a limited market. The working people generally will, also, need to keep their senses, as the example of the Hochelaga and Valleyfield spinners should teach them. The engines are moving along nicely, but we should not put on too much steam.

COLONIAL PRECEDENCE.

The latest of the London *Times*' allusions to Canada is a criticism on Mr. TODD's recent work on "Parliamentary Government in the British Colonies," which was deemed worthy of being specially communicated to the Toronto *Globe*. We have seldom read an article which displays more consummate ignorance on the part of the writer, and we are bound to admit that, when such ignorance exists in Printing House Square, London, it is not surprising that it should be found in the small towns in the interior of Canada, in some of which, conductors of public journals have been considerably exercised over the late regulation as to precedence in Canada.

We are informed by the *Times* that the investiture of the order of St. Michael and St. George by the Marquis of Lorne, at Montreal, was noted as an event "unprecedented in the history of our Colonies." Many citizens of Montreal witnessed a much more formal and public investiture by Lord Lisgar, about ten years ago, when His Royal Highness the Duke of Connaught received the Grand Cross, the highest degree of the same order. So much for the *Times*' accuracy. As to the precedence regulations it would be imagined, from the comments of the *Times* and of the Canadian press, that there had never been any such regulations in force prior to the late order, which has been so freely criticized. In point of fact the table has been in force for many years, but, as no provision had been made for the Judges of the Supreme Court, it was deemed expedient to issue a new one. But the old table recently amended was not an innovation, as there has never been a period in the history of Canada, when a table of precedence has not been in force, although since Confederation the old table became in many respects inapplicable.

The chief complaint made is that due respect is not paid to Archbishops and Bishops, a respect which those dignitaries have it in their power to enforce, simply by avoiding the society of persons who do not choose to accord it. In every table of precedence in Her Majesty's Dominion, Archbishops and Bishops are entitled, when they take part in public ceremonies, to be treated with the respect due to their position. As to the other functionaries, although it must be obvious that it is convenient that such persons should be aware of their proper rank, yet those who chiefly benefit by tables of precedence are the unassuming men and women, who, if there were no rules, would be thrown completely in the background by rude and presuming nobodies. The *Times* has a good deal of what is termed chaff, chiefly to the relative rank of the Anglican and Roman Catholic Prelates; but it has not been found in practice that difficulties occur between those dignitaries on the subject of precedence. As to the "magnitude and frequency of controversies" and as to the "multitude of despatches on vexed questions of etiquette," we are inclined to think that the *Times* has been the victim of a hoax.

It would be imagined from the article in the *Times* that the precedence question had been a prominent subject of discussion in Mr. TODD's book, whereas it was probably the most insignificant of all that were referred to. What came specially under Mr. TODD's notice was the rather difficult question as to whether Queen's Counsel were to be appointed by the Dominion or Provincial Governments, a point which, though very interesting, and of great importance, has no bearing, whatever, on mere etiquette. That subject has not been disposed of finally, so far as we can judge. As to the general question of precedence we venture to assert that even in republics, there are conventional rules recognized in general society, under which precedence is given to Supreme Court Judges, Senators and other persons of recognized rank over the clerks and employés of the public departments. The table of precedence is specially intended for the guidance of the Queen's Representative, though, of

course, it is generally followed in social circles.

GEOGRAPHICAL SOCIETY OF QUEBEC.

In accordance with previous notice, a meeting was held on Thursday evening, the 29th ult., in the rooms of the Institut Canadien, St. John st., which were placed at the disposal of the Society for the occasion. Although the weather was very unfavourable, and the streets of the city—as is usual when rainy days occur, just at the time when the accumulated snow and ice of the past winter are about to disappear—were in a wretched state, a numerous assembly, including ladies, met to hear the reading of what was understood to be the last paper of the winter course. The chair was occupied by Dr. Miles, President of the Geographical Society of Quebec for the current year, and the meeting having been called to order, proceedings commenced with the transaction of routine business.

Among those present were: The Consul-General of France, A. Lefavre, Esq.; the Vice-Consul of France, C. R. Des Iles, Esq.; the Consul of the United States, J. N. Wasson, Esq.; the Chancellor of the Spanish Consulate, R. de la Cueva, Esq.; Lieut.-Col. Duchesnay, D. A. G.; Messrs. Errol Lindsay, E. T. Fletcher, Crawford Lindsay, Recording Secretary; A. G. Tourangeau, &c. Dr. Louis Girard was elected an associate member, on motion of E. T. Fletcher, Esq., seconded by Crawford Lindsay, Esq. Louis J. C. Fiset, Esq., was proposed as an associate member; Ovide Frechette, Esq., was proposed by E. T. Fletcher, Esq., and seconded by Errol Lindsay, Esq. The President announced that His Excellency the Count de Premio Real was unfortunately unable to be present, owing to temporary indisposition, and he, therefore, called upon Mr. F. de Kastner to read the Count's lecture on the Islands of St. Pierre and Miquelon. Mr. de Kastner, Professor of French, stated he was deputed by the Consul-General for Spain to read his paper, a synopsis of which is appended. The preliminary remarks of the lecturer explained a chart exhibited, showing the geographical position of the islands under consideration, Newfoundland, the Atlantic coasts of British North America, and parts of the interior of the continent. The forms of the islands, on a larger scale, were represented separately in the upper, right hand corner of the map. Then followed some general observations on these islands, commenting on their being the remains of a great French Empire on this continent, and, notwithstanding their small extent and inclemency of climate, they were rich in natural resources. The second part of the lecture consisted of the history and geography of the islands, giving a chronological resumé of them since the conquest by England; also, particulars as to their situation, population, area, climate, resources, crops, and physical geography. Part three embraced five chapters on the fisheries—the first of which treated on the cod, its fecundity and voracity, manner of fishing it, salting, smoking, and otherwise preparing it for market; the origin of the cod fishery; the Basques. Then followed conjecture as to the possibility of exhausting the cod fisheries, and continued on the different means employed for the capture of the cod—deep-sea lines, seines, &c. Reference was made to the Hon. Mr. Fortin's speeches on the fisheries, and the lecturer charged seriously those who are draining the natural resources, and whose work will ruin the fisheries if necessary measures are not taken by legislation to check them. The lecturer then proceeded with an account of the manufacture of cod-liver oil, &c. Then followed statistics of the fisheries—the bounty given by France; the value of the fisheries—three-fifths of the cod fish imported into France received from St. Pierre, being at least 15,000,000 kilogrammes per annum. An interesting chapter was devoted to the fishery rights as codod by the Treaty of Utrecht and

subsequent confirmation; also French fishery reserves. The fourth part treated of the trade of the Islands, commencing with their trade relations with France and Spain—France supplies outfit and clothing for fishermen. Description of the goods furnished. Spain furnishes the Islands with salt. The commerce of the Islands with Canada and Newfoundland was then taken up. Exports from Canada and Newfoundland to the Islands and their values. Agricultural products occupy the first place, animals the second, then manufactures, then forests and mines. The nature of products exported from the Provinces of Canada, more especially from Quebec.—After excuses made for length of statistical particulars, as the lecturer said he was unable to be in this instance as laconic as a Quaker, the lecture proceeded, showing the value of imports from different Provinces and enumerating them. The fifth part spoke of the navigation of the Islands—their shipping tonnage, number of men employed—the ports in trade relations with the Islands, particularly Halifax, Baddeck and Sydney, C. B., and means of increasing the trade. Chapter 2 of Part V contained mention of Mr. Mazier, Spanish Vice-Consul at St. Pierre, and of interchange of courtesies with the Count de Saint Phalle, the Governor of the Colony. St. Pierre is a place of refuge for shipwrecked mariners. The lecture ended with calling attention to the Islands as particularly interesting to the French, they forming a French Colony. The paper was listened to with great attention throughout and frequently applauded. It was very exhaustive and evinced very careful preparation and much research. At its conclusion, Mr. Lefavre proposed a vote of thanks to the Count de Premio Real for his interesting paper, which was carried, and thanks were voted to Mr. de Kastner for his able reading of the same. The proceedings terminated after it had been declared by the President that the lecture would be printed in the Transactions of the Society.

OUR ILLUSTRATIONS.

THE MADISON SQUARE TRAGEDY.—Rarely has a charitable or social entertainment been interrupted in a more tragical manner than was the Hahnemann Hospital Fair, New York, on the evening of April 21. About nine o'clock, while nearly two thousand people were gathered in Madison Square Garden—a building which has been used for public entertainments for several years—a portion of the western wall fell, owing to causes not yet definitely ascertained. Three persons were instantly killed, another was fatally wounded, and twenty-two received injuries more or less severe.

THE ROYAL BETROTHAL AT BRUSSELS.—The formal engagement and betrothal of the Archduke Rodolph, Crown Prince of the Empire of Austria and Kingdom of Hungary, to Princess Stephanie, second daughter of the King of the Belgians, is an event of interest among European Courts. The Archduke Rodolph "proposed" in person to Princess Stephanie of Belgium at an evening party given in his honour at the Château de Laeken, on March 7th. Among the amusements provided for their Majesties' guests was a concert in the magnificent conservatory attached to the palace. Matters had been so arranged that, when the company were conducted from the saloon to the Winter Garden, the Archduke and the Princess were left together *à tête-à-tête* for a few minutes. As soon as they were alone the Crown Prince approached Her Royal Highness with a low and formal obeisance, saying, "Madame, will you take me for a husband?" to which plain question the Princess simply replied, curtseying deeply, "Yes, your Imperial Highness." "Your Royal Highness' answer makes me supremely happy," observed the Archduke. "And I," rejoined Princess Stephanie, "promise that I will do my duty towards you under all circumstances." The youthful pair, arm-in-arm, joined the royal circle in the Winter Garden; and the Archduke, leading his fair companion up to her father, addressed King Leopold as follows: "Sire, I have, with Your Majesty's permission, begged Princess Stephanie to bestow her hand upon me. It is my happy privilege to inform you that my petition has been granted." "I rejoice, Monseigneur," replied the King, "to greet you as my son-in-law." The Princess embraced her mother, and immediately afterwards the betrothal was announced to the assembled company.

In a Paris salon: "Do you know that young man whose hand you just took?" "Yes." "He is seen everywhere—in the Bois, in the theatres. Who is he?" "What does he do?" "He doesn't do anything. He is a *charge d'affaires*."

NOTES FROM HAMILTON.

WHAT THE PEOPLE ARE TALKING ABOUT.

No. III.

The first Exhibition of the Canadian Academy of Arts, at Ottawa, has not occasioned that amount of comment which its importance should entitle it to. Few Hamiltonians availed themselves of the opportunity to visit Ottawa at the time, and the Exhibition was but meagrely described in the daily press; consequently, many of the people are scarcely aware that a National Canadian Academy of Art, however humble it may be, is now an established fact.

For various reasons, which could be enumerated here, if it was necessary, the bulk of the people do not take much interest in art. The goddess of agriculture seems to have been its sole custodian up to the present, and although a visit to what is termed the "fine art department" of some of the agricultural exhibitions, may not have been very inspiring, still, to the humble efforts of these exhibitions must be attributed much of the credit that the flickering flame has not been snuffed out altogether. Hamilton is now nearly half a century old, but as yet nothing has been done in the way of a public acknowledgment of the importance of art. No monuments (outside of the cemetery), no ornamental park (except a little flower patch in King street), no art gallery, no pictures, no critics; not the slightest effort put forward towards educating the eye and the taste of the masses. Occasionally, a copy of some celebrated work is exhibited in a picture-framer's window on James street, and that is the only opportunity the hungry ones have of studying it. The amount of support extended, for years back, to the only portrait painter, was not sufficient to keep him out of the hospital; the excellent works of the two or three landscape painters, as well as the water-colour sketches of a well-known local artist, meet with but meagre financial reward, and, as for amateur artists, there are not half-a-dozen in the city. The amount of encouragement extended has not engendered an ambition to excel as artists. There are, of course, a few wealthy citizens who are connoisseurs, and delight to adorn their homes with beautiful works of art, and it is very gratifying to those, as well as to all who are anxious about an artistic trait in the national character, to find reproduced in the CANADIAN ILLUSTRATED NEWS some of the best works of Canadian artists, as well as the works of celebrated foreigners. It enables the interested to note and compare the progress of the development of what may be termed Canadian Art. There can be no doubt but that the Canadian Academy will be a great incentive, and the next few years will see a wonderful advancement in general art.

Speaking of the development theory reminds me of a story told to me by a friend, who is engaged in the insurance business. Some years ago he was called in to adjust a claim for loss, sustained by an old-established, but rather eccentric merchant, in consequence of fire. Everything was burnt up, except some of the office books, and the most important one saved was the old ledger. In this he found what he laughingly called the evidence of a "growth of sentiment." Turning over the musty old leaves which recorded the business transactions of the old gentleman in his earlier days, he noticed, every now and then, a big black mark beside a customer's name.

"What does that mean?" he asked.
"O! that is the way I had of showing that the man was dead," was the reply.

Turning over to a few years later, he was startled to find an underscore to some poor fellows' names, which read, "drowned," "killed on the railway," etc. Continuing on, he observed the gradual growth of sentiment in the old man until, at length, he came upon names surrounded by the following obituary: "Died, highly respected."

Hamilton. W. F. McM.

(To be continued.)

HISTORY OF THE WEEK.

MONDAY, April 26.—The Albanians seem determined to resist the cession of territory to Montenegro.—General Bovel, aide-de-camp to Don Carlos, is to be tried for stealing the Pretender's decorations, at Milan.—The Irish Land League has issued a manifesto, in which it proposes to buy up land and create a peasant proprietary.—General Stewart's victory at Ghuznee is looked upon by the Indian press as virtually ending the campaign in Afghanistan.—H. R. H. the Duke of Edinburgh will distribute the *Constellation's* cargo in South Galway. He is showing much attention to the American officers.—Some thieves exploded a quantity of dynamite at the Monaco Casino, in the hopes of stealing during the confusion. Fortunately no one was injured.—An almost bloodless, but to them important, victory, has been won by the Chilians, who threaten to blockade and bombard Callao. Later news state that Callao has been blockaded and minor ports have been made ports of entry by the Peruvian Government.

TUESDAY, April 27.—The Marquis of Ripon has been appointed Viceroy of India.—France and Mexico are about to resume diplomatic relations.—Russia is preventing the exportation of corn from Kuldja to Kashgar.—Hamburg has returned a Socialist to the Reichstag by a large majority.—Russia is visited with a plague and a famine in some of her provinces.—It is rumoured that the Liberal Government intend to convert Consols into 2½ per cent. stock.—The Samoa bill has been defeated in the German Reichstag, and it is feared Bismarck will resign.—A workman has been arrested, suspected as the author of the explosion at the Winter Palace, St. Petersburg.—The Moderate Home Rulers have adopted a series of resolutions identical with those passed at a meeting in 1874.—A coalition is being

formed in the Italian House to overthrow the Cairoli Ministry. It is likely to prove successful.—Turkish troops are being hurried to Scutari, but our despatches leave us in the dark as to wherefor this mobilization takes place.—It is said that the celebrated Bishop of Angers, Mgr. Frappel, will be a candidate for the seat vacated in the Chamber of Deputies by the death of M. de Kerjegu.

WEDNESDAY, April 28.—General Ross has won a victory at Hyderabad.—The Czar will grant a partial amnesty on his birthday.—The two thousand guineas have been won by Petronel.—The moderate Home Rulers have seceded from the Parnellites.—Russia is about to reduce the number of her sailors on home service.—It is said Lord Carlingford will be British Ambassador at Constantinople.—The outgoing and incoming Ministries went to Windsor Castle yesterday.—DeLessaps has had an interview with President Grey about the Panama Canal. In the Blackburn district, 25,000 weavers threaten to strike for an increase, in a fortnight.—The Duke of Marlborough has left Dublin amidst demonstrations of sympathy from all parts of the country.—The Duc de Padoue, a former minister of Napoleon III., is to be prosecuted for voting twice at different places in a late election.—Bismarck is much exercised over the election of a Socialist at Hamburg. He contemplates dissolving the Reichstag shortly.—Russia is beginning to show toleration to the dissenters; the churches of the Old Believers have been re-opened after forty years.—The Czar and Czarina of Russia's, and Prince Gortschakoff's bad state of health, is engrossing the attention of the German Court.—The total number of immigrants who have arrived in New York during the month is 3,211. This makes the largest number in any single month in the history of the Republic.

THURSDAY, April 29.—In England, Lord Chief-Justice Cockburn is to be succeeded by Judge Blackburn.—At a riotous meeting of the Land League held in Dublin, Parrell was roughly handled.—Abdurrahman Khan is ready to discard Russian influence and to submit to General Roberts.—The Government budget bill has been rejected in Italy, and the Ministry have, in consequence, resigned.—A certain number of commissions in the British Line Regiments will be open to competition by the Kingston cadets.—The new British Parliament was opened yesterday in an unusually quiet fashion. The proceedings were purely formal.—A bottle has been picked up purporting to contain a message from the sinking *Atalanta*, but it is considered to be a discreditable hoax.—The Ballot Act expires this year, and the new British Parliament will be called upon to discuss certain modifications concerning it.—The Austro-Hungarian Ambassador's position in England has become untenable, owing to his having spoken scornfully of Mr. Gladstone.—Montenegro accuses Turkey of connivance with the Arnauts, and demands that the territory granted to her by the convention be at once ceded.—An interpellation on the decrees of the 29th March against unauthorized religious communities, will take place next Monday, in the French Chamber of Deputies.

FRIDAY, April 30.—Foreign Jews are to be expelled from Russia.—Earl Cowper is the new Lord-Lieutenant of Ireland.—The One Thousand Guineas have been won by Elizabeth.—Russia is renewing diplomatic relations with Mexico.—The Czar's birthday was celebrated at St. Petersburg, yesterday.—The Queen is to be invested with the Siamese Order of the White Elephant.—The Czarevitch has publicly declared that Russia's unhappy state is due to the Princess Dolgorouki, a lady high in favour with the Czar.—The Chinese and Russian fleets in the Pacific are being strengthened. It is said that China is receiving aid from American navy and army officers.—In the British House of Commons yesterday, Charles Bradlaugh, the atheistic and Republican member for Northampton, refused to take the customary oath, denying God, and declining to swear allegiance to the Throne.

SATURDAY, May 1.—King Humbert has dissolved the Italian Chambers.—Callao has been bombarded with effect by the Chilean squadron.—Prince Bismarck's physicians have again imperatively ordered his retirement.—Princess Clotilde is about to return to Paris to reside with her husband, Prince Napoleon.—General Stewart has assumed the supreme command at Cabul, and Mahomed Jan has finally surrendered.—A terrible gunpowder explosion, followed by loss of life, has taken place in Pantin, an eastern suburb of Paris.—Their R. H. Princes Albert Victor and George Frederick are to be attached to the flying squadron, which is, *inter alia*, to visit the dependencies of the Empire.—H. R. H. Prince Leopold is in a delicate state of health, and Her Majesty is, therefore, anxious that Canadian hospitality should not be extended too lavishly to him.

GENERAL GRANT reached Egypt, Illinois, on the 16th inst., and made a comparatively long speech, in which he declared that, if united, the people of that country will make the grandest and most glorious nation in the world.

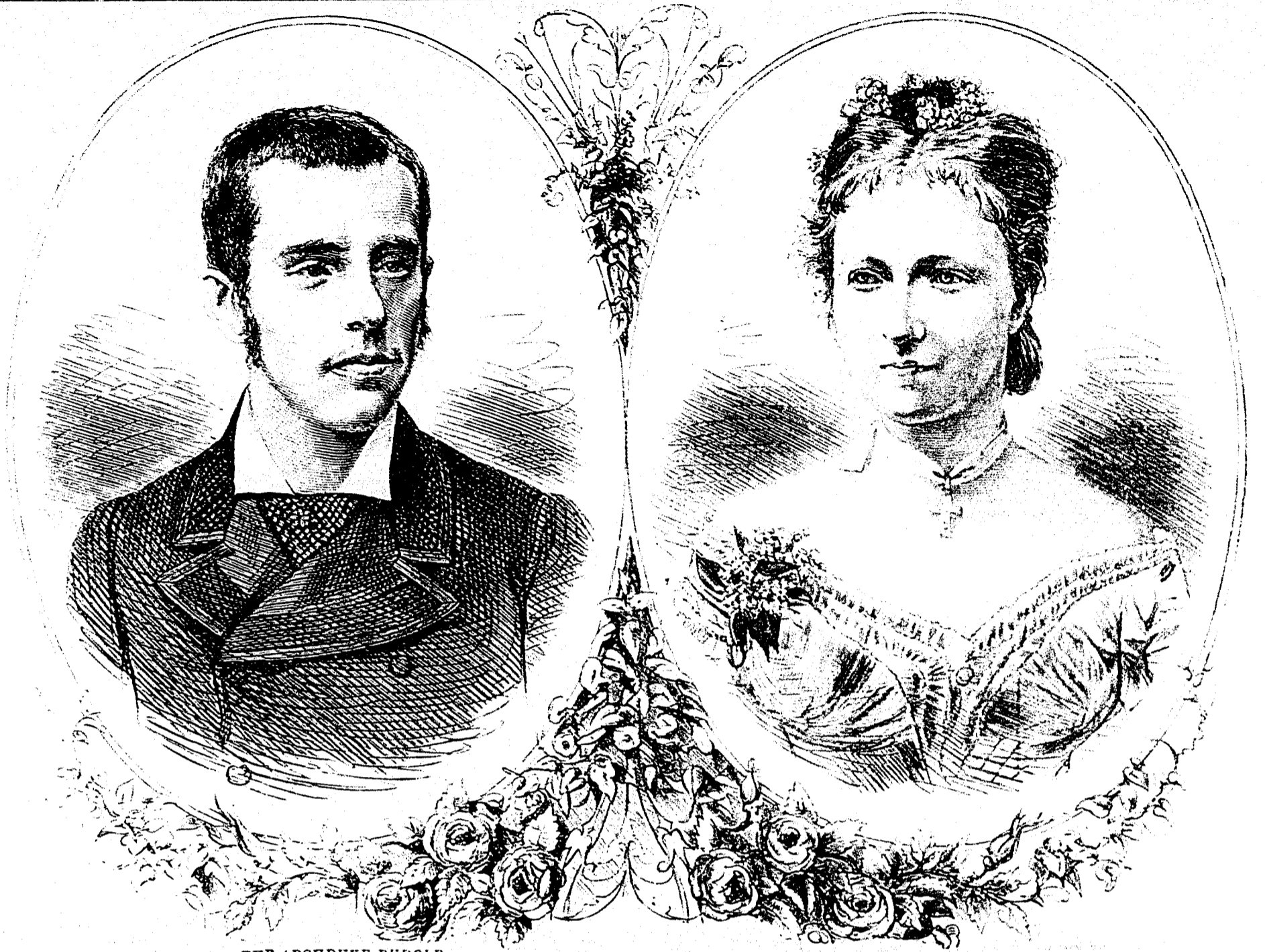
THE *Academy* says that an important discovery has just been made by Mr. J. B. Marsh in the Record Office—viz., a prayer in the handwriting of Charles I., dated 1631, which turns out to be identical with the second prayer in the "Eikon Basilike."

Change of Time.

We would call the attention of our readers to the change of time on the Q. M. O. & O. Railway, advertised in our columns to-day, to take effect on and after Monday, May 3rd. The increased facilities in train service and change of hours of arrival and departure to meet the requirements of business men, show that this favourite line continues to keep the comfort and interests of the travelling public always in view, and with magnificent Palace Cars on day trains, and Sleeping Cars on night trains, between Montreal and Quebec, we may expect that increased travel and revenue will reward their efforts.

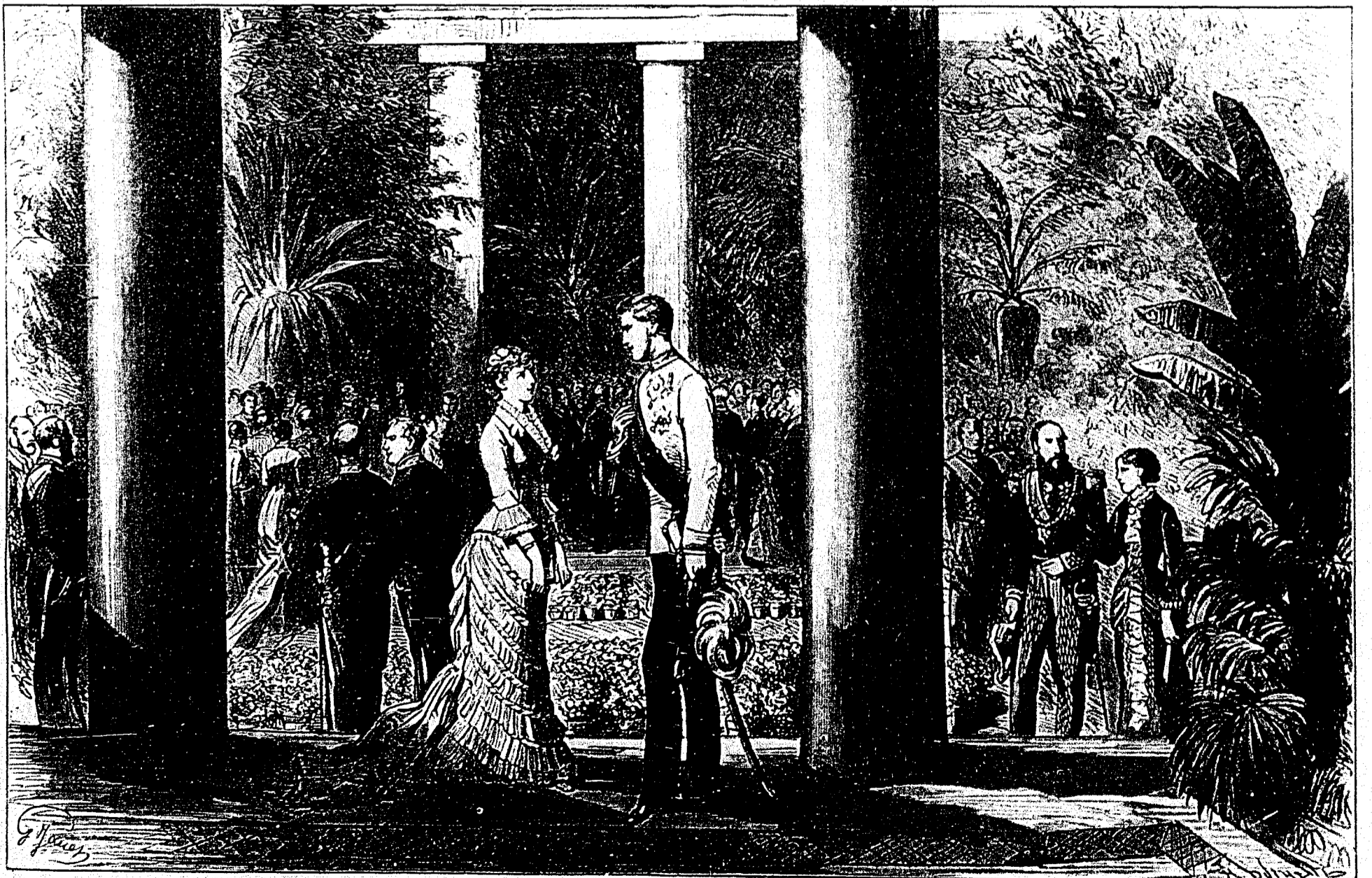
Bogus and Counterfeit.

There is no genuine Hop Bitters made or sold in Canada, except by Hop Bitters Mfg Co., of Toronto, Ont., nor can there be, for the sole and exclusive right to use the name Hop Bitters is secured to said Company by the laws of Canada, by two registered trade marks, and it is a heavy penalty for any one to use the name Hop Bitters or make or sell anything pretending to be like it. Druggists and consumers should remember this and shun all spurious, injurious stuff made by others or elsewhere. Hop Bitters is the purest and best medicine made.



THE ARCHDUKE RUDOLF.

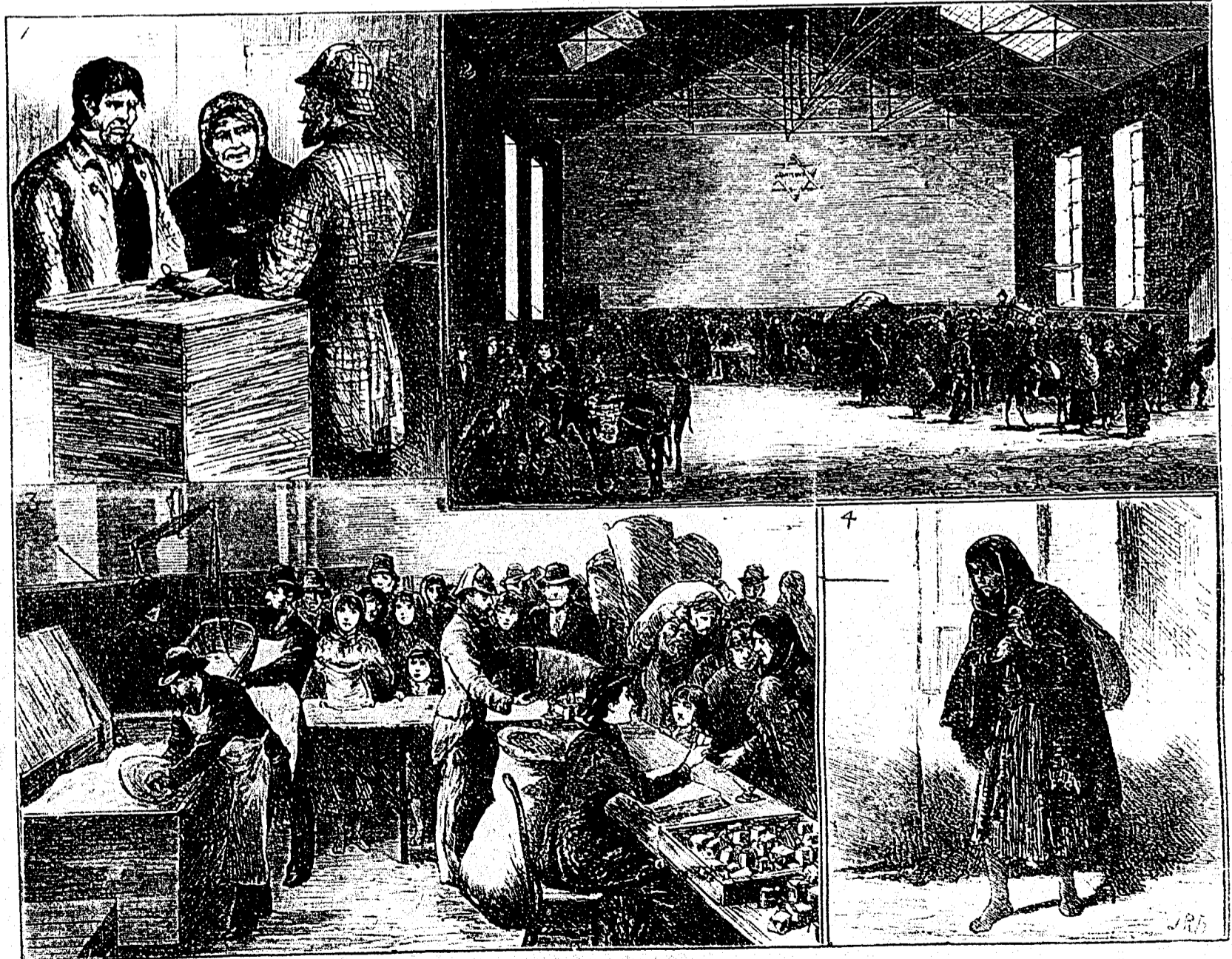
THE PRINCESS STEPHANIE.



BETROTHAL OF THE ARCHDUKE RUDOLF OF AUSTRIA AND THE PRINCESS STEPHANIE OF BELGIUM.



POLISH JEWS DRIVING TO MARKET.



1. Failure and Success : Applying for Relief. — 2. Feeding the Hungry : Scene in the Riding School. — 3. Sir Henry and Lady Gore Booth at Work in their "Shop." — 4. Happy though Heavy-laden.

THE DISTRESS IN IRELAND.

The principal events of his Administration were the passing of the Irish Disestablishment Act in 1869; the Irish Land Act and the Elementary Education Act, 1870; the negotiations of the Treaty of Washington respecting the Alabama claims, 1871; the passing of the Ballot Act, 1872; and the Judicature Act, 1873. On March 11th, 1873, the University Education Bill was rejected, and Mr. Gladstone immediately tendered his resignation. The Queen summoned Mr. Disraeli, but as he declined to take office, Mr. Gladstone was induced to undertake the reconstruction of the Cabinet, and in August the new Ministry was announced. On the 24th of January, 1874, Mr. Gladstone gave official notice of the immediate dissolution of Parliament. This surprise was followed by his issue of an address to his Green-wich constituents, in which he promised to abolish the income tax. The returns of the general election, completed on February 27th, showed a most disastrous defeat for the Liberal party. Mr. Gladstone at once resigned and Mr. Disraeli became Prime Minister. During the ensuing session, although re-elected for Greenwich, Mr. Gladstone was seldom seen in the House. In January, 1875, he formally announced his determination to retire from the leadership of the Liberal party, and soon after the Marquis of Hartington was chosen his successor.

In September, 1876, he published a pamphlet on "Bulgarian Horrors and the Question of the East," and in March following another, described in its title as an exposition of the conduct of the Porte in and about Bulgaria since May, 1876. Both in and out of Parliament he strenuously opposed the policy of the Conservative Government, which resulted in the Treaty of Berlin and the signing of the Anglo-Turkish Convention. He was presented with the freedom of the City of Dublin in the fall of 1877, and on November 15th of that year he was elected Lord Rector of the University of Glasgow, succeeding Earl Beaconsfield.

AN OLD MAID'S CONFESSION.

By "ISIDORE."

Author of "Voices from the Hearth," "An Emigrant's Story," "An Old Miser's Story," etc., etc.

CHAPTER VIII.

BY THE SEA-SHORE.

I was in no mood to join our party in the evening. I pleaded a headache, and kept my room, having previously asked my grandmother to look after Flora. The next morning, not to my surprise, I found that Frank had hastily and suddenly taken his departure. "Say farewell to Agnes," he had said to Flora: "an important letter has summoned me to London."

For reasons which my gentle reader can now guess, I forebore asking my darling any more questions about him. In the meantime, I endeavoured, by a supreme effort of will, to root my love from my heart, and to let all thought and feeling merge in unending devotion for my sweet, love-stricken sister, who needed it all. Vainly did I exert myself to try and soothe and cheer her drooping spirits; vainly did I endeavour to overcome her lassitude and utter weariness of mind and body. All our household grey concerned about her. The two old ladies talked about her in suppressed speech. I alone knew why she so suffered, and I alone had to keep this secret with stealthy vigilance. Then they all consulted Doctor Ponder. This highly-endowed physician listened to our reports, chatted pleasantly with Flora, and recommended a change of air and scene. "Her nerves have been over-trought of late," he said, "and no stimulant of drugs which I might prescribe can equal the stimulant of a sea-breeze, which Nature does not charge for." And so it was arranged that I should accompany her to Hawlish, a pretty sea-side town on the Devonshire coast.

How well can I remember the bustle attendant on our departure: how everybody in the house busied themselves about us; how all strove to think of what we might require during our journey; and how anxiously and disconsolately they parted from us at our pretty railway-station. "You will soon get well and strong, my lass," said my grandmother, "and return home a renovated girl." "And take this with you," said Mrs. Dufresne, handing Flora an Indian shawl, warm in texture and exquisite in pattern; "it will keep you from draughts. Beware of cold currents of air, and always keep your mouth closed when you walk—all my complaints are due to currents of air, therefore look, Agnes, especially to her wraps." So you perceive that even Mrs. Dufresne grew thoughtful on my darling's account.

How clearly, even now, my memory can trace every little incident of that journey by rail; how I commented on the various passengers and their peculiarities in order to please her; how I drew her attention to the varied and picturesque scenes through which we passed, in order to awaken her curiosity.

The landlady of the apartments we had engaged beforehand awaited us. She was a buxom person, with fat, apple-coloured cheeks, suggestive of Devonshire cream and good living; with benignant grey eyes and a placidly contented smile. You are still in my recollection, O kindly-hearted woman! I see you now in my

mind's eye, waiting upon us so graciously, attending so skilfully and constantly to our wants and comforts. I still in fancy wander through the snug, airy, and neatly-furnished rooms, where everything had an orderly aspect, and all their surroundings wore an appearance of repose and freshness. And in this retrospect I like to recall our seaside retreat, so utterly unlike the ordinary run of watering-places near London, vulgarised by the holiday-seekers of the great metropolis, and possessing a quaint charm of its own, which can hardly be photographed in a description. It was a picturesque, rugged-looking place, situated amidst bold, precipitous heights and grotesquely-fashioned rocks. The irregularity of its sparsely-built streets, decked with many an old-fashioned villa and quaintly-built house, never surprised you, but seemed in harmony with its general appearance. In some places, the rocks seemed to shut in the town; in others, one could catch glimpses of the vast illimitable sea beyond. The railway rushed through the heights, and pursued its mad course along the sandy shore, so close to its tides that it seemed to me that some mighty upheaval of the waters might one stormy day engulf it in their dark depths. And how can I dilate on the lanes that skirted the town—those exquisite Devonshire lanes, with their rich, wild floral growths and leafy luxuriance, intersecting the grassy splendours of the meads, winding their way within sight of many a lordly edifice and happy, lowlier home, till they lost themselves close to the everlasting sea. Oh, dear, well-remembered place, my thought lingers lovingly and sadly on this page when I strive to faintly image your remembrance!

On the day we arrived, I busied myself entirely with Flora. I banished all thought about myself, and only "compassed her with sweet observances."

Her childish delight at the novelty of the change was, as far as it went, unbounded; still, I missed that exuberance of spirits and outpouring of eager merriment that used to delight me of old. I think she strove to look pleased in order to please me, and endeavoured to throw off her physical languor and depression for my sake.

On the morning following, I was up betimes in order to enjoy its early balm, when the postman's knock startled me, and set my thoughts wondering and wandering. There were two letters—one from our grandmother and one from Frank. Having left my dear sister asleep, I hastened forth, in order to read his letter alone. Could I help it, if my heart fluttered with a vague expectancy to do so, and that in my passionate yearning still to read his words, I wandered amid the silence and stillness of nature, wooing the fresh quietude of the early summer morning, within sight of the everlasting rocks and within ear of the eternal sea, with no human disturbing influence to break in or mar the surrounding peacefulness? How vividly that walk is imprinted on my memory! I grasped the letter tightly in my hand, fearing that some ruthless chance might despoil me of it; I longed to possess myself of its contents, yet I did not care to open it until I had found complete seclusion. How well I can recollect the sea-waves, shimmering with the light of the young dawn; I see still the fleecy cloudlets moving lazily along the horizon, only to break and disperse. At last I alighted on a hollow ledge of rock. Around me were precipitous heights, which stretched along and around the shore in weird, fantastic shapes. Near my vision the sea-gulls sported themselves in erratic flights, careering in the distance till they were lost to the view, or else lightly skimming the twinkling waves, that seemed to dance so gleefully. Far beyond were outlines of ships that passed from my gaze, like hopes that come to visit, only to fade away. Hardly a sound disturbed the solemn stillness, except the ceaseless splash and beat of the mysterious sea at my feet, forever moaning and changing like sad murmurs of human hearts. At last, I held my letter. With trembling hands, I broke the seal, and, with palpitating heart, read the following:—

"Dearest Agnes,—I left you all abruptly yesterday, and no one guessed the cause. You alone know it, and I am sure you did not wonder at my precipitancy. Whether, when Flora disturbed us, you would have recalled your words and relented, I know not; at any rate, in the state of mind occasioned by what seemed then, and what still seems, your heartless rejection—I could not brook the chance of hearing you reiterate them. Still treasuring the happy memories of hours passed with you, when your dear converse and a thousand nameless acts on your part all encouraged me in a certain hope that I might one day call you wife, I would not run the risk of having my illusions, if they are so, dashed to pieces by another refusal from your lips, and so I left you. I am not near you—I write these words in the chilling atmosphere of my chambers, but as my pen forms them I am buoying myself up with a hope, which grows as I continue writing, that they may kindle in your heart a recognition of my thoughts and feelings for your dear sake, and that I may assure myself that later on my love will not again be proffered in vain. I have such implicit faith in your candour and truth that I am positive no whim has influenced your decision. You may not think my position warrants my taking a helpmate, or you may have no desire to wed any one for a time; if either of these surmises be correct, I can wait; so long as I eventually gain the prize I covet, I can tarry for its bestowal. Must I prove my

worthiness to be your husband by more words? If so, the future shall prove to you that I can act as well as talk. Do you recollect you once informed me that I 'had all the elements of success in my nature'! I have not, as you perceive, forgotten your cheering words. Do you wish to recall them now?—when I have set my mind to win a greater stake than worldly success, a nobler ambition than fame at the bar! Have I already partially failed in winning the dearest gift allotted to man? No, Agnes, my dearest Agnes, a voice whispers I have not. The hopes I have formed may be clouded, but they are not extinguished. Again I look forward to the time when these formal protestations on paper shall take a newer guise, a warmer and a fuller life; when their utterance breathed into your ears shall evoke the one dear responsive word to make my life's happiness."

"You will think of me, Agnes, as you read these words; let my love and my determination to win yours plead my cause, so that the next time I see you, which I trust will be soon, I may quit your presence, your accepted, instead of your rejected, lover."

"I hear that you intend to take Flora to the sea-side for her health. I hope the change will benefit her. Remember me to her, and believe me yours ever devotedly,

"FRANK."

I finished this letter with a mist of tears between my eyes and the dear, hopeful, earnest words. I looked on the pitiless, desolate sea beyond, until in my misery I could almost have prayed that it might take and hide me within its cold embrace. Then some happy children's voices in the distance banished the fearful thought. Involuntarily I shuddered as I folded the letter, and kissed it fondly and sacredly.

Oh, Frank, Frank! if you could only have read my heart, and have known the bitter truth! Often and often have I, in the after-time, poring over these treasured words, until I seemed to live once again the half-hour that I am striving to embalm in these pages. Oh, sacred memorial of the buried years! I can hardly, even now, summon courage on paper to lock you away from my sight.

CHAPTER IX.

A VISITOR.

"I have been so anxious about you," said Flora to me on my return to our cottage. "And Mrs. Dudsall, our landlady, has also been wondering why you have not returned to breakfast, and I have had such nice, pleasant letters from home, and they all miss us, and Mrs. Dufresne begs me not to stay out in the cool evenings, and who do you think is coming down to see us?"

How pretty she looked, as I entered, in her simple white dress, with a pale blue ribbon at her throat! And it was so like her old self to hear Flora rattle on, telling me all the news in one breath, that her talk quite gladdened me. "In the first place, my darling, I felt inclined for a long stroll. You will forgive me for my forgetfulness." And my heart smote me then even for my slight thoughtlessness.

"But you have not guessed the name of our expected visitor," continued Flora. "Shall I whisper the name? Doctor Joshua Ponder. There! Why don't you look gratified? Whereupon I strove to look pleased, and failed miserably in the attempt."

"He is coming, doubtless, to see how our dear little patient is progressing," I replied, "and perhaps he also requires a change."

I had grave misgivings that perchance some other motive had directed his steps towards our Devonshire retreat, but I inwardly hoped I was mistaken. On the following day he presented himself. He pronounced Flora somewhat better, and he said to me later in the day, when he and I were alone—

"Your sister's ill-health puzzles me."

"And it gives me great concern," I answered. "Naturally; and I wish to ask you a few questions about her. As a general rule the imaginary complaints of those who consult me are easily checked. I administer innocent potions, which exercise the beneficent effect of making the patient believe in their efficacy. When the disorder is slight, I still administer my innocuous nostrums, and order the patient to positively abstain from that, be whatever it may, which in my opinion caused the bodily disorder. Under the curative process the patient recovers."

"This is very interesting, Doctor," I replied, interrupting him, "but I do not see the application of your theories in my sister's case."

"I am coming to her case, my dear Miss Dagmar," continued the Doctor. "Whenever the symptoms of unmistakable illness are inexplicable, as in your sister's case, then I try to discover the cause, the root of the malady. Health, as you know, has been rightly described as a *mens sana in corpore sano*. Our corporeal frame often owes its ill to the incorporeal mind. Now, is any disturbing element working an injurious influence on your sister's mind? If so, we must endeavour, to use Shakespeare's words, to 'minister to the mind diseased.'"

How could I answer the Doctor truthfully? I dared not do so. Under all hazards I had to faithfully keep Flora's secret.

"What an idea, Doctor Ponder!" I answered. "What in the world is there to prey on my sister's mind? You know what confidence I have in your judgment, but this time it has fallen into an error."

"Perhaps," said the Doctor.

"There is no doubt about it," I exclaimed, pre-emptorily, wishing to completely disabuse his mind of the idea. "There is no anxiety of mind in Flora's case."

"Then I am mistaken," replied the Doctor.

"You are, completely," I continued. Then, as was his wont, he walked backwards towards the door, and left me, promising to rejoin us in the afternoon, when we meditated a drive.

Had I, or had I not, quite undervalued the Doctor! In the solitude of my room I vainly and unsatisfactorily questioned myself on the subject. Even could I have unburdened myself to him, no possible good could have arisen from my confidence. It was best for every one that my secret should still remain in my own breast. For her sake, for her dear sake, I had to wear a bright mask of cheerfulness, and seek an outlet for my own misery in devotion to her, and yet never betray her secret.

"I thought there were two letters this morning," said Flora, immediately after the above conversation; "the landlady told me so."

I could not tell my darling a deliberate falsehood. "Yes, there were two letters, and one was from Frank," I replied.

"One from Frank!" said Flora, turning pale. "And was there no letter for me, and no message?" And she gazed at me with such a wistful, pleading look.

"There are all kinds of pleasant messages for you," I said.

"Indeed!" and Flora's dear eyes brightened. "Let me see the letter, Agnes!"

How could I show it to her? What excuse could I plead for not being able to produce it? Was I now, for the second time to-day, compelled to be guilty of falsity of speech? Must I dull the lustre of those dear, tender eyes, and quell the gay expectancy of her manner by uttering an untruth? Oh, pitiless circumstance, that makes us unworthy in our own eyes! In my own exceeding tenderness for my sister I had to obey circumstances. "My own pet," I murmured, "I have not got the letter. I dropped it in the sea whilst reading it."

"Oh, how careless!" answered Flora, almost sobbing. "Why did you take it to read it alone? Why did you not wait for me to see it also?" And then, as if she was afraid she had said too much, my sister's manner changed.

"It doesn't matter, after all," she petulantly remarked; "I don't want his letters," and when, later on in the day, I sought Flora, I found the door of her room locked, nor could my persuasions prevail upon her even to admit me.

How can I narrate what I suffered that afternoon! It is just as possible to transcribe the bitterness of agonising mental pain as the delicious sweetness of mental pleasure. I watched and waited eagerly and anxiously for the sound of my darling's footfall hour after hour. I pictured her suffering alone, when even her sister could not be present to soothe and comfort; I imagined her a prey to the bitterest feelings, perhaps, which can overtake a suffering human lot; and I, a martyr, for her sake, a wealth of love ready for me in that letter about which I had uttered a falsehood, could not be privileged even to minister sweetness to her pain—to play the lover and frolic, which I am certain was torturing my darling alone in her chamber.

CHAPTER X.

THE DOCTOR SPEAKS.

We did not take our promised drive that afternoon. In the evening Flora made her appearance, and made extraordinary efforts to seem lively—she even, at times, chattered heartily, though often incoherently. The Doctor and I humoured her, doing our best to be genial and talkative. Now and again my pet would suddenly cease speaking, and look round absent and dreamily. During those moments the Doctor and I, exchanging glances, would notice how wan and pale she looked.

"Do you know," said Doctor Ponder, when Flora had left us for the night, "your sister is a bit feverish. Has she over-walked herself?"

"No, Doctor," I answered.

"Then," said the Doctor, repeating his yesterday's words, "I can't exactly understand her, but I must try and trace her illness to its probable cause."

"Yes," I answered, inwardly resolving that he never should. "You must exercise your skill, and do so."

But as the days flew on my darling's health did not materially improve. She was not apparently ill, and never kept her bed; but she had constant fits of depression and languor, alternately succeeded by moods of forced vivacity.

The Doctor administered his harmless doses, and strove to make himself agreeable to us both, and the one subject which interested and concerned us—namely, Flora's health, gave him many opportunities of frequenting my society, and so we often wandered, sometimes with and sometimes without Flora, within sight of the restless sea-billows, near the margin of the pleasant beach, or else along the densely-foliaged lanes, enjoying the balm of the summer atmosphere, and the freshness of the healthful sea.

One day when we were alone the Doctor suddenly looked melancholy, and then grew strangely taciturn. "How monotonous is the sound of the waves," I said hazarding a remark. He drew a long breath, but did not reply. The Doctor not to answer me! What could be the matter? "Do you think," I continued, hazarding a second remark, "that the strange silence

which seems to brood within a rock-bound coast is real or imaginary?"

Again the Doctor preserved silence. At first, I only deemed him absent; now, I began to think him absolutely rude. Suddenly he looked on the sands, quietly inscribed his name on them with his stick, and still, with that look of melancholy on his face, spoke, "Life, my dear Miss Dagmar, is but a dream." Had the Doctor been so entertaining himself with his own thoughts as not to have heard my questions? "And," continued my companion, "as this is an incontrovertible fact, why should not the dream be a happy one?" Was he taking leave of his senses, or merely meditating an essay on a very worn-out theme, for my especial benefit? I could only nod an assent, and then allow him to continue. "In my case," said the Doctor, "life might be made happier."

"How so?" I asked, the meaning of his remarks at last dawning on me—resolving to lead him up to the point, and bring matters to a crisis, in order to let him know the worst.

"In this way," answered my companion, who then drew his handkerchief from his pocket, wiped his forehead determinedly, and hesitated. Wishing to aid his speech as far as I was able, I remarked—

"You were saying, Doctor Ponder, that life in your case—"

"Might be made happier," continued the Doctor, "could I only find a companion to share it for life." And here the Doctor, gathering all his resolution, threw it into his voice, which suddenly became more earnest. "During many years I have seen the one, whose affection, could I only have been lucky enough to have won it, would have proved a dear boon to me. Yes, Agnes, I have been bold enough to have loved you. Can you think of me as a lover? Will you bestow on me the dearer name still of husband?"

He did not attempt to take my hand; he did not even dare to approach me by a hair's breadth. He fearfully uttered this avowal of his love, and I, feeling truly sorry for him, tried to make my refusal as kind as possible, and then waited calmly for my answer.

"Doctor Ponder," I said, "we have been friends, old friends; let us continue so. My heart is bound up in Flora's welfare only, and in her happiness; all the love in it is for her. I have neither the wish nor the inclination to marry any one. My good friend, I hope I have not pained you. Think of me as Agnes Dagmar always, but never associate my name as the wife of any man."

Could I not thus speak candidly and truthfully to him? I had no love to give him, nor any one now. In the calm of thought, which had succeeded my renunciation of love for Frank, I could frame my reply to the Doctor composedly.

"Have I no possible chance in the future?" he said. "Is my case hopeless? Is your answer 'No'—to be always 'No'?"

"Always," I replied. "Seek a more fitting helpmate than I am, and let us never revert to this conversation."

The Doctor did not answer me then, and his next speech was about ordinary topics; and ere we entered our house he had assumed his general manner. He had taken his refusal manfully and bore it heroically. Accustomed always to conquer feeling in the exercise of the noblest and tenderest duties which, in my opinion, it is the privilege of a human being to follow—namely, ministering to human ailments—he bravely smothered his own disappointment in his unswerving attendance on my dear sister; and I think, after this interview, there was more freedom in our friendly intercourse than before.

Closing this chapter with the spoken record of the Doctor's confession, to one, whom I am afraid, was hardly worthy of it, I cannot, through the sorrow that encompassed those days, summon language to express my gratitude to him for all those nameless and numberless acts of attention, thoughtful, and advice, tendered to her, which accordingly makes me linger lovingly over a recital in which his name figures so conspicuously.

(To be continued.)

THE SEAT OF GOVERNMENT.

MR. MACKENZIE'S RESIGNATION—DOMINION NOTES AND BANK CHARTERS—THE LETELIER CASE—SUPPLIES—SIR R. CARTWRIGHT'S WANT OF CONFIDENCE MOTION—THE HIGH COMMISSIONER—BILLS SANCTIONED—DECEASED WIFE'S SISTER'S BILL—PRINTING CONTRACT.

(From Our Special Correspondent.)

OTTAWA, May 1.—1880.—When the town awoke on Wednesday morning it was startled by the announcement in the morning papers that Mr. Mackenzie had resigned the leadership of the Opposition. He made his statement in such a way as to constitute a surprise, and I am credibly informed that members on his own side of the House were as much astonished as any body else. At the hour of about two o'clock in the morning after a prolonged and tedious sitting, the adjournment of the House was moved. It is in order for any member to say anything he likes when this motion is proposed; and Mr. Mackenzie took people somewhat aback by getting up and saying that he desired to make a statement personal to himself. He then, without giving any reasons,

simply said he had decided to resign the position of leader of the Opposition; and that, henceforth, in that House, nobody but himself would be responsible for anything he might say. Sir John Macdonald immediately rose and remarked that while it was not for his (the Government) side to make any comments on the statement which the House had just listened to, yet he might say he sincerely trusted that the member who took the place of the member for Lambton in the leadership would display the same earnestness and zeal for the interests and good of the country as he had done. That was, at least, a graceful and unpremeditated compliment from the First Minister to the retired, or—shall I say—fallen leader of the Opposition. The adjournment immediately afterwards took place, and both Sir John A. Macdonald and Sir Leonard Tilley at once walked across the floor and shook hands with Mr. Mackenzie.

I do not wish to fill your columns with gossip, and yet there are some curious circumstances connected with this matter one is tempted to notice. It is known there was no previous caucus of the Opposition, and it is, therefore, probable that Mr. Mackenzie may have been disgusted with cabals to call one. It is said that a notice had been put into his hands for the calling of a caucus to consider the leadership question, or to elect a leader, and that he cut the knot by the step he took. It is known that the rivalry of Mr. Blake has given rise to a question of leadership from the very commencement of the session; and I believe I correctly informed you that this subject would have been pressed some weeks ago, had it not been kept back by the great personal influence of the late Mr. Holton, who was known to be a friend to Mr. Mackenzie, and who saw that other evils, beside party ingratitude, would follow his deposition. While, however, Mr. Mackenzie occupied the place of leader, it has been patent to everybody that Mr. Blake pushed himself forward as though he regarded it not. Take an instance: Once during a question on a Militia Bill, Mr. James Macdonald, the Minister of Justice, and Mr. Blake were having a little brush, when the latter was described by the former as the officious member who volunteered to enlighten and guide the House on every question.

It is known that a considerable portion of the Reform party has long been favourable to the leadership of Mr. Blake, and, in fact, it was said, when Mr. Burke made way for him to give him his present seat, that leadership was one of the reasons for this step; and he has an imperious self-possession which seems to have been satisfied with no other position. Mr. Mackenzie, on the other hand, was always very modest about his position, and said to his constituents, when he went for re-election after his appointment as First Minister, that he would gladly have made way for another, and that the place had followed him, not he the place.

The newspaper which is the organ of the party in this city, stated on Wednesday evening that there was the utmost cordiality among the party, and that Mr. Mackenzie will serve with as much cheerfulness as he led. As a matter of fact, I believe this will be found to be the case; but, on the other hand, it cannot be doubted that he has of late encountered much that was disgusting and many humiliations. For instance, during the very sitting in which he made his announcement, while he was moving his elaborate resolution and making an elaborate speech on the Letelier matter, Mr. Blake drew his slouched hat over his face, laid his head on his desk, and made an ostentatious parade of going to sleep, instead of helping his leader. And I showed you last week that the Pacific Railway debate brought Mr. Mackenzie necessarily a still more bitter humiliation. The mistake he made, if he were going to resign, was that he did not do so before that.

Mr. Blake, on Wednesday, was smiling and gracious to everybody, and on Thursday he was elected leader by an Opposition caucus by an unanimous vote. But to this caucus, it is said, Mr. Mackenzie and some of his friends did not go. It did, however, pass a resolution expressive of gratitude to him, and Mr. Blake made an eloquent speech.

The place of Opposition leader is now an established constitutional entity, and carries with it the place of First Minister in the event of victory. The fall of a man from that position of the eminence of Mr. Mackenzie, constitutes a most decided event in our politics, and this, in its circumstances and the manner in which it has been brought about, is without a parallel in our history.

I have thus given you the simple facts which have led up to, and are connected with this event, and I find I have no room left for my own reflections; but I may say I know it has been felt by some of the members of the Liberal party that Mr. Mackenzie's stubbornness, especially on the question of the N. P., led them to defeat; and others of them said that, while he was Minister, the Opposition might as well have been in, for any good he was to them. This is testimony in favour of his rigid honesty. It is known that he is a poor man, and this, in view of the opportunities that high place always affords, is something which may be set down to the credit of our politics. It is noticeable that Mr. Mackenzie's fall comes after Mr. Holton's death, and when Mr. Brown is on his death-bed. The *Globe*, of Thursday, stated that the late "leader was diligent, exact, prompt, wise, and high-minded." But, in reviewing these transactions and writing an eulogy on Mr. Mac-

kenzie, that paper does not even mention the name of Mr. Blake.

On Monday, Sir Leonard Tilley's Dominion Notes and Bank Charters' measures were passed through Committee of the Whole, and the principles they contained were established. There was no serious opposition. The banks seem to be quite satisfied with the measures, in as far as they are concerned, at least, they made no resistance. I have already given you the points of these measures. As respects the Dominion Notes, it cannot be said that increasing the credit from twelve to twenty millions is anything more than a natural progress in keeping with that of the country. It is not launching out into any new experiments of credits by means of notes; while as to the bank charters, the restrictions have been on the side of prudence and strengthening the credit of bank notes.

On Tuesday, Mr. Mackenzie moved a long, elaborate resolution, seeking to establish that, in the action taken by Sir John Macdonald and approved by the House, there was a subversion of the principles of Responsible Government, together with an attack on the independence of the Provincial Governments. This question is too long, if it is not too old, again to discuss; but I think it may be said that Mr. Mackenzie did succeed in tripping up Sir John upon the question of the forms adopted; and, in fact, the position assumed in his resolution was not successfully answered, because it could not be; but if one were to pass through the forms and go upon the merits, there is a much more substantial case on the side of Sir John; and, perhaps, this is one of the reasons which induced Mr. Blake to affect to go to sleep while his leader was speaking. Mr. Mackenzie's resolution was rejected by a vote of 119 to 49.

After this vote the House went into Committee of Supply and continued to pass items of the estimates till it rose at two o'clock.

On Wednesday, the Supplies were again the main business of the day, and the routine of the votes was somewhat enlivened by a motion of Sir Richard Cartwright of want of confidence arising from increase of expenditure under the heads of Civil Government, Superannuation, and the Indians of the North-West. This may be called the first gun under Mr. Blake's leadership. The point was that since 1875, in round figures, Superannuation had risen from \$100,000 to \$142,000; Indians from \$121,000 to \$550,000, and Civil Government from \$815,000 to \$917,000. Sir Richard's resolution was rejected by a vote of 127 to 50, and this may be fairly taken as the point of departure showing the relative strength of parties under the new Opposition leader. I think nothing can be more [elusive and unfair than making simple comparisons of gross figures of this nature which establish percentages of increase without looking at the actual facts on which they are based. For instance, much of the increase under the head of Civil Government and Superannuation is statutory, and, therefore, beyond the control of the Ministers, and, if thoroughly looked into may also be found to have been quite necessary and in the public interest. I believe also that nobody better than Sir Richard Cartwright knows that none of the items under these heads are excessive. As respects the Indians, the fact arising from the decrease of the buffalo had to be met. The Indians could not be allowed to starve, and withholding expenditure on this head might have led to another infinitely greater, in costly attempts to suppress outrages, to say nothing of the natural call of humanity. The manner of dealing with the Indians may be a mooted question, but in times of scarcity of food it is action that is required and not debate. The voting these estimates occupied the whole evening until two o'clock in the morning, and a great many items were passed.

On Thursday the second reading of the Bill appointing the High Commissioner was moved by Sir John Macdonald, and in Committee of the Whole the House passed a resolution to fix the salary at \$10,000 a year. This brought up a debate and afforded the Opposition an opportunity for a little onset against the Government and a little sharp speaking. Sir A. T. Galt will probably be edited by finding himself sharply criticised by his old friends—of course, one cannot say, party allies—Messrs. Blake and Mackenzie. Mr. Mackenzie was particularly sharp in pointing out the weak places of the High Commissioner's speech on the occasion of the banquet at Montreal, saying, in fact, that the statements made were grossly improper for a representative of Canada, and generally calling in question the value of the functions which he would be called upon to exercise. Mr. Blake seemed to fear that the country would be committed to some probable gross imprudences by having a representative in England, but this was happily answered by Sir John, who said the representative could not exercise greater powers than the Government which sent him, which was amenable to the House of Commons of Canada. Sir Leonard Tilley showed that as Financial Agent, Sir A. T. Galt would be the means of saving large sums to the Dominion in the management of the Canadian accounts, and this point Sir Richard Cartwright frankly admitted. This is, I think, the one great and substantial reason that may be adduced in support of the appointment, and one, moreover, which admits of no question. The only wonder is, in view of the vast sums paid out during the last few years, why something of this kind was not earlier done. The other kinds of agency which Sir Alexander will exercise, diplomatic, emigration and treaty making, may be things

which admit of question, and may amount to very little; but it may be convenient nevertheless that we should have a general Agent in London. The second reading was carried by a vote of 120 to 48.

His Excellency came down on Thursday and gave the Royal assent to a number of bills. Sir John Macdonald made the announcement that the Government hoped to be able to close the session on Friday next.

There was a long debate in the Senate on Tuesday, on the Deceased Wife's Sister's Bill, and a good deal of sharp debating. The Bill was defeated by a majority of one upon a motion to postpone for one year; this being the ground taken in the speech of Sir Leonard Tilley to which I have before alluded, in order to allow time for the expression of opinions. One or two of the Senators also took exception to the form in which this Bill was drawn, who would have been willing to assent to the simple proposition that marriages of the kind in question should be legal if solemnized by the Church to which the contracting parties belonged. From the very decided expression of opinion of the House of Commons, and the giving-time ground assumed by the Senate, one may anticipate that this Bill will become law in another year in Canada.

The Joint Committee have decided that the printing contract of Messrs. McLean, Roger & Co. should be cancelled as a punishment for the practices connected with it. This is hard on the printers; but there are others more guilty than they. And they have probably only done what other contractors have. The thing, however, is to check the system if possible.

On Friday the business was principally routine.

INTEMPERATE TEMPERANCE.

Rev. Dr. Bartol uttered a vigorous protest at the celebration of the State Fair, in Boston, against the intemperate advocacy of temperance, or rather prohibition. He is reported as denying that total abstinence is requisite universally either for self-protection or for example's sake. It may be necessary to such as, like Mr. Gough, have been once long and thoroughly steeped, like a naturalist's preserved specimen, in alcohol. "Touch not, taste not, handle not and smell not," may be the only rule for them. A man who cannot taste of wine without wanting to take too much is not temperate, lacking power within to stop at the right point. A man is intemperate who, in his earnestness to make a point, overstates, distorts, disparages, depreciates or misrepresents. A man is intemperate who launches bitter personal sarcasms for honest diversity of views at men as good as himself and far better, if abstaining from imitation of his invidious or reply to his scorn. A man is intemperate who, with statutory laws of any sort, would tyrannically over-ride his neighbour or cramp him in the freedom he discreetly employs. The great enemy of intemperance must be dislodged by supplying its place with a stronger force. Man the stronghold of the soul with good affections, and there will be no room for strong drink to come in. I know not whether we can or ought to destroy alcohol from the face of the earth. It will in some form and measure continue to be used. It is well if we could hinder it from being adulterated and drugged. "Add to knowledge temperance," which is not an enforced act, but a state of mind, balance of character, a poise of inclination so perfect as to be peace and joy. Let me accordingly suggest to all engaged in the temperance reform that their main business, as it is the solemn obligation of us all, is to stir in ourselves and waken in our fellows the cravings whose satisfaction is the soul's salvation.

The Princess Beatrice is gaining a reputation as an elegant dresser, her toilet at the Queen's last levee of peach silk, with bodice and train of black and peach-striped velvet, suggesting something delicious and worthy a true Parisienne in the matter of taste.

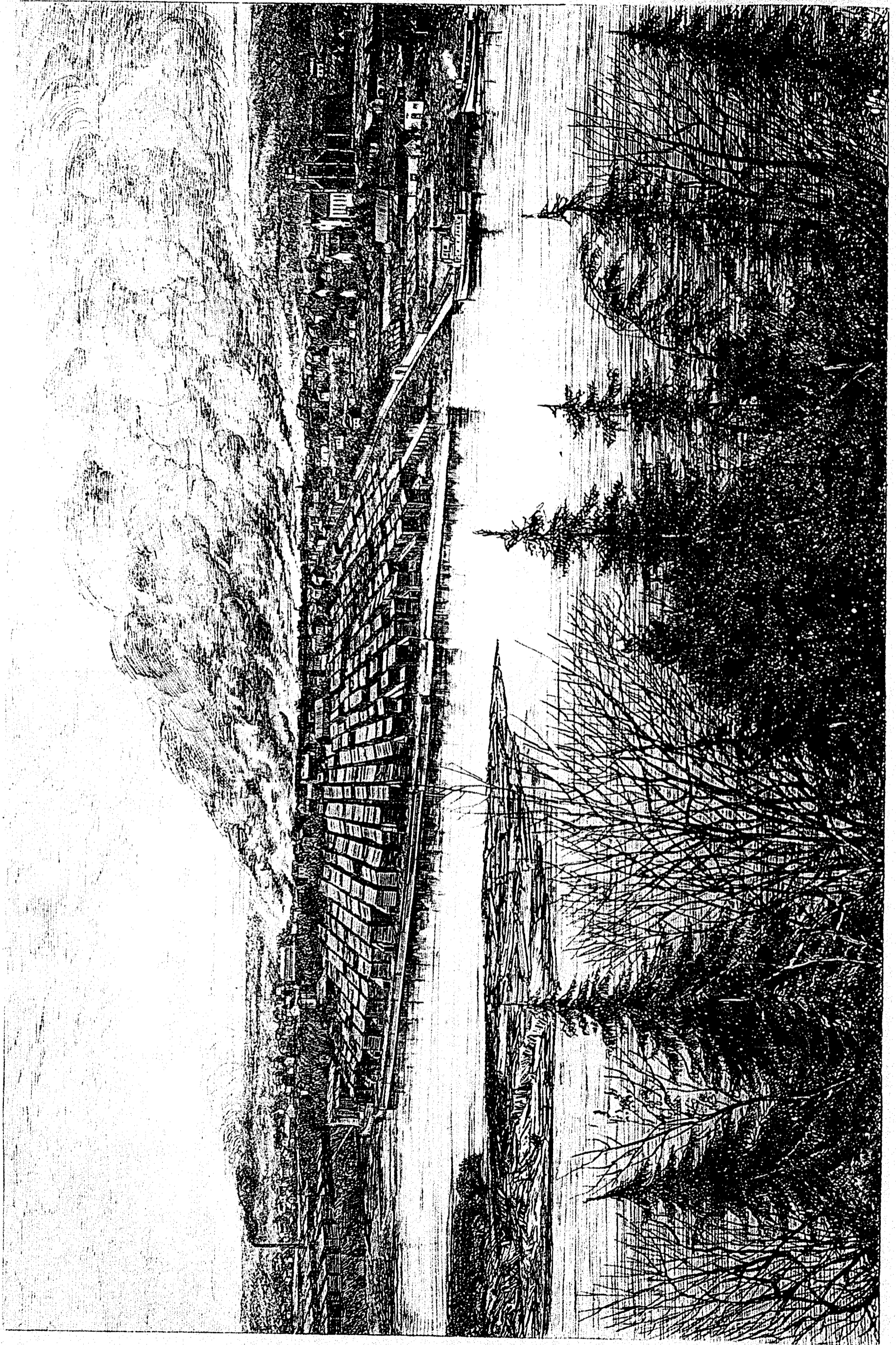
The people of Lexington, Ky., mourn the death of Bulger, a sad dog, who for years has followed every funeral procession to the cemetery. The first funeral attended by Bulger was that of his owner, and ever afterward the dog seemed to be looking for his master.

Now, the general name for bread in Cabul, is a leavened cake of a long oval shape, made of whole meal, and baked in the oven. It is like very good brown bread. When mullerry-powder is mixed with the flour, the bread is rather sweet, and said to be both wholesome and nutritious.

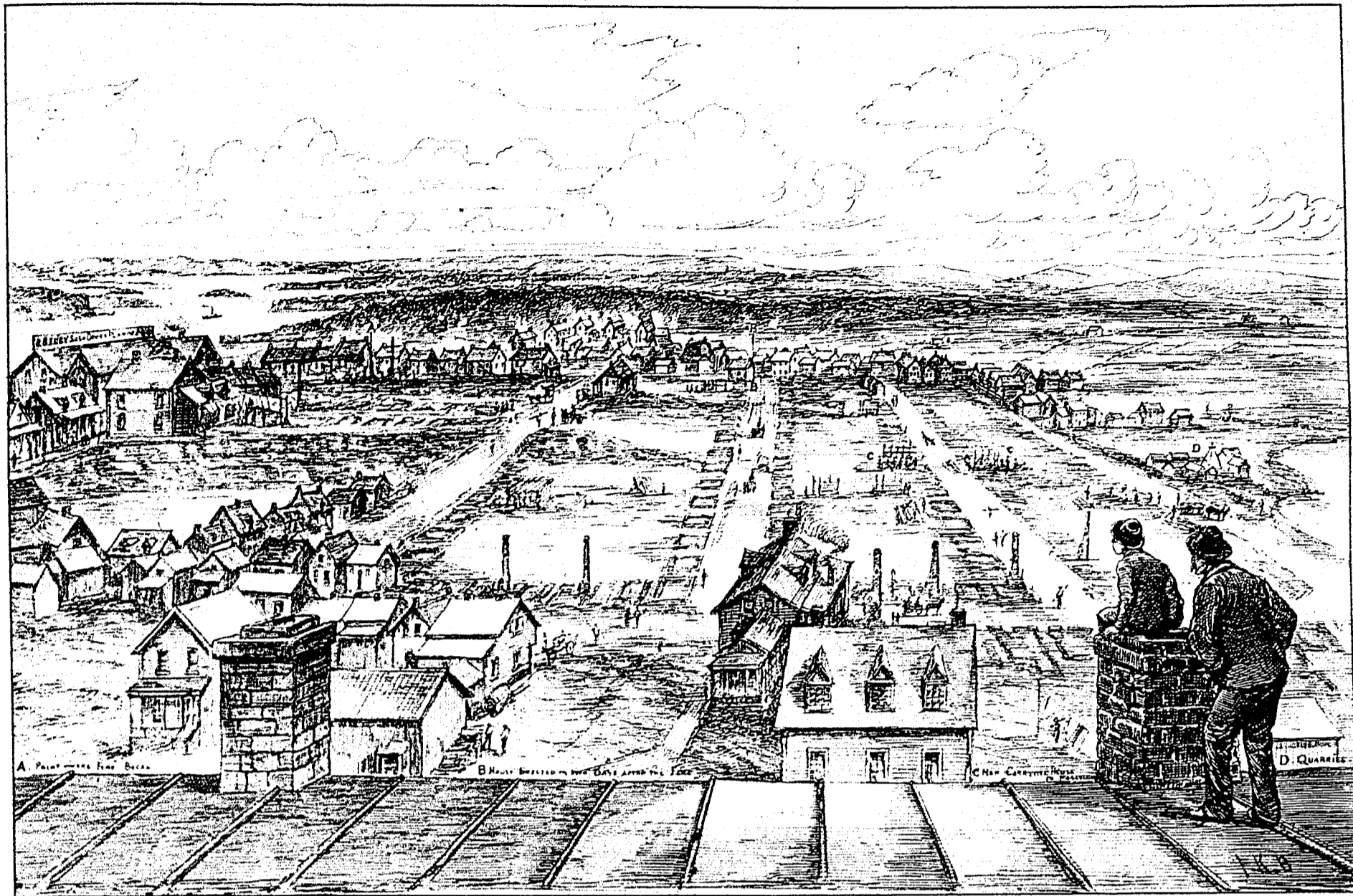
HUMOROUS.

SOME gentlemen on dining at a table d'hôte, the conversation turned on oysters, which several of the party contented showed a sagacity that argued that they must have brains. A young man who had taken an unduly prominent part in the conversation, to the annoyance of an elderly gentleman, his neighbour, turned to the latter, and said: "Do you believe that oysters have brains?" "Certainly, I do, sir," was the prompt and pointed reply, "since they know when to shut up."

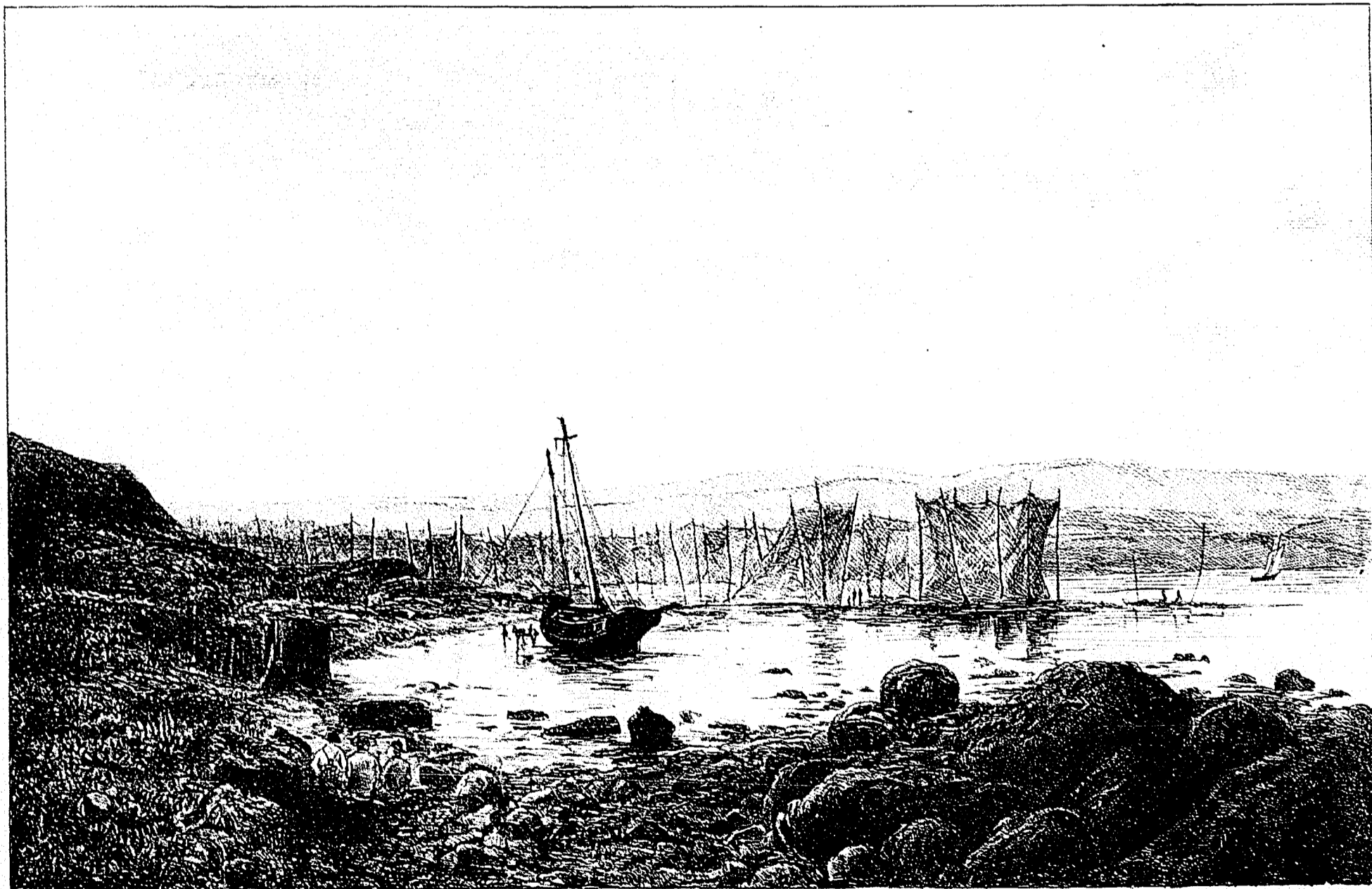
"WHAT we Need" is the very appropriate title of an article in an exchange. We haven't read it because we know what we need better than anybody can tell us. Let's see, we want two or three additional brown stone front houses, a new spring overhead and a suit of clothes, a team that can beat our present horses, which trot in 2.15. Send them right along to the office and then we'll make out another high-sounding title of what we want.



THE GREAT FIRE AT HULL.—FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY TOPLEY.



HULL AFTER THE FIRE.—FROM THE CUPOLA OF THE CHRISTIAN BROTHERS' SCHOOL.—FROM A SKETCH BY F. K. B.



BAY OF FUNDY.—FROM A PAINTING BY H. SANDHAM, C.A.

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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 XL.

THE RESCUE.

The grounds of the Priory were shrouded in darkness. Another day had passed, and another night had settled down upon hill and dale, upon landscape and ocean. But few lights were burning within that residence, and all save the one in the room of Clara threw forth a feeble effort, as though those on whom they shone were preparing to retire for the night. That boudoir had now become the place of tears; there her anxious heart expressed itself in sighs, and her sorrowful spirit mourned for him whom, from insinuation, she feared was dead.

The little clock on the mantel-piece rang out from its silver bell the hour of ten. The gentle tones aroused the attention of Clara, and at the same moment she heard the barking of the yard dogs. This was quickly followed by a loud ringing of the door-bell in the servants' hall, and as the noise reached her, she started in surprise. Lord Lushington had left the Priory. In a few minutes old Alice appeared, bearing a note, written in uncouth characters, and signed with the name of Dick Backstay. The purport of the note was that intelligence had been received from Charles Freeman, and that, as the messenger must leave again by nine o'clock the next morning, if Clara would come to a point in the road alone, or in company, he would be present, with his friend, to give her information on the matter. A postscript added, "Please do not be later than eight o'clock."

About the time Lord Lushington left Canterbury on his way to the Priory, Jacob Winter and his men, in company with Lisette, left the cottage of Dick Backstay. To keep out the chilly air, the old man, after padding himself with innumerable under garments, put on a thick coat, and, over that, an overcoat, while a red nightcap, retained for special service, was put on beneath his hat, leaving a portion of it to come down over his eyebrows to keep off the rheumatism.

Before the day dawned Clara arose and prepared to respond to the note of the previous evening, and at the hour appointed left the Priory alone. She was too well known and too much respected to dread going forth without an attendant. With heart elated by hope she pursued her walk, watching every bend in the road in the hope of meeting the messenger, and in the magnifying power of the fog forming an approaching person from the veriest trifles. But no one appeared, and in her anxiety she became apprehensive lest she should be disappointed. Still advancing, she drew forth the note and again read it. The hour was distinctly written, and that time had passed, and yet they had not arrived. Seeing a short distance from her a recess which might shelter her from the raw air of the morning, she directed her steps toward it; but scarcely had moved to seek the shelter afforded by the secluded nook, when she saw a man coming, enveloped in thick clothing, as though to protect him from the chilly blast.

"He comes at last; but how is it he comes alone?" Believing the person to be the messenger, as she spoke she turned to meet him; but, judge of her surprise, when she found it to be Lord Lushington. In an instant the thought of treachery flashed on her mind, and for the moment paralyzed all her energy. Recovering, she sought to retrace her steps, but before she could move his lordship placed himself in front of her.

"Clara," he said, "you have come to receive intelligence of one devoted to you, and accept my assurance that I am the person."

"My lord," she replied, "how dare you meet me in this manner?"

"Simply because I came for the purpose," was the cool reply.

Casting a look of the utmost scorn upon him, Clara again tried to escape; but still standing before her, his lordship continued: "You will have the goodness to come with me; this is no time for delay, and it will be useless to create confusion. I have your father's command to convey you to Canterbury, and there everything is in readiness to make us man and wife."

"Do I dream, my lord?"

"By no means," he replied, with the coolness of the villain he had become; "at least I imagine not; and should you do so, your dreams should be pleasant when marriage is so near."

"Marriage! Impossible. Neither yourself nor Sir Harry shall force me to marry contrary to my will."

"I sincerely regret that your wishes are not favourable to our determination."

"Nor ever will be."

"Then the matter must be done without your consent. Sir Harry desires it, and that is

enough. Now, with your permission, we will move toward the carriage in waiting to receive us."

"Lord Lushington, are you here to mock me; have you forgotten the respect due to a lady, as to seek me out in this lonely situation for the purpose of adding to the sorrow already filling my soul?"

"By no means; I came here for the purpose of relieving the anguish of your heart in sharing with you your sorrows and my joys. Will you have the goodness to accompany me to the carriage, as time is precious?"

"Never!"

"Clara, your opposition is useless. In obedience to the wishes of your father, and with the happy concurrence of my own heart, I have agreed to take you this morning to be my lawful wife."

"And you have inveigled me to this place for such a purpose?"

"It is simply a little ruse."

"Have you no respect for the feelings of a woman, you who have sisters of your own?"

"I respect them exceedingly."

"Then, I pray you to desist from your annoyance of myself, and permit me to return."

"Clara, must I again entreat of you to accompany me peaceably, or I shall be under the painful necessity of employing severe measures."

"What! am I to be forced to submit to the cruelty of Sir Harry and yourself?"

"Unless you are prepared to accompany me, it will become my painful duty to act thus."

"I never will; and I dare you to place a finger on my person."

"Don't let us have a scene, Clara."

"It is a matter of indifference with me; consent to go with you I never will, and I dare you to molest me. Lord Lushington, your position in life and your education should teach you to respect the feelings of a lady."

"They do, my innocent; but, unfortunately, my pocket is in opposition to them."

"Am I then to be sold? O, merciful Father! help me for the sake of my dead mother."

"I am afraid you pray too late."

"Leave me; touch me not; rather shall yonder sea be my grave than I will follow you."

Turning, as she spoke, to make another attempt to escape, her enemy clasped her round the waist, and, giving a signal to his companions, they rushed to his aid. The shock of the touch of Lord Lushington aroused Clara to a temporary resistance, but, being quickly overcome, she fainted.

"That's good," said his lordship, as he saw the beautiful heiress of the Priory being borne to the chaise in a state of unconsciousness; "before she recovers her senses we shall be far on the road." Placing Clara within the coach, and entering it himself, he gave quick orders to start. The command was politic, and the driver was willing to obey; but, before he could obey, a severe blow had knocked him off the back of the horse he was riding. "Curse that stupid fellow! why doesn't he move?" enquired his lordship; but, before he could receive a reply, the chaise was surrounded by the posse of Uncle Jacob.

"Give it them! Don't spare the rascals!" bawled the old man; and as he shouted, he stood over the fallen postboy with stick upraised, ready again to smite him should he move hand or foot. It was the blow of Uncle Jacob which felled him to the earth, who, as he stood there in the disguise he had assumed, appeared more as a person who had come to the spot for the purpose of making mirth than with any more serious design. The shouting of Jacob Winter aroused those within the carriage, and, as one of them jumped forth, a blow from Dick Backstay brought him senseless to the ground. In an instant Lord Lushington and Fred Holman were grappling with each other.

"Met at last!" hissed Fred Holman. "Every dog has his day."

On seeing who had seized him, his lordship became furious.

"No quarter!" hoarsely whispered the former.

"Curse you! This time I'll murder you," replied his lordship; but a well-directed blow brought him to the earth. Raising himself on one hand he quickly drew forth a pistol and fired. At the report, Fred Holman leaped upward; the ball had just grazed his cheek, and in an instant he grasped him by the throat. Together they wrestled, but, by a skilful movement, his lordship was again thrown, and, kneeling on him, his opponent said:

"Your villainy has brought you to this. I have long waited for revenge. It was you who robbed me and reduced me to beggary, you fawning hypocrite! I have you now in my grasp and I'll avenge myself."

The danger to which he was exposed gave increased strength to Lord Lushington, and in the struggle he released one of his hands and drew forth another pistol; but, before he could fire it, Fred Holman knocked it away, and with the former one inflicted a blow which stunned him.

Hearing the sound of firearms, Uncle Jacob, having bound the postboy hand and foot, rushed to the place of strife, and, seeing how matters stood, exclaimed:

"Don't destroy life, my boy!"

"He deserves to die," replied Fred Holman.

"And so he will, if you'll give him time."

"But now, this instant, and by my hand!"

"He isn't worth the trouble of killing. Come, lay hold of him;" and, drawing Fred Holman aside, he had the unconscious nobleman conveyed to the carriage.

The party of Uncle Jacob coming so suddenly and unexpectedly on those they considered their enemies for the sake of Clara, had quickly made themselves masters of the field. Having overcome their opponents, Dick Backstay wished to know what was to become of them.

"I'll tell you," said John Williams; and, suiting the action to the word, calling on the old sailor to lend him a hand, he had them quickly lashed together in pairs, and in such a manner as to render them helpless to assist each other.

"What is to be done now?" enquired Dick.

"Pop 'em through the gangway, batten down the hatches, and send 'em adrift."

This resolve, delivered in nautical phraseology, was soon adopted; and, the four being placed within the chaise, the window-blinds were drawn up and secured by means of a piece of wood placed between them and the frame, and the prisoners were left in darkness. The plan of attack had been to knock down all they could, and, having stunned them, to bind them with cords carried for the purpose. This being worked out, enabled John Williams so readily to tie them.

"A pleasant voyage to ye, my hearties!" said Dick Backstay, as he closed the shutters on the prisoners; "I can't tell where you'll make the land."

Having thus secured the party, John Williams ordered his messmate aloft to the roof of the coach, while he himself mounted the back of the horse. Being thus placed, one on the roof of the carriage and the other on horseback, the two sailors, waving their hats to their friends, drove away. The spirit of mischief being now lively in their minds, having driven for some time they entered a wood, and, backing into a pond to the depth of the carriage floor, they cut the horses adrift, letting them go where imagination led them, and leaving the prisoners to draw their consolation from whatever source they could.

But where was Clara? Having revived, she was conducted by Lisette along the cliff. Sitting behind a tree, which sheltered them from the cold wind, the latter was trying to calm her perturbed feelings. The thought of what had occurred had excited her beyond control, and, leaning her beautiful head on the shoulder of the not less beautiful gypsy, she sobbed as though her heart would break.

"My lady, forbear to weep," said Lisette, in that clear, ringing voice of hers; "your sorrows are great, but you are surrounded by friends."

"Who are you? Have I not seen you before?" enquired Clara, when her emotion would permit her to speak.

"I am a gypsy, my lady."

"A gypsy!" exclaimed Clara, in horror; "shall I never escape dangers until the grave covers me?"

"Pardon me, my lady, but I would be your friend?"

"A gypsy my friend? Impossible! I fear that much of my sorrow arises from that class."

"It is true; and I mourn that I have ever been numbered among your enemies; but I have since done all I could to repair the fault."

Lisette then told of her treacherous act which lured Charles Freeman into captivity. As she related the fact, Clara started from her side, and, looking into her face, as the tears chased each other afresh down her cheeks, she exclaimed:

"Cruel, cruel girl! What injury had I done you that you should seek to retaliate? or does the love of money consume all humanity from a gypsy's heart?"

"Reproach me, my lady, I deserve it. Rather than be a party to such an act, I ought to have submitted to every indignity—to banishment from our tribe, and to death itself. I weep bitter tears for the part I took against one so beautiful and good. Pardon me, my lady!" and falling on her knees Lisette wept and pleaded for forgiveness.

The sight of such unfeigned sorrow touched the heart of Clara, and she enquired:

"Did you, of your own free will, plot for my distress?"

"Oh! no, my lady; I loathed myself while engaged in it, and when it was over I left our tribe in disgust."

"And where have you since been?"

"In France. But will my lady forgive me?"

"In France! for what purpose?"

"That I might, if possible, repair the injury I had unwillingly inflicted. I went there that I might find Charles Freeman, and I have succeeded."

"Do I hear aright? are you again deceiving me?"

"Far be it from me to deceive you again. Forgive the past, and you will find Lisette your friend."

Receiving the promise of forgiveness, she then told how she acted from the time she had left England until she returned. The narrative of how much she had endured to repair the injury inflicted under the influence of dread, revealed her noble soul to Clara. Such a nature was twin to her own, and, taking the gypsy by the hand, the two girls stood looking on each other, equally beautiful, equally good at heart, separated by the accident of birth, and differing only as the result of association.

"Lisette," said Clara, "I mourn your past conduct, but I forgive you, and receive you as a friend. Tell me, now, is it possible to effect the release of the prisoner?"

"It is not only possible, it shall be done. Having your forgiveness, I am now prepared to dare anything for you."

"Lisette, you will force me to love you as a sister."

"Only say that one so good and beautiful as my lady can respect me as a servant, and I will be willing to go even unto death itself for your sake!"

"You have my love."

"Thanks, my good lady;" and taking the fair hand of Clara she pressed it to her lips.

"What plan shall you pursue for his deliverance?"

"I have a plan; only have patience."

At this moment Uncle Jacob and Fred Holman appeared. Grateful for her deliverance, Clara shook the hand of her old friend in the fervour of gratitude.

"You must not thank me; you must thank that girl there."

"What, Lisette?"

"I don't know her name." Uncle Jacob then related how she had discovered the plot, and how she had acted.

"My dear, dear friend!" exclaimed Clara; "my more than sister," and, laying her head on the shoulder of the gypsy, she kissed her beautiful cheek, and wept.

"I think I've caught cold in my eyes through being about at night," said Uncle Jacob, as he looked on the affecting scene and mopped his face with his handkerchief.

Having escorted Clara to within sight of the Priory, they bade her farewell, and the three returned again to Folkestone. Lisette dared not show herself to her people, lest her plan should be frustrated by them.

Clara kept the doings of the morning a secret. It was her wish that they should be. Sir Harry quickly discovered the failure of Lord Lushington, and bewailed the loss of his thousand pounds; but he felt confident that Charles Freeman was secure, and this, to some extent, appeased him. The baronet was now seldom at the Priory.

CHAPTER XLI.

BROTHER ANTHONY'S DOINGS.

"It is truly astonishing how the intellect of the idiot can be made to expand under the pressure of circumstances," said Monsieur Du Boulay to madame, looking very wise, and as though, in his pretension to be a philosopher, he had made a discovery; "Anthony, although in some things a complete imbecile, performs the simple task allotted to him with surprising cleverness."

"He knows that his bread depends upon it, Monsieur."

"Madame, you are always so practical in your conclusions. It destroys the beauty of philosophic contemplation to have argued as the cause of such extraordinary development of intellect in one so thoroughly imbecile, a motive so gross. The reasoning powers of that poor boy being confined within such a narrow chamber in his cranium, can only shoot forth its corruscations in scintillations struck from his brain by the force of surrounding circumstances. This teaches us that the lucid interval attending the weakest intellect could be prolonged, did we but know the most proper means to employ, and the most proper moment for employing them."

"I know nothing of the nonsense you speak of; I simply know that one-half of such as make out they cannot understand, that they may escape work, are generally blessed with a lucid moment for finding out the hour of meal time."

"Madame, your respectable associations should have afforded you loftier conceptions."

"Respectable? Monsieur!"

"I repeat the term."

"The society of smugglers, and—worse."

"Have you not at the chateau the privilege of mixing with the best society the district affords?"

"Are the persons who visit here the best in the locality?"

"Are they not?"

"Monsieur can tell. It is many years since I passed the boundary of the chateau."

"Nor do you wish to?"

"You would be afraid to permit me to indulge my wishes."

"Your residence here saves you from being annoyed by the world beyond."

"It is the money which keeps me here, Monsieur."

"Peace—peace; one portion of mankind must fall that the other may vault into position."

"It would have been well had I died long ago."

"So others have thought, Madame; but I greatly differ from them in my opinion."

"It is to your interest to do so."

"Precisely so; and I wish for you, should I die before night, that you may follow me before morning."

"You dread detection, and the consequences which would follow."

"What I do, is done that I may live, and the world admires the man who succeeds, whatever means he may employ."

"Still, I may some day reveal to your guests things which would be unpleasant to you they should become acquainted with."

"No one would believe you; my friends already consider you to be a harmless lunatic, and your eccentricities to be unworthy of their attention."

"Yet I may some day deceive you."

"What? Fool! If ever you attempt such a thing, that wretched life of yours, you cling to with such tenacity, although you affect to despise it, shall quickly be cut short."

"They who live longest will see most."

"What makes you so cross this evening? Are we about to have a change in the weather? The barometer of your animal spirits usually sinks before a storm. Enjoy yourself while you may; the comforts of the chateau are yours to command."

It was common for these two to indulge in such altercations. The old woman was a prisoner at the chateau, and she frequently reproached Monsieur for detaining her; but, as she knew her life depended on his caprice, she was fearful of pushing her opposition too far.

When Lisette had departed from the residence of Monsieur Du Boulay, Brother Anthony made himself exceedingly useful, and performed the little domestic matters required of him with an intelligence which sometimes aroused suspicion. But he was wary, and immediately he caught the eye of Monsieur resting on him suspiciously, something extravagant was certain to be committed. The Frenchman sincerely believed the boy to be imbecile, and in his credulity omitted to warn him against visiting the laboratory. Nor did he in this matter require any caution, for he seemed to possess an instinctive dread of the place, and in his wanderings, even when he had no knowledge that the eye of his master was watching him, he always avoided approaching near to it. For this peculiarity a solution was sought for on philosophic premises, especially as the exterior of the building appeared to fill his mind with alarm; for, whenever he cast his eyes in that direction, he always exhibited unmistakable signs of horror. Being from this satisfied he would never approach the forbidden spot, a greater freedom was felt than with Lisette herself.

Anthony, too, possessed a constructive faculty, and to see the imbecile running about with tools in his hands, or drawing from his pocket a hammer, or a knife, excited no surprise. With such tools the youth made for himself a number of grotesque toys, and it was the delight of his employer to watch his doings. Indeed, Monsieur gravely declared, as the result of a deep philosophical study of the subject, that Anthony would have been a genius, had he been born with the capability. To keep alive such an idea was thought to be well.

Anthony felt free to leave the chateau whenever the Frenchman was in bed. To leave the house after traversing the corridor, was at no time a difficult task, for the back of the place was situated so as to facilitate any attempt to escape unheard. Feeling himself free from being suspected, the imbecile determined to visit the laboratory. It was in the dead of night when he reached the prison house of Charles Freeman, and, placing himself beneath the window where Lisette had stood, spoke aloud:

"She is too good!"

"Who is that speaking?" was the enquiry from within. Charles Freeman was awake, and his watchful ear caught the sound.

Without regarding the enquiry of the prisoner, Anthony again exclaimed, "She is too good!"

"Who is that speaking?" was again the enquiry. This time the questioner seemed in a state of positive alarm, and without waiting for a reply he pleaded with Heaven to be saved from becoming again the victim of a delusion, which excited his hope, only to be followed by a deeper despair, in a voice so full of feeling as to arrest the attention of the gypsy.

"Hist! it is a friend who speaks."

"Oh, the delusion! again I hear a voice."

"Charles Freeman!"

"The mocker now calls me by name. Merciful Father, why has this evil befallen me? Take my life, but spare my brain."

"Peace, peace, poor fellow! this is no delusion."

"If you be a reality, speak once more, and tell me who you are!"

"The friend of Lisette."

"What! was she a reality? Am I not mad?"

"She was a living person; but she is gone."

"Gone, alas! where to?"

"To friends of yours in England."

"Impossible!"

"Poor fellow! it is true."

"And has left you here! Pray tell me all about it."

"This is not the time for explanation; I may be watched in coming here, and although fully capable of defending myself, it will make it worse for you if I am discovered. Come closer to the window."

Obedient to the request, the prisoner approached, and, just as he reached the place, a pane was smashed from the outside. "Who did that?" he enquired in alarm.

"I," returned Anthony.

"You have ruined me; all will now be found out, and I am lost. Foolish man to act thus."

"Nonsense; I am no novice at this kind of

thing. First be assured that I am your friend, and all will then be well."

"If Lisette was a real person, and you are her friend, I have confidence in you, for as an angel of mercy she brought me hope."

"Good; I am her friend. Now, listen to me. Lisette is gone to England to make preparations for your escape. That she will succeed I have no doubt—don't speak, my time is short,—should she do so it will be necessary for you to be in readiness to leave this den at a minute's notice. But don't anticipate the result of her endeavour; it may be weeks before she can return."

"Your intelligence is life; it is salvation. May God speed the effort of that noble woman!"

"Here, take this file. I have feigned a taste for the employment of a carpenter that I might search for something to aid us in our purpose, and my diligence has been rewarded in finding such a treasure as Monsieur had no knowledge he possessed. That instrument is well adapted for your work; secrete it about your person, and at your leisure file asunder those bars inside the window. Don't do too much at a time; and whenever you leave off, collect the dust from your labour and hide it. Discolour your work as you proceed, lest the quick eye of the Frenchman should become attracted by the shining metal."

"Precious instrument!" exclaimed the prisoner, as he took the file; "the possession of this fills my soul with hope."

"All will be well; only count not the hours, lest your patience should become exhausted. Do nothing at those bars until the window-pane is repaired."

"That pane of glass will ruin all!"

"Peace; take this stone with which I broke it, place it on the other side of the room, and leave the rest with me. Now, good-night; obey my instructions and preserve your patience."

Leaving Charles Freeman to ruminate on the prospect of deliverance, Anthony returned to the chateau. All was as quiet within the old dwelling as when he left it, and, creeping along the corridor, he listened at the door of the apartment of Monsieur, and had the satisfaction of hearing him utter sounds of deep sleep. Stealing noiselessly to his own room, he, too, quickly forgot the considerations of earth in the depth of slumber.

Having obeyed a summons to arise that he could not well resist, that of being pulled violently out of bed, on descending to the kitchen a wild yell escaped from the throat of the imbecile. This was attended with stamping his feet, pulling his hair, and then rushing out in the direction of the laboratory. When within a stone's throw of that building he stopped suddenly, and, taking a handful of large pebbles from the path, commenced throwing. Every stone he hurled he made strike the forbidden place, and accompanied his efforts with the wild and unearthly yell of "The cat! the cat!" The noise arrested the attention of Monsieur, who came forth to ascertain the cause of such confusion. As he came upon the scene Anthony was pelting the laboratory. On seeing such conduct, he ordered him immediately to desist and to return.

On hearing the command he turned, and presented a countenance so filled with the mingled expression of horror and grief, that the Frenchman himself became startled by its appearance.

"The cat! the cat!" came in sounds so sorrowful from the lips of Anthony, as he obeyed the summons.

"What has the cat done?" enquired Monsieur; and, taking his hand, in a truly idiotic manner, he led him to a corner in the kitchen where stood an old empty basket.

"Gone! bird gone!" said Anthony, in the most plaintive tones, as he stood looking at the basket which had formed the temporary home of a lame robin Monsieur had caught and given to him to amuse him. He had no knowledge the creature had lived until shown the empty home, and by the vociferating was led to understand that a cat had stolen it.

Monsieur had a thorough hatred of cats, and the mournful aspect of the idiot as he pointed to the tenantless basket, increased it to intensity, and led him to vow the direst vengeance against the whole feline race. Being satisfied with the cause of confusion, he sought to comfort the boy by assuring him that he would obtain for him another captive. By this promise he soothed his feelings, and then started off in the direction of the laboratory. But, scarcely had he proceeded forty paces, when Anthony rushed after him, and, taking him by the shoulder, with intense alarm written on every line of his face, he tried to prevail on him to return.

"The cat!" exclaimed the idiot, pointing toward the building; and then by pantomimic gesture, employing both mouth and fingers, he continued, "Cat! bite—scratch—Monsieur."

Assuring Anthony that he was not frightened at a cat, and that he might test the sincerity of his horror at the sight of the laboratory, he took hold of his hand that he might lead him thither. But, as soon as the intention was realized, he wrestled violently to obtain his release, and being again free he started at full speed toward the chateau.

"That is well, said Monsieur, as he saw the youth running; my secret in the laboratory is safe from him; he will not be the cat who will release my lame robin from his confinement; he seems to have a perfect horror of the place." Thus talking to himself, he reached the building, when the first thing he detected was the broken pane.

"How was this done?" he demanded of his

prisoner, who, without deigning a reply, pointed to the stone on the floor. Not doubting but Anthony had broken it in throwing at the thief, he cursed all the cats from the flood to the end of time. But Charles Freeman regarded not this outburst of Monsieur, and sat motionless on his wretched bed, with his face buried in his hands.

(To be continued.)

REFLECTIONS ON FIRST LOVE.

In dimness, in deep ignorance do we begin this life of ours; we make mistakes and afterwards chide our infamous delay and yet nevertheless the smeared record remains for us with all its faults and its unclean nakedness. We fall not as one falls covered with glory, but with grief, confusion, and shame, and we only rise by sheer force of our sacred determination to live forever nobly unto virtue; unto all great uses of our fleeting careers.

But despite these, our frailties, who shall mourn for man, fashioned as he is by so great an Architect? Who shall dare to defy the Eternal, the Infinite, the Just, and scorn His great deed, for mankind all embody the lofty intention of God who, in the depths of His compassion and tenderness for His children, has so ordained that their lives should be imperfect, and has endowed them with many passions and with many opportunities for holiness.

The divine poet sings:—

"Love took up the harp of life,
And smote on all the chords with might;
Smote the chord of self, that trembling
Passed in music out of sight."

For this reason is love to be prized, in that it deprives us of our selfishness, and yet we very often err in deeming ourselves beloved when such is really not the case. I am making a sad assumption, for my own experience has been that

"'Tis better to have loved and lost
Than never to have loved at all."

And if there be any consolation in the thought, I am only too ready to listen to it. But it costs me much to learn so hard a lesson, though I never play the woman.

I then approach my last love with stern feelings, perhaps with excessive wrath, for although I had not analysed her mind to a nicety, I was secretly convinced of the weakness of her nature and reluctantly bring myself back to my old loneliness though I am destined not to be reconciled. Seeing her as a girl, and being moved towards her in a loving way, not entirely decided in any thing of moment, I temporarily lost her and so was for the time being saved from trouble.

But later on nothing could avert the love-sorrow which, like "the blood-red blossom of war," came on me with a heart of fire. And to be heated suddenly gives one the wildest impulses, and ultimately the sweetest inspirations of thought.

Let me call to mind here that I never told my love, and consequently may have lapsed out of memory, ever and anon thoughtless, extravagant, and diseased; but I trusted to the affected language of the eyes and vaguely hoped for a fuller understanding, and this (be it remembered) can never wholly be attained. I have treated the subject according to my various moods, sometimes seriously, sometimes lightly; now with contempt, now with a feeling akin to despair; but the end has revealed merely stoicism, that cold state of temperament which forbids all the wantonness of youth and which indeed assists us to expect soberly the approach of a witty companion.

We fall into all manner of infidelities, and extravagances of belief and unbelief, and flatter ourselves that the world is wide, and that love is all embracing. With me I can but appreciate one great loss, and I say, "Give me back my heart;" once I have my heart again I shall neither move nor be moved, but "a little grain of conscience makes me sour," and as I obey my conscientious dictates I persist in loving nobly and hopelessly.

I have become almost a hero in some respects of the case, but am now a forgotten thing and cannot survive the rush of the modern herd who are "wedded to raw Haste, half-sister to Delay;" but for all my inconsistencies, I have not forgotten my first obstinate love, and it is fitting I should describe my last interview with her.

I fear that at certain terrible seasons I am prone to an excitement which is sure to cause me the most lamentable results, and not only is this my enemy, but my physical condition occasionally weakens my mentality, and in a word I become utterly effete.

It was in such a state of weariness as this that I was called upon to be merry, and I verily believe that such will occur again if Fate is to curse me more forcibly than before; such is her malignity towards a struggling sufferer, and a servant of the Sun.

"Let it flame or fade
I embrace the purpose of God and the doom assigned."

The meeting took place, not, however, in such a spirit as would justify the advances of a lover, for I was sick at heart and might have uttered,

"Wed whom thou wilt,"

even though I could not believe her capable of so delicate a piece of treachery. We chatted indifferently, and I stayed too late; in fact, my hour of destiny had almost arrived when I departed, thinking that of a truth this episode was—

"Remembered, not regretted."

Since that premature day I have been invited to the banquet of success, and as a sober guest have not feasted with loud revelry, but rather with becoming quietness, and look for nothing so much as a happy solution of this fitful appearing diffidence.

Ultimately what can come from out the studied bitterness of the heart? Shall we rise to greatness and be seated on a golden throne? Let us seek all fame, all worthiness, all glorious honour, but let us hide forever this ghastly memento of a love that was never perfected. Shall life be ruined because one woman has degraded herself in the dust, because one soul was base enough to be bought with a filthy price? There is hope for the vilest, yea, the most abject shall be saluted with the kiss of peace, and on the dying lips will be a word of happiness, and over the dying face will be spread the soft subdued tints of silent sanctity. So too with those who have cast themselves foolishly on the fidelity of a young woman. They shall know no longer the hunger that agonises the spirit before the light, for with the morning the gloomy shadows will flit away noiselessly, and the solemn end will bring its calming benediction and its joy. "ITURIEL."

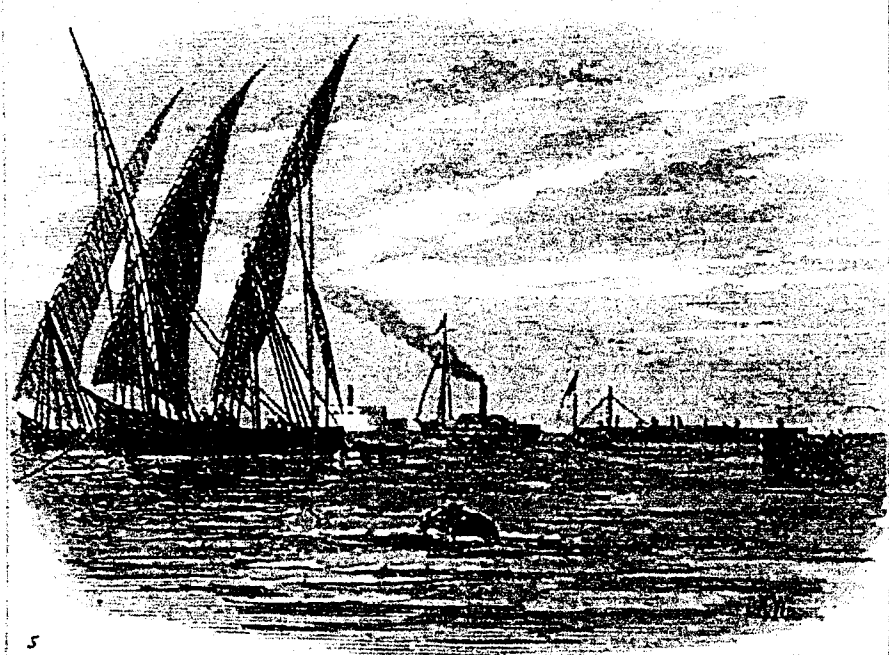
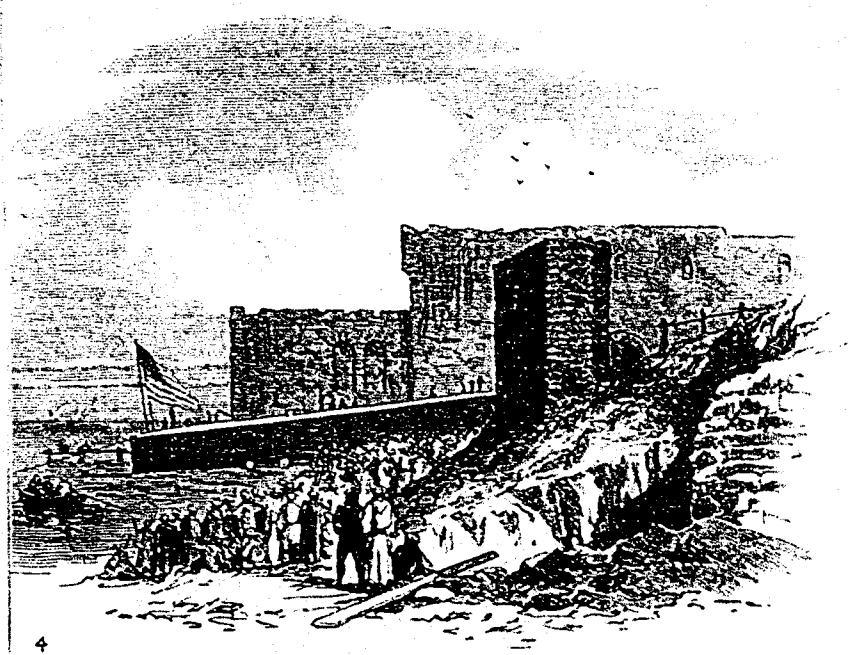
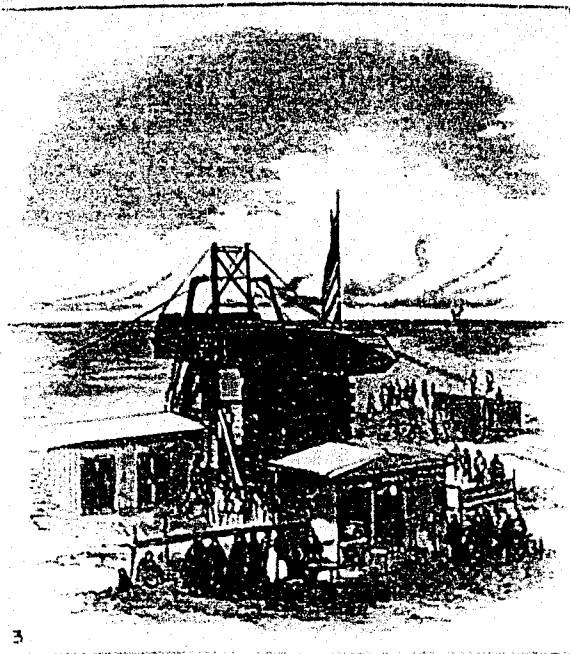
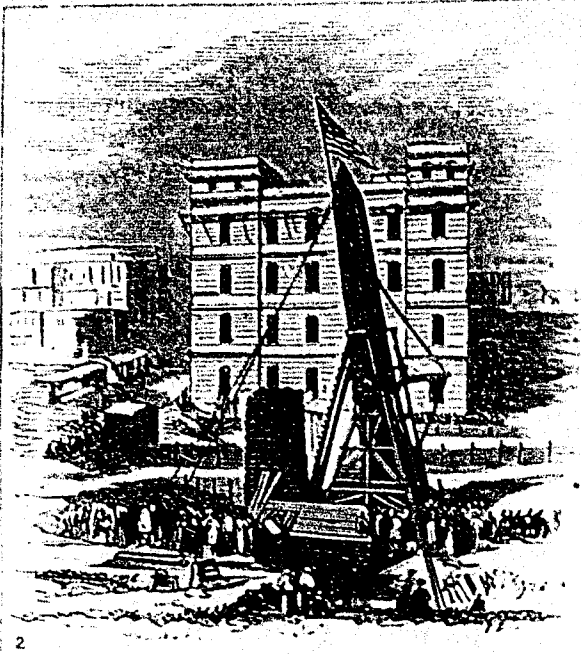
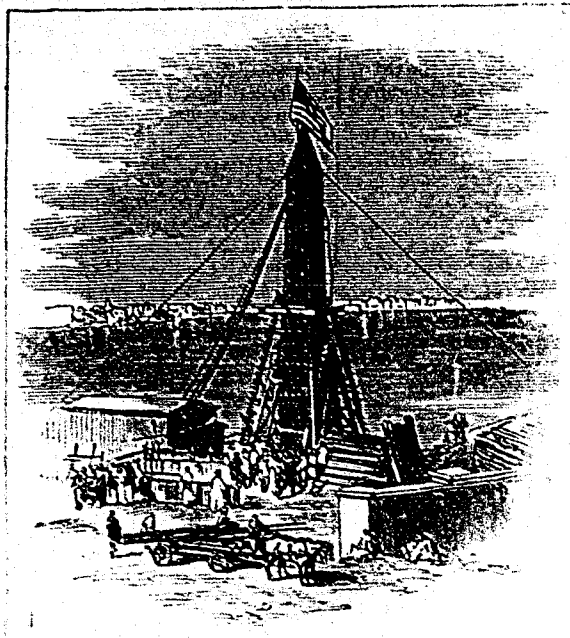
"A CHARLATAN AND ADVENTURER."

In discussing the causes and consequences of the liberal victory in England the New York *Nation* takes particular pains to call the present Premier "a charlatan" and "an adventurer." These names give a sharp point to paragraphs, and to the careless reader have considerable weight as specimens of heavy journalistic judgment. To the careful and impartial reader they are simply journalistic bosh. We presume England has her share of charlatans and adventurers, but she generally manages to keep them where they belong and never permits them to obtain position and power in public affairs. America might profitably imitate the English example in this respect. When, under a monarchical form of government and in a society where noble birth is still reverenced as something sacred, the son of a Jewish bookmaker climbs to the top of the tree, it is not an accident or merely the result of an odd combination of circumstances. Such a man would go to the top of the tree in any country and in any age, providing the country and the age were highly civilized. Charlatans and adventurers are occasionally flung to the surface in times of great political excitement, but their rise and fall are equally rapid and they exercise no very serious influence upon their surroundings. Lord Beaconsfield has been forty years in reaching the place he now occupies, and every step in the long, upward march has been gained by hard fighting, not against puny and contemptible antagonists, but against champions as stout and brave as any that ever grew on English soil. Without powerful friends, or the wealth which not unfrequently answers as a substitute; contending, during the earlier part of his career, at least, with a "prejudice of caste" which none before him had overcome; hampered by the memories of a failure so complete as to be ridiculous—he has made his way through all these obstacles by the sheer force of brains. To one of his juvenile novels he attached this characteristic motto: "Why, then, the world's mine oyster, which I with sword will open." The oyster has been opened, and it contained the robes of a prime minister, the coronet of an earl, and the ribbon of the Garter. The sword was drawn from his own head. No man living—and not many dead—has a better right to be proud of his achievements, or less cause to thank others for them. The veteran of seventy-five can look back along the rough road which stretches between the desk of a lawyer's clerk and a seat in the house of lords; between the drawing-room of Lady Blessington and the council chamber of Queen Victoria—and feel that at every stage of the toilsome journey he has been sufficient for himself and is the architect of his own fame.

The defeat of his party can no more destroy the reputation of Beaconsfield as a statesman than the defeat of Waterloo can destroy the reputation of Napoleon as a soldier. The chances are that he will never again rule the British Empire, but while that Empire stands he will be remembered, not as a "charlatan" or "an adventurer," but as a brilliant political strategist, a splendid leader, a minister of imperial ideas and imperial policy, of whom it may be said, as Macaulay says of Warren Hastings—that he was "tried by both extremes of fortune and never disturbed by either." Public opinion in and out of England is divided in regard to the soundness of his ideas and the wisdom of his policy; but public opinion in and out of England is unanimous as regards his indomitable will, his dauntless courage, his stainless character, his consummate ability. The wonderful race whose blood he boasts and whose name he bears has never produced a rarer genius or brighter renown.

A Good Housewife.

The good housewife, when she is giving her house its spring renovating, should bear in mind that the dear inmates of her house are more precious than many houses, and that their systems need cleansing by purifying the blood, regulating the stomach and bowels to prevent and cure the diseases arising from spring malaria and miasma, and she must know that there is nothing that will do it so perfectly and surely as Hop Bitters, the purest and best of medicines. See other column.



1. Obelisk erect, with lowering-gear attached.
4. Launch of raft, with Obelisk.

2. Lowering of Obelisk.
5. Raft with Obelisk, off harbour of Alexandria.

3. Obelisk horizontal, resting on stack of wood.

REMOVAL OF ANOTHER OBELISK FROM ALEXANDRIA TO NEW YORK.



THE MADISON SQUARE TRAGEDY, N.Y.



BONCHURCH.



STAIRCASE TO CARISBROOK KEEP.

A SPRINGTIDE PHANTASY.

How one is mystified by the ancient sages— Their quaint beliefs and weird, majestic dreams. Revealed to us on scrolls and yellowed pages.

All nature aroused from its long winter's rest By threatening winds, when trees seem dead.

The flames from the furnace of the god of fires Spread far, leaving a fiery trail; His anvils ring amidst confusion dire.

And Erebus floods with gloom, from the lower world. The dome, now shaded by veil of murky night;

The Furies tramp the clouds in frantic glee. On the lightning's chain descend, while mortals sleep.

And all the occupants of hell seem loosed To speed their hate in fercest cry.

From out this chaos the artillery of heaven swells A chorus wild and strong.

What a glorious thought! the earth serene Rolls through the elemental wars, and rage and scorn.

The crescent moon shines soft through changing days. Filling the vacant sky with refulgent light.

All nature wakes, with joy ring out the song; Ye lakes, ye rivers, dashing bold and free.

Old Sol awakes, shakes up his smouldering fires. Directs the rays of heat towards the world.

He draws the vapours from the vasty deep. Spreads it in clouds that fleck the changing sky;

Great Jove gathers from the four winds of Heaven Soft vernal air, breathes swift o'er hill o'er dale.

And Flora sings along the milky way. As fly her winged steeds all golden shod.

The presence of the goddess the wild dower feels. And presses from its tangled mossy bed

A colour touches millions of grassy blades. And leaves that shield the wild-dower's tiny bells;

She hears Diana, with her woodland nymphs. Calling the feathered messengers of song;

And yet the powers of one little god to tell. You bear his voice in song when zephyrs swell

Now, by all the powers of the deities we're blessed. The gods of heaven and earth have done their best

Hail, hail, all hail, fair Spring! All nature blooms, youth breathes on all around;

Port Dalhousie, Ont. CLARA READ.

ALGIERS.

BY HENRY LACROIX.

Algiers, situated partly on the E. side and at the foot of a high bluff, 500 feet in height, is in 36°, 47', 20 N. lat., and 0°, 44' oriental long.

minently the fine church called Notre Dame d'Afrique—the cité Bugeaud or suburb Bab-el-Oued, where the city walls begin. At the other end of the city comes the suburb Bab-Azoun or Agha—the villages of Isly or Mustapha-Inferieur—Mustapha-Superieur—Hamma—Husseïn-dey—Kouba—the Spanish village called Fond-de-l'Eau—ending to the S. E. with the Cap Matifou, on which is a light-house and where the ruins of the ancient Roman city Rusgunium are seen.

The aspect of Algiers at first sight is bewitching. Its lofty towering rock dotted closely with white buildings, which the eastern sun render dazzling, reminds one of fairy tales heard in youth. From the deck of the steamer the eye becomes enchanted at the sight, and seeks not in vain for the emblems of the Orient.

medans in their mosques, keep on their chachia (red cap) or their turbans. During the feast of Rhamadan, lasting a month, the followers of Mahomet keep strict Lent and severe fasting.

But I have somewhat anticipated the ordinary common course of description. In retracing my footsteps I, therefore, find myself almost at once on the first square of Algiers—la Place du Gouvernement—where the best hotels, cafes and restaurants are found in goodly number facing its three built sides.

The industrious division about this neighborhood, along the sinuous, intermingling, zigzag streets, is a most curious, interesting sight to behold. Small shops, bazaars, in untold number, are met at every step, where the natives of every race are seen manufacturing their oriental wares or such goods as are of common use.

(To be continued.)

OUR CHESS COLUMN.

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

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

J. W. S., Montreal.—Paper to hand. Thanks. Also solution to Problem No. 273.

T. S., St. Andrews, Manitoba.—Correct solution received of Problem No. 271; also solution of Problem for Young Players No. 268.

E. H., Montreal.—Solution received of Problem for Young Players No. 270. Correct.

E. D. W., Sherbrooke, P.Q.—Solution of Problem No. 272. Correct. If in solution of Problem No. 274 the White B is moved to B4 for first move, Black's reply is P to Q 4, and there is no mate next move.

The arrangements for the match between Rosenthal and Zukertort seem to be surrounded with difficulties. It is a long talked-of affair, and something we conclude will have to be done after so much has been said of the matter.

natural to surmise that after so many negotiations nothing will occur to mar the contest when once the play commences. The chief difficulty, according to the latest accounts from the old country, is the temperature of the air during the time the contest is going on.

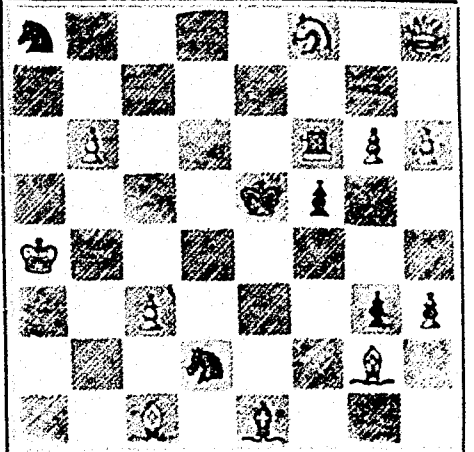
The following extract from Land and Water contains news which will be gratifying to all chessplayers. It is encouraging to see the game of chess receiving so much attention in France, and we have no doubt the organization of the great national tournament will ultimately lead to a spread of interest in the game among all classes of society in that enlightened country.

The telegraphic chess match between the Montreal and Quebec Clubs will take place on Thursday evening next, May 6th. There will be twelve players on each side, and a close contest is expected.

PROBLEM No. 275.

By J. W. Abbott.

BLACK.



WHITE

White to play and mate in three moves.

GAME 485TH.

One of eight blindfold simultaneous games played by Mr. Blackburne in London, Eng., in 1877.

White.—(Mr. Blackburne) Black.—(Mr. J. Wilson.)

- 1. P to K 4 1. P to K 3
2. P to Q 4 2. P to Q 4
3. Q Kt to B 3 3. B to K 5
4. P takes P 4. P takes P
5. Kt to B 3 5. Kt to K B 3
6. B to Q 3 6. B to K 5
7. Castles 7. Castles
8. Kt to K 2 8. B takes Kt
9. P takes B 9. Kt to K 4
10. Kt to K 3 10. Kt to K 3
11. K to R sq 11. Kt to K 2
12. R to K Kt sq 12. P to K B 4
13. Q to B 2 13. R to B 2
14. Q to R 3 14. Q to Q 2
15. B to K K 4 15. Kt to Q 3
16. P to B 3 16. B to R 4
17. Kt to R 5 17. Kt to K 3
18. Q to R to K sq 18. Q to R to K sq
19. B to K B 4 19. Kt takes B
20. Kt takes Kt 20. P to B 3
21. Kt to K 6 21. B to K sq
22. Kt to K 5 22. P to K K 3
23. Kt takes R 23. Q takes Kt
24. R takes R (ch) 24. Q takes R
25. B takes P 25. Kt takes B
26. Q takes Kt 26. Q to K 7
27. Q to K 4 27. Q takes K B P
28. P to B 2 28. B to B 2
29. Q to B 8 (ch) 29. K to K 2
30. Q takes B (ch) 30. Q to B 6 (ch)
31. P to K R 2 31. Q to B 7 (ch)
32. K to R 2 32. Q to B 7 (ch)
33. R to K 2 33. Q to B 8
34. Q to K 5 Resigns.

SOLUTIONS

Solution of Problem No. 273.

- 1. Kt to B 4 1. Any move
2. Mates accordingly

Solution of Problem for Young Players No. 271.

- WHITE. BLACK.
1. Kt to Q Kt 8 1. K moves
2. R to K Kt 6 2. Any move.
3. Mates accordingly

PROBLEMS FOR YOUNG PLAYERS, No. 272

- White. Black.
K at K Kt 5 K at K R sq
Kt at K 7 B at Q Kt 6
Kt at K Kt 4 Kt at Q R 5
Pawns at K R 4 Pawns at K 3,
and Q 4 Q 4, K R 2, K Kt 3
and Q Kt 3
White to play and mate in three moves.

The annual report of the New York Female Auxiliary Bible Society, just issued, shows that during the year the sum of \$12,553.00 had been spent by the society in charitable work.



CANADIAN PACIFIC RAILWAY.

Tenders for Tanks and Pumping Machinery.

TENDERS will be received by the undersigned up to noon on SATURDAY, the 15th MAY next, for furnishing and erecting in place at the several watering stations along the line of the Canadian Pacific Railway under construction, Frost-proof Tanks with Pumps and Pumping Power of either wind or steam, as may be found most suitable to the locality.

Drawings can be seen and Specifications and other particulars obtained at the office of the Engineer-in-Chief, Ottawa, on and after the 15th APRIL.

By Order,
F. BRAUN,
Secretary.

DEPT. OF RAILWAYS AND CANALS,
Ottawa, 1st April, 1880.



WELLAND CANAL.

NOTICE TO MACHINIST-CONTRACTORS.

SEALED TENDERS, addressed to the undersigned (Secretary of Railways and Canals), and endorsed "Tender for Lock Gates, Welland Canal," will be received at this office until the arrival of the Eastern and Western mails on THURSDAY, the 3rd day of June, next, for the construction of gates, and the necessary machinery connected with them, for the new locks on the Welland Canal.

Plans, Specifications and General Conditions can be seen at this office on and after THURSDAY, the 20th day of MAY, next, where forms of tender can also be obtained.

Parties tendering are expected to provide the special tools necessary for, and to have a practical knowledge of, works of this class, and are requested to bear in mind that tenders will not be considered unless made strictly in accordance with the printed forms, and—in the case of firms—except there are attached the actual signatures of each member of the same; and, further, an accepted bank cheque for a sum equal to \$250, for the gates of each lock, must accompany each tender, which sum shall be forfeited if the party tendering declines entering into contract for the work at the rates and on the terms stated in the offer submitted.

The cheque thus sent in will be returned to the respective parties whose tenders are not accepted. For the due fulfilment of the contract the party or parties whose tender it is proposed to accept will be notified that their tender is accepted subject to a deposit of five per cent. of the bulk sum of the contract—of which the sum sent in with the tender will be considered a part—to be deposited to the credit of the Receiver-General within eight days after the date of the notice.

Ninety per cent. only of the progress estimates will be paid until the completion of the work.

This Department does not, however, bind itself to accept the lowest or any tender.

By Order,
F. BRAUN,
Secretary.

DEPT. OF RAILWAYS AND CANALS,
Ottawa, 29th March, 1880.

**D. MORRICE & CO.,
ICE DEALERS,
24 Victoria Square.**

Prices Reduced for 1880.

Prompt Delivery and Pure Ice.

20 new Gold and Silver Chromos Card 10c. with name Silver or stamps taken. J. B. Husted, Nassau, N.Y.

THE DUCHESS CORSET.

Awarded Extra Prize, Grand Dominion Exhibition.

Is specially designed for Stout Ladies, to meet the requirements of fashion. Is not only elegant in form, but very comfortable to wear. Once worn, will wear no other.

Sateen Jean, \$2.50; Coutil, \$3.50 and upwards.

Sent by post to any part of the Dominion on receipt of price and address.

Send measure Round the Waist and Bust, tight—not too tight—also length of Waist under arm and length of front.

Ottawa Corset Factory, 70 Sparks Street, Ottawa, Ont.

ELEGANT AUTOGRAPH ALBUM, containing about 50 finely engraved and tinted pages, bound in gold, and 154 quotations, all postpaid, 15c. Popular name of Authors, 15c. Clinton Bros. Clintonville, Ct.

APPLICATION

will be made to the Legislature of Quebec, at its next session, for an act to incorporate "The Montreal Steam Heating Company."

Montreal, 7th April, 1880.

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

CARDS—10 Lily of the Valley, 10 Scroll, 10 Engraved, 10 Transparent, 1 Model Love Letter, 1 Card Case. Name on all 15c. WEST & CO., Westville, Conn.



WELLAND CANAL.

Notice to Bridge-Builders.

SEALED TENDERS, addressed to the undersigned (Secretary of Railways and Canals), and endorsed "Tender for Bridges, Welland Canal," will be received at this office until the arrival of the Western mails on TUESDAY, the 15th day of JUNE, next, for the construction of swing and stationary bridges at various places on the line of the Welland Canal. Those for highways are to be a combination of iron and wood, and those for railway purposes are to be of iron.

Plans, specifications and general conditions can be seen at this office on and after MONDAY, the 31st DAY OF MAY, next, where Forms of Tender can also be obtained.

Parties tendering are expected to have a practical knowledge of works of this class, and are requested to bear in mind that tenders will not be considered unless made strictly in accordance with the printed forms, and, in the case of firms—except there are attached the actual signatures, the nature of the occupation, and residence of each member of the same; and, further, an accepted bank cheque for a sum equal to \$250 for each bridge, for which an offer is made, must accompany each Tender, which sum shall be forfeited if the party tendering declines entering into contract for the work at the rates and on the terms stated in the offer submitted.

The cheque thus sent in will be returned to the respective parties whose tenders are not accepted. For the due fulfilment of the contract, the party or parties whose tender it is proposed to accept will be notified that their tender is accepted subject to a deposit of five per cent. of the bulk sum of the contract—of which the sum sent in with the tender will be considered a part—to be deposited to the credit of the Receiver-General within eight days after the date of the notice.

Ninety per cent. only of the progress estimates will be paid until the completion of the work.

This Department does not, however, bind itself to accept the lowest or any tender.

By Order,
F. BRAUN,
Secretary.

DEPT. OF RAILWAYS AND CANALS,
Ottawa, 29th March, 1880.



LACHINE CANAL.

Notice to Machinist-Contractors.

SEALED TENDERS, addressed to the undersigned (Secretary of Railways and Canals), and endorsed "Tender for Lock Gates, Lachine Canal," will be received at this office until the arrival of the Eastern and Western mails on THURSDAY, the 3rd day of JUNE, next, for the construction of Gates, and the necessary machinery connected with them, for the new locks on the Lachine Canal.

Plans, Specifications, and General conditions can be seen at this office on and after THURSDAY, the 20th day of MAY, next, where forms of tender can also be obtained.

Parties tendering are expected to provide the special tools necessary for, and to have a practical knowledge of, works of this class, and are requested to bear in mind that tenders will not be considered unless made strictly in accordance with the printed forms, and—in the case of firms—except there are attached the actual signatures, the nature of the occupation and residence of each member of the same; and, further, an accepted bank cheque for a sum equal to \$250, for the gates of each lock, must accompany each tender, which sum shall be forfeited if the party tendering declines entering into contract for the work at the rates and on the terms stated in the offer submitted.

The cheque thus sent in will be returned to the respective parties whose tenders are not accepted. For the due fulfilment of the contract the party or parties whose tender it is proposed to accept will be notified that their tender is accepted subject to a deposit of five per cent. of the bulk sum of the contract—of which the sum sent in with the tender will be considered a part—to be deposited to the credit of the Receiver-General within eight days after the date of the notice.

Ninety per cent. only of the progress estimates will be paid until the completion of the work.

This Department does not, however, bind itself to accept the lowest or any tender.

By Order,
F. BRAUN,
Secretary.

DEPT. OF RAILWAYS AND CANALS,
Ottawa, 29th March, 1880.



CANADIAN PACIFIC RAILWAY.

Tenders for Rolling Stock.

TENDERS are invited for furnishing the Rolling Stock required to be delivered on the Canadian Pacific Railway, within the next four years, comprising the delivery in each year of about the following, viz:—

- 20 Locomotive Engines.
- 16 First-class cars (a proportion being sleepers).
- 20 Second-class Cars, do.
- 3 Express and Baggage Cars.
- 3 Postal and Smoking Cars.
- 240 Box Freight Cars.
- 100 Flat Cars.
- 2 Wing Ploughs.
- 2 Snow Ploughs.
- 2 Flangers.
- 40 Hand Cars.

The whole to be manufactured in the Dominion of Canada and delivered on the Canadian Pacific Railway, at Fort William, or in the Province of Manitoba.

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

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

By Order,
F. BRAUN,
Secretary.

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



CANADIAN PACIFIC RAILWAY.

Tenders for Iron Bridge Superstructure.

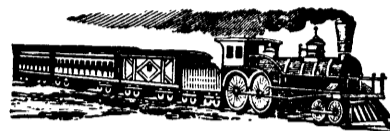
TENDERS, addressed to the undersigned, will be received up to noon of SATURDAY, the 15th MAY, next, for furnishing and erecting Iron Superstructures over the Eastern and Western outlets of the Lake of the Woods.

Specifications and other particulars will be furnished on application at the office of the Engineer-in-Chief, Ottawa, on and after the 15th April.

By Order,
F. BRAUN,
Secretary.

DEPT. OF RAILWAYS AND CANALS,
Ottawa, 1st April, 1880.

20 Lovely Rosebud Chromo Cards or 20 Floral Motto with name 10c. Nassau Card Co. Nassau, N.Y.



Q. M. O. & O. RAILWAY.

EASTERN DIVISION.

COMMENCING ON

Monday, Feb. 2nd, 1880.

Trains will run on this Division as follows:

	MAIL	MIXED
Leave Montreal.....	2.15 p.m.	5.20 p.m.
Leave Three Rivers.....	6.25 p.m.	4.15 p.m.
Arrive Quebec.....	9.25 p.m.	9.00 a.m.
Leave Quebec.....	9.20 a.m.	5.30 p.m.
Leave Three Rivers.....	13.45 p.m.	4.00 a.m.
Arrive Montreal.....	4.10 p.m.	9.50 a.m.

Trains leave Mile-End Station ten minutes later.

General Office, 13 Place d'Armes Square.

STARNES, LEVE & ALDEN, Ticket Agents.

Offices, 202 St. James Street, and 168 Notre Dame Street.

J. T. PRINCE,
General Passenger Agent.

Montreal, March 16th, 1880.

**THE COOK'S FRIEND
BAKING POWDER**

Has become a HOUSEHOLD WORD in the land, and is a HOUSEHOLD NECESSITY

in every family where Economy and Health are studied. It is used for raising all kinds of Bread, Rolls, Pastry cakes, Griddle Cakes, &c., and a small quantity used in Pie Crust, Puddings, or other Pastry, will save half the usual shortening, and make the food more digestible.

THE COOK'S FRIEND

SAVES TIME,
IT SAVES TEMPER,
IT SAVES MONEY.

For sale by storekeepers throughout the Dominion, and wholesale by the manufacturer.

W. D. MOLAREN, UNION MILLS,
17-19-52-362 55 College Street.

**British American
BANK NOTE COMPANY.**

MONTREAL.
Incorporated by Letters Patent.
Capital \$100,000.

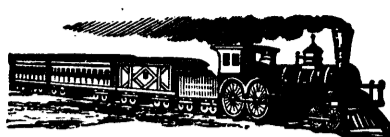
General Engravers & Printers

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

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

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

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



Q. M. O. AND O. RAILWAY.

Change of Time.

COMMENCING ON
Monday, May 3rd, 1880.

Trains will run as follows:

	MAIL	EXPRESS
Leave Hochelaga for Hull.....	8.30 a.m.	5.15 p.m.
Arrive at Hull.....	12.40 p.m.	9.25 p.m.
Leave Hull for Hochelaga.....	8.20 a.m.	5.05 p.m.
Arrive at Hochelaga.....	12.30 p.m.	9.15 p.m.

	Night Passenger.	
Leave Hochelaga for Quebec.....	3.00 p.m.	10.00 p.m.
Arrive at Quebec.....	9.00 p.m.	6.30 a.m.
Leave Quebec for Hochelaga.....	10.40 a.m.	9.30 p.m.
Arrive at Hochelaga.....	4.45 p.m.	6.30 a.m.
Leave Hochelaga for St. Jerome.....	5.30 p.m.	Mixed.
Arrive at St. Jerome.....	7.15 p.m.	Mixed.
Leave St. Jerome for Hochelaga.....		6.45 a.m.
Arrive at Hochelaga.....		9.00 a.m.

(Local trains between Hull and Aylmer.)

Trains leave Mile-End Station Seven Minutes Later.

Magnificent Palace Cars on all Passenger Trains, and Elegant Sleeping Cars on Night Trains.

Trains to and from Ottawa connect with Trains to and from Quebec.

All Trains Run by Montreal Time.

GENERAL OFFICE, 13 Place d'Armes Square.

TICKET OFFICE, 202 St. James Street.

L. A. SENECAI,
Gen'l Sup't.

The Scientific Canadian

MECHANICS' MAGAZINE
AND
PATENT OFFICE RECORD,
A MONTHLY JOURNAL

Devoted to the advancement and diffusion of Practical Science, and the Education of Mechanics.

THE ONLY SCIENTIFIC AND MECHANICAL PAPER PUBLISHED IN THE DOMINION.

THE BURLAND LITHOGRAPHIC CO.

OFFICES OF PUBLICATION,
5 and 7 Bleury Street, Montreal.

G. B. BURLAND, General Manager.

F. N. BOXER, ARCHITECT & CIVIL ENGINEER, Editor

TERMS:
One copy, one year, including postage... \$2.00
One copy, six months, including postage... 1.10
Subscriptions to be paid in ADVANCE.

The following are our advertising rates:—For one monthly insertion, 10 cts. per line; for three months, 9 cts. per line; for six months, 8 cts. per line; for one year, 7 cts. per line; one page of Illustration, including one column description, \$30; half-page of Illustration, including half column description, \$20; quarter-page of Illustration, including quarter column description, \$10.

10 per cent. off on cash payments.

INVENTIONS AND MACHINERY, &c., or other matter of an original, useful, and instructive character, and suitable for subject matter in the columns of the MAGAZINE, and not as an advertisement, will be illustrated at very reduced rates.

REMITTING MONEY.—All remittances of money should be in the form of postal-orders. When these are not available, send money by registered letters, checks or drafts, payable to our order. We can only undertake to become responsible for money when sent in either of the above ways.

This journal is the only Scientific and Mechanical Monthly published in Canada, and its value as an advertising medium for all matter connected with our Manufacturing, Foundries, and Machine Shops, and particularly to Inventors, is therefore apparent.

CONTRACTS FOR ADVERTISING IN THE Canadian Illustrated News

MAY BE MADE AT OUR LOWEST RATES WITH MR. E. DUNCAN SNIFFIN, ASTOR HOUSE OFFICES,

40 ELEGANT CARDS, all Chromo, Motto and glass; name in gold and jet 10c. West & Co., Westville, Ct.

**ROBERT MILLER,
BOOKBINDER**

AND
WHOLESALE STATIONER,
15 Victoria Square, Montreal.

E. N. FRESHMAN & BROS.
Advertising Agents,
186 W. Fourth St., CINCINNATI, O.,

Are authorized to receive advertisements for this paper. Estimates furnished free upon application.

Send two stamps for our Advertisers' Manual.

FOR DYSPEPSIA, LOSS OF APPETITE, WEAKNESS, AND NO REMEDY
CAMPBELL'S QUININE WINE.

THE QUEEN'S LAUNDRY BAR.

Ask for it, and take no other. BEWARE OF IMITATIONS.
 Trade Mark. | Made by THE ALBERT TOILET SOAP CO.



JOHNSTON'S FLUID BEEF is being adopted in the BRITISH, French, U.S., and Austrian Naval, Military and General hospitals. It is prescribed by the Queen's physician, and by every

medical man who has tested its merits. It is the only essence known which contains all the nutritive constituents of beef, and is pronounced by scientific men everywhere to be the most perfect food for invalids ever introduced. Sold by Druggists and Grocers, 35c., 60c., and \$1.00.

WILLIAM DOW & CO.
 BREWERS and MALTSTERS,
 MONTREAL.



Superior Pale and Brown Malt. India Pale, and other Ales. Extra Double and Single Stout in Wood and Bottle. Shipping orders promptly executed. Families supplied. 18-6-83-222

HEALTH FOOD.

RECEIVED THE
Highest Award & Diploma
 AT THE
 INDUSTRIAL EXHIBITION, TORONTO,
 AND
HIGHEST AWARD AND DIPLOMA
 AT THE
 DOMINION EXHIBITION, OTTAWA.

On the table of His Excellency the Governor-General and greatly admired by H. R. H. Princess Louise.
 Agents wanted in all cities and towns.

460 Yonge Street, Toronto.

BANK OF MONTREAL.

NOTICE is hereby given that a dividend of **FOUR PER CENT.**

upon the paid-up Capital Stock of this Institution has been declared for the current half-year, and that the same will be payable at its Banking House in this city, on and after

Tuesday, the first day of June, next.

The Transfer Books will be closed from the 17th to the 31st MAY next, both days inclusive.

The Annual General Meeting of the Shareholders will be held at the Bank.

On Monday, the Seventh day of June, next.

The Chair to be taken at ONE o'clock.

CHS. F. SMITHERS,
 General Manager.

JOHN McARTHUR & SON,

OIL, LEAD, PAINT,
 COLOR & VARNISH MERCHANTS
 IMPORTERS OF

English and Belgian Window Glass, Rolled, Rough and Polished Plate Glass, Colored, Plain and Stained Enamelled Sheet Glass.

PAINTERS' & ARTISTS' MATERIALS, BRUSHES, CHEMICALS, DYE STUFFS, NAVAL STORES, &c.

310, 312, 314 & 316 ST. PAUL ST.,

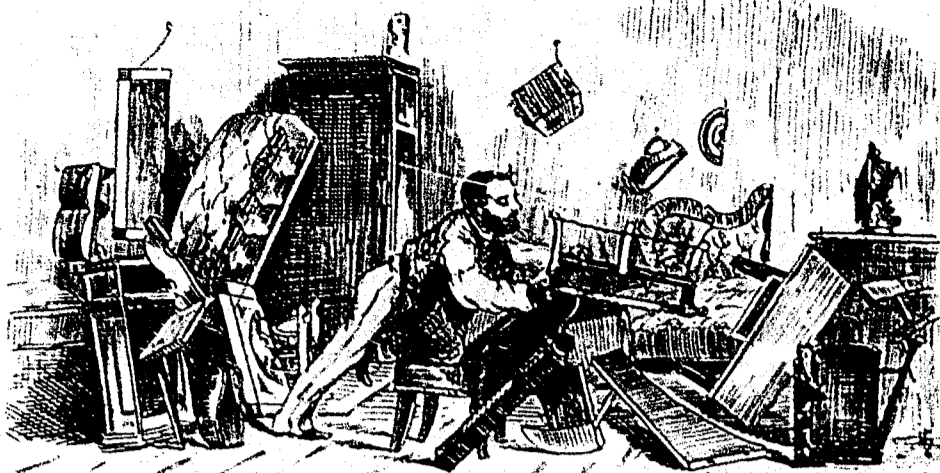
AND

255 & 257 COMMISSIONERS ST.

MONTREAL.

26-17-52-369

50 Gold, Chromo, Marble, Snowflake, Wreath, Scroll, Motto, &c. Cards, with name on all, 10c. Agent's complete outfit, 60 samples, 10c. Heavy Gold plated Ring for club of 10 names. Globe Card Co., Northford, Ct.



A JUDGE'S DECISION CARRIED OUT TO THE VERY LETTER.

In the Divorce Case of Mr. N. the Judge decided that all movables should be divided equally. Accordingly the angry husband complies with the order in the above manner.

DIAMONDS OF SCIENCE.

Ballantyne Hannay, F.C.S., Lon., Eng., Crystalization of Carbon Staotolites.

These dazzling stones are so hard and brilliant as to deceive such eminent experts of chemistry as Professors Tyndall and Smith of the Glasgow Academy of Science, who declared for a time that these were the real Diamonds. The leading newspapers, such as the London Times, New York Herald and Chicago Tribune contained in their columns, December, 1873, the news that the real gem was discovered, and that a perfect panic existed among the great Diamond merchants of London, Paris and New York.

No. 1 \$4.
 Exact fac-simile of pure 18-karat gold ring plain Palatin mounting, with select 2-karat diamond of great beauty. price \$4.

No. 2 \$6.
 This cut shows 18 karat gold ring, bearing than No. 1, artistic Parisian Royal design of mounting, with perfectly dazzling 3-karat stone, a veritable star of brilliancy, price \$6

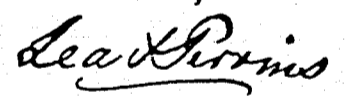
Carbon Crystallizing section of Prof. Ballantyne Hannay's wonderful Electric machine for producing the Diamond. These rings are each put into a morocco leather covered and satin lined ring box, and sent to any address on receipt of price. They are perfectly dazzling in brilliancy both night and day, and mounted in *mint coin gold* with exquisite art in workmanship, in fact every one who sees these beautiful ornaments say that they equal any \$500 rings they ever saw.

No. 3 \$7.
 This shows 15 karat gold cluster ring for ladies—masterpiece of jewellers' art in design and finish, and contains 7 1-3 karat Diamonds, price \$7.

No. 4 \$10.
 Ladies' latest style—Empress Crown pattern—15-karat gold ring, contains 7-half karat Diamonds, and is a perfect paragon of elegance, price \$10.

WH. WALKERTON & CO.,
 23 St. Nicholas Street, Montreal.
 P. O. Box 1886.

In consequence of spurious imitations of
LEA AND PERRINS' SAUCE,
 which are calculated to deceive the Public, Lea and Perrins have adopted A NEW LABEL, bearing their Signature, thus,



which is placed on every bottle of WORCESTERSHIRE SAUCE, and without which none is genuine.
 Ask for LEA & PERRINS' Sauce, and see Name on Wrapper, Label, Bottle and Stopper. Wholesale and for Export by the Proprietors, Worcester; Cross and Blackwell, London, &c., &c.; and by Grocers and Oilmen throughout the World.

To be obtained of
 52-13-12 ME MRS. J. M. DOUGLASS & CO., MONTREAL; MESSRS. URQUHART & CO., MONTREAL.

LIEBIG COMPANY'S



EXTRACT OF MEAT
 FINEST AND CHEAPEST
 MEAT-FLAVOURING
 STOCK FOR SOUPS,
 MADE DISHES & SAUCES.
 CAUTION.—Genuine ONLY with fac-simile of Baron Liebig's Signature in Blue Ink across Label.

THE BEST REMEDY FOR INDIGESTION.



CAMOMILE PILLS are confidently recommended as a simple Remedy for Indigestion, which is the cause of nearly all the diseases to which we are subject, being a medicine so uniformly grateful and beneficial, that it is with justice called the "Natural Strengtheners of the Human Stomach." "Norton's Pills" act as a powerful tonic and gentle aperient; are mild in their operation, safe under any circumstances, and thousands of persons can now bear testimony to the benefits to be derived from their use, as they have been a never-failing Family Friend for upwards of 45 years. Sold in Bottles at 1s. 1/2d., 2s. 9d., and 11s. each, by all Medicine Vendors throughout the World.

CAUTION.
 Be sure and ask for "NORTON'S PILLS," and do not be persuaded to purchase an imitation.

VALUABLE TRUTHS.

If you are suffering from poor health, or languishing on a bed of illness, **Hop Bitters will Cure You.**

If you are a minister, and have overtaxed your self with your pastoral duties; or a mother, worn out with care and work, or if you are simply ailing, if you feel weak and dispirited, without clearly knowing why, **Hop Bitters will Restore You** (those weakened by the duties of a man of let. midnight work).

If you are a man of business, of your everyday tern, tolling over your **Hop Bitters will Strengthen You.** (suffering from any indis. fact, as is often the case).

If you are young, and are growing too **Hop Bitters will Relieve You.** (shop, on the farm, at the desk, anywhere, and feel closing, tiring or stimulating).

If you are in the work, **Hop Bitters is** (what you need. pulse is feeble, your faculties waning).

If you are old, and your **Hop Bitters will** (give you New Life and Vigor).

Hop Bitters is the sweetest, safest and best. Ask (children).

One Hop Pad for Stomach, Liver and Kidneys is superior to all others. Cures by absorption. It is perfect. D. L. C. is an absolute and irremediable cure for drunkenness, use of opium, tobacco and narcotics.

Above sold by druggists. Hop Bitters Mfg. Co. Rochester, N. Y.

FOR SALE AT
 LYMAN, BONS & CO., Montreal
 H. S. EVANS & CO.,
 H. HASWELL & CO.,

THE BELL ORGAN COMPANY.

LARGEST AND OLDEST ORGAN FACTORY IN THE BRITISH EMPIRE.
 Established 1863.—13,000 now in use.

- Silver Medal and Diploma, Provincial, 1871.
 - Silver Medal and Diploma, Centennial, 1876.
 - International Medal and Diploma, Sydney, Australia, 1877.
 - Only Silver Medal for Parlor Organs, Provincial, Toronto, 1878.
 - Only Medal at Industrial Exhibition, Toronto, 1879.
- Mr. Hague, of the Merchants Bank, says: "The Organ sent me I did not suppose capable of being produced in Canada, the tone is pure, rich and deep, and the effect produced by combination of the stops is charming." For Catalogue, address

W. BELL & CO.,

41-47 East Market Square, Quebec, Ont.
 Or J. HECKER, 10 Phillips Square, Montreal

REFRIGERATORS.

All well-tried and approved patterns, the "NORTH STAR," "PALACE," "ARCTIC," "GROCER," "POLAR" and Kimball's Patent Wood-lined. 25 sizes to choose from. Prices from \$25 upwards. At G. W. REED'S. Manufacturer and Dealer in Refrigerators &c., Sheet Metal and Gravel Roofing, and Manufacturer and Dealer in all kinds of Roofing Materials. 783 and 785 Craig Street West.

THE Canadian Spectator,

A high-class Weekly Journal,
 EDITED BY THE
 Reverend A. J. BRAY.
 SUBSCRIPTION: \$2.00 PER ANNUM.
 OFFICES: 162 St. James Street, Montreal, and 4 Toronto Street, Toronto.

THE MILTON LEAGUE.

"Give me the liberty to know, to think, to believe, and to utter freely, according to conscience, above all liberties.—Milton."
 PUBLICATIONS:
 BRAY, REV. ALFRED J. The Churches of Christendom, cloth. \$1.00
 BROWN, REV. J. BALDWIN. The Doctrine of Annihilation is the Light of the Gospel of Love. 50
 DALE, REV. R. W. Protestantism: Its Ultimate Principle. 60
 The Ten Commandments. 60
 DAWSON, GEO. M. A. Prayer, and a Discourse on Prayer. 50
 McLEOD, NORMAN, D.D. Search Pulpit. 35
 TIPPLE, Rev. B. A. Echoes of Spoken Words. 50

"Here is a new wave of literature, and of the deep and wide sea of religious thought, but sparkling and right and gratefully refreshing."—Literary World.

25 All Gold and Silver, Motto and Floral Cards 10c
 25 Stevens Card Co., Northford, Ct

Gray's
SYRUP OF RED SPRUCE GUM
 SOLD BY ALL DRUGGISTS