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# GRAND

# Wholesale News

Vol. XXIV.—No. 27.

MONTREAL, SATURDAY, DECEMBER 31, 1881.

{ SINGLE COPIES, TEN CENTS.  
\$4 PER YEAR IN ADVANCE.



### BENEDICTION.

As, climbing up the East, the Morning Sun  
Sheds golden rays, with a bright merry smile  
The new-arriving Year beams on Old Time,  
Whose grave but kindly welcome seems to say:  
May all your course be happy, little one;

And when has come th' inevitable hour  
For us to part, let me set down to you  
A record of good will and peace on earth:—  
So, as this toiling world hath something gained,  
Mankind shall bless your memory all their days.

INGOLDSBY NORTH.

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

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

## NOTICE.

In this week's number of the CANADIAN ILLUSTRATED NEWS will appear the first chapters of a new and exciting

TALE OF SOUTHERN LIFE,

entitled,

## "BONNY KATE."

The story will be illustrated number by number by

ORIGINAL DRAWINGS

by one of our special artists, and will run through several months of the year.

## TEMPERATURE

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

## THE WEEK ENDING

Dec. 25th, 1881.				Corresponding week, 1880			
Mon.	Tues.	Wed.	Thur.	Mon.	Tues.	Wed.	Thur.
Max. 42°	42°	37°	42°	Max. 25°	27°	26°	23°
Min. 30°	35°	29°	29°	Min. 11°	21°	17°	12°
Mean. 36°	38°	33°	35°	Mean. 18°	24°	21°	17°
Mon. 42°	35°	33°	35°	Mon. 25°	27°	26°	23°
Tues. 42°	35°	33°	35°	Tues. 25°	27°	26°	23°
Wed. 42°	35°	33°	35°	Wed. 25°	27°	26°	23°
Thur. 42°	35°	33°	35°	Thur. 25°	27°	26°	23°
Fri. 42°	35°	33°	35°	Fri. 25°	27°	26°	23°
Sat. 42°	35°	33°	35°	Sat. 25°	27°	26°	23°
Sun. 42°	35°	33°	35°	Sun. 25°	27°	26°	23°

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MISCELLANEOUS.—Duffers—Seeing by Electricity—Echoes from London—Varieties—At the Police Court—News of the Week—The Message of the Bells—The Robbery at the Hall—Mr. Langley's Aunt—Musical and Dramatic—Bonny Kate—La Gloire—Our Chess Column.

## TO OUR SUBSCRIBERS.

There is a prevalent idea in certain quarters that a newspaper is run entirely for pleasure, and that such sublimary questions as money never enter into the proprietor's consideration. It does not probably require a very elaborate argument to prove the falsity of this notion. A newspaper, like every other business, is run upon business principles. Moreover, it requires a large sum of money to support the daily and weekly expenses of a paper, an illustrated paper especially, and unless the money is regularly forthcoming in the way of promptly-paid subscriptions, the proprietors are compelled to provide for heavy outlay without corresponding returns.

The moral of which is, that a newspaper is dependent not only upon the number of its subscribers, but upon the regularity with which their subscriptions are paid. We need large sums of money to meet our weekly expenditure, and we naturally look to those who are in our debt to supply them.

We ask, then, all those who are indebted to us to send us the amount of their subscriptions without delay. Do not say "Four Dollars is a small sum; it can't make much difference to the ILLUSTRATED NEWS if they have to wait a little for it." Four Dollars is little enough, to be sure, but a thousand times four dollars is a respectable figure, and there are nine hundred and ninety-nine others in the same position as yourself. Moreover, if you are in arrears, there is an additional reason why you should settle them without delay. The subscription to the News, which is only four dollars, when promptly paid, becomes four dollars and a half when neglected, and those who leave their subscription unpaid have only themselves to blame if they have to pay the additional sum for expenses of collection and interest.

This notice, we regret to say, has not been as freely responded to as we expected. We are determined, however, to make a last appeal to our dilatory debtors, to save us the annoyance and trouble of collecting the money; to remember that the future of this paper, like all others, is in their hands. Your money must support it. It is your help that must improve it; it is your fault (if you don't pay) if it is not all you would like it to be; it will be your doing if it is good enough to satisfy you and the public generally.

In conclusion, we beg earnestly to request of all those who owe us for subscriptions that they will remit the amount due up to the first of January next without fail, ASSURING THEM THAT UPON THEIR PROMPT ATTENTION TO THIS REQUEST DEPENDS, IN A GREAT MEASURE, THE FUTURE OF THE PAPER, AND IT MAY BE ITS VERY EXISTENCE.

# CANADIAN ILLUSTRATED NEWS.

Montreal, Saturday, Dec. 31, 1881.

## THE WEEK.

THIS week's number cannot properly be considered the New Year's number, although it comes out on New Year's eve, since it will of necessity be included in this year's volume, while to the next number will be accorded whatever honour is due to the first number of the year. We are therefore placed in the awkward position of feeling that we are too late to wish our readers a "Merry Christmas," and too early to give them "A Happy New Year." Under the circumstances probably the best way out of the difficulty will be to assure them of our good wishes for both. This number will be found, as we have intimated, in somewhat of a transition state. The pains, however, which we bestowed upon our Christmas number in the way of illustrations and stories will be found to have been bestowed equally upon the New Year's issue, which will be entirely filled with original pictures suitable to the season, and new and bright stories, including the serial which commences in this number.

A SOMEWHAT notable character has recently breathed his last at his home in the south of England, in the person of "Garibaldi's Englishman," so known throughout the war of Italian independence, in which he warmly espoused the cause of the liberator, which whom he cherished a warm personal friendship. Col. John Whitehead Peard, as he was known to the world, took part in many of the chief enterprises of the war, especially the expedition against Sicily and Naples. In the second expedition to Southern Italy, under General Medici, Colonel Peard and Mr. Thomas Nast, the artist, accompanied the expedition, which was under the command of an American named De Rohan. When they had been a few days at sea, a vessel was discovered making for them, sailing under a tricoloured flag. De Rohan ordered the Stars and Stripes to be hoisted, and not over-trustful of his own recruits, ordered Nast to hoist and stand by it, adding the encouraging remark, "If you stir, I will knock your brains out!" Colonel Peard was accompanied by Nast in several important expeditions. For many years past he resided in Cornwall, where he occupied positions of local importance.

FRESCO painting has been, to a great extent, revived of late years, one of the most indefatigable workers in this branch of Art being Mr. Armitage, whose monumental paintings in the apse of St. John's Church, Islington, have just been opened to the London public. Mr. Armitage was commissioned by Cardinal Wiseman in 1858 to paint a fresco in the Chapel of St. Francis. In that year he went to Italy and visited Assisi for the express purpose of making preparatory sketches and studies; and in the summer of the following year the fresco at Islington, which represents the institution of the Order of St. Francis, was completed, which is no doubt one of the most successful monumental paintings ever executed in England. Mr. Armitage has profited by a considerable experience in fresco painting at Westminster; he has been very careful in the selection of the earths and lime used, avoiding the use of the latter entirely in the flesh tints, as the experience of the Westminster frescoes seems to indicate that that material gasses greatly from damp and exposure to gas. The first paintings of Mr. Armitage at St. John's, of which the present work is an extension and restoration, have stood the test of twenty years without suffering in the least, and the exceptionally sound condition of these figures may be regarded as a proof that there is no reason to distrust the permanent preservation of monumental wall-paintings under the English climate if only the proper materials are used. Except a few accidental abrasures

nothing has been required in the way of restoration. The modelling, especially of the flesh parts, shows the richness of tone characteristic of the finest fresco-paintings of all ages; and the protecting wash of turpentine and wax which Mr. Armitage has now given to his large frescoes is expected to counteract any future decay from external influences. We hope that this may be regarded as a step towards the regeneration of a much regretted art, which, until late years, had seemed almost lost to us.

## THE INSANITY PLEA.

The extraordinary popularity of the Insanity Plea in murder trials is of recent growth. Within the memory of the present generation it was almost unknown, and at the present day, its hollowness is shown in the fact that it is rarely used in defending thieves or burglars, since their lives are not in danger; nay, even in cases where the taking of life is the charge, but under circumstances of a sufficiently extenuating character as to bring it out of the category of those for which capital punishment is inflicted, it is rarely, if ever, brought forward as a defence.

The origin of the Insanity Plea is this: In a case of wilful and deliberate killing, where the provocation was a ruined life; the evidence being direct, and the punishment certain, the plea of momentary insanity, while the killing was going on. The jury, loth to hang a man who had done what every one of them approved, were only too glad of a pretext for acquitting him and found him "insane." It was simply a rebellion against one phase of the law inflicting capital punishment—that it is so impartial, or, one should say partial, as not to inquire after provocation.

Since then it has been urged in almost every murder trial, with more or less success, and many a cold-blooded murderer owes his life to it at the present moment.

So much has been said on the subject of the insanity of great criminals that it has be-fogged the minds of people as to what end laws were made. Society has established certain regulations according to which all men must live. For a man to show in a court of justice that he refuses to submit to them, does not constitute insanity—for according to this showing, the very fact that a man is a law-breaker shows him to be insane, and therefore beyond the law. Nor is the evidence of so-called "experts" on the subject of insanity, when they prove that a man's train of thought on any one or a dozen subjects is abnormal, worth anything. For the plea of insanity in murder trials to obtain consideration, the evidence which ought to be necessary, is simple and direct. It should be established beyond a doubt that the murderer was affected with the homicidal mania—the desire to slay—either any man or the one man he slew—that it had affected his mind to such a degree that those about him knew him to be insane—even when not dreading any outbreak. Then and then only will the miserable pretext—that a man was a liar and a thief all his life—protects him from the just retribution of the law, when he caps the climax with murder most foul.

## DUFFERS.

BY NED P. MAH.

What is a duffer? The word has a technical meaning as applied by jewellers and silversmiths to counterfeits cunningly got up to represent genuine articles, such as paste diamonds; and there is the vulgar acceptance of the term—the duffer *pur et simple*, very simple, of familiar conversation, as applying to a person who is the reverse of smart. In fact, a duffer is one who is slow to take advantage of what fortune kindly places in his way—one who, when the bread is put into his mouth refuses to eat it, and then probably lays his ill-success in life at the door of his ill-luck.

Doubtless the best of us have owned, at some period or other, to our consciences, that we have been duffers; and we are all miserable duffers might be a confession as sweeping and as widely general as that we are all miserable sinners.

We must go far back indeed for the first in-

stance of dufferism—as far back as Genesis. Adam was a duffer when, at Eve's instance, he took that fatal bite out of the apple; and indeed it is in his fatal relations with women that some of the most notable and glaring instances of the duffer occur in man. Vide Samson and Delila. Helen's cousin, in the Hunchback, is a duffer of a less eminent kind, and so now-a-days is every man who can't see the Yes in a woman's eyes when she says No with her lips. Isn't he, ladies?

But then, as real crystals have been stigmatized as paste, so, sometimes, those are called duffers who do not deserve the title; and we cannot better bring home the fact to Canadian minds than by citing an instance which will long be remembered, when the chair of State of the Governor-General had a Duffer—in, who amply proved that he was none such.

## ECHOES FROM LONDON.

HERE is what the Divine William says of the Land Act Commissioners. It is at the end of act two, in the second part of Henry IV., where Falstaff declares, "They are selling land as cheap as stinking mackerel."

MADAME ALBANI sang a few days ago at the performance of an oratorio at Manchester, for which she received £160. Some curious person has been counting the number of notes in her parts, and finds the total to be 2,975, thus the popular singer was paid at the rate of 13d. per note.

We cannot agree with those persons who think a cemetery a fit place in which to establish a rink for skating. It is proposed, nevertheless, to flood four acres of the Heaton Cemetery, near Bolton, in Lancashire, for that purpose, and to charge £1 member's entrance fee and 2s. 6d. annual subscription.

MR. W. S. GILBERT has had the unique and perhaps unprecedented position of a dramatist, four of whose works are being played at one time in London. The pieces in question are—"Patience" at the Savoy Theatre, "Princess Toto" at the Opera Comique, "Ages Ago" at St. George's Hall, and "Engaged" at the Court Theatre.

AN historical picture has just been painted by Mr. Frederick Cowie, the subject being, "The Death of Lord Beaconsfield." Those present, including the three medical men—Drs. Bruce, Quain and Kidd—have sat for their portraits. The scene is well and impressively depicted. Its first appearance in public will be made at an art exhibition in Lancashire.

THE authorities of the Mormon Church at Salt Lake have just sent another batch of twenty missionaries to Europe in search of a few more ship-loads of ignorant dupes. Authority ought to act in England to put a stop to this traffic—it would not be interfering with "religious" ideas, which must have free play, but it would be protecting the innocent and simple, and acting in defence of morality.

THE Custom House will be sold to the City authorities, and the Fish Market difficulty will soon be settled as regards accommodation, but, perhaps, not satisfactory with respect to the much decried monopoly of the fish business. The Government jumped at the offer of three-quarters of a million for the building of grounds, the more quickly as it will enable them to carry out the long-planned Gladstone scheme of exporting the whole of the Custom House business from the city to Somerset House.

THERE is great rejoicing in the neighbourhood of Westminster, and in those places where Parliamentary agents, lawyers, and the like, do congregate. There never was such a year for private business, and the number and importance of the undertakings which are now awaiting Parliamentary sanction has not been for many years so great. It recalls, in some senses, the Railway mania, and probably, if all this talk is correct, we shall hear more of those stories about prominent Parliamentary counsel being unable to take more briefs, and of their clerks being paid twenty guineas for smuggling an extra one or two into the bag.

## HUMOROUS.

How time changes! In the good old Testament days it was considered a miracle for an ass to speak, and now nothing short of a miracle will keep one quiet!

A YOUNG lady, at an examination in grammar, was asked "why the noun bachelor was singular." She replied immediately, "Because it is very singular they don't get married."

It is said that thirty persons in a small town in Michigan were poisoned recently by eating sausages. This comes from leaving brass collars on dogs.

A BURGLAR recently arrested in Leadville, but discharged for lack of evidence, is now limping about Colorado with the tools of his profession neatly concealed in his wooden leg. This convenient receptacle was not discovered by the jailer until after he had received instructions to release his prisoner.

It is true that a two-wheeled velocipede is called a bicycle, and a three-wheeled a tricycle, but you are not on that account to suppose that a one-wheeled vehicle is a unicycle, on the contrary, it is a wheel-barrow.

BRIDGET has been told always to bring in a glass of wine on a plate. Enters accordingly with the wine poured into a soup plate, and the inquiry, "Will I bring a spoon, ma'am, or will the lady lap it up?"



CREEDS.

Believe as I believe, no more, no less, That I am right, and no one else, confess;

That I am right, and always right, I know, Because my own convictions tell me so;

I reverence the Bible, if it be Translated first and then explained to me;

Let sink the drowning if he will not swim, Upon the plank that I throw out to him;

'T were better that the sick should die than live, Unless they take the medicine I give;

SEEING BY ELECTRICITY.

When the telephone was first exhibited, some of the incredulous, after reluctantly admitting that sound could be transmitted long distances by a simple wire and battery, triumphantly predicted that in no event would it be possible to see by similar means.

Wonders will never cease. By aid of the dioscope, an ingenious instrument brought for the first time to public notice during the Parisian Electrical Congress, patrons of the drama who are reluctant to leave their comfortable fire-sides and temporarily revolutionize all the domestic arrangements in order to attend theatrical performances *in vivo*, will henceforth be enabled to see as well as hear their favorite operatic and histrionic artists without stirring a yard from home.

AT THE POLICE COURT.

BY W. D. HOWELLS.

The witnesses were generally more interesting than the parties to the suits, I thought, and I could not get tired of my fellow-spectators, I suppose, if I went a great many times. I liked to consider the hungry gravity of their countenances, as they listened to the facts elicited, and to speculate as to the ultimate effect upon their moral natures—or their immoral natures—of the gross and palpable shocks daily imparted to them by the details of vice and crime.

Not that there was any avoidable brutality, or even indecorum, in the conduct of the trials that I saw. A spade was necessarily called a spade; but it seemed to me that with all the waste of time and foreign alloy the old Puritan seriousness was making itself felt even here, and subduing the tone of the procedure to a grave de-

cecy consonant with the inquiries of justice. For it was really justice that was administered, so far as I could see; and justice that was by no means blind, but very open-eyed and keen-sighted. The causes were decided by one man, from evidence usually extracted out of writhing reluctance or abysmal stupidity, and the judgment must be formed; and the sentence given where the magistrate sat, amid the confusion of the crowded room. Yet, except in the case of my poor thief, I did not see him hesitate; and I did not doubt his wisdom—I am far from pronouncing his sentence unjust—even in that case.

"Was it a white handkerchief?" "Sor!" "Was the handkerchief white?" "Was it white, sor?" "Yes, was it white?" "Was what white, sor?" "The handkerchief, was the handkerchief white?" "What handkerchief, sor?" "The handkerchief you just mentioned,—the handkerchief that the defendant dropped."

"How did he knock you down?" asked the judge. "Did he knock you down with his fist or his open hand?" "Yes, sor." "Which did he do it with?" "Put his arms round me and knocked me down."

"Then he didn't knock you down. He threw you down." "Yes, sor. He didn't throw me down. Put his arms round me and knocked me down."

"THE FORTY THIEVES" AT THE ALBERT HALL.

Last Tuesday evening and Wednesday matinee at the Albert Hall were devoted to the performance by the boys of McTavish School of an old friend with a new face. The performance consisted of an adaptation of "Ali Baba," in the form of a musical extravaganza, for the arrangement of which all credit is due to Mr. F. English, who also deserves much praise for the way in which he had trained his company. The acting and singing were really most creditable, and where all did so well it seems invidious to particularize, although we cannot refrain from acknowledging our attraction to Morgiana, with whom, had we not previously received a hint of her real sex, we should have at once fallen in love.

HELPING THE PARTY.

In the days gone by a Detroit Sheriff who had made a close shave of being elected had the ill-luck to lose a prisoner from the jail. The fellow made good his escape to the country, but the Sheriff overhauled him about eight miles out and drove him under a barn. The prisoner was captured and yet he was not. If he could not get out the Sheriff could not get in, and threats had no effect on him. In this emergency the officer called out: "Say, Jim."

"I'll be hanged if I don't!" replied the prisoner. "The judge was agin me, my sentence was unjust, and I hate your jail, but if it's going to help the party and crush the hydra-headed opposition out I come!"—Free Press.

A MONUMENT to "Charles Sealsfield"—the name which Karl Postel adopted after his flight from his monastery at Prague, and by which alone he is known as an author—was uncovered at Zaaim on October 23.

ECHOES FROM PARIS.

THE census of Paris and of France will be taken on December 18th.

THE Abbé Franz Liszt is lying dangerously ill. The last reports state that the worst is feared.

M. GREY'S "Telephonic Soirées" are quite a success. The ex-Queen of Spain is putting her palace in telephonic communication with the opera-houses and theatres; other wealthy persons also intend having music and declamation laid on. The bill will be far higher than for gas and water.

A DUEL has taken place in consequence of a paragraph in *Le Figaro*. It was acknowledged by Baron de Vaux to be from his pen, and as a consequence the offended Prince L. Murat bade the Baron draw his sword, which he did in the Bois du Vésuve, and ran the Prince through the side. Honour and the Prince are satisfied.

IN an album of autographs Alphonse Karr has written: "The first half of our lives we pass in desiring the second, and the second in regretting the first." In the same album Alexander Dumas has written: "What is duty? It is that what we exact from others." Dumas has clearly not crossed the frontier lately and been interviewed by the Custom House officer.

THE daintiest little pocket muffs are made of "bleached beaver," in the most exquisite shades of old gold and cream; they are lined with amber or cardinal satin, and are ornamented with a heavy silken cord arranged in double loops across the front. Similar muffs are also made from black velvet, and from ostrich feathers woven into a back of heavy linen.

BARON DE VAUX has written a very interesting book, called *The Men of the Sword*, which deals entirely with drilling and fencing, and is full of anecdotes on these matters. The Baron is said to have won a wager that he would blindfold tell the names of twenty fencers only by the way in which the sword work sounded. Some sportsmen can tell the name of a gunmaker blindfolded by feeling the gun.

THE seminarists are not alone in their repugnance for military service. The list of conscripts for the present year numbered 156,000. When the muster-rolls were called over 20,000 did not answer to their names. This large number had shirked their duties to their country. They preferred to live like men forbid; to forfeit all civil rights, including that of being married, in their eagerness to escape from the hateful blood-tax. This decline of martial ardour explains the recent reverses of the French armies.

NEWS OF THE WEEK.

A REVOLUTION has broken out in Santiago. AN extensive system of postal robbery has been unearthed in Spain.

THE latest list of victims by the Vienna Theatre holocaust places the number at 449.

A LARGE number of the crew of the Arctic exploring steamer *Jeanette* have been discovered.

THE Italian murderer Exposito has been found guilty and sentenced to imprisonment for life.

AN international convention is to be held at Washington, in May, to adopt a universal time standard.

THE Land Leaguer McLoughlin, arrested on Wednesday, escaped from Knox Barracks during the night.

THE British Government will send an expedition next spring to search for Leigh Smith the Arctic explorer.

TWO hundred persons implicated in anti-Jewish riots which occurred in Russia last August, are being tried by court-martial.

A DUBLIN firm has received orders to prepare prison accommodation for a lady Leaguer who may be arrested.

THE Town Clerk of Dublin has refused his consent to a proposed meeting for conferring the freedom of that city on Parnell and Dillon.

IT is said that tenants in the North of Ireland are regarding the Land Court decisions with dissatisfaction.

O'DONOVAN, a correspondent of the London *Daily News*, is on trial in Constantinople for publicly insulting the Sultan, the defence, however, alleging him to have been under the influence of fever at the time.

THOUSANDS OF THE BEAUTIFUL and talented succumb to the dread scourge, consumption, whom a course of the saving pulmonic Northrop & Lyman's Emulsion of Cod Liver Oil and Hypophosphites of Lime and Soda might have rescued from the grave. Coughs unwisely treated or neglected shape a sure, undeviating course towards fatal lung disease. How many persons of vigorous physique and plenty of nervous stamina have succumbed to the consequence of a single cold! The only safe course is a sure remedy, and assuredly none has met with higher commendations in professional quarters, or is better known for the thoroughness of its action than the above. Asthmas, coughs, colds, spitting of blood, soreness and weakness of the chest, are remedied by it. Sold in 50 cent and \$1.00 bottles. See you get the genuine.

LONGINGS.

If I were a railroad brakeman, I'd holler the stations so plain That the man who was going to Texas, Would go clear through to Maine. I'd open the door of the smoking car, And I'd give such a mighty roar That the passengers back in the sleeper Would all fall out on the floor; For I couldn't afford a tenor voice, And I couldn't afford to speak In the sweet, sweet tones of Aeolian harp For eleven dollars a week.

If I were a baggage master, I'd rattle the trunks about; I'd stand them up in the corner, And I'd tear their insides out; I would pull the handles out by the roots I would kick their corners in, And strew their stuffing all round the car And make them lank and thin. For I couldn't afford to wear kid gloves, Nor put on soft pads on my feet, Nor handle things gently, when all my pay Just kept me in bread and meat.

BOGUS "WEBER" PIANOS IN MANITOBA (From the Montreal Herald.)

"Competition" is said to be the life of trade. This adage is undoubtedly true in the main, but to be permanently successful competition should be fair and conducted on honourable principles. That such conditions are not observed, however, is well-known; and there is a strong case in point in regard to the manufacture of the Canadian and New York Weber pianos. The former, made at Kingston, Ont., unfairly adopts the New York piano trade mark of "Weber," and thus attempts to raise its standard, musically, upon the reputation of its States-made namesake. There was nothing fair in a business point of view, in dropping the names of Rappe or Fox from the piano, manufactured by these men in Kingston and placing upon the name-board that of the greatest pianomaker of the present day. Apart from the great injustice done to Mr. Weber by the unwarrantable use of his name, there is no doubt that had the Kingston manufactory kept to their own name, as the Toronto manufactories have done, their pianos would stand higher in the public estimation than they do to-day. In many instances unscrupulous agents have passed these pianos off on ignorant and unsuspecting purchasers as the genuine New York piano. And though this may often have been done without the concurrence of the manufacturers, yet the disappointment arising from a discovery of the cheat has in many cases been a sort of loss and vexation to themselves. It is no small compliment to the instruments of Weber that his pianos should be more copied and imitated than those of any other maker of the present day, but when pianos notoriously poor, and made of the cheapest material, stained to imitate rosewood, are dubbed with his name, it becomes an outrage, and the sooner the practice is frowned down the better for our own good name. It appears that a short time ago some new blood was infused into the Kingston manufactory, and, at the urgent request of numerous piano dealers, it was decided by the firm in future to drop the use of Weber's name altogether, and adopt their own. This course met with the general approval of the trade. This fall the house of Weber, of New York, represented here by the New York Piano Company, opened a branch in Winnipeg, and sent out there some of their finest instruments which were becoming special favourites with the wealthy residents of that thriving Province. The New York Weber is justly termed the Prince of Pianos, and, like many other reigning monarchs, he sometimes feels the truth of the adage, "Uneasy is the head that wears the crown." Soon after the new Weber house was opened, an unscrupulous trader, instigated, it is said, by a rival in trade, proceeded to Kingston and there purchased a large number of pianos on which were placed the word "Weber." The letters forming this name being in exact imitation of those on the New York instrument. Neither the trader, however, nor his backer had the necessary cash or credit to procure the delivery of the instruments, and in this dilemma, a Montreal Commission house was applied to, who for a valuable consideration, became responsible for the shipment, and the (bogus) Weber's were soon on their way to Winnipeg, where in due time they were offered for sale, the advertisement in the Winnipeg papers stating that "The pianos are manufactured by Weber and are guaranteed by the maker." "Equal to any in use," etc., etc.

The pianos in this case were not marked with the words Kingston, thereby showing the fraudulent intent. Now we are not lawyers nor judges of law, but we have a decided opinion that not a single purchaser of these pianos can be compelled to pay for them. The whole thing is a deliberate fraud, and though we may not care a straw for Mr. Weber, we are concerned for the commercial honour of our business men and the good name of our manufacturers and merchants, who are disgraced by such transactions as these.

THERE is a sound reason why there are bones in our meat and stones in our land. A world where everything was easy would be a nursery for babies, but not at all a fit place for men. Celery is not sweet until it has felt the frost, and men didn't come to their perfection till disappointment has dropped a half hundred weight or two on their toes. Who could know good horses if there were no heavy loads?



From "The Queen of Hearts."

From "The Farmer's Boy."



From "Mother Goose."



From "Mother Goose."



From "Mother and Child."



From "Mother and Child."



THE COMPLIMENTS OF THE SEASON.



## THE MESSAGE OF THE BELLS.

CHILDREN'S CHRISTMAS SONG.

(Mother.)

Children, Christmas Bells are ringing,  
Pealing forth with merry glee,  
Come, with busy little fingers,  
Come, and dress our Christmas Tree.

See, what a handsome Tree it is now,  
Tall and straight, with pointed top,  
Think of it when filled with presents!  
(Now, children, don't let any drop.)

Merrily the Bells keep ringing,  
Cheering as we work away,  
What happy news they seem to tell us!  
I fancy I can hear them say:—

(The Bells.)

We—the Christmas Bells—are bringing  
God's own message, good and true,  
Children, these sweet words remember,  
Christ, this day, was born for you!

(Children.)

Look! our Tree, at last, is finished!  
Oh! mother, what a lovely thing!  
And hark! those dear old Bells keep ringing,  
That message which you say they bring.

Sweet Bells! that tell of peace and gladness,  
We have enjoyed this Christmas morn;  
Our work is done, our hearts are singing,  
Christ for us, this day was born!

FRANCES J. MOORE

## THE ROBBERY AT THE HALL.

Mrs. Rawson was a brisk, busy lady, who would manage everything and everybody in the county if she could. She had a formidable array of domestic virtues; had the reputation of being very strong-minded, but withal was a most nervous woman, hiding it well, however, under a loud sort of bluster.

Another peculiarity was her absurd jealousy of her husband. Poor Rawson himself was one of the meekest and mildest of men. He was known at school as Pink Rawson, and now he was married and the father of a large young family, he was pinker and milder than ever. His life was a burden to him from this ridiculous jealousy. Even his periodic visits to his mother who lived in London were looked upon with distrust. She always accompanied him if she could, and frequently, to my knowledge, made herself excessively disagreeable. I never shall forget a walk we had together. I don't think it is quite the correct thing to walk through the London streets, but there was no help for it on this occasion, our horses having met with some accident in Regent street, and walk we must to a cabstand. But that walk! Gracious me, we couldn't look across the road! It was, "Rawson, who are you looking at?" "Pay don't stare so!" "Can we not go into a shop?" "Ms. Stonnor, be kind enough to call a cab!"—and call a cab I did at last, with great satisfaction.

A remarkable occurrence took place at the Hall shortly after they arrived. We had all met in the drawing-room after dinner, my brother was dozing in an arm-chair, Mrs. Rawson was reading a novel, my niece was at the piano, and Rawson would have been turning over the leaves had his wife's eye not been upon him.

Suddenly the door opened, and my butler, Thomas (a most exemplary person), came up to my chair with a startled sort of look and desired to speak to me. When we got outside, he told me that one of the housemaids was in hysterics, having seen a ghost on the lawn. It was bright moonlight, and while the girl was closing some shutters her attention was attracted by a moaning. On looking out she saw the figure of a young lady gazing up at one of the windows and wringing her hands. Thomas, who ran to her assistance when she screamed, said also that he distinctly saw the figure disappearing in the shrubs. "Where is this girl?" whispered a voice close to us, and there was Mrs. Rawson, looking very white. She had followed us out of feminine curiosity.

"Take me to this girl," she said loudly. "I'll soon take the nonsense out of her!" However, notwithstanding cold water, salvolin, and abundant scolding, the girl stuck to her statement. She gave the most circumstantial account of it.

The figure was dressed in white, had black hair, looked very sad, would stare up at a particular window, then wring her hands and moan.

The window she described was that which belonged to the haunted chamber. My brother scoured the shrubberies without avail.

Then we talked away about poor Lettice's sad story, till the two ladies went to bed in considerable perturbation.

Nothing occurred the following night, but on the next Thomas knocked at my dressing-room door as I was going to bed. "For Heaven's sake come here, sir," he cried. I hurried after him. "Look there!" he said, pointing out of the corridor window. There, sure enough, on the lawn, in the bright moonlight, was the figure the girl had described. I could see it with painful distinctness. It was like in face, figure and dress to Scheffer's picture of "Mignon regrettant sa patrie," that hung in my nephew's room. It would look up at the haunted room, then clasp its hands and moan. When I turned to speak to Thomas, I was confronted by another

white figure. It was that of Mr. Randall Rawson, who having heard the disturbance, had followed us in dishabille. "What is all this about?" she said in sepulchral tones. For answer I pointed to the figure. "Ah!" she cried, clutching me violently. "I am not frightened! no; this is some trick. I'll have the creature punished. I tell you both, these things do not frighten me!"

Here she clasped me so violently that I nearly fell. "Open the window, Thomas," she continued loudly. "I'll speak to the creature."

At the sound of the opening casement the figure turned slowly toward us, and with a despairing cry disappeared amid the trees. Mrs. Rawson fell back in hysterics, and being rather stout, it was as much as Thomas and I could do to support her. "Ah, ah!" she laughed; "I tell you I am not frightened; I tell you——"

Here the noise she made was so great that Rawson himself appeared on the landing in a hurried toilet.

"What on earth is the matter?" he cried. His voice recovered her at once.

"Come here, Mr. Rawson, and give me your arm to my room."

They made rather an undignified exit, but just then my mind was too much engrossed with the extraordinary apparition to notice anything else. Through that long night I lay thinking it over. What could it mean? I remembered the psychological discussions with Hansen, in which I was invariably right; and before morning was quite certain that I had grasped the meaning of this. It was a portent that affected the family.

When my brother, who had slept soundly all night, began deriding it, and saying it was a dodge of the servants, I pulled him up at once. "Perhaps," I said, "I know more about it than you think."

"What are you driving at?"

"I mean that it may portend something more serious than you hint at."

"Ah! Peter," he said, "how often have I told you not to keep all the jewels and plate at the Hall. Why don't you send them to your banker's?"

"You mistake me," I said; "the trinkets and plate are safe enough; but did it never occur to you that spirits may actually visit the earth?"

"If I did not know you better, Peter, I should think you had adopted whisky in Scotland, or had softening of the brain coming on. Where did you pick up this nonsense?"

I laid my hand upon his shoulder. "Robert," I said seriously, "I'll tell you about Scotland. My mind is opened there, and I am now convinced that it is possible for spirits, both seen and unseen, to visit this earth. Moreover, we may converse with them."

He looked at me dumbfounded. At last he said, "Poor Peter! you are worse than I expected."

"And," I continued, not heeding him, "the question to be answered is, what should we do, or how should we act, when they do appear?"

"In this case," he said brutally, "I should look after the spoons."

It was no use talking to a man of this sort. In fact, the more serious and intent we were in watching for, or trying to find out about this spiritual manifestation, the more frivolous and absurd he became. He dressed himself in white and stalked about the front of the house, saying, "One ghost was as good as another."

Just before he started for Scotland he played a very stupid and reprehensible practical joke on Randall Rawson. Rawson happened to have an envelope addressed to his mother on the library table. This was taken by my brother, who, imitating the handwriting, wrote, "Dear mother, I shall send you fifteen blue goats to-morrow. Can't get any more, but will telegraph to New York." Poor Rawson came up to me in great excitement the next day with a telegram in his hand. "Good heavens! Stonnor," he said, "here's a calamity: my mother's gone mad. Read this."

"From Mrs. Rawson, Queen's Gate, to Randall Rawson, Stonnor Hall.—Don't want any blue goats—don't telegraph to New York."

"Poor mother!—I must be off at once. My wife is out driving. Could you manage to come with me?"

"Certainly," I said. "Write a line to your wife, and let us be off. We shall just catch the London train."

So Rawson wrote on the back of the telegram, "Dear Wife,—This will explain itself. Hope to be back to-morrow. Poor mother!"

Of course, when we went to Queen's Gate and saw the spurious letter, the hoax began to dawn upon us. We vowed vengeance against Robert, but by the time we got back he had started for Scotland. What a miserable time we had of it with Rawson's wife! Nothing would persuade her that it was not a planned thing between us.

"The next time you take my husband to dissipate in London, Mr. Stonnor," she said with cutting irony, "pray find some more sensible excuse than blue goats."

"Really, Mrs. Rawson," I protested, "it was nothing more than a practical joke of my brother's."

"How fortunate to have an absent brother!" she replied sarcastically.

Luckily our attention was now distracted by Mr. Hansen's arrival. His presence acted like oil on the troubled waters. In a couple of days he had settled down, a favourite with all, and a special comfort to me. Even Mrs. Rawson pronounced him to be a most superior person, and

it was interesting to notice that, after pool-pooling the very name of Spiritualism and abusing its converts, she insensibly became converted herself.

"We ought to write to Dr. Pascal," she said, "and insist on a searching inquiry being made. It is a crying shame that the savants do not recognize it!"

"The inquiry would come to nothing," said Hansen. "They would investigate, and probe, and test; and, then, if they could account for the phenomena as being the sequence of some so-called law, their intellects would be satisfied; if not, they would call it humbug."

"But, Hansen," I said, "there must be laws, you know; everything must be governed by laws."

"Exactly," he answered; "but what these so-called philosophers call laws are nothing more than assumptions on which they conveniently base their facts."

"There may certainly be," said Mr. Rawson, "some occult power which they know nothing whatever about."

"There is! There is! Believe me, there is, Mrs. Rawson!" cried Hansen. "And then how sweet and comforting to think we can hold converse with departed friends!"

"Indeed it is!" said Mrs. Rawson; "it satisfies our loftiest aspirations!"

"By-and-by history will be read by its help," I said.

"A noble idea—our worthy of you!" said Hansen, pressing my hand.

After this we had many interesting conversations. We of course told him of the spectre. He was intensely interested. He made us narrate the circumstances again and again. He examined the lawn, shrubberies, and windows, and finally put the girl Jane under severe cross-examination. One day, in company with Mrs. Rawson, we explored the old house, and were looking at the family jewels and plate, in the strong fire-proof box.

"We must not wonder at your brother telling you to look after these valuable heirlooms," said Hansen, "any more than wonder at the girl Jane's fright. The idea of burglary is just what would occur to an unenlightened mind."

"I think this box would resist any attempt at burglary," I said, smiling. "See how this key turns two strong bars right across the inside of the lid."

"Most beautiful mechanism!" he said, "and how ingeniously contrived!"

He tried the key several times, then returned it to me, continued, "But I am more interested in the haunted room. Let us go there! Let us go quickly!"

Something in the change of his voice as he spoke the last words made us look at him. His eyes were fixed in vacancy, and both his hands were extended towards us. We each took one, and without any direction on our part, his eyes still fixed, he led us straight to the haunted room! While the door was being opened we heard some knocks and a sort of moaning noise. Nothing daunted, however, we entered—Hansen still in his trance and Mrs. Rawson pale yet determined. For some time there was silence, then he heaved a great sigh, drew his hand across his brow and said, "This is Lettice's chamber! Where is the inscription?"

Before we could answer there were four distinct knocks from the fireplace. Again his eyes assumed the vacant stare, his jaw fell, and he looked about him in a dazed sort of manner.

"Would you learn more of the apparition?" he asked dreamily.

"I would," I answered boldly; "was it a portent?"

"It was."

"A portent of what?" I asked breathlessly.

There was no answer.

"Could you bring us into communication with this spirit?" said Mrs. Rawson.

Still no answer; but with a sigh he sank back in a chair apparently asleep. Presently he awoke, quite unconscious of what had happened, examined the room and inscription with great interest, and then went down with us to the drawing-room.

We told my niece and Rawson what had happened, and that evening we all tried to persuade him to conduct a seance with the view of eliciting information from the departed Lettice. At first he refused. "Remember," he said, "how my health suffered in Germany from these investigations. Since that I have been unable to follow my calling. Oh, let me retain my health!"

It was at my solicitation that he at last yielded; and that he should not be a sufferer, I induced him to accept a doctor that would relieve his anxiety about working for a year or so.

He thought the manifestations would be stronger if some of his time were spent in the old chamber; so we had his bed moved to a room opening from it, that he might go in and out as he pleased.

I must own we were all morbidly excited on the morning of the pre-arranged seance. For myself I was determined to solve the portent. I was proud that the philosophical investigation should have fallen on my shoulders, and was quite conscious of the power of elucidating the phenomena. I determined also to take copious notes and submit them to the Royal Society. F.R.S. is not by any means an ungentlemanly adjunct to one's name, and one of my first subsequent actions should be certainly to show my unbounded gratitude to Hansen for having opened to me these vistas of philosophical research.

Mrs. Randall Rawson talked and laughed loudly to hide her excitement. Her husband walked about the house on tip-toe all day, and my niece had a pale, pinched look and was occasionally in tears. Dinner seemed an impertinence, and the servants must have noted how little we ate. Their presence was irksome. We were impatient till they retired for the night, and then, more like a row of conspirators than ordinary inmates, we silently went up to the haunted room.

Hansen was already there. The night was very dark and warm, and he stood by the open window calm and collected.

"You all know," he began, "how trying it is for me to conduct these investigations, and I only do so now out of deference to the mental attainments of our host. We cannot tell—no one can tell—whether there will be any manifestations, but we will try. The night is favourable."

We seated ourselves round the table, placed our hands upon it, and made a contact with our fingers. Presently it moved; then was violently agitated, almost falling on our feet, while occasional loud raps were heard on the inscription.

"Strong manifestations on the oak carving," he said in a lone tone; "let me go to it."

He got up, and as he moved to the fireplace his chair ran after him.

We all saw it, and made some involuntary exclamation as we rose from our seats.

"Ah!" he said, "don't destroy the contact; the spirits are busy to-night."

We re-seated ourselves. My niece, rather faint, next to Rawson, then myself, Mrs. Rawson, and Hansen. Presently my niece cried, "Something touched my leg!"

"Be calm," said Hansen. "Be calm."

"Oh!" she exclaimed, "I cannot bear it; something is on my lap!"

"Rawson, move your place this instant, sir," cried his wife. "Move your place this instant, or I leave the room."

"My dear——" he began.

"Move your place, sir," she insisted.

So poor Randall had to move. "I think I'll go to bed," he said, and slipped out of the room.

"What was it?" I whispered to my niece.

"It was as if my child was climbing on to my knee," she whispered back.

Hansen rose and drank some water. "I think," he said, "it would be advisable to conduct the rest of the seance in darkness."

"Your late researches, Mr. Stonnor, must have shown you the wonderful properties of light as an occult motive power. No doubt it interferes somewhat with spiritualistic phenomena. In the light we get indirect information by rappings, but in the darkness we may obtain more direct communications."

So saying he put out the candles, and we aced our seats.

The rapping increased. They were very loud. Then small flickers of light darted all about the room. Then a moaning, such as we heard on the lawn, could be detected in the air close to us.

"Are you the spirit of Lettice Stonnor?" asked Hansen.

There were three raps and a moan.

"Is your visit a portent of evil?"

Two raps.

"Is your visit to the Hall a friendly one?"

Three raps.

"Where do you come from?"

Here a shower of stars shot all about the room.

"Will you show yourself to us?"

Three raps.

Our excitement was now positively awful. We could hear our hearts beating. Presently out of the darkness a luminous figure was seen moving towards the window. Arriving there, it turned, and we saw, illumined by a soft light, the features of the departed Lettice Stonnor. Her black hair hung about her shoulders, and she moaned and gesticulated as she did on the lawn.

"Speak!" said Hansen.

"I return no more," she said in unearthly tones, and slowly disappeared out of the window.

There was a crash in the room. Hansen lit the candles, and there on the floor were my niece and Mrs. Rawson in hysterical faintings. To this day I don't know how we got to bed. I remember calling Rawson, and somehow between us we saw the two ladies to their rooms. When I got back Hansen had thrown himself on his bed.

"Let me sleep, let me sleep," he said, shaking me by the hand—"the expenditure of electric force has been too much for me, but what a glorious success!"

The reaction from the excitement gave me a heavy sleep, but I was rudely awakened before eight the next morning by Thomas. He had shaken me out of my stupor, and was standing over me in his shirt sleeves.

"O lor, sir!" he cried. "O lor, Mr. Stonnor!"

"What is the matter, Thomas?" I exclaimed, starting up and rubbing my eyes.

"O lor, sir! the family plate, sir, and the jewels! all gone!"

"Gone!" I shrieked, jumping out of bed.

"Call Mr. Hansen!"

"He's gone too, sir!"

I kept my room for a week. Owing to something he had heard in Scotland, my brother had suddenly returned to the Hall the day after the

robbery, but had immediately left for London. Ten days after he appeared.

"I hope the detectives and I have not compounded a felony," he said, laying some of the lost jewels on the table, "but these are all we could recover. The plate is melted down by this time and your cheque was cashed the day you gave it. Would you like me to read the result of Pascal's inquiry about your friend?"

"Edward Hansen," he writes, "is not an artist himself, but is the son of a well-known artist of that name. No doubt the sketches your brother purchased are by the father. This Edward is married to a handsome dark woman, and a clever pair of scamps they are, the Stonnor Hall sennet not being the least of their clever adventures."

"He first caught your brother by a little judicious flattery, and then carefully elicited all your family history from him. The story of Lettice he utilized by writing to his wife and telling her to impersonate her in the moonlight. This and subsequent deferential flattery to your brother's mental attainments brought about the sennet. The raps are produced by a very common trick. Your niece's sensation that her child was seated on her lap, was induced by the contact of his foot, having previously throughout the day led her to speak of her trouble. The sparks and stars are simply caused by rubbing the top of a common lucifer match, and flicking it up into the air. As to the apparition, this was no one else but his own wife, who had entered the room, as they subsequently left it, by a rope ladder. The luminous appearance was caused by a compound of phosphates and sulphides well known in Germany, and the greater light near the window showed that she had come within the focus of some lantern cunningly hidden by her husband."

"The subsequent robbery was absurdly easy, seeing that the fire-proof box had been left unlocked after Hansen tried the key."

"I hope Peter is better. 'Experientia docet,' &c."

MR. LANGLEY'S AUNT.

It is nearly always disagreeable for a rich man to live near his poor relations. When the option of residence is in the rich man's hand he usually selects a neighbourhood where life is not made bitter by the sight of unsuccessful shabby brothers, broken-down widowed sisters, or impetuous nephews and nieces; but what can a man do when he is settled on his own property, and some of these social pests come and pitch their tent within a mile of him?

This sort of thing had happened when Raymond Langley was appointed curate of the parish where his uncle owned the chief property, and was a very pompous little squire. It would not have mattered much, in the uncle's opinion, if the curate had come by himself; but he had a young orphan sister with him. This was disagreeable, not only to Mr. Langley himself, but to his daughter Vera, a young lady of æsthetic tastes and hard worldly wisdom. Nora Langley's bright, fresh face brought no pleasure to the soul of her cousin, and as Christmas was approaching the shadows of discontent deepened.

"It is intensely annoying, papa, their being here!" exclaimed the aggrieved daughter, sitting sideways by the breakfast table, in a costume peculiar to the recent craze, and her brown eyes looking angrily from beneath a huge fuff of auburn hair. "Nora takes up with all the odd people she meets, and seems to have no notion of what is due to us. I met her yesterday walking with the most wretched-looking old person, quite a vulgar woman I should say, who is lodging in the village. I really believe the old creature thought I was going to be introduced."

"Humph! clergymen can't be choosers always as to their acquaintances, especially a curate with a hundred pounds a year. But I have a letter here from my aunt Jephson, saying she purposes to be with us on Christmas day."

"Really?" cried Vera, rising in her excitement; "the idea of fixing so suddenly on a visit, after shutting herself up for forty years!"

"I daresay age is giving her warning that it doesn't do to put off final arrangements too long," and Mr. Langley rubbed his hands silently beneath the table-cloth, as he glanced about the kidney on his plate to the crabbedly-written letter beside it. "She must be going to make her will, and we are her nearest kin."

"Yes," said Vera, with a soft sigh of satisfaction. Then a painful thought seemed to strike her.

"Papa, what about Raymond and Nora? wouldn't it be better—quieter for your aunt, I mean—if we had no one but herself here on Christmas-day?"

"Ha, ha, ha!" chuckled Mr. Langley; "clever girl, deuced clever! But haven't we invited the brother and sister?"

"Ye-es," responded Vera, knitting her brows in thought (although you could not see that she did it, because of the hair); "but Nora is coming to tea with me to-day, and I think I can manage."

Apparently her father thought so too; for he merely shrugged his shoulders and opened the *Times*.

Vera Langley at five-o'clock tea was quite a picture. Her drawing-room was papered, daubed, and curtained with dim browns and greens. Ebony shelves, as large as for a kitchen dresser, were filled with plates. The mantelpiece was china laden, and decorated up to the ceiling. A matchless tea-service rested on a

Chippendale table; and gracefully reclining, in a dress of dull gold shaded with olive, was the young lady herself. Who can hope to describe an æsthetic expression of countenance? Du Maurier has given us the young lady whose face was fixed to represent a "longing after the infinite," and whose fate was to hear some gentleman bewailing the frequency with which he had to eat pork when travelling somewhere. There was this fixed look of melancholy and longing on Vera's face as she greeted her cousin, and she smiled gently and sadly upon the simple merino and fur-trimmed jacket, which adorned one of the prettiest and most unaffected girls in Canada. Only a few natural silky curls fell on the broad open forehead, and the bright, sun-loving blue eyes had their full advantage, because they were allowed to look straight out from beneath well-shaped eye-brows.

How she did it there is not time to tell; but Vera Langley contrived to rouse the ire of her cousin, and to make her resolve that it should never be said of Raymond or herself that they had sought to obtain a chance of realizing Mrs. Jephson's fortune; and the end of the dainty tea-hour found Nora taking leave with a heightened colour, and saying that she and her brother would not dine with their uncle on Christmas-day.

"We shall be quite comfortable at home, Raymond," urged his pretty sister earnestly; "you don't mind, do you?"

"Not a bit," replied the curate; "but I had not reserved any of my quarterly fortune for a Christmas dinner, so don't order luxuries."

"No, no!" cried Nora; "I can make a splendid pudding with what is in the house—and—"

"No meat!" inquired Raymond ruefully.

"Yes, a little, dear; but would you very much mind if there wasn't a sirloin of beef, or a turkey?"

"A lark's leg will do, little housekeeper. But I must get to work; my Christmas sermon has to be preached, beef or no beef!"

When Nora heard the door of her brother's little study closed, she began to puzzle over the plum-pudding question, and had a hunt for her cookery-book. Failing to find it, she suddenly remembered she had lent it to an old lady who lived in a tiny cottage near—

"I'll just run over for it!" exclaimed Nora; and she took a thick cloak from the hall, and tying a white knitted shawl over her head she put on goshes, and stepped quickly out into the frosty air.

In five minutes she was sitting by a bright fire opposite a very old lady, who seemed much pleased to have such a sunny presence in her barely furnished room.

"Too bad of me to forget your book, my dear," said Mrs. Bennett gently; but you are not going to cook to-night, eh?"

"No, not to-night, Mrs. Bennett," said Nora, with a smile and a look of importance; "but I must make our Christmas pudding to-morrow."

"Indeed! I thought you told me you were to dine at the Great House?"

"We were—but we are not going now;" and Nora coloured.

"Well, well, my dear," said the old lady quietly, "you and your brother will have each other," and then she sighed; and Nora looked round the bare room, and thought how dull Christmas would be for her old friend.

A bright thought! but was it possible? Certainly not, if the joint consisted of a lark's leg. And while Nora was pondering, the old lady was watching her changing face. At last the young girl spoke.

"I was thinking, if you did not mind a very plain dinner, whether you would come to Raymond and me on Christmas day, Mrs. Bennett?"

"You are kind, dear child. Your company would cheer me, if you would not feel me a trouble?"

"Oh no!" eagerly cried Nora; "but don't scold if the dinner is badly cooked, for I have to do it all. We had given our girl leave to go home for Christmas-day before—we knew—about not going.—The words came awkwardly out; and now we must let her go."

"Of course," said the old lady briskly; "and you'll just let my old Ann come over and help you in the morning, and then you can go comfortably to church. Good-night, my dear; don't catch cold running home."

When Nora told Raymond next morning about the invitation she had given, he looked comically dismayed, but said nothing; and when he came home from his long day's work he was relieved to find his sister standing, smiling and important, beside a large hamper, lovingly nursing a fine turkey in her arms, and looking tenderly down upon a handsome York ham.

"Just come, and addressed to me!" she cried breathlessly, holding the turkey towards him; but he merely looked his admiration, and did not take hold of the well-trussed bird.

"I say, Nora, was it addressed to Miss Langley?"

"Yes."

"Then, of course, it's for Vera, and has come here by mistake."

"O!" groaned Nora, getting quite pale, as she slowly laid down the turkey and looked for the label. When this was found she shouted for joy.

"Miss Nora Langley" as large as life! Why do you give people such horrid starts, Raymond?"

"All right. I'm as pleased as you are; and Mrs. Bennett will get a good dinner after all."

That old lady came over on Christmas-eve to advise Nora in her house-keeping arrangements;

and was busily engaged in actively helping to mix the pudding, with her sleeves tucked up, and a large holland apron pinned over her plain black gown, when Vera Langley drove up in her pony-carriage.

"How tiresome!" said Nora, as she espied her visitor. "What can she have come for?"

"Perhaps to try to make you go to them to-morrow. Please do not let your invitation to me prevent a pleasant visit," begged old Mrs. Bennett; because, you know, I must leave you at six o'clock."

Here Vera entered, slowly and gracefully. She favoured the pudding materials with a glance of amused contempt, having never seen a pudding before it was cooked during the twenty-one years of her rather useless life. She then acknowledged Nora's introduction to Mrs. Bennett very slightly and haughtily, and turned at once to the object of her visit.

"Papa thinks it very foolish of you and Raymond not to come to dinner to-morrow, Nora; and he has sent me to say he hopes you will alter your minds."

Nora's blue eyes opened wide.

"I thought when I saw you last you felt it would be more satisfactory to ourselves not to seek the opportunity your Christmas dinner would give of meeting the unknown wealthy aunt."

"How you jump at conclusions, Nora!" exclaimed Vera, with an awkward laugh; "I think you made all that out for yourself. Papa will be quite vexed if Raymond does not come."

This was new and wonderful.

"I am sorry," said Nora slowly, "but we have a friend coming—"

"Now, my dear," said Mrs. Bennett, giving a vigorous stir to the pudding, "remember I must leave at six o'clock; won't that give you time to go?"

"Quite," said Vera decidedly; and, addressing her cousin, "You know we don't dine till half-past seven."

"I know, but I had hoped, dear Mrs. Bennett, to coax you to spend the evening with us. It will be so dull and lonely the long evening in that cottage, far away from your own people."

The kind face of the old lady quivered a little, as she said in reply,

"I shall not be lonely, child. And I have no people to miss, or who will miss me."

Nora could not decide, but ventured to whisper a request to Vera to invite the solitary old lady as well as her brother and self.

"Impossible! Really Nora, you are shockingly careless in your social arrangements," audibly whispered Vera, in reply.

"Social hubbug!" murmured Nora, reddening.

And just then Raymond came in, and Vera turned with obvious relief to prefer her father's request.

"But you know, Raymond," interposed his little turkey-cock of a sister, "the wealthy Mrs. Jephson is coming, and we are very poor, and very likely she will think we want her money."

Raymond looked amused and uncomfortable together, for he knew Nora was now repeating the words her cousin had used to her a day or two before; but he did not wish to make a quarrel with any one at Christmas time, so he said firmly,

"As our friend Mrs. Bennett positively intends leaving us at six, I see no obstacle to accepting my uncle's invitation."

"Then we must eat two Christmas dinners!" said Nora, still wrathful.

"When do you expect your visitor, Vera?" asked Raymond politely.

"Aunt Jephson! O, I suppose early to-morrow; but she never said anything except that she would be with us on Christmas-day; and we don't know where she is coming from, for she dated one letter from New York and the next from Chicago."

"What a wonderfully active old woman she must be!" remarked Nora sotto voce to Mrs. Bennett; and she was delighted to hear her respond with a hearty chuckle. Vera looked still more annoyed at Mrs. Bennett after this, and addressing Raymond, said in a distinct low voice,

"You seem obliged to know all kinds of people. By the way, I must be going now; and I forgot to say that in her last letter aunt Jephson said she hoped to meet you and Nora at our house."

She sailed away to her carriage; and when Raymond returned from seeing her off, Nora exclaimed,

"O Raymond! why did you give in! Don't you see they have only repeated the invitation because they're afraid of offending the rich aunt! and she has told them she wants to see us."

"Nora, this is Christmas-eve. I shall want you in the church soon; so finish your labours here quickly, and put 'malice and all uncharitableness' out of your heart, or the day will be spoiled."

Nora was a great pet of her brother's, and took liberties no one else would have done; but now she was subdued at once.

"Forgive me, Ray; I will try not to think of Vera again to-day, and I shall be ready to help in the church in half an hour."

Christmas-day dawned bright and frosty, and the little church rang out a merry peal very early to rouse the old and young to a remembrance of the day; and all who attended morning service felt the better for Raymond Langley's good honest sermon.

"Ann and you and I have turned out a first-rate dinner, my dear!" said old Mrs. Bennett, as

she piled knife and fork, and put on her liveliest manners for Nora's benefit; and Raymond so well appreciated the good cheer, he said the thought of dining again was a severe trial to him.

"But maybe it will be for your good to meet this new relative, and it is well not to be too proud," said the old lady, nodding wisely.

"We are not going to be proud," said Nora, rather disappointedly; "but I should have been better pleased to know we three were to have our cosy evening at home."

When six o'clock came Mrs. Bennett went away, and Nora arrayed herself for the evening.

"Very nice," pronounced her brother, as she came in to show herself before enveloping her light dress in heavy wraps. "Simplicity is the highest art, after all."

Arrived at the Great House, Raymond and Nora were welcomed by their uncle and cousin—and saw no one else.

"We fear my aunt Jephson has been unable to travel," said Mr. Langley. "She has not arrived."

"O, perhaps," said Nora rather mischievously, "if she has been rushing from New York to Chicago, she may have knocked herself up."

"Yes, yes; extraordinary for a person near eighty, wasn't it?"

At this moment Vera's classic hand was raised for silence. Wheels were heard, then a thundering rap at the door.

"She's come, after all!" said the delighted daughter of the house, and she accompanied her father into the hall.

Raymond and Nora stood near the blazing fire, and were surprised that, instead of words of welcome, dead silence reigned.

"I've not had to travel from Dan to Beersheba, you see!" said a strangely familiar voice.

Nora looked fairly frightened.

"We are expecting a relative, madam," said Vera's cold proud voice, "and had not looked for the honour of your visit."

"By Jove! very awkward! Do you know this lady, Vera?" said the squire.

"No, she doesn't know me yet, nephew; but she soon will!" and the visitor passed by the silent and, it must be admitted, open-mouthed host and hostess, and entered the drawing-room, throwing off her old cloak as she walked.

Could it be? yes, it was Mrs. Bennett, and yet it was not Mrs. Bennett. Instead of a shabby gown, she wore a handsome black velvet relieved by point-lace, and—yes!—real diamonds met the astonished eyes of the curate and his sister. The word "nephew" had sent a pang to Vera's heart, and she followed her father in, looking limp and helpless, just in time to see Nora clasped in her grand-aunt's arms, and to hear her gasp out, "How—could—you—help—to—cook—a dinner?"

The servants all guessed how it was. The old lady had determined to know her relatives and be unknown herself, so had hired a cheap cottage and lived amongst them. She had seen Raymond's poverty, and sent the hamper to Nora; and had sent her letters to Mr. Langley to be posted by friends at different places. As she was personally unknown to them all, her ruse had succeeded.

The Christmas dinner was not quite jolly enough, and every one was glad when it ended. Mrs. Jephson went back to the curate's cottage afterwards, and there made such substantial arrangements to insure Raymond's preferment and Nora's fortune, that it would have been strange if these two young people had not fully meant it when they said to each other,

"This is a merry Christmas."

MUSICAL AND DRAMATIC.

MR. SIMS REEVES is farewelling in London.

OCTAVIA TORRIANI is in Milan and full of Italian engagements.

SALVINI will not return to the United States. He says America has had all the tragedy it wants.

RICHARD WAGNER has promised to write for St. Nicholas a paper on "How Children Should Learn Music."

BRAMHMS' new pianoforte concerto is creating, in his intimate circle, great interest. The work is in four movements, and the writing is said to excel anything he has yet achieved.

FRAU SOPHIE MENTER, the pianist, who was a perfect success in England, will tour in Belgium in January, and afterward in Germany.

MISS FRANCES ALLITSEN has obtained the Scholarship for Composition at the Gail Thal's School of Music.

MRS. OSGOOD has achieved a great triumph in "The Messiah" at the Academy of Music, Philadelphia. Over four thousand persons were present, including Adelina Patti.

The WALKER HOUSE, Toronto.

This popular new hotel is provided with all modern improvements; has 125 bedrooms, commodious parlours, public and private dining-rooms, sample rooms, and passenger elevator.

The dining-rooms will comfortably seat 200 guests, and the bill of fare is acknowledged to be unexcelled, being furnished with all the delicacies of the season.

The location is convenient to the principal railway stations, steamboat wharves, leading wholesale houses and Parliament Buildings. This hotel commands a fine view of Toronto Bay and Lake Ontario, rendering it a pleasant resort for tourists and travellers at all seasons.

Terms for board \$2.00 per day. Special arrangements made with families and parties remaining one week or more.





OUR CHRISTMAS VISITOR.—SANTA CLAUS AND WHAT HE BROUGHT US.



**G**OD save you, little children!  
Let nothing you affright,  
For Jesus Christ, your Saviour,  
Was born this blessed night!  
The dawn rose red o'er Bethlehem,  
The stars shone through the gray,  
When Christ, the Child of Nazareth,

Was born on Christmas Day!  
THE STORY OF CHRISTMAS.



# "BONNY KATE," A TALE OF SOUTHERN LIFE.

BY  
CHRISTIAN REID.

## CHAPTER I.

"She was not as pretty as women I know,  
And yet all your best, made of sunshine and snow.  
Drop to shade, melt to naught in the long-trodden ways,  
While she's still remembered on warm and cold days—  
My Kate."

"Her air had a meaning, her movements a grace;  
You turned from the fairest, to gaze on her face;  
And, when you had once seen her forehead and mouth,  
You saw as distinctly her soul and her truth—  
My Kate."

"See, Janet," a girl's sweet, gay voice cries,  
"A four-leaved clover!"

Lying at full length on the grassy bank, across which September sunshine is streaming goldenly, and over which green boughs are drooping lovingly, the speaker lifts one small hand, and holds triumphantly aloft a sprig of clover, bearing that rare and mystical number of leaves.

"So you have found it at last," Kate," says another girl, seated more sedately with her back against a tree. "I hope you are satisfied, and now we shall see what wonderful luck it is to bring."

"I shall be greatly disappointed if it does not bring the best possible luck," says Kate, rising to a sitting posture. "I have been searching for it so long that to find it at last, when I was not thinking of it in the least, must mean that some good fortune is about to befall me—don't you think so, Janet?"

"Of course," replies Janet, with a liberal infusion of irony in her voice. "How could one doubt it? But you'd better take care of it now that you have found it—if you lose it, I believe the spell is broken."

"I shall not lose it," says Kate confidently. "Here is 'Our Mutual Friend'—taking a very battered copy of that novel from the grass by her side—for the present I shall put the talisman safely away between its pages. Let me see!—a Venus and Werg scene won't do as association for anything so magical—neither will the Boffins, nor yet the Wilfers. Ah, here is the place, where Lizzie saves Eugene—that is romantic enough; so here you go!"

She places the sprig of clover between the pages, and looks with an air of satisfaction at her companion.

"What an absurd girl you are!" says the latter.

"How am I absurd?" asks Kate. "Because I am glad to have found a four-leaved clover!—or because I believe that it will bring me good-luck! If you don't believe it, you stand convicted of vulgar incredulity."

"But what good-luck do you want? As far as I can perceive, you seem to be exceedingly well satisfied with all the present conditions of your life."

"So I am," assents Kate, cheerfully. "On general principles we all want good-fortune if we can get it; but bringing the matter down to a particular point, I cannot think of anything that I desire. Indeed, I often feel that I am the luckiest girl in the world. I have had so many good friends, everybody has always been so kind to me, and, above all, I have a home like this without—without belonging to it."

"If you dare to say such a thing as that again I will throw this book at you!" cries Janet, indignantly. "Without belonging to it, indeed! You belong to it as much as I do."

"I know that I do—now," replies the other, quickly, "and that is why I am so grateful. I did not belong to it until you kind, good people took me in and made me one of you; and I can do nothing in return, and I don't suppose that to my dying day I ever shall be able to do anything, except love you, love you, love you!"

"We don't want anything else, Kate."

"I know you don't; and because I love you I am not troubled at my inability to give you anything else. It is a mean, calculating spirit that cannot rest under an obligation, I think. I like to feel how much I owe to you all—and I would not make it less if I could."

"You owe us nothing," says Janet. "If one could calculate debit and credit in a matter of this kind—which I don't think possible—I should say that you had repaid us tenfold in simply being what you are—our bonny Kate."

It is a name Kate Lawrence has often heard before—heard spoken with just this caressing accent—but, because Janet is usually morose and caressing, it touches her peculiarly now, bringing a soft light to her eyes, a quick quiver to her lips.

Never was name better bestowed, for she is truly a bonny creature—fair to look upon, and even more winsome than fair. It may readily be said that one has seen lovelier faces than hers, but seldom a face which pleases so well or so long. The grace of the delicate features, the ivory-like beauty of the soft brunette skin, the deer-like carriage of the small head, and the challenging lustre of the eyes—eyes of that peculiar hazel-gray which looks black under dark lashes, and dark as midnight are Kate's—have each and all a piquant charm; but the true spell of the countenance lies deeper. At the present time it is brimful of joyousness, and

radiant with bloom, but in the varying lights and shadows of the changeable eyes, possibilities of passionate feeling are lurking, and "the sweetest lips that ever were kissed" are full of tender suggestions. One has but to look at the girl to perceive that, in little or great affairs, she feels nothing, does nothing, by halves. Her whole heart is in her candid glance and her loyal hand. She does not know—it is not likely that she will ever learn—how much wiser, according to the wisdom of the world, are those who make prudent compromises with life, who give all things cautiously, and run no risk without counting its cost. She will never count the cost of anything, but will give freely all that is hers to bestow, keeping back no secret hoard for any dark hour that may be to come. After all, such natures, though born to keen suffering, have for this suffering a compensation. It is given to them—once or twice in life, at least—to taste the full measure of that supreme happiness which is never divorced from the capability of supreme generosity, to possess for one divine hour some joy which the cautious and selfish could never know.

As yet Kate Lawrence, portionless orphan though she is, has had little experience of anything save the sunshine of existence. The last four years of her life—she is now eighteen—have been passed in one of the pleasantest of the old-fashioned Southern country-houses which still cover the fair land that stretches from Maryland to Texas. Fairfield has been the home of the Lawrences for several generations, and here, as to a spot where she had every right to be, Kate was introduced on the death of her father, a younger son of the house, and one of those men who, endowed with brilliant talents, make no other use of them than to win hearts and squander fortunes, yet who are often more liked in life and more regretted in death than infinitely better people. Allan Lawrence squandered successively two fortunes, and died leaving no provision whatever for his daughter. His wife had fortunately died soon after her marriage; so when Mr. Lawrence answered in person the message which told him that his brother was one of the victims of yellow fever during a season of epidemic in one of the gulf cities, he found only his grave and a slight girl of fourteen. By the direction of a brief will written by the dead man at the beginning of his illness, this child was left to the joint guardianship of himself and her grand-uncle on the maternal side.

"It is not just that you should be burdened by the undivided charge," Allan Lawrence had written. "Her mother's uncle should at least share the responsibility, and if he fulfills his duty by desiring to take her altogether, I beg that you will allow him to do so. He is unmarried, and she is his nearest relation and natural heir."

In view of these words, Mr. Lawrence could not fail to inform Mr. Ashton of the trust committed to him. In return for which information he received a curt letter in which Mr. Ashton informed him that he had absolutely refused to allow his nephew-in-law to impose on him during life, and he should certainly not allow him to do so after death.

"I endeavoured by every means in my power to prevent the marriage of my niece," he wrote, "and, when she persisted in opposing my wishes, I refused to take any further interest in her affairs. I must therefore decline absolutely to act as guardian or assume any control of the child she has left. And, by regarding this decision as final, you will greatly oblige me."

Needless to say that this was final, and the waif thus rejected on one side was received with double warmth on the other. Affectionate hearts opened wide to take her in, and she gave back their affection in full measure. Nor could she readily have found a brighter home than Fairfield. Surrounded by a large neighbourhood, and situated in the midst of a picturesque country, it still preserves its reputation as a headquarters of hospitality, though times have changed as much for the Lawrences as for most other members of the planting community of the South. The income from the broad fields of the plantation by no means keeps pace with the steadily increasing demands of the large family; and, as is frequently the case, the anxiety consequent upon this state of affairs falls most heavily on the feminine head of the household. Mr. Lawrence comes of an open-handed race, and, though not a spendthrift, he is generous to a fault, and constitutionally averse to a consideration of economies.

His eldest son, Will, is usually spoken of as "his father's own son." He certainly possesses the frank Lawrence face, the stalwart Lawrence figure, the cordial good-fellowship and love of out-door life and sports which have always distinguished his name. There is a second son, however, who is altogether different. From his mother he has inherited certain dispositions which are not in accord with the Lawrence character. Chief of these is a decided taste for money-making, in consequence of which he was early sent to one of the seaboard cities and

placed in the business-house of a cousin of Mrs. Lawrence. Thence encouraging reports come of his capabilities, and he occasionally descends upon the family circle in the character of a condescending visitor. Next in order come two sisters, Sophy and Janet, aged respectively twenty and eighteen; while following them in close succession are several younger children, all of whom are blind adorers and devoted followers of their cousin Kate.

The latter breaks the short silence which has settled over the two girls since Janet's last speech, by saying:

"We won't grow sentimental, Janet dear; and, indeed, I cannot fancy you becoming so, bless your cynical heart! But I think you know that there is not anything, not anything on earth, I would not do to spare any one of you a moment's pain, or to show how dearly I love you. There cannot be anybody in the world with less power to benefit others than I have now; but I remember sometimes the fable of the mouse and the lion, and I think that perhaps the day may come when I can do something to show what is here."

With a graceful gesture she clasps her hands over her heart, and Janet thinks that there can be no sweeter face than the eloquent, mobile countenance as its glowing eyes meet her own.

"Love is enough," she says. "So long as you give us that, we will dispense with any wonderful benefit in proof of it; though, indeed, you may some day have it in your power to do anything you like for us. I often think that you are intended for some brilliant destiny, if only—"

"If only what?" asks Kate, as she pauses. "If only you don't let your heart make shipwreck of your life, as I am half afraid you will."

"Do you think so?" says Kate, wonderingly. "I don't think that there is the least danger of anything of the kind—nor the least hope, I may add, of a brilliant destiny, unless that is what the four-leaved clover means. Perhaps it will bring me a princely lover on a red-roan steed, like the lover little Ellie dreamed of in 'The Romance of the Swan's Nest.'"

"And, pray, what would you do with him if he came? I should think a lover on a bay steed—I believe that is the colour of George Proctor's horse—would be enough for you."

"Bah!" says Kate, flinging herself back on the grass. "I am tired of the bay steed, and his rider, too. He may 'ride, ride, forever ride' in any direction that he pleases, so that it is away from Fairfield."

"Kate," says her cousin, severely. "you are a very ungrateful girl."

"Not a bit of it," returns Kate, serenely. "It does not at all follow that I am ungrateful because I think George Proctor is a very foolish young man, or because I wish that he would go home, and stay there."

"He is trying to screw his courage to the point of asking you to go and stay there with him."

"Which," says the young lady, flushing to the roots of her hair, "is a very great absurdity and—impertinence on his part."

"It is you who are absurd when you talk like that. Has not a man a right to ask a woman to marry him?"

"Distinctly no—when a woman shows him that she does not care a straw for him, and would not marry him if he offered her the wealth of the world."

"You don't know what you might do for the wealth of the world; and furthermore, you don't by any means always show your lovers again that you entertain such stern sentiments—sometimes you are very gracious to him."

"That is when I am penitent after snubbing him severely," says Kate with a sigh. "One can't help feeling like a culprit when somebody cares for one a great deal more than one deserves, and all that one gives him in return is to be mean and cross. I know that, to make snubbing effective, one ought to be consistent in it—but I put it to you, Janet, how can one be?"

"Don't put it to me—I know nothing about such matters. Some people are born for one thing and some for another. I was born for practical purposes. One of these days a practical man—a widower probably, with nine children—will say to me, 'Miss Janet, will you be kind enough to come and attend to my household affairs, the preserving, pickling, darning, et cetera?' And I will reply, 'Yes, Mr. Jones, if you will agree not to interfere with me more than you can help.' So, papa will say, 'Do as you like, my dear,' and that will be my wooing."

"Sooner than face such a prospect, I—I would drown myself!" cries Kate, lifting up "Our Mutual Friend" and bringing it down on the ground with emphasis.

"Oh, you need not be afraid," says Janet. "It will not be your wooing. You are made for romance, passion, rapture, and agonies. I hope you will come out of it alive—that is all."

Kate laughs—a merry, ringing sound, which is not the least indicative of an early demise.

"What an original you are, Janet!" she says.

"But you make mistakes in your prophecies sometimes. There never was a girl less inclined to be romantic than I am. When people grow sentimental I always want to laugh—and generally do. Now, such a disposition is entirely incompatible with the rapture and agonies theory."

"We shall see," says Janet. "I have very good grounds for all my opinions, and I am sure—Why, yonder is Will! What can be bringing him here?"

## CHAPTER II.

"News, news, news, my gossiping friends!  
I have wonderful news to tell!"

A tall young man, in a gray suit and a straw hat, is coming across the grass as Kate rises again from a recumbent to a sitting attitude and looks round.

"Don't disturb yourself," he says, smiling, as he draws near. "I see you appreciate the Arab proverb that 'man is better sitting than standing, better lying down than sitting, better dead than lying down.'"

"I have not got so far as the last," says Kate, "but I do like to lie down—especially on the grass, when I can look up through green leaves at such a sky as that. Make yourself comfortable by doing likewise, Will, and then answer, sir, for an unjustifiable invasion of property. Janet and I wanted to drive over to Oakdale this afternoon, but when we sent for the phaeton we were informed that you had taken Modoc. Now, we might have let you had him if you had asked us, but, since you did not ask us, we were naturally very indignant."

"Sorry to have inconvenienced you and deferred anything so important as a journey to Oakdale," says Will, making himself comfortable as he was bidden to do, and apparently not at all disturbed by the indignation. "I should not have taken Modoc—for he is an abominable little beast under the saddle—if there had been another horse in the stable. But Harry needed shoeing, Diana is lame, and the hunting-party had all the rest. Therefore, since I was obliged to go to Arlingford on business, I ordered him out. To make amends, you shall have a fox-chase in the morning, if you like. We are going to have a run near home."

"That will be delightful!" cries the girl, with quickening eyes. "But how can I go if Diana is lame?"

"Oh, I dare say she'll be all right by to-morrow; it was because I wanted her to be all right that I would not ride her this afternoon."

"Will, you are—you are a brick!" says Kate. "That is your own favourite term of commendation, so I suppose it will flatter you more than anything else I could say. I forgive you entirely for taking Modoc, since you were sparing Diana to carry me on a chase."

"I will soothe you by taking you down to the river for a row presently," says Will. "By Jove! how I hated to miss the chase today! I am sure it was a good one."

"It has certainly been a long one. The huntsmen are not yet back."

"That signifies nothing. They were going to dine at Wilmer's, and of course they will smoke and talk over the run for an hour or two after dinner, and then they have nine miles to ride."

"And, of course, Mr. Wilmer will return with them," says Kate. "How much he is in love with Sophy!—and, though Sophy is so demure, I think she likes him very well, indeed."

"Does she?" says Will, with that mild degree of interest which a man evinces in his sister's love affairs. "Wilmer is a capital fellow, and I bade him go ahead with my blessing some time ago. Sophy could not well do better."

"I am not sure of that," says Janet; but I suppose she might readily do worse, and so we must be resigned. I hate this thing of marrying and giving in marriage."

"You all seem to think so," says Will, "especially when it comes to the wedding dress and the wedding-cake."

"O woman, in our hours of ease,  
Uncertain, coy, and hard to please—  
There can be no doubt of the 'hard to please' at any rate."

"Indeed, I think we should be very easily pleased, if some people pleased us," says Kate, with an air of graceful disdain.

Will laughs, and, lying back at ease on the warm, dry grass, looks with a blending of cousinly fondness and admiration at the win some face.

"You are unaccountable creatures regarded in any light," he says, "but we could not well get on without you, and I'll not deny that you have some right to be hard to please, bonny Kate, the daintiest Kate in Christendom!"

"Stop that at once!" says Janet, before Kate can reply. "It is not only an invidious distinction to compliment one girl while another girl is sitting by, but I don't want Kate spoiled, and she will be utterly so if this kind of thing goes on. Even I have been talking nonsense about her being intended for a brilliant destiny—and now you tell her that she has a right to be hard to please. It is all absurdity!"

"Quite so, Janet," says Kate's joyous voice. "Don't be afraid of my being spoiled; I know it is only your partiality that makes you think me anything but a very ordinary girl—Will, did you bring the mail from Arlingford?"

"I brought the mail, and some news besides. Try to imagine who is coming to Fairfield."

"Don't be provoking, Will, but tell us at once," says Janet.

By way of reply, Will draws a letter from his pocket and tosses it toward her. She lifts, opens, glances at the address and signature, and says, "Why, it is from Randall to mamma!"

"Exactly," says Will, "and mamma handed it to me to pass over to you on account of some important intelligence which it contains. Read it aloud for Kate's benefit."

Thus directed, Janet reads:  
"MY DEAR MOTHER,—Your letter just received. Many thanks for the note enclosed for Miss Vaughn. I am very certain that she will accept your invitation. Somebody has been



telling her a tremendous rigmarole about Fairfields, and she is very anxious to visit it. I only hope she may not be bored to death after she gets there. Tell the girls that they must make every preparation to have things as gay as possible, and I will let you know, as soon as I can, when to expect us."

At this point the reader's voice ceases, and she looks up with amazement and dismay on her face.

"Miss Vaughn!" she says. "In the name of all that is wonderful, what can be bringing Miss Vaughn to Fairfields! Do you—do you think that she can mean to marry Randal?"

"As unlikely as possible," says Will. "Randal is a completely infatuated fool, who lets her make a convenience of him one day, and a football the next; and for some inscrutable caprice she is making a convenience of him now."

"This is fairly overwhelming," says Kate. "What on earth are we to do with such a fashionable and formidable beauty and belle?"

"You can study her," says Will. "It may be as good as an education for you poor creatures buried in the country."

"Kate is the only one to whom such an education would be of service," says Janet; "and she knows quite enough about flirting now."

"I know about flirting, Janet!" says Kate, looking injured. "That is the unkindest speech you ever made to me."

"Kate's flirtations are of the mild, bread-and-butter order—warranted to cause no serious harm," says Will; "while Miss Vaughn, unless report greatly belies her, belongs to the class 'man-eater'—and, if one may judge by Randal, she might as well devour her victims entirely, since they are fit for nothing after she is done with them."

"It must be very interesting to watch the process of devouring," observes Kate. "Don't you think you can offer yourself as a victim?"

"Not if I know myself!" replies Will, with more force than elegance. "If you are very anxious to watch the process, however, there's Proctor—he might immolate himself to oblige you."

"Perhaps he will immolate himself without any intention of obliging me."

"Then I know who would be sorry," says Janet, dryly.—"Will, if you are sufficiently rested, let us go down to the river and have that row."

No lovelier stream was ever sung by poets than the bright river which winds through the fertile lowlands of the Fairfields plantation. It is not more than a hundred yards from the foot of the lawn to a place where a boat is always moored, and thither Will and his companions take their way.

By the time they are fairly afloat in the middle of the current, the sun has sunk below the green heights which encompass the valley, and clouds luminous with his dying glory begin to fling a reflection of their tints upon the glassy breast of the water.

"This is the best time to be on the river," says Kate with a soft sigh. She has taken off her hat and is sitting bareheaded, while the evening breeze waves the light rings of hair back from her brow. "Sunset and moonlight—if I live to be a hundred years old I am sure I shall always love those two things."

"They are very good things in their way," says Will, "but there are some better things—a rousing chase at daylight, for instance. By-the-by, didn't I tell you that I brought some news from Arlingford, besides the mail? You have not heard it yet."

"More news?" says Janet. "I supposed that too startling intelligence about Miss Vaughan was what you meant."

"On the contrary, the news about Miss Vaughn will startle you less than what I have in reserve. Who do you suppose I met in Arlingford to-day?"

"You are insufferable with your conundrums!" says Janet, impatiently. "How can I possibly tell, when there are so many people whom you might have met?"

"But this was somebody whom I had not the least expectation of meeting—somebody uncommonly pleasant, too. Come, give a guess."

"Was it man or woman?"

"Can you ask? I should not think of attempting to enlist your interest in one of your own sex. It was a man."

"Bertie Anderson?"

"No—Frank Tarleton."

"Frank Tarleton!" cries Janet, roused to vivid interest at once. "Will, are you in earnest?"

"Never more so in my life. It was Tarleton himself—no room for mistake. You ought to have seen us meeting; like those ancient fellows—what were their names?—who were so very intimate."

"Frank Tarleton!" repeats Janet. "I certainly am surprised! When did he come? What has brought him back?"

"He reached Arlingford to-day. I did not ask what has brought him; but I fancy his business affairs have done so."

"By all accounts, it must be rather late to be looking after *them*," says Janet. "It is more likely that he has come because he had nowhere else in particular to go. Is he as handsome as ever?"

"Handsome, if anything. I always said Tarleton was too good looking to come to any good end. He has not—what is the expression women use about each other—gone off at all, and when you see him you will rave over him."

"I shall do nothing of the kind," returns Janet. "He has behaved too badly for anybody

to think of raving over him, no matter how handsome he may be."

"So you are ready to give up an old friend because the gossips have made themselves busy with his name! There's a world of charity, kindness, and good sense, in such a proceeding!"

Janet flushes; but, according to her usual custom, holds her own stoutly.

"Gossip is one thing," she says, "and fact is another. Everybody knows how Frank Tarleton has acted. As for his being an old friend, I am sure we have not seen him for nearly five years."

"And you have a statute of limitation for your friendships? Tarleton is one of the best of fellows, if he is rather a black sheep; and, though he has certainly been a fool, the majority of us are not sages."

"This is a very easy way to look at things," says Janet, "but I don't think it is a good way."

Kate, who had been listening to the conversation thus far with great interest, now breaks in:

"What has this poor Mr. Tarleton done?" she asks, "that Janet is so severe upon him?"

"He has been unkindly enough and foolish enough to make ducks and drakes of his fortune," answers Will, "and Janet agrees with the majority of the world that to lose money is the worst offense of which a man can be guilty."

"That is very unjust, Will," said Janet. "If Frank Tarleton had lost his fortune, it would be a different matter, but he has squandered it."

"And in squandering it he has harmed himself more than any one else, has he not?" asks Kate, who is as lax a moralist as Will. "At any rate, he is young and handsome and pleasant, you say—so he will be an acquisition to the neighbourhood, with or without a fortune."

Janet, whose wisdom is beyond her years, looks at her volatile cousin gravely.

"I am not so sure of that," she says.

Silence follows for a minute—silence only broken by the soft dip of the oars in the water—and, as the loveliness deepens in the sky and earth, Kate involuntarily begins to sing. She has a charming voice full of power and sweetness though untrained, and on the stillness of the evening air it rises full and clear:

Flow down, cold rivulet, to the sea,  
Thy tribute wave deliver.  
No more by thee my steps shall be  
Forever and forever.

Flow, softly flow, by lawn and lea,  
A rivulet, then a river;  
Nowhere by thee my steps shall be  
Forever and forever.

"I call that a very mournful ditty, Kate," interposes Will, who is rowing in time to the measured cadence of the melody. Give us something more cheerful."

But Kate only smiles and goes on:

But here with a thine alder-tree,  
And here thine aspen sliver;  
And here by thee will hum the bee  
Forever and forever.

The ringing voice, together with the distinctly audible words of the song, attract the attention of a horseman who is riding along the road which borders the river. He pauses, listens, then dismounts, fastens his horse to a tree near by, and, approaching the bank, makes his way as silently as possible through the dense growth of willow and alder which fringes the stream, until he reaches a point whence, parting the green boughs, he looks out over the stream.

It is a lovely picture which rewards him. The emerald-tinted water is painted with gorgeous hues; while far and fair, melting into purple softness, spreads the level valley, bounded by rolling hills, on one of which the gabled roof of Fairfields shows "bosomed high in tufted tiers." Above these hills the fires of sunset burn—flame-like scarlet, vivid crimson fading into soft rose, gold and aquamarine melting and throwing their radiance far and wide. The river, catching this radiance, holds it imprisoned in its liquid depths; and the boat seems floating on an enchanted current:

A thousand suns will stream on thee,  
A thousand moons will quiver—

so Kate is singing, and the eyes of the unseen gazer, falling on her face, do not wander from it until the boat passes beyond his sight, around a bend of the stream. Even then the end of the verse is wafted back to him:

But not by thee my steps shall be  
Forever and forever.

"Who on earth can she be?" he says to himself. "The man is Will Lawrence, and the other girl one of his sisters, but who can this girl possibly be?"

Since there is no one to answer the question, he retraces his steps, remounts his horse, and rides away, humming, as he goes, the haunting refrain:

No more by thee my steps shall be  
Forever and forever.

Meanwhile, Will is saying to his companions: "I am afraid we must be thinking of going back. I heard the sound of a horn not long ago, from which I infer that the hunters have returned."

"Yonder is the hunter's moon," says Kate, pointing to a silver crescent, the faint lines of which are half lost amid the splendors of the glowing west.

"You are the first to see it, Kate—and in a clear sky," says Janet. "That is good-luck."

"Queen and huntress, chaste and fair—"

Will begins, and breaks down at that point.

"If I had a horn I would give her a hunting salute," he says. "We must turn around, must we? Well, here goes! Now, girls, since I have to row against the current, lighten my labour with a song, and pray let it be cheerful—not like Kate's last."

The girls comply, and, with songs and gay talk and much laughter, they return to the landing, fasten the boat, and take their way back to the house, reaching it as the shades of twilight enwrap all the outer world.

CHAPTER III.

"Good name in man and woman  
Is the immediate jewel of their souls."

The inmates of Fairfields, as usual at this hour, are assembled on the front piazza, where comfortable wicker chairs are placed, and brightly-coloured cushions are scattered for the benefit of those who may prefer the lowliness of the steps.

On these steps Sophy Lawrence is seated, with a broad-shouldered gentleman by her side, who is no other than the Mr. Wilmer whom Kate prophesied would return with the hunting party, and whom Janet regards with aversion as a probable brother-in-law.

"Of course, he is there!" says the latter, in a tone of disgust. "If I were Sophy, I would suggest to him to stay at home a little—just a little."

"If you were Sophy, you would do nothing of the kind," laughs Kate; "you would be so glad to see him that you would be disappointed if he did not come every day. Wait till Mr. Jones, the widower of the future, appears, and then you, too, will sing—"

"I hear his foot fall's music,  
I feel his presence near."

"If it is Proctor that you mean, Kate," says Will, "I don't know about his foot-fall's music, for he is sitting down; but you may certainly feel his presence, since I see him on the piazza."

The speaker winces the next instant, for Kate give his arm a sharp pinch, but, before she can express her indignation in words, they reach the steps, and Sophy addresses them:

"Where have you girls been! I sent for you an hour ago, but you were not to be found."

"We have been on the river," said Janet. "Why did you send for us?"

"Carrie Norton was here and wanted to ask you to a croquet-party to-morrow afternoon. I knew you had no engagements, so I told her we would all go."

"I wish you had excused me," says Janet. "I am tired of croquet."

"I am not," cries Kate. "I like it."

"I think you like everything, Miss Kate," says Mr. Wilmer. "I have never seen any one joy life so thoroughly as you do."

"Of course I do," replies the girl in her frank voice. "I am very sorry—oh, very sorry for people who do not enjoy it. I suppose there is some trouble and vexation in it, but I think that for everybody there must be a great deal of pleasure, if he only knows how to find it."

"That admits of a question," he says; "but I think you will always find it."

"I hope she will," says Sophy, as Kate passes on. "It would seem a cruel thing if life should use her as hardly as it does some people; and yet—"

She pauses, for a thought of wisdom comes to her. And yet why should not ill as well as good fall on this bright head, since both ill and good are gifts alike from the merciful hand of God? Ah, true as truth is it that, could we order the lives even of our dearest and best, our choice would be but blindly made. With eager hands we would pour unclouded sunshine over them, forgetting that the heroism which ennobles and the tenderness which sweetens life are alike born in darkness and struggle.

Will pauses on the veranda, where the enthusiastic huntsmen begin to describe for his benefit the run of the day; but Kate and Janet, mindful of the toilets unmade, enter the hall, whither they are followed by one of the group, a tall young man, who rises and hurries after them.

"I wish—I wished a hundred times to-day that you had been with us, Miss Kate," he says, eagerly; "we had the best chase of the season, and your namesake led the pack."

"Will says that she is the best hound in the country," replies Kate, pausing with a smile, while Janet pursues her way upstairs. "I am glad that you had a good chase," she goes on; "but would it not have been rather long for me? And then the bachelor dinner—I should have been dreadfully in the way there."

"You could not be in the way anywhere—not possibly," says the young man, quickly. "Speaking for myself, I am sure your presence would have made the dinner quite another affair."

"That is equivocal," says Kate, with her gay laugh. "Another affair might mean pleasantly—or the reverse. No, pray don't explain—a flavour of doubt gives zest to a compliment, and I suppose you meant to be complimentary."

"I must be very stupid if I didn't make that clear," he says, laughing in turn. "I was lucky enough to find the ferns you wanted," he proceeds, tugging at something in the breast-pocket of his coat, and finally drawing forth a memorandum-book, which he opens. Between the leaves are several feathery ferns of rare variety.

"How lovely!" cries Kate. "And how good of you to remember and bring them to me! I know how hard it is for a fox-hunter to stop for anything."

"I came near losing the hounds by stopping," says Mr. Proctor, who naturally wishes to make as much capital as possible of this heroic act; "but, as soon as I saw the ferns, I was determined you should have them."

"I am so much obliged!" she says. "They are just what I want for my splatter-work. I believe I promised my next piece to you," she adds, with an upward glance of the dark-fringed eyes, "so you see virtue will be its own reward. Whenever you look at that work of art you can proudly think, 'I should not possess this treasure if I had not stopped for those ferns that day.'"

"I shall certainly consider it a treasure," says Mr. Proctor, "and I hope I shall receive it before long. I am sure you will fulfill a promise better than Miss Janet does, who has been promising me a tobacco-bag for more than a year."

"I always fulfill my promises," says Kate.—"But I shall not be ready for tea at this rate," she adds with a start, as the hall-clock clangs forth seven. "I must go at once, for see what a state my dress is in from the grass and the boat!"

"And you'll wear some of the ferns in your hair, won't you?" says Mr. Proctor, following her to the foot of the staircase.

She nods and flits away, leaving him standing below, looking after her as one might look after some lovely, bright-plumaged bird that has spread its wings for flight. Then he heaves a sigh—from the region of his boots, apparently—and returns to the piazza where the chase is still proceeding.

Kate, meanwhile, takes her way to her chamber, smiling as she goes. Mr. Proctor's devotion annoys her sometimes, but more often amuses her, since, to a girl perfectly heart-whole and fancy-free, sentimental troubles seem only fit matter for mirth. We can realize a finger-ache even if our own fingers are exempt from pain; but, to realize a heart-ache when we have never known such a thing, is altogether beyond the average capability of light-hearted eighteen.

"Poor fellow—how absurd he is!" Kate says to herself; and this is the amount of sympathy which the sighing gentleman obtains.

"If you had staid to talk to Mr. Proctor much longer, Kate," says Janet, when she enters the room where that young lady is, "you might have spared yourself the trouble of changing your dress for tea. As it is, you will be very late."

"It does not matter," says Kate, cheerfully. "I can slip on my white muslin in a minute. See what lovely ferns!—will you have some for your hair?"

"No, thanks. Mr. Proctor would be no more pleased to see me wearing his offerings than I should be pleased to wear them. What a simpleton he is!"

"He is not very brilliant," Kate admits, "but I don't think it is fair to call him exactly a simpleton—at least I suppose he has sense about some things."

"Oh, I suppose he knows when to plant cotton and when to sow wheat," says Janet, with a careless shrug; but he does not know better than to make a great fool of himself about you. I suppose he can't help it, however. Shake-peare says that 'to be wise and love exceeds man's strength,' and, if it exceeds man's strength in general, it is not surprising that it should exceed Mr. Proctor's strength in particular.—There is the tea-bell, as I expected!—make haste and come down."

She goes as she speaks, and ten minutes later Kate follows. When the latter enters the room where tea is in progress, she finds that a name she has heard before is under discussion.

"I don't believe Tarleton is half as black as he is painted," Will is saying. "Reckless! yes, all the Tarletons are that—but recklessness is not a crime."

"It unfortunately leads to crime very often," Mr. Lawrence says. "I like Frank Tarleton, also—not only for his own sake but for that of his father, who was one of the best friends I ever had—and I shall be sorry to believe anything worse of him than that he has been sowing a very plentiful crop of wild-oats."

"It is a pity that sowing wild-oats is such an expensive business that most men by the time they have finished it have no capital left for any other crop," says Wilmer's pleasant voice.

"Tarleton's affairs must be in a pretty bad condition," observes Proctor. "I heard not long ago that Southdale will soon be in the market."

"I believe it is heavily mortgaged," says Will, "and Tarleton may be forced to part with it, but I am sure he will never do so willingly."

"Is the Tarleton of whom you are talking," puts in General Murray—a white-moustached veteran who travels a hundred miles every Autumn for a fortnight's hunting at Fairfields—"the young fellow who has lately been conspicuous in turf-matters, and who owns the race-horse Cavalier?"

"The same," replies Will. "You know him, general?"

"I have met him once or twice. My most vivid recollection of him is in a steep-chase for gentleman-riders, when I expected to see him break his neck. Had he done so, it might have been some consolation to hope

"That Heaven would yet have more mercy than man. On such a bold rider's soul."

"Unfortunately, bold riding does not greatly commend one to the mercy of Heaven," says Janet.

"Bold riding, moreover, is not the only accomplishment of this young gentleman," says



"See, Janet, a four-leaved clover."

the general. "He has the reputation of being very dangerous—among ladies. It is only fair to give you warning of this," he adds, as his glance, whether by intention or accident, falls on Kate, who answers promptly:

"You are very kind, general; but surely you do not think that all the peril will be on our side. However dangerous Mr. Tarleton may be, we flatter ourselves that we shall be able to hold our own against his fascinations."

"If I may judge by what I have seen of your powers, Miss Kate, you can do more," replies the general, with a smile. "You may beat him with his own weapons at his own game."

discourage in time any renewal of the friendship which existed between himself and Will—not to speak of the girls."

"Why should I?" asks Mr. Lawrence.

"Why should you?" repeats his wife, in a tone of surprise; "I think that all which is said about Frank Tarleton's character and affairs is answer enough for that."

"Perhaps so," is the reply, "but when a man is down in the world is not generally the time I select for turning the cold shoulder to him."

"And you don't see that it is your duty to consider your daughters before you introduce a ruined and dissipated young man familiarly into your house?"

"My daughters!" says Mr. Lawrence. "Why, they grew up with Frank Tarleton as with their own brothers! It would be rather difficult to thrust him into the position of a stranger now."

"It may be disagreeable, but it will not be difficult," says Mrs. Lawrence. "I cannot do it alone, but, if you support me, I will undertake to make it very soon and very clearly understood that Frank Tarleton takes no familiar place in this house."

Her husband moves uneasily. "I cannot do

"Present my kind regards to Mrs. Lawrence, and believe me always,

"Faithfully yours,

"ANASTASIA BROOKE."

"This is something unexpected," says Mr. Lawrence, handing the letter to his wife, "but there is no nobody I shall like better to see; and I'll write at once and tell her so."

"I suppose you must," says Mrs. Lawrence, "but it is very inconvenient that she should come just now. I received a letter from Randall to-day, saying that Miss Vaughn is coming; and the house is not elastic, though you seem to think so."

"Randall be hanged!" says Randall's father with unusual irritation. "What claim to consideration has that girl he is making himself a consummate fool about, in comparison with



Parting the leaves he looks over the river.

"Oh, I shall not aspire to accomplish so much as that," she says, gayly. "It will be wisest, no doubt, to keep one's self strictly on the defensive."

"Which no young lady so well fitted as yourself for offensive operations will ever be content to do," returns the general.

The subject ends here, but this jesting exchange of words makes a serious impression on the mind of Mrs. Lawrence; and after tea she follows her husband to the library—where he usually retires to read the daily papers—in order to set his duty as head of the family clearly before him.

"I am sorry to hear that Frank Tarleton has returned to the neighbourhood," she begins, "and I think, my dear, it will be wise if you

it, Margaret," he says. "It is something you should not ask of me. I remember Tarleton's father too well, and—and, upon my word, I don't think it is kind or charitable of you to condemn the poor young fellow before he has a chance to say a word for himself."

"I have no desire to condemn him," says Mrs. Lawrence. "What he has been is not my affair; but I must think of my daughters, and I ask you this—should you like him for a son-in-law?"

Mr. Lawrence laughs. "I believe women never hear a man's name that they don't figure to themselves how he would answer in a matrimonial point of view," he says. "It will be time enough to think of him as a son-in-law when he shows any disposition to become one."

Anastasia Brooke, who has been my life-long friend! If anybody is to be put off, let it be Miss Vaughn."

"That is impossible."

"Then manage as best you can; but remember that Miss Brooke must come."

He turns to his writing-desk as he speaks, and Mrs. Lawrence is aware that the words just uttered are an ultimatum. Notwithstanding that the reins of government usually rest in her hands, there are occasions when her husband asserts his authority, and on those rare occasions she has no other alternative but to submit.

So it chanced that Sophy mentions the news of the intended arrival when the girls have retired to their chamber that night.

"You are mistaken," replies Mrs. Lawrence, with the majestic dignity of superior wisdom. "It will be too late then. The only way to prevent such things is to anticipate them."

"Well, we will see about it," says Mr. Lawrence, evasively. "Were there any letters for me to-day?"

"One; I laid it on the table here. There it is!"—uncovering a pale-gray envelope. "The handwriting is familiar to me, but I cannot think whose it is."

"Why didn't you open it, then?" asks Mr. Lawrence, carelessly. He takes up the envelope, opens it, and draws forth a sheet of paper bearing these lines:

"My dear Mr. Lawrence,—When we met last, you gave me a cordial invitation to visit Fair-fields. I did not think at that time that I should ever do so—though I remember the days I spent there in my youth as among the happiest of my life—but since then my mind has changed, and if it would be entirely convenient to Mrs. Lawrence and yourself for me to spend a week or two with you during this lovely autumn season, I shall be glad to do so.

"Present my kind regards to Mrs. Lawrence, and believe me always,

"Faithfully yours,

"ANASTASIA BROOKE."

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"Randall be hanged!" says Randall's father with unusual irritation. "What claim to consideration has that girl he is making himself a consummate fool about, in comparison with

"Mamma tells me that papa has had a letter from Miss Brooke, and that she is coming to Fair-fields," she says.

"We seem to have become very popular all at once," observes Janet. "Who else will descend on us, I wonder? Not that it matters greatly—a visitor more or less hardly counts when the house is full."

"Who is Miss Brooke?" asks Kate. "I don't think I ever heard of her before."

"I fancy you must have heard of her," answers Sophy. "She is a great friend of papa's—her father was his guardian, and they have known each other all their lives. She is an old maid, and immensely rich."



"I was lucky enough to find the ferns you wanted."

"How interesting! Perhaps she may play fairy-godmother to one or all of us. Rich old maids should feel that their special duty in life is to exert their benevolence towards portionless young ones."

"Unhappily they don't take that view of the matter," says Janet, "and Miss Brooke has relations of her own—I have heard papa speak of them. Still there is a chance for a turn of Fortune's wheel. More unlikely things have happened than that she should take a fancy to one of us—only, of course, you would be the one, Kate."

"I don't see why that follows," says Kate; "but this may be the luck that my four-leaved clover is to bring.—Sophy, do you know that I found a four-leaved clover to-day? See, here it is!" She opens the pages of "Our Mutual Friend," and displays her treasure-trove triumphantly. "I have put it at my favourite scene—the scene that, I suppose, I have read fifty times, and that I can no more read with dry eyes the fiftieth time than the first—where Lizzie saves Eugene."

"Who was not worth saving," says Janet, shortly. "My sympathies in that story are all with the schoolmaster. He was a man who was in earnest, and who knew his own mind."

"I can't say that I admired Eugene very much," says Kate, "but Lizzie loved him and that was enough. Listen! do you remember this?—'Now, merciful Heaven be thanked for that old time, enabling me, without a wasted moment, to have got the boat afloat again, and to row back against the stream! And grant, O blessed Lord God, that through me he may be raised from death, and preserved to some one else that he may be dear one day, though never dearer than to me!' Surely, if he had been ten times worse than he was, to have won such a heart as that would have made him worth saving."

Janet compresses her lips doubtfully, but Sophy—thrilled by the sweet voice which gave new meaning to the pathetic words—answers quickly:

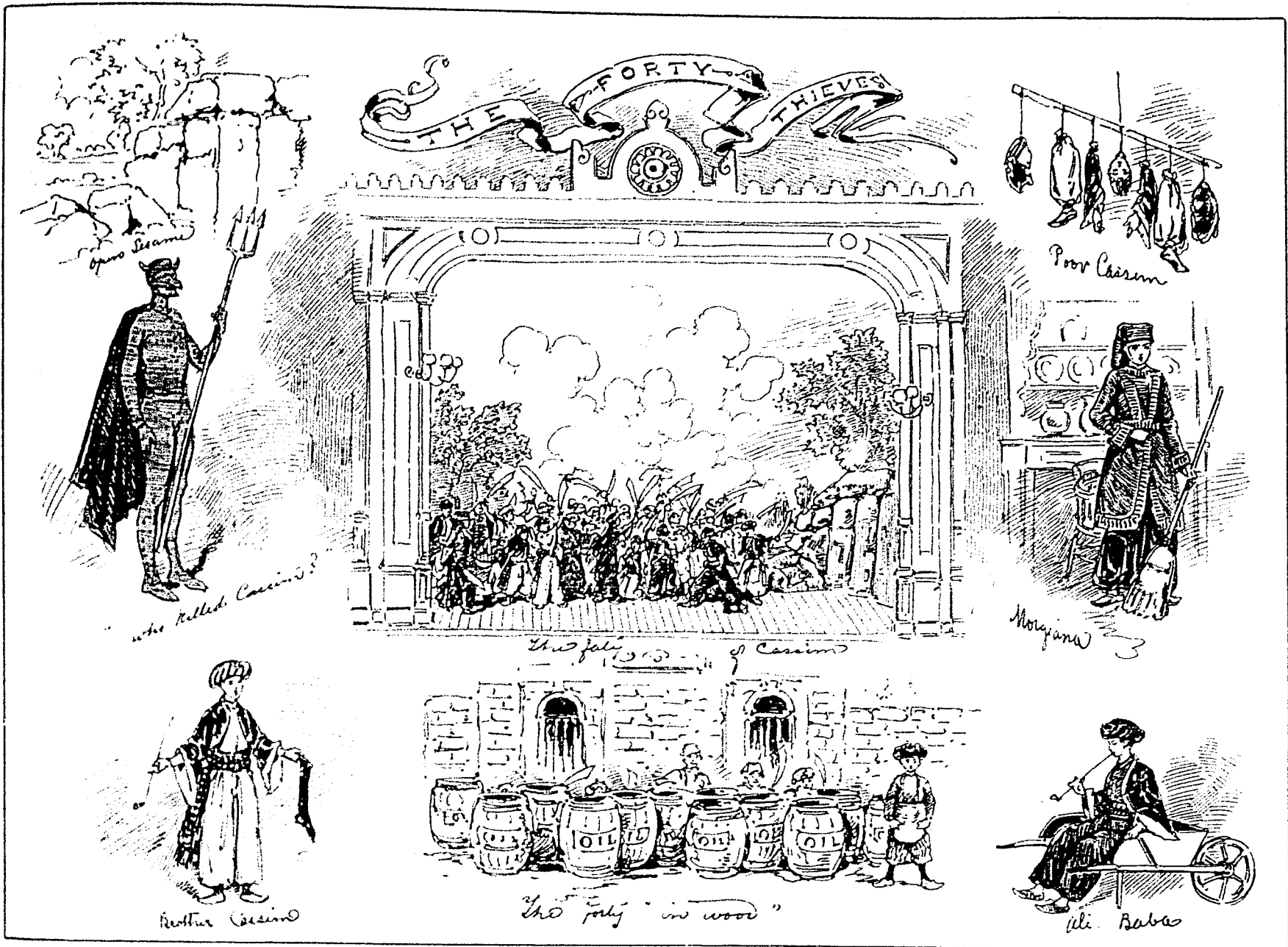
"Yes, God be thanked, love does not wait upon worth or unworth; else there are few of us who would not go starving for it to the end of our days."

(To be continued.)



"I cannot do it, Margaret!"





SKETCHES AT THE PERFORMANCE OF "ALI BABA" BY THE BOYS OF THE MTAVISHI SCHOOL.



A LANDLORD

A BAILIFF

A TENANT



APPLICANTS FOR "FAIR RENT"

IRELAND.—SOME PROMINENT FIGURES IN THE CHRISTMAS FESTIVITIES.



LA GLOIRE.

BY INGOLDSBY NORTH.

A battle lost and won—'tis nothing more. Thousands of men lay dead and bleeding, but what then?

Tears from the eyes of thousands drop like rain— Few see them—even the wounded here will hide

It is but one of that gay glittering host Of whom a mother, bent with grief, now speaks.

"They have sold me all. Gently they spoke at first, Least, in the anguish of my sudden grief,

"Oh cruel, cruel men! He was so strong, So full of happiness and lusty life!

"No captive o'er his Plectola flower Waited for leaf and bud as I did wait,

"No miser o'er his treasure ever hung As I hung o'er him in his baby sleep,

"Weep, as I sought out every growing trace Of his dead father's look upon his face—

"Poor Marie! Him she loved—the lily bends Beneath the storm, but lifts its lips again

"I do not know; but, if she does, my heart Will cast her out forever—and yet why

"I must, I will be patient. Tears may rise, But none shall see them even dim my eyes!

"I'll even smile to think a thousand eyes Of starry flowers may spring around his bed;

"I'll often think how glorious and how grand His dreams of rescue for a fallen land.

"I'll hang his sword upon my chamber wall; I'll keep his medal resting next my heart;

"A few short years of silent grief for me; They might have been long years of care for him—

Toronto. From the Mail, Dec., 1877.

OUR CHESS COLUMN.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

J. W. S., Montreal.—Papers to hand. Thanks. J. B., Leaside.—Problems received. Thanks.

The annual meeting at Quebec next week of the Canadian Chess Association, has every promise of being a success, and we hope to be able to give in our next Column the most important particulars connected with it.

A few weeks ago I dealt with the bad effects, both on the practice and the reputation of chess, of the slow play that is tolerated in matches.

"I should like to see the rules of chess embody a declaration as to the maximum time that should be consumed over a single move, even if it were not enforced by a penalty."

In response to a couple of correspondents who were mystified by our reference to "Mephisto" in our last, we state that "Mephisto" is a wonderful automaton chess player, which has defied the scientists of Europe to detect his secret.

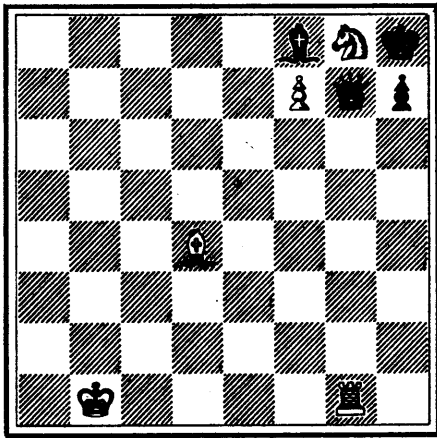
On Saturday evening, the 10th inst., Mr. Mackenzie played ten simultaneous games against ten of the members of the St. Louis Chess, Checker and Whist Club.

Nelson and Rinkel) and drew one with Mr. Dougherty— Globe-Democrat.

PROBLEM No. 361.

By John Barry, Leaside.

BLACK.



WHITE.

White to play and mate in two moves.

GAME 488TH.

Played in England some time ago between Mr Thorold and Miss Rudge, the former giving the odds of Knight.

(Remove White's Queen's Knight.)

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

NOTES.

(a) A mistake, but Black has a bad game

SOLUTIONS.

Solution of Problem No. 359.

- White. 1. B to Q 5 2. Mates acc. Black. 1. Any

Solution of Problem for Young Players No. 357.

- White. 1. Q to Q R 8 2. Kt mates Black. 1. Any

PROBLEMS FOR YOUNG PLAYERS No. 358.

- White. K at K B sq R at Q sq B at Q 6 Kt at K B 7 P at K Kt 6 Black. K at K sq B at K B sq Pawn at K Kt 2

White to play and mate in three moves.

CONSUMPTION CURED. — Since 1870 Dr. Sherar has each year sent from this office the means of relief and cure to thousands afflicted with disease. The correspondence necessitated by this work becoming too heavy for him, I came to his aid.

THIS PAPER MAY BE FOUND ON FILE AT GEO. F. BOWELL & CO'S Newspaper Advertising Bureau (10 SPRUCE STREET), WHEEL ADVERTISING CONTRACTS MAY BE MADE FOR IT IN NEW YORK.



Cures Cholera, Cholera Morbus, Dysentery, Cramps, Colic, Sea Sickness and Summer Complaint; also Cholera Infantum, and all Complaints peculiar to children teething, and will be found equally beneficial for adults or children.

FOR SALE BY ALL DRUGGISTS. T. MILBURN & CO., Proprietors, Toronto.

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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, Pancakes, Griddle Cakes, &c., and a small quantity used in Pie Crust, Fuddings, or other Pastry, will save half the usual shortening, and make the food more digestible.



SAVES TIME. IT SAVES TEMPER. IT SAVES MONEY.

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

W. D. McLAREN, UNION MILLS, 55 College Street.

70 Choice Chromo Cards, or 50 elegant new Chromos, name on, 10c. Crown Printing Co., Northford, Ct



Private Medical Dispensary.

(Established 1860), 25 GOULD STREET, TORONTO, ONT. Dr. Andrews' Purificatio, Dr. Andrews' Female Pills, and all of Dr. A.'s celebrated remedies for private diseases, can be obtained at the Dispensary.

GOLDSBORO'S ENGLISH-REMEDY.

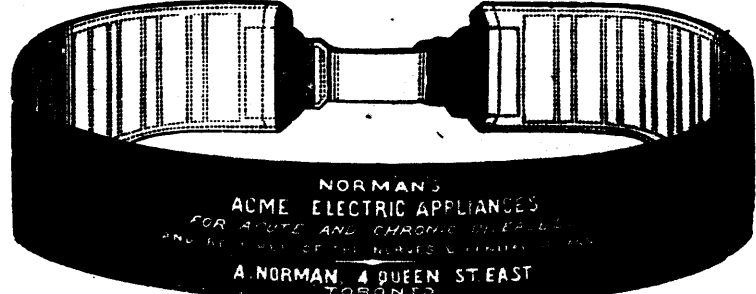
For Rheumatism, Neuralgia, Indigestion, Dyspepsia, Liver and Kidney Complaints, &c.

The above complaints arise chiefly from the failure of the Liver, Kidneys and Stomach to properly utilize solid and liquid food and to enrich and purify the blood, which is the nourisher of the whole system, and upon whose healthy condition depends power to resist and defeat attacks of disease from whatever source.

The proprietor has pleasure in submitting the following unimpeachable testimony from a large collection of letters by best known CITIZENS OF TORONTO:—

NORMAN'S ELECTRO-CURATIVE BELT INSTITUTION.

(ESTABLISHED 1874.)



A. NORMAN, Electrician, 4 QUEEN STREET EAST, TORONTO, ONT.

CONSULTATION FREE. Large Circulars, with Testimonials, may be had on application.

Upper Canada College, Toronto, 8th Sept., 1879. Dear Sir,—Dr. Goldsboro's Anti-Rheumatic Remedy has proved of great service; a few hours after using it I experienced very much relief, and I am now almost entirely free from pain.

From Messrs. E. Hooper & Co., the well-known Druggists: MR. J. WEBB, TORONTO.—Dear Sir. Having so long sold your Goldsboro's English Remedy, we can confidently recommend it, knowing it to be a Bona Fide medical preparation of true efficacy and value.

From A. W. LAUDER, Esq., M.P.P.: I consider the Goldsboro's Remedy a very valuable tonic, having used it with great advantage. Acquaintances to whom I have recommended it speak very highly of it.

I have very great pleasure in bearing testimony to the value of your Anti-Rheumatic Remedy. It has entirely cured me of a very bad attack of rheumatism.

Dear Sir,—During several recent months I suffered severely from rheumatism, and relief from ordinary treatment not being as satisfactory as I had hoped, I was induced to try "Goldsboro's Remedy," and am pleased to inform you that I received great benefit from it, and which improvement still continues.

Mr. James Wain, the well known Toronto Boat-builder, says:—Early in the fall (1880), I suffered, chiefly from over-work, from deranged liver, bad digestion, want of sleep, and low spirits, and I felt altogether and utterly played out.

Mr. Humphreys, the well-known sportsman of this city, contracted rheumatism from severe exposure to cold and wet while duck shooting. He writes as follows: Having suffered greatly for the past eight months, being confined to my bed part of the time, I tried almost every other remedy, but without obtaining any relief.

The Goldsboro's Remedy relieved me in a very few hours of a dyspeptic oppression from which I had suffered for some time, and gave me an excellent appetite. You may say or publish this in any way you think of most service.

Dear Sir,—I have great pleasure in stating that your Goldsboro's English Remedy, as a restorative of the bilious and digestive organs, has proved to me a very valuable remedy, and I take great pleasure in recommending it to others afflicted with complaints of either of the above.

I have pleasure in stating that Goldsboro's English Remedy has been of great service to me in restoring lost appetite and strength, and affording great relief from chronic rheumatism, from which troubles I had long suffered.

I had been troubled a long while with a severe sickness which made me feel quite played out, and I seemed all wrong, full of sores and pain, and out of spirits all the time, nothing did me good. Often I had been told to try your Goldsboro's medicine, but did not do so till lately. Since taking it I am rapidly recovering health, strength and cheerfulness.

I have pleasure in saying that the Dr. Goldsboro's Remedy did all that was claimed for it. I felt very languid, run down and out of condition, with very little appetite. A few doses thoroughly set me up. I believe it to be a very valuable medicine and one that I can heartily recommend to my friends.

About the end of last July I had suffered for several weeks from severe and very painful neuralgia, so painful in fact, as to almost unfit me for business. Two-thirds of a bottle of the Goldsboro's Remedy gave me perfect relief in a few hours, to my surprise and gratification. The medicine cannot be made too widely known, and I shall do my part towards that end.

Dear Sir,—I am happy to state that the Goldsboro's Remedy which my wife used recently, acted splendidly. I shall have great pleasure in giving personal testimony to the excellence of the Remedy.

Dear Sir,—I have great pleasure in recommending Dr. Goldsboro's Remedy to any one suffering from rheumatism, having suffered myself for five or six years with it in my knee. Trying everything prescribed for me had no effect. I only used one bottle of the above remedy, and now I have not the slightest pain or rheumatic symptom.

Price \$1.00 per bottle. Sold by all druggists, and by the Proprietor John Webb, 64 King St., East, Toronto, Wholesale Agents, Lyman Brothers & Co. Toronto.

BURLAND LITHOGRAPHIC CO. (Limited.)

NOTICE

IS HEREBY given that a Dividend of FOUR PER CENT. on the Paid-up Capital Stock of the Company, has been declared for the half year ending 31st December inst., and that the same will be payable at their Offices, 5 and 7 Bleury Street, on and after

TUESDAY, 10th JANUARY, 1882.

The Transfer Books will be closed from 27th DECEMBER, 1881, to the 10th JANUARY, 1882. By order of the Board.

GEO. B. BURLAND, General Manager.



CANADIAN PACIFIC RAILWAY.

Emory's Bar to Port Moody.

NOTICE TO CONTRACTORS.

Tender for Work in British Columbia.

SEALED TENDERS will be received by the undersigned up to NOON on WEDNESDAY, the 1st day of FEBRUARY next, in a lump sum, for the construction of that portion of the road between Port Moody and the West-end of Contract 60, near Emory's Bar, a distance of about 8 1/2 miles.

Specifications, conditions of contract and forms of tender may be obtained on application at the Canadian Pacific Railway Office, in New Westminster, and at the Chief Engineer's Office at Ottawa, after the 1st January next, at which time plans and profiles will be open for inspection at the latter office.

This timely notice is given with a view to giving Contractors an opportunity of visiting and examining the ground during the fine season and before the winter sets in.

Mr. Marcus Smith, who is in charge at the office at New Westminster, is instructed to give Contractors all the information in his power.

No tender will be entertained unless on one of the printed forms, addressed to F. Braun, Esq., Sec. Dept. of Railways and Canals, and marked "Tender for C.P.R."

F. BRAUN, Secretary

Dept. of Railways and Canals, Ottawa, Oct. 24th, 1881.



Q. M. O. & O. RAILWAY.

Change of Time.

COMMENCING ON

Monday, July 25th, 1881.

Trains will run as follows:

Table with columns: MILED, MAIL, EXPRESS. Rows list train routes between Hochelaga, Ottawa, Quebec, and other stations with departure and arrival times.

Magnificent Palace Cars on all Day Passenger Trains, and Sleeping Cars on Night Trains. Trains to and from Ottawa connect with Trains to and from Quebec.

Sunday Trains leave Montreal and Quebec at 4 p.m. All Trains Run by Montreal Time.

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TICKET OFFICES: 13 Place d'Armes, MONTREAL

Opposite ST. LOUIS HOTEL, Quebec.

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

CADBURY'S COCOA ESSENCE.

PURE, SOLUBLE, REFRESHING.

It is often asked, "Why does my doctor recommend Cadbury's Cocoa Essence?" The reason is that being absolutely genuine, and concentrated by the removal of the superfluous fat, it contains FOUR TIMES the AMOUNT of NITROGENOUS or FLESH-FORMING CONSTITUENTS than the average of other Cocos which are mixed with sugar and starch.

CANADIAN DEPOT: 34, RADEGONDE ST., MONTREAL.

Beware of imitations, which are often pushed by Shopkeepers for the sake of extra profit.

Montreal Post-Office Time-Table

DECEMBER, 1881.

Large table with columns: DELIVERY, MAILS, CLOSING. Rows list various mail routes including Ont. & Western Provinces, Que. & Eastern Provinces, Local Mails, United States, and Great Britain.

Mails leave for Lake Superior and Bruce Mines, &c. Mails for places on Lake Superior will leave Windsor on Mondays, Wednesdays and Fridays.

Mails leave New York by Steamer: For Bahamas, 8th and 21st December. For Bermuda, 1st, 15th and 29th December.

Mails leave San Francisco: For Australia and Sandwich Islands, 17th December. For China and Japan, 3rd and 21st December.

DOMINION OF CANADA

CANADIAN PACIFIC RAILWAY COMPANY.

Incorporated by Letters Patent under the Great Seal of the Dominion of Canada.

Five per Cent. First Mortgage Land Grant Fifty Year Gold Bonds.

Total Authorized Issue \$25,000,000

Accepted by the Government of Canada as Security for the Completion of the Contract between the

Government and the Company \$ 5,000,000

Now Offered to the Public \$10,000,000

Principal and interest payable in gold coin of the present standard weight and fineness,—the Principal in Montreal, Canada, and the Interest on 1st April and 1st October, at the option of the holder, either in Montreal or New York; or in London, England, at the rate of 4s. 1 1/2d. Sterling for each dollar.

Bonds in denominations of \$1,000 and \$500 each. Principal payable in October, 1881, unless previously tendered in payments of lands and thereby cancelled; or, redeemed by the Trustees, out of the proceeds of sales of land, either by purchase at the current market prices, or by drawings, at ten per cent. premium.

TRUSTEES FOR THE BONDHOLDERS.

CHAS. F. SMITHERS, Esq., President of the Bank of Montreal.

HON. JOHN HAMILTON, President of the Merchants' Bank of Canada.

SAMUEL THORNE, Esq., Merchant, of New York.

The Bonds are secured by a Mortgage Deed of Trust to the said Trustees which confers upon them, under the express authority of the Charter, ample powers for entering payment of the Bonds, Principal and Interest, and effective means for securing to the Bondholders the entire net proceeds of the lands. Before its execution the Deed was submitted to the Government, which has since accepted the \$5,000,000—to be held by it as security for the completion of the contract in accordance with the provisions of the Charter.

The Mortgage, thus created, constitutes a first charge upon the entire Land Grant of the Company, amounting to 25,000,000 acres of the best farming lands, situated in what is known as the "The Fertile Belt" of the Canadian North-West, which is now admitted to be the largest tract of uniformly rich land suitable for growing the best quality of wheat, &c., to be found on the Continent of America, and the Company may locate its entire Land Grant exclusively in this tract, rejecting all sections unfit for settlement.

The Bonds will be accepted by the Company in payment for lands at 110 and accrued interest. By the Mortgage Deed the Company expressly undertakes to pay the interest on the Bonds, semi-annually, when it becomes due, and the principal at maturity. The net proceeds of all Land Sales must be handed over to the Trustees to be held by them, in the first place to secure the performance of the Company's obligation to pay the interest on the Bonds, and, so long as that obligation is punctually performed, to be applied to the purchase of Bonds for cancellation, provided the price does not exceed 110 per cent. and accrued interest; but if the Bonds cannot be bought at or under that price, then the Trustees are authorized and required to designate by lot, from time to time, as funds accumulate in their hands, the bonds that shall be presented for payment and cancellation at 110 per cent. and accrued interest.

This Contract provides that the whole issue of Land Grant Bonds shall, in the first instance, be deposited with the Government, and that the proceeds of all sales thereof shall also be deposited with the Government, and only be paid to the Company as construction proceeds. The interest at four per cent. per annum, upon the amount remaining in the hands of the Government is, by the Deed of Trust, expressly pledged for the payment of the interest on the Bonds, and cannot be applied to any other purpose.

It will be seen by reference to the accompanying official statement, made by the President of the Company, that the Directors are aiming to have the line of Railway to the Pacific Ocean completed and open for traffic, without availing themselves of their right under the Charter to issue Mortgage Bonds on the Road; and that they fully expect that all the additional capital required to complete the contract, and equip the line, can be obtained by the issue of Common and Preferred Stock. In that case, the only fixed charge on the revenue of the Company will be the interest on these Land Grant Bonds, taking precedence of any Dividend on both Common and Preferred Stock.

These Bonds will be taken by the Receiver-General on deposit from insurance companies under the Act 40, Vic. Cap 4.

Provision is made for the Registration of the Bonds at Montreal, New York and London. Copies of the Act of Incorporation of the Company may be inspected, and copies of the Mortgage Deed of Trust, the President's Statement and the Prospectus may be obtained at the offices of any of the undersigned.

These Bonds are now offered to the public by the undersigned at par and accrued interest, the right being reserved to advance the price at any time without notice.

Applications for the Bonds may be addressed to:—

THE BANK OF MONTREAL, Montreal,

Its Branches in Canada, and its Agencies, U. S., and at 9 Birchin Lane, London, England.

J. S. KENNEDY & Co.,

63 William Street, New York, or

W. WATSON & A. LANG,

Agents of the Bank of Montreal,

59 Wall Street, New York.

Montreal, 25th November, 1881.



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**LAUNDRY,**  
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**STRACHAN'S GILT EDGE SOAP.**  
 BEATS THE WORLD!

\$777 a year and expenses to agents. Outfit free.  
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A delightfully refreshing preparation for the hair. Should be used daily. Keeps the scalp healthy, prevents dandruff, promotes the growth. A perfect hair dressing for the family. 25c. per bottle.

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**"NIL DESPERANDUM."**

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TRADE MARK. The Great English MADE MARK. Remedy. An unfailing cure for Seminal Weakness, Spermatorrhoea, Impotency, and all Diseases that follow as a sequence of Self-Abuse, or loss of Memory, Universal Lassitude, Before Taking Pain in the Back After Taking Dimness of Vision, Premature Old Age, and many other Diseases that lead to Insanity or Consumption and a Premature Grave. Full particulars in our pamphlet, which we desire to send free by mail to every one. The Specific Medicine is sold by all drug gists at \$1 per package or six packages for \$5, or will be sent free by mail on receipt of the money by addressing

**THE GRAY MEDICINE CO.,**  
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"ALL DOWN HILL."

**CANADIAN PACIFIC RAILWAY CO.**

The CANADIAN PACIFIC RAILWAY COMPANY offer lands in the FERTILE BELT of Manitoba and the North-west Territory for sale at

**\$2.50 PER ACRE.**

Payment to be made one-sixth at time of purchase, and the balance in five annual instalments, with interest at six per cent.

**A REBATE OF \$1.25 PER ACRE**

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Special arrangements made with Emigration and Land Companies.

For full particulars apply to the Company's Land Commissioner, **JOHN McTAVISH,** Winnipeg, or to the undersigned.

By order of the Board,

**CHARLES DRINKWATER, Secretary.**

Montreal, Dec. 1st, 1881.

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In consequence of Imitations of THE WORCESTERSHIRE SAUCE which are calculated to deceive the Public, Lea and Perrins have to request that Purchasers see that the Label on every bottle bears their Signature thus—

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without which no bottle of the original WORCESTERSHIRE SAUCE is genuine.

Ask for LEA and 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.

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Messrs. **J. M. DOUGLASS & CO., MONTREAL;** Messrs. **URQUHART & CO., MONTREAL.**

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**FINEST AND CHEAPEST MEAT-FLAVOURING STOCK FOR SOUPS,**

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 A SPECIALITY.

**A. BRAHADI,**  
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Begets respectfully to inform the LADIES of Montreal that he is now making

**THE NEW DUTCHESS FUR CAP**

A NEW STYLE

Which for beauty and comfort cannot be surpassed in Montreal or the Dominion. He also makes the

**Improved "Princess" Cap.**

"If a man empties his purse into his head, no man can take it away from him. An investment in knowledge always pays the best interest."—FRANKLIN.

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**HOLIDAY PRESENTS!!**

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**DRYSDALE'S**

Assortment the best in the city suited for young or old.

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**HOLIDAY GOODS.**

**DIAMONDS,**

Gold and Silver Watches,

Fine Gold and Silver Jewellery,

**FRENCH CLOCKS AND BRONZES,**

Silver and Plated Ware,

**A NEW IMPORTATION**

—AT—

**W. S. WALKER,**

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ESTABLISHED 1830.



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Seal Caps from ..... \$15

Persian Lamb Caps from .. \$8

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