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THE NEW AND THE OLD.

"As children playing
 "Roll up a mass of snow, that small at first
 "A little ball, rounded between the hands,
 "Grows, gathering volume at its every turn,
 "And roasts a mighty globe, that a man's strength
 "May scarcely stir. So with the year, just born."

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

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TEMPERATURE

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

THE WEEK ENDING

Table with columns for days of the week (Mon-Sun) and temperature readings (Max, Min, Mean) for the week ending Jan. 1st 1882 and corresponding week 1881.

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CANADIAN ILLUSTRATED NEWS. Montreal, Saturday, Jan. 7, 1882.

THE NEW YEAR.

We are on the threshold of a new year. We have been there before it is true, but it is by no means sure whether we shall ever be there again. Even if the end of the world should again disappoint the prophets by its non-arrival during the ensuing twelve months the result will probably be the same for many of us.

As we said the end of the world may be here as arranged. Nay, more. The end of the world will be here, is here while we write for many a man who has expected it or not, as may be. Whether the end is to come for us all together or whether we are each to find it for ourselves, it is equally well to realize the fact that it is coming. It needn't make any difference in your business calculations. If this planet were to be knocked into space by the very next comet that comes along, your butcher and baker would expect to have their last month's accounts settled right up to date, and the very morning before the explosion, may be, the milkman would refuse to leave your modicum of that precious fluid until he got that little balance due.

No, that consolation is denied you. You will have to pay, or go out of business. And when the end of the world does come (as we warn you fairly it will), a roll of receipts buttoned up in your breast pocket will feel a great deal more comfortable than the same number of unpaid accounts.

New Year's Day is the popular time for speaking of these things, and for turning over, as the common phrase has it, a new leaf. There are many mistakes no doubt on the back page, there will probably be many blunders in the future, but don't let that bother you: go straight ahead and do your best, and the new year itself will do you more good than any amount of sermons from us.

THE NEW NOBILITY.

New York society is much exercised over the report that a considerable importation of foreign titles of nobility is to be

made this season by a coterie of their wealthy people. It is said that these new honours come mostly from Italy, and are of course the most costly which that kingdom furnishes, nothing of lower rank than princes and dukes. The palace of the Prince of Rome is pointed out on Murray Hill, surpassing in elegance and luxury the villas of most European princes. Large quantities of plate and purple and fine linen bearing the appropriate armorial decorations have already arrived at the Custom House and will soon be placed within the palace walls.

Near by are the mansions of the Dukes of Milan and Mantua and other high dignities furnished with scarcely less magnificence. It is not expected that these titles will be openly assumed, for the present at least. To say nothing of certain legal aspects of the case, there are obvious social reasons why the incline should be mounted with some gradations. The real preparations however have been going on for the last ten years or more and are nearly complete. A considerable number of people who spend their summers and their millions in Europe were ready for this step long ago.

With the greater circles of fashionable folk, the preparation is well advanced, thanks to the frequent communication by travel these latter years, which has made foreign titles and ways familiar as household words. A live lord, who was once a rarity to make people pause on tip-toe, has now become a common spectacle and passes without distinction in the crowd of tweed coated men. Titles have grown wonderfully cheap in America, where men think no more of buying them than of buying any other species of bric-a-brac. This talk of domesticating noble titles in New York may be talk and no more: but even if it were true, the good democrats and republicans of the States rural districts would have no cause for alarm. So long as the million hold the vote and make the law of the state, they may look with supreme indifference upon the millionaires sporting their toy-titles from the trinket marts of Europe. There might possibly be some danger were not the value and significance of these distinctions going down so desperately at home, in the country of their production. It is evident that even there they will cease in a few years to command a price anywhere out of England. In France to-day they are virtually common property; anybody assumes them who cares enough for them to brave the ridicule. In truth, our good republican friends should rejoice to see their wealthy people buying up princely titles and bringing them across the ocean for a more general diffusion. This is the appointed course and destiny of all such distinctions. We see illustrations of the law on every side. The common "Mr." now so poor that no one does it reverence, was once a title of dignity and power, the property of a selected few. "Esq." was once a good deal more than an idle adornment for the promiscuous names of the multitude. "Lady" was once limited to the castle but it long since broke forth, and it now sheds its sweetness and light down even to the kitchen and the scullery. All European countries show the same tendencies; "signor," "don," "dom," "monsieur," "herr," etc., are all popularizations of the once exclusive prerogatives of feudalism. As the institution dies its possessions are distributed among its successors, the people. This is evidently the process now going on with the titles, "prince," "duke," "lord," etc. Accordingly the true republican policy is to let every man have them who wants them, and the more the better. The romance of "the Prince of Rome" clearly ought to have a foundation of fact.

THE POPULAR WAY OF BEGINNING THE NEW YEAR

There is no day waited for with so much impatience as the 1st of January. The saint of New Year's day is a Russian. His name is Selscaroff. It is a day when most men throw aside their bad habits, sponge off the record of the past, and begin anew with clean page. As a

people we are not so particular how we end, if the beginning is only right.

It is universally conceded that there is no use in trying to turn a new leaf at any other time than on the first day of the year. Other days have been tried and after a fair and impartial trial have been found wanting. There is an indescribable something in them that prevents them from taking hold, and so, one by one, they have been dropped in favour of the first day of January. This is the day that takes hold above all other days. It is chiefly esteemed for its grip.

So everybody waits for the first day of January to put his best foot forward. And for one day in the year the world is almost perfect.

The man who smokes waits for that day to abjure smoking forever. He might take the vow on any other day, but he is in earnest and must wait till then, or he would not be able to "hold out." He realizes the power the habit has had over him, and how seriously it is hurting him, and is determined to shake it off. He waits impatiently for the first day of the new year, and smokes to calm his impatience.

The man who chews waits for that day. Chewing is a vile habit, and should be abandoned. Nobody understands this more clearly than he. The 1st of January will fix it. He will break off then as clean as a whistle. It is such a nasty, dirty habit that it should be broken off for good; so he keeps on in the fifth until the New-Year day, that he may have all the advantage of that occasion.

The man who drinks waits for it. Liquor is hurting him. He feels it every day. It is not only injuring him physically, but mentally also; and it hurts his business, and makes his folks unhappy. Besides, drinking is setting a very bad example for those about him. He must give it up. It is wrong to indulge the habit. He is very anxious for the 1st of January to come, so he can stop the wrong.

The night of the 31st of December is a great event in the lives of these men. They wait impatiently until twelve o'clock. It wouldn't do to stop smoking, chewing, or drinking a minute before that hour. At twelve o'clock the last cigar is put out, the last chew thrown away, the last drink swallowed.

What an inspiring spectacle is this! How solemn! How sublime! How majestic is the strength of man, when his will is aroused! What a grandeur there is in this sacrifice of self upon the altar of duty!

It is said that the good once understood will always be followed; and it is so. These men once having tasted the joys of release from a vicious habit will never again lose the opportunity for swearing off. They will swear off on the first day of every year, as long as they live.

The first day of January is conspicuous in another way. It is the day when diaries are commenced. You rarely hear of any one commencing a diary at any other time of the year. Such a one would not be orthodox, and it would not, probably, be kept two weeks. Most people begin to keep a daily record of events on the first day of the year, and so diaries are to be found in nearly all households. They are excellent things to have. They are good in after years to paste poetry and recipes in.

The trouble with diaries is that they are too large, altogether too large. Manufacturers try to crowd too much in them. They persist in putting in all of the months. The model diary that is yet in the far future will never go beyond the month of January.

And many of them will be kept faithfully.

WOMEN VOTING IN BOSTON.

One argument against universal suffrage has certainly become a thing of the past—the alleged defilement at the polls, and the fearful results which would surely follow to women who should ever venture to these dreadful places. At least, by the way voting is managed in Boston, this possible danger is so reduced that it reaches the vanishing point. Each ward is divided into precincts, any centrally located in each precinct is a place where the citizens go to do their voting. That in our precinct is a little room, probably intended as a store. At the further end are the ballot boxes and the checkers or whatever the gentlemen in attendance are called. It is a clean enough place, and a new law has entirely forbidden the use of tobacco in any form at the polls, so the room was not filled with smoke as on similar occasions of the past two years. It looks as if this new law might be a result of the limited suffrage given to women, for there has been an aldermanic order the past two years that no smoking should be allowed at any voting place before noon on election day, provided that more than four ladies were registered as voters in the precinct. Now I believe there were only four registered in our precinct previous to this year, so the smokers reigned triumphant, but this year they were deposed entirely. Well, when the policemen at the door noticed that we three ladies were going in, instead of past, the door, he immediately ushered us in and up to the ballot-box, where the business was conducted in the quietest manner and very quickly. We two, the mother and elder daughter, had laughingly told the little one that somebody would challenge her vote, for she is but twenty-one and looks three years younger, so she had her tax-bill in her pocket, but nobody interfered. Neither did anybody even smile or seem to notice us at all, and our precinct is by no means distinguished for the refined or cultivated nature of those of its citizens who hang around the voting place. Home Journal.

EGYPTIAN IDEA OF IMMORTALITY.

The following curious theory of life after death, which influenced the ancient Egyptians in the construction of their tombs, is taken from an illustrated paper on "Oriental and Early Greek Sculpture," by Mrs. Lucy M. Mitchell, in the January Century.

In Egypt, from the very earliest time, the tomb was of the greatest significance for sculpture. Of twenty ruins on the Nile, from that hoariest past between the First and Eleventh Dynasties, there is scarcely a trace. How vivid the witness borne to the sepulchral art on the plains of Memphis, the capital of oldest Egypt! Along the margin of the desert stretches the vast Necropolis, with a hidden population of statues, sentinelled by those stupendous royal tombs, the Pyramids. Where else have such preparations been made for the final rest of the dead as in this great campo santo of the ancient empire!

Though mingled with much that was naive and material, how vivid were the conceptions of that ancient people concerning the future world! They believe this life but an episode in an eternal existence. Death to them was the real life, only evil spirits being spoken of as dead. The coffin was called the "chest of the living." But to the ancient Egyptians the immortal part, even after death, was in some mysterious way dependent for its contented existence upon the preservation of the body; hence the importance of embalming, the care taken to keep the body as life-like as possible and secure from harm during the long period of the soul's probation. The "eternal dwellings hewn in the solid rock, high above the floods, were in strong contrast to the abodes of the living, built within reach of the swelling Nile, and of which scarcely a vestige remains.

The massive chamber of this tomb where lies the mummy is pictureless, and its entrance is closed by solid masonry. From it a shaft leads up, which was at many places thirty metres deep, and was filled with a dense mass of earth and stone, making more inviolate the mummy's rest. Over the concealed entrance of this shaft there rises that other essential part of the tomb, the sacred chapel (mastaba), of equally solid construction.

In a dark recess (sordaba), aside from this chapel, are found many statues wallied up. These are usually twenty or more in number, and represent the deceased with great diversity. To what purpose are they here? Singular beliefs, prevalent among the Egyptians and read from the hieroglyphics by Maspero, furnish as the key to this problem.

An immortal second-self, ka, somewhat resembling the "eidolon" of the Greeks and the shade of the Romans, was believed to spring into being with every mortal, grow with his growth, and accompany him after death. So close was the relationship of this strange double-ka to man's proper being, that it was of the greatest importance to provide it with a material and imperishable body which it should occupy after death, sharing with the mummy the security of the "eternal dwelling." It was believed that the shade ka could come out of this statue and perambulate among men in true ghostly fashion, returning to it at will. This stone body for the dead man's ka was naturally made in his exact likeness, and also bore an inscription stating his name and qualities. But a single statue might perish, and future happiness be thus forfeited. Hence that most unique feature of Egyptian statuary, the multiplication of the portraits of the deceased in his tomb.

A CERTAIN London manager, never before accused of humor, wrote a leading actress asking her to play for him, and told her to name her terms: she replied at once and named thirty pounds a night. To which he returned, "Dear Madam, make it shillings and it's a bargain."

This is the way that Clara Bell describes a graceful and popular hat: "Move anything that is thrust up on one side, pressed down on the other, and then jammed all around as though kicked by a mule, is described as a Gainsborough." The same expressive fashion writer has ideas on toilet affairs six thousand years back. "You may tell me," she says, "that Eve's apron was made of fig leaves only, but I won't believe it. It is a thousand to one that it had an edging of huckleberries, a full of ivy, or was embroidered with some kind of vine or other."

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.

TO A DISH.

AN ESTHETE'S RHAPSODY.

Condemned Dish! Full many an ancient crack
is cracked across the venerable back:
And even through to thine aesthetic face
Cracks run, to land a more enchanting grace!

Alas! I rave. Thou art but silent clay,
And cannot speak nor e'er hear what I say.
Yet, oh, I love thee. Toast of all Toasts!

MRS. CHARLES G. MOORE.

TO THE NEW YEAR.

The wonder land is nigh, though undesired,
And worlds shall enter with the early dawn.
One moment, ere night's curtain be withdrawn,
We pause to mark the advancing luminous dawn.

HOWAN LKA

THE FATE OF A GOVERNMENT CLERK.

The January part of Mrs. Burnett's new serial
story, "Through One Administration," now ap-
pearing in the Century, contains the following
sketch of the dubious tenure of a Government
clerk:

Arbuthnot had come in later than usual, and
had appeared to be in an unusual mood. He
was pale when he entered, and had no jesting
speech to make. He took his seat by Bertha,

"Something has gone wrong," he said.
"What is it, Larry?"

"Nothing has gone wrong," Arbuthnot an-
swered, with a short, cheerless laugh. "I have
seen a ghost, that is all."

"A ghost!" said Bertha, in a low voice, and
then sat silent, guarding her face from the fire
with her favourite peacock-feather screen.

"A ghost is always an interesting scientific
conundrum," he observed. "What form did it
take?"

Arbuthnot laughed his short, cheerless laugh
again. "I took the form of a sanguine young man
from the West," he said, "who has just come
into a twelve-hundred-dollar clerkship, and feels
that unending vistas of fortune lie before him."

"What did you say?" Richard asked.

"I told him that if he had money enough left
to buy a return ticket home he had better buy
one, and that if he had not I would lend it to
him. I told him that at his age it wasn't a bad
idea for a man to devote his time to estab-
lishing himself in some career he could depend
on, and that, in default of having the energy to
do that, he might reflect on the alternative of
blowing his brains out, as a preparation for a
peaceful old age. And I told him that I had
seen young fellows like himself before, and that
the end had been for them what it would be for
him."

"Well," said Richard, as he had stopped.

"It won't any use," he answered. "I knew
it would not be, when I began. I simply made
a spectacle of myself in a quiet way to no pur-
pose, and, as a result, I am uncomfortable. It
was all nonsense, but he reminded me—"

"Of what?" said Richard, since he had
paused again.

A peculiar expression crossed his face. Tredennis
saw him glance at the peacock-feather screen,
and as quickly glance away.

"Of—a young fellow of his age I used to
know," he answered.

"What was his story?" inquired Richard,
with his usual desire for information. "Where
is he now?"

"Dead," said Arbuthnot, and, singularly
enough, he half laughed again as he tossed his
cigar into the grate and went to the piano.

He produced a fresh cigar—which luxury was
one of many accorded him in the household—
lighted it, and, rather to Tredennis's surprise,
resumed his conversation as if there had been
no pause in it.

"The fellow will be an annoyance to me
every day of his life," he said, faint lines show-
ing themselves upon his forehead in spite of the

half-smile which was meant to deprive them of
their significance. "I know that, confound
him! He is in my room, and I shall have the
benefit of every change in him, and it will be a
grind—there's no denying that it will be a
grind."

"I should like to know," said Tredennis,
"what the changes will be."

"The changes will depend upon the kind of
fellow he chances to be," said Arbuthnot.
"There are two varieties. If there is a good
deal in him, he will begin by being hopeful and
working hard. He will think that he may make
himself of value in his position and create a sort
of career for himself. He will do more than is
required of him, and neglect nothing. He will
keep his eyes open and make friends of the men
about him. He will do that for a few months,

and then, suddenly, and for no fault whatever,
one of these friends will be dropped out. Know-
ing the man to be as faithful as himself, it will
be a shock to him, and he will get anxious, and
worry over it. He will see him stranded with-
out resources—struggling to regain his place or
get another, treated with smug intolerance
when he is not buffeted, snubbed, and put off.

He will see him hanging about, day after day,
growing shabbier, more care-worn, more desper-
ate, until he disappears and is heard of no more,
and everybody is rather relieved than not. He
may have been a family man, with a wife and
half a dozen children, all living decently on his
salary. Somebody else wanted his place, and
got it, not because of superior fitness for it, but
because the opposing influence was stronger than
his. The new man will go through the same ex-
perience when his turn comes—that is all.

Well, my friend will see this and be anxious,
and ask questions, and find out that his chances
are just the same—no more and no less. He
will try not to believe it, being young enough
to be betrayed into the folly, and he will work
harder than ever, and get over his blow a little,
until he sees the same thing happen again and
again. Then he will begin to lose some of his
good spirits; he will be a trifle irritable at times,
and lines will show themselves on his face, and
he won't be so young. When he writes to the
girl he is in love with,—I saw a letter addressed
to some young woman out West, lying on his
desk to-day,—she will notice a change in him,
and the change will reveal itself more in each
letter; but he will hang on and grind away, and
each election will be a nightmare to him. But
he will grind away. And, then, at last—"

He stopped and made a light, rather graceful
gesture with his fingers.

"What then?" demanded Tredennis, with
manifest impatience.

"There will be a new administration, and if
he struggles through, it will be worse for him
than if he were dropped, as in that case he
throws away another four years of his life and
all the chances for a future they might hold if
he were free to avail himself of them."

Tredennis stood up, looking very large under
the influence of the feeling which disturbed him.
Arbuthnot himself was not entirely unimpressed
by his quick movement and the energy it ex-
pressed.

"You treat the matter coolly," he exclaimed,
as he rose.

Arbuthnot turned his attention to his cigar.

"Yes," he replied. "I treat it coolly. If
I treated it warmly or hotly, the effect pro-
duced would be about the same. My influence
upon civil service is just what it might be ex-
pected to be—and no more. Its weight is easily
carried."

"I beg your pardon," said Tredennis, feeling
the justice and adroitness of the speech.

"Not at all," Arbuthnot answered. "It is
not necessary. It makes you lose your hold on
yourself to be brought face to face with the
thing. It is quite natural. It has had the same
effect on me, and I am a cold-blooded fellow,
and a frivolous fellow into the bargain."

"I have no objection to the matter before,"
said Tredennis, disturbedly. "I feel as if my
indifference is something to be ashamed of."

"If you give your attention as a duty to such
subjects," was Arbuthnot's response, "you will
be kept actively employed. If you take my ad-
vice, you will let them alone."

"The trouble is," said Tredennis, "that every
one seems to let them alone."

Richard regarded him, from his place on the
sofa-cushions, delightfully.

"Here's an example for you, Larry," he said.
"Profit by him. Everything is an object to
him—everything is worth while. He is an ex-
ample to us all. Let us all profit by him."

"Oh, he began right," laughed Arbuthnot.
"Here's another example for you, Larry," he said.
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His salary clothed him, and allowed him little
luxuries and ordinary pleasures: He spent it
when he had it, and made debts when it was
gone. Being presentable, he was invited out,
and made himself useful and entertaining in a
small way. When he thought of the possibilities
of his career being brought suddenly to a close,
he was uncomfortable, so he preferred not to
think of it. It is not a pleasant thing to reflect
that a man has about ten years in which to be-
gin life, and that after that he is ending it; but
it is true. What he does from twenty to thirty
he will be likely to find he must abide by from
thirty to seventy, if he lives that long. This
man, like the better one, has thrown away the
years in which he might have been preparing
himself to end decently. When they are gone
he has nothing to show for them, and less than
nothing. He is the feather upon the current,
and when all is over for him, he is whirled out
of sight and forgotten with the rest. And, per-
haps, if he had felt there was anything to be
gained by his being a steady, respectable fellow,
he might have settled down into one.

TRIAL BY JURY.

In recording the very noticeable fact that
trial by jury does not find a place among the
provisions of the new Japanese Code of Penal
Procedure, the Japan Weekly Mail expresses an
opinion that the omission is justified by the ab-
sence of sufficient political education among the
middle classes, and adds, "It appears that before
the sixteenth century trial by jury in England
was nothing more than the ordeal of compurga-
tion. It was in no respect a device for enabling
men to decide upon the evidence for or against
one of their own number accused of an offence
committed against themselves."

The gradual
process of change by which it became invested
with this character is not easy to trace, but it
was an ordeal, just like of miraculous intervention
or combat, and so far from being regarded as the
only true and fair form of trial, history tells us
that, at a no more remote period than 1817, the
ordeal of battle was claimed as a remedy against
the abuse of its rival ordeal, trial by jury. It
may be of interest to quote, in this connection,
an account of a case recorded in Pitcairn's
Criminal Trials. "In the year 1606, Maxwell
of Gribtown, and his followers, were charged
with a murderous attack on his relations, with
whom he disputed the possession of the family
estates. Among other outrages the offenders
laid siege to the tower or keep of Newbie, the
family seat and stronghold; and altogether the
affair was one of those savage feuds in which all
the neighbours were deeply embarked on one side
or the other, and any such thing as impartial
testimony was out of the question. The Privy
Council, which frequently acted as a court of
justice, endeavored to deal with the case, but
were impeded by the total want of testimony,
and it was brought into the Court of Justiciary,
on the principle that, as that tribunal had the
services of a Jury, testimony was unnecessary for
its guidance. The Lord Advocate represented
that crimes are often committed secretly, and
in such a manner that no witnesses can be cog-
nizant of them, and therefore it is that crimes
need not be proved by witnesses, but are referred
to the knowledge of a sworn assize, whose deter-
mination, according as they are persuaded in
their conscience, is a sufficient warrant to them-
selves and a just cause of conviction. The noto-
riety of the offense was all the material offered
for the guidance of the jury; and they were
told the singular rule of law that, with this no-
torious before them, if they could not conscien-
tiously cleanse or absolve they must of necessity
convict, and they did so." The conclusions we
arrive at, therefore, are, that the political educa-
tion of a nation has much to do with its ability
to employ wisely the institution of trial by jury,
and that so far from there being anything in
our own history to prove the contrary, we our-
selves, among whom the germ of such a system
may be said to have long existed, failed to ap-
preciate or develop it until the beginning of the
sixteenth century. Into Ireland, on the con-
trary, we imported it its full-grown condition,
and the story of its existence there does not cer-
tainly encourage any inconsiderate repetition of
the experiment elsewhere."

CURIOUSLY HAS OFTEN BEEN EXCITED BY
the name "Thomas' Electric Oil." What does
Electric mean? ask the enquirers. In answer,
we would say it is a word coined from two Greek
derivatives, meaning selected and electric, or
rendered electric. The reason for its choice is
this: The oils, six in number, which are its
constituents are selected with the utmost care
for their purity and medicinal value. The article
is electrified or rendered electric by contact with
and rubbing upon the skin when applied out-
wardly. The preparation is one, however, which
is as reliable for internal as for external use, and
since it contains only ingredients conducive to
health may be swallowed with perfect confi-
dence that it will produce no other than a beneficial
effect. It is used with signal success for rheuma-
tism, throat and lung complaints, neuralgia,
piles, stiffness of the joints, scalds, burns, &c.,
as well as for diseases and injuries of horses and
cattle. Sold by all medicine dealers. Prepared
by NORTHRUP & LYMAN, Toronto, Ont.

A MATCHLESS MEDICINE.—The cooling,
cleansing, soothing and healing properties of Dr.
Fowler's Extract of Wild Strawberry render it
the best remedy in the world for all forms of
bowel complaints, sickness of the stomach,
cramps, cholera morbus and dysentery. Purely
vegetable, and always reliable.

A MOTHER'S GRIEF.

'Twas still the evening glow as by the grave,
That spot revered where cherished clay reclines,
In memory fond her thoughts to prayer she gave,
And bowed submission to the heart repines.

Yet are remembrance and affection dear,
To memory fresh the many virtues rare;
In life so cherished and in death so near,
She views the tomb where lies her younger care.

Where cold the hands that oft in childish play
Evoked the smile, enticed the enraptured kiss;
The blithesome spirit of that yesterday,
Now with the angels in the realms of bliss.

The beautiful face that mirrored oft her love's
The merry laugh that waked the sleepy more;
That soul so pure has winged its flight above,
Seraphic home!—ere yet to manhood born.

And as she plucks the desecrating weed,
And scatters flowers on that dust so dear,
The fevered brain sad recollections feed,
The pang severe calls forth affection's tear.

M. J. MURPHY.

Quebec, October 29th, 1881.

FOOT NOTES.

ESTHETE advertisement, Parisian paper of
course: A young lady of forty-eight having a
moderate income, but possessing a patent for a
new invention, wishes to marry a gentleman of
sixty five, well versed in chemistry.

A CERTAIN gentleman in Paris, who gives
good dinners and writes bad poetry, asked a
well-known author about them, saying, "Illus-
trious critic, do give me frankly your opinion.
Was I wrong to write these poems?" "That
depends upon circumstances; did you really
write them to save your life?"

MEXICAN SALUTATIONS.—As the white males
pace sedately down the roughly-paved streets,
the ladies keep a hand ready to make the cus-
tomary signal of greeting from the carriage win-
dows to their friends at the windows and bal-
conies of the street. It is an indescribably fas-
cinating gesture—so swift and subtle, almost
like a fleeting expression across the face. It is
made by a quick flutter of the second finger, the
hand being raised, palm inward, to a level with
the eyes. How much its charm is enhanced by
the beauty of those dark Southern eyes it half
conceals, it would take a very stolid observer
to decide. It seemed to me excessively intimate;
in Morelia, I believe, it is kept for one's friend-
only, but in the capital it is the usual greeting
at a distance between acquaintances.

GARFIELD'S CHEERFULNESS.—Probably no
administration ever opened its existence under
brighter auspices than that of President Garfield
but it was not long before his great vitality
showed visible signs of yielding to the dragging
wear of the never-ending demands and impor-
tunities for place. Each day brought its ex-
hausting physical fatigue and intellectual weariness—the result of a continual din of selfish talks
fairly staggering into the library at the close of
a specially exhausting day he said to me: "I
cannot endure this much longer; no man, who
has passed his prime, can succeed me here, to
wrestle with the people as I have done, without
its killing him!" Yet through it all he was
cheerful. As throughout his life, so, even now,
his great heart held its accustomed sway; the
playful, almost boyish, humor, illuminating all,
leaving behind him the stress of work and the
cares of his office, he would often say: "Now
the fun is over, let us go to business! referring
to some proposed recreation.

A SINGULAR sort of saint died at Franckfort
lunatic asylum last week. His name was Jo-
hannes Kutt; he was formerly Court gardener
to the Duke of Nassau, and created on to a sena-
tion some twenty years ago as the founder of a
new religious sect, which he called "The Chil-
dren of God." Bornheim was the principal seat
of the sect, whose tenets strongly resemble the
teachings of modern Communism. In 1863
Kutt, in company of some of his "disciples,"
made his appearance at the house of Pastor
Gollhard in Bornheim, and asked to have the
Lord's Supper administered to them, and then
and there destroyed the chalice. After leaving
the church he and his followers formed a proces-
sion, in which they carried glass collars contain-
ing the "ten commandments." When the sin-
gular fanatics attempted to bury the collars
in the tomb of one of their female believers the
police interfered, and Saint Kutt, badly appre-
hended by his *quere* of four feet in length, was
ignominiously taken to the Franckfort lunatic
asylum, where he remained during eighteen
years. The sect founded by him exists no
longer.

MUSICAL AND DRAMATIC.

MASSENET'S accident at the Brussels Theatre
has given some anxiety to his friends. The next
performance of his "Herodiade" is an event of interest both
in Paris and Brussels.

A NEW play on a Russian subject, entitled
"Vera; or, The Nihilists," by Mr. Oscar Wilde, has
been performed at the Adelphi London.

IT NEVER FAILS.—Dr. Fowler's Extract of
Wild Strawberry is an unfailing remedy for all
kinds of bowel complaint.

GRANDMOTHER used to say, "Boys, if your
blood is out of order try Burdock tea," and they
had to dig the Burdock and boil it down in
kettles, making a nasty smelling decoction; now
you get all the curative properties put up in a
palatable form in Burdock Blood Bitters. Price
\$1.00, trial size 10 cents.



'Twas early one fine New Year's Day
Jean Baptiste, I hear people say,
On a nice little round
Of visits was bound
In his—not very elegant, sleigh—
By the way
His wife packed him up *au complet*.



The ladies were nice as could be,
And so was the coffee and tea,
But Baptiste I regret
To say, took a wet
Of something beginning with B
Ah! dear me
I fear that it wasn't Bohea.



N'importe, I am drowsy he said
I will give the old sorrel her head.
But the animal shied
At a stick she espied—
It is better to slumber in bed
Than a sled
Or you may take a tumble instead.



Off she started, oh, like six o'clock
And Baptiste was aroused by the shock
He was scarcely awake
When a terrible shake
Sent the sleigh toppling over a rock
And the shock
Knocked him end ways—a deuce of a knock.



'Twas a half-frozen ditch that he chose,
To fill up the tale of his woes,
With his legs on the stretch
As you see in the sketch,
He arrived in a state of repose—
On his nose,
And things hardly seemed *couleur de rose*.



Poor chap, in a terrible plight,
He emerged from the ditch into sight
His remarks by the way
I must truthfully say
Were quite the reverse of polite,
Oh yes I quite,
Not in fact what I'd venture to write.



Home he trudged tired, sorry and sore ;
Josette, when she opened the door
Nearly fainted with fright
Well she might—at the sight,
And exclaimed "O my gracious! O Lor!"
These and more
Observations (in French) by the score



While the mare, after galloping wide
I couldn't say where if I tried
Broke her wind, lost her breath,
And sought refuge in death,
Turned her legs up and quietly died
On her side,
A good deal the worse for her ride



A moral there is to my ditty,
Not long, but as true as it is witty
Don't take things for tea
That begin with a B.
Or you may find yourself in a pretty
Bad siss—
Uation, like this—more's the pity.

"BONNY KATE,"

A TALE OF SOUTHERN LIFE.

BY

CHRISTIAN REID.

CHAPTER IV.

In the morning, born of huzamaa, hoof of steed and laugh of rider, read out sherry from the court-yard till we lost them in the hills.



The door opens and Kate comes out.

The next morning is all that the heart of huntsman can desire, and between four and five o'clock—while not a single star has yet paled out of the brilliant sky, nor a streak of daylight appeared in the east—the winding blast of a horn in the rear of the house is followed by the yelping voices of many hounds.

Within, several doors open and shut in rapid succession, and several masculine figures issue therefrom and descend the stairs. Will pauses at one door which has not unclused, and knocks.

"Kate!" he cries, "are you ready?" "In a moment," answers an eager voice. The next minute the door opens and Kate comes out. She looks very slender in her close-fitting habit, and is drawing on a pair of large gauntlets, while a tartan shawl hangs over her arm.

The coffee is quickly made, and as quickly drunk; then Kate pins her shawl over her shoulders, takes her whip, and goes with her uncle and cousin to the starlit world outside. There are dark figures of men and horses dimly visible, horns are sounding, dogs are answering, horses are neighing and stamping, men are talking. It is a scene such as every fox-hunter knows well.

"Good morning, Miss Kate—very glad to see that you are coming with us," says Mr. Proctor's voice out of the obscurity. "Can I put you on your horse?"

"No thank you; I am accustomed to Will," answers Kate. She puts her foot, as she speaks, into her cousin's hand, and springs lightly to the saddle. After this there is a little more delay, and much more blowing, when it is ascertained that all the dogs have reported for duty; so the cavalcade forms, and they ride away.

"Where are we going?" Kate asks, as they file out of the gate, and it is Wilmer's voice which answers:

"We are first going to beat the nearest cover; that is beyond the creek. Though it lies so near, it's a capital place; we hardly ever fail to start a trail there."

The creek in question is a small stream which flows in the rear of Fairfields, coming down in haste from the hills "to join the brimming river." They cross it, and the dogs are soon busily at work in all directions, animated by the huntsman's voice; nor does any great length of time elapse before, from a thicket on the right, comes the welcome note which tells that a trail has been struck.

"There it is!" cries Will, and he gallops forward, harking the other hounds to the signal.

"Is that a reliable dog?" asks General Murray.

"Reliable!" answers Wilmer. "I should think so! That's old Trailer—eh, Mose?"

"That's him!" answers Mose, who is the huntsman of the pack. "There ain't no mistake when Trailer opens.—Hi, Muse! Hi, Grace! Hi, Silver! Hark to him!"

The dogs obey, dashing from all directions toward the leader, and opening a running chorus, as they, too, strike the trail. It is a "warm" one, so they easily trace it through the undergrowth, and emerge into an open field. There the horsemen pause, while the hounds follow all the winding turns of the scent, and finally take a tolerably straight course parallel with the river for a mile or two. Then comes an old field very much grown up with broom-straw and young pines, where the huntsmen think that Reynard himself will be started.

"The stars are gone, the rose-bloom comes: No blush of maid is sweeter;"



"There it is" cries Will.

"It is a perfect morning for a chase," she says; "but we shall find it chilly at first. Let us go down and get some coffee."

They run as gayly as a pair of children down to the hall below. Here a lamp is burning, and a tray, bearing a coffee-pot and half a dozen cups and saucers, stands on a table. To this Kate goes, pours out and makes a cup of coffee for her companion and one for herself.

"I hope I am not too late to make uncle's," she says, while they drink standing. "He never can make it to suit himself. Yonder he comes now.—Are the horses ready, uncle?"

"All ready," answers Mr. Lawrence, who has entered the hall from the outer door. "I have come for my cup of coffee, Kate. You know how to make it."

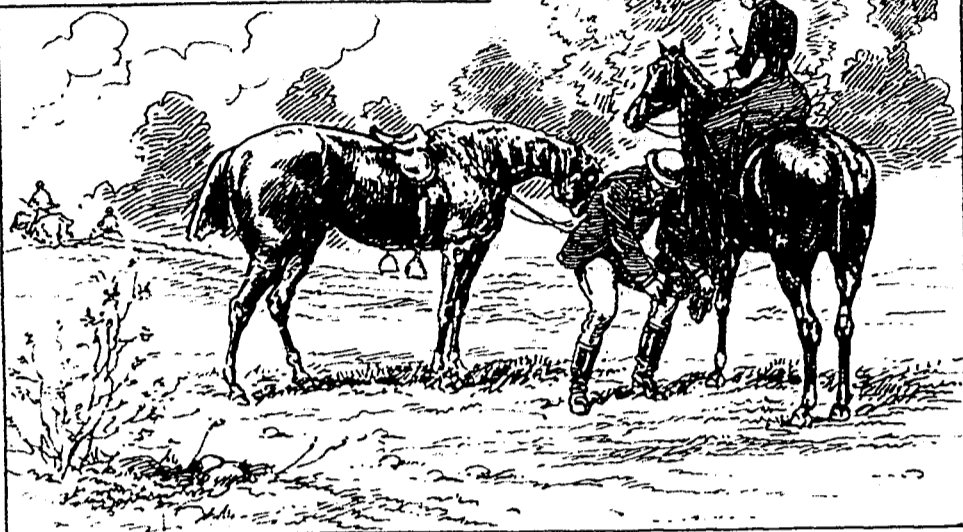
but, although the east has been glowing with all manner of lovely tints for some time, nobody has heeded them, and only Kate utters a cry of admiration when the sun mounts in flashing splendour above the horizon and sends his first

level rays of gold over the mist-hung valley to the rolling hills and soft woods that belt the prospect. At this moment the pack breaks into a crashing cry which tells that the fox is "up," and there is an end of dallying. The horses know the sound as well as their riders, and prick up their ears as they start forward.

Then comes the time of glorious excitement. The pack are in full cry—that best of music to a huntsman's ear, the men are shouting themselves hoarse; the horses are fresh, and full of spirit; the physical exhilaration attendant upon a chase is at its best. The fox proves to be one of the staunchest of his kind, and as he makes for the hills, the tremendous pace before very long begins to tell on the horses. To Kate's dismay, Diana is the first to drop behind, and presently she falls lame. When this fact becomes apparent, the girl's face is a picture of distress.

"Oh, Mr. Proctor, what shall I do?" she says to that faithful squire, who is heroically restrain-

"I know you are inclined to think too little of danger," he responds, "so I would not offer you a horse who had any bad tricks; but Lightfoot can be trusted. He loses his head sometimes, and tries to run away, but he means no harm, and a firm, steady rein soon checks him. Now let me take you down and change the saddles."



"That is not to be thought of."

ing his steed and his own impatience, in order to remain at her side. "Diana is so lame, that I shall have to give up the chase and go home."

"That is not to be thought of," says Mr. Proctor. "I'll examine her foot—perhaps she has a stone in it."

The foot is examined, but there is no stone in it, and, as they proceed a little farther, it is evident that the lameness is in the shoulder. The limp in her gait becomes so painful, that Kate perceives the hopelessness of attempting any longer to follow the chase, and, with tears in her eyes, turns the mare's head around.

"There is no good in keeping on like this," she says, in a despairing tone. "The idea of following a chase on a limping horse is too absurd! Besides, I am detaining you behind with me, so I will go back. I hope you will find the dogs again without much trouble."

"Do you suppose I will let you ride back by yourself?" inquires Mr. Proctor, turning his horse's head. "Of course, I shall go with you."

"But I insist that you do not," she says. "There is no need for such a thing. Why, I think nothing—none of us think anything—of riding all about the country alone."

"That may be," replies the young man, determinedly, "but you are not alone now; and if you think I would go on with the chase and leave you, on a lame horse, to get home as best you could, you must have a very poor opinion of me—that's all."

"Indeed, I have not a poor opinion of you," she declares; "but it is so useless for you to give up the hunt in order to go with me. Please don't think of it—please don't!"

The dark-lashed eyes look at him entreatingly, and, meeting them, his resolution wavers; in fact, it is doubtful whether he could form any resolution upon any subject whatever that Kate's "Please don't!" would not be powerful to change. He hesitates a minute, then, with the air of one whom a bright idea has struck, says quickly:

"I'll tell you what we can do; it is too bad for you to lose the chase, so I will put you on my horse and let you follow the others, while I take Diana home."

Her face lights up with a flash of pleasure, and then quickly clouds again.

"It is very kind of you to think of such a thing," she says, "but I could not possibly take your horse, and leave you to go home."

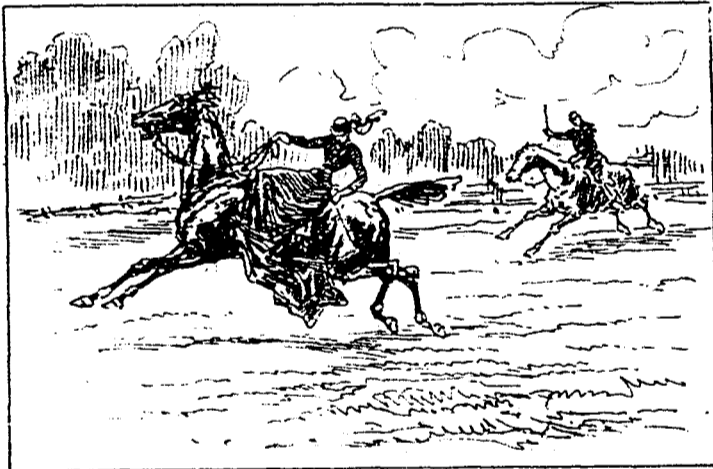
"But why not?" he asks. "I don't care for the hunt—on my word, I don't; and if I did, it would give me more pleasure to know that you were enjoying it, than to be in it myself. I insist that you let me change the saddles—that is, unless you are afraid to ride my horse."

The last hint is well thrown in. Kate's color rises and her eyes brighten; she feels that such a question puts the matter on a new footing at once.

"Afraid!" she says; "I afraid to ride your horse! That is not likely!"

He has alighted, and stands on the ground beside her, with Lightfoot's bridle over his arm, while Lightfoot himself neighs anxiously for his vanished companions. For a minute Kate sits irresolute, then the temptation proves too much for her powers of resistance. She puts her hand on Mr. Proctor's shoulder, and springs lightly to the ground.

"I fear it is very mean of me to take your horse," she says; "but, since you insist, I will do it, for I may never have such a chance again. Neither uncle nor Will can be induced to let me mount any horse except Diana, and the conse-



She is conscious of falling and knows no more.

quence is that I am always a mile behind the hunt. It will be charming to amaze them by riding up on Lightfoot; and if you would go home in any case—"

"Yes, I should go home in any case," says Mr. Proctor. "Set your mind at ease about me. I am in twenty fox-hunts where you are in one."

He does not add anything more, but, having lifted her down, goes to work and changes the saddles with quick dexterity. Holding the reins of the horses, Kate watches him, and thinks what a good fellow he is, and how pleasant it makes people to be obliging. Her bright smile and grateful glance, after she is mounted again, would reward him for a much greater sacrifice.



Cut off one curling end.

"Take care of yourself," he says, gathering up the reins and giving them into her hands. "Pray don't be rash in riding. I wish the others were not so far ahead."

"Oh, I shall soon find them," she answers. "Thank you again—thank you so much! If I run in at the death, I'll bring you the fox's brush."

She flourishes her whip over Lightfoot's head, and that eager steed needs no farther admonition. Before Mr. Proctor can utter another word, horse and rider are flying down the road, and, as they vanish around a curve, Kate turns and waves her hand in gay good-by. After that he sees no more of her, and the only thing which remains for him to do is to mount Diana and slowly take the homeward route.

While he is doing this, and feeling, it is to be hoped, that virtue is its own reward, since just now he certainly has no other, Kate, on excellent terms with Lightfoot and herself, is galloping forward in search of the hounds. The delightful freshness of the early morning air, and the wide beauty of the prospect, flooded with radiant light and crossed by tender shadows, together with the sense of absolute freedom, and that elation of feeling which is communicated by the movement of a good horse, fill her with an exhilaration beyond anything which she has ever felt before.

But to gallop along with her horse's hoofs beating out music on the hard, smooth ground, is not in itself a sufficient end; and before long she begins to fear that, owing to her delay, she has hopelessly lost the rest of the party. She draws up and listens intently, but no sound of the chase comes to her ear for some time. Finally, however, the breeze bears to her a far-off echo of the baying of the dogs, and, turning, she rides in the direction from which the sound proceeds.

Her shortest way thither lies directly across some intervening fields; and, without a thought of the fences that divide these, she opens a convenient plantation-gate, turns in, and puts Lightfoot to his best pace.

This is so absorbing, that she does not hear the sound of another hoof-stroke on the road she has quitted, nor observe a rider who, coming along at a rapid canter, involuntarily pulls up his horse in amazement when he sees the figure borne at such speed across the fields. He is a slender, graceful man, who sits his horse admirably, and has a face that no one could see once and ever afterward forget, so handsome and spirited is it, so full of distinction are the clear-cut features, so full of joyous daring the sunny eyes.

It does not take this new-comer long to decide what he will do. As he gazes in astonishment at the flying equestrian, with her easy, buoyant seat in the saddle, and wonders what on earth she can be about, a distant sound of the chase comes to his ear, and makes his face light with pleasure.

"A fox-hunt, by Jove!" he says to himself. "That girl will break her neck as certain as fate!" he exclaims the next instant, as he sees Lightfoot rise into the air on one side of a fence, and resume his headlong speed on the other. "She is entirely alone, and though she rides like Di Vernon, if that horse should throw her—By heavens, this will not do! I must look after her, even if I miss my train in consequence."

Action follows quick upon thought, especially since the freak of following an unknown woman upon a fox-chase, or in search of a fox-chase, commends itself greatly to his fancy. He turns into the gate through which Kate passed, and a touch of the spur sets his horse at full gallop. The latter has not been out of the stable half an hour, and is therefore perfectly fresh, besides possessing unusual qualities of speed. He dashes across the field, clears the fence, and, despite the fact that Lightfoot, becoming conscious of pursuit, puts forth all his power, gains rapidly upon him, as they cross the second field, which chances to be a very large one.

By this time Kate is aware of the fact that she has a pursuer. She glances back, and, to her surprise, sees a perfect stranger riding hard and fast after her. There is no time for conjecture regarding him, however, since it requires all her attention and all her strength to preserve even a semblance of control over Lightfoot's course—which she can still direct, but has no power to restrain; and so they fly onward, their rapid motion cutting the air until it seems to whiz past like a high wind.

Meanwhile, in that single glance over her shoulder, the man behind recognized a face which has haunted his dreams all night. As it flashes upon him for a single instant, he starts, and says, under his breath, "How strange!" Few of us are not superstitious enough to be thrilled by such coincidences, however slight may be the circumstances which have brought them about. To meet at a critical time some person of whom our thoughts are full, is often enough to influence the whole course of life for us—as this chance meeting is destined to influence these two lives.

Filled with new interest by the discovery he has just made, and seeing that the fence which they are approaching is a mere formidable barrier than the one they have just passed, the young man again spurs his horse, and with a final effort reaches Kate's side.

"Pardon me," he says, quickly, but you had better stop. That fence before you is too high for your horse to take with safety."

"I can't stop," she answers. "You have set him wild by coming up so fast behind. He is beyond my control now."

"Then, shall I attempt to stop him?"

"No; that would make the matter worse. He can take the fence, I am sure."

"Will he be likely to take it better if I give him a lead?"

"Perhaps so. You can try."

This conversation is very quiet on both sides, but the man's heart is beating fast as he rides forward to give the promised lead, and Kate braces her lips together, and tightens her grasp on the rein as she sees fully the nature of the obstacle before her. It is the most desperate feat in which she has ever been engaged, and she clearly appreciates what the consequences may be. "If Lightfoot falls, I shall be killed—or worse," she says to herself. Yet even at this moment she is able to think, "How splendid!" as the stranger goes straight at the fence and clears it without touching a rail. The instant he lands on the other side, he turns in his saddle and looks back. It is not likely that he will ever forget the suspense of that instant—nor yet the picture of Lightfoot as he rises in the air with his graceful rider, and brings her safely over the fence, falling again into his stride as soon as he touches the ground.

Watching this, the stranger has involuntarily slackened his speed, so Kate flies past him with a bright smile of triumph. But this triumph is of short duration. A minute later she feels with consternation that her saddle is turning, the strain of the last leap having proved too much for the girths. To stop her horse's headlong speed is impossible. She has barely time to draw her foot out of the stirrup, when her weight turns the saddle farther, she is conscious of falling, and knows no more.

CHAPTER V.

"Love, if thy tresses be so dark,
How dark those hidden eyes must be!"

To fall directly upon one's head from a horse going at full speed, cannot fail to produce insensibility as its least consequence; and the person who suffers an accident of the kind may be very grateful if it is the only consequence. Fracture of the skull and concussion of the brain are results likely to occur, and thoughts of them press strongly upon Kate's self-constituted escort, as, with an exclamation of dismay, he draws up his horse, and, springing from his saddle, kneels by the side of the prostrate girl, who after her fall does not stir.

The first thing which he does is to lift her head, fearing lest the fair countenance may be disfigured; but, to his great relief, he finds that this is not the case. The only injury to the face is on the temple, where from one small cut the blood is flowing freely. He draws out his handkerchief and staunches this, observing the while all the delicate grace of her features, the fineness of her skin, the sweetness of her brow and lips.

"It is the same face," he mutters to himself, "and how lovely!—lovelier even than I thought! Who can she be!—and in the name of all that is wonderful, how did she chance to be riding such a steeplechase alone!"

There is no answer. Kate is mute as if she were dead, and, with the exception of the horses, there is not a living creature visible on the wide scene of spreading fields and belting woods. The knight-errant on whose hands Fate has thrown an unknown, an unconscious woman, gazes around with a feeling of utter helplessness. What is he to do? It would be well, he knows, to apply water to her face; but where is he to find any? There is certainly none at hand, and to leave her, to go in search of some, is not to be thought of. He feels her wrist, and, finding the pulse beating strongly enough, he knows that she is only stunned. Then it occurs to him to examine her head and see if it has been injured; so he removes the hat—which, being of soft, thick felt, has probably saved her life—and, in doing so, brings off the net which confines her hair, and the comb which holds it, letting its silken abundance free. As it falls in a dark, rich shower over his arm, its beauty fills him with admiration, and involuntarily he lifts a handful of the locks, which toward the end fall into careless, curling waves, just as the shorter hairs make pretty rings upon the temples and neck. Truly, the glory of a woman—now as of old—is in her hair, when it does not chance to be like that of

"Charming Miss Cox,
Who carried her locks
About in a box—
'For such is the fashion,' she said."

Kate's is all her own, and its vigorous luxuriance shows the abounding vitality which at this time of her life distinguished her whole physical being. "What a quantity she has!" thinks the gentleman; then he considers how much he should like to possess one small lock out of all this abundance; and finally—such are the easy steps of crime—he asks himself, "Why not?"

Conscience, according to its habit, is silent when its admonition would be of use, and, some evil spirit prompting him, it is the work of an instant to draw forth a knife and cut off one curling end. Hardly has he done so, however, when conscience rouses with a start, and smites him so keenly, that he would give anything of which he is possessed if the severed hairs could be reunited. A stinging sense of having taken base advantage of helplessness, makes him feel utterly contemptible; but the deed is done, and it is too late for anything save regret, since at this moment Kate stirs, and he has barely time to thrust the stolen trophy into his pocket, be-

fore the dark fringes of her eyes lift, and she looks up with a bewildered gaze into his face.

"Are you much hurt?" he asks, anxiously, for she does not utter a word—only draws away from him, and puts her hand to her head.

"No—yes—that is, I don't know," she answers, slowly. "I have been stunned, have I not? It was a dreadful fall!"

"It was a very dreadful fall!" he says, emphatically. "I was horribly frightened when I saw you go headlong. I should not have been surprised to find you killed."

"I am glad I was not killed," she says. "But my head feels very badly. I wonder if I have broken it."

"I hardly think so. I was examining it, when you came to yourself," he replies, with a very guilty feeling. "You are suffering from the shock, which must be great. It was a wonderful pity that your saddle should have turned just then."

"Yes, I was going finely, was I not?" she says, regretfully. "After all this, I shall never find the chase.—And, oh! where is Lightfoot?"

"Do you mean your horse? He is running about the field somewhere; he soon quieted down after he lost you."

"And your horse has gone, too, has he not?" she says, glancing around. "It was kind of you to stop and pick me up—especially since I am afraid you have altogether lost the hounds by it."

"I am not in search of the hounds," he answers. "I was passing along the road, when I saw you riding across the fields, and, fearing that some accident might befall you, I took the liberty of following, since you seemed entirely alone. I was almost sorry that I had done so, when you said that, by coming up behind, I made your horse run away; but I hope that the end justifies me, and that you will pardon me."

"I should be very ungrateful if I did not thank you," she says. "Lightfoot had grown so excited before you came up, that I could not control him; and if you had not come, I should have been in a sad plight indeed, for I suppose those wretched girths would have given way in any case. Fancy me lying here all alone, with Lightfoot at large without a saddle!"

"I cannot fancy anything of the kind," he replies. "Fortune arranges things better. Even the fickle goddess must have a care for some people. You see, she sent me in the nick of time to be of use to you, and I hope that you will command me. My name is Tarleton. Perhaps I should have mentioned that before."

"Oh!" says Kate. A rosy flush comes into her face, while she marvels within herself that she did not suspect this. Of course it is Tarleton! How could she imagine that anybody else would be so handsome and graceful, so bold a rider, so gallant a gentleman?

"You must excuse me," she says, looking at him with what he feels to be the most wonderful eyes he ever gazed into. "If I had not been so dazed, I should have known at once that you must be Mr. Tarleton, for I have heard of you so much. I am Kate Lawrence, and your name is a household word with my cousins at Fairfields."

As she speaks, the whole matter of her identity flashes on him. Did not some one mention in a letter, three or four years ago, that Mr. Tarleton had added a niece to his household—the orphan daughter of his brilliant, worthless brother? He had forgotten the item of information utterly until now—now that this girl with her charming face recalls it to his memory.

"I am very happy to make your acquaintance, Miss Lawrence," he says—and of his sincerity there cannot be a doubt. "I have been indebted to luck several times in my life before, but never to such a degree as this morning. I tremble to think that I might have been ten minutes earlier or later along that road, and then—"

"Then you would have been spared an adventure of questionable pleasure," she says, with a laugh, as he pauses. "I am very grateful that you were not ten minutes earlier or later; but you might have wished devoutly that you had been, if I had been killed. The situation would then have proved more thrilling than agreeable."

"You were very near death," he says, with a gravity which surprises herself; "too near, believe me, to think lightly of your danger. Do you often ride alone—and so recklessly?"

"I never rode so before," she answers. "It was entirely an accident that I chanced to be alone on Lightfoot either. I came out with a party fox-hunting; but, in following the hounds, my horse fell lame, so the gentleman who was with me insisted that I should mount his horse, and let him take the other home. I agreed to do so, and this is the way in which I am punished for my selfishness."

"I don't think you need look on the accident exactly in that light," says Tarleton. "It was more likely the fault of your escort in not fastening the girths properly."

"Don't say that to anybody else—pray don't!" she says, eagerly. "Mr. Proctor would reproach himself so much, and I am sure it was not his fault. I watched him buckling the girths, and I know he did it securely. He will be sorry enough that he let me have Lightfoot, when he hears the result; and yet it was not Lightfoot's fault."

"Whose fault was it, then?" asks her companion, in a tone of amazement.

"I don't think that it was anybody's fault. Cannot things be pure accident, sometimes?"

"Sometimes, yes; but there is generally carelessness at the bottom of most accidents."

"That is Will's idea," she says, despondently, "so I do not know when I shall hear the last of having been thrown."

"Then why tell it?" suggests Tarleton. "Fortunately, Lightfoot cannot relate his share of the adventure, and I hope you believe that I am mute, unless you desire me to speak."

"You don't think it would be wrong to conceal it?" she asks, with the weakest possible resistance to such an agreeable idea.

"How could it be wrong? What is done is done; and if to speak of it would prove embarrassing in any way, the resource is simple—not to speak of it at all."

"Then I won't," she says, readily, "for it would be very embarrassing to poor Mr. Proctor to learn that his horse had thrown me. I know he would feel wretchedly. But if I do not mention the matter, how can I account for where I have been all this time?"

"Oh, it is quite enough to say that you were not able to find the hounds; that covers everything, from a fox-hunting point of view. And now, for fear somebody should arrive on the scene, I will go and catch your horse."

This, however, proves to be much more easily said than done. Lightfoot has no mind to be caught, and he gives Mr. Tarleton (whose own horse comes to his whistle like a dog) a very pretty chase indeed. Round and round, over and across the field they go, while Kate watches anxiously, fearful that Lightfoot may leap the fence and take his way home. But this Lightfoot does not think of doing, and he finally submits to be cornered and caught with an air as of one who has had his little game and enjoyed it, but is now ready for earnest.

When Tarleton brings up the captive in triumph, his face is flushed as only a naturally fair complexion can flush from excessive exercise, and his hair clings to his brow in damp rings as he takes off his hat. Kate looks at him sympathetically.

"How desperately over-heated you are!" she says; "and what an amount of trouble I have caused you!"

"The trouble is not worth considering," he replies. "I like horses, and everything connected with them; and I like an *impromptu* steeple-chase best of all. How do you feel—thoroughly recovered?"

"Oh, yes. I am bruised, of course, and my head still has an odd feeling; but that will pass, no doubt."

"I was immensely relieved when I found that you had not scarred your face in any way. But there is a small cut on your temple; are you aware of it?"

"No," she answers, and her hand goes thither in dismay. "Is it much of a cut? If it is, it will tell the story of my accident."

"It is only a small cut, and when you see it, I am sure you will be able to conceal it with your hair."

"And, meanwhile, I can put on a veil," she says, drawing one from her pocket and tying it over her face.

Tarleton thinks that he would not have spoken of the cut if he had anticipated this, but to renege would be too great a liberty; therefore he makes the best of the matter, by saying, cheerfully:

"That is capital! I defy anybody to tell whether you have received one cut or twenty. Now, can you hold this rascal while I put on the saddle? I am afraid to give him a chance of getting away again."

Kate willingly holds the rascal, and for the second time watches the saddle girted securely on. That matter finished, Tarleton extends his hand.

"Can you mount in this way?" he asks.

"I seldom mount in any other," she answers; and the next instant she is settling herself in the saddle, and stroking Lightfoot's neck, while Tarleton gives her the stirrup.

"Now," he says, as he mounts, "shall we return as we came, or am I right in thinking that there is a more direct way to Fairfields—since I take it for granted that you have had enough of following the hounds for one morning?"

"Not enough of following, but enough of losing them," she answers. "Yes, I think I had better turn my face homeward; and you are right—there is a much more direct way than the one we came. Over yonder"—she points across the field with her whip—"we can strike a plantation-road which will take us straight down the valley. I mean—"

Here she pauses abruptly.

"Well," says Tarleton, after waiting an instant for her to proceed, "what is it you mean?"

"Only," she says, with a slight laugh, "that I should not take it so entirely for granted that you intend to continue your service as an escort. Perhaps our roads lie in different directions. If so, pray don't think it necessary to come with me. I shall do very well, now."

"My road lies in the same direction as yours, as far as Fairfields," if you will allow me to accompany you," he replies. "In fact, if you are hard-hearted enough to refuse to let me accompany you, I shall be constrained to follow you, for I do not trust our friend Lightfoot at all."

"There is no danger of my being hard-hearted," she says. "They will all be delighted to see you at Fairfields. But are you sure you are not neglecting something you would rather do, by coming with me? You must have been going *somewhere* when I met you. It was early to be abroad, unless you were on business, or a fox-hunt."

"I suppose the object of my ride would come

under the first head," he answers. "Having spent last night at Southdale, I was on my way to Greenfield Station, to take a train due there about eight o'clock."

"And you turned out of your way to follow me!" she says, with compunction. "How good it was of you! but how sorry I am that I should have been the cause of such a delay!"

"Spare your regrets," he says, smiling. "I would not have missed this morning's adventure for any consideration; while the business which was calling me away can be delayed until to-morrow, with the greatest ease. Losing my train is a small price to pay for the pleasure of knowing you, and taking our first ride together."

(To be continued.)

A MOUNTAIN HOTEL.

THE WAY THE PORTER RAN THINGS.

A certain urbane resident of this city recently paid a visit to Butte, M. T. He stopped at one of the first class hotels of Butte, and in consideration of his stand here he was given the "boss" room off the parlor on the ground floor. The next morning after his arrival he appeared at the door of the office without any too many clothes on, and with a good deal of decision in his tone informed the porter of the establishment that a pitcher of water was needed in No. —, and then withdrew.

The porter was struck dumb for a moment, but catching his breath he exclaimed: "The d—d tenderfoot! A pitcher of water! Well, by—, if he stays here long enough he will find out that if he finds water in the barrel at the further end of the woodshed he will be doing a Moulton business. He must think he is at the St. James in New York or at the Palmer in Chicago. As though a man would work up in this climate at \$12 a week, and then pack water for such looking specimens as that. A pitcher of water needed. I should not wonder. It will be needed a good while. What does he take me for? Does he think I am a fourteen-inch Cornish pump on the Alice, regulated at thirteen strokes a minute? Does he think I am a spring or an abandoned shaft that is full of water? Does he regard me as the new water works? Do I resemble the Yosemite Falls? Have I a Niagara profile? What ails the man? The idea that a man would come to a climate like this, and among such comforts as are lavished on people here, become so ornery as to turn chambermaid and pack water to every duffer from the cow counties that strays off this way." By this time the porter had worked himself into a fury and demanded to be shown the man that had insulted him by asking him to turn himself into a water-cart. Just then another gentleman, also from the city, mildly informed the irate porter that in the lower country, the gentlemen who had called for the water was a hotel keeper himself; that, in fact, at home he ran two hotels.

"Two hotels," thundered the porter, "two hotels; show him to me, show him to me just once; I will teach him that whatever he does in Salt Lake, he cannot run a hotel in Butte—a hotel! Why—him, he can't run one room up here."

The Salt Lake hotel-keeper left Butte by the first train. On the way down, in response to the question, "What do you think of Butte?" he immediately replied with a smile, "The town is most promising and the people are exceedingly pleasant." But the first thing he ordered on his arrival here was a bath.—*Salt Lake Tribune.*

ECHOES FROM LONDON.

FOR the Saville Club a new house is to be erected at a cost of 10,000L.

A COMPANY has been registered whose object is to construct a railway along Gray's inn-road, between Charing-cross, Euston, King's-cross, and St. Pancras stations. The capital is 800,000L.

THE Metropolitan Board of Works and the City Authorities have appointed a joint committee to consider a scheme for constructing a bridge below London bridge.

HITHERTO, Wales has been more celebrated for its landscapes than for its artists. An effort, however, is being made to establish a Cambrian Academy of Art, whose headquarters will be at Llandudno.

As illustrating the exceptional length of the debates last session, it will be interesting to mention that Hansard runs to nine volumes. This is two more than were ever published before, as the result of a single Parliamentary session.

MR. W. S. GILBERT, who has at the present moment four pieces playing in London simultaneously, namely, at the Savoy, Opera Comique, Court, and St. George's Hall, will have a fifth next week, as "Fogerty's Fairy" is to be produced at the Criterion on Thursday.

ONE who professes to have been present says that the Rev. Mr. Spurgeon was preaching the other day on the subject of family pride, urging

that one man was as good as another, if not better; that rank was but a guinea stamp, and all that kind of thing. "Remember, my friends," said he, "that we are all descended from a common gardener, who was given what is termed 'the sack.'"

THE Monte Carlo pigeon shooters will shortly have a visit from Dr. Carver, who will, perhaps, shoot off his tie first, and settle his actual pigeon status *vis-à-vis* with Mr. Stuart Wortley. The French pigeon shooters who will try conclusions with the learned Doctor at Monte Carlo are excellent shots. For instance, there are at present there Count de Lambertye, Viscount Martel de Janville, and Messrs. Camaner and de la Rochefoucauld.

THE plaintiff's name in a case that was tried before Mr. Justice Stephen the other day was Stephens. The defendant's counsel, however, would keep on addressing him as Stephen, till the judge could stand it no longer. "I wish," said he, "you would call the plaintiff by his proper name. I feel some sympathy with him in the matter; for, whereas my name does not end with 's,' my correspondents generally tack one on, while the plaintiff's does so end, and you won't let him have it."

PUNCH has not got hold of the right point in the story of the lights of Hanwell in this week's issue. The real story is this: A well-known Q.C. was being intensely bored by a fellow-traveller in the train, enthusiastic about scenery and constantly demanding his attention to admire certain places they were passing; at last, on coming to Hanwell, the enthusiast cried, "Look! look! Mr. W—, how beautiful the lights of Hanwell look from the railway." "And pray, sir," said the Q. C., "how do the lights of the railway look from Hanwell?"

RITUALISTS begin to have hopes that Mr. Gladstone will do something for them next session, and their expectations have been raised by the premier's recent letter, in which he says that while he has never termed the Public Worship Regulation Act "unconstitutional," yet he disapproves of it as "unwise." Of course, every one who has a memory knew this before. Mr. Gladstone's speech on the second reading of the bill in the Commons is not likely to be forgotten. But still the Ritualists draw fresh hopes from his letter, and look for the repeal of the obnoxious measure.

PADDINGTON is likely to have a park. Already a third of the sum required for public subscription has been obtained. Of 100,000L, no less than 33,000L. has been acknowledged. Before it can become a "park" it will need to be planted with trees and filled with plants. At this moment it is a dreary waste. Of the advantage of the park in the proposed situation there can be no doubt. In a few years what is called the Workmen's City will be an overcrowded collection of houses, surrounded by dwellings stretching out to Willesden. Already most of the country walks in that direction have ceased to be. London is growing on that side, and seems likely to grow until it includes Uxbridge and Harrow itself, and the famous school becomes part of the great metropolis.

ECHOES FROM PARIS.

THE latest Parisian table decoration is to place flat baskets of flowers near each plate, with the *menu* tied on the handle.

TWO of the leading morning papers, the *Figaro* and the *Galois*, are now publishing novels by English writers, Miss Braddon and Onida.

THE marriage is announced of Don Giovanni Falco, Marquis of Castel Rodrigo, of Milan, to Mlle. Ines della Gandara, whose sister married a few days ago Prince Ferdinando del Drago.

THE first number of *l'anti-Concierge*, an organ started in defence of the interests of those—and they are legion—who come under the ferule of this Cerberian functionary, appeared on the 1st inst. The blessings of the long-suffering community cannot fail to accompany the promoters of this good work.

A PARIS tradesman, who resides on the Boulevard Sébastopol, is in the habit of daily launching a certain quantity of diminutive balloons with his name and address attached. He occasionally receives from some distant correspondent a communication telling him where and when his aerial messenger has alighted. One of these little globes, let loose on the 22nd ult., was found two days after by the proprietor of the estate of Kniphausen, whilst out hunting in a forest of Westphalia.

A FASCINATING young tenor has bewitched a young and wealthy countess; she will soon take him from the stage to ride in a coach with armorial bearings and prancing horses—give him the title of Master of her ancestral chateau and vast estates, and of her hand, which he says he covets most of all, for he is madly in love with her, and always sings with her in his eye, therefore, too, too passionately and devoutly.

THE *Evenement* relates a queer story of a Parisian adventurer who makes a decent living by torturing the nerves of his neighbours. He hires an apartment at a rent of three or four thousand francs, obtains a lease of three, six, or nine years, and then—he begins to play on the trombone, but to play abominably. At first he plays an hour night and morning, then when the neighbours begin to complain he plays two hours, and so goes on gradually until he plays from eight o'clock in the morning until nine o'clock at night. By that time the landlord or the tenants have offered him a sufficient pecuniary inducement to sacrifice his lease, and the trombone-player departs and begins his trick elsewhere.

THE following anecdote is told of Meissonier, which shows the painter in an amiable light. When he finished the portrait of ex-Governor Stamford that gentleman was anxious to have the act of signing the work witnessed by his young son, and took the boy with him in his carriage to the studio on the day of his last sitting. But Meissonier had already affixed his signature to the work, on seeing which Mr. Stamford expressed his regret, stating that the same his reason for such regret. Meissonier at once effaced his name and caused Master Stamford to be summoned, saying to him smilingly as he re-signed the portrait, "You see, my boy, that your father's portrait is undoubtedly a genuine Meissonier."

SOME new and superb materials have recently been introduced for ladies' dresses, which rival in richness of texture and beauty of design the gorgeous stuffs that Titian and Paul Veronese loved to paint. A reception toilette of this style was recently made up by one of the leading dressmakers of Paris for one of the leaders of fashion in the American colony. The material was a ruby satin ground, strewn with leaves of velvet in shaded tones of grey. The long plain skirt was edged with a bias drawn puff of plain ruby satin and was bunched up very high at the back just below the edge of the corsage, which was finished around the hips and wrists with broad bands of passementerie in ruby silk and grey chenille. The corsage was high to the throat and had long sleeves. A scarf of fine point lace was clasped at the throat with a small diamond pin. Earrings of black pearls and diamonds completed this superb yet simple costume, which was worthy of the pencil of Valesquez.

RECENTLY there lived at Geneva an ancient spinster of ample means who was in the habit of making a yearly visit to Lucerne, and she always stayed at the well-known and hospitable Schweizerhof. It so fell out that one of the waiters in the hotel was always particularly attentive to her, not from any sense of favours to come—for the lady was too old to fall in love with him, and his expectations from her could not well extend beyond the handsome tip which doubtless he generally got—but from kindness of heart and a "waiterly" desire to please. But virtue sometimes brings a reward other than that which is supposed rightly to appertain thereto; and some two or three weeks since the fortunate garçon received an intimation of the old lady's death, and that, in consideration of the zealous service he had always rendered her during her sojourn at the Schweizerhof, she had ordered to be paid to him out of her estate the sum of 100,000 fr.

VARIETIES.

AN exchange dryly observes that a mechanic in search of work is "out of a job," a clerk in the same predicament is "disengaged," and a professional man similarly placed is "at leisure." The mechanic "gets work," the clerk "connects" himself with some establishment, and the professional man "resumes practice." This rule holds good in some other things besides employment. When one of the "upper ten" has a high time over night, it is said next day that he was "slightly elevated." The middle society man, under similar circumstances, was a "little intoxicated," but the laboring man was "beatly drunk."

SHE KNEW IT.—As the Pacific express train coming east on the Central Road reached Ann Arbor the other day there were many to get off and on, and there was the usual hurry and confusion. Among those getting aboard was a little old woman about sixty years old, who secured the assistance of the brakeman and drew herself up the step of the smoking car.

"This way, madam—this way," called the official as she laid hand on the door of the smoking car; but as she paid no attention to him he continued:

"Hold on madam—that's the smoking car." "Wall, don't you 'pose I've travelled enough to know that?" she queried, as she whirled around. "I guess I know where to go when I want to smoke!"

And she entered and sat down, filled her old clay pipe, borrowed a light, and was soon puffing away in the greatest contentment.

THACKERAY AND THE BOWERY BOY.—It is related of Thackeray that being very desirous to see a "Bowery" boy, he went with a friend into the haunts of that peculiar locality to look for one. Very soon his companion pointed out to him a genuine specimen standing on the corner of a street against a lamp-post, red-shirted, black-

trousered, soap-locked, shiny-hatted, with a cigar in his mouth elevated at an angle of forty-five degrees. After contemplating him for a few moments, Thackeray said to his friend that he would like to talk to the fellow, and asked if he might do so. "Surely," he was told, "go to him and ask him to direct you somewhere." Thereupon the stranger approached, and said politely, "My friend, I should like to go to such a place." "Well," replied the Bowery boy, in his peculiar tones, and without moving anything but his lips, as he looked up lazily, at the tall, gray-haired novelist—"well, sonny, you can go if you won't stay too long." Thackeray was satisfied.

A PARIS WIT'S PERFORMANCES.—One of Vivier's favorite performances: Having marked down his prey, an elderly citizen who has ordered a glass of beer and is preparing to assimilate it on the asphalt in front of a café, Vivier approaches and salutes him profoundly, then with mingled volubility and brusqueness thus addresses him:

"Monsieur, I am one of the inspectors of the new Department of Chemical Analysis, established for the purpose of detecting adulteration in articles of daily consumption. I have been detailed to the subject of beer. My face being known to the proprietors of the establishment, if I were to order anything they might take the alarm and serve me quite a different article and thus baffle me. Permit me, therefore, to taste your beer."

The stupefied victim offered no resistance, and Vivier drains the glass at a draught, and sets it down remarking, "excellent! excellent! You can drink that beer with impunity! I thank you in the name of science and the municipality for your unselfish co-operation. Good afternoon! Waiter, another beer for this gentleman!" and vanishes.

OF the thirteen Murillos which Marshall Soult managed to collect in Spain, one of them, an "Immaculate Conception," at the Marshal's sale, in May, 1852, was bought by the French Government for £23,400. We have an amusing story of the circumstances under which Soult secured the prize. In his pursuit of Sir John Moore he overtook two Capuchin friars, who turned out to be spies, as he suspected. On hearing there were some fine Murillos in the convent to which they belonged, he ordered them to show him the way to it. Here he saw the Murillo in question, and offered to purchase it—all to no purpose, till the prior found that the only way to save the lives of his two monks was to come to terms. "But," said the prior, "we have had 100,000 francs offered for the picture." I will give you 200,000 francs," was the reply, and the bargain was concluded. "You will give me up my two brethren?" asked the prior. "Oh," said the Marshal, very politely, "if you wish to ransom them, it will give me the greatest pleasure to meet your wishes. The price is 200,000 francs." The poor prior got his monks, and lost his picture.

QUEEN VICTORIA'S CHRISTMAS.—Since the death of the Prince Consort she has not spent Christmas at Windsor Castle, but has passed it at Osborne. On Christmas Eve and Christmas morning carols are always sung in front of Osborne House, and the poor of Osborne receive substantial gifts from her Majesty in the way of beef and clothing. Barons of beef and veal, boars' heads, game pies etc. are sent from Windsor to supply the larder. But the Queen has no family party of her married sons and daughters with her at Christmas, as have so many of her subjects, neither does she have a large dinner party at Osborne House; indeed her dinner guests rarely number above eight or ten at any time. When the members of the royal family are present at dinner, they sit on either side of the Queen, except when foreign royalty of higher rank is present. When the lady in waiting or one of the maids of honour dines with the Queen, it is by special command; a message is sent on the morning of the day desiring her to do so. But there is no Christmas dinner party given by the Queen to her household, as many people imagine; neither is the gold plate used at this season of the year, as is popularly supposed—indeed, it is only used when state banquets are given in the Waterloo Gallery at Windsor, and of which there have been but few during the last twenty years. A portion of it is also used at state balls and concert suppers at Buckingham Palace. On New Year's day the Queen gives presents to the members of her family and all under her roof; her gifts include works of art, statuettes, books, china and other rare and valuable things, in addition to useful gifts. The presents are laid out in a room, and her Majesty is present when they are distributed, while many she herself presents.

PEOPLE who suffer from Lung, Throat, of Kidney diseases, and have tried all kinds of medicine with little or no benefit, and who despair of ever being cured, have still a resource left in Electricity, which is fast taking the place of almost all other methods of treatment, being mild, potent and harmless; it is the safest system known to man, and the most thoroughly scientific curative power ever discovered. As time advances, greater discoveries are made in the method of applying this electric fluid; among the most recent and best modes of using electricity is by wearing one of Norman's Electric Curative Belts, manufactured by Mr. A. Norman, 4 Queen Street East, Toronto, Ont.



1. Last New Year's morn as I've heard say
 Richard he mounted his Dobbie Grey,
 And away he rode from Taunton Dene
 To court the Parson's daughter Jane.



2. And Dick put on his Sunday's clothes
 His go-to-church breeches and buckskin hose
 And wi' a new hat upon his head
 Which was bedecked wi' ribands red.



3. And away he rode wi' out drowl or fear
 Till he came to the house of his sweet dear



4. Where he knocked and shouted and bellowed;
 hulloa!
 Be the folks at home, say yes or no!



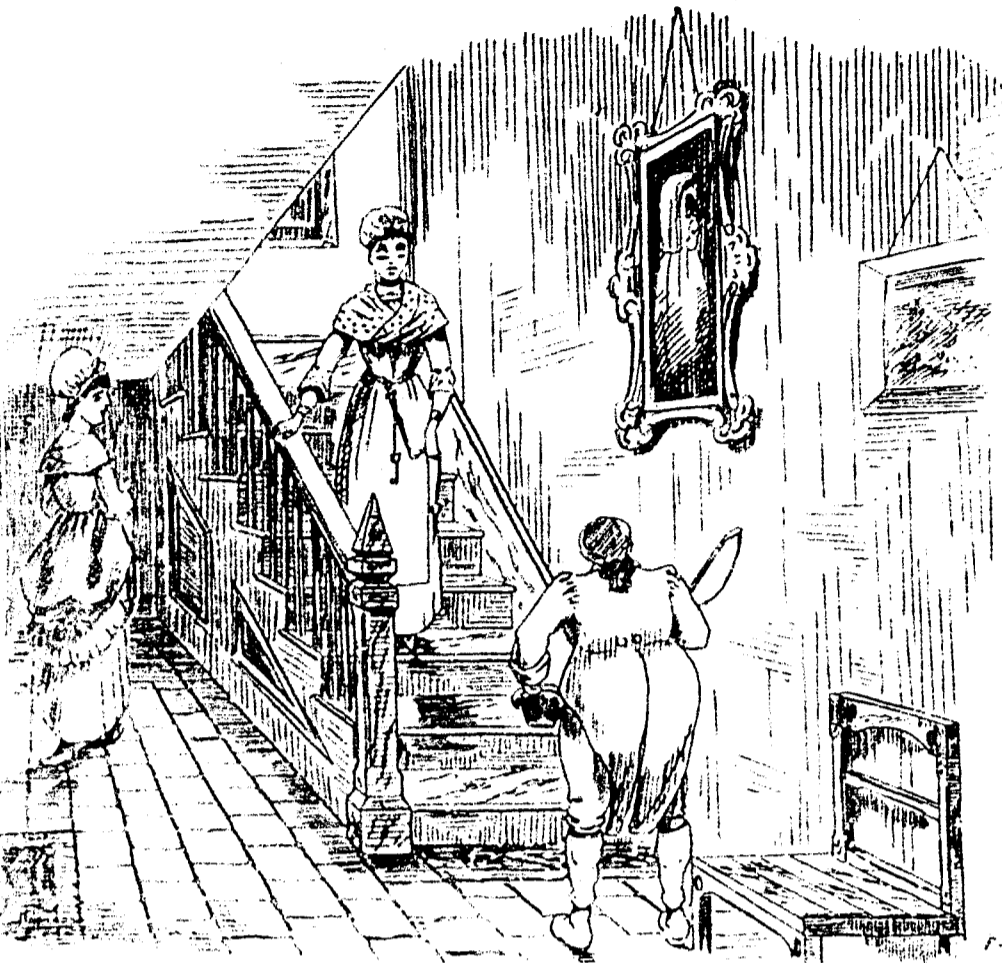
5. The servant quickly let Dick in,
 That he his courtship might begin;



6. And Dick he strode into the
 And loudly for Miss Jane

THE BALLAD OF RICHARD

ILLUSTRATED BY



7. Miss Jane came down wi'out delay
To hear what Richard he had for to say
I do suppose you know, Miss Jane,
That I be Richard of Taunton Dene.



8 I'm an honest man though I be poor
And I never was in love before,



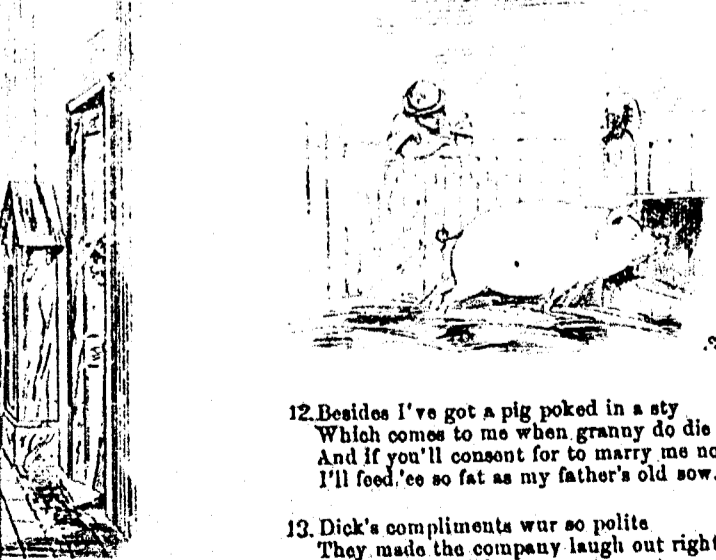
9. And mother has sent me here to woo
And I can fancy none but you.



10. And if I consent for to be your bride
Pray how for me will you provide!
I'll give thee all I yarns I'm sure
And what can a man do for'ee more.



11. For I can reap and I can mow,
And I can plough and I can sow,
And I goes to market wi' father's hay
And I yarns my ninepence ivery day.



12. Besides I've got a pig poked in a sty
Which comes to me when granny do die;
And if you'll consent for to marry me now
I'll feed 'ee so fat as my father's old sow.

13. Dick's compliments war so polite
They made the company laugh out right,
And when he had gotten no more, to say
He mounted his Dobbinn and gallopped away.



hall
call.

ON THE ICE.

The sky is cloudless.
The air is clear.
The sunbeams glitter
O'er lake and mere.
And frost-gems glisten
On bough and leaf
In silvered splendour of beauty brief.

And like a swallow
O'er depths and deep
Where stream and river
Their treasures keep.
You skim and circle
The glistening floor.
Youth's hours for pleasure—no less, no more.

How bright eyes sparkle
And fair cheeks flush!
The cold air kisses
The warm rich blush
By mere and meadow
You fly along.
Life's hours but set to an endless song.

Of pain and sorrow
No thought's unrest:
Nor glad to morrow
Since all are blest:
For one day's pleasure
No mad regret
For Fate to measure or sin to fret.

Through sun and shadow,
The whole glad day,
Your swift steps winging
Their own swift way:
Your light heart beating
To lighter feet,
And youth and beauty to make life sweet.

What can be wanting?
What rests to say
Of hours the sweetest
In life's long day?
Too brief the brightness
Too long the night,
Yet dream they're deathless with all delight.

RITA.

[For the News.]

HOW KARL RIMMER BEGAN THE NEW YEAR.

By the Author of "Larg Dick," "Frose and Poetry," "Tom's Little Lass," etc.

CHAPTER I.

"Give thy thoughts no tongue,
Nor any unproportioned thought his act.
To thine own self be true;
And it must follow, as the night the day,
Thou canst not then be false to any man."

"I think it very unkind of you, very; you ought to have consulted me before taking the final step."

"But Essie," pleaded her companion, "when ever I attempted to do so you wouldn't listen."

"Of course not," womanlike and illegal, "as if it was likely I should give in to what I've set my face against from the beginning."

"I've only taken it for six months anyway."

"You shouldn't have taken it at all," shortly.

"Now dearest," he pursued coaxingly, "you know the prospect isn't so bad after all. Six months, we'll hope it won't be longer; on the Bull Rock lighthouse, with a couple of hundred dollars at the end of them, is a good deal better than starving at home. It's going to be a hard winter for the fisher-folk, and no mistake! Then, when my time's out, I'm off to the fishing; and I hope and pray by next fall to have just enough to bring home a dear little tyrant, who shall rule us with a rod of iron to the end of my days." And the speaker's bright eyes shone yet brighter, as he endeavoured to capture a little hand toying with pebbles just picked up from the beach.

The owner thereof snatched it away immediately.

"I don't want any of your pretty speeches thank you; there isn't the least bit of truth in one of them."

"Oh Essie!" in such a hurt tone.

"No there isn't," she answered, proud and obstinate still; "you are doing what you know I strongly disapprove; I can't say I think that shows much regard for me, Mr. Hardy."

"Look here! I can't stand that!" cried the young man, flushing a dark crimson; "quarrel with me as an equal at any rate."

"I shouldn't take the trouble to quarrel with an inferior," with much scorn.

"Why won't you listen to reason?" began this sorely oppressed lover. "Don't you see it's for your sake I'm going to the light-house, and as you opposed me how could I be guided by you in the matter, when it would be cowardly to mind all your objections, and selfish enough into the bargain."

Pretty Essie Moore, the store-keeper's daughter, got up and turned away from the imploring eyes raised to hers, with a deeper colour on her face than was caused by the cold wind that blew in from the Atlantic. A spoiled child she had been from her cradle, with no brothers and sisters to share her rights and privileges, and come between her and her parents' unbounded indulgence.

"Selfish indeed!" she repeated sharply, "if it was only me you considered, you would have gone to the States."

The moment after speaking the words she would have given anything to recall them, for more is said in hot blood than our sober judgments altogether approve of. Harry Hardy sprang up, and was by her side in a moment.

"What do you mean by that?" he exclaimed, a painful suspicion forcing up its ugly head like a snake in the grass.

"What I say," she retorted. But she didn't. "I've been a fool," he said with some bitterness; "I thought it was your love for me that made you over-tender about the hardships and the loneliness of a life on the light-house. I beg your pardon for the mistake of supposing you had a heart."

"It doesn't prove I haven't one because you don't possess it," she answered in high anger.

"That's true enough," he replied gloomily; "but was it fair then to do your best to gain mine?" Then reverting to the original cause of dispute, "Of course I must keep to my bargain now, but when the six months have gone by I will oblige you by going to the States immediately, though I have no opening there."

Now if Essie had answered as her conscience prompted and her good angel stooped to hear it would have been in this wise:

"Don't think so meanly of me Harry, when you know I love you truly, truly. I don't much want you to be better off. I only advised going to the States to tease you; and you know father would be glad if you were not so poor. I do hate that horrid light house out in the middle of the sea. I should go crazy thinking of you all by yourself through the long, lonely winter, not able to come ashore because of the ice; no one to mourn if you were sick or anything; and besides—besides Harry, you ought not to refuse anything to the girl you are in love with."

Then would Harry have made many fervent protestations to prove the sincerity of his attachment, quite overlooking that little bit of pardonable vanity at the close of his lady-love's confession. Both would have been the better for the disagreement, and Essie would have gone home and knitted him a comforter out of the best wool in her father's store; and it should have been a red one too, because that was her colour, and therefore it would always remind him of her when he put it on. But alas! this happy reconciliation failed to come about, because Essie was quite too proud to ask forgiveness when she herself was entirely in the wrong.

"I'm sure you're welcome to go or stay," she now observed carelessly; and Hardy's heart grew suddenly cold.

"Do you mean it is all over between us?" he said in a strange voice.

"We certainly can't be friends again for a long time. I'm sure I've a great mind not to speak to you till Christmas."

Many a time afterward she wondered how she could have made so cruel a speech. She could never be quite sure that if she had dared to look at Hardy she would not have instantly relented; but at that moment a firm footstep was heard crunching down the pebbles, and round the corner of a huge boulder came an active, strong-limbed, tall young fellow, with a face not half so handsome as Harry's, but with a manly, open expression, that more than atoned for the want of regular features.

"Good day to you Miss Moore," he began, lifting his cap from a mass of light brown curls; "glorious weather, isn't it? Have you been for a walk?"

He nodded carelessly to Hardy; rivals can never be pretty good friends. A second glance convinced the new-comer that something embarrassing had occurred; but since Essie turned to him with evident relief, and at once began to enter into conversation, he did not feel bound to take his departure.

"I'm just going home Mr. Rimmer," she replied shaking hands; "and it's late enough for me to hurry, so I'll say good-bye in the same breath."

"But mayn't I come too please," he rejoined gaily. "What if the bull should get out of the field?"

"In that case I should be very sorry to have left you behind," said Essie with a laugh and a shiver.

They walked on chatting gaily, Hardy falling rather behind, but within earshot of the conversation for all that.

"Are you glad to get back from Germany?" asked Essie by and by.

She admired Karl Rimmer extremely; he was so clever; had he not been sent home to college; and had she not heard his father boasting of his talents only the other day in the store, and telling her father of all the honours he had taken.

Nor did it detract from Karl's many attractions that, after his usual headlong fashion, he was smitten with her fair self, contrary to the wishes of his family.

"Germany is the jolliest hole of a place you can find anywhere," replied Karl promptly.

"But I should have had a dreadful loss if I had stayed there long."

"What was that?" asked Essie with interest.

"I shouldn't have known you."

Essie blushed; it pleased her very much that he should say this, but she did not want Hardy to hear it too. They had now come to the steep cliff up which they must scramble to gain the road. Karl was only too ready to render all the assistance in his power. When they reached the top and looked round Hardy was gone.

"Good riddance!" sang Karl blithely; "what's up with the fellow? He looks as black as a thunder cloud."

"He's going to take charge of the lighthouse on Bull Rock," said Essie slowly.

"Well then, I forgive him, for it is a dreary lookout." Then he added roughly: "The worst part of it was saying good-bye to you, eh Miss Moore?"

"How do I know," she answered stiffly.

"Because that's something every lovely lady knows," exclaimed Karl, and again Essie was vastly pleased to be called a lady.

"Good-bye," said Karl at her door, and her father, seeing their friendly parting from a window, said to himself with pious thanksgiving:

"Well, thank the Lord, Essie's a sensible girl after all. I couldn't cross her if she set her heart on that poor devil Hardy, but it does me good to see her taking to Karl Rimmer, who belongs to the best family in the place."

That night, when she went to bed, Essie took a good long look to the glass to see if all the things Karl had said to her were true. She saw crimson cheeks, masses and masses of long hair, black as night, and brown, velvety eyes. No she couldn't well help being pretty. Harry Hardy had told her that dozens of times. Perhaps if her lovers had exercised more gracious self-restraint in the expression of their admiration, the poor child would have been better.

Suddenly, at the remembrance of some adoring speech, not of Karl Rimmer's, but from Harry, she burst out crying and crept into bed.

CHAPTER II.

"What is she now? my dreams are bad. She may bring me a curse. No, there is fatter game on the moor; she will let me alone."

Thanks, for the best knows whether woman or man be the worse. I will bury myself in my books, and the Devil may pipe at his own.

Picture to yourself a high rock, lifted some hundreds of feet above the level of the sea, facing the west, where flow miles and miles of the great gulf of green waters; in the rear another breadth of sea, and then a long, clearly defined coast line sprinkled with fishing hamlets (on the summit of this is perched the lighthouse, looking not unlike a great white sea-gull, through the fog. So steep is the precipitous edge of the rock that the ascent has to be made by means of a rope ladder.

Here was Hardy to be found day after day, nursing in solitude his wrath against Karl, and his mingled tenderness and resentment towards Essie. Had things turned out differently he would not have been unhappy, nor yet felt so keenly the loneliness of his life; for there would have been Essie to dream about and plan for, and his father's books to pass the time with pleasantly, and profitably. Hardy was entirely a self-educated man; he had been left an orphan at a comparatively early age, but though his manner was characterized by a frank heartiness in his intercourse with those of his own calling, he held his head high, and never forgot that father had been a gentleman, though a poor one. The young man had fully intended going ashore occasionally before the navigation closed, when the days were fine, to solace himself for the coming separation from Essie by a few brief interviews. But now, since the repulse he had experienced, the idea of course had been abandoned, and he remained on the rock gloomy and dejected.

So it was not till some weeks later that, un-mooring his boat one sunny afternoon, he went over to the village. On his way back he passed within a stone's throw of two figures on the beach engaged in earnest conversation. Karl and Essie. It was not possible to mistake either. They did not see him though, and Hardy stopped rowing, and stared at them a moment with fierce, wild eyes. Then he raised one hand, and said in a low, deep, emphatic voice:

"Karl Rimmer, I curse the glib tongue that has wiled my love away from me. I curse you with all my heart."

And he lived to remember the curse!

Now Essie had nourished a secret hope that Harry would quickly return to his allegiance when he saw young Rimmer in the field; but when day after day passed, and still he did not come, from being unreasonably angry with him in the beginning, she steeled her heart yet more against him, and straightaway began to flirt desperately with Karl. Why should she not like him the best of the two? he was cleverer, more agreeable, and so fond of her. But then poor Harry had been fond of her too. Had been, ah, there was the sting! Well, she did not care, she could forget too; and she put on her new fur cap with the blue bow in it, (for the little coquette spotted Karl's colours now) and danced down to the shore, with a song on her lips, and a smile upon her pretty face, and who was to guess there was an ache in her heart. Not Karl certainly, who came to meet her with a beaming face, and made her forget all her troubles for a while with his flow of eager talk. This kind of thing went on for some time, and then Karl's sisters came to call on her; they had never let themselves down to paying a visit before to the store-keeper's daughter (though she was much richer than they) and Essie could not help feeling a little gleeful exultation.

One cold day in the end of October she set out to walk to the post office. Down the gulf the winter sets in so early that there are sharp frosts in the end of August at night. It was nearly two months since Essie had parted from Hardy, and now, almost unknown to herself she was drifting into an engagement with Karl Rimmer. The thought now struck her, "What if Harry should write to her!" and she quickened her pace, but arriving at the post office found no letter awaiting her. Petulantly she turned, and outside met Karl.

"Why you look quite cross I declare, lady fair," he exclaimed. "Tell me what wrong you want righted."

"I want letters writed," said Essie, who was not without her own share of fun.

Karl laughed, and walked on by her side, but when they reached home he dropped his bantering tone, and asked:

"May I come in?"

"Do," rejoined Essie, with a glance of merry mischief; "one company is better than none at all."

When they were sitting before the fire, and Essie had removed her things, Karl suddenly rose, came to her side and said:

"I'm going to ask you something that you will say yes to, won't you Essie? and then I'll thank you forever and ever. Will you be my wife?"

"I—don't—know—" stammered Essie, growing very pale.

"But I do, you darling," rejoined Karl with deep delight, "that means consent," and he kissed her then and there.

It all came about in a few moments, and the next week a diamond ring shone on Essie's finger which so made the engagement public.

"I will take you to Germany, my beauty, my beauty," Karl told her in the first flush of his new joy; "and oh, shan't we be happy together?"

A pang shot through Essie's heart at his simple strong faith in her. She was in no hurry to be married, and would willingly have deferred the wedding till the following Spring, but Karl pleaded for not more than a two months' delay.

"Let us be married on New Year's day," he begged. "Do, Essie, there's a darling rose of girls! That's always been my lucky day, so, tenderly, that's the day I'd like to begin my heaven on earth."

After a brief resistance Essie yielded.

One day he came to her with a very grave sad face.

"Would you much mind not going to Germany next Summer?" he asked.

Essie minded for more reasons than she cared to name.

"Why?" she briefly inquired.

"I think we must put it off," he replied. "We ought to. You see there is so much distress this Winter. The fishermen have not been able to lay in enough provisions to last till the spring, so we better off folks must just help all we can. I don't like to let father give me so much money for a private pleasure when people will be wanting bread."

The tears came into Essie's eyes.

"Of course not," she answered. Then a sudden fear pierced her heart. "What will the lighthouse-keepers do?" she asked.

"Oh, they are all right," he said; "they have Government stores, you know."

But that night Essie had a strange dream.

She thought she lay in her tomb, cold and still, yet conscious all the while of what was happening to those she had known while alive. Suddenly she heard a rushing, striving wind, shaking the lonely lighthouse towers, and up in the lantern shone out Karl's face, wild and white. But while she was wondering, in sickening terror, what had become of Harry, she felt some one touching her hands, and lo! there he knelt at her feet, weeping his very life away, but taking no notice of her efforts to comfort him. Then great blocks of ice seemed to close round her and wall her in. With a choking scream she awoke.

The wind was dashing in a perfect hurricane against the panes. She sprang up, rushed to the window and peered out into the stormy darkness. The light shone on, burning calm and steady through the long, wild night, but a blinding snow was riding on the breast of the storm and hid it from her sight. With a low despairing sob Essie hurried back to bed again and cried herself to sleep. But her heart was awake at last, and she viewed with shrinking terror her approaching marriage. She grew so pale and thin, that Karl became terribly alarmed about her, and sought by every means in his power to restore her old gay spirits, but with little success.

One evening on his way home he passed two old crows gossiping as they went to the village. It was quite dark, so they did not observe him, but he heard one exclaim:

"Essie Moore, indeed! She's not good enough for either of 'em."

"Poor young Hardy," rejoined the other; "a likely lad he was before she played him false. Do you think Mr. Rimmer knows?"

"I guess she's beginning to repeat already," rejoined the first speaker, "to judge by her sick face."

Karl Rimmer had heard enough; he passed on hurriedly with a sore and angry heart. That his Essie, his pride, his true-hearted darling, should be the talk of the town! Worst thought of all, that truth might lie at the bottom of this gossip. And it only wanted a week to their wedding-day. He fancied his sisters looked at him with a kind of compassion, when he took his place at the tea-table. Had they heard anything too! He rose up presently, with a resolve rapidly forming in his mind, that was soon to blossom into a strange deed. He ran up to his room for a book of "Hans Andersen's Tales," which he had previously determined to read aloud to Essie. All day long he had promised himself such a delightful evening with Essie all to himself, her tired expression changed to one of keen interest, and that eager light in her dark eyes that he knew and loved so well.

When he sallied out again it was snowing. Large, white, feathery flakes falling soft and

silent upon the brown earth. How he wished that some could fall upon his heart and cool its raging fever. It was Christmas Eve, and as he walked on one of the beautiful legends of his Fatherland crept to his soul's fast shut door, and sat upon the stony step.

"Oh Christ-Child! wandering abroad to-night," he thought, "help me to do my duty like a man."

Essie gave a little nervous start when he came in half an hour later.

"You look like a sheeted ghost," she said; and indeed there was pallor in his face that startled her more than his snowy clothes. She was lying on the sofa, drawn up by the fire, and he came and sat down beside her, scanning her face narrowly. Then he saw that she had been crying.

"Essie, why is this?" he asked, in a kind voice.

"How late you are," she said, without replying to his question; "have you brought the book?"

He also disregarded the question. "It is such a stormy night," he pursued slowly. "I couldn't even see the light on the rock on account of the snow. What a merry Christmas Hardy will have to be sure!"

He had attacked her in a weak moment. She turned away her face, but he saw the tears stealing down her cheeks and dropping into her lap.

He gulped down a bitter, jealous anger, and spoke again.

"Essie, you can't think I haven't noticed your failing health lately, and been haunted by the trouble in your sweet little face. To-day, I think, I've found the clue."

"What will you fancy next?" she tried to speak lightly, but failed.

"Is it only fancy, then, that you would like to put off our marriage for a time?"

"Oh, Karl, would you much mind?" she gasped, an expression of relief spreading over her face, her eyes large and grateful.

"Would you like to put it off altogether, Essie?"

"What do you mean?" in a frightened voice.

"I mean I think you've treated some one badly, Essie; some one you love better than me!"

"How did you find out?" she half-whispered.

"It is true, then," he said, with a thrill of indignation in his voice; "and Hardy is the man!"

She burst out crying.

"Don't, Essie," he began in a changed tone, kneeling on the ground beside her sofa and stroking her thin little hand. "There, I will forget and forgive, darling, and never mention the subject to you again, I swear."

"I thought you were going to give me up," she sobbed.

"For God's sake, Essie, don't torture me like this! Say plainly, is not that what you want?"

She looked up at him through her falling tears, and then whispered hurriedly: "It is."

He sprang up and paced the room for some minutes, then came to her again, and said, with extreme gentleness:

"Ah, Essie, dear! it was not right to treat either of us so: I have not loved you as lightly as you think. I doubt if I shall get through life with this scar healed; but all the same I must give you up to—*that other fellow*."

"I'm glad you don't want to marry me now," whispered Essie, burning with blushes. "It made me feel such a wicked hypocrite. But, Karl, I do love you for all that, next—to my father. But he won't want me; I've behaved too badly." She broke off there.

"Then he will be a fool," said Karl shortly.

Then his face changed, the firm, upper lip quivered slightly.

"Good-by, God bless you," he muttered.

"Oh, Karl, can you really forgive me?"

She was crying again.

"Yes, freely forgive you, dear little heart, and hope you will be happy very soon."

And the last she saw was Karl Rimmer, marching out, tall and grand, with the holy light of self-surrender upon his brave face. Then, and not till then, did she fully realize her own selfishness.

(To be continued.)

HEARTH AND HOME.

PEOPLE without tact do a great deal of mischief. They seem actually merciless at times. They never know what is best to say or do. They tread upon people's toes, and open the closet where family skeletons are kept so often that they earn the reputation of being spiteful. They ask over and over again questions which are obviously unpleasant to answer, and make remarks that are seen at once by all save themselves to be offensive.

It is quite certain that in humanity every species of goodness and beauty and power is directly communicable, not only or chiefly by intentional efforts, but by the mere contagion of presence. No one can be long in the company of noble high-principled men and women without having his own character in some measure elevated and his standard raised. No one can be intimate with true genius or great ability in any direction without learning to appreciate and even, in some degree to inhale it.

A CHILD always covets that which is forbidden him; and yet the discipline of certain households consists, for the most part, in the enactment and enforcement of prohibitory laws. "Touch not, taste not, handle not," is inscribed upon almost everything which the child is likely to hanker after. All the trees in the garden are full of forbidden fruit. He is told that he must not take anything without asking; and he is well aware that asking will be in vain. Now, if you want to bring up your children so that they may become something, you must leave something to their own discretion. The moral judgment needs to be disciplined as well as the moral sense.

NEVER DESPAIR.—People are apt to think that the hard times which they experience are the hardest times that have ever been; and so they are—for them. But one only needs to read the history of the world to learn that hard times have been perpetually coming to all nations in all periods of their existence. And so have good times, and so have chances for honest people to better their condition. There never yet was a night that was not followed by a day, nor a storm that was not followed by a calm. The sun is for ever shining in the heavens, and the clouds which sometimes obscure his rays are sure to break and disperse, no matter how dark and they may be for a time. The brave-hearted that hope on and work on need never despair.

A JUDICIOUS WIFE.—A judicious wife, says Ruskin, is always nipping off from her husband's moral nature little twigs that are growing in wrong directions. She keeps him in shape by continued pruning. If you say anything silly, she will affectionately tell you so. If you declare that you will do some absurd thing, she will find some means of preventing you from doing it. And by far the chief part of all the common-sense there is in this world belongs unquestionably to women. The wisest things a man commonly does are those which she counsels him to do. A wife is a grand wielder of the moral pruning-knife. If Johnson's wife had lived, there would have been no howling up of orange-peel, no touching all the posts in walking along the streets, no eating and drinking with disgusting voracity. If Oliver Goldsmith had been married he never would have worn that memorable and ridiculous coat. Whenever you find a man whom you know little about oddly dressed, or talking absurdly, or exhibiting eccentricity of manner, you may be sure that he is not a married man, for the corners are rounded off, the little shoots pared away, in married men. Wives have generally much more sense than their husbands, even though they may be clever men. The wife's advice is like the ballast that keeps the ship steady.

MISCELLANY.

SAVING.—A saving woman at the head of a family is the best savings bank established. The idea of saving is a pleasant one; and if the women imbued it at once, they would cultivate it and adhere to it; and thus, when they are not aware of it they would lay the foundation of a competent security in a stormy time, and shelter in a rainy day. The best way is to keep an account of all current expenses. Whether five hundred or five thousand dollars are expended annually, there is a chance to save something if the effort is made. Let the housewife take the idea, act upon it, and she will save something where before she thought it impossible. This is a duty, yet not a sordid avarice, but a mere obligation that rests upon women as well as men.—Home Journal.

DR. DARWIN is always irresistible in his reasoning, but he is sometimes astray as an observer. A few years ago, he sent forth a most interesting description of the habits of so-called flesh-eating plants. A short time afterward, Peter Henderson, the horticulturist, proved by careful experiments that the alleged "flesh-eaters" did not eat flesh, but thrived perfectly when covered with muslin so that no insect could possibly get at them. Now, Dr. Darwin has undertaken the apotheosis of the earthworm. This creature no doubt fulfills a great use in creation, but if earthworms make the vegetable soil, whence comes the vegetable soil that is annually made in thousands of square miles of Canadian forests in which earthworms are less plenty than bears? As for the anecdote about the layer of lime, applied twenty years before, having been found one foot under the surface, any farmer who has used lime as a top-dressing could have told the eminent naturalist about the tendency to sink in the soil which the lime possesses. It is because of this sinking quality that intelligent farmers always apply their lime on the surface, after all the operations of ploughing and harrowing have been done.

THE teacher arose immediately after he called the school to order. There was a look of pain on his gentle face, and he seemed to be feeling for an apple in his coat-tail pockets, but he was not. He was feeling for something, but it was not an apple, and it was not in his pocket. He glanced around the school and every face was either oblivious or mischievous, except Walter Crane. Walter Crane's face bent over his Latin grammar, had such a profoundly studious expression, it was so sublimely free from guile, it was so angelically innocent, the teacher called him to the big desk, and as Walter's wondering eyebrows arched themselves into silent but expressive interrogation points, the teacher handed a long switch and said: "Yes, Walter, yes; it

was very neatly done; and now, if you will just stand one minute, I will show you just about where that pin caught me." And he showed him not once but many times, to the great disgust of studious Walter Crane and the infinite delight of all the rest of the school, and especially big Sammy Johnson. Did Walter Crane really put the pin in the teacher's chair, children! Ah, no, indeed, and truly he didn't know anything about it, it was big Sammy Johnson who grinned and rubbed his hands every time Walter "hollered" who did it. Thus we see that sometimes in the study of physiognomy the wisest teacher will, as Herodotus observes "bite off more than he can chew."—Burlington, Hawkeye.

KATE Gannett Wells, describing class distinction amongst workingwomen, in the Atlantic Monthly, says: "A tailoress declares that 'nowhere are the lines of caste more strictly drawn than among tailoresses and sewing-girls.' Those 'on custom work' and those on 'sale work' need not necessarily know each other. Here is a classification given by one who understands, works, and aids others in various ways: 'Employment of working people are either subjective or objective; one cannot consort with another. Under the first are included (1) the stenographer, (2) the newspaper hack, (3) the type-writer, (4) those engaged in life insurance business and in any sort of nursing. The second division embraces (1) mercantile women, (2) sales women (3) tradeswomen, and (4) servants, who are Pariahs, so to speak, in the eyes of all other workingwomen.' These words plainly indicate wherein lies the difficulty of obtaining good domestic service. Not only is there a certain loss of personal independence as to hours and meals, but housework ranks lowest in the scale of honest labor; ambition, uppishness, or aspiration, is of national growth. The proof-reader, by universal testimony, ranks highest in the scale of laborers, for good-proof-reading requires not only an excellent elementary education, but also an intuitive mind. A copy-reader often advances to be a proof-reader, whereas a type-setter seldom or never becomes a copy reader. The most amusing instance of drawing the line is seen in the superbly quiet manner in which the 'ladies' behind the counters at large dry goods establishments regard the 'women' in the thread-and-needle stores; and they in turn look down upon the girls employed in the confectioners' shops and the still lower kind of omnium-gatherum stores always to be found in the neighborhoods of the poor."

TRAVELLING MOSS.—Our readers have probably never read or heard of the "Travelling Moss." It was one of the most curious things that ever occurred in the Border country. It happened in the November 1771, just one hundred and ten years ago, between the rivers Sark and Esk, in the parish of Kirkcaldrews, some four miles from Longtown, on the estate of Sir James Graham, of Netherby. During a dark and tempestuous night, without giving any warning, there was a sudden and overwhelming eruption of the Solway Moss, the crash of which descending from a higher to a lower level, greatly alarmed the fears, and made the very bones of the inhabitants to tremble. Why it should have been so fast moored, age after age, and now have moved away from its native place like a floating island, nobody could tell, and, indeed, they had not time to cogitate that question. Those who resided where the vast mass of eruptive matter broke forth, filled with consternation and dread, had to flee almost naked from their houses to find shelter and safety on higher ground from the desolating, foul, muddy, flood, leaving furniture and cattle behind them—a prey to the black and nauseous stream. People flocked all from parts of the country to gaze on the mysterious phenomenon and the ruin it had produced. The rental of the region was estimated to have exceeded £400 a year, and the area it covered was about 500 acres, and in some places the stagnant lake was 30 feet in depth. About 25 families and many little farms were great injured by the pitchy pool vomited up, as it were, from the bowels of the earth. The distress would have been much greater but for the humane and generous Lord, who contributed to the support of the people involved, and replaced as far as possible their various losses. By means of long channels in various directions, under the skillful management of a Yorkshireman of the name of Wilson, the water was let off, and the earthy matter was at length carted away. Many years elapsed before the traces of this singular calamity disappeared, and it is matter of thankfulness that there has never since been a recurrence of it.—Leeds Mercury.

OUR CHESS COLUMN.

TO CORRESPONDENTS. J. W. S. Mottrell.—Papers to hand. Thanks. J. B. Lachine.—Problems received. Thanks.

ANNUAL MEETING OF THE CANADIAN CHESS ASSOCIATION.

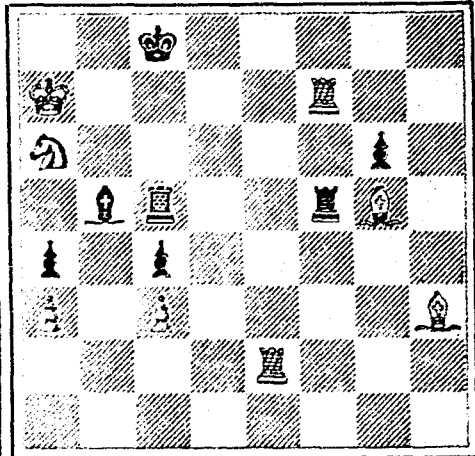
The tenth annual meeting of the Canadian Chess Association began at Quebec on Tuesday, the 27th Dec. The opening session at 4 p.m. was taken up mainly with routine business. An adjourned meeting for business was resolved to hold the next Annual Congress at Montreal, and the officers were elected for the ensuing year. Mr. LeDroit's unanimous election to the Presidency for the third time was a well-deserved tribute to the liberality of that gentleman, and the remark of Principal Hicks, that he would like to see him in office until the trophy was doubly won, met with general approval.

We learn from a Vienna journal that the projected International Tournament, which is to be held at Vienna next year in celebration of the twenty-fifth jubilee of the Vienna Chess Club, is to commence in May. A preliminary local tournament will be held, in which the principle of offering special prizes for each game will be applied.—The Field.

PROBLEM No. 362.

By J. G. Finch.

BLACK.



WHITE.

White to play and mate in two moves.

GAME 49TH.

Played by Mephisto and Mr. Marriott, of Nottingham (Two Knight's Defence.)

- White.—(Mr. Marriott) 1. P to K4 2. Kt to K B3 3. B to Q B4 4. P to Q4 (a) 5. Castles (b) 6. R to Ksq 7. B takes P 8. Kt to Q B3 9. Kt takes Kt 10. Kt to K Kt3 (c) 11. B to K B4 12. R to Q Bsq 13. Kt to K4 14. P to K R3 15. P to Q B4 16. Kt to K Kt3 17. Kt takes B 18. Kt to K Kt3 19. Q to Q R4 20. Kt to K1 21. Kt to K B6 22. R to K6 (d) 23. P to Q B5 24. Q R to Ksq 25. Q R takes B (e) 26. Q takes R P 27. Q to R sq ch 28. Q to R4 ch 29. R takes Kt 30. R to K2 31. R to Q2 32. P to Q Kt4 33. Q to Kt6 34. P to Q R4 35. Q takes Q 36. K to Bsq 37. R to Q Kt2 38. P to K Kt4 (a) 39. Kt to Q2 40. Kt to B4 41. R to Q Kt sq 42. Kt to Q6 43. P to Q Kt5 44. P takes R P ch
- Black.—(Mephisto) 1. P to K4 2. Kt to Q B3 3. Kt to K B3 4. P takes P 5. Kt takes P (c) 6. P to Q4 7. Q takes B 8. Q to K R4 9. B to K3 (d) 10. Q to Q4 11. Castles 12. B to K Kt5 13. P to K R1 14. B to R4 15. Q to K B4 (f) 16. Q takes B 17. Q to K B4 18. Q to Q2 19. P to K Kt3 20. P to K B4 (g) 21. Q to K Kt2 (h) 22. B to Q3 (i) 23. Q to K B2 24. B to K4 25. Kt takes R 26. P to B3 (i) 27. K to B2 28. K to Kt sq 29. Q takes Kt 30. P to Q6 31. K R to Ksq 32. Q to B6 33. Q to B5 (a) 34. Q to Q R3 35. P takes Q 36. R to K5 37. P to K Kt4 38. P to K B5 39. R to K7 40. P to K B6 41. P to Q B4 42. R to Q2 43. Q R to K2 44. K to Rsq

NOTES BY MEPHISTO (Condensed.)

- (a) Although, strictly considered, Kt to K Kt5 is the stronger move, P to Q4 nevertheless gives the first player a good attacking game.
- (b) If, instead of 5 Castles White plays 5 P to K5, the game is transformed into a Giuoco Piano.
- (c) If, instead of 5 Kt takes P, Black plays 5 B to Q B4, then we have the Giuoco Piano variation known as Max Lange's attack.
- (d) 9 B to K2 is given as best for Black, but we prefer the move in the text.
- (e) Here 1) B to K Kt5 is given by the books, with the object of preventing Black from Castling.
- (f) P takes P en pass would have been correct.
- (g) This is weak. Black, by P to K Kt3, tried to prevent the entry of the Knights into his game.
- (h) 21 Q to K B2 was the correct move. White would then have obtained a very fine game, by playing his Kt to Q5, followed by the advance of the Queen's Pawn.
- (i) This is a very fine move, and initiates a combination belonging to the highest order of Chess play.
- (j) The position is one of great difficulty for Black.
- (k) In reply to 25 R takes Kt, instead of Q R takes R, Black would play 25 B takes Kt.
- (l) The only move to save the game.
- (m) White still tries for a favourable chance, by pushing his Queen's Pawns on to the Black King, which plan Black, however, frustrates by forcing the exchange of Queens.
- (n) Played to stop the advance of the Knight's Pawn; the Pawn cannot be captured, as, after P takes P, and R takes P, White plays Kt to K5.
- (o) Threatening to Queen, or win a piece, if Kt takes P.—Chessplayer's Chronicle.

SOLUTIONS.

Solution of Problem No. 360.

- White. 1. Kt to Q4 2. Kt to K5 3. B mates
- Black. 1. K takes Kt 2. K takes Kt

Solution of Problem for Young Players No. 361

- White. 1. B takes R 2. R to Ksq 3. R mates
- Black. 1. K takes B 2. K moves

PROBLEMS FOR YOUNG PLAYERS No. 368

- White. K at Ksq R at Q Kt sq B at K B4 B at K B5 Kt at K5 Pawns at K4 K B6 and Q B3
 - Black. K at Q B4 Pawns at Q B3 and Q Kt2
- White to play and mate in three moves.

Yes, the year is growing old,
And his eye is pale and bleared !
Death, with frosty hand and cold,
Plucks the old man by the beard,
Sorely,—sorely !

The leaves are falling, falling,
Solemnly and slow ;
"Caw ! caw !" the rocks are calling,
It is a sound of woe,
A sound of woe !"

Through woods and mountain passes
The winds, like anthems, roll ;
They are chanting solemn masses,
Singing : " Pray for the poor soul,
Pray,—pray !"

And the hooded clouds, like friars,
Tell their beads in drops of rain,
And patter their doleful prayers :—
But their prayers are all in vain,
All in vain !

There he stands in foul weather,
The foolah, fond old year,
Crowned with wild flowers and with heather,
Like weak, despised Lear,
A king,—a king !

Then comes the Summerlike day,
Bids the old man rejoice !
His joy ! his last ! O the old man gray,
Loveth that ever soft voice,
Gentle and low.

To the crimson woods he saith,—
To the voice gentle and low
Of the soft air, like a daughter's breath,
" Pray do not mock me so !
Do not laugh at me !"

And now the sweet day is dead ;
Cold in his arms it lies ;
No stain from its breath is spread
Over the glady akes,
No mist or stain !

Then, too, the old year dieth,
And the forests utter a moan,
Like the voices of one who crieth,
In the wilderness alone,
" Vex not his ghost !"

Then comes, with an awful roar,
Gathering and sounding on,
The storm-winds from Labrador,
The wind Euroclydon,
The storm-wind !

Howl ! howl ! and from the forest,
Sweep the red leaves away !
Would the sins that thou abhorrest,
O soul ! could thus decay,
And be swept away !

For there shall come a mightier blast,
There shall be a darker ;
And the stars, from heaven down-cast,
Like red leaves be swept away !
Kyrie eleison !
Christe eleison !

LONGFELLOW.





THE TONING OF THE BELL.

A STORY OF THE RHINE LURLEI.

BY REV. HENRY WHITNEY CLEVELAND.

The village of Oberwesol, on the left bank of the Rhine, lay as if half asleep, in the rays of the declining Autumn sun, and the monuments of the Counts of Schonberg betrayed no restlessness of the entombed dust, although the seven lovely daughters of the house lay with stony limbs exposed to the rush of the stream of the Fatherland. There were two dissimilar institutions, not very far apart, this way brought into relations with each other. One was the Gothic church of Notre Dame which dates from the fifteenth century, and the other was the bell and bronze foundry of Adolphus Barbarossa, which is no older than the latest Germanic Confederation.

was that the famed Twenty-Second Legion of Titus, which was fresh from the camps of Olivet and the tents pitched on Calvary, when Jerusalem fell, brought to these banks the Roman convert, Crescentius, who first preached Christ on the Rhiengau. The Black Huntsman, on his ten-horned stag, has seldom been seen since he came. But the Oread of the Lurlei rock, with its twenty voices of echo, had need to give counsel now, for the great "C" bell of the chimes was cracked, and the metal had been condemned as inferior to its fellows in the quart, and unfit for recasting. Not only was the little namesake of the great parish church of our Lady in this predicament, but the nearest foundry had lost the only man in it capable of properly casting or toning a bell, for the aged Carl Sigfried, who was named after the "horned one" who cleared the dragon dens on the river, was dead. Another event was taking place capable of immortal results. This was not the meeting of the four Electors under the trees at the stone on the left bank of the Rhine, to make an Emperor. It was more than that, for it was love, and love has children with souls that outlast

The rival castles of the Cat and the Mouse, dating back their strife to 1392 and 1354, have long been at peace, although, as yet, the prophecy that the Mouse would eat the Cat is as unfulfilled as that of Mother Shipton. The spirit of St. Goar, as since he came in the flesh, in the year of Grace 570, still needs to watch the river and protect the banks, although he did it for some centuries before his chapel had the protection of the Elector of Cologne. He must be of use, as the whirlpool of the bank at St. Goarhausen does not do so much of its fatal work. This is almost holy ground, for here 'it

empires. And yet this great thing was not in the least exciting any of the staid burgomasters on the Rhine. Wodan, the ten-handed god, may have had a better opinion of it, and have spoken to his woody Oreads, his watery Undines and his Gnomes in the earth's bowels. We shall see.

"Love rules the court, the camp, the grove,
And men below and saints above,
For love is heaven and heaven is love."

Gretchen von Barbarossa, of the name and the blood of the King, was the only daughter of the founder in bronze, who had, somehow, missed being a poor count by being the son of a rich artisan. Gossips said he was of no nearer kin to the grand monarch than to be the great-grandson of the man who made a brazen effigy on his tomb; but he disputed this, and asked "where was the effigy?" This was not so important as the fact that old Carl Sigfried could not get up and cast the "C" bell. And this, because Herr Adolphus Barbarossa had trusted entirely to his father's skilled workmen, and since his University degree had continued to smoke and read Kant, and lounge *Unter den Linden*, as the great street in Berlin, shaded with limes in four rows, is called, or to drive under the Propylaeum Gate, on the avenue Charlottenberg, with those who were once fellow-students, and since fellow-Uhlans.

The father's fame clung to the son, and it was the Emperor William himself, who had given one of those military permits, which are orders, that he was to recast or make new the Emperor bell of the chimes. He had given the bronze, and famous bronze it was, too.

Once it had been a vast culvarin, or long brass gun twined with serpents, and had been taken in war by the First Napoleon. By him it had been presented to the city of Sedan, and had been cast into a statue of himself, on a pedestal, with his cocked hat pressed to his breast, and his sheathed sword in the extended right hand, held outward. But Prince Dismarck had a record of where the old feudal cannon had gone, and now that the same war had made a new head to the Holy Roman Empire—now Germanic—it was to ring on royal birthdays as the new Emperor bell. But Gretchen cannot love her own face, although it is very pretty, as mirrored in

the blue Rhine water when the Rhine is not yellow.

Everard Van der Gheyn, was christened for the hero Everard, who saved princes in the chase, but took his surname from the bronze founder of 1550, who, with Herr Von Hemony, in 1660, began the modern art of casting bells. Narrow, or quadrangular, or mitre-shaped, or riveted of plates of silver, or copper, or iron, had been the old bells, since the bells of the priests, told off in Exodus, who only wore the oriental bangles, or the Nineveh bells, that were real bronze, and were found this century.

Everard as we will call him to prevent lock-jaw was a conscript in the Emperor's black-horse household troops, in the sense that he was no coward, but had been put in the ranks without being consulted. Gretchen is the same as May or Margaret, and means a pearl. Her mother chose the name.

"Twelve waxen tapers she hath made,
In size and weight the same,
And to each of these twelve tapers
Hath given a holy name.
From that which shall burn the longest,
The infant her name shall take,
And the saint who owns it, is to be
Her patron and her namesake."

For which her Lutheran pastor almost excommunicated her. Thus it was, while Winfred, Bishop of Mayence, who, in 740, A. D., had blessed the silver bell of Velnich, which the Lord of Falkestein threw, with the holy Pri r, into the well; made it ring again under the mountain, because the "C" bell was missing from the chimes of Our Lady of Oberwesel. The father of Gretchen was fuming because no one of his jealous craft who knew how would show him how to cast and tone the "C" bell that was to be Emperor, and Everard was on leave from the Colonel of his regiment, and walking with her. And this introduction has been so long that it is now starlight. She was on leave, too, but only until the twenty-five ton Kaisergloke, of Cologne should strike nine, and be copied along the river by the little bells. They had no hope to marry, for the young man was one of the tall, splendid physical statues of the Emperor's favorite horse, and was likely to be cleaning his sabre for inspection when the trumpet sounded for the Review of Christ. They only walked and talked by Father Rhine. He felt as badly as all Germans did when the Devil preached at Teufelskautzel, before the good Lord put up the pulpit of the Angels. And he frowned like the Dæmon Urian, as he said: "I wish the Starling that solves enigmas would tell me how to get you for my wife. I am too poor to even marry one of the six maidens of the Red Marsh."

They both listened for the silver bell of Velnich, but did not hear it, and she said: "I wish the Rhine maidens would help us. They are said to guard the Rhine-gold down in the lake like water, there, where the stars seem broken gold."

The young man smiled, for Herr Richard Von Wagner had not then made the Ring of the Nibelungen a reality of golden notes, and he answered:

"It would seem more hopeful if I could use the power I have. I am, on my father's side, from the Van der Gheyn, who is the father maker of bells, and my mother was of that He-



mony of the Wisper, who followed him a century later. I might be the foreman of your father, and do this great work, if I was not a soldier. But I have learned nothing since I left home, save to play (and your mother says divinely) on the Stradivarius violin, that, with the Amati, was used by my ancestors in testing the bell tones."

This was all so sad to Gretchen that she began to weep, as she stood over the clear water.

Now, there is a secret that Herr Von Wagner must have at once before he composes again. It is the Undine spell of the Rhine, and it must be worked by a lovely German girl on her sixteenth birthday, at exactly half past 8 o'clock on the eve of the 19th of October. She must have long yellow hair—not too wavy, and the god Wodan, who has ten arms and fifty fingers, does not like it *banged*. This pale gold hair must be tied in a knot with a blue ribbon, like the German skies, and one shade lighter than her violet eyes. Her cheeks must be rosy—not red—and she must have white, even teeth, and a sweet smile when happy. Weeping must not affect her nose, and she must weep seven tears as she lets her hand rest on the sleeve of the soldier, and her name must be Gretchen, the pearl. No other maiden need ever try.

This is the reason that the instant the little sob followed the seventh tear in the water, that seven lovely Rhine maidens, led by the Lurlei—as if afraid she would shed the eighth tear and spoil her nose—arose from the water and held out their hands and sang:

Come maid and lover of the earth,
Find help in German water;
The river of your Fatherland
Is kinder than you thought her.

The young girl thought it would take the starch out of her white Swiss dress, and the young man thought he would be reprimanded for going into the water when the Emperor was expected, and in his best uniform, too. But they were so sorry for themselves that they leaped in at once. Three Undines supported each, while the Lurlei led the way and they all breathed water. It is ungraceful to drown before the one you love, and so neither did so.

Now there are silver, copper and lead mines on the Rhine, almost just where Bishop Hatto burned his parishioners in the barn, and said: "Hear the rats squeal," and below the lurid top of the Mausethurn tower where the rats ate through his walls to the moat, and ate him alive. There is the holy well of St. Hildegrade, that cures soul and body; and near where Rhine and Nahe unite at Bingen, where a wife of Carlo Magna sleeps, there is the Johannisberger vineyard, the wine of which is good for sorrow. This is the only way I know of to account for what happened, for the Valley of the Fairy Grasshopper is miles away.

They were right under the Lurlei rock, all of whose voices were still, and the gold and silver of the under world had overflowed into the vast cavern where they were, and upon the walls and floor, and roof of white crystalline quartz. Thus the walls were rock crystal and the long ago molten silver had made cascades of the metal down it; some of it oxidized and some bright. Then the gold had overflowed from the Golden Age into the recent Silver, and lay upon it in the most fantastic devices. So it was that both metals, with the grotto arches, made cathedrals and statues, market-places and towns, vineyards of silver leaves and golden grapes, figures of maidens dancing, with crystal faces and gold and silver dresses, and of angels flying and of little children playing. One darling baby in silver, in a golden cradle, was just what Gretchen thought she could have if she—and then she blushed.

The Lurlei said they could walk now, and led them through a vineyard and places full of the supplies of all human needs, to the machine shop of the Gnomes. It was just like the one Gretchen's father had, only there was water mixed with sunshine for fire, and white quartz for the black walls, and beams of silver and machinery of gold, and lovely Rhine girls in long sea green and fiver blue dresses, and yellow hair, for workmen, where they had turned the little black Gnomes out, and a few other variations, which did not strike Gretchen as spoiling the likeness. But the interest lay in the variety of bells modeled in pure gold and silver, which were the original patterns of the Lurlei for all the famous bells of the world. There was the Santa Maria of Carl the Bold, given to Antwerp in 1467, weighing four and one-half tons. The Carolus of Charles the V., which he cast of copper, silver and gold, at a cost of £20,000 English money, because the seven one-half tons could not be got in all silver or gold. And there was the great Holy-Ghost bell, of Strasburg, dated Aug. 3, 1375. There was the Vienna bell, of seventeen tons, with three fellows, the Great Peter, of York Minister, England, of ten tons; the Big Ben of Westminster Parliament House, of fourteen tons, the Cologne Kaiserglocke, of twenty-five tons, and the ringing Moscow Bell, of 125 tons. The Lurlei kept her private office and cash book in a model for the Tzar Kolokol, of Moscow, the un-hung father of bells, made of 440,000 pound avoirdupois. All these were in fairy gold and silver.

She said to Everard and Gretchen: "We will now call in the Gnomes, and show you how to cast the Emperor 'C' bell, and to get married." The following was her first prescription:

Four parts of copper to one of tin,
Is the rule your father gave the world;
But another secret, told no man,
Under the clapper was safely curled,

When the bronze is one-third gold and silver,
The tone is noble, pure and fine;
Height to diameter, twelve to fifteen,
And the music is then divine.

He was much impressed, but said if she could conveniently give her information in prose he could keep it better.

She said she would try, but it was very difficult, especially as the Gnomes might catch the idea, which they would find all Dutch, if put in verse. They worked as she talked, and put in the furnace crucible just the copper, gold and silver needed for the "C" bell to complete the chime. She said: "In conformity to the laws of acoustics, the number of the variations of a bell, varies in *inverse* ratio to its diameter. So, in a series forming a complete octave (8 bells), the diameters go on increasing with the depth of tone. For instance, for *do*, one; for *re*, eight-ninths; *mi*, four-fifths; *fa*, three-fourths; *sol*, two-thirds; *la*, three-fifths; *si*, eight-fifteenths; *do*, one-half. For a peal of bells to give the pure chord of the ground or key note—third, fifth and octave—the diameters are required to be as thirty, twenty-four, twenty, fifteen, and the weights as eighty, forty one, twenty-four and ten.

Gretchen fell to working sums in proportion, and felt as if she was back to school and in peril of a switching.

The Lurlei then took the table of the weights and shapes of the bells of Our Lady of Oberwesel, and began to calculate; also to give orders to the attendant Gnomes. She said: "The thickness of the bell's edge or rim is 1.15 of its diameter, and its height is twelve times its thickness. This, that men had to learn in four thousand years, the Rhine maidens always knew, for they are themselves belles. The trumpet mouth is only of the sixteenth century as a settled principle, but it is only less ancient than rams' horns, which the stone of Jericho could not stand." She took from the Tzar Kolokol a curiously shaped compass of olive wood, the inner leg of which is the shape of the inside of the bell, and the other of the outer. The Gnomes were now working on human model, and had built a form of brick about a central stake. Upon this, they placed coarse clay, mixed with loam, until the inside of the bell was made, as directed by the sweep of the inner compass leg. A Yankee Gnome called Meneely, here made a suggestion, which was adopted. He said: "All metal shrinks in cooling. Let us wind a rope of dry straw around the brick core, and finish the core with clay and oil on that. As the straw slowly burns in the molten heat, the contraction will cause no cracks. Also let us leave frequent holes in the core for the oily gas and smoke to escape, and so make no bubbles in the metal."

This, the Lurlei said, was informing the Rhine. When the false bell, made of fine clay and calves' hair, to make it cohere, was on; the inscription of dedication to the Emperor, the date, and a motto in Latin, "Puero Gladium," as a compliment to the aged defender of the Rhine, was put on in wax. "This," said the Lurlei, "is the only way to keep the letters from sticking in the cope or mantle outside. But now they will go off slowly in gas, and the bell be perfect." The clay mantle, with a fine surface like the cope, was then put on. The furnace of sunbeams in the water lens was then supplied with a blast that re-used the sunbeams at double intensity, and the whole was baked together. It was from the Lurlei Spirits that civilized people learned to cook with water. Savages will use the dry roast.

The mantle was now taken off, the false bell broken, and the mould between the core and the cope was at last ready for the true bell. It was seen by the fairy slate that two thousand pounds of copper, five hundred of gold and five hundred of silver was the proportion for the Emperor bell. Gretchen asked, timidly, "If the bell is to be 'E,' and only metal enough for an 'F' or smaller bell be cast of the same height and diameter as the 'E,' but more thin, what will be the result?"

She said, "The metallic weight or thickness must be in proportion to the calibre, or the tone will be puny and poor. It will be only a brass pan."

The lens of water, mingled with sunbeams—taken from the other side of the world, as it was now night in Germany—soon melted the metal, and it was poured into the mold. Undine turned it in from the tap or in great ladles, as all things are light in water, save darkness, that is—do not weigh so much. The Lurlei said, "A bell of this size should take six weeks to cool, and even then the metal is still crystallizing, and must not be struck for some time. But a bell cast in water is already cold. Take it out to tone."

One-half of the work is done,
When you have proportion found,
But we have to test the real work,
In order to know the sound.
One-third of the metal is precious,
That rings in a fine bronze bell.
Now strike as you draw your violin bow,
And see that you tone it well.

He did not think so much of her poetry as of her work, but his own Stradivarius violin was given him by a pretty girl in green gauze, that showed her embroidered underclothes as she floated by him. A golden hammer was given to Gretchen, and he tuned his violin, and drew note after note of the octave.

She said in prose—at his special request—"The one note of a bell is its consonant, and this is true or false. Try the bell on the curve at the top."

Gretchen did so and it yielded a note just an octave above the consonant. Tap it just one-quarter distant from the top," said the Lurlei. She did so, and it gave the *quint* or fifth of the octave.

"Two quarters and a half (or eighth) lower," was indicated and it gave the *terce* or third of the octave.

The Lurlei smiled. "Now strike hard on the clapper well above the rim," she said.

Gretchen did so, and in unison with the violin the *quint*, *terce* and the *octave* all sounded at once. The Fairy of the Rhine then bade the Undines to strike the models in silver, of the other bells of the Oberwesel, that lay about the floor. They did so, and as they rang the "A," the "B" Gretchen struck the "C" on the Emperor, and the "D" then followed in the quartet.

Four bells ring twenty-four changes. Five bells ring one hundred and twenty. Twelve bells, at two strokes a minute, take ninety-one years to exhaust their changes. Twenty four bells take one hundred and seventeen billions of years ring out. It is at the end of this Lurlei chime that the Germans are to cease to love the Rhine.

Everard began to tell how to cure a sharp *terce*, which can be flattened by filing or turning inside of where the *terce* is struck, and how the consonant can be sharpened by turning inside the rim, and flattened by filing inside above the rim at the swell.

The Lurlei said, "There is no cure for a flat *terce*, but a bell should be true when cast. There is nothing false about the Rhine, and this is a maiden bell. You will find no wavering of from a tone to a half tone below the consonant, as in a sharp or a flat *terce*."

She then gave him the leaf of a water-lily, written in excellent-German, with all directions for work in bronze, and added:

"Now you can marry,
Now you can play,
And sing to your babies,
All the long day."

The young man said, "I am still only a poor soldier of the Fatherland, if I go back."

She laughed and they all sang,

"Our Fatherland has wine enough,
Oh, drink to our sons who guard the Rhine;
Our Fatherland has gold enough,
Oh, give to our sons who guard the Rhine."

And instantly, ten gnomes, loaded down with gold and silver, signified that they were only waiting to go with him to the barracks.

"If you will only keep it for me until I get a house and my discharge," he began, and they promised to do so.

The Lurlei maidens then ordered the Napoleon statue to be put back in its place, so that France might have no more cause to put blood in the Rhine, and promised that the bell should be ready to cast in the foundry when the Emperor should come on the morrow. Then they sang,

"Farewell mortals, pleasant dreams,
Come from where Rhine water gleams."

In the twinkling of a moonbeam he was safe and dry with Gretchen on the bank, and her dress was freshly laundered, and his belt newly chalked.

The next morning at ten A. M. he was on parade and was one of ten to go with the Emperor inside the foundry. The Herr Adolphus had his copper melted, but did not know what tin to put it in, and his mold was not ready, as he said his foreman had not come.

"Here he is," said Everard, and the Emperor pulled his moustache and looked at Gen. Von Moltke, as the young man put off his coat and began work.

Two Gnomes, each with the gold and silver needed, came in the right time, and he found out the weight of the copper.

He did all he had seen done, and the Emperor dined and wine and came again to see his skill. The core and cope were baked, the metal poured in by Gretchen's own hand opening the sluice, and the "C" bell was cast.

In two months it was cold and the metal crystals all firm, and the Emperor came to hear it toned. You may be sure that the Pastor had tested it the night before (as the picture shows you.)

It was true and noble, and when it rang with the others in the tower, never had the Rhinegau heard such music, and the Lorley rocks caught the far sound and gave a thousand echoes.

The young man thought its tones clearer and finer than the bugle tones that arose on the morning air, pure, prolonged and articulate as a seraph solo, and the young girl, who had always thought about the accompaniment need for God's sermon at the pulpit of the Angels, she, Gretchen, had a dream. She thought the Emperor was delighted, and gave her father the collar of the Black Eagle, and to her lover his discharge and a fine salary at the Royal Foundry at Potsdam or some other place where they have one.

Then she went up in the bell tower, and when the "C" bell rang such golden and silvery tones that even royal eyes grew dim, suddenly it had a wreath about it in the air; nob of flowers but of fairies. Their little bodies were of carved pearls, and their robes, shone as if cut from rubies, diamonds, sapphires and emeralds, as they probably were, and it was tany who swung the bells by gossamer threads and smiled, and threw an Elf in veil of lace over her, and pelted her with orange buds as they sang:

Maiden whom the Lurlei love,
Gretchen from beneath the Rhine,
Take the bridal veil we give,
Have the bridal wreath entwined.

And she is kissing a baby of milk and roses at this very minute, and it was all true.

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 miseries of Rheumatism and Neuralgia, Dyspepsia, Indigestion and Kidney Diseases, are unfortunately too common. For instance, there may be a pain in the chest, general dull bodily pain; lassitude and depression; sinking and rejection of food; oppression, water-brash or sour stomach after meals; sleeplessness; nervous anxiety; vertigo; costiveness; irritation of stomach and bowels; piles, pain in the right shoulder; pain and soreness in the lower spine; aching and swelling of the muscles and joints, and many other disorders which, had enough in themselves, indicate graver and very serious dangers. The Goldsboro' Remedy makes no pretence of being an infallible "cure-all," but what is possible in the way of relief, repair, restoration of cheerfulness, comfort and strength can be done it will do. It is composed of the most valued medical agents, compounded according to a method peculiar to itself, and contains in addition certain long-tested remedies not employed in any other preparation. It is pleasant in taste and perfectly harmless, is not a purgative, and has in it no alcohol.

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

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. I shall certainly take every opportunity of recommending the use of the medicine to all who may be suffering from the pains of chronic rheumatism.
To John Webb, Esq., Toronto.

M. BARRETT, M.A., M.D.
From Messrs. E. Hooper & Co., the well-known Drug gists:

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. The numerous sufferers from Rheumatism, Liver and Kidney complaints who have bought it of us, speak in the highest terms of its effects. It is pleasant to deal in so admirable a medicine. We remain, Yours truly,
43 King Street West, Nov. 18, 1881. E. HOOPER & CO.
From A. W. LAUDER, Esq., M.F.P.:

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

I have much pleasure in testifying to the great value of your Goldsboro's English Remedy as a thoroughly effective tonic and restorative of digestive and nervous power. You may be sure I shall recommend so excellent a medicine where I have opportunity.
W. W. FARLEY, Alderman St. Andrew's Ward.

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.
JOHN TURNER, ex-Alderman.

E. Casto, Esq., Barrister, Toronto, writes:
Dear Sir,—During several recent months I suffered severely from rheumatism, and relief from ordinary treatment not being 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. I think the medicine a very valuable one.

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. After trying other remedies without the least benefit, I heard of and used your medicine. I was very soon much restored and the improvement continued. I have recovered my strength, and feel perfectly well and cheerful. I can hardly say enough in favour of the "Goldsboro's," to which I owe so much.

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. I was persuaded to try one of your bottles, from which I obtained instant relief. I have now taken four, and feel better than I have done for years.

TORONTO, Sept. 16, 1879.
The Goldsboro' 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.
ALBERT H. FURNISS.

159 George Street, Toronto, 20th May, 1880.
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.
JOHN BACON.

City Treasurer's Office, Toronto, April 4, 1881.
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.
J. PATTERSON, Cashier.

TORONTO, Sept. 23, 1881
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 aches and pains 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.
CHAS. McCULLOCH.

Cr. Wm. Lamb Dept., Toronto, Sept. 16, 1879.
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.
THOMAS DEVINE, F.R.G.S., Dep. Surveyor Gen., Ont.

TORONTO, Jan. 16, 1881.
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.

ALEXANDER DIXON.
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.
J. B. RILEY, Proprietor Revere House.

82 Gerard St., W. Toronto, May 24, 1880.
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 need one bottle of the above remedy, and now I have not the slightest pain or rheumatic symptom.
E. BROWN, Dentist's Office.

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.



Q. M. O. & O. RAILWAY.

Change of Time.

COMMENCING ON

Monday, Jan. 2nd, 1882.

Trains will run as follows:

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

GENERAL OFFICES—13 PLACE D'ARMES. TICKET OFFICES: 13 Place D'Armes, 202 St. James Street, Opposite ST. LOUIS HOTEL, Quebec.

80 SAMPLE CARDS. (No. 2) All hand-made. 10c. Crown Printing Co., Montreal, Ct. Includes details about card quality and pricing.

THE COOK'S FRIEND BAKING POWDER. Has become a Household Word in the land, and is a HOUSEHOLD NECESSITY. Includes an illustration of a woman and child.

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

CADBURY'S COCOA ESSENCE. PURE, SOLUBLE, REFRESHING. Its 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 Cocoas which are mixed with sugar and starch. CANADIAN DEPOT: 34, RADEGONDE ST., MONTREAL.

Montreal Post-Office Time-Table

DECEMBER, 1881.

Table with columns: DELIVERY, MAILS, CLOSING. Rows list mail routes to ONT. & WESTERN PROVINCES, QUE. & EASTERN PROVINCES, LOCAL MAILS, UNITED STATES, and GREAT BRITAIN.

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, 1931, 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 enforcing 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 finest 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 desirous 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 47.

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, 24th November, 1881.



FURS We are now offering the most elegant and stylish assortment of Ladies', Gentlemen's and Children's FURS to be found in the city.

We invite inspection.
R. W. COWAN & CO'S,
THE HATTERS AND FURRIERS,
CORNER OF
Notre Dame and St. Peter Streets.



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STRACHAN'S 'GILT EDGE SOAP.
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\$777 a year and expenses to agents. Outfit free.
Address P. O. VICKERY, Augusta, Me.

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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.

HENRY R. CRAY, Chemist,
Sole Manufacturer,
144 St. Lawrence Malt Street.

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We continue to act as Solicitors for Patents, Caveats Trade Marks, Copyrights, etc., for the United States Canada, Cuba, England, France, Germany, etc. We have had thirty-five years' experience.

Patents obtained through us are noticed in the **SCIENTIFIC AMERICAN**. This large and splendid illustrated weekly paper, \$3.50 a year, shows the Progress of Science, is very interesting, and has an enormous circulation. Address **MUNN & CO.**, Patent Solicitors, Publishers of **SCIENTIFIC AMERICAN**, 37 Park Row, New York. Hand book about Patents sent free.

40 ALL Chromo Cards, Elegant New Imported designs, your name in fancy type, 10c., or 40 Fun and Flirtation Cards, 10c. AGENTS Complete Sample-Book, 30c. **J. B. HUSTON**, Nassau, N.Y.



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

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ONE FOR MISSUS.

Mistress.—BRIDGET, I REALLY CAN'T ALLOW YOU TO RECEIVE YOUR SWEETHEART IN THE KITCHEN ANY LONGER.
Bridget.—THANK YOU KINDLY, MUM, BUT HE'S TOO BASHFUL FOR THE PARLOUR.

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

being allowed on certain conditions, for cultivation and other improvements.

THE LAND GRANT BONDS

of the Company, which can be procured at all the Agencies of the Bank of Montreal, and other Banking Institutions throughout the country, will be

RECEIVED AT TEN PER CENT. PREMIUM

on their par value, with interest accrued, on account of and in payment of the purchase money, thus further reducing the price of the land to the purchaser.

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.

LEA & PERRINS' SAUCE



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—

Lea & Perrins



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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EXTRACT OF MEAT
FINEST AND CHEAPEST
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An invaluable and palatable tonic in all cases of weak digestion and debility.
"Is a success and a boon for which Nations should feel grateful."
—See Medical Press, Lancet, British Medical Journal, &c.
To be had of all Storekeepers, Grocers and Chemists.
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CAUTION.—Genuine ONLY with fac-simile of Baron Liebig's Signature in Blue Ink across Label.



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SOMETHING NEW

The Dutchess Cap

A SPECIALTY

A. BRAHADRI,

FURRIER,

249 NOTRE DAME STREET.

Beys 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.



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 under signed up to NOON on WEDNESDAY, the 1st day of FEBRUARY next, in a lamp case, 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 25 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 P. Braun, Esq., Sec. Dept. of Railways and Canals, and marked "Tender for C. P. R."

P. BRAUN,

Secretary.

Dept. of Railways and Canals,
Ottawa, Oct. 24th, 1881.
19-70

70 NEW STYLE CARDS

(Extra See Card) Chromo. Metal, Ivy-Wreath, Engraved Hand Bouquet, 14 names \$1. Agents make up per card. Sample Book of 90 styles for 1882 \$2.50 or free with \$1. order. Packed so as to avoid dirt. CLAXTON PRINTING Co., Northford Conn.

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TRADE MARK The Great Knellish MADE MARK.

Remedy. An unailing cure for Mental Weakness, Spermatophora, Impotency, and all Diseases that follow as a consequence of Self Abuse, or loss of Memory, Universal Languor.

Before Taking Pains in the Neck 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 druggists at \$1 per package or six packages for \$5, or will be sent free by mail on receipt of the money by addressing

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