

Illustrated News

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OPENING OF THE CANADIAN ACADEMY OF ARTS AT OTTAWA. HIS EXCELLENCY DECLARING THE EXHIBITION OPEN.

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NOTICE.

To prevent mistakes we may inform our readers that if they desire indexes of the two preceding volumes they will receive them on making application at this office.

TEMPERATURE.

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

THE WEEK ENDING			Corresponding week, 1879.		
Max.	Min.	Mean.	Max.	Min.	Mean.
Mon. 26°	zero	13°	Mon. 27°	8°	17° 5
Tues. 15°	-6°	4° 5	Tues. 40°	33°	36° 5
Wed. 25°	9°	17°	Wed. 48°	34°	41°
Thur. 17°	-5°	6°	Thur. 47°	35°	41°
Fri. 25°	3°	14°	Fri. 36°	23°	29° 5
Sat. 19°	zero	9° 5	Sat. 31°	23°	27°
Sun. 22°	10°	16°	Sun. 34°	20°	29° 5

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CANADIAN ILLUSTRATED NEWS.

Montreal, Saturday, March 20, 1880.

THE WEEK.

The United States Consul at Bremen anticipates a large emigration from Germany in 1880, owing partly to the contemplated increase in the Imperial army. Canada ought to make a bid for a share of this very desirable class of settlers—honest, thrifty and law-abiding.

It takes the old-fogy countries to foster literature and art. The French Government have agreed to buy up and pull down the houses adjoining the National Library, so as to secure it from the danger of fire. The cost will be 3,500,000 francs.

The death of the Hon. Mr. Holton is a national calamity and the regret is universal throughout the Dominion. We have only time in the present issue to promise our readers a portrait and an adequate biography in the next number of the NEWS.

In spite of a careful and severe condensation, the budget and the discussion incident thereto have trenched heavily upon our space. The matter is of extreme importance and worthy to be recorded in the NEWS for future reference. It may be added, too, by way of compensation that the Budget fortunately comes only once a year. In the same connection we beg to call particular attention to our letter from the seat of Government.

In mentioning the opening of the Canadian Academy of Arts, a sketch of which, with the building, appears in the present issue, we beg to say that we shall endeavour to reproduce some of the principal paintings which graced the exhibition. We have reason to be proud of our Academy and we hail with the utmost pleasure the impulse which it will give to the cultivation of high art in our midst.

DURING the past few weeks the papers have recorded a number of terrible accidents caused by the explosion of coal oil

lamps. In several instances death has resulted. To what cause are these accidents to be attributed? Many thousand persons are interested in the reply, for the use of coal oil is universal. Is the oil improperly inspected by the Government officer? Are foreign substances mingled with the fluid by dishonest dealers? Or does the fault rest with the lamp and the stoppage of the air tubes by accident or neglect?

THERE is no need of being hypercritical nor indulging in morbid morality; but where the marriage tie is not held sacred and real no security can be looked for in the family, nor in society. In the single State of Ohio, for every ten marriages there is one divorce suit, and the proportion of actual divorces is one in seventeen. In the year 1878, 25,796 marriages were contracted. There were already pending 1,349 divorce suits, while 2,624 new ones were instituted. The number of marriages dissolved in the course of the year was 1,432. These figures are their own commentary.

In connection with our article on this subject a couple of weeks ago, we take pleasure in informing our readers that eight members of the "Salvation Army" have just arrived at Castle Garden from London; seven of them are plain-looking women, aged about 30, and the other is a man aged 32. One of the women is called captain and the others lieutenants; the man has the title of commissioner. The women wear Derby hats and the man a cap; around the crown of each is a silk band, with the words "The Salvation Army," in gold letters upon it. The party is a delegation from the "Salvation Army" of London, and is to begin out-door religious services in this country, commencing in New York. It appears the "Salvation Army" work has been successful in London, and is well endorsed in England.

PROPOSED TARIFF CHANGES.

The following extract from the Budget Speech of Sir Leonard Tilley, contains a summary of the changes proposed to be made in the Tariff.—

It is proposed to make demijohns pay the same duty as if they were imported empty. Asphaltum is to pay ten per cent., instead of twenty per cent., according to the present tariff. It is an article used in the manufacture of varnish, and the change is in the direction of the National Policy. Bagatelle boards are to be rated as furniture at thirty-five per cent. There has been a difficulty with the collectors in regard to these articles, and, therefore, the duty is made uniform. Billiard tables are to be raised, on the *ad valorem* duty, from ten per cent. to fifteen per cent., and the same is proposed in regard to pianos. It was stated here in the discussion last year that the superior description of pianos paid a much less duty in proportion than those of an inferior quality, and it is, therefore, proposed to increase the *ad valorem* duty from ten to fifteen per cent. Bird cages of all kinds are to be thirty per cent. In the old rating the duty was imposed according to the material of which they were made; now it will be a uniform duty. The next item is shoemakers' ink, and in regard to that the custom house officers found a great difficulty under what kind of ink to classify it. It is now placed under the heading of shoe blacking at twenty-five per cent. Books, printed, are charged from six cents per pound to fifteen per cent., in consideration of our honourable friends opposite, who advocated that course last year. After a year's consideration and conference with the gentlemen representing that trade, it is proposed to change the duty in that way, and books, including British copyright works, blank books, account books, etc., are to pay thirty per cent., instead of twenty-five per cent.; valentines and chromos, and cards generally, are to pay thirty per cent.; before this they were classed under different heads, some paying twenty per cent., some twenty-five per cent., and some thirty per cent., and this led to confusion. Bookbinders' cloth is added to the articles for bookbinders. Braces and suspenders are to pay twenty-five per cent.; before this it depended on the material of which they were made, and that led to a great deal of difficulty, as between the rates of twenty-five per cent. and thirty per cent. On cans containing fish, per Washington treaty, we propose to charge the same as the United States, 1 1/2c. quart, that is in order to meet the admission of American goods, which is operating very unfairly, because Americans, by obtaining a

drawback on the cans they export, have an advantage of 18c. over our manufactures. China and porcelain ware are now charged some twenty per cent., and some twenty-five per cent. It is proposed to make a uniform rate of twenty-five per cent. Some of these goods have come in through the United States at a lower rate than the English ware of the same kind. Combs, of all kinds, are to be twenty-five per cent. Now the duty depends on the material. Another difficulty has arisen in regard to crapes. Some are of silk, some of cotton, some part silk and part cotton, and as the duty was levied according to the material, it was difficult for the Customs officers to levy the correct rate. It is now proposed to place them all under a duty of twenty per cent., no matter of what material they may be made. Fishing rods it is proposed to make thirty per cent., instead of twenty-five. Fire-proof paint is to pay a quarter cent per pound, instead of twenty per cent. *ad valorem*, which is the present rate. That is to give encouragement to its manufacture in this country, as we can supply it as cheaply as it can be made elsewhere. On flagstones, dressed, instead of twenty per cent. *ad valorem*, the rate now charged, it is proposed to charge \$1.50 per ton. It is proposed to make the rate on flowers and feathers, artificial, twenty-five per cent. They are rated now according to the material used. On grapes, instead of 1c. per pound, it is proposed to charge 2c. Mattresses, of all kinds, are to pay thirty-five per cent., the same as other furniture. Cut bottles and decanters are to pay thirty per cent., instead of twenty per cent., which is now the general rate. Silvered plate glass now pays twenty per cent., the same duty as that upon plate glass. It is proposed to make it twenty-five per cent. On imitation porcelain shades, it is proposed to make the rate twenty per cent. This has been allowed by the Department, but there is a question as to the mode of dealing with it. Gloves and mitts now depend upon the material used, and are classed as clothing. This has occasioned some difficulty in the customs offices, and in order to obviate that difficulty it is proposed to make them all pay the uniform duty of twenty-five per cent. Drawn iron tubing is struck out, and all wrought iron tubing is to be rated fifteen per cent., instead of ten per cent. There is a certain kind of tubing that enters into the manufacture of boilers about which some difficulty arose, and the change is proposed in consequence. Slabs, blooms, loops, and billets are to be ten per cent., instead of twelve and a half per cent. It has been found that scrap iron has been purchased by our American neighbours, and if our rolling mills are to carry on their operations, it is considered desirable to reduce the rate on this item. Liqueur for manufacturers is to be twenty per cent., as at present, and liqueur for the use of confectioners 1c. per pound and twenty per cent., instead of 1c. and thirty-five per cent., as now charged for confectionery. Malt extract for medicinal purposes is to be twenty-five per cent., as now charged. Poultry and game is to be twenty per cent. This has been the rule, but the rating has been different in different parts of the Dominion. Milk-food to be thirty per cent.; now rated as confectionery. Table and window-blind oil cloth to be rated the same as floor cloth, at thirty per cent. Now it is sometimes charged twenty per cent. and entered as cotton. Organs, cabinet, *ad valorem* duty to be fifteen per cent., now ten per cent.; bismuth, now five per cent., added to free list as bismuth metallic; paper, ruled, specified, twenty-five per cent., now twenty-two and a half; collars, print, etc., made uniform, all kinds, thirty per cent., now rated according to material; pianofortes, *ad valorem* duty from ten to fifteen per cent.; quicksilver to be ten per cent., now twenty; raw spun silk, not coloured, to be fifteen per cent., now twenty-five; champagne, words added to establish bottles as old wine wine measure, still free until 1882, instead of 1881; stone, at \$1.50, to be not hammered or chiselled; grindstones to be \$2 per ton instead of twenty per cent. Export duty to be included in value of sugar, for duty. Trunks to be thirty per cent., instead of twenty-five; twines of all kinds to be twenty-five per cent., none on flax; cigars and cigarettes to be 60c. per lb. instead of 50c.; tomatoes in cans to be 2c. per lb., now twenty per cent.; watch movements to be twenty per cent., and watches and cases twenty-five per cent., now twenty; hubs, spokes, &c., in the rough, to be fifteen per cent. instead of twenty; coal, bituminous, to be 60c. per 2,000 lbs., now 50c. I have now come to a question of some importance. When this subject was under the consideration of Parliament before the Government gave it careful attention, and came to the conclusion that 50c. per ton on bituminous coal would carry it from Nova Scotia to Toronto. A considerable portion was sent to Toronto last year, and an effort was made to take it to Toronto by an arrangement with the Grand Trunk, from certain parts of Nova Scotia. After giving this matter the most careful consideration with the desire of enabling this industry to send its products as far as Hamilton, it is supposed that 10c. additional to the short ton would carry it to that city; and, therefore, it is proposed to make the duty 60c. The duty on salt is to be made uniform twenty-five per cent.—it is now twenty to twenty-five per cent. according to the manufacture. Wool, such as is produced in Canada, 3c. per lb. These are the resolutions we propose laying on the table.

Mr. Mackenzie.—What revenue does the honourable gentleman expect to get from them? Sir Leonard Tilley.—I have stated that after

examining the subject carefully I did not think we would get much revenue from these changes.

Mr. Mackenzie.—Not from the coal duty? Sir Leonard Tilley.—No. We think this increase will carry the coal from Toronto to Hamilton; if so we shall lose some duty; but we shall obtain in the export duty on sugar and some other articles an equivalent for that loss. We do not expect any increased revenue as a whole, as the result of these propositions. The hon. gentleman then read the propositions relative to the Inland Revenue and continuing said:—

My attention is called to the fact that I omitted to mention certain articles that are placed upon the free list. Ammonia, changed from crude to sulphate; animals, for the improvement of stock, confined to horses, cattle, sheep, and oxen; bismuth metallic added to cinnabar; machinery for worsted and cotton mills, admission extended to October, 1880, only; potash, muriate of, crude; live stock of intending settlers in Manitoba, to be admitted free under regulations to be made by the Minister of Customs, and to the North-West; gummy cloth and gummy bags, struck out from free list; steel free, admission extended to 1882; water coloured paintings added to free paintings; newspapers, including quarterly, monthly and semi-monthly magazines unbound, made free by mail or otherwise. At present under the tariff we impose a duty upon all such papers coming through the post-office; but it is found that the treaty made by the hon. gentlemen opposite, two years ago, stood in the way of excluding them from the United States. They produce us no revenue, and under the circumstances it is best to place them on the free list. Woollen goods, not elsewhere specified to be free. The other item in the Inland Revenue in reference to mythallated spirits provides that fifteen cents shall be paid. It is a fraction more, owing to changes made from the wine to the Imperial gallon. These are the propositions the Government lay, with confidence, on the table of the House, believing that they are in accordance with the policy we adopted last session, and that they will be sustained by the House, and by the country.

THE SEAT OF GOVERNMENT.

THE BUDGET SPEECH—FINANCIAL POSITION—MARRIAGE WITH DECREASED WIFE'S SISTER—STOCK BROKERS' BILL—BANKRUPT BILL.

(From Our Special Correspondent.)

OTTAWA, March 13, 1880.—The event of the week is the Budget Speech of Sir Leonard Tilley. It was delivered on Tuesday last, according to previous understanding. It was very careful and painstaking, and spoken with great clearness and deliberation. It gave great satisfaction to the members of his own side of the House, although his pictures were not without shade; and, perhaps, it is needless to add, that it was attacked with bitterness by Sir Richard Cartwright and his side.

In the first place, Sir Leonard went over the figures of the estimate of his predecessor. This was \$21,830,000. The receipts were \$22,517,000; but Sir Leonard contended that this deficiency would have been much greater had not the large sum of \$1,300,000 been somewhat suddenly paid into the revenue when it was known there was to be an increase of duty, and if this were taken into account, Sir Leonard said, Sir Richard's deficiency would have been \$3,418,928, instead of \$2,000,000, the actual deficit; the expenditure was more than the estimate. Sir Richard denied his responsibility for this, but simple denial is scarcely enough to meet the points of Sir Leonard's accusation. The estimate of expenditure for that fiscal year was \$23,669,073; the actual expenditure was \$24,459,381. Sir Leonard made it a special point that \$285,891 were actually under-estimated for interest, a mistake or omission, which, he contended, was unpardonable. Your space will not permit that I attempt even to summarise the remarks of the Minister on the various services, but I may notice some items. He stated that there were paid the financial agents in London \$24,393, and Messrs. Morton, Rose & Co., \$47,899 by his predecessor. These are large sums for the management of our finances, and if they can be economized by making Sir Alexander Galt financial agent (but this Sir Leonard did not say), there would be a great gain. The expenditure of the coming financial year is estimated at \$25,007,203. Against this the Customs estimate is \$15,300,000; the Excise, \$5,213,000; Railways and Canals, \$2,286,000; Bill Stamps, \$208,000; Post Office, \$1,210,000; Interest on investments, \$600,000; other revenues, \$210,000; making an estimated revenue of \$25,917,000, or a little over half a million over the estimated expenditure. Sir Leonard felt very sanguine that this view would be realized, and that he would be certain next year to meet the House with a surplus, instead of a deficiency.

The Minister next came to the question of the issue of Dominion notes, and in this he proposed to make an important change—that is, he proposed to extend the limit of issue from twelve millions (beyond which the law will not allow one further dollar to be issued, without holding gold to the exact amount of the surplus) to twenty millions of dollars. The precise details of this important amendment will, of course, come up in the form of resolutions, and it is better to reserve discussion upon it until they are proposed. The Minister remarked that the

amount of gold relieved by this measure would probably give us five or six millions additional, and so render it unnecessary for us to go to the English market next year for such money as may be wanted, and enable us to make up any sums required by the aid of capitalists in the Dominion. Of course, considerable sums will be required for the great public works we have in progress. If a scheme could be devised something similar to the French *rentes*, which would make it the interest of every holder in the Dominion to sustain its credit, as something which directly affected his income, it would be a great blessing to the country.

The Minister next devoted himself to meeting certain attacks which had been made, to the effect that his tariff favoured the United States rather than British interests. If such accusations could have been maintained they would have certainly been of a nature to destroy confidence in the tariff; but Sir Leonard's reply was decisive. It was not only unanswered, but unanswerable. He said a comparison of the first six months of this fiscal year with the first six months of the last, established that the iron and steel from Great Britain in those months of this year amounted to \$1,599,182, against \$961,672. This was in free goods. Under the head of dutiable, the imports this year were \$1,688,614, against \$1,491,877 last year. In the same articles from the United States, the dutiable goods were, last year, \$1,725,000, and this year \$1,288,000, showing large decrease. The Minister stated the average rate of duty under the tariff on iron and steel, and manufactures from iron and steel, was 24 per cent. on goods from the United States, and 17½ per cent. on those from England. This arises from the incidents of taxation on the free and dutiable goods imported, and not from differential duties. Under the head of cotton goods, the imports from the United Kingdom in the six months of 1878 amounted to \$1,824,000; they increased in the corresponding months of 1879 to \$2,087,812; while from the United States, in the corresponding months of 1878, they were \$1,126,000, and in 1879, \$745,000. The duty on these imports from Great Britain averaged 20-2-3ds per cent.; on those from the United States, 24 per cent. This also was an incidence of taxation on the imports under the different heads, there being no differential duties. On glass manufactures, in the same six months of 1878, the imports were, from Great Britain, \$76,246, and in 1879, \$95,440; while from the United States, in the same periods, they were \$205,000 and \$180,000. Leather manufactures from Great Britain, \$187,000 against \$227,000 in 1879; from the United States, 1878, \$332,000; 1879, \$225,000. Sugars, in 1878, from Great Britain, 19,173,000 lbs.; in 1879, 9,964,000 lbs., a falling off of about half; from the United States, 38,000,000 lbs. in 1878, and in 1879 11,500,000 lbs., a falling off of more than two to one; from the West Indies, in 1878, they were, 4,728,000 lbs., and in 1879, 37,842,000 lbs., showing that we had exchanged our trade with the United States for direct trade with the West Indies, which took our northern products. In tea, the imports from Great Britain in the six months of 1878, were 2,056,000 lbs., and of 1879, 3,201,000 lbs.; from the United States, in 1878, 3,516,000 lbs., and in 1879, 1,415,000 lbs.; from China and Japan, in 1878, 575,529 lbs., and in 1879, 1,515,959 lbs. In wood manufactures, in 1878, from Great Britain, \$5,700, and in 1879, \$7,258; from the United States, in 1878, \$154,000, and in 1879, \$46,838. In other manufactures of wood, the results of the six months were still more striking in favour of Great Britain and against the United States.

These facts are of the greatest importance as showing the actual operations of the tariff. It was perfectly well known that for five or six years previous, the United States were monopolising the trade with Canada and rapidly driving British imports out of our markets. In fact, in this respect the United States were playing the rôle of Aaron's rod; but now we have changed all that, and the tables are completely turned, which is well for British interests.

The Minister made one further test. He showed that the returns established that the actual duties collected on goods imported from Great Britain during the first six months of the present year were 19-43-100 per cent., while on the imports from the United States, in 1879, the duties collected amounted to 3-1-100 per cent. more than in the corresponding months of 1878. This might not be a thing to point out with any particular satisfaction, if it were not that our neighbours have always been so spiteful in all their fiscal arrangements with us, while, on the other hand, Great Britain has always been so generous.

Sir Leonard answered attacks to the effect that the credit of Canada in England would be damaged by his tariff. The very reverse had been the fact, and the result showed that the loan he put on the market last year had been more favourably received than that of his predecessor. I do not enter into particulars of this. They are known to your readers, and space will not allow that I review the Minister's arguments on the effect of the tariff in its relations to the several Provinces.

As respects the changes of tariff which the Government propose to make, they cannot possibly be given more clearly or in shorter space than in the form of a summary which Sir Leonard submitted to the House. I, therefore, send you herewith this extract from Sir Leonard's speech.

I have already said that Sir Richard Cartwright attacked the Budget Speech with great

bitterness. He spoke with great fluency and eloquence. He contended the tariff had not conduced to the prosperity of the country, but that, on the contrary, its effect was most oppressive, making everything dearer to the consumer, tending to destroy our foreign commerce, and only adding to the wealth of a few monopolists, whom it enabled to prey upon the people. Sir Richard further criticised several of the points of the Minister's statement, especially in its bearings upon the finances of the late Government. He was followed by Sir Charles Tupper, who, as I told you in one of my letters last session, may fairly be called the Rupert of debate in our Parliament. He said, in substance, he thought it right to administer on the spot a condign punishment for the arrogance exhibited by Sir Richard in his speech, and made a recapitulation of Sir Richard's sins as Finance Minister, generally contending that the policy of the present Government was as beneficent as that of its predecessor had proved to be malign to the people of this country. The remainder of the debate on the Budget was unimportant.

On Wednesday an amendment was made to Mr. Girouard's marriage with a deceased wife's sister's bill, by striking out a number of conditions and substituting a simple provision that such marriages should be lawful. The bill as thus amended passed through Committee of the Whole, the sense of the House being decidedly in its favour. It was, however, in view of its importance, held over for consideration for a week before passing its final stages. I think it is safe to pass the House, but I cannot tell you how it will fare in the Senate. On Friday, a very strongly worded petition of the Bishop of Ontario was presented against it, and this was ordered to be printed in the votes and proceedings.

Mr. Girouard's bill to restrain and regulate stock brokers passed its second reading and was referred to the Committee on Banking and Commerce. He supported it in a very clever speech, to which Mr. Mackenzie made some remarks in reply, but was not particularly happy, and Mr. Girouard, being much more at home on the subject, had the advantage in the argument. Some of the statements he made were not to the credit of the stock brokers, but these, of course, remain to be proved. One thing he said was that stock brokers sometimes themselves bought stocks which were entrusted to them to sell. Now, a thing of this sort should never be allowed. There is no clearer principle of law or right than that a man in such a position should not be allowed himself to traffic or to profit by his trust. Mr. Girouard further said that some of the combinations of the stock brokers, as well as some of their transactions, were immoral and injurious. I do not know what the merits of the allegations are, but there is enough to cause investigation.

The Insolvency Repeal bill has passed through the Senate, as well as the House of Commons. It was discussed at some length in the Senate, and some fear was expressed lest its repeal might lead to the immorality of preferential assignments. At any rate, the Conscript Fathers have thought it better, this time, to give effect to the popular voice.

On Friday, the Budget debate was again up; but it did not present any particular points of interest, and certainly there was nothing new elicited. Mr. Mackenzie spoke, but he simply traversed the ground taken by Sir Charles Tupper, and generally denounced the tariff. He was followed by Mr. Rykert, taking as nearly as possible exactly opposite ground; and there were some other speakers, notably Mr. Ross, who attacked Mr. Rykert.

HISTORY OF THE WEEK.

MONDAY, March 8.—The Russian Government is investigating the grain trade of the country with a view to discover the relative proportions of that trade in Russia and the United States, and the means of competing with the latter country.—Despatches from London say the news from Ireland is of the most encouraging nature; the measures taken by the different relief committees have been successful beyond expectation, and Connemara is the only district where there is still severe suffering.—Lord Beaconsfield has written to the Duke of Marlborough that the arts of agitators representing England as indifferent to Ireland's sufferings have been defeated by the Government's prudent and liberal measures. He adds that the power of England and the peace of Europe depend largely on the vote of the electors.—In the Imperial Parliament the Chancellor of the Exchequer announced that the Government had advised the Queen to dissolve Parliament at Easter, so that a general election could be held and the new Parliament meet in May. The Liberals manifested certain indications of uneasiness. The Conservatives count upon a majority of 120 at the next elections.

TUESDAY, March 9.—The celebrated "Article VII." has been rejected in the French Senate by a vote of 148 to 129.—French and German newspapers almost universally desire to see the Conservatives successful at the coming elections.—It is believed that the dissolution of the Imperial Parliament is mainly on account of the Government water bill, which has met with strong opposition.—Lord Beaconsfield's letter to the Duke of Marlborough furnishes the keynote of the Conservative campaign, which is opposition to Home Rule and maintenance of English influence in foreign affairs.

WEDNESDAY, March 10.—Mohammed Jan is at the head of 11,000 men.—The rejection of Article VII. is raising a storm in France.—The new French Cable Company will complete their connection with England via Brest by the 1st of April.—Lord Hartington has issued his address opposing Home Rule. He declares that the objects of the Government's foreign policy have been frustrated.—A Liberal caucus was held in London yesterday, the Liberals boasting that they expect a majority of about 50 members, while the Conservatives reckon upon a majority of 120.—The Australasian colonies have sent £3,400 more towards the Mansion House fund; had it not been for these contributions the committee would long since have closed its operations.

THURSDAY, March 11.—The Russian expedition to Merv has been abandoned for a while.—Sir Stafford Northcote submitted the annual budget to the Imperial Parliament yesterday.—The deficit in the English budget amounts to £334,000. There will be no increase in the income tax, nor new tax levied to meet this.—The Sultan of Turkey has considerably reduced the salaries of his Ministers. He states in his firman that he is bent on retrenchment.—During the debate on the Tariff Bill in the French Chamber of Deputies yesterday, the House rejected all attempts to impose any higher duties than the committee had recommended.

FRIDAY, March 12.—An outbreak has taken place at Peking and Chung How, who negotiated the Kuldja treaty with Russia, has been beheaded.—Turkey and Greece are to be excluded from the discussion of the Turco-Greek frontier question, which will be confined to the mediatory powers.—Despatches have been received from General Hatch, giving details of the hardships encountered by Major Morrow's command in their operations against Victoria's band in New Mexico.—In the Imperial Parliament, yesterday, Mr. H. Fawcett, M. P. for Hackney, brought forward his resolution declaring that it was unjust and injurious for England to throw on India the cost of the Afghan war. An exciting debate ensued, and the resolution was finally withdrawn.—In a recent article, the *Cologne Gazette* states that during last summer Russia tried to get France and Italy to form an alliance with her against Austria and Germany. This, it is said, was at the time known to Prince Bismarck, and speculation is rife as to the reason for his unobscuring himself of so great a secret at so late a date.

SATURDAY, March 13.—Russia is much exercised over the attacks of the German press, which characterizes as second only to Nihilism.—Long odds are being laid in favour of Beaconsfield having a majority at the elections to the Imperial Parliament.—The Home Rule party will require no pledge respecting Home Rule from English candidates and will support whoever opposes the Government.—The *Progresso*, the Ministerial journal of Lisbon, sees with pleasure that the United States Government is about to found colonies on the west coast of Africa.—An appeal signed by the Archbishop of Canterbury, Lord Shaftesbury and others is published, asking aid for the famine-stricken districts in Armenia and Turkestan. The famine extends over 100,000 square miles.

MUSICAL.

In the concert given by Satter on the evening of the 9th inst., the selections were beautifully rendered by his master hand. The superiority of the Weber Grand was clearly shown in the richness and volume of its tone, as well as in the clear, bird-like notes which so exquisitely wrought out the ideas and subtle thoughts of the composer, translated to us by the magic touch and genius of the eminent pianist.

WAR MEDALS OF 1812.

In the letter-press description that appeared in your issue of March 13, of the medals issued by the British Government in 1848, to the Canadian militia that served during the American war of 1812, you say that on the reverse the Queen is represented placing a wreath of victory on the head of the Iron Duke. I have never seen one of the medals, but would ask your authority for saying that the kneeling figure was intended for the Duke of Wellington? Mr. James Croil in his novel of "Dundas," published in 1861, when describing these medals, speaks of the kneeling figure as being simply "A Warrior." I would also like to know which is the correct spelling of the name on the clasp. You spell it "Chryslers Farm." Mr. Croil says on the clasp is the name of the action (misspelt) "Chrystler's Farm," but does not specify the error, while elsewhere he spells it "Chryslers Farm." Can you help to settle this point? I which is of some little interest to

A READER.

BRELOQUES POUR DAMES.

"LOVE laughs at locksmiths," and yet there isn't anything funny about a locksmith.

A WESTERN paper heads the marriage of a bachelor of 57 years. "Another Old Landmark Gone."

"SWEET are the uses of a university," said the girl when a senior asked her to go to the concert.

MISERY loves company. This explains why men who can't support themselves occasionally become husbands and fathers.

AN exchange says the young lady who can peel a potato in five seconds is as useful as the young woman who speaks five languages is ornamental.

AN Illinois justice who was called upon to marry a couple, ran off with the girl and wedded her himself, leaving the lover in his office to look over law books and spit on the stove.

MRS. ASTOR may wear \$800,000 worth of diamonds, but for all that, according to a correspondent, she is quite "plain-looking and her complexion faded, without the faintest trace of freshness or colour."

A BRIGHT little girl, who had successfully spelled the word "that," was asked by her teacher what would remain after the "t" had been taken away. "The dirty cups and saucers," was the prompt reply.

A SCHOOL teacher recently electrified her pupils, who were annoying her with questions. "Children, I am engaged." Noticing the general look of astonishment, she added, "but not to any fool of a man," and the excitement died away.

At dinner she had a doctor on either hand, one of whom remarked that they were well served, since they had a duck between them. "Yes," she broke in—her wit is of the sort that comes in fashes—"and I am between two quacks." Then silence fell.

A BEAUTIFUL answer was given by a little Scotch girl. When her class was examined, she replied to the question, "What is patience?" "Wait a wee, and dinna weery."

She may dress in silk, or dress in satin, May know the languages, Greek and Latin, May know fine art, may love and sigh— But she ain't no good if she can't be kept.

FALLEN FLOWERS.

BY ARTHUR O'SHAUGHNESSY.

One of the workers of the world
Living toiled and toiling died;
But others worked and the world went on
And was not changed when he was gone.
A strong arm stricken, a wide sail furled
And only a few men aghast.

One of the heroes of the world
Fought to conquer, then fought to fall,
And fell down slain in his blood-stained mail,
And over his form they slept;
His cause was lost and his banner furled;
And only a woman wept.

One of the singers among mankind
Sung healing songs from an o'erwrought heart;
But ere men listened the grass and wind
Were wasting the rest unused like a wave;
And now of his fame that will ne'er depart
He has never heard in his grave.

One of the women who only love,
Loved and grieved and faded away—
Ah me! are these gone to the God above,
What more of each can I say?
They are human flowers that flower and fall,
This is the song and the end of them all.

MUSICAL AND DRAMATIC.

MR. THEODORE THOMAS has resigned his position as head of the Cincinnati College of Music. It is said there has been serious quarrels between him and the directors.

The monument to Robert Schumann, at Bonn, is to be unveiled with proper ceremony on May 29th. On the evening of that day a great vocal and instrumental concert will be given, and on the following day a matinee of chamber music will be held.

A CANONRY, without cure of souls, has just been granted by the Chapter of Albano to the celebrated composer and musician, Abbé Franz Liszt. Cardinal Prince Hohenlohe, a friend of Liszt's and a great connoisseur of music, performed the ceremony of the induction in the Basilica at Albano.

To be a practical musician will soon be considered fashionable in England. The Duke of Edinburgh plays the violin in an amateur orchestra and there is reason to believe that the Earl of Dunmore will give a public performance, with the aid of his private orchestra and with himself as conductor, early in the season, in connection with a certain International Literary Institute.

MR. SIMS REEVES has decided to take his farewell of public life, and will, in the autumn, commence a final tour of the provinces. Mr. Sims Reeves' "farewell" will probably extend over two years, and in the course of it there is every likelihood he will introduce to his admirers his son, who, in the opinion of at least of his own people, is in possession of the family voice.

ARTISTIC.

A POINT AUX TREMBLES artist has opened a small exhibition of oil paintings in the Parliament House, done by himself.

H. R. H. Prince Leopold has executed some very fine photographs, an art in which he takes much interest, and it is said it will form a great portion of his amusement during his meditated trip to the Mediterranean on board the Duke of Edinburgh's official yacht H. M. S. *Lively*.

MR. W. POYNTER, R.A., who has the direction of the Art Schools, according to a London despatch, is most assiduous in his endeavours to aid all he possibly can H. R. H. the Princess Louise in the development and furtherance of a plan in Canada, which she is most intent upon, for the formation of a school of art in the Dominion.

HUMOROUS.

It is said that Edison is perfecting an electric shirt bosom pin for the cheap hotel clerk.

YOUNG men should always tell the truth. Old age affords ample opportunities for lying.

"QUAIL on toast" was what he ordered. "Quail on trust" was what the innkeeper called it some months afterward.

THERE are two classes who do not bear prosperity—one of them being those who do not get a chance to bear it.

IN possession. Lady (who wants to sit down): "Will you sit in my lap, darling?" Darling: "Sank you; I've got a chair."

THE telephone is only about two years old, but some of the jokes about it sound as though they were ragged when the Pyramids were young.

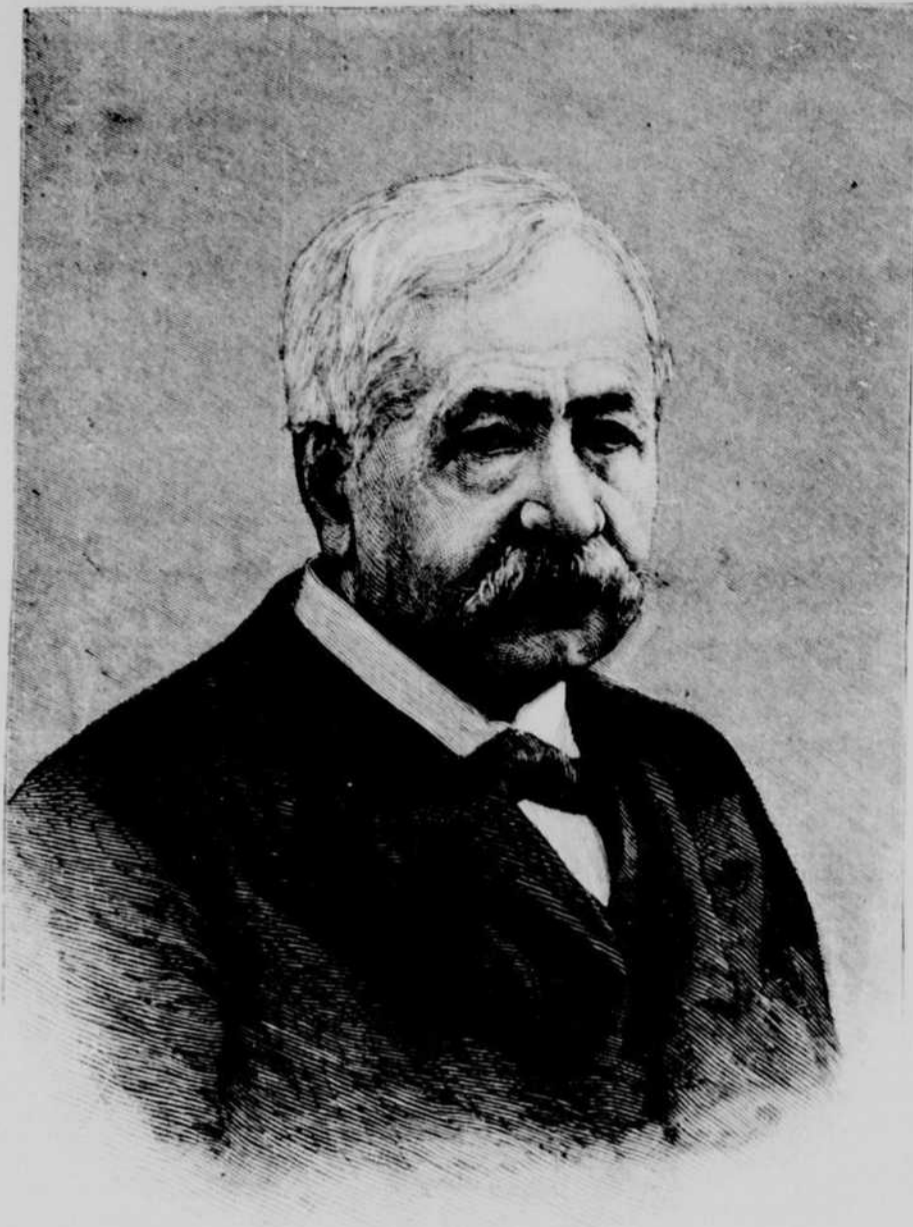
A NEVADA editor wrote of a dead orator: "Death has turned off his gas." If he had written in sarcasm he would have put it: "The king of terrors has stopped his windmill."

Consumption Cured.

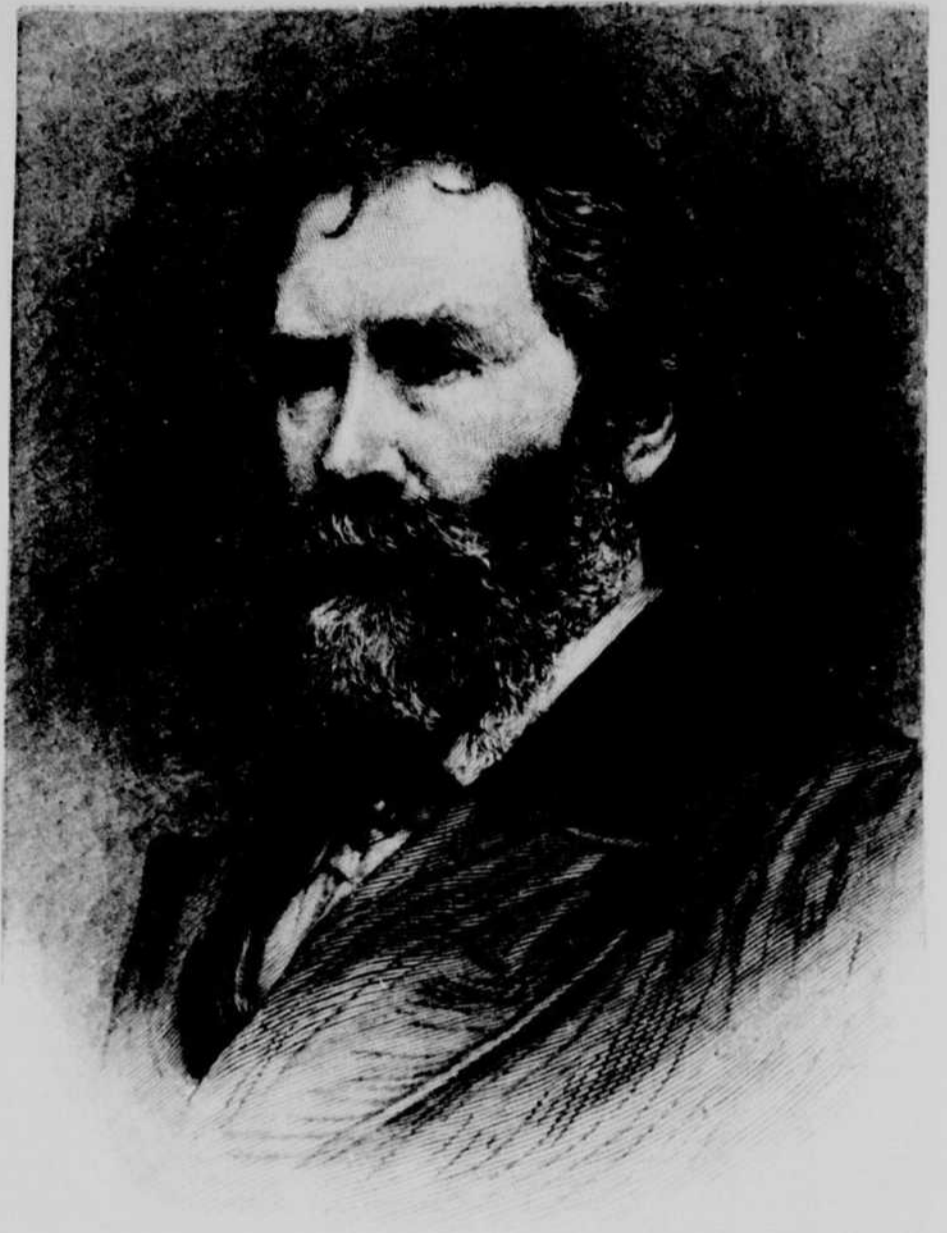
An old physician, retired from practice, having had placed in his hands, by an East India missionary, the formula of a simple vegetable remedy for the speedy and permanent cure for Consumption, Bronchitis, Catarrh, Asthma, and all Throat and Lung Affections, also a positive and radical cure for Nervous Debility and Nervous Complaints, after having tested its wonderful curative powers in thousands of cases, has felt it his duty to make it known to his suffering fellows. Actuated by this motive and a desire to relieve human suffering, I will send free of charge to all who desire it, this recipe, in German, French, or English, with full directions for preparing and using. Sent by mail by addressing with stamp, naming this paper. W. W. SHERAR, 149 Powers' Block, Rochester, N. Y. e-2-w.

Mrs. Partington Says

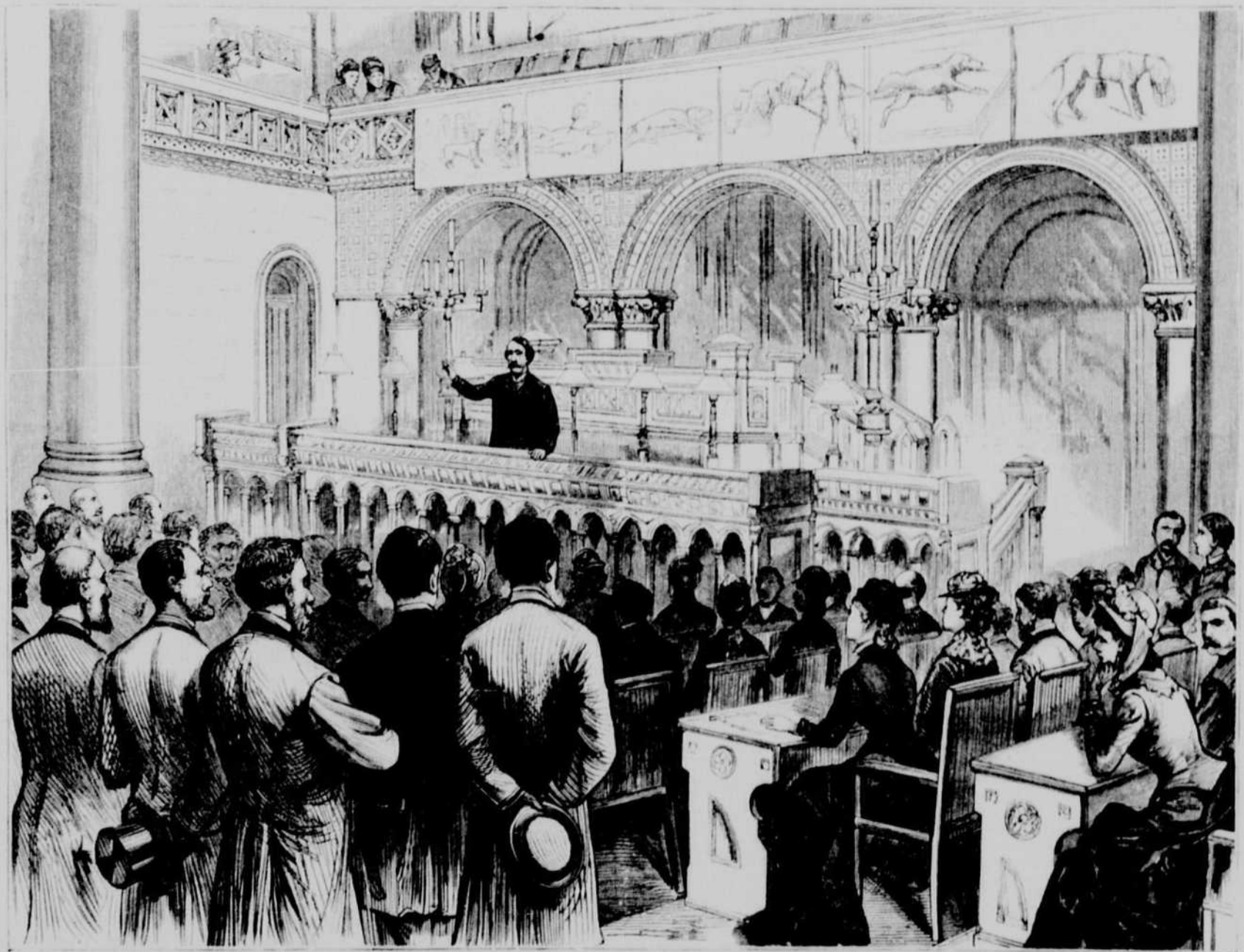
Don't take any of the quack rostrums, as they are regimental to the human cistern; but put your trust in Hop Bitters, which will cure general dilapidation, costive habits and all comic diseases. They saved Isaac from a severe extract of tripod fever. They are the *de plus en plus* of medicines.



THE COUNT FERDINAND DE LESSEPS,
CHIEF PROMOTER OF THE PANAMA SHIP CANAL.



JAMES RUSSELL LOWELL,
THE NEW AMERICAN AMBASSADOR TO ENGLAND.



MR. HENRY BERGH, ADDRESSING THE NEW YORK LEGISLATURE ON THE EVILS OF VIVISECTION.

REV. E. P. HAMMOND.

Edward Payson Hammond, was born in Ellington, a quiet town in the valley of the Connecticut, Sept. 1st., 1831, but passed his boyhood and youth in Vermont, Ct. He was a child of prayer, consecrated to God by parental piety, especially was he nurtured with holy fidelity under the wing of maternal love. At the age of seventeen, he attended school at Southington, where had been a powerful revival of religion, including in its sweep nearly all the youth of the place.

Mr. Hammond in his addresses, sometimes refers to the story of his conversion, and relates it thus:

"The first Sabbath of my stay in Southington was the communion. This was held between the services, and all who were not Christians were in the habit of going out. As I looked about, it seemed that all my friends and relatives and new acquaintances were gathering around the table of the Lord. Among the few who passed out were none whom I knew.

"The thought of the judgment day flashed across my troubled mind; and the awful scenes of that final separation passed like a panorama before my view. On returning to my boarding-place that night, a lady handed me James' 'Anxious Inquirer' to read. I glanced my eye hastily over a few of its pages, but thought it too dry a book for me, and I angrily threw it down; but this did not extract the arrow of conviction that had pierced my heart. I felt that I was a sinner, hastening on to the great judgment day unprepared. Little did I know of the earnest pleadings that were daily ascending from a mother's fond heart.

"Day by day my convictions deepened. My heart rebelled against God. I disputed his undivided claim to my heart. I was willing to give a portion of my affections, but I was not ready to give all up for Jesus. For two long weeks I wept and prayed, and read my Bible, all the while treading 'under foot the Son of God.' (Heb. x. 29.)

"During these dark days I read 'James' Inquirer.' I looked upon it no longer as a 'destroyer of my peace,' but as a guide to happiness—to Christ and heaven. I used to study it by the hour with my Bible, looking out all the passages referred to. I thus saw more and more of my awfully deceitful and polluted heart.

"At first it was thoughts of the judgment day, and the sight of the wicked going away into everlasting punishment, that alarmed me; but



REV. E. P. HAMMOND,
THE REVIVALIST.—From a Photograph by Poole of St. Catharines, Ont.

afterwards it was the sight of myself that alarmed me most.

"I then began to realize that reformation was not enough, that a great, an entire, a radical change must be experienced if I would enter heaven.

"It was then the pit of sin in my own heart alarmed me more than the pit of hell, into which I had been so lately gazing. The desperate enmity of my guilt before God I began to realize. My burden seemed heavier than I could bear; but another, a third sight I was called to gaze upon which pierced my soul with a new and keener arrow,—Godly sorrow. I was led by the Holy Spirit to look on Him whom my sins had 'pierced, and . . . mourn.' (Zach. xii. 10.) I began to understand those words in Acts v. 31, 'Him hath God exalted with his right hand to be a Prince and a Saviour, for to give repentance.' I shall never forget that calm autumn morning when I fell upon my knees in my little closet and repeated the hymn my mother had taught me.

"It was then, in the light of Calvary's cross, I began to feel that 'godly sorrow' for sin that 'worketh repentance to salvation.' I then saw that God 'might be just, and the justifier of him which believeth in Jesus,' (Rom. iii. 26,) and that I must

Cast my deadly doing down,
Down, down at Jesus' feet;

and with tears in my eyes I exclaimed, in the words of the last verse of the hymn which I was repeating,

But drops of grief can ne'er repay
The debt of love I owe,
Here, Lord I give myself away,
'Tis all that I can do.

"It was then the blessed Holy Spirit, that had so long been striving with me, took of the things of Christ and showed them unto me—my blind eyes were opened. I saw that God was satisfied with what Christ had done; that Jesus had paid the debt, and I had only to trust him for it all—and I could sing with all my heart,

My God is reconciled,
His pardoning voice I hear,
He owns me for his child,
I can no longer fear.

"I then knew the meaning of the promise in Ezek. xxxvi. 26, 'A new heart, also, will I give you, and a new spirit will I put within you.'

"As there was no revival at the time, and no preaching that I remember made any special impression on my mind, I can but feel that my



OTTAWA.—THE CANADIAN ACADEMY OF ARTS BUILDING.

conversion was the direct work of the Holy Spirit in answer to the wrestling, agonizing prayers of my dear mother.

"Some of the 'fruit of the Spirit' (Gal. v. 22,) were at once mine. 'Love, joy, peace,' filled my heart.

"I remember that I sat down at once and wrote mother that I had 'found Jesus.'

"He subsequently completed his preparation for College at Philips' Academy, Andover, Mass. There, as wherever he went after his conversion, God blessed his faithfulness to the conversion of souls in the Institution, and in neighbouring villages in which, with other students, he established meetings.

"He entered Williams College in 1854. Without neglecting his studies, as his instructors testify, he labored earnestly and successfully for the conversion of his classmates. Among them was Henry Hopkins, the President's son, now chaplain in the army, with whom he attended meetings in Pownal, where together they went forth, weeping, 'bearing precious seed,' and they returned, 'bringing their sheaves with them.' The little company of seven or eight Christians was increased to a prosperous church. In the spring of 1855, he went, in behalf of the American Sunday-school Union, among the Alleghany Mountains, and planted several Sunday-schools during his vacation which in some instances proved to be the nucleus of churches.

"He received the degree of A. B., along with an appointment for Commencement, in 1858, and in 1861 the degree of A. M.

"The desire and intention to be a missionary had been cherished by the young disciple; but God otherwise ordered his useful life. In the year 1858, he became a student in Union Theological Seminary, New York, and in that great city, continued with unflinching zeal his home missionary work among the destitute."

WANTED, A HOME.

Those were the words which attracted my attention when I took up the *Times* one morning, about a year ago:

"WANTED, A HOME.—A young lady, alone in the world, desires to enter as a boarder. Liberal terms offered."

There was a touch of pathos in the wording of this want that appealed to me, and I became nervously impatient for my husband to come home, in order that I might try to win his permission to write and offer the advertiser a home with us. We were young married people, blessed with an increasing family and a small settled income, and, as we had a large house and large expenses, it seemed to me that this would be the very thing to meet our wants.

Our house was situated on the landward side of a cliff that reared itself on the beautiful western coast, and the situation possessed many advantages. We were only a mile from a fashionable watering-place. The views from our windows were not surpassed for beauty and wild grandeur on the coast-side, or for sweet, smiling, peaceful prettiness on the inland quarter. And the interior was well arranged and gracefully furnished. The only disadvantage, indeed, that the house possessed, was the great one to us, of being a high-rented one, and of demanding rather a large establishment. However, if this young lady who wanted a home would come and pay us liberally, neither the high rent nor the large establishment would be drawbacks any more.

Now, for ourselves. We were, as I have said, young people, and our friends were wont to aver that we were very attractive young people. My husband was a junior partner in a good, old-established banking-house, and I was more or less well known to the public as a painter of scenes in domestic life, that always commanded good places in the exhibitions, and good prices. Notwithstanding this latter fact, we wanted more than we had, for I had not been able to work very much of late, and my three babies took up a goodly portion of the time that I ought to have expended on my bread-winning art.

As soon as my husband came home that night I showed him the advertisement and propounded my plan to him.

"It would be a nice addition to our little party, if she's a nice girl," I argued, and he refused to admit that that was a reason for having her.

"We are very happy as we are, Flo," he said. "Our little party is too perfect in my eyes for me to wish to see it increased."

"But, Edgar, house-keeping on what we have is such hard work," I pleaded; and, if she would come to us and pay us liberally what matter whether she is nice or not? We could endure her."

"If you take that tone, Flo, what's the worth of anything but so much money as 'twill bring? I may conclude that you've made up your mind to try the experiment," he said, laughing.

"Not without your permission—but it would be such a help to us, Ted!" I said, eagerly.

And then, with a little more ado, we went into a committee of ways and means, and finally rose up with the determination to try how fortune would favour us with respect to this young lady, alone in the world, who wanted a home.

I wrote to the address she had given and stated our terms as concisely as I could. I also mentioned our respective professions, thinking with a justifiable pride in my own, that any cultivated girl could but be glad to be admitted as one of the family of an artiste.

By return of post I got a letter acceding to my terms, and asking if she could come to us early in the following week.

"She doesn't say a word about references," I said, dubiously, as I handed the letter to my husband. "What a pretty name she has—Isabelle Cleveland!"

"The pretty name mayn't be her own," Edgar said laughing. "Well, little woman, you must gang your own gait; all I advise is that you don't let the account between you run on too long, or you may find yourself in the wrong box."

"She writes the hand of a frank, open nature," I said, reconsidering the epistle under discussion.

"Yes, it's good, bold writing," Edgar said, looking at it—"rather like a man's." However, deciphering character by means of calligraphy is all bosh; one of the cleverest, most original women I ever met with in my life wrote the most conventional, stiff, commonplace hand. We won't prejudice Miss Cleveland, though."

"And I may write and say she may come next week?" I interrogated.

"Yes, dear, if you're anxious to rush into your troubles so soon," he said laughing.

"Oh, Edgar, I won't foresee 'trouble' in the matter at all!" I remonstrated; "she is going to pay us so liberally that my load of housekeeping care will be lifted off my shoulders at once, and, additionally, being a young lady, she may turn out a most delightful companion for me. I won't foresee trouble."

"And I hope you won't have any, dear," he said, lightly; and then he went off to business, and I went over my house to see about making it put on its fairest aspect in the eyes of our new inmate.

My house was a very pretty one, and I was fond of it, as women are fond of the homes in which they are happy, and which they have arranged in a great measure according to their own taste. It always gave people blessed with the "artist's eye" the impression of being well-furnished, though an upholsterer would have deemed it wanting in much that the upholsterer's mind deems strictly essential. For instance, the carpets and curtains, the chairs and couches, were no longer new and bright and fresh. But the colours of all had been chosen judiciously, and, as now their first bloom was brushed off, there was a harmony of tint about them all that often made me find other people's furniture gaudy and glaring.

My drawing-room was my special pride. It was a long lofty room, with a fireplace at either end, and two large bay-windows in the side. It was papered with a delicate gray-and-gold paper, and the windows were draped with some soft-textured green material. There were a number of incongruous arm-chairs and easy lounges about, some covered with rose and gold-coloured satin, some worked in wool and some modestly clothed in brown holland. And these all stood out in clear relief on a dark polished floor, for economy and taste had combined to make us adopt the foreign custom of dispensing with a carpet. There were several quaint and beautiful cabinets, filled with old china and glass, and one that we called "the children's cabinet," in which were displayed the silver goblets, and ivory-bound books and other pretty things that had been given to our babies. And the walls were hung with fine rare old Venetian mirrors, a few good photographs and engravings, and several good specimens of Oriental and old French china plates and dishes, that were fastened up in a peculiar way with fine wire, making spots of "colour" on the delicately-tinted paper that were delicious to my eyes. Additionally, there were large and admirable copies of the Venus de Medici, the Venus of Milo, the Apollo Belvedere, the Clytie, the Ariadne (Dampliers) and other masterpieces of ancient and modern art, disposed about the room on pedestals. And there was one magnificent bronze—the pride of my heart—standing on a handsome marble pedestal in a corner that was sacred to herself—"The Abandoned Ariadne," a marvel of Barbidiene's—that glorified the room to my mind.

Scattered about, in a profusion that I had too correct an eye to suffer to degenerate into muddle, were Chelva china figures of a good period, old German and Italian glass jugs, and vases, and goblets; an Indian casket, in ebony, wonderfully carved; little tables of various shapes; ivory ornaments, leather fans, crosses on brackets in white and coloured marble, from which were suspended silver crucifixes and rosaries, and flowers—flowers everywhere!

In pots on the piano and the cabinets, on the big old china plates, on the polished floor, in baskets suspended from wire over the square opening that was made by the taking down of the double doors, in slender glasses—wherever, in fact, I could find a resting-place for them, my love of flowers induced me to put them. My room, as will be gathered from this description of it, was very pretty and very artistic, and it must be owned that I was justified in anticipating that it would strike the young lady who wanted a home very favourably.

What pains I took with the bedroom that was to be assigned to Miss Cleveland! It was a splendidly-proportioned room, with matchless views from both its windows, and it was furnished comfortably as well as elegantly. With my own hands I removed every particle of dust that had been left on the furniture by my less observant housemaid. Carefully and thoughtfully I dressed the two vases with flowers—one for the centre-table, and the other for the mantel-piece. Hopefully I arranged the minutiae of the dressing-table, so that the girl who wanted a home

might feel that her comfort was studied in the one she had chosen.

The day appointed for her arrival came, and I could not settle to my usual work at all, so impatient was I to see her. A dozen times I placed myself before my easel, and feebly essayed a few strokes with my brush. A dozen times I gathered my babies about me and strove to amuse them, and failed; for my heart was not in my task that day, and children are so quick to discover that fact. I dispensed with luncheon altogether, in order that my cook might devote all her energies to the elegant little dinner I had ordered for 7 that night. And, as may be supposed, my unusual excitement, idleness and abstinence made me feel very tired, low-spirited and nervous before Miss Cleveland had arrived.

She came at last, about 2 o'clock in the afternoon.

"A horrible time for any one to choose," I thought, discontentedly, as news of her advent was brought to me; and then before I had time to do more than feel that I was a trifle less well-dressed, a little less composed, a shade less well-prepared in body and mind for her than I would like to have been.

I confess to having been staggered out of these feelings most abruptly when she came into the room. In place of the fragile, shrinking, rather sorrowful-looking girl whom I had pictured to myself as wanting a home, I saw a fine, splendidly-arrayed woman, a year or two my senior. I rose to meet her with a gasp, and she advanced to meet me with a sweeping courtesy that made me feel very much at a disadvantage, although I was planted quite securely on my own domestic heights.

"I hope that we shall get on well together, and soon become very good friends, Mrs. Forrester," she began at once, and I felt I ought to have said that, and that she was robbing me of my prerogative of giving the initiative.

"You seem to have a very nice place here," she added, graciously, and then she threw off her hat and cloak, and I saw her as she was—one of the prettiest women I ever saw in my life.

Pretty in such a thoroughly comfortable way, if I may be allowed the expression. Plump and comely, this young lady who "wanted a home" had assuredly never wanted anything in her life without having it immediately. A fair embodiment of success and satisfaction—and yet, for all that, a woman with "a story," I was certain—a woman who was not quite what she seemed on the surface. A yellow-haired woman, with brown eyes and a perfectly clear, rosy complexion, with something not anxious, but interrogatory, in the brown eyes, though, and with something that was not quite suspicion, but that might possibly develop into it, in rapid glance and turn of the head. As I looked at her I became feverishly anxious to have my husband's judgment upon her; and when he came home he gave it to me without reservation.

"Well, Flo, I don't want to dishearten you—poor little hard-working woman—but before you have done with her you'll regret the hour that made you acquainted with Miss Cleveland, I fancy; there's something crooked. Has she offered any solution of the mystery of her loneliness?"

"No," I said, hesitatingly.

"It strikes me that she has come down here with some other object than the avowed one," he said, meditatively; "however, if you're satisfied, little woman, I ought to be, I suppose; so we'll make up our minds not to meet trouble half-way."

Trouble came fast enough; there was no need to go half-way to meet it. It commenced in this way. I have described my incongruously artistic drawing-room, and my pride in it. Well, Miss Cleveland elected not to "find it quite what she expected when she agreed to my terms; she must beg that I would put a carpet down; that slippery, cold floor made her shudder."

I apologized, pleaded, protested, argued, and finally effected a compromise. She would be contented with a Persian rug or two; but they "must be good." So I expended a small fortune in three, and hoped that her demands had come to an end. Not at all! She had "been fastidiously and delicately brought up," she said, "and naked images (thus she designated my beloved copies from the antique) made her shiver." With all an artist's fervour, I became counsel for the defence of their purity and excellence of purpose in design. But Miss Cleveland added blushes to her previous shiverings and shuddering, and I had to give in. My statuettes were removed to my husband's study and my own bedroom, and I hoped that Miss Cleveland's scruples would *requiescant in pace*.

For a few days this seemed to be a well-grounded assumption, and my bruised spirits recovered themselves sufficiently for me to tell my husband that I forgave the overthrow of my lares and penates, in consideration of the sensible relief from the addition to my household purse of what she had paid me. He laughed and shook his head, and bade me "wait and see before I went over unreservedly to the enemy."

How can people bring themselves to speak lightly of what they term "minor miseries"? Those that I was called upon to endure would come into that category, I suppose; but what excruciating wretchedness they have caused me! I grew nervous and irritable, unfit for my work as a mother, wife and artist. But I endured on hopefully, and tried to make my husband believe that I found compensation for the ills I endured in Miss Cleveland's society.

About a week after the copies of the antiques had been condemned to beat a retreat I went down to the drawing-room one morning, and

found Miss Cleveland sniffing the air with a deeply-aggravated expression in her fine brown eyes.

"Is anything amiss?" I asked tremblingly, and, without hesitation, she told me that there "was something very much amiss. She had serious doubts about the plants."

"The plants?" I exclaimed, looking round anxiously at my healthy green friends. "They are doing beautifully; my plants always flourish."

"Ah, but they flourish at the expense of the human beings who live with them. I'm sure," she said, with some vehemence, "I have read in some medical work that they actually rob us of the oxygen we ought to take in when they thrive; and when they don't thrive your own common-sense will tell you how bad it must be to live in a room with decomposed vegetable matter. Besides, they harbour dust and insects."

After a brief argument I gave up the contest. I consented to sacrifice the loveliest ornaments my room could boast of, and when I had done it, Miss Cleveland triumphantly substituted some abominations made in wax.

"I think you are a goose to put up with it, Flo," Edgar said to me.

And for answer I reminded him that we had three small children, and that Miss Cleveland paid us at the rate of four hundred a year. Or at least she was to pay us at this rate according to our agreement, and I had no fear of her falling short of it. She had a fine, lavish way of spending her money on anything that struck her taste, that confirmed me in my belief that she was a very rich woman, although no coin of the realm had passed between us yet.

A thrill of suspicion would pass through my mind at night sometimes as I was lying broad awake. But, in the garish light of day, she looked so very frank, and fresh, and fair, and above-board generally, that I could not doubt her.

"We shall get the money all down in a big lump at the end of the quarter, probably."

"I hope we shall," he said, dubiously. "Meanwhile, dear, we must pay for the Persian rugs; she has 'exquisite taste,' no doubt, as you're always saying she has, but I wish it wasn't quite such an extravagant one."

Time went on, and Isabelle Cleveland had become very much one of us. Under her auspices my house had assumed an appearance of luxury and splendour which it had certainly been lacking in before. But the art aroma had fled from it. It was strictly conventional now in all its arrangements—strictly proper and comfortable, and conventional. But it had lost its look of individuality, and the process by which it had lost this had plunged us very deeply in debt.

At length I gathered up my courage, and spoke to her on the dreaded subject of payment. I well remember the morning on which I burst the bonds of silence. It was a summer morning, and at breakfast she had suggested a number of expensive alterations in the garden and conservatory, which, if carried out under existing circumstances, would, I felt, half ruin us. Under the influence of this terrible conviction I spoke.

"Belle," I said (we had grown so intimate and fond of one another that we had fallen into the womanly weakness of Christian-naming one another)—"Belle, I really can't have any more beds cut in that lawn."

"Yet you pretend to be so fond of flowers!" she said, in some surprise; and I felt some embarrassment in explaining to her that I was "fond of many things that I felt I could not afford."

"Do you really mean that?" she said, looking at me dubiously, in some distress.

"Indeed I do," I said, dejectedly. "Ted and I have had a hard fight of it, I assure you; our expenses are heavy, and our ready money is short."

She looked wistfully away out of the window for a while, and then she turned to me and asked in an altered tone, if a "little ready money would be of any service to me now?"

"If you could let me have just the quarter," I said, with a spasm; "it would be very nice, very convenient, very helpful to me, indeed!" I blurted out at last, and I almost stiffened with horror when she answered:

"Mrs. Forrester, I can't—I can't!"

"Not just yet, is that it?" I asked, in the weak hope that she was only sorry to be obliged to defer payment for a day or two.

"Not at all," she said, miserably. "I have been trying to make up my mind to tell you this, and I have put it off, thinking you were rich people, and it didn't matter."

I think she saw the shiver that passed over me as I reflected on the consequences that her imposture would bring upon us. A hideous array of unpaid bills stared me in the face—of unpaid bills that were to have been paid with that money which she had agreed to give us and which would never be paid now. In the bitterness of my spirit I let my head droop down into my hands and sobbed a weary, tired woman's sob of hopeless helplessness.

"Look here," she said at last, in a quick tone, that made me glance up, "I will tell you my story, and you shall judge for yourself which is the most wronged and the most to be pitied of us two. If I have run you into expenses that you can ill afford (and I see that I have done that now), I can help you out of them; but the wrong that has been done to me no one can right. Listen."

"Miss Cleveland, I am in no mood to listen to a tale that you well know how to tell to suit your own purpose," I said, bitterly. "I have

been straining every nerve to better the condition and prospects of my poor little children, and you have ruined them!"

"Flo," she said, with passionate energy, "don't say that! I will give you every jewel I have, and they will more than discharge my debt to you; don't say I have hurt you by injuring your children. I have children of my own."

"You, Miss Cleveland!"

"I am not Miss Cleveland at all," she said, impatiently. "Listen, I said I would tell you my story, and I will tell it, however much it hurts me. When I came here, four months ago, I came full of hope, I go away full of despair."

"Where is your husband?" I asked.

"In his grave," she answered, laconically. "I am not a runaway wife; my children are with his mother, poor little things; it was for their sakes that I did what my soul abhorred—played a game of systematic deception."

"When my husband died I was left with forty pounds a year, and four children to support on it. That is three years ago now, and at that time I believe I had beauty. At any rate I was told that I had, and I was sought for it, and for it only, I believe now, by a man who had been my husband's friend, and who then professed to be mine."

"I won't tell you his name, but I will tell you this, that he is a man well known in the legal world as one of the most powerful pleaders for women at the bar. I appealed to him for the sake of his old friendship for my husband, to get me a situation as a governess or a companion, or to help me to start a boarding-house—to do anything, in fact, that might help me to maintain my poor little children. And he affected to shrink with horror from the thought of my doing anything of the sort. 'It was not fitting,' 'it was incongruous,' he declared. And at last, about six months ago, when I was in very deep distress, he asked me to be his wife."

"He is a rich man, and I at once asked him if my children should be his, should share his property, should be educated as it behoved him to educate his children. And he said: 'Yes; when once we are married, everything in that way shall be as you will. But we cannot marry yet. I am engaged in a case in which I have employed all my eloquence to throw obloquy on a woman who takes a second husband. But these cases are soon forgotten, and then, dearest, your trials shall be at an end.'"

"I did not like his argument, but I was poor, miserably poor. Oh, Flo! you, who have a husband to fight for you and your children if the worst comes, don't know what I felt that day when he put me into a path of deceit, and bade me follow it for my little ones' sake. He engaged himself to me solemnly; he bound me to him, and then he counselled the strictest secrecy respecting our engagement. I was not to let it be known to a single member of my late husband's family, because 'they had prejudices, and were friends of his,' he said. And I swallowed that pill for my little children's sake."

"I was staying with my late husband's mother at the time, and my prudent lover at length objected to this arrangement. It placed him 'in a false position when he visited the family,' he said; he was afraid my looks and manner would betray me, and, for the sake of the future, there must be no quarrel. These and sundry other arguments he used with such effect that at last my mind was open to the reception of the suggestion that I should seek a home elsewhere for a time, in order that there should be no fear of our relative positions towards one another becoming known, until the recollection of the *cause célèbre* in which he was engaged had faded out of the public mind. Then it was that I advertised (under his orders), and then you answered me, and I came here."

"He supplied me with funds at first" (a scorching blush came over her face as she said this), "telling me that, as I was to be his wife, there was nothing in his doing so. And I came down here, my mother and sister-in-law all thinking that I was coming as governess to your children, and applauding me for my independent spirit—'my independent spirit,' when I was meanly deceiving them all at his bidding!"

"Well, I came here, as you know, came in a sort of dream, and left my babies with their grandmother; when I got here I wanted distraction, and as he had promised to pay the terms you asked, I felt justified in suggesting alterations and improvements that passed away the time. But only last week I had a shock—a letter from my mother-in-law, telling me in simple, gratified language, that he, the man whose wife I am pledged to be, is paying his address to one of her daughters!"

"Mrs. Forrester, often when I have found fault with things, and asked for them to be changed, I have been half wild with doubt and suspense, and have only found the fault in order to divert my own thoughts from that which they were always dwelling on. I have behaved miserably ill to you, I know; but think how I have been treated!"

"I wrote to him at once, on receipt of my mother-in-law's letter. I only wrote these words: 'Is it true?' I knew that his cleverness and his conscience would fill up the blank. And to-day I have heard that it is true; and my children wrote to me through their aunt in ecstasies about the kindness of their new uncle. Mrs. Forrester, which of us is the one most to be pitied?"

"I was in deep household distress myself, but when I looked at the gray, haggard look which had crept like a cloud over her brilliant beauty

during the narration, I could not conscientiously lay claim to competing with her in misery. I still had Edgar to turn to."

"What will you do now?" I asked.

"Seek for a situation," she said curtly; "do anything—keep a shop if I can."

"A bright thought struck me. I said to her; 'Why should you not turn your bonnet-making talent to account? Take one room in the town for a show-room until your bonnets remunerate you, and stay with us till you can afford a house of your own.'"

"You won't turn me out—you'll trust me yet a little longer!" she said, with tears in her eyes.

"Indeed, we will."

"Then I have an additional incentive to be up and doing," she said, rising up and throwing up her arms as if she were throwing off a weight of care; "if you had turned against me it would have crushed me, I believe; but, as it is, I will work so well, and I will work at once—what will your husband say?"

"Being a man, he won't say that he always told me so," I said, laughing; "but he did think that a man would have gone to work in a more business-like way than I did."

"And if you had gone to work in a business-like way, as you call it, I should have been disengaged from my web of deception all the sooner," she said thoughtfully; "it's too late now to tell you that honesty is the best policy, but for your future guidance, Flo, let me tell you that it was the touch of pretentiousness in your manner that misled me. I shouldn't have put you to such expense if I hadn't fancied that expense was no object to you."

"My tale is told now. 'Miss Cleveland' was put on her mettle to redeem herself in our eyes, and as she had no fancy to be regarded as an adventuress, she did it nobly. Her millinery establishment is the first in the town, and people who are not in our secret wonder how it is that she always takes care that quietly I have the prettiest and newest of her bonnets and mantles. Her children are under her own wing now, and she looks back with a shudder to the time when "for their good," as she thought, she was ready to sacrifice herself and their father's memory to the heartless man who led her into a

As for ourselves, we have never answered any more advertisements; and as the children are growing up, I am able to decrease my establishment, and work harder at my art. I have sold off the Persian rugs, and reinstated the Venuses and plants, and my drawing-room is again the delight of my eyes and the pride of my heart—the head centre, so to say, of all manner of unconventional congruities. Whatever my difficulties with my bills are now, I refrain from mentioning them, for fear of Edgar counselling me, with a laugh, to take a short cut to fortune by looking out for a young lady who wants a home."

THE GLEANER.

AN Encyclical letter by the Pope condemning divorce has been published in Rome.

EMIGRATION from Italy has assumed the extraordinary proportions of an annual average of 130,000 persons.

THE Rhode Island Assembly has passed a bill punishing tramps with a year's imprisonment.

THE estate of Dornden, in Kent, belonging to the Marquis of Lorne, has been sold to Mr. James Harrison.

It is expected that the Queen will go to Germany soon, and probably visit the tomb of the late Princess Alice.

THE Duke of Devonshire has purchased a large quantity of champion seed potatoes, to be supplied to his tenants at 1s. per stone—cost price.

UNDER the ancient Maison Dieu, at Dover, has just been discovered a crypt, and in this crypt there has been found a chalk coffin, containing human remains.

THE great fire in Chicago in 1871 left only one church standing in the city. There are now, according to a recent enumeration, 213 churches there.

RUSSIA is said to be busy rebuilding Sebastopol. Sixty steel cannons of the largest size, and many armour plates, have recently been ordered in European foundries.

THE Prince and Princess of Wales are said to have made up their minds to establish a fashion of 7 o'clock dinners, instead of those given at the absurd hour of 9.

THE Czar's body-guard is on duty day and night. Anybody entering the bedroom or the library of the sovereign would have to pass 200 Cossacks. Two soldiers sleep at the foot of his bed every night.

It is announced that Prince Leopold will visit Canada during the spring, leaving London in April. He will make a tour through the Western States, and probably engage in a buffalo hunt on the plains. He expects to be absent about a year.

A DEPUTATION of Dublin workmen has waited on the Lord Mayor, who expressed his disgust at the selfish language in which the men had urged their pleas for assistance. In the country the people were barely keeping soul and body together, and he would not deprive them of their meagre assistance to supply the men of Dublin with comforts.

VARIETIES.

A RELIGIOUS SERVICE AT ISANDLANA.—A letter from Natal gives some description of the thanksgiving services held throughout the colony, and especially at Isandlana, on December 9:—

The Bishop was accompanied by Archdeacon Usherwood, the Rev. G. Smith (acting chaplain to the forces, just made a chaplain), and Mr. C. Johnson, of the Basuto mission. The Bishop was met by the Bishop resident (Mr. W. D. Wheelwright), Mr. F. H. Fynn (resident magistrate), and more than a dozen English and Dutch gentlemen, and by Hiubi, the chief of the district, and fifteen of his chief men. The burial office was first said, and then the Holy Communion was celebrated, the Bishop preaching and explaining that he had three objects in view in holding that service:—(a) That the bodies of dear Christian men should not be left without one word of peace and love said over their graves; (b) that the protecting hand of Providence might be recognised; and (c) that a practical outcome of the work might be the establishment of a mission. The wooden slab used for the celebration of the Holy Communion forms the pedestal of a handsome iron cross, which was then firmly fixed upon a mound of earth and stones to mark the spot where the services had been performed, and where it is hoped a church will be built.

A CHURCH SERVICE AT SEA.—One of the most comical spectacles, says Dickens, I have ever seen in my life was "church," with a heavy sea on, in the Cunard steamer coming out. The officiating minister, an extremely modest young man, was brought in between two big stewards, exactly as if he were coming up to the scratch in a prize fight. The ship was rolling and pitching so that the two big stewards had to stop and watch their opportunity of making a dart at the reading desk with their reverend charge, during which p-use he held on now by one steward and now by the other, with the feeblest expression of countenance, and no legs whatever. At length they made a dart at the wrong moment, and onesteward was immediately beheld alone in the extreme perspective, while the other and the reverend gentleman held on by the mast in the middle of the saloon—which the latter embraced with both arms as if it were his wife. All this time the congregation was breaking up into sects and sliding away. And when at last the reverend gentleman had been tumbled into his place, the desk (a loose one, put upon the dining table) deserted from the church bodily, and went over to the purser. The scene was so extraordinarily ridiculous, and was made much more so by the exemplary gravity of all concerned in it, that I was obliged to leave before the service began.

THE IMPERIAL STATE CROWN OF QUEEN VICTORIA.—This was made by Messrs. Rundell & Bridge in 1838, with jewels taken from old crowns, and others furnished by command of Her Majesty. It consists of diamonds, pearls, rubies, sapphires, and emeralds, set in silver and gold; it has a crimson velvet cap with ermine border, and is lined with white silk. Its gross weight is 39 oz. 5 dwt. troy. The lower part of the band, above the ermine border, consists of a row of 129 pearls, between which, in front of the crown, is a large sapphire (partly drilled), purchased for the crown by His Majesty King George IV. At the back is a sapphire of smaller size, and six other sapphires (three on each side), between which are eight emeralds. Above and below the seven sapphires are 14 diamonds, and around the eight emeralds 128 diamonds. Between the emeralds and the sapphires are 16 trefoil ornaments, containing 160 diamonds. Above the band are eight sapphires surmounted by eight diamonds, between which are eight festoons consisting of 148 diamonds. In the front of the crown, and in the centre of a diamond Maltese cross, is the famous ruby said to have been given to Edward, Prince of Wales, son of Edward the Third, called the Black Prince, by Don Pedro, King of Castile, after the battle of Najera, near Vittoria, A.D. 1367. This ruby was worn in the helmet of Henry the Fifth at the battle of Agincourt, A.D. 1415. It is pierced quite through, after the Eastern custom, the upper part of the piercing being filled by a small ruby. Around this ruby, in order to form the cross, are 75 brilliant diamonds. Three other Maltese crosses, forming the two sides and back of the crown, have emerald centres, and contain respectively 132, 124, and 130, brilliant diamonds. Between the four Maltese crosses, are four ornaments in the form of the French fleur-de-lis, with four rubies in the centres, and surrounded by rose diamonds, containing respectively 85, 86, and 87, rose diamonds. From the Maltese crosses issue four imperial arches composed of oak leaves and acorns; the leaves contain 728 rose, table, and brilliant diamonds; 32 pearls form the acorns, set in cups containing 54 rose diamonds and one table diamond. The total number of diamonds in the arches and acorns is 108 brilliant, 116 table, 559 rose diamonds. From the upper part of the arches are suspended four large pendants pear-shaped pearls with rose diamond caps, containing 12 rose diamonds, and stems containing 24 very small rose diamonds. Above the arch stands the mound, containing in the lower hemisphere 304 brilliants, and in the upper 224 brilliants, the zone and arc being composed of 33 rose diamonds. The cross on the summit has a rose-cut sapphire in the centre, surrounded by four large brilliants and 108 smaller brilliants.

THE SMALLEST BOOK IN THE WORLD.—The smallest book ever printed since type was first invented is a microscopic edition of Dante's "Divina Commedia," which was on view last year at the Paris exhibition. The whole volume of 500 pages is only five centimetres long by three and one-half centimetres wide. Two sheets of paper sufficed to contain all the 14,323 verses of the poem, thirty verses occupying a space of somewhat less than eight square centimetres. The type with which this curiosity was printed was cast as long ago as 1834, but no complete book had hitherto been turned out in it, the difficulties for compositor and reviser being so enormous that the attempts were given up time after time, no one being able to continue the work. In 1873 a fresh attempt was made to "set up" the "Commedia," and some notion of the difficulty experienced may be gathered from the fact that the work occupied no less than five years in its completion. The text is that of Fraticelli, the reader was a certain Signor Luigi Busato, and the compositor Giuseppe Geche. The eyesight of the latter is irretrievably ruined. The writer in the *Allgemeine Zeitung*, from whose article this notice is extracted, states that he is unable to form a judgment as to how the corrections were carried out, for even with the best magnifying glass he is unable to follow the text continuously. The edition has been christened "La Dantina," the "Little Dante." A thousand copies of it are to be struck off, and will shortly be out upon the market, after which the type will be at once broken up.

LEARNING TO WRITE.—We believe that there is no single system of *mécanique* for writing, and that a child, belonging to the educated classes, would be taught much better and more easily if, after being once enabled to make and recognize written letters, it were let alone, and praised or chidden not for its method, but for the result. Let the boy hold his pen as he likes, and make his strokes as he likes and write at the pace he likes—hurry, of course, being discouraged—but insist strenuously and persistently that his copy shall be legible, shall be clean, and shall approach the good copy set before him, namely, a well-written letter, not a rubbishy text on a single line, written as nobody but a writing-master ever did or will write till the world's end. He will make a muddle at first, but he will soon make a passable imitation of his copy, and ultimately develop a characteristic and strong hand, which may be bad or good, but will not be either meaningless, undecided, or illegible. This hand will alter, of course, very greatly as he grows older, it may alter at 11, because it is at that age that the range of the eyes is fixed, and short sight betrays itself; and it will alter at 17, because the system of taking notes at lecture, which ruins most hands, will have cramped and temporarily spoiled the writing; but the character will form itself again, and will never be deficient in clearness or decision. The idea that it is to be clear will have stamped itself, and confidence will not have been destroyed by worrying little rules about attitude, and angle, and slope, which the very irritation of the pupils ought to convince the teachers are, from some personal peculiarity, inapplicable. The lad will write, as he does anything else that he cares to do, as well as he can, and with a certain efficiency and speed. Almost every letter he gets will give him some assistance, and the master's remonstrance on his illegibility will be attended to like any caution given in the curriculum.

LITERARY.

BUCKLE at one time possessed 22,000 volumes, and, though he frequently sold parts of his library, the collection was seldom short of Milton, Burke, and the dictionaries. Of pipe and tobacco he was as fond as Carlyle.

LONDON World.—"Newman will live in the national memory, not only as a theologian, but as a writer who has made the English a more varied, subtle and sympathetic instrument than almost any other single master of prose."

It is stated that the life of the late Prince Imperial which is now being written by Paul de Cassagne, is objected to by the ex-Empress Eugénie; notwithstanding this there is every probability of it being published in several European languages.

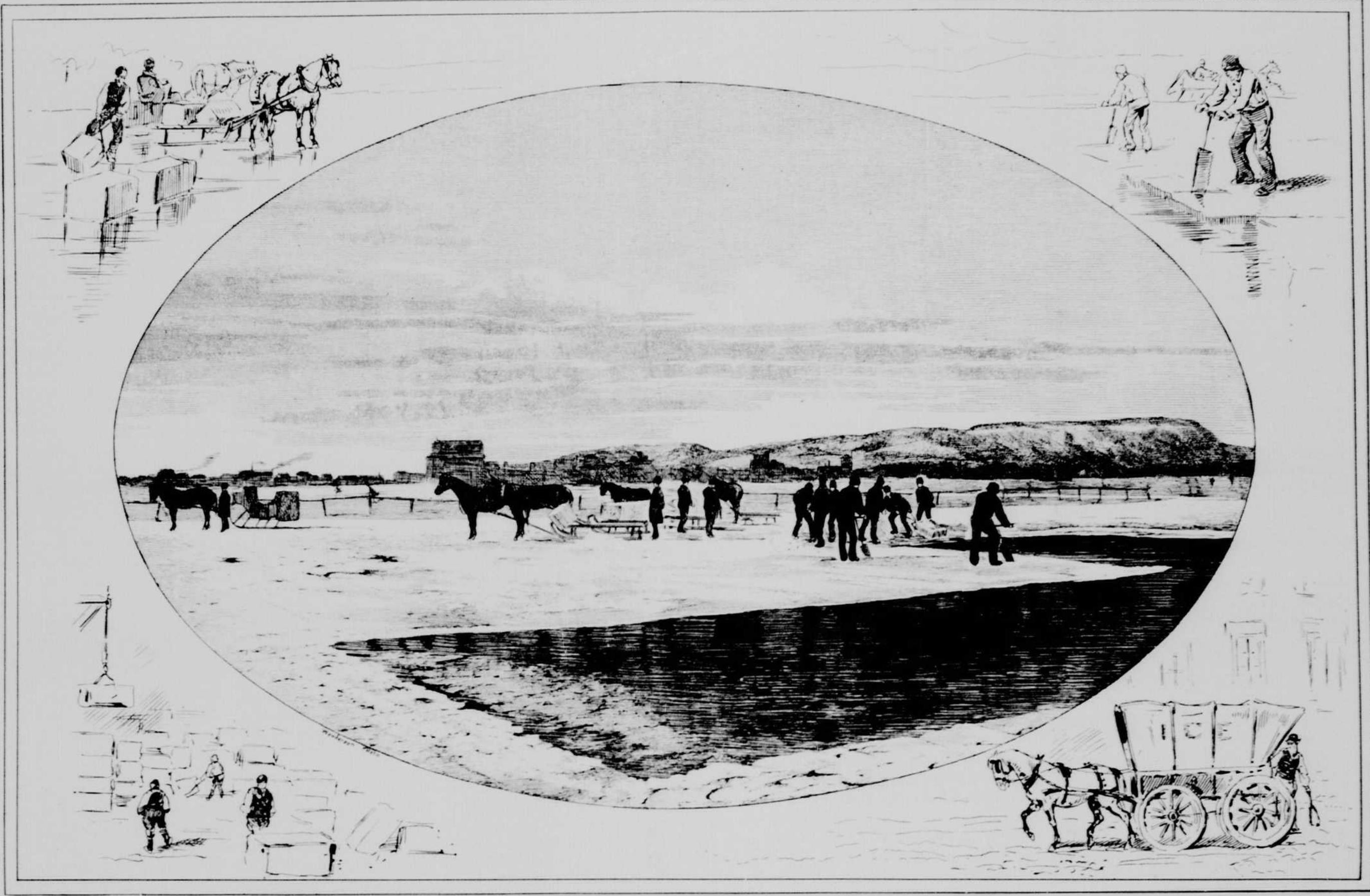
AN Italian priest and philologist, Bernardino Peyron, has discovered in the binding of a Greek manuscript from the ancient library of St. Ambrose, on Mount Athos, two fragments of St. Paul's Epistles in the Greek text. Similar fragments in Paris have long been highly valued.

At length, Edgar Allan Poe is to receive full justice at the hands of Mr. J. H. Ingram, of London, who has just ready for the press two volumes, treating of his whole career and its vicissitudes, with great fullness, and with materials said to have been furnished by those who were in the closest relations to him and not heretofore known to the public.

AN agent of D. Appleton & Co., has been visiting Jeff Davis at Beauvoir, a station between Nashville and New Orleans, La., that firm being credited with the coming publication of the ex-President's memoirs. These will consist of two large octavo volumes, illustrated with the portraits of the officers of the Confederacy immediately under Davis. A large part of the first volume will expose the views of Mr. Davis as to the causes which led to the war.

Two Organs.

Regulate first the stomach, second the liver; especially the first, so as to perform their functions perfectly, and you will remove at least nineteen twentieths of all the ills that mankind is heir to, in this or any other climate. Hop Bitters is the only thing that will give perfectly natural action to these two organs.



THE MONTREAL ICE HARVEST.—FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY HENDERSON.



COSTUMES AT THE FANCY DRESS ENTERTAINMENT, ON THE VICTORIA RINK, MONTREAL.—LEAVES FROM OUR ARTIST'S SKETCH BOOK.

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CLARA CHILLINGTON; OR, THE PRIDE OF THE CLIFF.

A STORY OF ONE HUNDRED YEARS AGO.

BY

THE REVEREND JAMES LANGHORNE BOXER,

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

EDITED BY THE

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

CHAPTER XXIII.

PREPARATIONS COMMENCED.

The threats of Sir Harry Chillington being conveyed by Clara to Charles Freeman, he thought them to be only bluster, and took no further heed of them. Indeed, for all the feeling manifested by the baronet, he fondly hoped that time or circumstances would reduce his opposition, and that ultimately a reconciliation might be effected. They made no secret of their engagement, and the rage of the baronet he heard only as the sound of distant thunder, with no thought that the storm would collect and burst upon him. He knew the man could threaten fiercely, but he had never heard him spoken of as being famous for courage. That he would make an attempt on his life he had no thought, and apart from this he had no apprehension of danger.

Yet although Charles Freeman was fearless, it was otherwise with his friends, and Jacob Winter was in a high state of nervous agitation on the matter. The old man would on no account advise his protégé to lower his flag to the enemy, nor to abandon the prize he had taken in tow; he loved the exercise of pluck, and would rather he should fight so long as his timbers could hold together; but still he thought it only a matter of prudence to keep a good lookout, and never to set sail but under a convoy. Could the old captain have had his own way, his young friend would have walked about watched and guarded, as though he were a lunatic.

These fears on the part of his friends only made him more careless in his manner; for he hoped that by practising a fearless nonchalance he should ultimately destroy the anxious dread they entertained for his welfare.

Uncle Jacob was not alone in his anxiety for the safety of Charles Freeman, and when he little thought of it the eyes of the guardian of his boyhood were following him from place to place. Dick Backstay was one with his rival in caring for their common friend, and the annoyances which at different times they had indulged in were lost sight of in their mutual efforts. In watching for his welfare, the old men became reconciled; and as both of them were positively nervous on the subject, they became equally worried by the threats of Sir Harry. The eyes of Dick Backstay having become dimmed from age, and this fact destroying his power to see at such a long range as formerly, that he might not be prevented watching, Uncle Jacob bought and presented to him a powerful telescope.

Could Charles Freeman have known the espionage under which he moved about, it would possibly have produced a severe altercation between himself and his friends. But this was adroitly kept from him, and, while living in perfect liberty, he existed beneath the most watchful interest.

The night was dark when the skipper of the *Nancy* visited the camp of Jethro Lee. Having arranged matters on the French side of the channel, his object in visiting the gypsy was to capture and carry off their victim. The smuggler had told such of his crew as he thought it best to make acquainted with the subject, and had won their silence and the promise of aid by reward. All that remained now was to devise a plan for bringing him into their toils.

Affairs being set in motion, it became necessary that their future conduct should be marked out in detail. That their prey was in the neighbourhood they knew, for the gypsies seldom lost sight of him. To produce the course they must pursue rested with Jethro. He was equal to the task; his life had been one of perpetual scheming; it was the distinctive feature of his clan; and more serious work than that now occupying his mind had been effected by him. The two men, therefore, sitting in front of the tent, the smuggler began:

"Well, Jethro, and what is to be the plan for seizing this young fellow? We have put our hand to the job, and must now go on."

"You house-dwellers are wise," replied the gypsy.

"Humbly! You have always that slang on the tip of your tongue."

"We are only gypsies."

"That's true; but, being gypsies, this sort of thing is more in your line than mine."

"What is your plan?"

"I have none."

"Have none!"

"No; I can fight and work and steer the *Nancy* with any man along the coast, but I'm no schemer."

"Good; then you will give yourself up to my direction."

"If you don't form a plan, there will be none made by me."

"Your part on this side the water is easy to perform."

"The easier the better."

"This is your work; let your vessel be in readiness in Eastweor Bay to-morrow night by eleven o'clock. Be sure you are there, and have a small boat near the shore, that when you hear the well-known whistle you may run in, and taking the prisoner on board convey him to the *Nancy*."

"Is this all I shall have to do?"

"Are you not satisfied?"

"Yes, and am glad enough there is nothing more."

"Well, that is all your part of the work here, the rest I must undertake myself. You have made it right on the other side?"

"Quite so."

"Then let me advise you to get back to your home as quickly as you can, and take care that no one sees you; to be detected in this matter would be to produce a strange sensation in the throat."

Having drained another mug of brandy, and lighting his pipe, the smuggler took his departure. When he had gone, Jethro became profoundly abstracted. Thoughts unpleasant were chasing each other through his brain. His only daughter must be engaged in this affair; there was no help for it, and reluctant as he was she should become mixed up in it, he knew that her own repugnance would be greater. "That child, my only one, has never been of a gypsy disposition; she has the features and form, but she has not the soul of the tribe. Yet she must do it; there is no alternative, and I must now see her." Having spoken thus to himself, he arose and sought her tent. For a long time the gypsy remained there, and until the morning star became blotted out by approaching day.

The gypsy's daughter was tall, graceful, a complexion deeply olive-tinted, eyes dark and brilliant, which shot forth irresistible determination, and a contour that was perfectly beautiful. The majestic air with which she swept through the camp, and the reverence her presence imposed on that lawless crew, gave to her the appearance of being some princess of ancient Egypt receiving the homage of her subjects. The daughter of Jethro was the pride of her tribe, and justly were they proud of her, for not only was she beautiful in person, but she possessed an intelligence and moral capability far beyond her associates. Nor was she wanting in the noblest courage, while in delicacy of taste and refinement of habit, she was not to be surpassed. This young gypsy was the idol of her mother, and in the pride of her heart at the appearance she presented she surmised her the Princess. Seldom did she leave the camp, and whenever she did it was to perform some work that others of less delicate taste and skill could not discharge.

It required a good deal of persuasion to enlist the Princess into the service of her father, and when she yielded her consent it was more from a sense of duty than from any inclination she had for the work.

On the morning after the night the smuggler had been at the camp, Rachel might have been seen going in the direction of the Priory in company with the Princess. That his daughter should visit the Priory formed part of the plan of Jethro, and thither she was now directing her footsteps. The design of this visit was, if it were possible, to obtain an interview with Clara, and to elicit from the servants anything they might know of communications passing between herself and Charles Freeman.

This latter effort was left to Rachel, who went directly to the servant's hall, a place she was quite familiar with. The Princess remained in the pathway where Clara frequently walked and where she was most likely to meet her alone. Nor had she long to wait, for the beautiful morning had tempted her forth, and passing on, bearing in her hand a volume of a favourite author, she sought the shadow of a noble oak, where she might sit and read undisturbed.

The beauty of the surrounding scenery as it lay bathed in the morning sun, filled the soul of Clara with delight, and placing her hand on the gnarled stem of the tree, she became abstracted as in a delicious dream. The gypsy, who watched her approach, having waited until the servant, placing a seat for her mistress, had retired, and Clara had become absorbed in her reading, stealthily drew nigh to where the latter was sitting. Noiselessly she approached, and as she stood looking on the beautiful Saxon, a pity for her fate passed through her soul. Could nature have taken its own course, those two would have been friends, and the Princess would have told the plot formed for crushing her happiness, and ranged herself on the side of the defence. But that conflicting interest of mankind which so often deadens the heart's purest

and noblest feelings, and so frequently leads the human race to consider each other as natural foes, restrained her.

A sound purposely made by the gypsy on the grass now aroused the attention of Clara, who gazed in wonder at the beautiful form approaching her. A person more beautiful, she thought, she had never seen; and as she approached, with her long black hair falling in luxuriant tresses and partly covering her half-bared bosom, a passing thought that she was some maid from a neighbouring stream entered her mind. On seeing the eyes of Clara fixed on her, the gypsy bent herself with a perfect grace, and then, as with a downcast look she still advanced, in the low tones of a rich musical voice she began:

"Pardon me, my lady, in thus intruding on your retreat, but it is an errand of mercy which prompts me."

The silvery tones in which the gypsy spoke arrested the ear of Clara and enchanted her, while the graceful manner in which she stood before her, and the fact that the errand which brought her there was mercy, at once disarmed her of all prejudice and fear.

"What is it you require of me?" she enquired.

"It is this: One of our tribe, and a dear friend of mine, is suddenly seized with a sickness which baffles our skill, and knowing that my lady has influence with the physician of the district, I have come to you requesting a note of introduction to him."

"Why not go to him yourself?"

"I would, but our tribe is in disrepute with the faculty, and none of them care to approach us."

"I know not if I should be justified in responding to your request."

"Do you imagine that it will be a matter of cost that you are unwilling to confer this favour? Should such be your thoughts, I am ready to deposit with you what is of far more value than the physician's fee."

"Such are not my thoughts."

"My lady fears, and justly, too, that such an act will expose her to being suspected of having dealings with the gypsies. Why was I born an outcast! Pardon me, but was your young heart ever enamoured by affection?"

"Why do you ask me such a question?"

"Because if such were ever the case you can sympathize with one who sees the object of her love withering before her eyes under the force of disease, and without the power to command the hand of science to stretch forth itself for his deliverance."

The feeling with which the gypsy spoke these words aroused the sympathy of Clara, and enlisted her kindness.

"How long is it since your friend was taken sick?"

"A week since, my lady."

"And a physician has not yet visited him?"

"We have employed the skill of our tribe, and that has failed."

"Does your tribe practice the art of healing?"

"We have the knowledge of those simples which are ordinarily effective, but this is a case which baffles our skill."

"Follow me," and, laying aside her book, she arose and hastened toward the Priory. Having written a note to her own physician, requesting him, as a personal favour, to visit the dying gypsy, she delivered it into the hand of the dark-skinned beauty.

"Thank you," she replied, on receiving the note; and as she looked into the face of Clara she heaved a sigh, and the tear-drop floated in her large black eyes.

"You are welcome," said the heiress of the Priory, more than ever interested in the gypsy.

"May I offer you this golden band in security for the payment of the physician's fee?" As the gypsy spoke she drew from beneath her cloak a belt of ancient make, worked most curiously and in the most delicate taste with thread of gold. The attention of Clara was excited by that thing of beauty; the gypsy saw it, and continued: "This article is an heirloom to the leader of our tribe; its antiquity is great, and tradition assigns it a place when we were not a fugitive race, despised and rejected. With us it is an article of great value, but I will leave it with you as a pledge for the payment of all expenses incurred through your kindness."

"By no means. I admire the beauty of the article, but I will not receive it."

"Have I then found one who can trust to the honor of a gypsy?"

"I will to yours," replied Clara, confidently.

"Thank you, my lady," said the gypsy, as with a grace she took her departure.

"How sad!" sighed Clara, as she resumed her seat and her book, "that one so beautiful should be thus associated. She must be faithful; a countenance of that type can never be deceptive."

"How sad!" sighed the gypsy, when she had got beyond hearing, "that one so beautiful should be tossed on the waves of sorrow." And as she spoke she loathed herself that she had been practising deceit on one so good.

Rachel was waiting for her daughter, and instantly she saw her, she enquired:

"My Princess, have you succeeded? Have you obtained the note, and does she keep the girdle?"

"I have obtained what you sent me for; and here is your treasure."

"I knew she would not retain the girdle; it would have been a bad job had she done so; but offering it to her gave a colour to the deception."

I should think you are well pleased with your morning's work?"

"I am not; nor with myself for doing it."

"My Princess, you have no heart for deception."

"None, truly; and I wish that my lot had fallen among the humblest house-dwellers rather than where it is."

"The interest of our tribe demands this kind of practice, and the house-dweller is our common foe."

"They may well think so."

"We are a peculiar people, my Princess."

"I would that we were more common."

"You will not show to the tribe your disapproval of this work?"

"I know my duty, but I loathe myself for the deceit I have practised on one so good and beautiful."

"You must set aside your finer feelings for the good of the community."

"Tush!" was all the answer the gypsy girl deigned to bestow on the very questionable counsel, and then, with a queenly grace, she followed in silence her loquacious mother.

On reaching the camp, the success of the Princess became loudly applauded, and not least by Jethro, who forgot for the moment the gravity he usually assumed in the pleasure that this basis of his plan for the capture of Charles Freeman had been so easily secured.

CHAPTER XXIV.

THE CAPTURE.

"That is better, my Princess," exclaimed Rachel, as she looked at a piece of paper on which were traced a number of words in an irregular form, and without any sense. "Another trial will perfect your endeavour."

Obedient to the command of her mother, the gypsy, with the note obtained from Clara lying before her, again exercised her exquisite skill on a fresh sheet of paper.

"That is perfection!" again exclaimed Rachel, as her daughter passed to her the result of another effort she had made. This time it was a note written in a fair and delicate hand, and was quickly shown to the leaders of the tribe, who pronounced it perfect.

The Princess had forged a note to Charles Freeman in the handwriting of Clara, and in a manner that would have baffled the cunning of the cleverest expert to have detected it. To secure the copy the gypsy had visited the Priory, and the tale of sorrow was fabricated to awaken the sympathies of her dupe. The design of the forged note was to induce Charles Freeman to leave home to meet a messenger from Clara by ten o'clock that evening. The request ran:

"Dearest Charles,—It is with the deepest sorrow I inform you that Sir Harry has again given utterance to his wrath in the severest execrations. I tremble for the consequences, less for my own sufferings than for yours. I pray you to be cautious, as it is impossible to point out the course his anger will take. May I entreat of you, as you regard my happiness, to be on the East Cliff to-night, certainly not later than half-past ten, when a trusty messenger from myself will meet you with further information."

"Yours forever,
"CLARA."

P.S.—Fail not to be present at the hour named."

This clever effort of the gypsy raised her high in the esteem of her people, who believed they could trace in her all that tradition had inspired them to believe belonged to the former glories of the princes of their race. Having received the applause of the swarthy tribe, heart-sick, yet in manner calm and indifferent, she folded the note most tastefully, that it might be ready when the hour arrived to send it to its destination.

The sun which had been shining in splendour throughout the day, was sinking below the horizon, when there came forth from a tent in the gypsy encampment a man dressed in the livery of the Priory. The manner in which he touched his hat on approaching Jethro, would have assured him the reputation of being an adept in the calling of a livery servant. It was to this man the fatal note was to be entrusted for safe deliverance, and it appeared impossible that one better adapted for such a mission could be found.

Leaving the camp of the Lee's, the messenger crossed the public road, and quickly descending the sides of the cliff, pursued his way along the lower level by the sea shore. Maliciously he smiled as he passed onward to his cruel work, an evil angel, bent on destroying the happiness of those who were a blessing to the world. To see such an agent pursuing a work so fiendish might have aroused the feeling of the beholder to call for one of those accidents which unlooked for so frequently overtake the good and smite him to the earth; but such accident, fled the guilty wretch, and held themselves painfully, although wisely, aloof from interfering with that man of mischief. Neither did it happen, as is sometimes the case when the wicked are plotting against the good, that the heavens themselves, as though to intimidate and turn them from their evil course, utter in the rolling thunder, and in the vivid lightning flash, the voice of warning. On this occasion the firmament was serene, and the ocean calm, save that the gentle ripple, the effect of the feeble breathing of the east wind, agitated its surface. The shadows of evening now covered the earth, and those sen-

tinels of the sky, which appear as the eyes of the Omiscient ever gazing on our world, had come forth to perform their nightly vigils. The shining of the stars, the murmur of the ocean, and the quiet of the earth, seemed as the voice of Mercy uttered in the low cadence of eternal love, to invite the sinning man to repent, and refrain from his evil purpose.

Bent on mischief, and on gain, the voice of Heaven uttered through the medium of nature fell unheeded on the gypsy, and he passed on until he reached the town of Folkestone, and through its quiet streets to the residence of Charles Freeman. In answer to the summons of the house bell the servant appeared, to whom he delivered the note, with the strict injunction that it should be immediately placed in the hands of the person to whom it was addressed. While passing the note to the girl the messenger placed himself in such a position that his face could only partly be seen, but his livery appeared clearly. Giving expression to a few of those familiarities peculiar to themselves, which servants from different families indulge in when they meet, he nimbly withdrew from the door, leaving the servant standing and smiling at the pleasantries he had uttered. Faithful to her charge the girl immediately delivered the note to Charles Freeman, who on receiving it withdrew from the apartment.

Entering his study he again perused the note, and as he read his mind became agitated. Repeatedly did he read it, and then placing it on the table looked at it from a distance as though to assure himself that it was reality. There could be no mistaking the writing; but what had Sir Harry been doing to her he loved to produce such an unusual request. This question now occupied his thoughts, and made him forget any danger which might threaten himself in his apprehension for the welfare of Clara.

Bitterly did Charles Freeman lament that Clara should be shut up as with a lion in his den, beyond the power of human sympathy and aid; and with a fierceness of manner unusual to him did he denounce the cowardice of the baronet, who refused to meet himself as a man, and assail him either by word or deed, giving to him the opportunity to explain or to defend himself. Still he would respond to the note; as in obeying her request it was all that at present he could do to solace her, and taking the note he placed it in his bosom.

Having thus taken care of the document, as though that missive uttered a warning voice, the thought entered his brain that possibly the request might be the trap of an enemy set for his destruction; but this feeling he quickly rejected as being too cowardly to be entertained. He prepared for starting; but the thought again intruded, and more to satisfy this feeling arising from it than from any reasonable consideration, he drew forth from his desk a brace of pistols. He smiled at his own apprehension as he looked on the weapons, and having made them ready for use, he placed them in his pocket.

Soon after the messenger had left the camp with the note, Jethro might have been seen exercising the edge of his knife on a piece of tough wood he had cut from an adjoining copse. Having shaped it according to design, he notched the ends, and fastening a piece of strong cord to them put the machine in his pocket. Coiling up other pieces of cord, he also placed them about his person, that they might be ready for immediate use. Matters being thus arranged to the satisfaction of the gypsy chief, he placed a brace of pistols in his belt, and calling to him three stout fellows who lay on the grass awaiting his signal, the four left the encampment.

"You'll not use those bull dogs!" said Rachel, as she stood at the entrance of the chief's tent as the men passed.

"Only to wing him with, or in self-defence," was the short reply of Jethro.

The beautiful daughter of the gypsy also stood at the tent door, but without condescending as much as to look at her father, she drew herself up proudly, and walked away stately, in another direction. That girl had no heart for the cunning cruel work of a gypsy, and disgusted with her associates she sought retirement. Sitting upon the grass, beneath the branches of a majestic oak, whose thick foliage shut out the star of evening, which had already taken its place in the sky as the herald of approaching night, the gypsy girl wept. What would she not have given at that moment to put a stop to the execution of a plot destructive to the happiness of those who had never sought her harm. For an instant she had been flattered with the praises of her tribe for her success; but now that reflection had taken possession of her mind, she appeared an object of loathing to herself, and the tears she shed were those of reproach and shame for what she had done. That the gypsies were hated by the house-dwellers she felt to be no excuse for her conduct, and that they were hated she felt to be richly deserved. Had it been possible for that beautiful girl to persuade herself that Clara Chillington would have been her friend and protector, she would willingly have dared the wrath of her tribe to explode the plot now about to be reduced to practice; but her education was against such an idea. She had been trained to think that every man's hand was against them; and such being the case, it was right that the hand of the gypsy should be against every man.

On leaving the camp the men took their course for the place where Charles Freeman

had been invited to meet the messenger from the Priory; and having reached the spot, they now lay secreted in a thicket that skirted the edge of the cliff, noiselessly and anxiously awaiting his approach.

"It is time he made his appearance, if he means to come at all," whispered one of the watchers.

"He'll come presently," was the answer returned.

"Cease your talking!" peevishly exclaimed Jethro, who was not without unpleasant thoughts lest his scheme should fail. Having commanded silence, he placed his ear on the ground, and lay attentively listening.

Not a sound reached the ear of the gypsy as he lay stretched upon the ground; the stillness of the night was unusual, and every noise appeared hushed in silence. Again he placed his ear upon the ground to listen, and again arose with disappointment and vexation written upon his countenance. Pausing awhile, he once more pursued the same course; and this time the sound of approaching footsteps were heard.

"He is coming," whispered Jethro, "prepare for action; but let no more violence be employed than is necessary for securing him."

All unconscious of the danger awaiting him, and expecting every moment to meet the messenger from the Priory, Charles Freeman came walking on.

"It is strange the messenger does not appear!" he quietly exclaimed. "It is past the hour appointed, and I have already reached the place named in the note. Perhaps some incident occurred which prevented the person starting exactly to the minute. Peace! unquiet thought. The note was too plainly written for it to be a deception. I would stake my life upon its genuineness. I will walk as far as the stile, and sit there and wait."

Following out this resolve he started at a quicker pace; but before he had proceeded a dozen yards he was seized upon from behind and nearly hurled to the ground. On feeling himself touched he sprang forward, and forcing himself free, stood confronting his adversary. Not a word was spoken on either side, but a flash from the pistol of Charles Freeman sent a bullet in the direction of the gypsies. In his excitement he aimed too high, the shot passed over their heads, and before he could repeat the firing they had seized upon him.

Charles Freeman fought desperately, and succeeded in again getting free; but fearing that he would now escape them, one of the men rushed upon him, and with a blow from the butt of a pistol fetched him senseless to the ground.

"That's a quietus," said Jethro, as he saw the form of the man stretched on the ground in a state of unconsciousness. These were the first words spoken during the affray; for as the result of the pride and vigor of manhood one side had refused to cry for help, and it was not in the interest of his opponents to make a noise.

While Charles Freeman lay senseless at their feet the men bound him hand and foot, and drawing the gag he had made from his pocket, Jethro employed it for further security. At a signal from the gypsy chief the boat from the *Nancy* came quickly to the shore, and receiving her apparently lifeless freight, she pushed off to the larger vessel.

For a long time Charles Freeman remained unconscious of his condition, and when his senses returned finding himself at sea, and surrounded by the smuggler crew, the conspiracy became patent. On placing their captive on board the *Nancy* the gypsies had released him from the gag, and thongs which bound him, so that his limbs were now free.

As the light from the binnacle lantern fell on the countenance of the smuggler skipper, the prisoner saw the type of character among whom he had fallen, and that it was useless to expect any commiseration from them. In the pride of his nature he scorned to solicit any favour, and he arose and walked the deck in silence. It was plain from appearances that a carousal had been indulged in on board the *Nancy*, for bottles broken and entire were lying upon the deck. Secretly Charles Freeman picked up an empty bottle, and having employed it for his own purpose, he then sought to reduce his feelings to the level of his condition.

The wind which had been gently blowing from the east as the evening began, had freshened considerably during the night, and under full sail the vessel soon reached the shores of France.

The dawn was breaking and casting its oblique rays across the expanse of water as the smuggler came to an anchor. Quickly the canvas ran down the well-shaven mast of the *Nancy*, and the little boat which brought the prisoner aboard was hauled again alongside. In company with Jack Pegden he was commanded to leave the vessel, and they both were rowed to the shore. As the boat struck the beach Charles Freeman was delivered up to two men, one in the decline of life, the other in the prime and strength of youth, and entering a *voiture* he was borne away. Having seen him secured Jack Pegden returned to his vessel, and the prisoner became lost to the world.

(To be continued.)

THE Prince Edward Island Legislature was opened recently, and among the Government measures promised is one to diminish the cost of the administration of justice, and one to abolish the Legislative Council.

FEEDING ON AIR.

Schwaekheimer wanted my opinion the other day about fasting, *à propos* of a newspaper paragraph concerning the controversy between certain doctors on this subject. My friend had just been favoring me with his company at dinner, and had done justice to the meal, as he always does—when the meal is a good one; and as we sat in the library subsequently, lazily burning certain vegetable productions, and watching the circling wreaths of smoke wind upward till they lost themselves in the dim shadows the student's lamp threw on the ceiling, I suppose his heart warmed towards the unfortunate people who had to do without their dinners. He is not himself more abstemious than is necessary for his own good. He is a very earnest student, and will spend hours poring intently over a volume of metaphysics—German, at that—to all appearances quite oblivious of sublunary affairs; but when feeding his brain he never forgets his stomach, and the meal-time summons never break upon his ear unheeded. He holds the theory that a man cannot do justice to his mental powers if he neglects physical sustenance, and he practices what he preaches.

So, I suppose it was not without a sense of pity for suffering humanity that he started talking about Dr. Hammond and his controversy with professing fasters. A certain Miss Faucher, it was claimed, could and did abstain from food for several weeks. Dr. Hammond had mildly expressed his opinion that she was a fraud, and offered to give her \$1,000 if she could show herself able to endure an extended fast under careful watching; but her friends would not agree to this proposition, because the presence of a nature so gross and material as his would have a bad effect on the young lady, and hinder the success of the experiment. Then a doctor out west took up the subject, and declared that he could fast forty days, on the same principle that bears hibernation during the winter season. Dr. Hammond made him, also, the same proposition—giving him a chance to earn \$1,000 by thirty days' fasting—provided only he would submit to be watched. Up to date the offer had not been accepted; and it was in referring to this controversy, as detailed in a newspaper, that Schwaekheimer wanted to know what I thought about it.

What about it? Well, I am prepared to believe a great many wonderful things; but when it comes to living for thirty days without a particle of solid food or a drop of liquid, I feel somewhat like the New York doctor and would prefer seeing it before believing. Not that the western medico who boasts of his abstentive capabilities propounds any novel doctrine. There was an enthusiastic Rosierucian some centuries ago—John Heydon by name—who professed to believe that men could fast as long as they lived, even though they should reach the age of Methuselah. There was "a fine foreign fatness" in the very air, he held, which ought to suffice for most people; though gross and material natures might be allowed the occasional application of a cooked meat poultice to the epigastrium.

Did he try the experiment on himself with any degree of success?

I could not say; the record is silent on this point.

Ah! quoth Schwaekheimer, I was thinking that, perhaps, he had tried it with the same success that befel Duncan McGirdie in his experiment on his mare, of which the valiant Ensign Maccombich tell us. "He wanted to use her by degrees to live without meat, and just as he had put her on a straw a day the poor thing died."

Perhaps so; but if you want to hear about people who were supposed to have lived on little or nothing for a long time you have only to read Dr. Hammond's little book on "Fasting Girls," where many of the notable cases are recorded. Some appeared to live on decidedly low rations. There was a lady named Lidune who fell ill in 1395, and remained an invalid till her death thirty-three years later; for the first nineteen years her food consisted of a piece of apple no bigger than a wafer daily, with a swallow of water, or beer, or milk, and by this means she so accustomed herself to dispense with victuals that for the last fourteen years of her life she took nothing at all. St. Joseph of Cupertino kept seven forty-day fasts every year, during which he ate only on Thursdays and Sundays, and even then nothing but bitter herbs and dried fruits. St. Nicholas of Flue—certainly no relation to Santa Claus—when he embraced a monastic life abandoned all food save the Holy Eucharist. And the ecclesiastical records tell of other holy personages—St. Peter of Alcantara, St. Rose of Lima, St. Catharine of Siena and the nun of Leicester—who were also able to live on the sacramental bread alone. Then we are told of one Mary Waughton, of Wigginton, in Staffordshire, who lived on a spoonful of milk and water a day, with a bit of bread the size of a half-crown, or a piece of meat as large as a pigeon's egg; of Christina Michelot, a French girl, who for four years lived on water, and then returned to her normal diet; of Ann Walsh, of Harrowgate, who for thirteen months subsisted on a daily allowance of a third of a pint of wine and water. Of course, when you get down to such a small quantity of food you can easily go a step further, and accept the record of cases wherein food was dispensed with entirely. Margaret Weiss, a girl of ten, near Spire, lived for three years without food or drink—during which time she was carefully watched by the parish priest and Dr. Bucoldianus. Apollonia Schreier, a virgin in Bern, was examined by the magistrates, who certified that she was

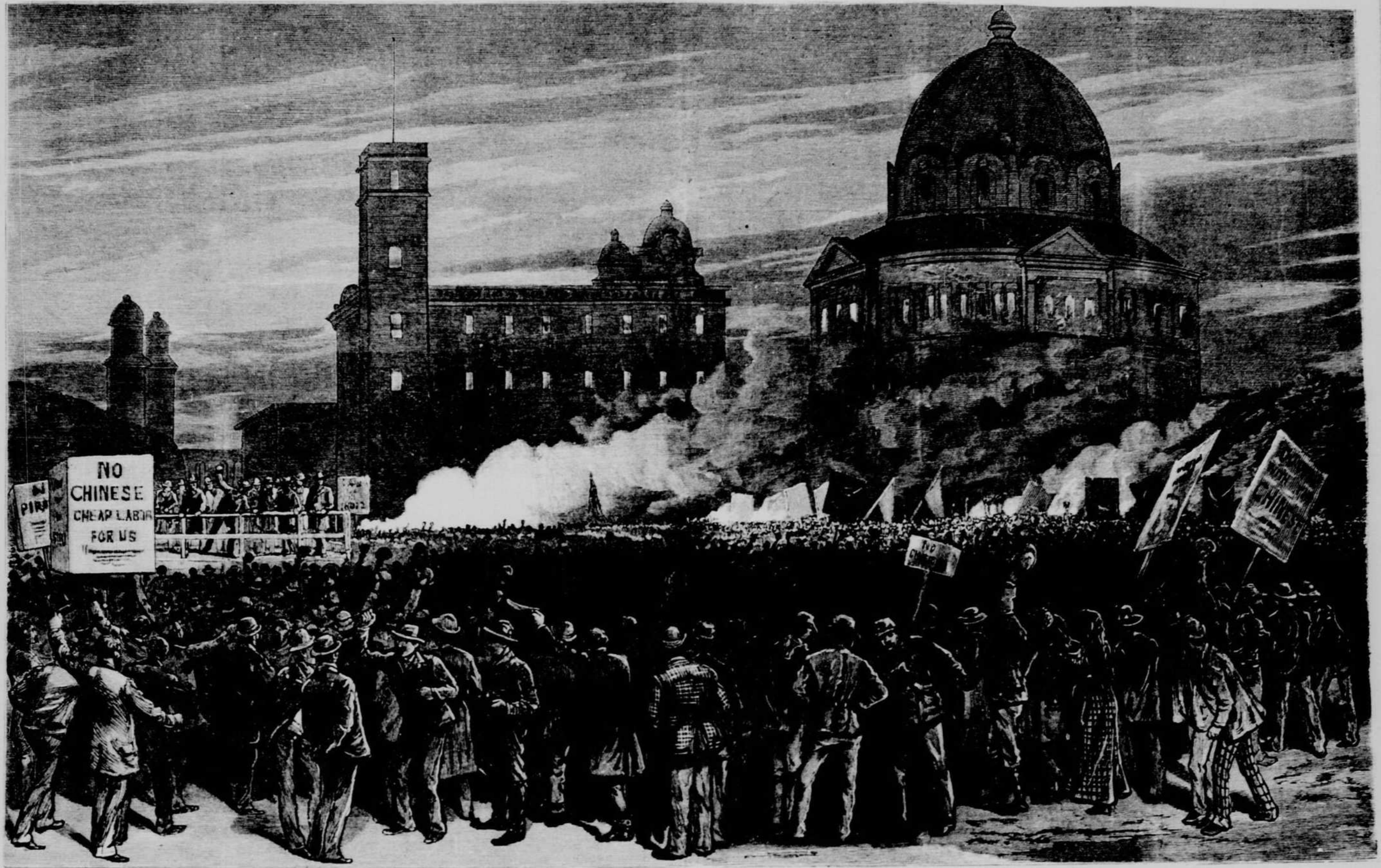
able to live without eating anything. Katherine Binder, of the Palatinate, lived on air for nine years; and Eva Fliegen, of Meurs, we are assured on the authority of the local magistracy and clergy, "took no kind of sustenance for the space of fourteen years together." Many other cases are recorded, nearly all being women or children. But sometimes men were able to show as much self-denial as women; such, for instance, was John Scott, the Faster, a Teviotdale man, who in 1531, took sanctuary in the abbey of Holy rood House, where he remained some forty days without food, and then was imprisoned in the Castle for thirty-two days, at the end of which time the bread and water left in the cell with him were found untouched. Subsequently, Scott went to Rome where he gave an exhibition of abstinence to the truth of which Clement VII. certified. Returning to England, he got into trouble by preaching against Henry VIII., and was sent to jail again, where he remained for fifty days without eating. Albergati investigated this fasting phenomenon at his own house, and after a trial of eleven days came to the conclusion that Scott really possessed the power he claimed.

I was about referring to some more of these wonderful cases; but I said that Schwaekheimer was anxious to deliver himself of some ideas, so I let him. He has been meditating on matrimony of late, and is, therefore, disposed to speculations of an economical nature. So I was not surprised to hear him say he thought it would be a great saving in the way of butcher's and baker's bills if a family could be run on this principle. The head of the house would, of course, have to live after the usual fashion; but water and air would be a cheap diet for children, if only sufficiently fattening. He had always been of the opinion that the observations of the old Hebrew writer about Ephraim feeding on wind, and following after the east wind, were to be taken in a metaphorical sense; but if these stories were true it would justify one in supposing that there was an abundant supply of nutriment in the atmosphere. Perhaps, if people would take the air into their stomachs as well as their lungs it would serve all the purposes of a rarified soup. After solemnly advancing this idea, which I was not prepared to controvert, my friend wanted to know if the neighbours of any of these fasting girls were ever curious enough to watch them and see if they took a surreptitious bite.

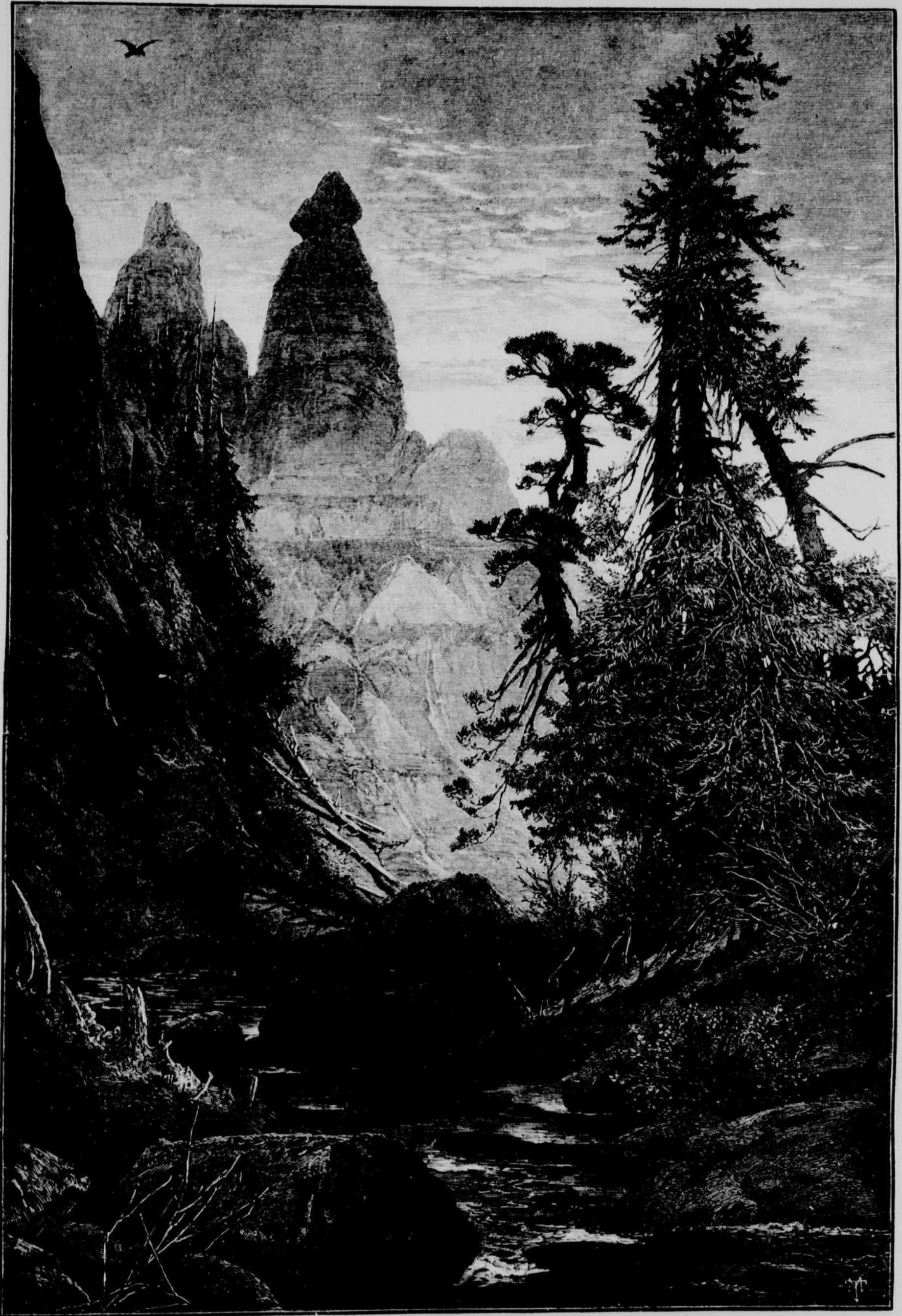
Oh, yes! sometimes, for example, at the beginning of the present century, one Ann Moore, of Sudbury, in England, professed for several years to be able to do without food, and made considerable money out of the bounty of visitors who came to see her. She was watched, but succeeded in deceiving the watchers for three weeks by her daughters giving her food when kissing her, or by washing her face with towels dipped in milk or gruel and squeezing the liquid into her mouth. A second set of watchers were keener, and when she found herself, as she thought, near dead from starvation she made a full confession. In 1852, Elizabeth Squirell, of Shottesham, Suffolk, managed for a time to be fool a number of doctors, preachers, and "members of the aristocracy," and make them believe that she lived for three months without eating; but she was detected at last. Thirteen years ago, the case of Sarah Jacob, the Welsh fasting girl, attracted considerable notoriety. She was ten years old; had been subject to epilepsy, and, according to her parents, lost her appetite, eating gradually less and less till she got down to nothing at all. On this diet she was said to have existed for a couple of years to the great profit of her people, who derived a respectable income from the credulous visitors. In 1867, a fortnight's systematic watch was undertaken; but as some of the watchers got drunk, and others slept, their inspection of the case was not to be depended on. Finally, in December of that year, four female nurses from Guy's Hospital were sent to take charge of the case. She gradually sank, and after eight days died—starved to death undoubtedly. Other cases are said to have been carefully watched with a different result; but, of course, there is always the possibility of collusion. It is much easier to report that a thing has been done, than to do it over again.

But, quoth Schwaekheimer, viewing the subject in the light of these illustrations it does not appear that healthy activity and this low diet are at all compatible. When a person wants to live on these exceedingly low rations he—or she usually—has to go to bed and be for all practical purposes dead. That's what you call "suspended animation," I suppose.

Nearly so; in some cases altogether so, and there is no doubt that in true cases of "suspended animation" life may be protracted for a long time without food. Hibernating animals are evidences of this; but whether it is possible to make men hibernate is another question. St. Augustine, in one of his books, tells of a priest who could withdraw himself from life so far as to become insensible to pain and incapable of motion, though not entirely unconscious for he could hear the voices of those around him; but let me get down this book on the shelf over your head and read you a wonderful story told with a minuteness of detail that gives it a flavor of veracity, and yet so startling that I will not press you to believe it. Here it is. It purports to be the account by the Hon. G. W. Osborne, Military Secretary to the English Mission at the Court of Runjeet Singh in 1838, of what he actually heard respectable witnesses say. In his report he tells of an interview with an Indian fakir who had a great reputation for his miraculous power of living under very adverse cir-



ANTI-CHINESE CRUSADE IN CALIFORNIA. A KEARNEY MEETING AT THE SAND LOTS.



TOWER CREEK BELOW THE FALLS.—FROM A PAINTING BY MORAN.

circumstances—no less than being buried in the ground for any length of time. Mr. Osborne says:

"Captain Wade told me he was present at the fakir's exhumation after an interment of several months. Gen. Ventura having buried him in the presence of the Maharajah and many of his principal sirdars; and as far as I can recollect these were the particulars as witnessed by Gen. Ventura. After going through a regular course of preparation the fakir reported himself ready for the interment in a vault which had been prepared for the purpose by order of the Maharajah. On the appearance of Runjeet and his court, he (the fakir) proceeded to the final preparations that were necessary, and, after stopping with wax his ears and every other orifice through which it was possible for air to enter his body, except his mouth, he was stripped and placed in a bag. The last preparation consisted in turning his tongue back, and thus closing the gullet, whereupon he immediately died away into a sort of lethargy. The box was then closed and sealed with the Runjeet's own seal, and afterward placed in a small deal box, which was also locked and sealed. The box was then placed in the vault, the earth thrown in and trodden down, a crop of barley sown over the spot, and sentries placed around it. The Maharajah was, however, very sceptical on the subject, and twice in the course of the 10 months he remained under ground, sent people to dig him up, when he was found to be exactly in the same position, and still in a state of suspended animation. At the expiration of 10 months the fakir was exhumed in the presence of Capt. Wade, also the Maharajah and others. The Captain witnessed the breaking of the seals and the opening of the box and bag. He also examined the inanimate body minutely. It was at first motionless and pulseless, though its appearance was otherwise natural. In two hours the process of restoring the faculties and functions was fully accomplished, and the fakir was apparently as well as ever."

Wonderful! exclaimed Schwaekheimer. If only Mr. Osborne really told that yarn; and if Capt. Wade actually told him; and if the aforesaid Capt. Wade and General Ventura were not lying!

Ah, if I confess to being a little sceptical myself—to put it mildly. And yet there are so many occurrences in nature to surprise us and upset our pre-conceived ideas that the more one investigates the less he is disposed to call anything impossible. There have no doubt been cases where in the course of disease a certain condition arises, which we call catalepsy, where all power of voluntary motion is lost, and heart and lungs have seemed to cease their action, and yet life still remained, and even consciousness, just as in the case of St. Augustine's priest. Take, for one example among several, that related by Dr. Crichton, and which I see Mr. Proctor has lately quoted in one of his magazine articles. Here is the account:

"A young lady, who had seemed gradually to sink until she died, had been placed in her coffin, careful scrutiny having revealed no signs of vitality. On the day appointed for her funeral, several hymns were sung before her door. She was conscious of all that happened around her, and heard her friends lamenting her death. She felt them put on the dead-clothes and lay her in the coffin, which produced an indescribable mental anxiety. She tried to cry, but her mind was without power, and could not act on the body. It was equally impossible for her to stretch out her arms, or to open her eyes or to cry, although she continually endeavoured to do so. The internal anguish of her mind, however, was at its utmost height when the funeral hymns began to be sung, and when the lid of the coffin was about to be nailed on. The thought that she was to be buried alive was the first one which gave activity to her mind, and caused it to operate on her corporeal frame. Just as the people were about to nail on the lid, a kind of perspiration was observed to appear on the surface of the body. It grew greater every moment; and a kind of convulsive motion was observed in the hands and feet of the corpse a few minutes after, during which fresh signs of returning life appeared. She at once opened her eyes, and uttered a most pitiable shriek."

Well, said Schwaekheimer, this may be true, and so may many other stories like it; but it seems these cataleptic attacks are involuntary, and come in the course of disease. It does not make it any more clear that people can retire whenever they like for a month's sleep, or that they can live without food at their own will and convenience.

No; it only shows that suspended animation is possible; and that under certain conditions of absolute rest, food can to some extent be dispensed with; but how to induce these conditions is yet among the undetermined problems.

Then there is nothing practical in the discussion. It is no satisfaction to know that that is possible which we can neither command nor control, nor does catalepsy settle the question of food or no food. How to get along without a meal when there is nothing in the house to eat—how to keep life in our paupers when our poor fund is exhausted—how to live on an empty stomach—is the answer to these questions any nearer!

No; no nearer. And, between you and me, when you hear of a person claiming to live without food for a month set the story down as one which may be true, but which requires more evidence before it can be accepted.

CL. T. C.

London, January, 1880.

AMERICAN WIT AND HUMOR.

What is wit? what is humor? and what is the difference between them? are questions which I do not purpose answering in this paper, but leave them to metaphysicians, who know everything in the abstract, and nothing in the concrete; everything in general, and nothing in particular. Locke places the distinction between wit and judgment: That where there is much judgment there is little wit, and little judgment where there is much wit. Sterne, who ridicules this distinction, compares wit and judgment to two knobs on the back of a chair, where each answers to each, and where one for harmony needs the other. This illustration would answer, too, in reference to wit and humor. Often you can distinguish them from each other only by their position, and frequently they so run into one another as to be undistinguishable and inseparable. Still, there are points of difference which separate them, and which, if not capable of being construed into a definition, at least give a characteristic significance to each. It is always conscious and personal, it is an intentional exercise of mind in the agent of it; humor on the contrary may be incidental, undesigned, impersonal and entirely unconscious. Addison, in his "Genealogy of Humor," says that Truth is the founder of the family and the father of Good Sense; that Good Sense fathered it and married a lady of collateral line called Mirth, by whom she had issue, Humor!

Many confound wit with humor; but although the one often sets off the other, there is even in their harmony a marked distinction. Again some consider humor to be the acme of wit—the point of the sword of which humor is the edge. True, men laugh at wit as well as humor. There is, however, this difference between them: wit at times cuts, while humor never does. When Jerrold heard a foolish stranger say at dinner, "Sheep's head forever," he exclaimed, "What egotism!" This was a witty flash, and it hurt. There was, however, more humor in Jerrold than wit when he exclaimed, as he saw a tall man dance with a short lady, "There's a mile dancing with a mile-stone!" It is a sharp tool to handle even in the most practised hands. It is not always a desirable quality, for the worst men often use it. It is very much embodied in the writings of Voltaire, who withered and blackened whatever he touched. Humor, however, without giving pain makes humanity merry; it would make us live more happily by making us laugh more heartily. With humor there is always associated a deep sensibility. The humorous man can rain tears as well as bring smiles. Comical humor is founded on a deep, thoughtful and manly character; but in wit there may be little of manliness or thought. It often happens that wit is accompanied with malignity. Pope was witty, but his wit only rendered mankind sad. Thackeray is wit all compact, but unlike Pope's wit it is not relieved by fringes of humor.

Dickens' humor is radiant and benevolent. Some nations have more humor than wit; others more wit than humor. The Irish people are possessed of more humor than wit. If the Scotch were not so "canny" they might be more comically inclined. Ireland is truly blessed in the humor of her people, which mingles with their blood, warms their hearts, and fructifies their lives. It is anomalously strange that English literature should be so rich in wit and humor, while the mass of the English people exhibit so little of either. An old proverb says, "Laugh and grow fat." Whether laughter superinduced by wit and humor has anything to do with adding to the longitude of some Englishmen I leave to others to answer. Says one theoretical writer on wit and humor, "Fat men are always humorous," and he cites Falstaff as an illustration. Tom Hood is also quoted, when he says of the Australian soil that "it is so fat, that tickle it with a hoe and it will laugh with a harvest." Shakespeare has touched this where Caesar says:

"Let me have men about me that are fat:
Sleek-headed men and such as sleep o' nights;
Yond Cassius has a lean and hungry look;
He thinks too much: such men are dangerous."

He reads much;
He is a great observer and he looks
Quite through the deeds of men. He loves no plays;
He hears no music;
Seldom he smiles; and smiles in such a sort,
As if he mock'd himself and scorn'd his spirit
That could be moved to smile at anything."

Still, I do not think that fun and fat go necessarily together. There are some persons buried in fat, of portly magnitude, and huge longitude, who scarcely ever feel the wave of laughter play upon the shore of their being. A story is told of a little child, who having heard her father relate the fact that Henry I. of England was never seen to smile after he had received the sad news of the drowning of his son in the White ship, childishly inquired as to what the king did when he was tickled? With those who have suffered bereavement and other severe afflictions we can indeed sympathize; but why men envired with sunny circumstances should wear perpetually sackcloth and ashes and a psalm-like veil over their faces, we cannot understand. True, the brightest life has gloomy hours; the most happy life has painful ones, and this is in the order of Providence and nature; but out of the cold and chilling winter comes the budding spring, the glory of summer and the strength of song. There are some, however, who would have nothing in man's life but winter; that he must be always sad of face, of frosty manner and of doleful speech. Such persons would make the earth only a place of bondage for the living, and a place of burial for the dead;

looking to the heavens only as the roof of a workhouse or the dome of a sepulchre. Again, many people through ultra-politeness destroy that freedom of life, which is accentuated at times by the bright lustre of humor, or the sparkling tide of innocent mirth; they mistake gravity for etiquette, and consider all outward demonstration and enthusiasm as a violation of decent manners. In the presence of such persons it becomes embarrassing to deliver an address. They will not applaud lest it be a breach of decorum and good manners. When the great Mrs. Siddons first acted Lady Macbeth in Edinburgh, it was to an audience that seemed moveless and dumb. She was in despair. She went more zealously to work and studied some special passages, which she thought must arouse them, and gave the passages with electric passion. For a moment all was still as usual, when an old man arose in the pit and shouted, "It's nae bad that!" The silence was broken, applause came in thunders, and ever since no national theatre has been more noisy than the Scottish. Humor without a question is national, and is less the product of education than of the inborn character of the people. It is said that no one but an Englishman could have made Douglas Jerrold's wit, any more than any one else but Hood could have made Hood's puns. Who but Hood could have fancied the Mrs. F, who was so very deaf that she might have worn a percussion cap and been knocked on the head without hearing it snap, and whose ear-trumpet was so wonderful, that she heard from her husband at Botany Bay! Could any one except Charles Lamb present us with that pleasing exaggeration, where he pities the solemn English ancestry, who lived before candles were common, and who, when a joke was cracked in the dark, had to feel around for the smile? There is too an American humor, distinctly national, indigenous to our racy cousins across the line, and eminently illustrative of the amusing faculty of the American people. It matters not whether it be by the legislature or by the hearth, in the newspaper or on the stage, in the car or in the steamer, the American race cheers its anxiety by humor so peculiar as to make a school of its own, which is marked by a dignity of philosophy worthy of a careful and studious enquiry. It is said that the American humor is entirely made up of the comical—a slashing humor which will sacrifice feeling, interest, sociability and morality for its joke; a towering humor that will one day make fun of all the rest of the world. The pretensions of others even amongst themselves afford excellent subjects for the laughter and jeers of the American people. As that classical and inimitable wag, Saxe, sings:

Depend upon it my snobbish friend,
Your family thread you can't ascend,
Without good reason to apprehend,
You may find it seized at the further end.
By some plebeian vocation;
Or, worse than that, your boasted line
May end in a loop of stronger twine,
That plagued some worthy relation.

Josh Billings too hits this well when he says that with some people who brag of ancestry, their great trouble is their great descent. True, there is no dignity of literature in the shrewd and practical humor of Billings; but in his species of drollery we can see the pucker of his mouth, the elfish twinkle of his eye, and the inward chuckle which has no outward sign. Aside from the fun contained in his bad orthography, there is much original humor in his droll sayings, which have recently begun to be largely appreciated. What humor is disguised when he says that wealth won't make a man virtuous, but there ain't anybody who wants to be poor just for the purpose of being good; where he says that one hornet if he felt well could break up a camp meeting. To this list he afterwards added, "My name will go down to the fether coupled with the hornet; we will be twins in posterity." I think the most refined and sparkling humorist we have ever had in America was Washington Irving. His Knickerbocker and other works abound in humor of the choicest kind, still he cannot very well be considered as a representative of American humor. He is too cosmopolitan. He is not to America what Richter is to Germany, or Dickens is to England. In fact few of the American humorists are strictly national. Perhaps Russell Lowell, in his character of Hosea Biglow, is more truly national than any other American writer.

But we cannot find American humor alone in books. We must enter the realms of Mrs. Partington, Josh Billings, Nasby, Max Adeler, Twain, Bret Harte and the many others, whose jets of fun bathe the American fields of literature with a bright and sparkling spray. There are few of the American humorists so superlatively grotesque as Artemus Ward. Though he lacks the pointed wit of Holmes or Saxe, next to Mark Twain and Bret Harte, Artemus Ward hit the very midriff of American humor. Who can ever forget how he won his Betsy Jane—the embarrassing picture which he drew of the situation of the lovers? "We sot there on the fence a-swinging our feet to and fro, blushin' as red as the Baldwinville skool-house when it was first painted, and looking very simple I make no doubt. My left hand was ockepied in ballunsin myself on the fence, while my rite was wounded lovingly round her waste." Such humor as the above belongs eminently to the grotesque. Another quality of American humor is colossal hyperbole. In fact it is well nigh impossible to have American humor without the element of exaggeration. This is particularly a characteristic of Mark Twain's humor. What quaint conceit was that which so puzzled Twain, as to what is going to be done with the dead who are

petrified at the resurrection! He concludes that they are to be polished! However, he thought his judgment might be erroneous, as he had had no experience yet in resurrections.

What could be more comically magnificent than Twain's mourning over the supposed grave of his ancestor Adam! "Noble old man—he did not live to see his child; and I—I—I, alas! did not live to see him. Weighed down by sorrow and disappointment he died before I was born; but let us try to bear it with fortitude. Let us trust he is better off where he is. Let us take comfort in the thought that his loss is our eternal gain." There is another embodiment of humor in what boys term "sells," and this characteristic is found largely in the Yankee trader. It matters not what the nature of his business he is determined to secure a profit. This propensity is portrayed in the story of Sam Jones. That worthy we are told called at the store of a Mr. Brown with an egg in his hand and wanted to "dicker" it for a darnin'-needle. This done, he asks Mr. Brown if he "isn't going to treat." "What, on that trade?" "Certainly, a trade is a trade, big or little." "Well, what will you have?" "A glass of wine," said Jones. The wine was poured out and Jones remarked that he preferred his wine with an egg in it. The storekeeper handed to him the identical egg which he had just changed for the darnin'-needle. On breaking it Jones discovered that the egg had two yolks. Says he, "Look here, you must give me another darnin'-needle!" With the American people there is nothing too sacred for a subject of humor. Even the awe and solemnity which death should inspire, are at times converted into subjects of humor. When the cholera was devastating New Orleans daily and hourly, a waiter ran into the bar-room of the St. Charles Hotel and gave this order in the rapid style of such characters: "Two brandy cocktails for No. 24, a gin flip for No. 26, and a coffin for No. 29. Two first in a hurry; t'other can wait." Look at the irreverence in even the performance of the juvenile, who kneeling by his pious mother repeated the well-known child's prayer:

"Now I lay me down to sleep,
I pray the Lord my soul to keep;
If I should die before I wake—
Pop goes the weasel!"

The language of Americans is eminently superlative, and much of their humor consists in the adroit use of epithets and the expansion of well-known aphorisms with verbose windings. The old saying, "None so deaf as them that won't hear," obtains with the Americans: "No persons are obtuse in their auricular apprehension equal to those who repudiate vocal by adverse inclinations." "Talk about your Vesuve," said an American to a Neapolitan, "Niag'll put her out in three minutes." Who can beat an American in telling a whopping lie, showing both invention and sublime complacency? Take the story of General Dawson, illustrative of the laziness of a class of Virginians. On one occasion he happened across the Pennsylvania line into a little village of Virginia. He was in the midst of a group around the tavern. While treating and talking, a procession approached which looked like a funeral. He asked who was to be buried!

"Job Dowling," said they.
"Poor Job!" sighed the General. "So poor Job is dead, is he?"
"No he ain't dead zactly," said they.
"Not dead—not d—. Yet you are going to bury him!"

"Fact is, General, he has got too infernal siffired lazy to live. We can't afford him any more. He's got so lazy that the grass began to grow over his shoes—so everlastin' lazy that he put out one of his eyes to save the trouble of winkin' when out a gunnin'."

"But," says the General, "this must not be. It will disgrace my neighbourhood. Try him a while longer, can't you?"

"Can't; too late—coffin cost one dollar and a quarter. Must go on now."

About this time the procession came up and halted, when the General proposed that if they would let Job out he would send over a bag of corn. On this announcement the lid of the coffin opened and Job languidly sat up; the cents dropped from his eyes as he asked,

"Is the corn shelled, General?"
"No, not shelled."
"Then," said Job, as he lazily lay down, "go on with the funeral."

A large element of American wit and humor finds its way into the Legislature. How often has a member of the American Congress, in order to defeat a proposed measure in the House, attacked it with the weapon of ridicule and the sharp arrows of wit! It is an English poet who says:—

"For he who does not tremble at the sword,
Who quails not with his head upon the block,
Turn but a jest against him, loses heart;
The shafts of wit slip through the stoutest mail;
There is no man alive who can live down
The unextinguishable laughter of mankind."

If variety be the spice of life, wit and humor are the salt of it. It would be difficult to maintain mental and social life without wit and humor, which are not only its salt, but also the most pungent of the spices which season its variety. American humor lights up the face of the American republic with a perennial smile; it peeps through the columns of the Detroit Free Press, the Danbury News, the Burlington Hawkeye, and a host of other racy papers; it cheers the social gathering, and in the words of Josh Billings, chases laughter to the surface of the face to have a good time.

Belleisle, Ont.

T. O'HAGAN.

OUR CHESS COLUMN.

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

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

J. W. S., Montreal.—Paper to hand. Thanks. Correct solution received of Problem No. 266.

T. S., St. Andrews, Manitoba.—Correct solution received of Problem No. 264, also, of Problem for Young Players No. 261. Many thanks for Problem enclosed.

E. D. W., Sherbrooke, P.Q.—Problem 266 is rightly printed. The author must have overlooked the obvious mate you send. We relied upon his well-known skill when we inserted the position.

H. & J. McG., Cote des Neiges.—Correct solution received of Problem for Young Players No. 262.

E. H.—Solution received of Problem for Young Players No. 262. Correct.

Tyro, Montreal.—Correct solution received of Problem for Young Players No. 262.

We have received from Mr. Shaw, the Conductor of the Canadian Chess Correspondence Tourney, the following lists, which will show the standing of each competitor up to the 6th inst. Since then another game has been brought to a close, so that there are only five more to be finished, in order to bring this contest to an end.

CANADIAN CHESS CORRESPONDENCE TOURNEY.

Continuation of list of games concluded. (From Oct. 10, 1879, to March 6, 1880.)

Table with 3 columns: No., Players, Won By. Lists chess matches and winners.

J. W. SHAW, Conductor of Tourney.

Table showing the standing of every player in the Tourney, to March 6, 1880:

Table with 3 columns: Name, Games Played, Won. Lists player names and their performance.

We are glad to learn from the Chess Column of the Quebec Chronicle that the spirited Chess Club of that city has organized a tournament among its members, and that the competitor obtaining the highest score will receive a magnificent chess-board, presented by a member of the club.

Mr. T. H. Forster, of Michigan, one of the American team in the International correspondence match, informs us of a draw in the last game of his series with Mr. Crake.—Hartford Times.

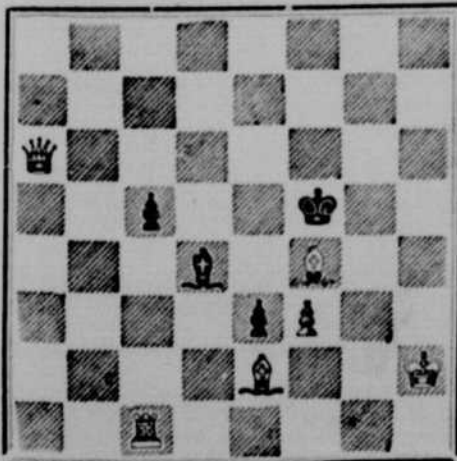
Mr. Thorold has resigned his final match at the odds of the Kt with Miss Rudge. Miss Rudge had won 12 games to 5, and only wanted one more to secure the victory.—Chessplayer's Chronicle.

Problem 267, Healey's, is solved in three moves, not two, as stated in our last Column.

PROBLEM No. 268.

By T. H. Hopwood.

BLACK.



WHITE

White to play and mate in two moves.

GAME 398TH.

CHESS IN ENGLAND.

(From Land and Water.)

THE BOSTON CONGRESS.

The following game was played in the first-class tournament at this meeting:

(Two Knights' Attack.)

White.—(Rev. J. de Soyres.) Black.—(Rev. W. Wayte.)

- 1. P to K4 2. P to K4
2. Kt to K B 3 2. Kt to Q B 3
3. Kt to B 3 3. B to Kt 5
4. Kt to Q 5 4. B to B 4 (a)
5. B to B 4 5. P to Q 3
6. P to Q 3 (b) 6. Kt to R 4
7. B to Kt 3 7. Kt takes B
8. R P takes Kt 8. Kt to K 2
9. P to Q Kt 4 9. Kt takes Kt
10. P takes B 10. Kt to K 2
11. P takes P (a) 11. Q takes P
12. P to R 3 12. Castles
13. Castles (d) 13. P to K B 4

- 14. P takes P 14. B takes P
15. B to Kt 5 15. Kt to Kt 3
16. R to K sq 16. P to KR 3
17. B to Q 2 17. P to R 3
18. B to B 3 18. Q R to K sq
19. Kt to Q 2 19. Kt to B 5 (c)
20. Kt to K 4 20. Q to K Kt 3
21. Kt to Kt 3 21. P to K 5
22. P takes P (f) 22. B takes K P
23. Q to Q 4 23. B to B 3 (g)
24. R takes R 24. B takes R
25. R to K sq (h) 25. B to B 3
26. R to K 7 26. R to B 2
27. R takes R (i) 27. Kt to K 7 (ch) and wins

NOTES.

- (a) There is something to be said for 4 Kt to B 3, 5 Kt takes B, Kt takes Kt, 6 Kt takes P, Q to K 2, 7 P to Q 4, or P to K B 4, P to Q 3. If 5 P to B 3, then B to K 2.
(b) We favour P to B 3
(c) Either Castling or B to K 3 is superior, and the same may be said of P to K R 3.
(d) P to K Kt 4 commands our preference.
(e) This formidable stroke demands White's utmost attention.
(f) His best resource is 22 B to Q 2. If then B takes R P, 23 B takes Kt, R takes B, 24 Q to Q 2 with satisfactory results.
(g) He obviously cannot play B takes Kt P
(h) He should plant his Q at K 4
(i) A blunder which loses offhand, but at this stage there is not much chance of saving the game. He appears to have nothing better than 27 Q to Q 5 (ch), K to R 2, 28 R takes R.

SOLUTIONS

Solution of Problem No. 266.

- WHITE. BLACK.
1. Kt to K Kt 5 1. Any move.
2. Mates acc.

Solution of Problem for Young Players No. 264.

- WHITE. BLACK.
1. Q to K B 7 (ch) 1. R to Kt 2
2. R takes P (ch) 2. P takes R
3. P to K 5 (dis ch) and mate.

PROBLEMS FOR YOUNG PLAYERS, No. 265

By T. Sinclair, St. Andrews, Manitoba.

- WHITE. BLACK.
K at K Kt sq K at K Kt 5
Q at Q Kt 6 Q at Q R 3
R at K R 2 R at K Kt 2
B at K 2 R at Q R 2
Kt at K B 3 Kt at K R 8
Kt at Kt 3 Kt at K 2
Pawn at K 4

White to play and mate in two moves.

6 If any of our readers have Nos. 4, 6 and 7 of Vol. 21 of CANADIAN ILLUSTRATED NEWS, and can dispose of them, we will feel obliged for any of the above numbers sent to our office, for which we will pay the subscription price. The name and address of the sender should be written on the wrapper.

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By Order, F. BRAUN, Secretary.

DEPT. OF RAILWAYS AND CANALS, Ottawa, 11th February, 1880.



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By order, F. BRAUN, Secretary.

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

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By order, F. BRAUN, Secretary.

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

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By Order, F. BRAUN.

19th Feb., 1880.

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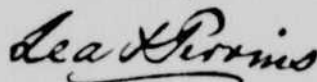
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