



# CANADIAN

# ILLUSTRATED NEWS

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MONTREAL, SATURDAY, JANUARY 27, 1883.

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*CARNIVAL  
NUMBER*

*With  
Supplement*



THE MONTREAL WINTER CARNIVAL.  
THE ICE PALACE ON DOMINION SQUARE.

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TEMPERATURE

as observed by Hearn & Harrison, Thermometer and Barometer Makers, Notre Dame Street, Montreal.

THE WEEK ENDING			Corresponding week, 1882.				
Jan. 21st, 1883.	Max.	Min.	Mean.	Jan. 21st, 1882.	Max.	Min.	Mean.
Mon.	15°	5°	10°	Mon.	32°	10°	21°
Tues.	20°	2°	12°	Tues.	32°	25°	28°
Wed.	15°	0°	7°	Wed.	10°	7°	8°
Thur.	23°	17°	20°	Thur.	23°	0°	11°
Fri.	14°	-1°	6°	Fri.	26°	19°	22°
Sat.	20°	10°	15°	Sat.	18°	8°	13°
Sun.	32°	18°	25°	Sun.	27°	12°	19°

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CANADIAN ILLUSTRATED NEWS.  
 Montreal, Saturday, Jan. 27, 1883.

This issue of the 'News' has been delayed a day in order to supply the colored Carnival Supplement, but, being unable to do so in time, it will be furnished with the next number.

THE MONTREAL WINTER CARNIVAL.

ITS ORIGIN AND PROGRESS—SKETCH OF OUR WINTER SPORTS—OUR PRINCIPAL CLUBS.

I.

The Winter Carnival which Montreal celebrates this week, and of which the present issue of the CANADIAN ILLUSTRATED NEWS contains a number of pictorial representations, is the final evolution of an idea that has long germinated in the minds of our enthusiastic sporting men. The late lamented "Evergreen Hughes," whose dying wish was that he might be buried in the track of the snow-shoers over the Mountain, is said to have been the first to propose it in practical form, but it was reserved for Mr. Robert D. McGibbon, as eager a clubman as he is ardent an advocate, to bring the scheme to the point of fulfilment. Last winter he unfolded his views to his fellow-members of the Montreal Club, who received them with unanimous favour. The press likewise warmly backed the project, and public opinion was so well disposed that this autumn, when Mr. McGibbon, re-opening the subject, exposed the details of his proposition, he was met on all sides with cordial offers of support.

It was felt that no city in America is better suited for an exhibition of Winter Sports than Montreal, owing to its geographical position, its climate, and the zeal of its inhabitants for that species of exercise. Indeed, in the ratio of its population, it is safe to say that no city in the world possesses more clubs devoted to the pursuit of boreal amusements. Under these circumstances it was comparatively easy to organize a Carnival such as we are now enjoying, and so soon as the resolution had taken shape, it was the general determination to make it unique in the annals of sport. It can be stated, with justifiable pride, that when the citizens of Montreal make up their minds to have a public entertainment of any kind, they carry it out with uncommon zest and in a spirit of royal magnificence. The present event has been no exception to the rule. All classes of the population have taken a hand in it. Besides the more youthful clubmen, who naturally led the van, men of all ages and of every walk in life gave their warm co-operation. The daily and nightly meetings of committees, at the Windsor Hotel, or at the central rooms under the Exchange Bank, were attended by lawyers, physicians, professors, journalists, merchants, and

men of wealthy leisure. All the details were conducted in a thorough business manner; nothing was forgotten that could contribute to enhance the brilliancy of the festival, and the result is one which our thousands of visitors will doubtless enjoy, and of which our townspeople may well be proud.

II.

The original conception was to have the different amusements on the river itself. The very sight of such a broad and rapid stream as the St. Lawrence solidly ice-bound and traversed by roads in every direction, was enough to elicit the admiration of strangers, and all understood that with the further advantage of St. Helen's Island as a background, the effect of the whole in that locality would be very striking indeed. Another point in favour of this plan was the facility which the quays and long revetment wall would afford for an unobstructed view of all the proceedings by thousands upon thousands of spectators. Unfortunately, owing to the mutations of the four or five past winters, it was thought best not to try the experiment this year, but it is to be hoped that next winter arrangements may be made to utilize our grand old river.

In devising the programme, the first thing to be determined was a central attraction. An Ice Palace at once suggested itself to most minds, and an Ice Palace was decided upon. An appropriation of over two thousand dollars was granted for the erection of this characteristic building, and Mr. Hutchinson, the well-known architect, imagined a picturesque plan which was readily adopted by the Committee. The work was begun with a will, and several of the principal builders came forward to divide the labour between themselves gratuitously. The Ice Palace speaks for itself. As it stands on Dominion Square it is a gem to feast the eye withal. Its dimensions are rather slender, and its general effect is somewhat dwarfed by the gigantic proportions of the Windsor Hotel and St. Peter's church on either side, but it is a thing of beauty all the same—the first and best of its kind ever erected, for the Russian ice-palaces that we read of are not a circumstance to it. We have heard of walls of roseate marble, of minarets of burnished ivory, of golden domes and argent wainscotings, of jasper floors and the celestial gates of pearl, but never before have we seen in the flesh a quadrangle and spire of crystal ice. The translucent blocks, arranged with symmetrical skill, present a charming appearance during the day, but when illuminated in the evening by the blue electric light or the red fires of Bengal, the impression is really fairy-like. We shall be mistaken if the Ice Palace do not prove the bright, particular attraction of the Carnival, and remain its most agreeable memory.

III.

It was seemly that around this central building all the other events should group themselves. And so they did. The snowshoers took the lead. Up came the "boys" from all sides in variegated tuques, blanket coats, striped sashes, embroidered moccasins and webbed sandals. A noble set are our snow-shoe men, and we are all proud of them. The numerous Clubs formed a strong and full Committee, with Angus Grant, of the old Montreal, at their head representing the English element, and I. A. Beauvais, President of "Le Canadien," representing the French. They figure largely throughout the programme of exercises on the several days. They stand six hundred strong, with torches, on Dominion Square, at the inauguration of the Ice Palace. They have a concert all to themselves at the Queen's Hall, wherein snow-shoe songs and tableaux form the principal feature. But far above all these is their grand Torchlight Procession. The present writer lately had occasion to say, in another place, that "the most magnificent and picturesque event in the sporting annals of this country was the torchlight procession held in honour of Lord Dufferin and his beautiful Countess, late in the winter of 1873. No one who witnessed the gorgeous spectacle will ever forget it, and we shall hope in vain for its repetition." He had no idea that he should so soon be agreeably deceived, and he ventures the belief that our American visitors will acknowledge the sight to

be unparalleled in their experience. They will long remember the serpentine line of torches, first moving up the steep side of the Mountain, then attaining the summit; now running forward in a succession of fiery brands, then advancing slowly and drawing over the sky a curtain of orange light. They will retain their admiration of the varied effects of light and shade, as the torches glanced behind the trees, or dipped into the hollows of the road, and the glorious bursts of reflection on the opalescent banks of snow. The scene will have reminded them of Sicilian troopers scaling the flanks of Etna in full eruption, and seeking the lava caverns in quest of hidden treasures. This city has a very large number of snow-shoe clubs, the oldest being the Montreal, among the English; the Canadien among the French, and the Emerald among the Irish.

IV.

After the Snow-shoers, the Skaters. Skating is another exercise in which Montrealers excel, and it is the more popular that ladies are enabled to engage in it. There are few sights more enchanting than that of our young girls, in knitted hoods and short skirts, balancing leisurely from side to side, or darting forward like lapwings to the music of their silver sandals. Owing to the snow there is not much skating on our rivers and ponds, and we must have recourse to artificial means. Montreal is abundantly supplied with rinks, but chief among them is the Victoria Rink, which is simply unrivalled in America. Its masquerades and fancy dress entertainments are celebrated over our continent, and well known in England. Our double page coloured plate in the Supplement gives a view of one of these, and we publish another sketch on the same subject in black. As was to be expected, the members of the Victoria Rink were not behind in contributing their share toward the success of the Carnival. There is no danger in predicting that their costumed exhibition on Thursday evening will be one of the most brilliant in the records of the rink. A special feature will be a series of historical characters from Jacques Cartier down to our day. This will be specially valuable as partially supplying the place of the grand Historical Procession through the streets which had been contemplated, but was unfortunately abandoned through lack of funds.

V.

Close on the heels of the Skaters come the Curlers. Here again Montreal is magnificently represented. We have not only the oldest Curling Club in America, but also the largest affiliation of the Royal Caledonian Curling Club of Scotland outside the mother land. The Montreal Club dates back to 1807, and we have also the Thistle and Caledonian, in the most prosperous condition. The curlers have stationed themselves on the bosom of the broad St. Lawrence, full in view of the city, where they have built an ice mansion, and laid out no less than thirty rinks. Brother curlers from so far away as New Brunswick have come to join them. It is certain that this is going to be the grandest Bonsel ever held in America. Our Scotch friends are enthusiastically fond of their national game, and as there are many exceedingly strong players among them, the way they will make the "stones" whizz and whirr will be a caution.

VI.

The Toboggan! To hosts of our American cousins the very name is unknown, and when they see the thing itself, the charm of novelty will immeasurably enhance their pleasure. This is a purely Canadian sport, and it is nowhere carried on so thoroughly as in Montreal, on account of our Royal Mountain and the declivities around the city. Every preparation has been made to give our friends a full exhibition of the capabilities of the toboggan. Those long Indian sleds, thin as wafers, strong as steel, and with curled noses to whisk away the snow, afford an amount of exhilarating fun that is peculiar to themselves. They are softly cushioned for the fair, who boldly entrust themselves to their vertiginous descent, and have no time to catch their breath or exhibit any fear before they glide away into the vale beyond the reach of danger.

To steer this skeleton craft there is need of nerve and a quick eye, but every precaution has been taken in this instance to render accidents impossible. Three hills—the Cote des Neiges, Mountain Park and Peel street—have been set aside, and they will be lighted by electricity during the evening. There is also a North-West block-house for the reception of ladies. Our earnest recommendation is that no young American lady coming to the Carnival should go away from Montreal without taking at least one toboggan ride, and our word for it, she will experience a sensation—short, sharp and singular—that she will not forget for many a day.

VII.

We shall not be taxed with exaggeration, nor charged with boasting, when we affirm that, with the possible exception of St. Petersburg, there is no city in the world that can turn out such a number, variety and magnificence of winter equipages as the commercial metropolis of the Dominion. Not only have we good horses, but we have also incomparable designs of vehicles. Our fine sleighs are all home made. Montreal sleigh builders are renowned far and wide. Our North-west supplies us with rich robes and furs. And then our boys know how to handle the ribbons. We have many artistic tandem drivers among us. Every Saturday afternoon Beaver Hall Hill and St. James street present a beautiful spectacle with the procession of fashionable sleighs. Not the least is the beauty of the lady occupants, esconced in the cosy seats, with cheeks like roses and eyes that sparkle with enjoyment. The great drive of the Carnival takes place on Wednesday afternoon, between two and five, and the route lies on Sherbrooke, between Guy and St. Denis streets. The chairman of the Driving Committee is C. P. Davidson, Q.C., who closes his invitation to the public by the following lines:—

"Nor less than Northern Courts, wide o'er the snow,  
 Pour a new pomp, eager on rapid sleds;  
 Their vigorous youth in bold contention wheel  
 The long resonant course—meantime to raise  
 The manly strife, with highly blooming charms,  
 Flushed by the season, Canada's fair dames,  
 Or fairer bright-eyed daughters, glow around."

VIII.

Closely allied to the work of the Driving Committee is that of the Trotting Committee. The object is to give our guests an idea of the speed of our Canadian horses. It is not exactly a winter sport, except inasmuch as the track is on the snow or ice, but the Carnival being designed to give pleasure to as many visitors as possible, the Committee was encouraged to proceed in its work, and do all in its power to achieve a success. This it has done beyond anticipation. Five hundred dollars were allotted it out of the general fund, and this money has been so made to fructify that the Committee is in a position to offer cash prizes to the amount of \$1,900, in addition to diverse cups and medals. There is no doubt that the ice at the foot of McGill street will be crowded during the races, and that some notable feats will be accomplished, as a number of famous horses have been entered. It will be curious to learn in what proportion a trotter can move faster on the ice than on dry land. The Chairman of this Committee is H. Beaugrand, who represents the profession of journalism in the work of the Carnival.

IX.

The social aspects of the Carnival have not been overlooked. The Citizen's Ball has been mounted on a scale of rare magnificence, and the probabilities are that it will prove one of the most brilliant of its kind ever given in Montreal. The tickets and programmes, from the presses of the Burland Lithographic Company, are masterpieces of design and execution. They are an exquisite representation of our principal winter sports, worthy of being preserved as works of art. The accommodations for visitors are ample. All our hotels, especially the superb Windsor and the old St. Lawrence Hall, have made all the arrangements requisite for comfort, and a number of private houses are likewise thrown open. The Montreal Amateur Athletic Association invites the various clubs to make its gymnasium their headquarters during the whole of the Carnival week, while the Victoria Skating Club, the Montreal Hunt Club, the Tobogganing, Curling and Snow-shoe Clubs extend all

manner of courtesies to visitors. The City government has also intervened in their official capacity, and a civic breakfast on Thursday will give Montreal as a city an opportunity of entertaining the distinguished gentlemen who have kindly honoured our Carnival by their presence. The proverbial hospitality of Montreal has in no wise belied itself, and there is every reason to believe that our friends will carry away the most pleasant reminiscences of their brief stay among us. They will learn that our cold climate does not interfere with the warmth of our feelings or the delicacy of our social intercourse. The evidences of wealth and prosperity which they behold on all sides will show our more Southern neighbours that snow and ice are no bar to our commercial development or financial progress.

X.

The CANADIAN ILLUSTRATED NEWS has done its utmost to assist the Carnival by publishing a number of views commemorative of the same. On our first page there is the view of the Ice Palace, described above, and we have a number of small sketches displaying our Canadian winter sports and lacrosse playing on the St. Lawrence. A page is consecrated to a Rendezvous of Snow-shoers at Sault-au-Recollet, or Back River. Other parts of the country, in their snowy garb, have not been forgotten. We give the Falls of Montmorency in Winter, and Deer Stalking in Nova Scotia. Our other pictures are described in the foregoing pages.

We give a number of the principal executive officers and Chairmen of Committees to whose untiring efforts the success of the Carnival is mainly due. We regret that, notwithstanding repeated application on our part, we could not obtain the photographs of every one of those officials.

In order to prove that really nothing has been wanting to promote the cause of our Carnival, we may mention in conclusion that art and letters have likewise laid in their contributions. There are three publications connected with the event, besides the official programmes. First, we have Vennor's special bulletin for the occasion, by which the Canadian prophet regulates the Carnival weather to his own satisfaction. Next, there is a book entitled "Over the Snow," from the graphic pen of Dr. W. B. Beers, with illustrations from the graceful pencil of Henry Sandham. Finally, we may mention a little snow-shoe story called "Tuque Bleue," by John Lesperance, dedicated to the Montreal clubs. These works are for sale at all the booksellers and at the Windsor Hotel. Being contributions to the Carnival literature, they are recommended not only to our visitors, but to our own people, as souvenirs of a very pleasant occasion.

TUQUE BLEUE.

A NEW SNOW-SHOE SONG.

Dedicated to the Montreal Clubs.

Chillest of skies above,  
Coldest of fields below,  
Bound to the shoe we love,  
Ever and on we go;  
Far as the eye can peer,  
Where the goal of the Mountain shines,  
Our forward course we steer  
Up to the feathered Pines;  
Tramp, tramp, tramp,  
Vive la Tuque Bleue!

What if the tempest roars,  
What if the wild winds blow;  
Our buoyant spirit soars  
Over the steppes of snow;  
Swift as the antlered deer,  
Light as the soft gazelle,  
The hedge and the wall we clear,  
And the gorge that we know so well;  
Tramp, tramp, tramp,  
Vive la Tuque Bleue!

The crescent moon glows bright,  
Like Ali's scimitar,  
And the plain reflects the light  
Of the golden evening star,  
While with shout and laughter and song,  
And the beat of our measured pace,  
We skirt the meadows along,  
Or join in the champion race;  
Tramp, tramp, tramp,  
Vive la Tuque Bleue!

Back from the lofty hills,  
When the work of the day is done,  
Back from the frozen rills,  
When the doughty game is won;  
'Neath beauty's smile we stand,  
And bow to beauty's eyes,  
And receive from beauty's hand  
The victor's jewelled prize;  
Tramp, tramp, tramp,  
Vive la Tuque Bleue!

JOHN LESPERANCE, in Tuque Bleue.

The Tennessee Legislature has repudiated the recent compromise of the State debt, and repealed the Act imposing taxes for the payment of the interest.

A SOUTHERN EDITOR.

I found one man, an editor, at Meridian, Mississippi, who seemed more "solid" than any one else I saw in the South; and I was somewhat inclined to think that he and a few others like him might constitute the whole of the "solid South," of which I had heard so much. This gentleman was troubled by the "vulgarity" of Northerners, or of the Northern character. He said that if we would only send "gentlemen" to the South he would be glad to welcome them; but so many Northern men were low and sordid, and "were never in a gentleman's house in their lives," and when they came to the South they made people think that they were representative Northern men. I told him we could not well afford to send all our best people to the South, as we needed them at home. I admitted that we had not so many gentlemen, or really superior citizens, in the North as we should like to have, and that there are traits in the character of many Northerners which are not wholly admirable; but suggested that my travels had given me the impression that in these matters the North and South were much alike. "Are Southern men all, or generally, gentlemen of the highest character?"

Then followed a long and rambling talk, interesting, but too profuse to be reproduced here. This man was not a politician, nor was he in any way, I thought, a bad fellow. He had good intentions, and some excellent personal qualities. But he was young, and he cherished an absurd worship and regret for some features of the old régime in the South. He would not have slavery back; but he was repelled by the harsh, practical, vulgar features of the advancing new order of things. He had studied "Northern character" (if, as he insisted, there is such a thing, as distinct from Southern character) only from a distance, and he saw only the lower or worse side of our society and civilization. Much that he said about Northern people was true, but was not the whole truth. He and a very few men like him—at least I could find very few—were doing the South ill service, as I suppose they had done for some years before. Every now and then he wrote something which "fired the Northern heart" beautifully. He uttered absurdities enough in two hours to supply material for anti-Southern speeches for a whole political campaign in the Northern States. I could not see that such men had any considerable influence in the South, at the time of my visit. Leading Southern men—Democrats—everywhere warned me against them, and said they were fools. I found no elderly man among them. They were—those whom I saw—all of them impracticable, romantic young sentimentalists, and all of them were editors.

As I was leaving this gentleman, I said, "I wish you would take hold and help us with the new order of things. I am rather sorry for those who feel as you do." "Thank you," said he, "but the sympathy of our conquerors is galling sometimes." "Oh, no," I laughingly replied, "do not feel conquered. That seems a little absurd under the circumstances, and so long after the fight."

He was a rather engaging young fellow, but he somehow reminded me of a young Confederate officer whom I once met on a battlefield in Virginia, a few hours after a hard fight. Our forces had captured the enemy's stores, and I was engaged with a detail of men opening boxes and packages, and taking account of the property, when this officer, a prisoner, who was helping the rebel surgeons in the care of their own wounded in a tent near by, came up, and said, "You have no right to meddle with these things, sir." "Why not, sir?" I asked. "Because they are the property of the Confederate States of America, sir." "Then why don't the Confederate States of America take care of their property?" I inquired. The old order of things in the South has gone the way of the other property of the Confederate States of America.—*January Atlantic.*

UNWRITTEN NOVELS.

A really good novel is a work only requiring talent, and even genius of no mean order. The term which, by some, is hurled mercilessly at all works of fiction, *Trash!* is certainly applicable to a vast number that flood the literary world.

And yet there seems to be, whether we see or acknowledge it or not, an innate love and craving for the novel, good or bad, as the case may be. The educated, the cultivated, the refined appreciate the works of George Elliot or Dickens, or some other writer of more or less merit, according to the taste or mental bias of the reader. And there is no novel writer who is unable to find some readers to appreciate him.

But, beside the flood of novels that have been written, the numbers that have never been put in print are legion.

They were in vogue long before the printer's art was understood, such tales as were handed down from father to son, partly true and partly embellished by imagination.

Such stories are eagerly sought for to this day. All persons become tired of the narrow life they lead of their own small world. So cramped, so monotonous, that they long for a glimpse into other worlds, even if they should prove as care-laden as their own.

Hence the spirit of gossip, and among the illiterate the habit of running to the neighbors to pick up a little news, and with that little to form the nucleus for a startling and sensational

story, which Dumas might weave into a wonderful tale.

Without doubt, most of the novels that have been written had a foundation in truth, and therefore they seem real in their details; just such events as might have happened. And just in proportion as they seem true and real do they hold the attention and charm the soul. All those stories that we cannot fancy it possible to have been real, fall flat and uncared for.

But even if we can fancy a story to have been real, and the events are only commonplace, and devoid of interest in themselves, how can they awaken interest in others?

The art of the novel writer is to bring the interesting details into the foreground, and to pass over lightly those incidents which are commonplace or unsightly and meaningless.

A story absolutely true cannot, of course, be a novel or work of fiction. It would be a biography or history. Over every novel there must be spread a sort of illusion, and the finer and more subtle, the more perfect the story. In this way the improbabilities, inconsistencies and absurdities which would appear without such illusion are made to hide in the background.

It is the same illusion that one employs to conceal the blemishes of a play. The interest has to be sustained, so that the absurdity of crowding together events is scarcely noticed.

D. C. A.

PROBABLY A LIE.

She came tripping into the sanctum all radiance and sunshine, and clothed in the garments of youth, beauty, innocence and other things, with a smile that was "heaven in a heap." She remarked:

"Is the editor in?"

He was, and the smile that radiated his classic brow and spread over his features like ripening on a pumpkin, was soothing to gaze upon.

"He is," came from this side of the great moral-newspaper with original poetry and patent medicine advertisements.

"I'm so glad of it," she said, and a grander, sweeter smile radiated—spread some more.

"I am he," we said, not gallantly, but ingloriously. "What can I do for you?" At this she arose and bid her approach.

She did so, and said: "I have returned home; I want a personal in *Every Monday*," and she looked too sweetly innocent, a frank, pure innocence unknown to the latter day sanctum.

This side made an effort and had soon uttered an utterance which, as near as we can remember, was: "Why, certainly with pleasure; what shall we say?"

She smiled some more. We dittoed.

She said: "Say Miss Mary Macintosh has returned home after a visit to friends in Kansas City. And," continued she, "add anything good you can think of. You know all about how to say accomplished, etc."

With this she vanished like a summer's dream disturbed by gallinippers, and when we recovered we wrote:

LITERARY NOTES.

It is announced by the publishers of the *Critic*, that the success of the paper has become so pronounced that it will appear hereafter weekly, instead of fortnightly.

The vacancy caused by the death of Bluntschli among the ten foreign members of the Reale Accademia dei Lincei at Rome has been filled by the election of Prof. Max Muller.

The Pusey Memorial in England is evidently to be a fine success. Already something like £20,000 has been subscribed to perpetuate the name of the great High Churchman; and there is little reason to doubt that the £50,000 for which Canon Liddon asks will be placed in his hands.

MR. LESLIE STEPHEN has undertaken to edit a new "Biographia Britannica," and makes an appeal for co-operation. The dictionary is intended to include English, Scotch and Irish names from the earliest period. This includes Americans who were also British subjects. It will not include any names of living persons.

A LIFE of Archbishop Tait has been already undertaken. The biographer is Mr. Benham, who wrote the touching story of Mrs. Tait. In the preparation of that volume, Mr. Benham had the whole life of the Archbishop unfolded to him, and the intimate knowledge which he thus gained can hardly be exceeded by the acquaintance of any other living person. Mr. Benham is a Broad Churchman, and will write a life, therefore, in full sympathy with the Primate's career. He, furthermore, has literary aptitude of a high order.

IN A London letter to the *New York World*, Mr. J. L. Jennings tells a story apropos of payments to foreign authors, that redounds greatly to the credit of the Messrs. Harper. He says that, when Dr. Livingstone's travels were going through the press, Mr. John Murray, Dr. Livingstone's English publisher, wrote to the American house that an effort was being made to raise money for Mrs. Livingstone, who was in need of immediate assistance. The response from the Messrs. Harper was a cheque for \$5,000 for advance sheets of the forthcoming work.

MUSICAL AND DRAMATIC.

The well-known General Gallifet was so well pleased with "Fedora" that he made arrangements for the performance to be attended by all the generals of cavalry who are now assembled for the classification of officers in the city of Paris. A whole row of orchestra stalls was occupied on Dec. 23 by a series of generals in multi.

A HIGHLY interesting feature in the programme of the ensuing season of the London Philharmonic Society will be a MS. Motett by Cherubini. The MS. has been for many years in the Royal Library at Buckingham Palace, and the Queen has given her consent to the performance of it by the Philharmonic Society. The work has never yet been heard in public.

THE young actress, Mlle. Dinelli, who was playing a small part in Sardou's "Monsieur Gara," has been deranged. Her insanity was for a short time harmless, consisting of a fear lest she should be robbed of her jewels, but has since assumed a more serious character. She tried to kill herself and to cut her child—a baby four months old—to pieces. She was finally removed to an asylum.

The revival of "Monsieur Garat" has been a success. This was a part played in 1860 by Mme. Déjazet. This lady first opened to the dramatist the path to fame, by producing his plays at her little theatre. Déjazet always treated him with maternal affection and he was more devoted to her than her own son who squandered all her money. Déjazet died in his house at Cannes, and he spoke the eulogy over her grave.

NEWS OF THE WEEK.

GEN. TODLEBEN is dangerously ill.

WINNIPEG is to have a new post office.

PRINCE FREDERICK CHARLES of Germany is dead.

It is announced that the Prince of Wales will visit Canada next year.

THE search of the ruins of the Newhall House has been finished. The total loss of life has been 75.

THE steamer *Canina* collided with the brig *Mariposa*, off New York, on Friday morning, the latter sinking.

THE recently arrested prisoners at Dublin appeared in Court on Saturday. Farrell, an informer, gave important evidence.

THE Bonapartist Deputies have issued a protest against the arrest of Prince Napoleon and demanding an appeal to the people.

The SCIENTIFIC CANADIAN takes a new name unto itself with the beginning of the new year—The "Canadian Magazine of Science and the Industrial Arts." The services of Professor Bovey, of McGill College, have been secured editorially, and the inaugural number is one of decided promise. It opens with a short article by Prof. Murray on Technical Education, which is both philosophical and practical. Prof. Murray maintains, as against Mr. Ruskin, and those swayed by sentiment rather than by fact, that the introduction of complicated machinery does not tend to lessen skilled manual labour, but, on the contrary, heightens it. The other articles are of a purely scientific cast. Cable Traction for Tramways and Railways is discussed by C. F. FINDLAY, C.E., a well-known engineer, and his contribution contains much interesting matter regarding the use of cables for street cars in the large cities of the United States. MR. BAYZAND ELLINGTON, of London, Eng., writes on Hydraulic Lifts, and states that no precaution can eliminate considerable risk. We are pleased to observe a paper by Mr. DOWNING, a student of McGill College, on Division D. of the Ontario and Quebec Railway, giving a detailed account of the more interesting engineering features of that portion of the line. Considerable space is devoted to Astronomy. Dr. JOHNSON, of McGill College, describes in a pleasing manner what is meant by the Transit of Venus and why it is so important to astronomers; he also appends a few notes on the preparations made at McGill College for observing it. The remainder of the Magazine is taken up with scientific odds and ends of varying interest and value. The "Canadian Magazine of Science" rejoices in a perfect wealth of illustrations, reflecting on the whole credit to the engraver. We notice two specimens of the typographical reproduction of photographs, one illustrating the various positions of the body of a soldier taking the *pas de parade*; the other representing the successive attitudes of a horse clearing a fence. They are somewhat blurred, but this we are told is due to defect in the original stereotype. The "Canadian Patent Office Record" forms an appendix to the Magazine, and consists of thirty-six pages of small type and illustrations, one hundred and forty-one in number. This part of the publication cannot fail to be of great interest to practical men. The prospectus states that "the efficiency and success of this Magazine, the only one of the kind in Canada, must depend upon the hearty co-operation and support of the public." The "Canadian Magazine of Science" deserves generous acknowledgment from those engaged in the various branches of science, and we think we may predict a successful career for it, since it is guided by energetic and competent hands. The subscription price is \$2.50 per annum, payable in advance, and the Magazine is published monthly.



LACROSSE ON THE ICE, AND CANADIAN WINTER SPORTS.



1. R. D. MCGIBBON, Vice-Chairman. 2. HUGH GRAHAM, Finance Chairman. 3. A. A. STEVENSON, Curling Chairman. 4. ROBT. REID, Ice Palace Chairman. 5. ANGUS GRANT, Snow-Shoe Chairman.  
6. H. BEAUGRAND, Trotting Chairman. 7. K. WHITE, Printing Chairman. 8. C. P. DAVIDSON, Q.C., Driving Chairman. 9. A. H. SIMS, Skating Chairman. 10. LT.-COL. HUTTON, Ball.  
11. GEO. R. STAPKE, Hon. Secretary. 12. M. E. SEARL, Secretary. 13. G. W. SWETT. 14. I. A. BEAUVAIS. 15. C. D. MONK.

SOME OF THE PRINCIPAL OFFICERS OF THE CARNIVAL.

## THE HEART THAT LIES WITHIN ME.

(Gaelic Air.)

The heart that lies within me  
Beats fondly my love for thee;  
No smiles than thine can win me,  
Whatever their sweetness be.  
When thy bright glances meet me,  
One fond look and loving ray  
From those blue lashes greet me,  
And steal all my heart away.

For oh! I love thee, dearest,  
And dear is thy love to me;  
When joy and hope beam nearest,  
Then do I remember thee.  
The stars not more true, dear,  
Illuming the vault of night,  
Than is thy love to you, dear,  
My true love and heart's delight.

Let fortune smile and bless me;  
Let fame in her lustre shine;  
Let every joy caress me;  
My heart still is truly thine.  
Let every hope forsake me;  
And only thy love remain—  
'Tis not in life to wake me,  
From thy blessed dreams again!

In fancy's reverie, love,  
I see thee both night and day,  
The very thought of thee, love,  
Drives all worldly cares away.  
As in the solar splendor,  
Are lost all the stellar rays,  
So other looks, though tender,  
Are lost in thy "radiant gaze."

Montreal, Oct. 22, 1882.

"DUNNOY."

## FIE! FIE! OR, THE FAIR PHYSICIAN.

(Edited, Under the Instructions of Mrs. Crossmichael.)

BY WILKIE COLLINS.

I.

On Christmas Eve, Mrs. Crossmichael made an interesting announcement in her family circle. She said, "I am positively determined to write an account of it; I shall furnish the raw material, and an editor shall manufacture the narrative."

Whatever is said of Mrs. Crossmichael's family in these pages must be said from Mrs. Crossmichael's point of view. The Editor would prefer his own point of view; but he knows his lady, and uses his pen cautiously when he mentions her father, her mother, and her unmarried sister. A profound scholar and a handsome old man; a venerable lady with grand remains of beauty; a sweet girl, who is also an accomplished musician—named respectively Reverend and Mrs. Skirton, and Miss Salome Skirton—comprise the audience addressed by Mrs. Crossmichael, when she expressed her resolution to produce the present narrative.

"My mind being quite made up," she said, "I am now ready to hear what you think of it." Her husband came in at the moment; but she took no notice of him.

Mrs. Skirton smiled over her knitting and made no remark. In the cases of some rare persons, silent smiles have a meaning of their own; Mrs. Skirton's smile meant gentle encouragement. Reverend Mr. Skirton expressed himself in words. "Have it privately printed, my dear, and it cannot fail to be productive of advantage to others." Miss Salome modestly exhibited her father's view in detail. "It will be productive," she said, "of a warning to young ladies." Nobody consulted Mr. Crossmichael, sitting modestly in a corner. Like the present Editor (but with infinitely superior opportunities), he knew his lady, and he kept his opinions to himself. Had he not promised at the altar (as Mrs. Crossmichael frequently reminded him) to love, honor and obey his wife? They were the happiest couple in all England.

Venerable and learned and charming as they were, the family had failed, nevertheless, to penetrate the object which Mrs. Crossmichael had in view. It was not to please her excellent mother; it was not to "prove of advantage to others"; it was not to "offer a warning to young ladies," that she had determined to take up her pen. Her one motive for favoring the Editor with his "raw material" shall be stated in the lady's own words:

"I hate her."  
Who was she? And why did Mrs. Crossmichael hate her?

Here, again, the expressive brevity of "the raw material" may be quoted with advantage. The instructions ran as follows: "Say the worst you can of her at starting; and condemn her unheard by means of her own visiting card."

Here it is:

Sophia Pillico, M.D.

Is M.D. sufficiently intelligible? Let no hasty person answer, "Of course!" There are full-grown inhabitants of the civilized universe who never heard of Julius Cæsar, Oliver Cromwell, or Napoleon the Great. There may be other inhabitants, who are not aware that we have invented fair physicians in these latter days. M.D. (let it be known to these benighted brethren) means that Sophia has passed her ex-

amination, and has taken her Doctor's degree. Mrs. Crossmichael is further willing to admit that Miss Pillico is sufficiently young, and—we all know there is no accounting for tastes—passably pretty. (NOTE, attached to the instructions: "We are not on oath, and we may be allowed our own merciful little reserves. Never mind her figure—oh dear no, never mind her figure. Men-doctors get on very well with clumsy legs and no waists. Why should women doctors not do the same? Equal justice to the two sexes, Sophia, was the subject of your last lecture—I was present, and heard you say it!")

The second question still remains unanswered. Why did Mrs. Crossmichael hate her?

For three good reasons. Because she delivered lectures on the rights of women in our Assembly Room. Because she set herself up in medical practice, in our south-eastern suburb of London, and within five minutes' walk of our house. Because she became acquainted with our next-door neighbors, and took advantage of that circumstance to behave in the most abominable manner to my sister Salome. The Editor can bear witness to this. (He bears witness with pleasure.) The Editor can describe our next-door neighbors. (No; he is not sufficiently well acquainted with them. He knows a lady who can take the story, at the present stage of it, out of his hands—and to that lady he makes his bow, and offers his pen.)

Mrs. Crossmichael abhors flattery, and considers descriptions to be the bane of literature. If she is to accept the pen, it must be on one condition. The next-door neighbors shall describe themselves.

II.

Our suburb possesses the most convenient detached houses in all England. The gardens are worthy of the houses—and the rents are frightful. A sudden death, and an executor in a hurry, offered the lease of the next house a bargain. Alderman Sir John Dowager took it on speculation, and is waiting to dispose of it on his own outrageous terms. In the meantime, he and his family occupy the premises. Sir John is stingy; his wife is deaf; his daughter is sour, his son is sulky. The one other member of this detestable family is an interesting exception to the rest: he is Lady Dowager's son, by her first husband. Let this gentleman wait a little while, and be introduced presently by himself. Our new neighbors took possession during an excessively hot summer. On the first day, they were occupied in settling themselves in their house. On the second day, they enjoyed their garden. We were sitting on our lawn; and they were sitting on their lawn. In consideration of Lady Dowager's deafness, they talked loud enough (especially the daughter, Miss Bess, and the son, Young John) to be heard all over our grounds. This said, let them describe their own characters in an extract from their conversation. I am the reporter. And I own I peeped over the wall.

*Stingy Sir John.*—I gave orders, my dear, about those two pieces of bread that were left yesterday; and I find nobody can give any account of them. Is this the manner in which I am to be treated by my own servants?

*Deaf Lady Dowager* (addressing her daughter):—What does your papa say, Bess?

*Sour Bess.*—Pa's abusing the servants; and all about two bits of bread.

*Sir John.*—I'll thank you, miss, not to misrepresent me to my own face. You do it on purpose.

*Sulky Young John.*—She does everything on purpose.

*Miss Bess.*—That's a lie.

*Lady Dowager.*—What is it? I can't hear. What is it?

*Sir John.*—My dear, your deafness is certainly growing on you.

*Young John.*—And a good thing too, in such a family as ours.

*Sir John.*—That is a most improper observation to make.

*Miss Bess.*—He looked at me when he made it.

*Lady Dowager.*—Who's speaking now? Bess! what is the matter?

*Miss Bess.*—Papa and John are quarrelling about me as usual.

*Sir John.*—How dare you speak in that way of your father? Over and over again, Miss Elizabeth, I have had occasion to remark—

*Young John.*—It's a perfect misery to live in the same house with her.

*Sir John.*—What do you mean, sir, by interrupting me?

*Lady Dowager.*—I think it's rather hard on me that nobody speaks loud enough to be heard. I shall go into the house.

*Sir John* (looking after his wife).—Her temper gets more irritable every day.

*Bess* (looking at Young John).—No wonder!  
*Young John* (looking at Bess).—

There are our next-door neighbors presented by themselves. Why do I introduce such people into these pages? Alas! I am not able to keep them out. They are mixed up, by the inscrutable devices of Providence, with Sophia Pillico's wickedness, and with my sister Salome's dearest hopes in life. Does my sister's Christian name sound disagreeably? Let me mention the associations; and no reasonable person will object to it. She was called Salome, and I was called Lois, after my father's two maiden sisters. Excellent women! They lived in the West of England—they left us their money—and they went to Heaven. (Instructions to the Editor: Now go on.)

III.

The Editor introduces Mr. and Mrs. Wholebrook; directors of the famous Hydropathic Establishment at Cosgrove.

As man and wife, they were naturally accustomed to talk over the affairs of the day, in bed. The affairs of the day, in their case, meant the incoming and outgoing patients. One night, they held an especially interesting conversation. Both agreed—they had not been very long married—in lamenting the departure of a retiring member of the household; registered in the books by the odd name of "Otto Fitzmark."

"Why should he leave us?" Mr. Wholebrook. "He has not gone through the cure; and, when I inquired if he had any complaint to make, he spoke in the most gratifying manner of the comfort of the house, and the excellence of the cooking."

"My dear, if you knew him as well as I do—"

"What do you mean, Louisa? Has Mr. Fitzmark been—?"

"Don't be a fool, James. Mr. Fitzmark is a ladies' man; young and handsome, and in delicate health. He likes to confide in women, poor fellow; especially when they happen to be—there! that will do; I forgive you; don't interrupt me again. And understand this: I, who am in Mr. Otto's confidence, expected him to say he was going back to London, at least a week since."

"Is it business, my dear?"

"Business! Mr. Fitzmark has absolutely nothing to do. His valet is a treasure; and he has a comfortable income left him by his father."

"His father was a foreigner, wasn't he?"

"Good Heavens! what has that got to do with it?"

"I only spoke. If I am to be taken up short because I only speak, we'll say good night."

"Don't be angry, darling! Won't you forgive me? won't you? won't you?"

"What were we talking about, dear?"

"What, indeed! Wasn't it Mr. Fitzmark's father? You were quite right about him; he was a sort of half foreigner. He settled in England, and married an Englishwoman; she led him a horrid life. Mr. Otto—you don't mind calling him by his Christian name! I like manly men, James, like you; I only pity Mr. Otto. Always delicate, brought up at home, indulged in everything. His stupid mother married again; and he didn't get on with the new family; and he had a private tutor; and he and the tutor went abroad; and there he had it all his own way, and was flattered by everybody. Are you going to sleep, dear?"

"No! No!"

"You see I want you to understand that Mr. Otto has his whim and caprices—and soon gets tired when the novelty of a thing wears off. But, there's another reason for his leaving our place; there's a lady in the case. He hasn't mentioned her name to me; she lives in London or in the neighborhood, I'm not sure which. Plays divinely on the piano, and is lovely and elegant, and all that. He hasn't openly avowed his admiration—not having made up his mind yet about her family. She has a married sister, who rather frightens him; clever, and a will of her own, and so on. However, to come to the point, his main reason for trying our place—"

What? his main reason must be his health? Nothing of the sort, you dear simple creature! He never expects to be well again. Not that he disbelieves in the cold water cure; but what he really wanted was to try if absence from the young lady would weaken the impression—or, as he put it, rather funnily, if deluges in cold water could drown his memory of a charming girl. She's not to be disposed of, James, it that way. Wet sheets won't pack her out; and ten tumblers of cold water a day only make her more lively than ever. Well, it's past a joke; he is really going back to her to-morrow. Love, —ah, we know it, don't we!—love is a wonderful thing! What! Asleep? He is asleep. Snoring, positively snoring. And kicking me. Brute! brute!"

IV.

Mr. Otto Fitzmark reached London late in the evening.

He was so fatigued by the journey, that he went straight to the rooms prepared for him in Sir John's house. On those occasions when he visited his mother, his stepfather arranged—with the absolute shamelessness peculiar to misers—to receive compensation privately for trouble and expense. When Lady Dowager sometimes complained that her son treated the house as if it were an hotel, she little thought what a defence of his conduct lay hidden in Sir John's guilty pocket.

The next morning, the valet—a grave, ponderous, and respectable English servant—came in with the coffee and the news, as usual.

"I have had a wretched night, Frederick. Sir John must have got this beastly bed a bargain. What's the news? The last time I was here I was driven away by a row in the family. Any more quarrels this time?"

"The worst row I remember, sir (if I may be allowed to say so), in all our experience," Frederick answered.

"Is my mother in?"

"It's said to be Lady Dowager's doing, sir."  
"The devil it is! Give me some more sugar. Did you make this coffee yourself?"

"Certainly, sir."

"Go to the place in Piccadilly, and buy something that really is coffee: this is muck. Well! what's the new row about?"

"About a woman, sir."

"You don't mean to say Sir John—?"

"I beg your pardon, sir, I ought to have expressed myself more correctly. The woman in question is a She-Doctor."

"No wonder there's a row! The fair physician is a bony old wretch with a wig and spectacles, of course?"

"That's not the account given to me, sir, by the footman. Except Miss Salome, next door, Sir John's man says she's the prettiest young woman he's seen for many a long day past."

Otto stared at the valet in astonishment. Frederick went steadily on with his story.

"The lady has lately set up in practice, in this neighborhood. And, with her good looks and her lectures, she's turned the people's heads hereabouts, already. The resident medical man has got a red nose, and is suspected of drinking. He's losing his lady-patients as fast as he can. They say Miss Pillico—"

"Miss—who?"

"The lady's name, sir, is Miss Sophia Pillico."

"I pity Sophia with all my heart. The sooner she changes her name the better."

"That's the joke among the women downstairs, sir. I was about to say that Miss Pillico is not content to doctor her own sex only. She considers it a part of the Rights of Women to doctor the men; and she has begun with Sir John—"

Here Frederick incomprehensibly checked himself, and prepared for shaving his master by sharpening the razor.

"Why don't you go on?" said Otto. "Sophia means to doctor the men; and she's beginning with Sir John—"

He suddenly checked himself, and started up in the bed. His next question seemed to burst out of him irrepressibly. "You don't mean to say, Frederick, that my mother is jealous?"

The valet, still sharpening the razor, looked up. "That's the row, sir," he answered as gravely as ever.

Otto fell back on the bed, and pulled the clothes over his face. Deaf Lady Dowager owned to having arrived at sixty years of age; Sir John's biography (in the past time when he had been Lord Mayor of London) fixed the date of his birth at a period of seventy-four years since. The bed-clothes heaved, and the bed shook; violent emotion of some kind was overwhelming Lady Dowager's son. Not the ghost of a smile—though he was at liberty to indulge his sense of humour as things were now—appeared on the wooden face of Mr. Frederick. He laid out his shaving materials, and waited until Mr. Fitzmark's beard was ready for him.

Otto rose again above the horizon of the bed-clothes. He looked completely exhausted—but that was all. The altar of appearances, waiting for the sacrifice, claimed and received the necessary recognition. Having first got out of bed—by way of separating himself from irreverent associations possibly lurking in the mind of his valet—Otto posed, as the French say, in an attitude of severe propriety.

"Drop the subject," he said.

Frederick gently lathered his master's chin, and answered, "Just so, sir."

V.

Otto breakfasted in his own room.

His mother's maid brought word that her ladyship was ill in bed, with a sick headache: she would see Mr. Fitzmark towards luncheon time. The valet not being present to draw his own conclusions, Otto privately extracted information from the maid. Miss Doctor Pillico would professionally visit Sir John, at her usual hour—two o'clock. And in what part of the house would Sir John receive her? He looked at himself in the glass when he put that question. The maid began to understand the nature of his interest in the medical young woman. She took the liberty of smiling, and answered, "In the library, sir."

Towards two o'clock, Otto called for his hat and cane, and said he would take a turn in the garden.

Before he went downstairs he once more surveyed himself in the glass. Yes—he could not have been more becomingly dressed—and he looked, in his own delicate way, surprisingly well. His auburn hair and whiskers; his fair complexion; his sensitive mouth, and his long white hands were in perfect order. In the garden he met Young John, sulkily smoking.

"How is Bess?" he asked indulgently. Young John answered, "I don't know; I've not been on speaking terms with my sister since yesterday." "And how is your father?" Young John answered, "I don't care. He told me last week I was a sulky lout, and he has not apologised yet; I don't speak to him, either." Otto left his half brother, cordially agreeing with his half-brother's father.

The library opened, by means of French windows, on the terrace. He picked a flower for his button-hole, and sauntered that way. The windows being open, he entered the room in a general impulsive manner. "Ha, Sir John, how are you? Oh, I beg your pardon!"

Sir John was seated bolt upright in his chair, looking at vacancy, and drawing in and puffing out his breath in a highly elaborate manner. A finely-developed young woman, with brown hair and eyes, and warm rosy cheeks, dressed to perfection in a style of severe simplicity, was sitting close by him. Her arm was round his

neck, and her ear was at his breast. So absorbed was this charming creature in listening, that she held up a pretty plump little hand, in mute entreaty for silence. "Yes," she said, in clear, positive tones, "you confirm my diagnosis, Sir John; I persist in saying that your medical attendant has mistaken the case." Her bright resolute eyes, turning towards Otto, softened as they rested on his beautiful hair and his sensitive lips; a little increase of colour deepened the delicately ruddy tint of her cheeks. "Pray excuse me," she resumed, with a captivating smile; "I am, in a professional point of view, naturally interested in Sir John. His life is public property; if I make any mistake here, I disgrace myself—and my cause!—in the eyes of the nation." Otto's countenance preserved a gravity worthy of his vocation. "Permit me to introduce myself," he said, "before I renew my apologies. I am Sir John's step-son, Otto Fitzmark." The charming Doctor bowed with a look of modest interest. Sir John did what he had done from the first—he sat in solemn silence, looking foolish. It was not everybody who remembered that he had once been Lord Mayor of London, and who attended to him as a famous personage. It was also the first occasion (for at least forty years past) on which he had felt the arm of a handsome young woman round his neck, and the head of a handsome young woman on his breast. And the fair physician had said, on the first day of her attendance, "It is a rule of mine never to accept fees from public characters"—and the catalogue of Sir John's overwhelming emotions will be complete.

"I can only atone for my intrusion in one way," Otto proceeded. "Permit me to hope for an early opportunity of improving our acquaintance—and to return to the garden."

"Not on my account, Mr. Fitzmark! In any other case, my visit would be at an end. But I am perhaps morbidly anxious to 'make assurance doubly sure' (the words of Shakespeare, I think) in the case of Sir John. Besides, I have the prejudice of the world against me; always on the look-out for an opportunity of asserting that a woman is not fit to be a doctor."

This seemed to be the right place for a burst of enthusiasm: Otto did it with perfect tact and dexterity. "Miss Pillico, I sincerely sympathize with you in the battle you are fighting against ignorance and stupidity. The Woman-Movement, in all its departments, has my heartfelt admiration and good wishes." His heavenly blue eye became irresistible as this expression of generous feeling escaped him.

Sophia was too proud and too grateful to be able to reply in words. She rewarded the friend of the Women by a look—and turned with a sigh to business and Sir John.

"May I try once more before I write my prescription?" she asked. "No, my dear sir, your back this time. Lean well forward—so—and now draw a long breath." Her pretty hand grasped his shoulder, and her little rosy ear pressed (medically pressed) Sir John's broad back.

At this interesting moment the library door opened. Lady Dowager appeared—and paused indignantly on the threshold. Otto advanced to salute his mother. Her ladyship waved him back with one hand, and pointed to the Doctor and the patient with the other. Sir John visibly trembled. Sophia kept her ear at his back as composedly as if nothing had happened.

"Look at her!" said Lady Dowager, addressing Otto in the muffled monotonous tones peculiar to the deaf. "Hugging my husband before my face—and he seventy-four years old, last birthday. You unnatural hussy, let go of him. You a doctor indeed? I know what you are. Fie! fie!"

"My dear mother!"

"I can't hear you, Otto."

"My dear mother!"

"Yes, yes; I'll kiss you directly. Look at that old fool, your step-father! He a knight; he an alderman! Ha! ha! a nasty, mangy, rusty old Tom-cat. I won't live with him any longer. You're a witness, Otto—you see what's going on in that chair—I'll have a divorce. Ha! look at her hair," said Lady Dowager, as Sir John's physician quietly lifted her head from Sir John's back—"look at her hair, all rumpled with her horrid passions. I blush for my sex. Fie, Miss Pillico—fie!"

Sophia sat down at the desk, and wrote her prescription. "Two tablespoonfuls, Sir John, by measure glass, three times in the twenty-four hours. Your lungs are as sound as mine. Suppressed gout—that's what is the matter with you—suppressed gout."

She put on her bonnet (laid aside in the interests of auscultation), and held out her hand to Otto, with modest frankness. "A friend to my cause, Mr. Fitzmark, is my friend. Your excellent mother," she continued, encountering the furious eyes of Lady Dowager with a little pleasant smile, "is naturally prejudiced against me. Early education—on the narrow stand-point of fifty years since—has much to answer for. I am sorry to have made this excellent lady angry; and I heartily forgive the hard words she has said to me. On the day after to-morrow, Sir John, I will look in, and see what my prescription has done for you. Thank you, Mr. Fitzmark, I have no carriage to call; I am not rich enough to keep a carriage. Besides, my next visit is only next door. Ah, you know the Skirtons! The daughter is indeed a sweet girl. And the dear old father," Miss Pillico added, demurely announcing the medical conquest of another elderly gentleman, "is my patient.

Neuralgia, ignorantly treated as pure rheumatism. Good morning, my lady."

She bowed respectfully to the formidable enemy of the Rights of Women—posted at the doorway, and following her with glaring eyes as she glided out.

"Ha! she's going to the other old fool now," said Lady Dowager. "Susannah and the Elders! Do you hear, Miss Pillico? I call you Susannah and the Elders!" She turned to her guilty husband (rising to retreat), with a look which threw him back into his chair. "Now, Sir John!"

Otto was too wise to remain in the room. He slipped into the garden.

After taking a turn or two, reflection convinced him that it was his duty to pay a visit next door. He had an opportunity of comparing two different orders of beauty, as represented by Sophia and Salome, which it would be injudicious on his part to neglect. A man of his tastes would be naturally interested in comparing the two girls together. At the same time, he had not ceased to feel the attraction that had lured him back to London; he was true to his young lady. When he entered Mr. Skirton's house, it was with a loyal conviction that Salome's superiority would be proved by comparison.

VI.

In ten days' time events had made a great advance. Miss Pillico's patients felt the powerful influence of Miss Pillico's treatment. Sir John's improved health bore witness to the capacity of his new doctor; Mr. Skirton was well enough to give a small musical party at his house; Mr. Otto Fitzmark, false to Mrs. Wholebrook and Hydropathy, was entered triumphantly on Miss Pillico's sick list. Last, but by no means least, Lady Dowager had anticipated her divorce by retiring to the seaside.

The case of Mr. Fitzmark was not sufficiently formidable, in the opinion of his new physician, to seclude him from the pleasures of Society. He was allowed to accept an invitation to Mr. and Mrs. Skirton's musical entertainment—and, by a happy combination of circumstances, he and his medical adviser entered the drawing-room together.

The primitive little party began at eight o'clock. By half-past eleven, the guests had retired, the master and mistress of the house had gone to bed—and Mr. and Mrs. Crossmichael and Salome were left together in an empty room.

Mrs. Crossmichael issued her orders to her husband. "Go to the club, and return in half-an-hour. You needn't come in again. Wait for me in the cab."

The one person in the way having been disposed of, the conference between the sisters began.

"Now, Salome, we can have a little talk. You have been wretchedly out of spirits all the evening."

"You would have been out of spirits, Lois, in my place, if you had seen them come into the room together, as if they were man and wife already!"

"Aggravating," Mrs. Crossmichael admitted; "but you might have controlled yourself when you went to the piano; I never heard you play so badly. Let us go back to Mr. Fitzmark. My opinion of him doesn't matter—I may, and do, think him a poor effeminate creature, quite unworthy of such a girl as you are. The question is, what do you think? Are you, or are you not, seriously in love with him?"

"I know it's weak of me," Salome answered piteously; "and I haven't got any reasons to give. Oh, Lois, I do love him!"

"Stop!" said Mrs. Crossmichael. "If you begin to cry, I leave you to your fate. Stop it! stop it! I won't have your eyes dim; I won't have your nose red. I want your eyes, and I want your nose, for my argument."

This extraordinary announcement effectually controlled the flow of Salome's tears.

"Now look at me," the resolute lady resumed. "Yes, you will do. You see the glass, at the other end of the room. Go, and look at yourself. I mean what I say. Go!"

Salome obeyed, and contemplated the style of beauty, immortalized by Byron in one line: "A kind of sleeping Venus was Dada." The glass drew a pretty picture, presenting soft, drowsy, languishing grey eyes—plentiful hair, bright with the true golden color, as distinguished from the hideous counterfeit—a pure, pale complexion, a mild smile, and a weak little chin, made to be fondled and kissed. A more complete contrast to the brown and brisk beauty of Sophia Pillico could not have been found, through the whole range of female humanity.

"Well," said Mrs. Crossmichael, "are you quite satisfied that you have no reason to be afraid of Sophia, on personal grounds? Yes! yes! I know it's his opinion that is of importance to us—but I want you to be confident. Sophia is confident; and humility is thrown away upon the molly-coddle who has taken your foolish fancy. Come, and sit down by me. There was a fat guest in my way, when Mr. Fitzmark said good-night. Did he squeeze your hand; and did he look at you—like this?"

Mrs. Crossmichael's eyes assumed an amorous expression.

Salome blushed, and said, "Yes, he did."

"Now another question. When you got up from the piano (Chopin would have twisted your neck, and you would have deserved it, for murdering his music) Mr. Fitzmark followed you into a corner. I saw that he was tender and

confidential—did he come to the point? How stupid you are, Salome! Did he make a proposal?"

"Not exactly in words, dear. But if you had seen how he looked at me—"

"Nonsense! He must be made to speak out—and I will help you to do it. I want a perfect bonnet for the flower-show next month; and I have ordered my husband to take me to Paris. For your sake, I will put it off for a week; and we will come and stay here, instead—so that I may be ready on the spot for anything that happens. No; you needn't kiss me—you will do infinitely better if you listen to what I have to say. I have been carefully watching Sophia and your young man, and I have arrived at the conclusion that his doctor is certainly in love with him. (Haven't I told you to listen! Then why don't you let me go on?) I am equally certain, Salome, that he is not in love with her. (Will you listen?) But she flatters his conceit—and many a woman has caught her man in that way. Besides this danger she has one terrible advantage over you: she is his doctor. And she has had the devil's own luck—I am too excited to choose my language—with papa and Sir John. Otto is disposed to believe in her; and papa and that wretched Alderman just get well enough to encourage him. Did you notice, at supper, that she ordered him to take this, and forbade him to take that—and treated the poor creature like a child? Oh, I can tell you, we have no time to lose!"

"What are we to do, Lois?"

"Will you listen? This is the second of the month. Give my love to the dear old people upstairs, and say that we must have another party, a garden-party, on the fifth. It is the safest way of getting at Pillico. If I call on her, she's quite sharp enough to suspect that I have a reason for it. What's the matter now?"

Salome looked towards the door. "Don't I hear the cab? Oh, dear, your husband has come back already!"

"Haven't I told him to wait! They say marriage strengthens girls' minds—and I sincerely hope they are right! In all probability Mr. Fitzmark will call to-morrow, to make polite inquiries. You must not be at home. What do you mean by saying, 'Oh!' If you don't take my advice, I shall go to Paris."

"I beg your pardon, Lois; I'll do whatever you tell me."

Mrs. Crossmichael rose, and rang for her cloak. There's one thing more you must do—provoke his jealousy. The mother of that other young fellow who is dangling after you is just the person you want for the purpose. I heard her ask you to fix a day for visiting them at Windsor. You promised to write. Write to-morrow; and propose the day after, for your visit—returning the next morning, of course, for the garden-party. Leave word where you have gone, when the beautiful Otto calls again. In the language of Miss Pillico, my dear, he wants a stimulant. I know what I am about. Good night."

VII.

Mr. Fitzmark called the next day, as Mrs. Crossmichael had anticipated, and returned to his quarters at St. John's a disappointed man. An hour later his doctor arrived, and found him in the garden, consoling himself with a cigarette. She took it out of his mouth with a fascinating familiarity, and threw it away.

"I find I must speak seriously, Mr. Fitzmark. There's nobody in the garden. Suppose we sit down in the summer house."

They took their chairs, and Miss Pillico produced her stethoscope.

"Open your waistcoat, please. Thank you—that will do." She used her stethoscope, and then she used her ear; and then she took his hand. Not to press it! Only to put him into the right position to have his pulse felt. "I have already told you that there is really no danger," she said. "The action of your heart is irregular—and I find I have underrated the necessity of taking certain precautions. But I have no doubt of being able to restore you to health, if—" she let go his hand, and looked at him tenderly—"if you will believe in your doctor, and do your best to help me."

Otto only waited for his instructions. "I am careful about my diet," he said; "I never hurry myself in going upstairs; and, now I know you object to it, I won't smoke. Is there anything more?"

"One thing more," said Sophia softly. "After what I saw last night, I cannot conceal from myself that Society is bad for you. You were excited—oh, you were! Your doctor thought of your heart, and had her eye on you when you were talking to that lovely girl. Of course you are invited to the garden-party! Do me a favor (in my medical capacity)—help your poor heart; write an excuse."

Otto consented, not very willingly, to make a sacrifice to the necessities, as distinguished from the inclinations, of his heart. Sophia's pretty brown eyes stole a look at him—a gentle, appealing look. "I am afraid you hate me for keeping you away from Miss Salome," she said.

This demand on Otto's gallantry only admitted of one reply.

"Miss Pillico, the man doesn't live who could hate you."

The Doctor blushed. "I wonder whether I may put a bold question," she murmured—"entirely in the interest of your health?" She hesitated, and toyed confusedly with her stethoscope. "I hardly know how to put it. Pray remember what I have already told you about

your heart! Pleasurable excitement is just as bad for it as painful excitement. Bear that in mind and let me suppose something quite likely—an event in which all your friends must feel the deepest interest. Let me suppose (professionally) that you are going to be married."

Otto denied it, without stopping to think first. The effect he produced on Miss Pillico rather alarmed him. She clasped her hands, and exclaimed fervently, "What a relief!"

She was a strong-minded woman, and she followed a man's profession. Would she take a man's privilege, and make him an offer of marriage? Otto's weak heart began to flutter. Sophia still played with her stethoscope.

"I was thinking of my medical responsibility," she explained. "Please let me listen again."

Otto submitted. There was prolonged examination. "Yes," she said, "under present conditions there can be no doubt of it. You mustn't! Indeed, you mustn't!"

"Mustn't—what?" Otto asked.

"Marry!" Miss Pillico answered sternly.

"Never!" Otto persisted, piteously.

Sophia informed him that it depended on the treatment. "What I have said to you," she proceeded, not unmindful of the future in her own interests, "refers to the present time. If you had been engaged to marry some young lady, for instance, I should have said, Put it off. Or, if you only contemplated such a thing, I should say, Pause. In one word, we have an interval to pass: long or short, is more than I can tell." She rose, and laid her hand persuasively on his arm. "Pray be regular with your medicine," she pleaded; "and let me know directly if you if you feel any change in your heart." They passed a flower-bed on their way back to the house. Miss Pillico admired the roses. Otto instantly presented her with a rose. She put it in her bosom—and sighed—and gave him a farewell look. For the first time he left the look unreturned. He had accidentally picked the rose which bore Salome's favorite color; he was thinking of the grey-eyed girl with the golden hair. Before Sophia could win back his attention to herself, young John, with his pipe in his mouth, appeared at a turn in the path. The Doctor took her leave in depressed spirits.

Otto hesitated about giving up the garden-party. It was only on the next day that he decided on staying at home. He wrote his excuses to Salome.

In the meanwhile young John advanced lazily towards the summer-house, and discovered his sister in ambush at the back of the building. Sour Bess was in such a state of excitement that she actually forgot her quarrel with her brother. "I've heard every word they said to each other!" she burst out. "That hateful wretch is sweet on Otto, and means to make him marry her. Oh, Johnny! how can I stop it? Who can I speak to first?"

Young John's sympathy with his sister—when she happened to be in an especially malicious mood—expressed itself in a broad grin. United by their mutual interest in making mischief, these amiable young people met, in reconciliation, on common ground. "It's no use speaking to Otto," Johnny remarked, "he's such a fool. And, as for my father, he'd sooner believe Pillico than either of us. The girl next door is fond of Otto. How would it be if you told her?"

Bess refused even to consider the suggestion. "No," she said; "it might be doing a service to Salome, and we are not on speaking terms."

Young John, under these circumstances counselled patience. "Don't throw away a good chance, Bess, by being in a hurry. It won't hurt to wait for the Skirton's garden-party. Miss Pillico will be there; she'll give you another opportunity."

Bess was struck with this last suggestion. "I didn't intend to go to the party," she said. "You're quite right; I'll accept the invitation."

(To be continued.)

THE ORIGIN OF THE "PRINTER'S DEVIL."

Everybody knows who is the "Printer's Devil," but there are comparatively few who know how he came to be so dubbed. We may therefore, be pardoned for giving a brief account of the origin of so worthy a personage. Printing used to be called the "Black art," and the boys who assisted the pressmen were called the imps. According to legend, Aldus Manutius, a printer of Venice, took a little negro boy, left behind by a merchant vessel, to assist him in his business. It soon got wind that Aldus was assisted by a little black imp, and to dispel the rumour, he showed the boy to the assembled crowd, and said, "Be it known to Venice that I, Aldus Manutius, printer to the Holy Church, and the dogs, have this day made a public exposure of the 'printer's devil.' All who think he is not flesh and blood, may come and pinch him." The people were satisfied, and no longer molested the negro lad.

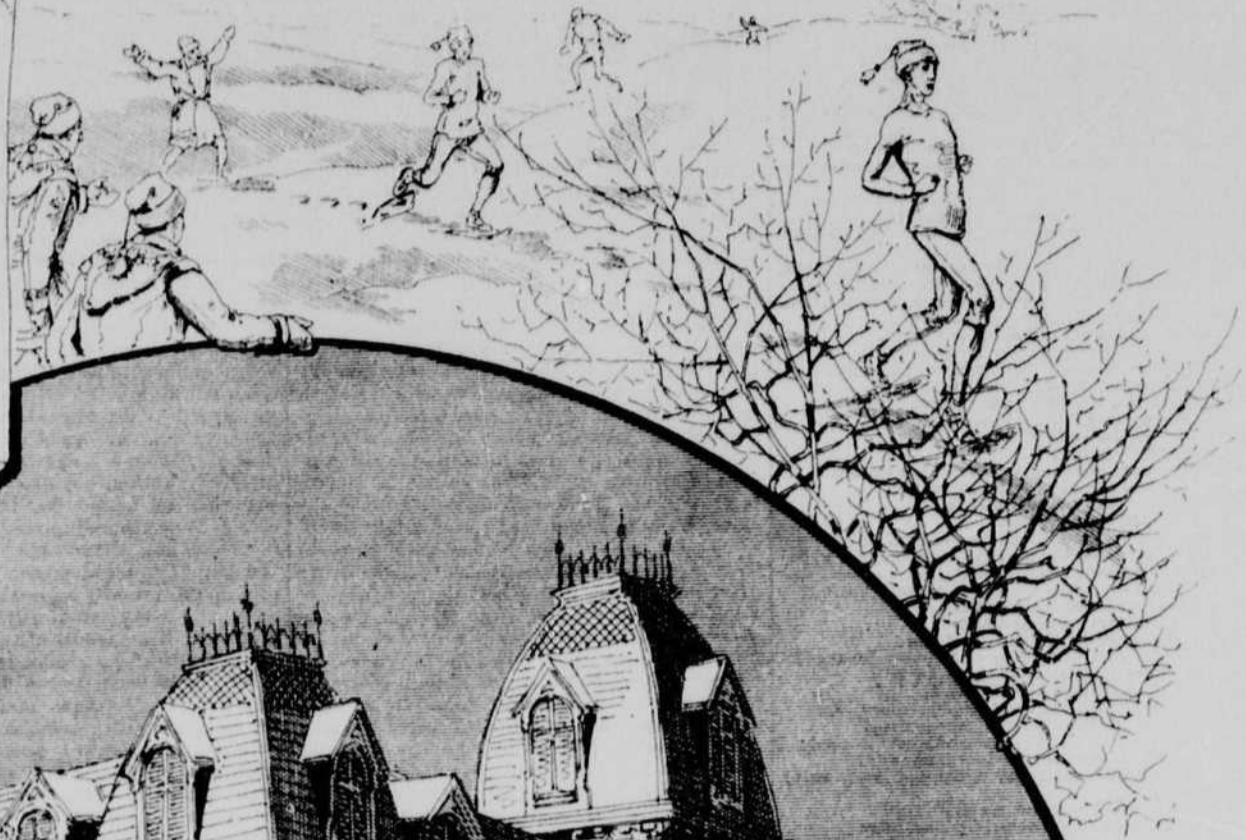
The recent election of M. Edouard Pailleron to the Academie Française raises the total number of dramatists among the "Immortals" to nine. The other eight are MM. Augier, Dumas, Sardou, Labiche, Doucet, Feuillet, Sandeau and Legouvé. Some of these, no doubt, are more than dramatists; but if any curious person were to compile a list of the forty living Englishmen of letters whom he thought most eminent, how many playwrights would he include?



FANCY DRESS ENTERTAINMENT AT THE VICTORIA SKATING RINK.



W. L. MALTBY, President Montreal Snow-Shoe Club.



CHARLES E. TORRANCE, Chairman Tobogganing Committee.

RENDEZVOUS OF SNOW SHOERS AT THE SAULT-AU-RECOLLET.

THE PROBLEM.

Pretty well up toward skylight and garret. With none but herself to use or share it. The schoolma'am sat in her room all alone; The night was far spent yet her work was not ended—

—Boston Transcript.

WALT WHITMAN.

AN ENGLISH CRITIC ON THE AMERICAN POET.

(From the London Nineteenth Century.)

I.

Whitman has been the object of a good deal of enthusiastic and rather indiscriminating admiration, and also of a certain amount of furious and equally indiscriminating abuse.

It is said, and so far as I know, said truly, that this prophet is not honoured in his own country. This does not mean that his books have not been brought and read; indeed, the number of copies sold of the first editions of "Leaves of Grass" is to me rather a subject of surprise.

He is perhaps of all writers the most repellent to the reader who glances at him superficially. In the first place he is indecent, and that too, not accidentally, but on principle. Whatever

may be thought of his morality, and that I hold to be essentially sound and healthy, it cannot be denied that in one section of his work, and occasionally throughout the poems and prose, he outrages every ordinary rule of decency.

Spirit that formed this scene. These tumbled rock-piles grim and red. These reckless heaven-ambitious peaks. These gorges, turbulent-clear streams, this naked freshness.

But the grandeur of nature is not always to be attained by heaping together uncouth masses. We complain not so much that the work lacks polish, as that the writer has not been preserved by his own native genius from ugly excrescences.

These artistic defects and his general disregard of form make many of his works repulsive, and do not allow us to accept any one as faultless. But they are mostly such as expurgation could remove, and therefore are not vital.

\* The title "Walt Whitman," which this poem has generally borne in American editions, is now altered to "Song of Myself."

not more than the body, and I have said that the body is not more than the soul." "I swear I think there is nothing but immortality, that the exquisite scheme is for it, and the nebulous float is for it, and the cohering is for it!"

The disregard of metrical uniformity is another fact which is observed by the most superficial reader, and probably repels him, but with far less reason than the points above mentioned. It is not indeed correct to say that "there is no trace of rhyme or meter" in these poems.

The poetic quality is not marshaled in rhyme or uniformity . . . but is the life of these and much else, and is in the soul. The profit of rhyme is that it drops seeds of a sweeter and more luxuriant rhyme, and of uniformity that it conveys itself into its own roots in the ground out of sight.

It has been said already that though Whitman's lines are not ordinarily metrical, yet they have metrical tendencies, and this will readily be perceived by any one who reads them aloud.

Vigil strange I kept on the field one night. When you, my son and my comrade, dropt at my side that day.

Or again— It is well—against such I say not a word, I am their poet also; But behold such swiftly subside, burnt up for religion's sake;

Not unseldom we find regular or slightly irregular hexameters, sometimes several in succession, and occasionally also pentameters.

Do you not know, O speech, how the buds beneath you are folded?

Or— Borne through the smoke of the battles, and pierced with missiles I saw them. And carried hither and yon through the smoke, and torn and bloody.

Or again (an elegiac couplet)— Chants forth from the centre, from Kansas, and thence equi-distant Shooting in pulses of fire, ceaseless, to vivify all.

But these are accidents. Let me call the reader's attention to one form of this rhythm which is doubtless the result of design, the occasional lengthening of line in passionate lyrical outbursts, which produces sometimes a remarkable effect of intensity in that it "crowds and hurries and precipitates" the notes in the eagerness as it were of the verse to find a cadence.

It should be observed that in the later prose of "Democratic Vistas," a book which is comparatively free from his characteristic weaknesses, the writer attains to a prose style of much greater excellence. This book, with its Carlylian eloquence and anti-Carlylian optimism, is not more remarkable on account of the robust faith of the writer of the future of American democracy, than on account of his keen perception and vigorous denunciation of its present faults and failings, and is enough by itself to stamp him as a master of the English language and a prose poet of the first order.

Whichever way I turn, O I think you could give me my mate back again, if you only would.

From these dactylics we pass to the inspiriting trochaics of "Pioneers," and finally, as the poet grows graver, in the more deeply spiritual songs of the soul and of death, which are among his last productions, with the rapid flow of the earlier rhythm mingled with the graver tone of the iambic, as in the remarkable poem called "Passage to India."

Passage, indeed, O soul, to primal thought, Not lands and seas alone, thy own clear freshness, The young maturity of brood and bloom, To realms of budding bibles.

Or, again, in the still more recent "Song of the Redwood Tree"—

Nor yield we mournfully, majestic brothers, We who have grandly filled our time; With nature's calm content, with tacit huge delight, We welcome what we wrought for through the past, And leave the field for them.

But enough of the outward form; it is time that we examine more closely the value of the contents.

II.

If we were asked for justification of the high estimate of this poet, which has been implied, if not expressed, in what has been hitherto said, the answer would be perhaps first, that he has a power of passionate expression, of strong and simple utterance of the deepest tones of grief, which is almost or altogether without its counterpart in the world.

Shine! shine! shine! Pour down your warmth, great sun! While we bask, we two together. Two together! Winds blow south, or winds blow north, Day come white or night come black, Home, or rivers and mountains from home, Singing all time, minding no time, While we two keep together.

Such is the joyous and careless song of the two feathered guests on the seashore of Paumanok, when the snows had melted and the lilac scent was in the air, while every day the boy, curious but never disturbing them, peered cautiously at the he-bird sitting to and fro, and the she-bird "crouch'd on her nest, silent with bright eyes," till on a sudden, "may be killed unknown to her mate," she disappeared, nor returned that day nor the next, nor ever appeared again.

Blow! blow! blow! Blow up, sea winds, along Paumanok's shore, I wait and will wait till you blow my mate to me.

Often the child, gliding down to the beach, had stood with bare feet, the wind wafting his hair, with "the white arms out in the breakers tirelessly tossing," to listen and translate the notes of the demon or bird.

Soothe! soothe! soothe! Close on its wave soothes the wave behind, And again another behind, embracing and lapping every one close. But my love soothes not me, not me, Low hangs the moon, it rose late, It is lagging—O I think it is heavy with love, heavy with love.

O madly the sea pushes upon the land, With love, with love, O night! I do not see my love fluttering out among the breakers!

What is that little black thing I see there in the white? Loud! loud! loud! Loud! I call to you, my love! High and clear I shout my voice over the waves, Surely you must know who is here, is here, You must know who I am, my love, Low-hanging moon!

What is the dusky spot on your brown yellow? O it is the shape, the shape of my mate! O moon, do not keep her from me any longer, Land! land! O land! Whichever way I turn, O I think you could give me my mate back again, if you only would.

For I am almost sure I see her dimly whichever way I look.

But soft! sink low!  
Soft! let me just murmur.  
And do you wait a moment, you husky-noised sea,  
For somewhere I believe I heard my mate responding to me.  
So faint, I must be still, be still to listen,  
But not altogether still, for then she might not come immediately to me.  
Hither, my love!  
Here I am! here!  
With this just-sustained note I announce myself to you.  
This gentle call is for you, my love, for you.  
Do not be deceived elsewhere.  
That is the whistle of the wind, it is not my voice:  
That is the fluttering, the fluttering of the spray:  
Those are the shadows of the leaves.  
O darkness! O in vain!  
O I am very sick and sorrowful.

O past! O happy life! O songs of joy!  
In the air, in the woods, over fields,  
Loved! loved! loved! loved!  
But my mate no more, no more with me!  
We two together no more.

It stirs the boy's heart, and he feels that it is toward him and not really toward its mate that the bird sings, and a thousand echoes have started to life in his soul.

O give me the dew! (It lurks in the night here some where).  
O if I am to have so much, let me have more!  
Whereto, answering, the sea,  
Whispered not, hurrying not,  
Whispered me through the night, and very plainly before daybreak.  
Lipped to me the low and delicious word death,  
And again death, death, death, death,  
Hissing melodious, neither like the bird nor like my arous'd child's heart.  
But edging near as privately for me rustling at my feet,  
Creeping thence steadily up to my ears and laying me softly all over,  
Death, death, death, death, death.

This is the only solution of the cries of unsoftened love, and here lies the highest problem which awaits the poet always with its unconquerable, almost unassailable, mysteriousness. This word it is which he gives as the key to the thousand responsive songs awakened in him from that hour, the word which the sea whispered, "like some old crone rocking the cradle, swathed in sweet garments, bending aside," "Whispers of Heavenly Death" is the title of one section of these poems, and it is the "Carol of Death" which forms the center of the second of the two poems to which attention has now been called. Splendidly imaginative is this "nocturne," with its three ever-recurring chords, "lilac, and star, and bird." Of more intricate construction than the other and less directly passionate, because expressive of a more reflecting sorrow, it is yet a composition which few can read or hear unmoved.

Ever returning spring, trinity sure to me you bring,  
Lilac blossoming perennial and drooping star in the west,  
And thought of him I love.

The star is disappearing in the black murk of clouds, while cruel hands hold him powerless: but his senses are steeped in perfume of the lilac and the song from secluded recesses, "death's outlet song of life," of the singer among the cedars, while "over the breast of the spring," through lanes and through streets of cities.

Passing the yellow-spear'd wheat, every grain from its shroud in the dark brown fields uprisen,  
Passing the apple-tree blows of white and pink in the orchards,  
Carrying a corpse to where it shall rest in the grave,  
Night and days journeys a coffin.

To the coffin that slowly passes, with the great cloud darkening the land, with the people's mourning and "the tolling tolling bells' perpetual clang," he brings a sprig with its flower broken from the lilac bush, with its delicate blossoms and heart-shaped leaves. Nor for this coffin alone, but for all he would bring blossoms and branches and chant a song "for you, O sane and sacred death." This, after all, was what the great star must have meant a month since.

As I saw you had something to tell as you bent to me night after night,  
As you dropped from the sky low down as if to my side, while the other stars all look'd on,  
As we wander'd together the solemn night (for something, I know not what, kept me from sleep).

But he is drawn by the song of the bird though for a moment he lingers, detained by the star, his departing comrade, and by the mastering odor of the lilac. Sea winds blown from east and west, from the Atlantic and from the Pacific, shall be the perfume for the grave of the man he loves. Pictures of growing spring "with floods of the yellow gold of the gorgeous indolent sinking sun," of all the scenes of life in country or city of this varied and ample land, these shall adorn his burial house. But over all these falls the dark cloud.

And I knew death, its thought and the sacred knowledge of death,  
Then with the knowledge of death as walking one side of me,  
And the thought of death close walking the other side of me,  
And I in the middle as with companions, and as holding the hands of companions,  
I fled forth in the hiding receiving night, that talks not,  
Down to the shores of the water, the path by the swamp in the dimness,  
To the solemn shadowy cedars and ghostly pines so still.

The bird sang the "Carol of Death,"  
Prais'd be the fathomless universe,  
For life and joy, and for objects and knowledge outrageous,  
And for love, sweet love—but praise! praise! praise!  
For the sure-awinding arms of cool-folding death.

The hearer stands rapt by the charm and holding as if by the hand his mystic companions, while the sight that was bound in his eyes "unclosed, as to long panoramas of vision of armies, of battle-flags borne through the smoke, of the corpses of all the slain soldiers of the war, and he sees that they were not as bad as had been thought.

They themselves were fully at rest, they suffered not,  
The living remained and suffer'd.

Passing from the visions and from the song, he unlooses the hold of his comrades' hands, and leaves the cedars and the lilac with heart-shaped leaves; yet each and all he keeps.

The song, the wondrous chant of the gray-brown bird,  
And the tallying chant, the echo arous'd in my soul,  
With the lustrous and drooping star, with the countenance full of woe,  
With the holders holding my hand hearing the call of the bird,  
Comrades mine, and I in the midst, and their memory ever I keep for the dead I loved so well,  
For the sweetest, wisest soul of all my days and lands,  
And this for his dear sake,  
Lilac and star and bird twined with the chant of my soul,  
There in the fragrant pines and the cedars dusk and dim.

THE VOICE CHARACTERISTIC OF RACE.

The voice is more acute among the inferior than in the higher order of animals, in the birds than in the mammalia, in the smaller species than in the larger. The ancient nations must have had higher voices because the Adam's apple, which is the more prominent, in the lower the voice, was regarded as a deformity. In proportion as races are developed the antero-posterior diameter of the larynx is increased. The Adam's apple becomes more and more pronounced, and the voice tends constantly to become lower. The primitive peoples of Europe must have had nothing but tenor voices; their actual descendants are baritones; our posterity in the future, according to the Doctor's theory, will be all bassos. We are descending the scale of sounds.

The races which are still in the rear of civilization ought, therefore, at the present moment, says Dr. Delaunay, to have higher voices than the white races. This, he affirms, is the case with the negroes and the Mongolians. The height of the voice, he continues, is so clearly a characteristic of the stage of evolution that, as age advances, the limits of the human voice continue to remove from the acute to the grave, consequently one may be a tenor at sixteen, a baritone at twenty-five, and a bass at thirty-five years of age.

In general—it is always the Doctor who speaks—sopranos and tenors are blonde, while the contraltos and bassos are brown. Tenors are thin, bassos are fat. The voice is grave in men of seriousness and intelligence; it is fluty—we are still quoting Doctor Delaunay—among the frivolous and empty-headed.

The voice is higher before eating than after. This is the reason why tenors and sopranos dine early. Stimulant foods or strong liquors, by provoking a certain congestion of the larynx, make the voice lower. Therefore tenors are sober and avoid alcoholic drinks; on the other hand, bassos can with impunity eat and drink what they like.

The action of singing, again, determines a congestion of the organs of phonation. A tenor who uses his voice too much loses his high notes, and becomes a baritone. All singers, whether male or female, can go higher in the morning than in the evening. The music of matins is higher than vespers. The voice is higher in the South than in the North. The majority of French tenors come from the departments which border on the Mediterranean or the Pyrenees. On the other hand, in the north we find the bassos. At the Russian Church at Paris there are bassos who can give the *contre-tut de poitrine*.

The voice is somewhat higher in summer than in winter. The pitch is affected by the variations of temperature. M. Delaunay might have added that it depends also on the variations of the barometer.

HISTORY OF PRINTING IN CHINA.

In an interesting article on printing in China, the *North China Herald* says that the first great promoter of the art of printing was Feng Ying Wang, who in 932 A.D. advised the Emperor to have the Confucian classics printed with wooden blocks engraved for the purpose. The first books were printed in a regular manner, and in pursuance of a decree in 953. The mariner's compass and rockets were invented about the same time, showing that at this period men's minds were much stirred toward invention. Twenty years after the edict the blocks of the classics were pronounced ready, and were put on sale. Large-sized editions, which were the only ones printed at first, were soon succeeded by pocket editions. The works printed under the Lung emperors at Hangchow were celebrated for their beauty; those of Western China came next, and those of Fokkien last. Movable types of copper and lead were tried about the same time; but it was thought that mistakes were more numerous with them, and therefore the fixed blocks were prepared. Paper made from cotton was tried, but it was found so expensive that the bamboo-made paper held its ground.

In the Sung dynasty the method was also tried of engraving on soft clay and afterwards hard-

ening it by baking. The separate characters were not thicker than ordinary copper coins. Each of them was, in fact, a seal. An iron plate was prepared with a facing of turpentine, wax, and the ashes of burnt paper. Over this was placed an iron frame, in which the clay types were set up until it was full. The whole was then sufficiently heated to melt the wax facing. An iron plate was placed above the types, making them perfectly level, the wax being just soft enough to allow the types to sink into it to the proper depth. This being done it would be possible to print several hundred or thousand copies with great rapidity. Two forms prepared in this way were ready for the pressman's use, so that when he had done with one he would proceed with another without delay.

Here is undoubtedly the principle of the printing press of Europe; although western printers can dispense with a soft wax bed for types, and can obtain a level surface without this device. Perhaps the need of capital to lay in a stock of types, the want of a good type-metal easily cut and sufficiently hard, and the superior beauty of the Chinese characters when carved in wood, have prevented the wide employment of the movable types which are so convenient for all alphabetic writing. The inventor of this mode of printing in movable types five centuries before they were invented in Europe, was named Pi Sheng—*Scientific American*.

THURLOW WEED AT HOME.

Concerning Thurlow Weed, the Warwick of American politics, the world has long had intimate knowledge, but Thurlow Weed, the practical philanthropist, was comparatively unknown even to his most intimate associates. Whatever may have been true of his earlier and more active days, when he was the power behind the throne, and one of the most potent of all agencies in public affairs, it is certain that the last two decades of his life were crowded with kindly deeds. His home in West Twelfth Street, New York city, was the resort of the stricken in purse and spirit, no less than the Mecca of aspiring politicians. Years ago—and for years—there was a sight to be witnessed every Saturday afternoon in front of that Twelfth Street home not to be seen anywhere else in New York. It was a score of so of little girls, all of cleanly appearance, but all giving evidence of poverty in their dress, who were weekly applicants for his bounty, and no one of whom ever went away from his door empty-handed. Once when a committee of one called at his house on a Saturday afternoon with a carriage, to request his attendance at the first reception of the New York Press Club, a throng of these little ones was before his door. Mr. Weed expressed the pleasure it would give him, to meet the working journalists of the city, or, as he expressed it, "the boys in the harness;" but, he added, "you must wait until I feed my chickens." After the children had been loaded with his gifts, he proceeded to the rooms of the Press Club, where, by-the-way, he gave some good advice to those who were only entering upon the road he had traversed to its end. He frankly admitted that day, as he always did in his declining years, the great changes which had been wrought in journalism since he was an active member of the profession. No man knew better than he in his later years that the newspaper had become the vehicle of information rather than of opinions. As he once tersely put it, "the world don't care what an editor thinks about a fact, but it does care a great deal for the fact itself."

Yet there was never a more omniverous reader of newspapers, although latterly he used the eyes of another instead of his own, and usually those of the daughter who devoted her life to him. It was not only political news that claimed and obtained his attention, but all the record or events, great and small, that combine to make up the daily journal. The knowledge of this fact and of the benevolence of his character came to the knowledge of a reporter for a daily paper in a peculiar way some years ago. The reporter had been detailed to a case of distress which had been reported to the office. In the performance of this duty he encountered one of those pictures of misery which can only be seen in a great city of startling contrasts like New York. It was a bitterly cold night in the latter part of November, and in a room on the top floor of an East side tenement house, in which there was neither fire nor food and no furniture save two remnants of chairs, a woman was found with two little children. The next morning a description of the scene was given in the newspaper, together with a short statement of the cause of her misfortunes. That afternoon a second call was made for the purpose of giving her a small amount which some charitable person had sent to the office for her relief, and she was then found in comparative comfort. A stove had made its appearance, there was a supply of coal, the closet had been filled with provisions, and mother and children had been provided with stout shoes and warm stockings. The woman gave a description of her benefactor so full and correct that the reporter had no difficulty in recognizing Mr. Weed. When that afternoon inquiry was made of him as to the fact, Mr. Weed admitted that he had "helped the woman a little," but exacted a promise that no mention should be made in the newspapers of the circumstance; nor has the incident ever been published until now. This case has not been mentioned in such detail because it was at all an anomaly in the life of the veteran

journalist, but rather as typical of the man in that aspect of which the world knows so little.

THE POT-AU-FEU.

I have lately seen, in I know not which medical journal, a recommendation to adopt the *pot-au-feu* in England. I was under the impression that Sir Henry Thompson had recommended a similar action some two years ago, and I given a recipe for it. But there are fire-pots and fire-pots, as there are fagots and fagots to make them boil. I offer to my readers the genuine *pot-au-feu* of the bourgeoisie, as made by Gervaise and the tall Virginie, before their woes were discovered by MM. Zola and Charles Beade. The italics are mine. *Esperanto credite*.

Have ready a nicely-cut piece of beef from the upper (that is, the meatiest) part of the shin, weighing about six pounds. Place it in your soup-kettle or earthenware stock-pot—the latter for choice, for reasons which shall appear presently—with four quarts of water only, no salt or seasoning. Let the liquor warm very gradually (therefore choose your earthenware vessel which will not take the bit or bite in its mouth in the absence of a careless cook), taking the scum off carefully as it mounts to the surface each time (a similar process is not without its merits in private life). Skim the soup, add a few spoonfuls of cold water; continue doing this until no more scum arises, and the soup is perfectly clear. Now is the time to add the salt and vegetables. Put salt and pepper in according to taste, and the following vegetables: three onions stuck with cloves, three large carrots, parsnips, and turnips cut in pieces, half a clove of garlic (say a quarter for English tastes), three or four leeks tied together, and a head of celery when in season. If not to be procured, a very small portion of celery-seed, tied up in a bag of muslin, will do as well. Now place your soup by the side of the fire, and let it simmer slowly, but without ceasing, for four or five hours. Before serving, remove the beef carefully. Which, if you are a careful housewife, you will serve in a dish garnished with what your taste suggests, after the French fashion; if you are not, you will cast it into the pig-tub, after the English fashion. Take off as much of the fat as possible, and pass the soup through a strainer, adding a few drops of browned and colouring. That is the real *pot-au-feu*. It is also the best stock for all kinds of soups.

Sneer no more, ladies, sneer no more. I was deceiver never. For see, the valiant trencherman De Cussy emphatically lays down, "Si vous avez ménagé le feu, de manière que la viande ait eu le temps d'être pénétrée, l'albumine s'élève en écume, le bouillon est savoureux, nourrissant, et le bouilli tendre. Voilà toute la théorie du pot-au-feu."

A little word. The fat which rises to the surface of the bouillon is excellent for frying purposes. It must be taken off carefully, well drained, washed, melted, and put carefully aside in a vessel until required. This is the real economy.—*Edmund Yates in the World*.

LITERARY AND ARTISTIC.

M. DE NEUVILLE, the painter of battle scenes, has received a commission from the English Government to paint the taking of Tel-el Kebir. He has already made a number of sketches for the work.

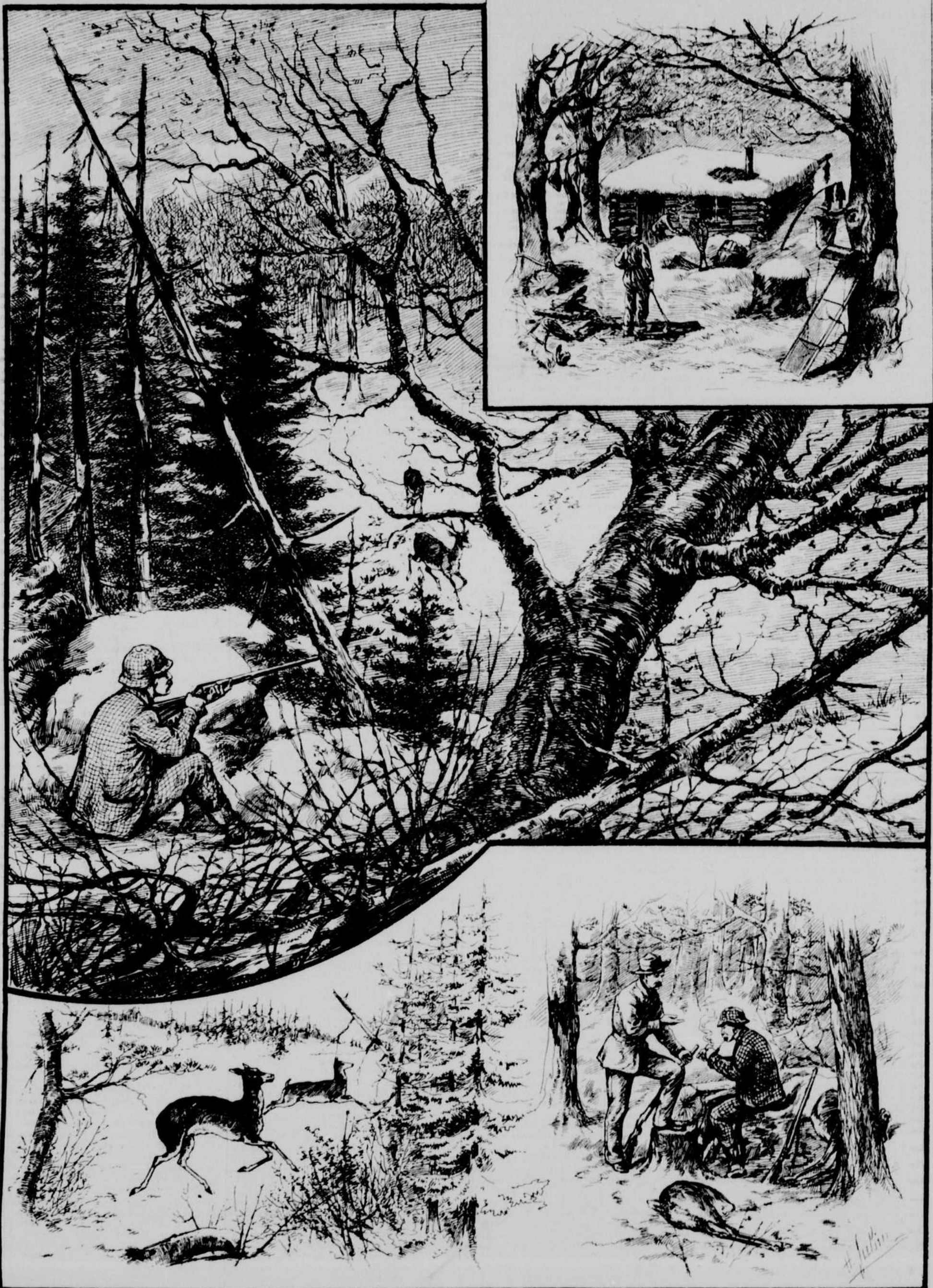
A MEETING has been held in Manchester, England, to inaugurate a movement to obtain by public subscription the works of John Leech, now in possession of his sisters, for presentation to the art galleries of Manchester and other towns. The drawings number 200, and it is proposed to purchase them for £1,250.

AN important collection of Japanese paintings, rolls, and colored drawings, brought together by Dr. Gierke, of Breslau, has been bought by the Berlin National Gallery for 45,000 francs. This gathering is reported to be the most valuable and complete of its kind, and to illustrate Japanese art from the thirteenth century.

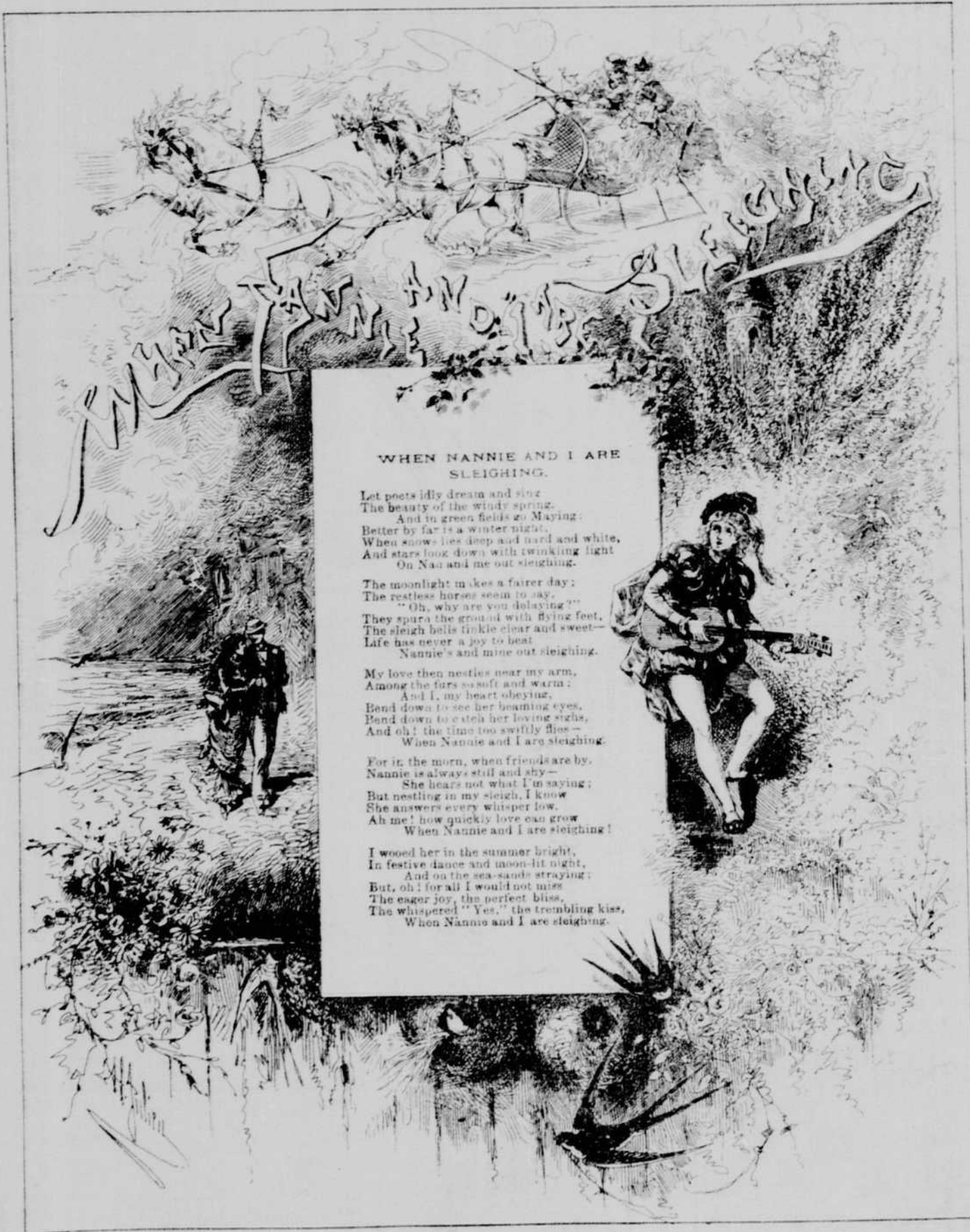
THE print-room of the British Museum has acquired a set purer and in an earlier state than any yet known, of the extremely rare and treasured illustrations to the "Triumphs of Petrarch," the design of which is ascribed to Fra Filippo. The set was found in a volume, otherwise of no great value, which came to the hammer during the sale of the Sunderland library. It was bought, after keen competition, by Mr. Quaritch, for \$10,000.

AN altar and retables which have been erected in the Church of the Holy Cross, Liverpool, are stated to have few if any rivals in Great Britain. The group on the sinister side represents the finding of the Holy Cross by St. Helen, and the miracle by which the true cross was distinguished from those of the two thieves. This panel is seven feet in height, and nine feet broad. On the dexter side, "The Descent from the Cross" forms the subject.

CANON Bock, the antiquary, has been making an examination of the relics belonging to the Cathedral of Berne. He declares the Cathedral to be richer in archaeological treasures than almost any other Protestant church in Christendom, Canterbury Cathedral included. The money worth of the treasures he estimates at upwards of 4,000,000 francs. He has found many interesting objects, hidden away in cases which had not been opened since the Reformation, and which the guardians of the collection looked upon as so much lumber.



DEER-STALKING IN NOVA SCOTIA.



WHEN NANNIE AND I ARE SLEIGHING.

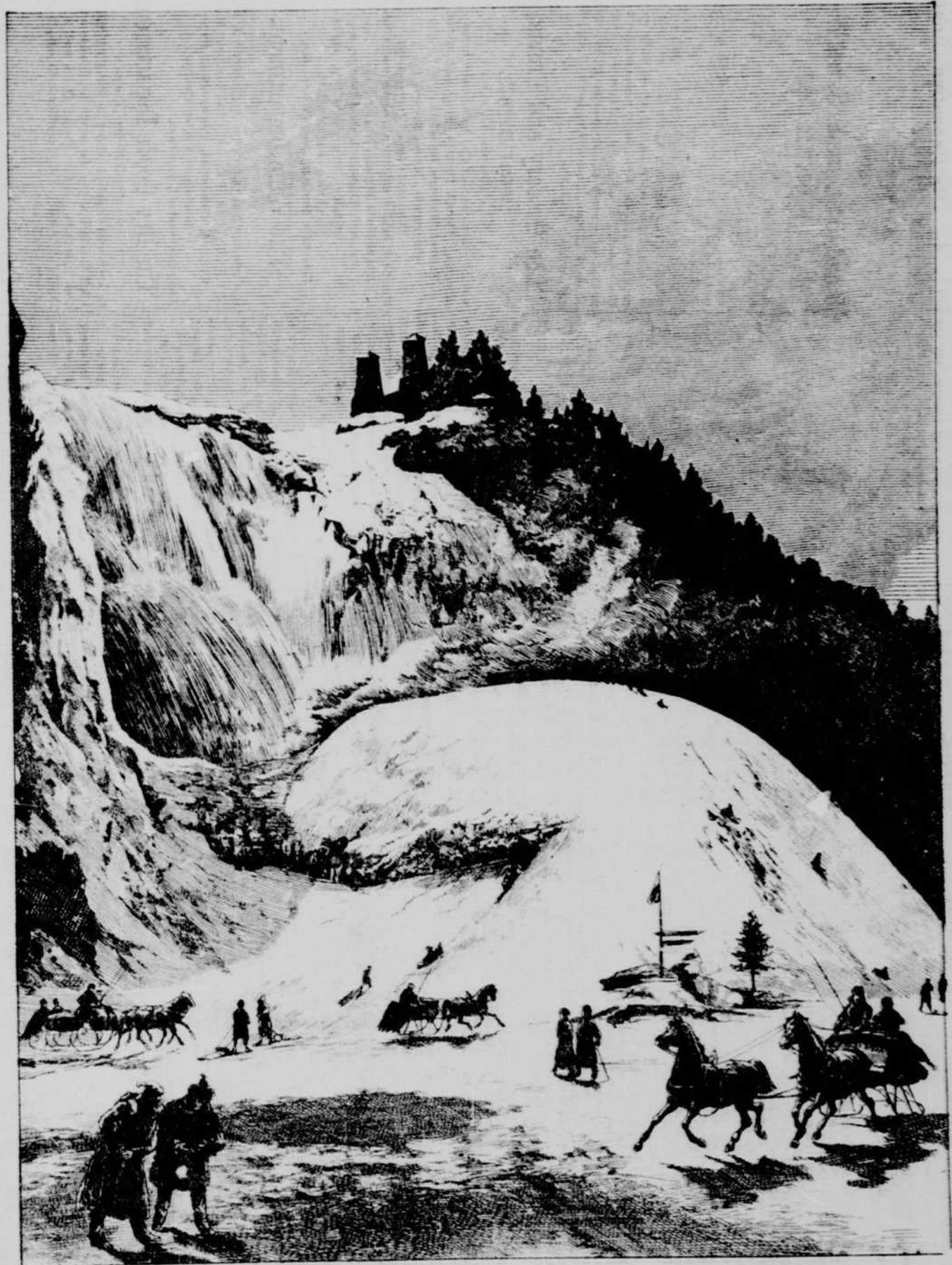
Let poets idly dream and sing  
The beauty of the windy spring,  
And in green fields go Maying;  
Better by far is a winter night,  
When snow lies deep and hard and white,  
And stars look down with twinkling light  
On Nao and me out sleighing.

The moonlight makes a fairer day:  
The restless horses seem to say,  
"Oh, why are you delaying?"  
They spurn the ground with flying feet,  
The sleigh bells tinkle clear and sweet—  
Life has never a joy so neat  
Nannie's and mine out sleighing.

My love then nestles near my arm,  
Among the furs so soft and warm;  
And I, my heart obeying,  
Bend down to see her beaming eyes,  
Bend down to catch her loving sighs,  
And oh! the time too swiftly flies—  
When Nannie and I are sleighing.

For in the morn, when friends are by,  
Nannie is always still and shy—  
She hears not what I'm saying;  
But nestling in my sleigh, I know  
She answers every whisper low.  
Ah me! how quickly love can grow  
When Nannie and I are sleighing!

I wooed her in the summer bright,  
In festive dance and moon-lit night,  
And on the sea-sands straying;  
But, oh! for all I would not miss  
The eager joy, the perfect bliss,  
The whisper! "Yes," the trembling kiss,  
When Nannie and I are sleighing.



THE FALLS OF MONTMORENCY IN WINTER.

"WHEN NANNY AND I ARE SLEIGHING."

OUR CHESS COLUMN.

All communications intended for this Column should be addressed to the Chess Editor, CANADIAN ILLUSTRATED NEWS, Montreal.

Chess, it appears, is not neglected this winter in Canada. Montreal has very recently witnessed the annual meeting of the Canadian Chess Association, the city of Quebec, as usual, is carrying on contests among its members of its chess club, and Toronto, we learn, is having, or is about to have, a telegraphic match with the players of Buffalo, N.Y.

We were glad also to see lately a statement in a Montreal paper to the effect that a chess club was about to be set on foot, in Waterloo, P.Q. Clubs of this nature are much scarcer in Quebec than in Ontario, and any attempt that may be made to increase their number in the former Province will be a subject of rejoicing. We should be happy to hear what is being done in the way of the royal game in the Maritime Provinces.

Steinitz is having everything his own way in New Orleans. He has played two simultaneous matches, winning all the games (22) in the first match and all except one, which was drawn, in the second, twenty-one players contesting. A few players accidentally won some games at odds, but in the even contests the best players of the city in which the great Morphy now passes his time, are so far not successful in a single instance.—Globe-Democrat, St. Louis.

Herr Steinitz played last night (January 10), according to announcement, four games of chess simultaneously, without a sight of the boards, and took a hand at whist between the moves. Play began at about 7.30, and continuing until a little after 11, Herr Steinitz winning all the games of chess, his opponents being Messrs. Vix, Blackmar, Blanchard and Labatt. These gentlemen were defeated in the order given. At whist his partner was Mr. Harris, his opponents were Messrs. Maurian and De Ruyter.—New Orleans Picayune.

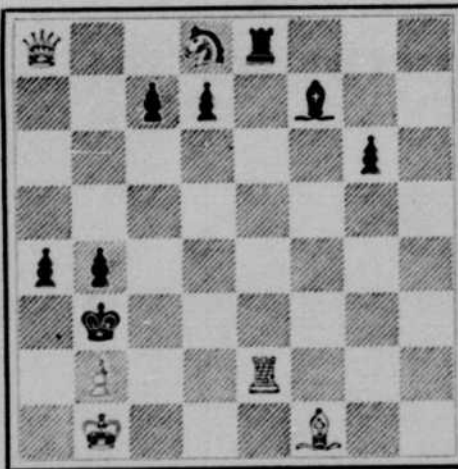
Mr. Steinitz avows an intention to cure Morphy during his visit to the Crescent City, and he expresses confidence in his ability to do it—just how, he does not say. Suppose that Morphy, who for years has had a horror of chess, should be cured of that by the presence of the European champion, and should come forth to meet him! Stranger things have happened. Speaking of Morphy reminds us that the English papers are yet at it—printing obituaries, monodies, acrostics, &c., some of which might be read with pleasure and profit by him whose virtues they sing. We are curious to know the source of the imposition upon our English cousins.—Tee, Field and Furn.

The match between Messrs. Sanderson and Champion, noticed in our last, has terminated in favor of the former by a score of 5 to 3 and 1 drawn.—Quebec Chronicle.

PROBLEM No. 47.

By D. W. Clark, Siberia.

BLACK.



WHITE.

White to play and mate in three moves.

SOLUTION OF PROBLEM No. 45.

White. Black. 1 R to K R 5 1 B takes R 2 R to K K 7 2 B takes R 3 B mates

GAME 543rd.

CHESS IN ENGLAND.

(From Land and Water.)

BLINDFOLD CHESS.

One of the twelve blindfold games conducted by Dr. Zukertort at Bradford on November 29th and 30th last.

(Petroff Defense.)

Table showing chess moves for White and Black in a blindfold game, including moves like 1 P to K 4, 2 Kt to K B 3, etc.

Table showing chess moves for White and Black, including moves like 31 R to K sq, 32 R takes R ch, etc.

White resigns.

NOTES.

- (a) Good enough, but we apprehend that Q Kt to Q 2 would be here perfectly unobjectionable. (b) Justifiable, notwithstanding the weak Q P. (c) Not liking Q R to Kt sq, but the latter is his best line. (d) All skilfully played. He now wins a Pawn, with a fine game to boot. (e) A neat stroke, threatening both R to K 4 ch, and Q R to Q sq. (f) The unpromising end-game thus opening to him is practically forced. (g) Again White is driven to an exchange, which he cannot desire. (h) Black now marches on to an assured victory.

TWO ANECDOTES OF ROSSINI.

Among many other antipathies, Rossini had a particular horror of being asked to write in an album. An indefatigable autograph collector, profiting by the composer's presence at an evening party to which he was also invited, seized a favorable opportunity for accosting the great man, and producing his richly-bound volume, which he had carefully deposited in a corner of the room, solicited the favor of a contribution, if it were only two words, adding that he was on the point of leaving Paris, and might not have another chance of presenting his request. Rossini, unable to escape, took the album, selected a blank page, and confined himself to the exact limits of his tormentor's demand by inscribing thereon "Bon voyage!"

At one of his own soirées, a lady, whose vocal powers were by no means on a par with her artistic pretensions, having been requested to favor the company with an air from "Semiramide," turned to her host and bespoke his indulgence, assuring him that she was terribly nervous. "Not more than I am, madame, I promise you," coolly retorted Rossini.



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Night Express leaves Boston at 7.30 p.m., via Lowell, 6.30 p.m., via Fitchburg and New York at 4.30 p.m., via Springfield, arriving in Montreal at 8.25 a.m.

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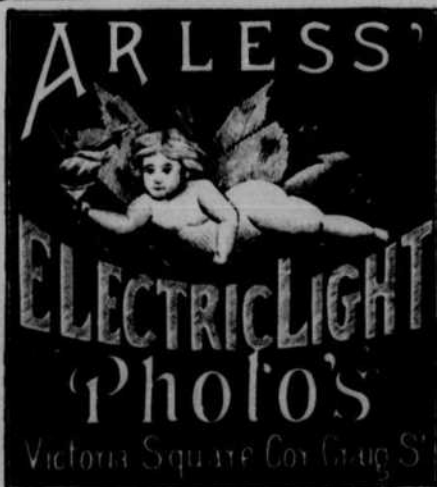
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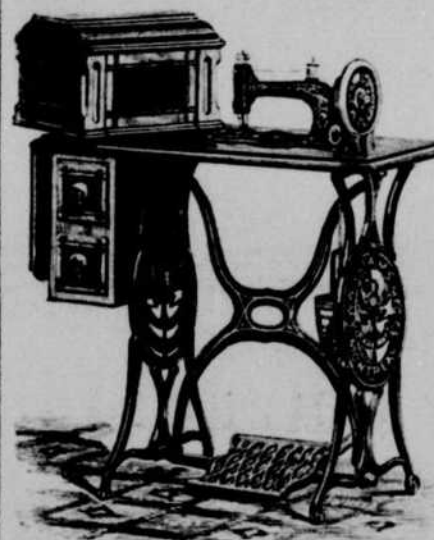
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Loose Balance Wheels for winding Bobbins, Nickel Plated Balance Wheels, a very handsome finish, Self-Threading Needle, Clamp, Self-Threading Thread Eyelet, Improved Tension.

**LIGHT RUNNING STANDS!**

**OVER 2,000,000 MACHINES**

OF THIS PATTERN

MANUFACTURED AND SOLD!

**SWORN TESTIMONY**

THE SUPERIORITY OF THE

# WILLIAMS SINGER MACHINE

Proven on oath by responsible witnesses before the Government Commission at Montreal, appointed last April to fix the value of Machines for Customs purposes, appeared the following witnesses:

AKAM, of Chicago; STOOPS, of Philadelphia; BARKER, BELL & ROBINSON, of New York

These gentlemen are well-known experts in the United States—men who have been in the trade from fifteen to thirty years. It was fully proven by the evidence of these gentlemen that the Williams Singer is the best machine—is better finished, costs more to make, and is superior to all other Singer Machines, no matter where or by whom made. Should anyone doubt or deny the truth of the above, we can refer them to the record now in the hands of the Government. THIS EVIDENCE given by parties who have no interest in us or our machines, establishes beyond the possibility of a doubt, the great superiority of the WILLIAMS SINGER.

**Factories: Montreal, Canada, & at Plattsburg, N.Y.**

**THE WILLIAMS MANUFACTURING CO.,**

347 NOTRE DAME STREET, MONTREAL.

# LIEBIG COMPANY'S



**EXTRACT OF MEAT**

**FINEST AND CHEAPEST MEAT-FLAVOURING STOCK FOR SOUPS, MADE DISHES & SAUCES.**

An invaluable and palatable tonic in all cases of weak digestion and debility. "Is a success and a boon for which Nations should feel grateful."—See Medical Press, Lancet, British Medical Journal, &c. To be had of all Storekeepers, Grocers, and Chemists. Sole Agents for Canada and the United States (wholesale only) C. David & Co., 9, Fenchurch Avenue, London, England.

**CAUTION.**—Genuine ONLY with fac-simile of Baron Liebig's Signature in Blue Ink across Label. This Caution is necessary, owing to various cheap and inferior substitutes being in the Market.

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We are now offering to our customers and the general public the balance of our **STOCK OF WINTER GOODS** AT A REDUCTION OF **25 PER CENT.**

Strangers visiting the city during Carnival Week, are most cordially invited to inspect our Stock.

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Gilder and Picture Framer.

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**MIRRORS, MOULDINGS, &c.**

Always on hand a general assortment of

OIL PAINTINGS, French, English and German. ENGRAVINGS, ALBERTYPE, ENGRAVINGS, CHROMOS, LITHOGRAPHY, and PHOTOGRAPHS.

And a large variety of PHOTO STANDS, MATS, &c.

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Ladies' and Gents' Wigs made so fine in appearance as to defy detection, manufactured only by

**PROF. LAVOIE**

THE WORLD-RENOWNED

**ILLUSIVE WIG MAKER,**

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**HAIR PALACE,**

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has been pronounced by leading scientists and physicians everywhere to be the most perfect form of concentrated nourishment at present known.

It is rapidly superseding Tea and Coffee in the colder European countries, and is served hot on draught in the fashionable Saloons and Restaurants.

As a Winter Beverage it is simply perfection, supplying heat in its natural state, stimulant in a thoroughly innocuous form, concentrated nourishment, rendering languid reaction impossible; and, above all, furnishing tone to the nerves, and substantial food for brain, bone and muscle.

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AND

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The wonder of this century for removing Stains from Marble, and all house-cleaning purposes, For Sale at the

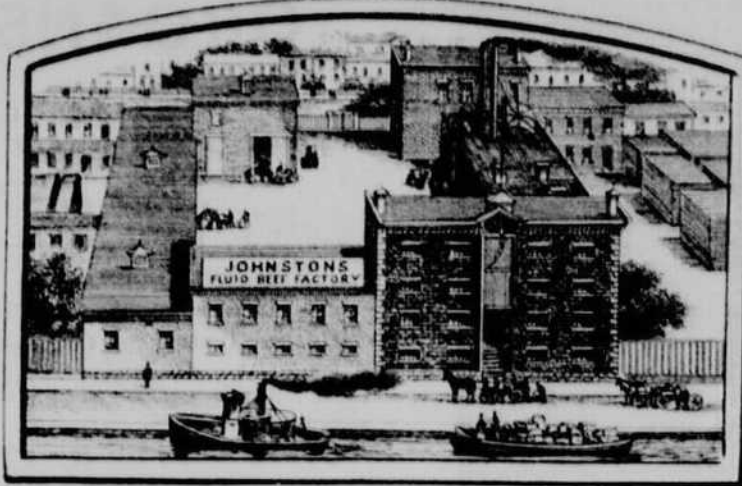
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**C MARIOTTI, Proprietor,**

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Testimonials to the value of the Alkatine on view at the office.

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Leading Scientists and Physicians



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CONCENTRATED NOURISHMENT  
AT PRESENT KNOWN.

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LIBRARY, SMOKING, OR RECLINING CHAIR, LOUNGE, AND BED.

The most comfortable chair to be had. No house is complete without one. A beautiful piece of furniture, combining in one a Chair, Lounge, and Bed, richly upholstered with good materials. Will fold into a small compass and easy to transport. Send for Illustrated Catalogue.

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MARBLE CLOCKS, LEMAIRES OPERA GLASSES, JARDINIERS, PARIAN MARBLE FIGURES, DRESSING CASES, BRASS SCONCES, BRONZE CANDELABRA, BRASS INK STANDS, TEA SETS AND TRAYS, CROWN DERBY 5 O'CLOCK SETS, SALAD BOWLS AND SERVICES, BISCUIT BOXES, &c

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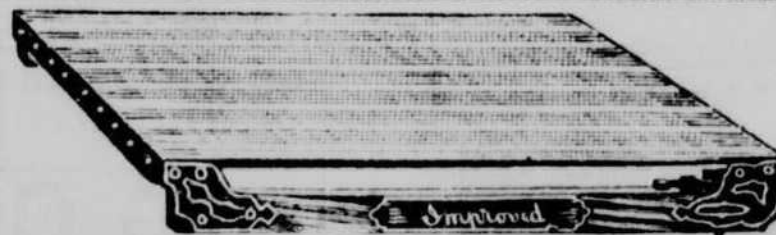
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All Kinds of Fancy and First-Class Sausages, and Potted Meats and Poultry of every Description.

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Silver Toboggans, Silver Snow-shoes, (Miniature), White Wood Toboggans, with Cushions, (Miniature), Indian Curiosities in Great Variety, Views of Canadian Winter Sports by the best Artists, French Dolls in all Styles, Vienna and Paris Novelties, Rodgers' Pocket Knives and Scissors, Opera Glasses, French Fans.



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