The Quebec Gazette.

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The Quebec Gazette

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January 11, 1893.

The Pope's Poetical Crown.

Dr. Louis Frechette, F.R.S.C., has been communicated with by a Committee of European poets who desire to make a presentation of poems to the Pope whom they recognize as one of their number. The scheme is entitled "Leo XIII.'s Poetical Crown," and Canadian poets are invited to contribute, communicating with Dr. Frechette.

Sylvain or Sullivan.

The influence of environment upon nomenclature is illustrated by Mr. Sylvain, one of the officials of the Parliamentary library at Ottawa. Mr. Sylvain is as French as any gentleman can be; yet the name he bears was originally O'Sullivan. The O'Sullivans settled in Gaspé. In time they were designated Sullivans, and ultimately they became Sylvains. On the other hand, the French in the Eastern States are translating their names into English. Mr. Grandbois is Mr. Bigwood there, and Mr. Leblanc is Mr. White.

He Is a Great Old Canadian.

"A great old Canadian," says *The Evening Telegram*, "is Henri Gustave Joly, and when he comes here the Young Liberals ought to receive him in a hall big enough for all his admirers. A distinguished politician whose record is without stain, a Canadian whose life has been full of patriotic activity, and a hale old man who does not let the advancing years win his youth away from him, all meet in a personality that is unique in our politics. To older fellow-countrymen Mr. Joly is commended by a lifetime of honest public work, and younger Canadians who are considering his claims to greatness can study his record for snowshoeing thirty miles in an afternoon of this his sixty-fifth winter."

Here's an Opinion.

(Toronto Telegram.)

Ignorant, ill-guided journals do more to weaken the Dominion Government in Ontario then all other influences combined. The *Empire* and Hamilton *Spectator* are as good as papers can be after long submission to exigencies that compel them to swear that black is white if the party says so. There are other journals that will never be of the slightest use to the Government until the stupidity of the fool is serviceable as the common sense of the wise man. They think they do the party a service when they bark at the heels of men like McCarthy and O'Brien and try to strengthen protection by making the policy as hateful as their own snarls.

Why He Got the Snuff-Box.

A distinguished French Canadian has just died at St. Laurent, at the age of 80. His name was Louis Benoni Cousineau. *La Minerve* tells the following story with regard to him. In the old days elections were very costly. The candidates had to keep open house at various points so that the free and independent might eat and drink at their expense. In 1872 Mr. Girouard, who was running in Jacques Cartier, found it necessary to provide for the entertainment of the electors, and among others Mr. Cousineau was chosen to look after the work. To meet the expenses Mr. Cousineau was allotted the sum of $50. After the election Mr. Cousineau not only accounted for every cent he had spent, but he had a balance to return. The unusual circumstance so moved Mr. Girouard that he gave Mr. Cousineau a silver snuff box suitably inscribed.

Tempering Copper.

Some enquiry having been made from United States parties regarding the alleged discovery by Blacksmith Allard, of Levis, Que., of the long lost art of tempering copper, Mr. A. E. Caron, of Ottawa, one of the examiners of the patent office, was interviewed to-day by a reporter who asked if the discovery were patented. Mr. Caron said that it was not. Mr. Caron added that a year or more ago Allard was in Ottawa and had a talk with Caron in which he offered to sell Caron his secret for $500. Caron then gave him some pieces of copper to temper. Allard brought them back harder on the surface, but not all thoroughly tempered. Caron believes that copper could be superficially hardened, as Allard had it, by simply heating in bor x or some such process. He tried other tests with Allard, but none of them showed that the copper was really tempered. Caron says that he had had enquiries since from the United States regarding the matter, but could not assure any of them that there was anything worth while in the alleged discovery.—Montreal *Star*.

The Prohibition Deputation.

(Bobcaygeon Independent.)

The deputation cheered, and hugged itself, and declared it to be a perfectly lovely squeeze. Sir Oliver really could not help blushing once more, and Hon. Mr. Hardy tittered to that extent that he had to bury his face in his handkerchief as he passed through the door.

After they had all departed, and the room was left to be tidied up by the page, that pert youngster hopped on to a chair, and with a graceful upward sweep of his little nose, said: "Madame and gentlemen—If the decision of that right honorable body the Privy Council should be that the moon is made of green cheese, I shall with the greatest possible pleasure provide a free lunch for my friends—if my government is sustained in the coming elections. See!" Then the young rascal gave a peculiar flourish and dig outwards with his left hand, slapped his cheek with his right hand, hopped off the chair again, and went on with his dusting and arranging, softly whistling, "They never came back, any more."

Col. Turnbull on Cavalry.

About 40 officers of the Military Institute assembled last night at the Military Institute to hear a lecture by Lieut.-Colonell Turnbull of the Royal Canadian Dragoons upon "Cavalry." Lieut.-Colonel Mason of the 10th Royal Grenadiers, and a Vice-President of the Institute, was in the chair. The lecturer gave a sketch of the history of cavalry and its tactics, pointing out that the old shock tactics survived the invention of gunpowder, and holding that they still are of use in modern warfare, the chief difference being that now more depends on the leader of cavalry seizing his opportunity. Despite all theories as to the contrary, Lieut.-Colonel Turnbull strongly favored the use of the sabre and lance, also advocating the use of the revolver as an accessory, in that adhering to the opinion of Lieut.-Colonel G. T. Denison, whose work, along with that of other modern authorities, the lecturer freely quoted. The moral effect of cavalry is, he thought, the same as ever, instancing the disaster at Ridgeway, which was caused by a mere alarm of cavalry. A vote of thanks was moved by Lieut.-Colonel Lindsay of the 25th Battalion, and seconded by Captain Mason of the Q. O. R., and was unanimously passed. On February 23 Captain P. G. Twining, R.E., will give an account of an exploration survey in East Central Africa.—Toronto *Globe* of Tuesday.

Rosa Bonheur's Lion.

He Learned to Love Her and Never Forgot Her Kindness.

Rosa Bonheur loves the animals she paints, and is in turn adored by them. She showed her recent purchase, a magnificent lion, who purred and writhed like a gigantic cat when his owner fearlessly stroked his mighty head. Then, showing the head of a most superb specimen of the African lion transferred to canvas with startling realism, she tells the story of Nero. He was her first pet lion, and was reputed untamably ferocious, and lived for several years in the garden at By. At last one day Rosa Bonheur was about to travel and disposed of Nero to the Jardin des Plantes. She parted with him reluctantly, for he was a great pet, and would greet her always with a peculiar little note of welcome.

When she returned from her wanderings two years later she went to see her Nero, and beheld a sad sight. The poor creature had not been so carefully tended as he was used to be at By. Ophthalmia had set in, and the splendid brute lay blind and ailing, unheeding the curious crowd that stared at him. Rosa Bonheur watched him for a moment and then called "Nero!" The effect was magical. The lion rose to his feet, uttered his accustomed note of welcome, and sprang toward the well loved voice with such impetuosity that the shock against the bars sent the sightless brute rolling, stunned, back on the floor. The great artist took him back, soothed his last days with tendance and petting, and finally he died in her arms at the foot of the staircase at By, his huge paws clinging to his mistress as if imploring her not to forsake him in his death struggle, and his last movement being a feeble attempt to lick the hands that held him with such infinite tenderness. "You see," said Rosa Bonheur as she meditatively ruffled her new lion's mane, "to be really beloved by these wild beasts you must really love them."

The Twin Bed.

(From Harper's Bazar.)

Fashion has given its sanction to the use of the single bed, and large numbers of so-called "twin bedsteads" are now in the market, many of them made of costly woods rich with carving. They are so designed that when placed side by side the effect is that of one wide bedstead, whereas a separate spring mattress and bedclothing are provided for each one.

It is well known that the double bed is unhygienic, and medical journals have been condemning it for some time past, one writer claiming that injury to one or the other of two people sleeping in this way is sure to result in time. Particularly is this true with regard to the young and the aged; but by the use of the twin bed they may occupy the same room and sleep side by side without harm to either.

There is no class, perhaps, who need the refreshment and rest which comes of occupying a bed alone so much as household servants, and they are the people of all others who are condemned to the very poorest sleeping accommodations.

In city houses this is notably the case, and in one home known to the writer the five servants are all obliged to sleep in one large room in the basement. In every other respect much kindness is shown them, but in order that the family may be lodged luxuriously they must suffer. By the use of single beds two members of a family who now occupy separate rooms might be made very comfortable in one, thus providing an extra room to be given up to the servants.

It is far wiser and fitter to show consideration in this way to those who serve us than to be constantly making presents of money and cast-off clothing—a practice which never fails to have a demoralizing effect.

Two iron bedsteads painted white (each three feet wide), placed side by side, look well if dressed with a spread of pretty light-colored chintz and a round bolster covered to match. This is the neatest and most tasteful way of arranging a bed in the daytime, and seems to be coming into very general use. The old-time valance has also been revived, and this, if used, should be of the same chintz as the covering, or all in white if the bed is so draped. It is particularly suited to the iron bedstead just mentioned, and may easily be fastened about it, but it must be kept daintily fresh and free from dust, otherwise its revival would prove a disadvantage. Picturesqueness should always be a secondary feature in a bedroom.

The Ideal Cup of Tea.

A Combination of the Old and New Methods of Making It.

"It's absurd" announced the distinguished housekeeper, "to suppose that decent tea can be made in that way."

She was looking with scorn upon her daughter who was dangling a tea-ball into a cup of hot water. That young woman promptly pointed out that the tea-ball method was the only one which did not develop large quantities of tannic acid; that it was criminal to allow the tea leaves to remain in hot water after the first tea essence had been extracted. Then her mother said that the tea-ball and cup method was silly because the aroma of the tea escaped before it was ready to drink; that the cup of tea became cold, &c., &c. And then they hit upon this compromise:

The tea-ball was packed with tea leaves—it held three good size teaspoons. The teapot was rinsed with boiling water from the copper kettle and then filled with hot water, and then the ball was fastened by its chain on the tea-pot lid and allowed to dangle in the pot. The lid prevented the aroma from escaping, and, when the tea was sufficiently "drawn," the tea-ball was withdrawn and the dreaded tannic acid was avoided.

Every one who drinks tea at that house now maintains that it is an ideal beverage.

Woman Mayor in New Zealand.

The colonies have once more stolen a march on the Mother Country. While the House of Commons has been debating timidly whether or not to allow women to sit on various local bodies, the people in a township in New Zealand have actually elected a woman mayor of the borough. The name of the lady who has thus achieved the distinction of being the first female mayor elected within the British Empire is Mrs. Yates; that of the borough which has elected her Onehunga. A further circumstance of interest about this election is that the lady's husband, Capt. Yates, was himself mayor of the same borough a few years ago. The mayors of New Zealand towns are, we may add, usually—though not, we believe, necessarily—created Justices of the Peace, and in view of the existence of female suffrage in the colony, it is confidently expected that her Worship Mrs. Yates will promptly be raised to the magisterial bench. Meanwhile we gather from some of the New Zealand papers that the burning question in Onehunga is, for the moment, one of names. Is Mrs. Yates "Mayor" or "Mayoress?" On this point there is, however, little difference of opinion or difficulty. The lady has been elected mayor, and mayor she is to be called. The person discharging the duties of this office is always so designated in all Acts of Parliament from William the Conqueror downward.—London *Daily News*.

Quakers Adopting Modern Ways.

The rising generations of the Society of Friends are fast modifying, in a marked degree, the customs, costumes, and manners of their fathers. Peculiarities of dress and language have been almost entirely abandoned, the cultivation of music and the other arts is no longer discouraged, except by a very few, and George Fox would not recognize his present followers, so great have been the changes wrought since the days of Penn. In connection with the cultivation of music, an interesting fact was noticed. In an academy in a near-by town, attended only by the children of Friends, a school entertainment was recently given, the programme of which contained several musical numbers. The music comprised such familiar tunes as "Nearer, My God, to Thee," etc., and a lover of music who attended commented afterward on the absence of harmony and euphony in the singing. While not exactly a discord, there was a noticeable lack of melody, rendering the hymns anything but enjoyable. It is quite possible the far-reaching law of heredity may account for this fact, and that the ancestry of these pupils, who for over 300 years have considered music as only a vain amusement, have transmitted to their children organs unable to properly voice the beauties of this to them long unused art.—*Philadelphia Record.*

IN KING CARNIVAL'S DOMAIN.

A BOSTON HERALD CORRESPONDENT TAKES A NOVEL RIDE.

Five Safety Bicycles, Hitched to a Toboggan, Driven Rapidly Over the Snow—What the Bostonian Who Visits the Great Ice Carnival, Next Week, Will See and Enjoy.

(Mr. Henry Whitmore, in the Boston Herald.)

Quebec, P. Q., Jan. 1894. "Get on your coat and we'll give you the greatest pull you ever had in your life."

This invitation from one of Quebec's hospitable gentlemen was quickly accepted by one of the *Herald's* staff who had been sent into the north to find King Carnival.

In the courtyard of the Chateau Frontenac, the beautiful new hotel of which Quebec is so justly proud, stood five sturdy young fellows with their safety bicycles hitched to a toboggan. This was a new idea, even in this land of sport, and the visitor from Boston was asked to be the first to try this novel sleigh. The fresh, sharp air reddened the cheeks as the strange cavalcade passed beneath the arched entrance to the Chateau and spun over the hard, smooth snow, through narrow streets and past picturesque old houses. It was like a triumphant progress, and all hands took its success as a good omen for Carnival week.

This little incident is typical of Quebec's attitude to-day. She stands with arms wide open to welcome her guests, and there is nothing too good for them in the whole city. There is a happy, breezy, good humor pervading the air, and any one who visits this old town is sure to be overwhelmed with kindness and almost surfeited with pleasure.

To go north in mid-winter in search of a good time is just what most people who have not tried it would hesitate about doing, preferring to follow the sun in his southward course. But it is a delightful experience, and one not at all to be dreaded.

The *Herald's* correspondent was started off towards the St Lawrence last Monday evening with instructions to visit King Carnival in

HIS WINTER CAPITAL.

He found that the merry monarch had chosen the most picturesque city on the continent for his kingdom, and that Quebec, the scene of many fierce sieges, was preparing to capitulate without a struggle, and to pay most loyal tribute to His Royal Frigidity and his train.

The trip from Boston here is not without interest. Leaving at night one wakes up in time for a light breakfast before changing cars at St. Lambert, opposite Montreal.

Going east from Montreal one passes through a fertile valley, quite thickly settled. The American visitor is struck by the location of the farmhouses and outbuildings along the main roads, the farm lands extending in long narrow strips back from the highway. The houses are mostly one and a half story structures, and the eaves project markedly, probably to keep the snow from driving in beneath them. Another thing that attracts the notice of the stranger is the amount of tin used in roofing the buildings. When it is new the roofs shine like silver in the bright sunlight, and as one approaches such a town as St. Hyacinthe he might well think that its spires and domes were of the precious metal.

For miles the country is as level as a table, but as the morning wears away it becomes more broken and finally quite hilly.

THE FIRST VIEW OF QUEBEC

from across the river is one never to be forgotten. The city nestles under the cliffs and upon their heights, the Citadel dominating and commanding all. To one who has even a slight knowledge of the history of this continent the sight of the city brings to mind a long succession of historical events in which many nations were interested. The French, the English, the American and the native Indians have all played their parts in the stirring drama whose action has centred around the fortress crowned rock of the American Gibraltar. There is hardly a schoolboy who is not familiar with the story of Wolfe and Montcalm, to whom there stands a joint monument near the spot which they made famous. After seeing the rocky cliffs, rising abruptly from the river, the American no longer wonders that Montgomery's bravery and Arnold's courage led only to disastrous defeat away back in 1775.

These and other things occur to one while waiting for the ferry to take him across the river from Levis to Quebec. The stream is full of floating ice, a foot or so in thickness, and sometimes the floe closes solidly in front of the little boat. But she has been built for just such service and bravely pokes her prow into the shining mass, and though she shivers from the blow the ice yields and the brave little vessel is soon safe at her dock. The wharves are solid masses of ice, so that as one looks from the cabin windows it might well be thought that the steamer was tied to an iceberg.

No sooner does the visitor set foot upon the wharf than he has a taste of Quebec's warm hospitality, for at least a dozen drivers beseech him and hold out all sorts of inducements if he will only accept their services. They even offer to take him up

TO THE TOP OF THE CLIFF,

and it is only because of the reputation for honesty of their guild that one can believe it possible to scale the bluff. More than likely the visitor is so charmed with the first sight of the city that he prefers to go on foot. Boston is famous for the deviousness and the narrowness of its ways, but she cannot compete with the older part of Quebec, and if the Puritan city's streets were laid out along the cow paths, it is safe to say that those of the French capital followed the paths of the first settlers' goats—at least, it is hard to see how anything but goats originally found their way up the bluffs, although, to be historically accurate, it is said that the Indian trails determined the location of the streets.

Near the water front the streets are exceedingly narrow and the buildings show evident marks of age. There are no electric cars here; therefore, the snow is allowed to stay on the streets to a certain extent, and from wall to wall there is a smooth, shining roadway. This fact led the *Herald's* representative to incautiously ask an honorable town councillor if they really had any sidewalks. Sleighs and pedestrians now use the whole thoroughfare, without prejudice.

One of the most striking things about the city, and one which, perhaps, first attracts the attention of visitors from the States is the duplication of all signs, and he has the pleasure of reading everything in two languages. He is quite as likely to hear French as English, and he is indeed lucky if he can muster enough of his scanty knowledge of the former tongue to decently thank some one who has kindly answered his inquiries. The people seem to have much of

THE ENGLISH HEARTINESS

of manner and the suavity and politeness of the French—a truly delightful combination. Their hospitality is as sincere as it is generous, and the whole city is looking forward to the pleasure of entertaining friends from the rest of the Dominion and the States, and the visitors may count upon having a splendid time from the moment that they set foot within the gates.

One hardly realizes from a casual view of the city that it contains about 75,000 people, for it lies not only on top of the bluff, but extends along the St. Lawrence and up the St. Charles river, the city being divided into Upper and Lower Towns and St. Roch's, which is decidedly and unmistakably the French quarter. In this latter district is also to be found the large manufacturing establishments, principally of leather and shoes, which give Quebec much of its commercial prominence. As the French-speaking part of the population comprises at least three-quarters of the entire number, it is to be found in all parts of the town, and the flavor of the place is decidedly Gallic.

To-day we are having a jolly snowstorm, but last night was as clear and the moon as bright as possible. The town seems to go to sleep early, and the impression one gets as he walks through the narrow streets, with the moonlight falling upon the quaint old houses, with their peaked roofs and high gables, is that of some old European city, and if he visited the World's Fair in Chicago he is forcibly reminded of the bit of "Old Vienna" reproduced there. Whichever direction one walks, there are historical buildings or spots to lend romance to the place. Here is the site of the house in which Gen. Montgomery died, and in part of what is now the Union Club

COL. BENEDICT ARNOLD

was kept on parole after the disastrous assault upon the Citadel made by the Americans in 1775.

The imposing Chateau Frontenac, with its steep roof, its towers and turrets, is upon the site of Frontenac's fort. In front of this is now a magnificent terrace, known as Dufferin Terrace and named after the former Governor-General of the Dominion, who is now Ambassador to France.

A great wall rises sheer from the lower town, and from the top of it a magnificent panorama of city, river and hills spreads out at one's feet. Down river may be seen the gorge marked by the heavy timber in which are the famous Falls of Montmorency, and if the day be clear there may also be seen the village surrounding the Church of St. Anne de Beaupré, the most famous miracle shrine on this continent. Opposite the falls is the Island of Orleans, some 20 miles long by 8 wide. It was formerly known as the Sorcerer's Island, for in the lights that danced over its swamps the early French settlers saw the work of his Satanic Majesty and his followers. By the way, there is a vast fund of tradition and folklore about this romantic people which is exceedingly interesting.

There is a military flavor about the city which accords well with its history, and is very fascinating to one coming from the States, where it is wholly lacking. The Citadel crowns the highest point of the bluff, and is ever in sight of the visitor, reminding him that Quebec has seen more war, probably, than any city on the continent. The British Union Jack, flying from its flagstaff, reminds the stranger also that he is in Her Majesty's Dominion, while the French tri-color, displayed along the streets, impresses vividly upon the mind the fact that the first settlers still retain

THEIR RACIAL CHARACTERISTICS

to a marked degree. Beside the Citadel, one constantly runs across a bit of the old wall of the city or some neglected battery, under which nestle old houses, the rear walls of which are the rocky sides of the bluff.

Three gates serve to maintain the feudal aspect of the approach to the city from the west, but only one of them, St. John's, is ancient. The other two, St. Louis and Kent, are modern structures, Princess Louise laying the foundation of the St Louis Gate and Queen Victoria contributing largely to the Kent, named in honor of her father. Near the former gate are the Provincial Government buildings, rising majestically from an elevated site and commanding a superb view of the surrounding country.

There are several fine groups in bronze which the visitor should not fail to see. One in front of the armory commemorates the heroism of two British soldiers who lost their lives by the premature explosion of a case of powder with which they intended to blow up a burning building in an attempt to stop the progress of a great fire in St. Sauveur. Not far from the Government building is the entrance to the Citadel, and near by are the Garrison and Union Clubs, two hospitable social organizations, with very cosey, comfortable homes of their own, and

DISPENSING TRUE HOSPITALITY.

The ice fortress is built upon the city wall between Kent and St. Louis gates, and consists of a central citadel, with two outlying towers. Directly in front of it are the Government buildings.

Any Bostonians who may come will not make a mistake, that is if he, or she, be fond of outdoor life in a clear, bracing air, and of the pageantry which accompanies King Carnival. Then there are the multitude of points of historic interest to visit and the sight of this most picturesque of cities, rising terrace above terrace from the mighty St. Lawrence to the topmost town of the Citadel, and the crosses upon the spires of the Basilica and the Academy of Laval.

The visitor from Boston should bring warm clothing, heavy gloves, a cap that may be pulled down over the ears and warm high overshoes. Thus protected, he need have no fear of the cold, which does not penetrate as do the sharp east winds at home.

H. W.

Death of a Distinguished British Officer.

(St. John N.B. Globe.)

The death in London is announced of Lieut. Gen. Sir Charles Pyndar Beauchamp Walker, whose services are thus described in Hart's Army List:

Sir Charles Walker served the Eastern campaign of 1854 as Aide-de-Camp to the Earl of Lucan, including the battles of Alma, Balaklava and Inkerman, and siege of Sebastopol; was also at the cavalry affair the day previous to Alma; at the surprise of the Russian rear-guard at McKenzie's Farm; and served as a volunteer on board H. M. S. "Bellerophon" at the bombardment of Sebastopol on the 17th October (Medal with four Clasps, 5th Class of the Medjidie, and Turkish Medal.) Served in the field in India in 1859, first in command of a Field Force at Secrora in Oude, near which place he defeated the rebels on 27th April, and afterwards in command of the column which accompanied Sir Hope Grant to the Napaul Frontier, including the action of the Jerwah Pass (Medal.) Served in China throughout the campaign of 1860 as Assistant Qr.-Master General of Cavalry, and was present at the actions of the 12th August, 18th and 21st September, and in the advance on Pekin (C.B., Medal with two Clasps.) Served in the campaign of 1866 in Bohemia and Moravia as British Military Commissioner at the Head Quarters of the Second Prussian Army under H. R. H. the Crown Prince, and was present at the battles of Nachod and Koniggratz (Medal.) The 2nd Class of the Red Eagle with Swords offered to him by the King of Prussia he was prevented from accepting by existing regulations, but having received permission to accept and wear the 1866 Medal it was forwarded to him directly by the King of Prussia, accompanied by an autograph letter from His Majesty. Served throughout the Franco-German war in 1870-71 as British Military Commissioner at the Head Quarters of the 3rd German Army under H. R. H. the Crown Prince of Prussia, and was present at the battles of Weissemburg, Worth and Sedan, and throughout the investment of Paris, and received the permission of Her Majesty to accept and wear the Iron Cross, and the Medal granted at the termination of the campaign.

Sir Beauchamp Walker will be remembered by some of the older citizens of this Province. He was quartered in this city, in Fredericton and in St. Andrews as a Lieutenant of H. M. 33rd (Duke of Wellington's) Regiment in the "forties," and among his services he was called upon to keep the peace at Woodstock, Carleton County, on the occasion of some Orange disturbances in 1847, which are referred to by Lieut.-Col. William E. Baird in his "Seventy Years of New Brunswick Life," who says:

The remarks of the editor of a Woodstock paper on the occasion of the removal of the troops in the October following the riot read as follows: "It was with no small degree of regret that we witnessed the departure on Tuesday morning last of Lieutenant Wickham and the detachment of the 33rd Regiment under his command. A finer body of men and more orderly and correct in their deportment was never stationed in this garrison."

"On October the 16th (1847), before the troops left, the magistrates and other inhabitants of the town presented the officer in charge of the detachment with a very appreciative address, expressive of the value of the services rendered by the regiment to the community during the riot and throughout their stay in Woodstock; to which a very cordial reply on behalf of himself and regiment was made by Lieutenant Wickham.

The officer referred to above is General Walker, the name Wickham being probably a clerical error.

General (then Lieut.) Walker was married at St. John's (the Stone) church in this city by Dr. Gray on or about 3rd May, 1844, to Georgiana Armstrong, niece and adopted daughter of Mrs. Chipman, the wife of the late Chief Justice Chipman, at whose residence a handsome dejeuner was served after the ceremony. The colonel and as many officers of the regiment as could be spared from active duty, both from the headquarters of the regiment at Fredericton and from the corps stationed at St. John, were present. General Walker never lost his interest in St. John, as he maintained a correspondence with friends here, and his warm and friendly recollection of the city was practically displayed after the fire of 1877, when he sent a contribution of fifteen pounds sterling to Mr. G. Sidney Smith towards the relief of the sufferers. At the time of his death Gen. Walker was about 78 years of age. Mrs. Walker survives him.

Children Cry for Pitcher's Castoria.

QUEBEC'S CARNIVAL ENDED.

LITTLE LADY MARJORIE GORDON THE HEROINE OF THE HOUR.

A Bit of French Repartee and a Trifle of Proof that the English Can Be Funny—The People Tired After the Week's Excitement.

(Mr. Julian Ralph in the N.Y. Sun.)

Quebec, Feb. 3—The great Quebec carnival is a thing of history. It ended with a lively day, made up of skating, bowling, hockey and curling matches in the morning, tumultuous snowshoe races in the afternoon, and such general fun for the crowd all day that all the slides and chutes were busy all the time. The carnival has been a great success—a series of brilliant pictures and a round of excitement. It is over none too soon for the citizens, since they are all tired out. As for the strangers, it makes no difference whether it is over or not, because Quebec will remain all winter just as it was all this week—one of the very best places for novelty, fun and sport, to which Americans can go. The carnival has ended with six feet of snow on the ground, and that fact will give the reader an idea of how truly it is the winter carnival of the continent, and how surely it will afford winter sport whenever it is visited between November and April. Add to this the fact of its picturesque and ancient appearance, and the merrier fact that it is to all intents and purpose a French city, and it is not necessary to say any more in its behalf as a place for tourists' pleasures.

To understand how French the city is, one needs to be told that of its 65,000 population only 5,000 speak English. To comprehend the consequences, the following illustration will be helpful: There was a notable luncheon party in Quebec yesterday, and Mr. LeBlanc, the Speaker of the Provincial Assembly, was speaking for the French-Canadians. He said many things about them that were creditable and in their praise, and then he added that, as a rule, they were slow. A little American woman, of gay spirit and close acquaintance with the French tongue interrupted him.

"Yes, Mr. Speaker," said she, "they are slow, but they are sure."

Instantly the whole company burst into laughter and clamorous applause. The reporter of the *Sun* has a little French, but it is even slower than the Canadians, and he could not grasp the cause of the merriment. He inquired.

"Oh," said a French gentleman by his side, "the lady says we are sure. She refers to the great numbers of French people that we have in Canada."

Now, the *Sun* is prepared to contend that only in a thoroughly French community could that episode have happened, and only in such a community would the repartee have been instantly appreciated, if at all. It is true that there is a rapid growth of the French population, and, as Sir John Macdonald once said to a reporter of the *Sun*, Canada may soon be in fact "the greater France." They give away one hundred acres of forest land there to all families that embrace twelve children. Since there is nothing the French-Canadian enjoys so much as forest land, such families are very numerous. You see them photographed in what look like battalions, but are really only family groups. There is not a photograph gallery in Quebec that does not show many such groups in order to attract customers.

Looking back over the carnival week, it is apparent that the little Lady Majorie Gordon was the heroine of the whole affair. She stands out clearly as its most picturesque figure. She is only 14 years old, but she is a natural, simple, ingenuous, and genuine child of those years. She looks so pretty, is dressed always so daintily, and is so brave and gentle, and so amiable, that it does not seem a pity she lives in the artificial atmosphere of a little court. Rather is it the more admirable and wonderful that she is so. Out of doors in the daytime, she has been the little Blue Riding Hood of the Carnival. She has worn a blue blanket suit, trimmed with white braid, and the long pointed capuchin hood that is always pulled up around her plump cheeks and black hair has everywhere been seen in full motion, the most active and merry object in town. She is to be seen skating with the little city girls, sledding with the men and women, sleighing with her father, Lord Aberdeen, or tumbling about on tiny snowshoes. When she is not with her father or mother she is apt to be in the charge of a Colonel or a General or an aide-de-camp, but those sedate and important personages are not constituted to enjoy her childish pleasures, so that they stand aside and let her play or else turn her over to the nearest habitant who will take charge of her and keep her out of danger.

Danger, say we? The little Lady Marjorie does not know the word. Yesterday afternoon the reporter of the *Sun* found that out. He was taken to the Aberdeen slide. Now if there is any more dangerous place than that on the continent, except it be in front of a locomotive, its locality is not easily guessed. The Aberdeen slide is a sledding slide—the newest thing in Quebec sports. It is a toboggan slide with the chute made twice as steep as the inclined plane of a toboggan slide. Down this go the madcap youths of the city on very strong and heavy sleds of oak, bound with polished steel runners. To sled on such a thing is like falling off a house or starting to go down hill just as the hill is kicked away from behind you.

The reporter climbed to the top of the Aberdeen chute and got a sled ready and looked down to the earth below. He backed out. It looked as if no human being could stick to a sled at that angle and, indeed, no one could did not the sled fly as fast as the law of gravity. Two or three American women came along and said they preferred to die in their beds at home. Then little Lady Marjorie, in her blue hood and coat, trotted up the sheer slope of wood. She, too, looked down the dazzling slide coated with freshly frozen water.

"It looks dangerous," said she.

"Oh, not if you have some one to steer your sled," said a Colonel standing near. "This man will steer you."

"Well, others do it; why should not I?" she replied.

So the Colonel told her to sit well forward on the edge of the sled and cross her legs, tailor fashion. She did so, and the French peasant knelt on one haunch behind her. He reached forward and grasped the front of the sled, and the pretty little noble woman threw a blue-blanket arm around his neck and settled herself firmly.

"Now, go," said the Colonel, pushing the sled.

Whizz! Zizz! Zizz! The sled fell off the roof.

Down to the earth went little Blue Riding Hood, with her face close to the unshaven cheeks of the French peasant, and with her arm around his neck. A New Yorker followed close behind, making his first experiment on a sled slide. His sled veered at the foot of the chute, struck a snowbank, and rolled over. Along the ground he went, over and over like a pinwheel, while a gasp of alarm sounded from the throats of all who looked on. Had his sled turned upon the chute he would have been maimed, if not killed. Little Blue Riding Hood looked at him, and when he got upon his feet and shouted, "I'm not hurt," she crossed her legs on the sled on the return chute and made another flying leap past fate. She stayed for an hour, seeing more than one accident, but heeding none—a brave, merry-hearted, simple-natured girl of the true girly girl kind, which is to say, the best kind this side of paradise. They tell of her mother, the Countess, holding the horses in front of the Union Club while Lord Aberdeen went in to ask a question. Be sure the little Lady Marjorie will be just as unaffected as ever her mother can be.

On that Aberdeen sled slide was a young New York girl who persisted in her refusal to coast down the lightning-like course and yet declared she was no more afraid of it than of getting into a public sleigh. The young man who escorted her vowed she was afraid, and that he was surprised at her for her being so. Still she said she was without fear, and yet she would not make the flying trip. Equally persistent her escort taunted her with cowardice. She whipped up the rope of a sled, pulled it in front of the precipitous slide, sat down on it, and called out: "Now, steer me down, if you will be so kind." He leaped on, and away they went like a brace of pigeons shot out of a trap.

Six hundred yards away, when they were alone on the icy slide and the sled had lost its impetus, this is what she said:

"Fred, do you know the peculiar dress the ladies wear here in Quebec?"

"You mean the—the trousers?" he inquired.

"No; not those, Fred, but the things they wear underneath them. The-er—you know—"

He did not know. She referred to the so-called gaiters which are footless stockings that are twice as long as any other stockings.

"Those are what I mean, Fred," said she. "Well, I bought those things yesterday. I have got them on me now. I have been in agony for two hours and you have dragged me around from place to place most cruelly. I did not dream you could be so fiendish. Whenever I have said I wanted to get back to the hotel, you have charged me with cowardice or caring what people said—or something that no woman will put up with. And all the time I have been burning up. All the time I have been on coals of fire. Do you know how it feels to be peppered with red pepper over half your body? No, of course you don't, and you don't care. Men never do care. Well, I am all peppered with red pepper, and if I don't get to the hotel and change my clothes in ten minutes I will jump into the river or bury myself in the snow or do some other horrible thing. I can't stand it many minutes more."

There are Englishmen here who are without humor, and there are some Englishmen who have plenty of it. In an upper hallway of the Chateau Frontenac this morning an Englishman called over a transom to his brother in the hallway to see if a certain bathroom on that floor was in use. The brother called back over the transom that a lady was in there.

"Go and knock on the door and ask her how far she has got along," said the Englishman. "Or I'll tell you what you do; ask her if it's a daily bath she is taking, or if she is one of those persons who merely take an annual bath."

The brothers bandied jocularily over the transom in that way for perhaps two minutes, saying nothing more objectionable than is here reported, but what they said excited the ire of an Englishwoman across the hall to such a degree than she also put her transom into use.

"Look 'ere," she said, "if there's another word of that scurrilous talking out in the public 'alls I shall make it my business to report it at the office. I say it's perfectly scandalous; that's what I say."

Dr. George Stewart, editor of the Quebec Chronicle, is one of the Englishmen who possess humor. At a formal luncheon in one of the clubs the other day, he made a speech that was as brimful of fun as one of our own humorists could have made it, though Dr. Stewart is widely known for his critical and philosophical writing, and might easily have been supposed to be a man of grave and serious mind. His speech came on the heels of the great blizzard of Tuesday. He said that in Nova Scotia that wind had blow down a great grain elevator, but that the Quebec elevator stood through it all. "Nothing is done in such a hurry in this dear old place," he added. He said that the Quebecers differ from the people of New York and other cities, who put up statues of their famous men in enduring bronze, and then are sorry for it and ashamed of them afterward, but cannot get rid of them. Here in Quebec, he said, the people experiment with ice statues first, and then, if they don't like them, the statues melt away and no harm is done. "These ice statues and ice castles and snow forts," he added, "have all got to be removed before the 1st of July. If they are not taken down by that time the authorities will feel obliged to act." He had advised the Carnival Committee to put up signs, "Post no bills," on the ice palace, and to sprinkle notices to "Keep off the grass" around the public squares, but people in Quebec were always slow to take up his suggestions. He said that Mark Twain had complained of missing the beauties of the country by reason of the snow and had called Canada a place that "stores its scenery" in winter, but Dr. Stewart thought such remarks spring out of jealousy that is due to the fact that no one of the United States can raise such crops (of snow) as the Province of Quebec.

The sculptor Jobin, who carved the ice statues, came near failing to provide them for the carnival. He caused great pillars of ice to be built of many blocks frozen together, and then went at his delicate work out in the open air, expecting to chisel the material as if it were Parian marble. But it would not chisel. When he struck lightly it flew into powder. When he struck hard and incessantly it split off in the most erratic and unlooked for directions. He actually had to invent new instruments, the principal one of which is something like a great pair of shears, in order to do his work. How admirably he succeeded, how true to life the figures are, and how like cut glass they look has all been told in the *Sun*.

The way to see the carnival splendors—in fact, the most glorious way to see Quebec at night—is to take a carter's sleigh and drive across the St. Charles River and up the heights beyond it. Once on the opposite side and high up the hillside, the thing to do is to turn right about and look at Quebec. It looks ablaze; not as if it were on fire, because the lights are all electric, but as if it were bathed in clear white light. The air is so clear and dry and the lights are so powerful and the city is so spread out upon a sheer hillside that no other city on this continent compares with the view it presents. The ice palace and the little ice forts on either side are so suffused with brilliant light that they look like a moon and its two satellites rising above the city. To-night when fireworks were let off from them the effect must have been prodigiously fine. Having seen the city, the next joy is to note the amount of snow that has fallen upon the country around it. It is banked up in places to such a height that the sleighs are low and squat between the great white walls. Within the city the people have kept digging away at the snow and running horse knives over the sidewalks to shave off the hogbacks of ice which form on them until the city fails to show how really arctic are the winters; and yet in two or three weeks after our vernal vegetation bursts forth the soil up there sends up rich verdure—so rich that Quebec took the first prize in Chicago for dairy products. The city people have fringed their snow banks with thousands of little Christmas trees—a pretty custom peculiar to the French Canadians, who decorate their smallest villages in that way on all church holidays that fall in the winter.

The Khedive's Visit.

The Khedive of Egypt wishes to pay a visit to England this year, and, in response to the usual preliminary announcement, he has been informed on behalf of the Court that early in July would be the most convenient time for him to arrive in London. The visit of the Khedive will raise several tiresome questions of etiquette, which must be settled before his arrival, and it will be difficult to receive him as he would wish, and to grant him the precedence which he will certainly expect, without seriously offending the Sultan, who is morbidly tenacious of his sovereign rights over Egypt and over her Khedive. It is proposed to lodge the Khedive in Buckingham Palace, where he will occupy the Belgian rooms, which were given to the German Emperor and Empress when they visited London in 1891. The Queen intends to receive the Khedive at Windsor Castle, and Her Majesty will probably make him a Knight of the Garter, in which case a state banquet will be given in his honor in St. George's Hall. It is desired so to arrange the visit of the Khedive that he will not arrive in London until after the Archduke Francis Ferdinand of Austria has left England.—*Truth.*

England's Books for '93.

It appears that the total number of books published in 1893 was 6,382. This, however, is 150 below the number of the previous year. If we distinguish between new books and new editions the numbers are of new books 5,129 as compared with 4,915 in 1892. The new works of fiction have fallen from 1,147 to 935; but this is probably due to some differences in classification and many works probably classed before as fiction now go to swell the list of "juvenile works and tales," which have made an otherwise astonishing rise from 292 to 659.

In an advance sheet of The Publishers' Circular, from which we gather these facts, this is the explanation given. In political economy there is a falling off from 151 to 71. Voyages and travels are nearly the same as the previous year—about 250—while works of history and biography are slightly fewer. There is a small increase in volumes of poetry, as also in year books and serial volumes. Medical and surgical works are not so numerous. This remark applies also to belles lettres.—London *Daily Telegraph.*

Perhaps the queerest name of a newspaper is *Flats*, an English publication for the convenience of room-hunters.

He Had No "Great Policy."

Mr. Lincoln Thought It Lucky For the Country That He Had Not.

Hon. John M. Palmer, of Illinois, in the course of a long interview upon Lincoln, told a correspondent the following story, which sheds significant light upon the character of the great rail splitter.

"I went to see him," said Mr. Palmer, "by appointment at 9 o'clock in the morning. I sat in the anteroom a long time, while Buckingham, of Connecticut, walked in and out of Lincoln's room several times. At last Buckingham left and I went in. I found Lincoln with a towel round his neck getting ready to shave.

"'Got to get shaved sometime, Palmer,' he said. 'I couldn't shave while Buckingham was here, but you are home folks, and it doesn't matter with home folks.'

"We chatted till the barber reached his mouth, when he couldn't talk without running the risk of getting cut. There was a pause. During it I thought of the great war that was going on and of the man near me conducting it.

"'Mr. Lincoln,' I said, 'if I had known there was going to be so great a rebellion, I should never have thought of going to a one horse town for a one horse lawyer for president.'

"Lincoln stretched forth his arms, pushed the barber aside and abruptly wheeled round to me. I thought he was angry because of what I had said, but he replied:

"'Nor I either. It's lucky for this country no man was chosen who had a great policy and would have stuck to it. If such a man had been chosen this rebellion would never have reached a successful conclusion. I have had no great policy, but I have tried to do my duty every day, hoping that the morrow would find that I had done right.'

"And that," said the senator, "was the last time I saw Lincoln alive."—*Exchange.*

The Small Provider's Economies.

(From Harper's Bazar.)

The tradition is current among housekeepers that there is great economy in buying supplies in large quantities. The learned of them will dilate upon the amount that may be saved by getting flour, sugar, and potatoes by the barrel, butter by the tub, coffee by the bag. They prove to you that you can put money in your pocket by purchasing a crate of eggs at a time and pickling them for winter use. They buy meat in the piece, as it were, and tell you triumphantly how much they can thus save on a pound over the ordinary retail price.

While all these data are useful and encouraging to the woman who has big pantries and a roomy cellar, they strike dismay to the heart of her who must perforce dwell in a flat. There is no place in *her* apartment for a barrel of flour. If that came in, one of the family would probably have to go out. The mere thought of buying a bushel of potatoes at a time seems like a dream of extravagance, and in her moments of wildest unreason she never contemplated a barrel of sugar.

So when she reads or hears all these wise counsels of notable housewives her heart sinks within her, and she feels that she is an extravagant wretch who wastes her income, in that she buys sugar and butter by the pound, potatoes by the quart or "small measure," and eggs by the dozen, or "quarter's worth," as they say in New York and thereabouts. What does it matter that her family is small and would take a week to consume a quarter of mutton? According to the best judges, she cannot practise true economy unless she buys her provisions in bulk.

After a while, if she is a woman of spirit, she plucks up heart and begins to do a little figuring and make a few estimates on her own account. And if she is clear-headed and practical she finds before long that there may be as much economy in her mode of living as there is in that of her neighbor who has larder-room to spare; for there are undoubted advantages in buying provisions in small quantities. In the face of much evidence to the contrary, one housekeeper might hesitate to made this assertion, were she not backed up by the testimony of the thrifty French, who bear the reputation among all nations of having reduced—or elevated—elegant economy to a science. The French housewife never buys her supplies in large quantities—not only bread and milk, but butter, potatoes, flour, sugar, and the like are bought by the day. So closely does she caculate that frequently there is not enough left in the pantry at bedtime to provide the scantiest of breakfasts. The Italians follow the same plan, and literally live by the day.

A Hint to Young Men.

Alas, how prevalent are those dread diseases which make young men prematurely aged, pale, listless, low spirited, languid, easily tired, forgetful and incapable; fill mad-houses and swell the lists of suicides; separate husbands and wives; bring untold suffering to millions, even unto the third and fourth generation.

A complete and scientific treatise on these ailments, prepared by an association of medical men, who have had vast experience in their treatment and great success in their cure, will be mailed in plain, sealed envelope, secure from observation, to any sufferer sending ten cents, (the cost of postage) enclosed with this notice, to World's Dispensary Medical Association, 663 Main Street, Buffalo, N.Y.

Labouchere's Simple Habits.

Mr. Labouchere has called Mr. Rhodes some very hard names in the course of his recent controversial attacks upon the chartered company and the war in Matabeleland. No doubt Mr. Rhodes would be justified in returning the compliment, but he has certainly been ill-advised in describing the member for Northampton as a "cynical sybarite," writes Joseph Hatton in the Newcastle *Chronicle*. A cynic Mr. Labouchere probably is, but he is less of a sybarite than almost any other public man of his day. It cannot be said, for example, that there is any trace of sybaritism in his manner of dress. Some persons go so far as to say that he is the most shabbily dressed member of the House of Commons. Nor in his eating and drinking is the slightest trace of luxurious self-indulgence to be found. High thinking may not be attributed to him by everybody, but to plain living he can unquestionably lay claim. Though not an avowed teetotaller, he habitually drinks water with his meals, and seldom touches anything stronger than tea. Though the owner of a very large fortune, he lives more plainly than many workingmen, and has been heard to declare that he likes no dinner so well as a piece of bread and a slice of cold ham from the nearest cookshop.

Mothers

Castoria is recommended by physicians for children teething. It is a purely vegetable preparation, its ingredients are published around each bottle. It is pleasant to the taste and absolutely harmless. It relieves constipation, regulates the bowels, quiets pain, cures diarrhœa and wind colic, allays feverishness, destroys worms, and prevents convulsions, soothes the child and gives it refreshing and natural sleep. Castoria is the children's panacea—the mothers' friend. 35 doses, 35 cent

January tu,th,sat&w

Zola's Origin.

At the annual dinner of the Society of Parisians, of Paris, M. Zola, in responding to a toast of health proposed by François Coppée, said:—

"When I began to write I let people think I was a native of Provence. In Provence people called me 'Le Francois' and in Paris 'the Provencal.' For all that, I am a Parisian, having been born in a room over the printing office at No. 10 bis Rue St. Joseph. It is true that my father was a Venetian and my mother a Beauceronne.

"Paris! I adore it! I have walked the streets of Paris when I was very poor and sometimes very wretched. At that time some young companions and I used to start for a walk from the Pont des Arts and return by the outside boulevards. How delightful those rambles were! One of my greatest joys now is to say to myself: 'This I have described and that I have made the starting point for a story.' And when I find myself before some place which my pen has left untouched, I exclaim: 'How that might be made matter for a new book!'"

Don't waste time, money, and health, trying every new medicine you may see advertised in the papers. If the cause of your trouble is in the blood, liver, stomach, or kidneys, take Ayer's Sarsaparilla at once, and be sure of a cure. Take no other. tu,th,sat&w

Children Cry for

FOR CAVALRYMEN.

LIEUT.-COLONEL TURNBULL'S LECTURE

ABOUT MOUNTED SOLDIERY.

(From Saturday's Empire.)

"Cavalry should never surrender."

—Lieut.-Col. Geo. T. Denison.

On Monday evening last I had the pleasure of listening to a most interesting lecture at the Canadian Military Institute, by Lieut.-Col. Turnbull, of the Canadian Dragoons. His subject was "Cavalry," and it was quite evident that the lecturer, besides having a practical knowledge of the subject, had given considerable study in preparation for the lecture. He said that in the history of the world all great military commanders owed much of their success to their cavalry and that Napoleon's final failure was due to the fact that his cavalry was all destroyed in the Russian campaign and he was unable to give a freshly recruited cavalry army enough training in a few months to fit them for the field in the following summer.

The battle of Marengo was changed from a rout of the French into a complete victory by about 700 cavalrymen, who caught the Germans unexpectedly on an unprotected flank and thus changed a portion of the map of Europe.

Cavalry, in former times, fought against muzzle loaders and in the thick smoke of battle, but although the smokeless powder of the future would not give anything to screen the movements of cavalry, yet the mounted arm could still do as good service the arm and nerve of the man holding the repeating rifle being no steadier than that of the stalwarts who fought at Waterloo or in the Crimea.

In case of war between two adjacent countries, divided only by a line on the map, the advantage would rest with that country which could first throw the cavalry on to the frontier, and the winning army would be the one that could be first concentrated.

The first battle in the next great European struggle will probably take place within 24 hours of the declaration of war, and between the cavalry armies, both sides armed, trained and equipped to the highest point of excellence. The country that can put the greatest number of trained cavalrymen on the battleground within that 24 hours is going to win the fight, and thus have an advantage all through the campaign. The first thing to do in the training of a cavalryman is to make him master of his horse, and after that train him to act dismounted. Every mounted soldier to be worthy should be fit to be handled with great rapidity, and should be commanded by a man eminently fitted for his position, as every cavalry attack should be as sudden as the swoop of a falcon, and directed by as keen an eye as that of a hawk. Ignorance on the part of a cavalry commander would be a fatal error, as there would be no time after a charge was once begun for the leader to change his plan and alter the direction of an attack. As to the rank and file, the speaker said, half drilled men with their hearts in the right place might be all right for infantry, but would not do at all in cavalry. They would, in fact, be an absolute nuisance.

As to the equipment of a cavalry corps, the speaker said that it was still an open question, but he thought that all cavalry corps, including mounted infantry, should be armed with a carbine that would do as effective work as the weapon with which the force opposing might be armed. It is absurd to put a man armed with a carbine that will not do effective shooting beyond 500 yards against an opponent armed with a rifle that is quite as good at 1,500 yards. The lecturer agreed with Lieut.-Col. George T. Denison that every mounted soldier should be armed with a revolver.

He also said that in his opinion every regiment of cavalry should have attached a number of pioneers for the purpose of either building or destroying railways, bridges, etc; telegraph operators to cut or repair telegraph wires and send messages; signallers to take charge of messenger pigeons, military balloons and other means of communication. These should be supplied with the tools or implements necessary for the work.

Lieut.-Col. Turnbull stated that the Canadian cavalry drill was done mostly in rank entire instead of in double rank, as laid down in the cavalry exercises for the British army. This was a modified form of the open drill formations of infantry adopted in all modern armies. It therefore, be said, behoved military commanders to give greater attention to the handling of large bodies of cavalry and to study outpost and reconnaissance duty if there was a genuine desire to give a good account of themselves and men on the field of battle. In conclusion, the lecturer said that the great requisite for cavalry was good horses, now becoming very scarce in Europe, and he predicted that Canada would become the great horse producing country of the world. He also said it would pay breeders better to strive to produce cavalry horses instead of the heavy draught ones that seem to be the fashion now with horse raisers. He drew attention to the great facilities for raising army horses possessed by Canadians, and hoped to see the time when this country would supply most of the horses used in European armies.

The only objection that could be taken to the lecture was its shortness, the lecturer keeping the interest of his hearers throughout, and the fact that the natural *esprit de corps* of the speaker inclined him to claim exclusive credit for the cavalry, when perhaps at least a share was due to the other arms of the profession. I was much entertained and benefited by the lecture, and I hereby tender Lieut.-Col. Turnbull a hearty vote of thanks on behalf of myself.

Pencillings.

It is not true that a tailor's store in Boston has a sign that reads: "Trousers, $6; pants, $4 50."

Only a very bold man will venture to say when he is talking with a dark-eyed beauty, that he thinks blondes are much prettier than brunettes.

Once in a very great while you meet a man who owns a dog, and who does'nt think that he is really the most remarkable dog, by Jove, that ever lived.

There are lots of residents of Somerville to-day who have new pad calendars for 1894 with the leaves for the last ten days or a fortnight still left on.

Ten thousand times worse than the woman who says "I told you so!" is the woman who only sits silent and looks it at you eloquently with her expressive eyes.

Any poet can tell you off-hand the difference between poetry and mere verse. What he writes himself is always poetry. What the other fellows write is chiefly verse.

The new idea of having umbrella handles studded with gems is altogether wrong. The experience of the world has shown that umbrellas were always attractive enough before.

Determining the Age of a Tree.

"I have been called upon in court frequently to pass upon the age of a tree, in order to decide as to the date of a land survey," said Dr J. T. Rothrock, the State Forester, the other day. "I cannot say that the rings of a tree are a certain indication of its age, although the common belief is that a tree makes a ring every year. I remember a very important case in New Jersey, where a great deal depended on determining the exact year of a survey. Our side based its case upon the fact that a section of a tree that had been chipped at the time of the survey showed that it had afterwards grown a certain number of rings. To show the fallacy of such an argument, I produced a section of another tree chipped during the same survey which, when cut to half, had more rings upon one side than upon the other. I asked why one half should be taken any more than the other to determine the age of the tree. It had either only made a half ring or a ring and a half some one year. Trees may make no rings some years, while in other years they may make two. I have known of cases in the tropics where they have made three or four rings annually.—Pittsburg *Dispatch*.

A Graduate of Toronto University

Says: "My children have been treated with Scott's Emulsion from their earliest years! Our physician first recommended it and now whenever a child takes cold my wife immediately resorts to this remedy, which always effects a cure. tu,th,sat&w

Pitcher's Castoria.

Francis Parkman.

He rests from toil ; the portals of the tomb
Close on the last of those unwearying hands
That wove their pictured webs in History's loom.
Rich with the memories of three distant lands.

Our wrought the record of the Royal Pair
Who saw the great Discoverer's sail unfurled,
Happy his more than regal prize to share,
The spoils, the wonders, of the sunset world.

There, too, he found his theme ; upreared anew
Our eyes beheld the vanished Aztec shrines,
And all the silver splendors of Peru
That lured the conqueror to her fatal mines.

Nor less remembered he who told the tale
Of empire wrested from the strangling sea ;
Of Leyden's woe that turned his readers pale,
The price of unborn freedom yet to be ;

Who taught the New World what the Old could teach ;
Whose silent hero, peerless as our own,
By deeds that mocked the feeble breath of speech
Called up to life a State without a Throne.

As year by year his tapestry unrolled,
What varied wealth its growing length displayed !
What long processions flamed in cloth of gold !
What stately forms their flowing robes arrayed !

Not such the scenes our later craftsman drew ;
Not such the shapes his darker pattern held ;
A deeper shadow lent its sober hue,
A sadder tale his tragic task compelled.

He told the red man's story ; far and wide
He searched the unwritten records of his race ;
He sat a listener at the sachem's side,
He tracked the hunter through his wild-wood chase.

High o'er his head the soaring eagle screamed ;
The wolf's long howl rang nightly ; through the vale
Tramped the lone bear ; the panther's eye-balls gleamed ;
The bison's gallop thundered on the gale.

Soon o'er the horizon rose the cloud of strife.
Two proud, strong nations battling for the prize ;
Which swarming host should mould a nation's life,
Which royal banner flout the western skies.

Long raged the conflict ; on the crimson sod
Native and alien joined their hosts in vain ;
The lilies withered where the lion trod,
Till peace lay panting on the ravaged plain.

A nobler task was theirs who strove to win
The blood-stained heathen to the Christian fold,
To free from Satan's clutch the slaves of sin ;
Their labors, too, with loving grace he told.

Halting with feeble step, or bending o'er
The sweet-breathed roses which he loved so well,
While through long years his burdening cross he bore,
From those firm lips no coward accents fell.

A brave, bright memory ! his the stainless shield
No shame defaces and no envy mars !
When our far future's record is unsealed,
His name will shine among its morning stars.

—OLIVER WENDELL HOLMES.

THE ACTOR.

[Inscribed in Eben Plympton's album by Charles Warren Stoddard, and recited by Mr. Plympton at the Henry Irving dinner, Lotos Club, New York, January, 1894.]

A STATUE like a frozen sigh,
The triumph of a sculptor's art,
Yet hides no light within its eye—
No fire within its pulseless heart.

A picture like a rose in bloom,
Where passions blush and are betrayed,
Is hollow as an empty tomb
With changeless colors overlaid.

A song that is the soul of pain
The subtle singer may prefer ;
It is a spirit, that in vain
Is seeking its interpreter.

But when the actor, from the throng
By genius is exalted, he—
To statue, picture and a song,
Gives Life and Immortality.

QUEBEC, WEDNESDAY, FEB. 21, 1894.

THE TALK OF THE DAY.

The election at South Lanark, Ontario, for a seat in the Local Legislature, seems to have attracted a very great deal of attention. Our office received on Friday, at least twenty telephone messages asking for the result. It is the constituency in the House of Commons which sends the Hon. JOHN HAGGART to Parliament. It is a Conservative stronghold, and the majorities of the Conservative standard bearers in Federal and Provincial politics, have been always in the vicinity of five or six hundred votes. In 1891 the county was represented, as usual, by a Conservative in the Ontario House of Assembly. But this year, a new factor was imported into the contest, and a large number of persons were anxious to see what strength the Patrons of Industry,—about whom so much has been said of late,—had in the riding. The Patrons put up a candidate. The Conservatives nominated two men, and in this they erred very stupidly. The Liberals were content to run one candidate. As anybody might have foreseen, the Liberal slipped in between, and, for the first time, in many years, the division will be represented by a Reformer, Mr. CLARKE, who is said to be a very good man. His majority was only 18. One of the Conservatives only polled 61 votes, while the other Conservative secured 944 ballots. The candidate-elect had 962, and the Patrons's candidate made the amazing total of 804 votes. This proves, certainly, that the Patrons of Industry are making great headway in the west, and they will be a power at the next general elections, both Federal and Local. Already, they have succeeded in electing several of their men to the Legislature. The Patrons of Industry are, it must be remembered, not identical with the P. P. A. organization. The former body is composed of husbandmen, and they are working for the agricultural interests of the country. It is their prime aim to return to Parliament, farmers, and men identified with the agricultural progress of the country, so that their views and aspirations may be properly put before the people. In some instances, they resemble the Grangers in the United States, and there is a growing feeling in their favor, if we may form an opinion from what has taken place lately, whenever an election has been decided at the polls, in our sister Province. The P. P. A., on the other hand, is a body of men whose only aim in life is to foment religious discord, and to create ill-feeling between the creeds and races of the Dominion. It is a United States institution, and the branch established in Ontario, has copied the oath, which all members must take, from the parent organization across the border. There is no room in Canada for the P. P. A., and the sooner it is wiped out the better will it be for the future welfare of our Dominion, which pleads for harmony and union. Neither side dares take the P. P. A. under its wing, but the P. P. A. is capable of doing a good deal of injury.

It is the custom, we are told, for dispensers of liquid refreshments to protect the imbibers from the public gaze, by putting screens on the windows and green baize panels in front of the doors. Frequenters of bars seem to dislike to be seen taking their "snifters" in view of the people, and so their feelings are respected, and the sight is confined to those citizens whose business, perhaps, has called them to the same tavern. Other modes of eluding the public eye are, of course, suspected, thus, we understand, the back door and the convenient side entrance offer special inducements to the modest and unobtrusive "nipper." The scheme has, apparently, worked so well that the Temperance people, down in Nova Scotia, have made up their minds to put a stop to what they call secret drinking. They are moving energetically to accomplish this moral reform, and to make every man take his "cocktail," "gin sling," "half Scotch and baby soda,"—we hope we have those beverages down correctly,—or any other drink his taste craves, in a way that everybody can look square at him through the window. Naturally enough, the movement is not popular in a Province where there is, we regret to learn, a great deal of quiet drinking going on, from morning until night, and the "bibbers" are indignant. The amendment to the Liquor License Act, beginning May 1st, 1895, makes it illegal to have any screen or blind in a liquor shop which will conceal from the street whatever goes on within. The interior of liquor shops is to be left visible from the street. This has raised quite a storm. The bill passed all right through the Legislative Assembly last year, but was thrown out by the Council. This session, the Upper House, on the reintroduction of the amendment, declined to oppose it, and it is now on the statute book. But can it be carried out ?

The St. John *Globe* observes :—

"The Quebec CHRONICLE adds an interesting item to hitherto unwritten history by its statement that 'before the great St. John fire of 1877 Mr. JOHN LIVINGSTON had a written promise from a gentleman who held in the Cabinet of 1879 a high position that he would be appointed to a Lieutenant-Governorship. The letter was lost in the conflagration and the appointment was never made.' Our contemporary does not say who the politician was, but, perhaps, that may be inferred. As men are not appointed to Governorships out of their own Province the office promised Mr. LIVINGSTON must have been that of the Lieutenant-Governor of New Brunswick. If such a letter was given in good faith its loss ought not to affect the keeping of the promise contained in it. If it were not given in good faith its continued existence would not help the matter."

It was not the Lieutenant-Governorship of New Brunswick, which was promised to Mr. LIVINGSTON, but a similar post in the North-West, and the statesman who gave him the promise, is now, like Mr. LIVINGSTON, the inmate of a grave.

Mr. LABOUCHERE, M. P., and editor of *Truth*, is out in a strongly-worded letter in which he insists that the Lords must catch it, at the next session of the British House of Commons. He says that if the QUEEN'S Speech does not contain some sort of a reflection against the Peers, that he and his radical friends will propose an amendment to the usual motion approving of the Address, denouncing the Upper House, and saying that it should be abolished. LABOUCHERE will keep his word, for he is a radical of the radicals. But, perhaps, Mr. GLADSTONE may outwit him, and insert a clause in Her Majesty's Speech from the Throne, which, in a way, may cover the situation. The old man is pretty shrewd.

English and French Women Banded Together.

(*Montreal Herald.*)

Not the least admirable feature of the session of the local Council of the National Council of Women is the banding together of French and English women for the betterment of the state of the national sisterhood. For this, if for nothing else, the good Lady Aberdeen should be thanked by all Canadians.

Death of Major-General Kilner.

Major General James Kilner, whose wife died about three weeks ago, was carried off on Thursday by paralysis. He was born in Middlesex, England, in 1807, and when twenty-one years of age went to India as Lieutenant and continued in active service in the army till 1853, when he took up his residence at Fredericton, N.B. Five children survive him, three daughters in Fredericton, and two sons in Toronto.

The Governor-General's Social Part.

Referring to the coming session of Parliament, the *Cultivateur* says :—"There is no doubt that Lord and Lady Aberdeen will open wide the doors of the Viceregal residence at Ottawa. They have already both gained public favor everywhere they appeared. Their social part is more important than that of any of their predecessors since Confederation, for race antipathies are becoming deplorably and dangerously accentuated in Canada."

Evangeline.

F. S. Brodeur, an artist of Montreal, has modelled a Longfellow memorial suitable for placing in Nova Scotia among the former sites of the Acadians. It is a barefoot figure of Evangeline, clad in skirt, jacket, and little shawl, holding high above her head a medallion of the poet, draped with the American flag. With one hand supporting the medallion she holds aside the flag so as to show Longfellow's head. At her feet are curling waves. On the pedestal are the words in French : "Grateful Acadia to Longfellow, the Singer of Evangeline."

Dorothy Hardy's Mascot.

Edgar L. Wakeman's story of "Dorothy Hardy's Mascot," presented elsewhere in this issue, is a delicious bit of portraiture of the real life in great cities of that vast class which is, after all, soonest affected by and oftenest least prepared to withstand the pitiless pressure of hard times. It is a story of every day people with their every day makeshifts ; so sympathetically told that the happy mending of the Hardy family's fortunes brings to the reader the same spontaneous delight experienced in the knowledge of deliverance from distress of one's own kindred and friends.

The Yankee Girl.

"How brilliant and mirthful the light of her eye,
Like a star glancing out from the blue of the sky ;
And lightly and freely her dark tresses play
O'er a brow and a bosom as lovely as they.'

The Yankee girl is not always blest with abundant health. There are unfortunately hundreds of Yankee girls and matrons who are dragging out an existence. They suffer from ailments peculiar to their sex Life is a burden. Where can they obtain relief ? The question is not hard to answer. Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription will bring the brilliant and mirthful light back to their eyes and the blush of health to their cheeks. It cures all irregularities, weaknesses, nervous and general debility, spasms, St. Vitus's Dance, and kindred ailments.

Three is the Allowance.

Holders of Post Office boxes who are unfortunate enough to mislay their keys will henceforth find themselves in a rather peculiar predicament if they want to procure new ones. On renting a box three keys are allowed, and if these are lost no others can be procured, or at least that is the law now. A firm in this city a short time ago was obliged to apply for a key, and the Deputy Postmaster General was communicated with, but the answer came back that the request could not be granted. Three keys were given to each holder of a box, and no others could be supplied. The keys are made in such a way that they cannot be duplicated by the ordinary locksmith The only remedy left to the unfortunate box holder who loses the keys is to rent a new box. The Government might increase its revenue by selling keys.—St. John, N.B., *Globe.*

A FUNNY GOVERNOR

MR. MACKINTOSH'S JOKES AND HUMOROUS SAYINGS.

Light-Hearted Under Serious and Trying Circumstances—Great Resources and Remarkable Versatility Interesting Reminiscences.

The reading of Lieutenant-Governor Mackintosh's letter to the secretary of the Toronto Board of Trade, regretting his inability to attend the recent banquet, suggested to the writer the opportuneness of recalling instances of his ready wit, and of referring to his good nature and light-heartedness under the most serious and trying circumstances. Of the merits of the letter itself, the writer has had an opportunity of judging. It is a true reflection of the sentiments which animated Mr. Mackintosh during his long and brilliant journalistic career, and of the views entertained by him during the period he had the honor of representing the capital in the House of Commons of the Dominion. The position he took in that letter was founded on the rock of patriotism, and the superstructure thereupon reared is therefore unassailable. Mr. Mackintosh is a thorough Canadian ; he has faith in the country and in its future. He believes in the greatness of its possibilities, and the lines which he lays down for the building up of a great and prosperous country are those which must commend themselves to the approval and endorsation of patriotic men in whatever portion of the country they are to be found. The writer was long identified with Mr. Mackintosh in connection with his journalistic work, and it affords him pleasure to bear his testimony to the marked ability, the ceaseless energy, the wonderful resources, and remarkable versatility which were characteristic of his newspaper days. As an "all round" newspaper man he had few equals on the press of Canada. And now for some reminiscences.

EVADING AN ANSWER.

A western politician, meeting Mr. Mackintosh after his prospective appointment to the North-West had been announced, exclaimed :

"I congratulate you, old boy !"

"Why ? Upon my appearance ?" he innocently asked.

"No, your disappearance, was the rejoinder.

"Ah, I see, there's certainly not much of me left," was the quick response. The subject was dropped immediately.

GETTING HIS MONEY BACK.

It was an open secret that for years the member for Ottawa had maintained the *Citizen* at great personal sacrifices, financially. Incidentally, at a convivial gathering not long since one of the guests remarked :

"Well, Mackintosh, after all, you must have had a hard time carrying the *Citizen.*"

"Yes," was the reply, "I lost about $7,000 a year for many years ; but I'm gradually getting it all back."

"How so ?" queried his friend.

"Well—by not publishing the paper," he answered, amid a roar of laughter.

HAD HE ONLY KNOWN.

On a similar occasion, a prominent member of Parliament, who had gone through some rather expensive campaigns, was philosophising upon the shoals and quicksands surrounding a political career, and closed with the remark :

"Mackintosh, if I had never known the Conservative party, it would have been $30,000 in my pocket."

"Why, my dear fellow," was the quick rejoinder, "if I had known them it would have been $96,000 in my pocket."

TWO MEN SACRIFICED.

At a parliamentary dinner during last session, a discussion arose regarding particularly lucky or unlucky days in the calendar.

"Which do you think an unlucky day, Mr. Mackintosh ?" asked Madame ——, the wife of a well-known Liberal member.

"I ? Oh, Madame, if I selected one day, it ought to be the 7th of April," Mr. Mackintosh replied, a merry twinkle in his eyes.

"Why so—do tell us."

"Madame, two men, highly esteemed by me, were sacrificed on that day."

"How interesting !" exclaimed Madame ——. "What were the circumstances ?"

Well, Madame," said Mr. Mackintosh, in particularly solemn tones, "it was on the 7th of April that poor D'Arcy McGee was murdered, and on that day—I—I was married !"

WORKING ALL THE TIME.

The delay in appointing him, although the appointment was decided upon months before, was not only made the subject of one or two capital cartoons, but tempted several of his acquaintances to indulge in some good-natured badinage in letters to the prospective Governor, which, of course, he duly appreciated. One gentleman, in Toronto, broke out in verse, as follows :

"Oh, 'statesman out of work,' I fear
You'll rust for want of labor ;
Go ! don your feathers and cockade,
And buckle on your sabre."

A few evenings before leaving Ottawa, Mr. Makintosh showed this among others to some friends, remarking, "I got even with him and—and—with the Government."

"How so ?" asked a member of the Government.

"I replied in even more atrocious doggerel. Here it is written on the back of the original." He read :

"Perish the thought of idle hours !
No libel could be greater ;
For full three months—I've had the job—
Of Ministerial Waiter !"

"A MODEST MAN."

After being sworn in at Montreal, a number of gentlemen were introduced to the Lieutenant-Governor, amongst whom a leading personage from the Eastern Townships. In the course of conversation the latter protested against being spoken of as "influential." "Why so ?" asked His Honor. "Because I'm a modest man, sir," was the reply. "Then you can make your fortune, my good friend," said Mackintosh, in a serious tone. "How so, your Honor ?" "Why, by travelling through Ontario, exhibiting yourself as a modest man from the Eastern Townships." The Eastern Township men joined heartily in the laugh which followed.

EXPERIENCE TAUGHT HIM.

On the same occasion Mr. Clarke Wallace laughingly remarked. "Well, Governor, I'd like to see how you get on at a 'pow-wow' in the Territories." "Get on ?" was the quick repartee. "You'll find I'll be quite at home amongst the Indians, considering the experience I have had in dealing with the Dominion Parliament."

Fun was at the bottom of the ex-member's efforts ; he never spared himself where there could be a laugh, so he never offended his friends when indulging his penchant for practical humorisms.

NO SEAT FOR HIM.

The parlor car on the Canada Atantic was crowded on the evening Mr. Mackintosh returned after the swearing in—more particularly the smoking compartment. As he entered Controller Wood exclaimed, "Come in, Governor, I'll give you a seat !" The Lieutenant-Governor put his hand upon Mr. Wood's shoulder, and solemnly said, "Thank you, John F., but I've just got rid of one !"

NO ENEMIES.

It can safely be said of Mr. Mackintosh that during his active journalistic career he had not a single enemy among his brethren of the press. He was a "hard hitter" when he deemed it necessary to attack his opponents ; but his severest assaults upon the enemy's citadel were invariably free from personal abuse promoted by hatred. He did not believe in the narrow view that because men differ politically, religiously, or otherwise, they should of necessity draw the line, and refuse to meet socially, and enjoy each other's personal esteem. On the contrary, he took the ground, and acted consistently with it, that differences of opinion on such matters should not be a cause of withholding the right hand of friendship. His former constituents in Ottawa have had many opportunities of proving the accuracy of these representations ; and if there is one man who, above all others, can bear testimony to Mr. Mackintosh's magnanimity after a fight, it is his old opponent, and yet his warm friend, Mr H. F. McIntyre, Q.C., who for many years spent his time and money in doing battle ably and energetically for the Reform cause in Ottawa. Many a lively "set-to" those gentlemen have had on the political platform, but, with the exception of one occasion (and afterwards mutual explanations set matters right again), the writer is not aware that their personal friendship was ever shaken. They believed in the doctrine of "give and take," and in the commendable practice of "forgiving and forgetting," if such were necessary, after the battle was over.

Mr. Mackintosh's Press friends, and they are to be found all over the country, will wish for him all possible success in the discharge of the responsible duties which he has been called upon to perform ; and, although he now occupies one of the highest positions in the Dominion, to them, and to other friends, he will no doubt, continue to be the same easily - approached, warm - hearted "Charlie" of former days.

A FORMER "CHUM."

DOROTHY HARDY'S MASCOT.

"TALES OF TEN TRAVELERS" SERIES.

BY EDGAR L. WAKEMAN

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Hard times !

Hard times enough at any time for the great world of toilers, fighting the ceaseless battle for love and life and home.

Hard times !

Hard, fierce times now, when the pulses of trade are stilled by the wrangles of leaders of men ; when the rich fly from the presence of poverty to the makeshift of travel in foreign lands ; when the miserly hoard more closely and savagely ; when the charitable are broken by the great wave of appalling want beating them down ; when the crafty fatten upon dolor and misfortune ; when the lawgivers, temporarily safe behind their fortress of plenty and power, drowsily theorize, speculate, quibble and delay ; and even when the apostemic heads of great governments dawdle through weeks, months, almost years, among the delusions of diplomacy, the turpitudes of place-giving, or the senilities of wrangling with senates, while millions are starving beside the rusting wheels of trade.

Hard times !

Bitter, dark, rayless hard times to the wretched poor, with no outlook beyond ; with howling blasts searching them out to hurt and sting and scourge ; with hunger pinching and with winter freezing ; with disease lurking to pounce upon them when manly hope is done ; with lonely agony to rack them when reason is almost gone ; and with gaunt death to claim them, and at last release them from their pitiless struggle just to live—kinder, tenderer and more compassionate far than the bland, flint hearted inquisitors above them, who maunder still of the wrong of this party or that, of wonderful theories, of political advantage, of tariffs, of reforms, of trade free, trade fair and trade foul, while Impotent Lethargy is unctuously filling countless thousands of pauper graves.

Hard times !

Humblers of the proud, victors over the strong, levelers of the many. How their remorseless hand strikes where least expected, smites in remote and unforeseen places the half-attained fruitions, and shifts and changes the relations of men ! In all that measureless land between the wretched poor and the wretched rich, the land which zones the world with blessed aspiration and with building and builded homes, how their blight palsies the arm of effort and of love ! How their threatening wraiths walk beside the father in his toil, the mother in her endless helpings and hopings, the student in his delvings, the professional man in his all but reached success, the inventor in his vigils, aye, even the lover in the most blissful hopes he ever may know, changing the cherished dreams of years to black pictures of despair ! Liquidation, the great economists may call them ; but petrefaction is the truer word. And whoever shirks, withholds, or plays vulture with his fellow-man when such dark days are come, puts back the hands of universal human good and progress on the dial face of time and shall be known as an enemy of his race and kind.

Something like this was rumbling through Richard Hardy's tired head and discouraged heart, as he walked the streets of the great city of New York, for he had not the wherewithal to ride, and saw the pitiful scenes of want and suffering on every hand in that hard times winter of 1894, finally coming, by a circuitous route to his own home in the sky-piercing Spuyton Dayvel Flats.

From a safe distance his near-sighted eyes furtively and with difficulty through his spectacles for a long time regarded the carved entrance to the Flats with its gaudy glass, its gay chandelier, and its rows of polished speaking tubes and electric bells, hoping to escape the at that moment most distressing ogre of his distressful poverty, their alert and watchful janitress. At last he valiantly plunged into the entrance, touched his own bell, "Ninth Floor, Rear," was inside the door in an instant, and was making fine headway up the stuffy stairs, when a frowsy head with a hatchet face, hooking itself over the lower newel-post as if it had been sprung from its capacious panels by his guilty tread, snapped out.

"Mister Hardy !"

"Oh—ah ?" he stammered, halting on the last stair as if caught red-handed in the apartment house domestic crime of ascending to his own domicile without having given account of himself. "Is that you, Mrs. Rasper ?"

"Yes, its me !"

"Well, my dear Mrs. Rasper," he temporized while his heart beat rapidly, for he did not know just how to handle the virago turnkey of these modern penitentiary home-cells without a penny in his pocket, "what—what is it you wish ?"

"Stuff !" chopped out the newel-post gargoyle.

"Well, frankly, my good woman, I do too !"

"Coal 's outer your bin."

"Ah ?"

"Grocer 's rampin' round."

"Well, well."

"Milkman says youse givin' him th' Bowery."

"The Bowery ?"

"Yes, the faucet."

"Yes th' D. B."

"Well, well, well ! I'm surprised !"

"I aint. 'N' th' lan'lord says rent Saturday, er out youse go."

"Dear, dear !—not quite so loud, Mrs. Rasper ; there's a good woman ; I'll see about it, at once ; at once, Mrs. Rasper."

"Youse better !" And with this, the frowsy head, hatchet face and biting tongue of Mrs. Rasper, janitress, disappeared into the newel-post or the equally dark mahogany some where with a sharp click and a loud bang.

Up, up, up, he stumbled to where another head, a little, round, kindly, smiling, head, had hooked itself over a baluster ; not as a hideous gargoyle like the one below, but as a calm, clear, ever steadfast beacon light to his humble home, and he mentally exclaimed, "God bless that loyal face !" as he at last espied it and smiled back its bright welcome ; though his heart sank within him as he reflected that he could bring its precious owner no other news than of hard, hard times and everywhere his own ill success and failure.

And so out of the compassionate cowardice of his heart he began temporizing again. Before he had turned upon his own landing he stopped, reached up over the stair-rail, drew his wife's face to his own, kissed it tenderly, and still standing on the stairs with his arm half around her waist, as he seemed to be merely resting leisurely from his effort up the eight pair of stairs, he said pleasantly and reflectively,

"Dot"—he called her Dot, because it always seemed to him that she had the happy faculty of punctuating their affairs with kindly duties and resolves—"Dot, do you know, that whenever I climb these infernal stairs it always seems to me that the lower down a fellow gets in city life, the nearer his abode reaches to heaven ?"

"Capital idea !" returned Dot enthusiastically, "I'll jot it right down and put it in your 'Ideas' envelope immediately after supper. That is—'

Here she paused and looked at Richard Hardy, literator, ruefully.

"Oh, *that's* all right, Dot," he replied, quickly divining her meaning, and giving vigorous reassuring thumpings to various protrusions of pockets and coatskirts.

"Good !" said the little woman, brightening up noticeably. "But, oh, Dick Hardy, *where* did you ever get that coat ?"

"Oh, ah ! Yes, this coat. This map of Connaught, you mean ? Stood in line for it, Dot."

"You don't mean it, Dick !"

"Sure. The other one went—went up the sluice, Dot, to get some returned manuscripts out of the post office. You know, Dot, the winter storms whistle pretty recklessly around the front of the government building ? Well, I was standing there with the manuscripts and without the coat. Rather chilly exchange, Dot ? Seeing the 'ol' clo's' line forming below, in front of the old *Herald* building, I just pulled my jacket collar as high as I could, dropped my face as far as it would go, put my glasses on upside down so no one would know me, and fell in line with the rest of the Godforsakens."

"Poor, poor, Dick !" whispered Dot consolingly over the baluster rail.

"No 'poor Dick' about it, Dot. It was great luck. Well, there was an awful lot of chattering, shivering, shuddering and moaning in that crowd, and some clubbing by the police, just to keep our blood circulating, they said ; but at last I got swept in there somehow. A pompous old fellow seemed to single me out for a fraud. He glared at me for a while, and then he whispered to an officer who yanked me inside the railing. I thought for a moment, Dot, of the Tombs and the Island ; but after old Pomp had glared at me for a few moments longer, he questioned me a little, then walked around and around in a circle, chaffing and sputtering as though the room were too small for him. Of a sudden he blurted out he'd be 'upper-cut, lower-ribbed and stomach-pitted if it wasn't blankety-blanked tough,' when he jerked the Irish frieze coat from his own ponderous frame, chucked me into the coat, and then gave me a rush out the side door, as though he might possibly relent if I was not hustled out lively !"

Two heads and four arms had an affectionate engagement over the baluster for a moment, when Dot drew Dick gently into the little hallway behind their own door It was a "three rooms and a bath" apartment. The happy voices of children, not yet conscious of hopeless want, issued from the tiny dining room and kitchen ; and other voices, querulous, fault-finding, unsatisfied voices of ancient women, came forbiddingly from the "best room" beyond.

"Never mind, Dick," said Dot soothingly. "It is just the mothers. Old ladies always get a little wearing towards supper time."

But Dick with clouded face could not but listen a moment.

"I'd have you know, Mistress Stevens, its not to my liking at all. Never was. Dick could have had a hundred girls with money. He'd been a great literary man long ago if he had. But I was'nt to be consulted—I that scrimped, and saved and pinched and sacrificed to put him through Yale—oh, no, no no ! Of course not, Mistress Stevens !"

"That's *my* mother ;" said Dick with a sigh.

"Yes, Dick."

"Literary—Pooh !" replied the other voice in a defiant key. "What's literary ? Stuff ; nonsense ; rubbage. Them collegers aint fitten t' rake hay, Mistress Hardy ; if ye want my mind. Dorothy Stevens could a had dozens ; dozens ! Yes, scores agin and agin, o' men as had somethin' in 'em ; men that was up and comin' ; men as has snap and go an' style and cash ; and she'd a had 'em, too, if I'd had my way, Mistress Hardy ! Literary ! Fudge ! If literary's livin' up here higher 'n' mountings, cooped up like chickens in a lighthouse 'n' badgered and sassed by other cooped-uppers, janiters an' pattin-oners generally, I'll take a farm, 'stead' o' literary, every time, I will ! Umph ! Literary !—Bother ! Fudge !"

"And that's *my* mother, Dick."

"Yes, Dot dear, it surely is."

"Come on, Dick, don't worry. Now for supper."

The brave little wife preceded him into the box-like kitchen, while Dick, after jingling the keys furiously, opening and closing the hall door briskly and with a little extra slam, with a bravely-sung snatch of a song which sounded like—

"Hard times and hard men may 'round ye be tearin',
What good at all are ye, if always desparin' ?—"

as merrily as though he had brought home a big check for a little manuscript, just to still the heated differences of motherly opinion in the "best room," followed Dot, and, with a hasty glance at the coal bucket and the fire in the range, began unloading his pockets on the lids of the stationary tubs.

"Here are a half dozen jolly potatoes ; 'samples' from Washington Street Dot. Gaze on this cut of round steak and grow fat. "This package," diving into another pocket, "comprises five ounces of philanthropists' tea. 'Twenty-five pounds of coal, two cans of condensed milk, or five ounces of tea,' the ticket read ; and I took tea for mothers' sakes. Wait until I get into the Galway district of this frieze coat, Dot. Press those two loaves of charity bread to your motherly breast, girl. Beauties, arn't they ? Met one of the press gang so hilarious over having sold a 'scoop' on 'Captain Kidd's Treasure' that he got cheery, then charitable, and bought bread tickets with his 'envelope,' and, with tears of joy trickling off the tip of his noble nose he stood there on Park Row distributing them without discrimination to passers-by. I made fourteen circuits around this isolated case of newspaper charity before the supply gave out, and we're all right for bread for a fortnight, Dot."

"You're just splendid, Dick !"

"Connemara regions of this coat are yet to be explored, Dot. Ah, yes, exactly. Here's a half pound of butter. Walked, Dot, and it preserved its form, you see. Here's a bottle of milk—*cream gravy* to night, Dot !—and here," said Richard Hardy, literator, glowingly, holding a dainty pot covered over with pretty labels up to the single gas jet, "here, my dear, *is* a surprise !"

"My ! Dick, what is it ?"

"What is it ? What is it ? What does J A M spell, anyhow ?"

"J-a-m—jam ! J-a-m—jam !" shouted both the children, Bob and Nellie, bursting into the kitchen with a shout of reserve information.

"It does, does it, my hearties ? Well," retorted Dick with mock seriousness, giving both of the youngsters a hug and a kiss to the eminent danger of his trembling eyeglasses, "Well, Hardys, junior, there'll be no jam for anybody but your venerable grandmothers at the subsequent princely repast of this household, if you approach the supply department in that tone of voice again !"

And away they went happy as birds at the great spirits of their "darlingest" father, to lay the table, as Dot had bidden them ; while Dick, hanging his Irish frieze upon the speaking tube, rubbed his glasses with a dry corner of the kitchen towel, tossed his cuffs into the wainscoted cupboard, turned up his coat sleeves, gave the kitchen sharp-knife two or three "zip ziffs," on the range pipe in place of a steel, and fell to paring the potatoes with wondrous care and zest ; and Dot set the kettle singing, sliced the bread into dainty squares, got ready a drawing of tea, and began bravely hackling the steak with the potato masher.

"It seems to me, Dot," resumed poor Dick Hardy, still temporizing, "it seems to me that just about one third of the earth's products are wasted. Now, it you will observe the practical economy evidenced by the manner in which I am paring these potatoes—"

"Dick, I've got a plan !"

Dot had closed the kitchen door softly and was looking fondly and compassionately at her husband.

"I know all about it, poor fellow ! No good news. You don't want to say it ; and you're just talking against time, Dick. We might as well own up to each other, mightn't we ? We've—we've just got to the very end, Dick ?"

"I should rather think we had, Dot," he admitted solemnly, looking hard and digging vigorously at the eye of a potato, "to the end, Dot, with the 'd' pulled out of it, besides !"

"We sent the dining room carpet out to be 'cleaned' six weeks ago ?"

"Right you are, Dot."

"And the chiffonier to be 'mended' five weeks ago, Dick ?"

"Just five weeks, yesterday."

"And the parlor table to have the marble top 'polished,' four weeks ago to-morrow ?"

"You always were immense on dates and figures, Dot."

"And the mantel clock to be 'repaired,' the next week ; and your easy-chair and book-case 'to your new office,' last Saturday ?"

Richard Hardy stabbed a potato desperately and groaned outright.

"Poor, poor Dick !" she continued tenderly. "We have done these things together ; not only just to live through these cruel, cruel times, but—and bless your noble heart for it, Dick !—to keep those poor childish mothers of ours from knowing the real truth. Gracious me ! Those potatoes must go on instantly. I'll slice them fine, Dick, and they'll be done in a minute."

Something in Dick's eyes or upon his glasses caused him again to employ the corner of the kitchen towel vigorously.

The potatoes were soon a-humming. Dot filled the teapot with boiling water, ready for the drawing and the boiling water again at the last moment. Then the old-fashioned skillet, not a new-fangled broiler, was over the glowing coals in the jiffy, with some butter hissing around in its depths. Some dextrously twirled the skillet until the rich brown bubbles eddied furiously, when the steak was dropped within, whirled round and round, and turned for a double searing before the slower and careful frying. Then the good little helpmeet resumed :

"Tell me, honest now, Dick, have you tried every possible means of selling your splendid work ? Did you see the *Nibner's Monthly* folks ?"

"Sure, Dot. Instead of taking another story, they begged so exquisitely to be released from using two 'Accepteds,' that I hadn't the heart to refuse them."

"And the *Metropolitan* ?"

"Treated me like a prince ! Editor wanted me to dine at the club with him. But the moment I ventured to suggest MS to him, do you know he grabbed his watch, reached for his hat and overcoat, and gasping, 'Just five minutes to catch the ferry, Hardy !' he fled ; fled, Dot, entreating me to think over a great serial ; to think it over hard—during my next summer's vacation !"

"But the *Plenthury*, Dick ?"

"Ah, Dot, Editor Burnisher is indeed one of those who maintain that 'all space is filled with matter.' His head lay upon the desk as I entered. He arose and approached me with, 'Ah, Hardy, my dear boy ? *So* glad to see you !' He took my hand in both of his. He led me softly to another room. We paused before a tremendous safe. As its huge doors swung open, he pointed, with averted head, to his pigeon-holes and their contents. 'I do not know what your feelings may be at such a spectacle, Mr. Hardy,' he murmured, 'but you may perhaps imagine mine.' I hastily withdrew. Even the eight-carat diamond on his finger seemed dimmed with tears, as Editor Burnisher waved me a sympathetic adieu. Dot, what do you think I saw on a little placard hung against the stuffed pigeon-holes of that *Plenthury* safe ?"

"My ! Dick, how can I tell ?"

She had put the steak upon a hot platter and was now stirring the butter and flour softly in the skillet-bottom for the gravy.

"Well, Dot, 'twas just this :

Unused MSS. $50,000."

Dot thoughtfully stirred the golden brown gravy until it began to thicken ; added another lump of butter and pushed it back to let it simmer a little. Then, taking the plates from the warming oven to the dining room, she gave the table a few finishing touches, asked Dick to mash the potatoes, which he did with a hearty vim, not forgetting a splash of milk, a sprinkle of salt and a bit of butter ; and, after putting on the drawing of tea, asked, this time a trifle timidly :

"Dick, what about the Sunday papers ?"

"Great Scott !" exclaimed Dick hotly, furiously beating the potatoes almost to a lather. "Now, now, Dot ;—don't ! Why little woman, don't you know that the Sunday papers are exclusively for 'ads.,' the Four Hundred, reprints from the comics, and the female lingerie reporters ? Whew ! Dish these potatoes ; do, Dot !"

She dextrously removed the creamy stuff to a tureen, whisked the kettle under the water-faucet, and innocently and half sadly asked,

"No chance with the syndicates ?"

Dick was now smoothing his hair at the kitchen glass and adjusting his cuffs and collar. He looked at Dot long and thoughtfully. Then he burnished his glasses briskly with his handkerchief, set them squarely on his nose, took another good look at the little woman, marched straight to her, took her pink ears firmly in his fingers, gave her forehead a pitying sort of kiss, and then remarked more disconsolately than he had ever spoken to her in all his life :

"Dot, wife ? Now *don't* you know, Dot, that the syndicates handle only razor-back humor and Gallmadge sermons ?"

"Poor, dear Dick !" said Dot despairingly, but with a loving smile shining through her gathering tears. "But come ; supper's ready. You ring the bell, Dick. I'll be there in a moment."

She really waited to dry her eyes and chase back the olden smiles into their place, as Dick, after a bit of romp with Bob and Nellie, tapped the little table-bell with a rattling staccato, and, as the old ladies appeared from the "best room," as far as possible from each other, statelily saluted them and escorted them, one by one, over the intervening four feet of space to their respective seats at the table.

"Glad to see you in such spirits, mothers;" began Dick heartily after grace had been said.

"My spirits aren't worth minding, Richard," said Mrs. Hardy, the elder, with a groan.

"I've got none to brag on, thank ye !" rejoined Mrs. Stevens with a toss of her head.

"Don't, mother ! Please," said Dot, as she poured the fragrant tea.

"Oh they're just joking us, Dot. Didn't you see them wink ?" persisted Dick merrily, while serving the steak, potatoes and gravy.

"It's no joke to be cooped up like this, to ennybody that's ever had ennything ; as I said to Mrs. Hardy, just afore supper ;" snorted Mrs. Stevens gulping down her tea.

"No, an' its no joke, Richard, to be held down by others !" retorted the elder Mrs. Hardy, the bit of steak at the end of her fork trembling in unison with the quivering frills at the edge of her cap.

But Dick rallied them again and again until the old ladies, despite themselves, melted into an attitude sufficiently tolerative to permit of each partaking of a hearty meal. Then as usual, from long habit, they scourged the distracted couple for a time with their personal ailments ; flaunted the asperities of life without competence and amplitude, such as was their wont in their own good old days ; upbraided Dick and Dot because the farm-home, up the Hudson, had not already been secured as had long ago been promised ; made Bob and Nellie very miserable about their manners and their books ; and finally, by accident, hit upon their ever blessed recourse of wrangling upon the exhaultless subjects of "justification" and "immersion," which were still bitterly upon their poor old lips as they closed in slumber in their little single beds at opposite sides of the "best room ;" giving Dick and Dot longed-for opportunity to stow away the children in the folding bed in the same room near the dining room door, push the table over against the mantle, pile the chairs upon it, and let down from the partition wall their own creaking folding bed for the night.

"Now Dot, dear, for that plan of yours ;" said Dick eagerly when they were alone. "Do you know, that thrust about the farm nearly broke my heart. After we had paid eighteen hundred dollars, and four hundred dollars more would have saved it ! Its awful, Dot !"

"Is the mortgage foreclosed, Dick ?"

"No ; but might as well be. Four hundred dollars, or four hundred cents, it is all the same."

"Dick, are you a brave man ?—I mean morally brave, dear ?'

"Try me, and see."

"If I asked you to sacrifice something, something almost as dear to your heart, to your very life, as your children, as—as your wife, Dick, do you think you could do it, now ; *now*, husband, when there might be happiness, prosperity, perhaps even the little farm yet, for us, where the old folks might have a little—well, just a little more room, Dick ; and where we could at least be safe from this horror of deception, of want, of being turned into the very street, Dick ! Could you ? *Would* you ?"

She had never talked like this to him before ; and he looked at the little mite of a woman beside him in amazement. But he also rubbed his glasses furiously and nodded his head determinedly.

She tripped into the kitchen and almost instantly returned with a curious little, apparently legless, table in her hand. With a few dextrous movements its hinged, crossed legs came into place with a click, its hinged, detached, stout cross bar joined, and with a little jump, she landed herself in a sitting posture upon it.

"Is'nt it lovely, Dick ? And stout ? My ! Just see here !" She gave herself a vigorous shake. "Did a little sewing for Mrs. Jack Plane, eleventh floor front, and her husband—he's a cabinet maker, Dick—made this for me ; I mean for *you*, Dick."

"Chocolates ? Jamping frogs ? Sea beans ? Jewelry ? Playing-cards ? Lamp-chimney cleaners ? Horse-radish ? What—what line, Dot ?" he inquired lugubriously.

She pointed to huge piles of books upon shelves above the doorways, piled upon the mantel, dangerously crowded upon the top of the folding bed and stacked high, where the book case had been, along the hallway partition wall.

"Gewhillikins !"

Richard Hardy, literator, sprang into the circumscribed atmosphere of his little dining room as though an explosion had occurred in Eighth Floor, Rear, flat below.

By the time he was on his feet again, Dot had one arm around him and was leading the dazed writer to this pile of books and that ; but the poor fellow could not see rightly for a little, and Dot went on soothingly and bravely with her plan.

"I knew it would almost break your heart, Dick ; not the standing in the street—you're too much of a man to be ashamed of that !—but letting your treasures go into other hands ; almost as if they were Bob and Nellie, Dick. Dear, dear old books ! How we have loved them ! But I knew, in this dreadful hard times' choice of sacrifices, you'd only have to—to think of it, just once, Dick. Why, you must have paid thousands of dollars for them. I have been all over them ; just 814 volumes. And just look here, husband ! I've got all these pretty price marks lettered and ready. Some of these single volumes ought to pay a month's rent of this flat. Landlord's pressing us too, Dick. And I found some real little curios, if the right folks only come along. No use at the 'second-hands.' Dick, dear, forgive me ! but I've tried them ; just to get prices, you know. ' Not buyin,' mom ; nor sellin' neither !' was the reply from all. But along Printing House Square, or Park Row, or around there somewhere, Dick, there are just oceans of editors and lawyers. Why, Dick, they're always buying books ; good books. And here's a nice oilcloth I've hemmed and got ready, in case it sleets or snows. You won't mind a little snow, now that you've got that lovely Irish frieze, will you, Dick ? The pockets will be just lovely for little volumes and lunches ! And Dick, dear, best of all, here's a whole dollar—a little mending for Seventh Floor, Rear, dear—to start with !"

She had not dared to look up at him, before, brave soul though she was ; and now that her eyes met his, she saw his face was deathly white. Well might it be, when the life dream of a writer is in an instant so blackened and effaced !

"Oh, Dick—husband ? What have I done ! What have I done !" she sobbed, sinking piteously upon the little table beside her.

"Done !" he blurted out after a mighty gulp, while stroking her head tenderly. "Why, bless your precious soul ! You've done dead right. Its a go ! Street-stall goes ! Books go ! Friends go—drat them ! Literature goes ! Everything goes, Dot !"

What a face of joy, of hope, of love and of blessing was the one she turned to his as she faltered out, "To-morrow ?—Dick ?"

"To-morrow ? Gewhillikens ! This holy minute, if you say so, Dot !"

Dot could not say that ? but she did say countless good and sweet things of arrangement, of classification of book-lots, of prices fitted to the hard times, of retaining the most precious and most necessary volumes to the last, and, particularly, of one strange little volume, no bigger than her dainty hand ; a volume of scarcely more than thirty pages, done with the pen on parchment through years of patient research and labor, by one Marcel, Crown Advocate of France, as a gift to Louis, *Le Grand* ; "Tablettes Chronologiques" was its title, and it comprised a record of succession of all the popes, emperors and kings who reigned from the birth of Christ to 1700, the year of its presentation to Louis XIV. ; a genuine curio bound after the fashion of that luxurious time, its edges richly gilt by the stylus ; a volume recording the birth and horological influences, the death, manner of death, the length of reign and the historians of all these mighty potentates ; and altogether containing vaster, more exact and wonderful information than any other equal number of pages the world ever knew ; in fact, a marvel volume of profane history, for personal study by the Grand Monarch ; and such a perfect unique in lore and art, and association as the most cunning book hunter had never yet possessed.

For generations before Richard Hardy's time, and to this very moment, this little yellow enigma, which had passed from among the treasures of emperors to the house-chests of the people at the sacking of the Tuileries, had been given no braver place than a library fag end or a child's meager amusement from its strangely-wrought characters and designs.

But when Richard Harding resolutely set out the next day with his little table and huge package of books, the "Tablettes Chronologiques" curio, encased in an oil silk cover, was safe in one of his pockets ; and somehow the little book gave him an indefinable feeling of opulence, too, for Dot had solemnly declared it would prove a mascot and bring back the parlor table, the mantel clock, the carpet, or the book case, before the week's new and daring venture was done.

It did even more than this for him It gave him a strange consciousness of an ancestry behind him he never before had experienced ; of the stern stuff that was, or still should be, coursing from the Huguenot line through his veins ; and of the mightier fact that no shame can come to him who stands among the densest throngs in honorable battle for home and love.

He found himself actually nodding familiarly to the old newswomen, huddling, freezing and mumbling about the doorways and windswept corners of the great newspaper edifices ; giving cheery salutations to clerks, messengers, porters and carters who rushed and tumbled about him ; and even arranging his books on his little table, which he set alongside the *Sun* building on Frankfort Street, while whistling away as blithely as though all his life an agile and cunning participant in the canny shifts and cruel artifices of the street. This strangely buoyant mood carried him bravely enough through a bitter winter day, almost to its night, without a single sale, and, so kindlily disguising was the Irish frieze, more luckily without recognition by any friend.

Soon the comfortable looking men of this locality began leaving the great office buildings for their homes. Then a chubby cheeked, jolly-looking editor of the *Press* passed his stand, turned, glanced along the titles of the books, handed Dick three crisp bank notes for an illuminated "Homer," and went his way. A half a dozen lawyers or insurance men or capitalists followed. An annotated copy of "Byron" went to one of these, and "Hallam's Constitutional History of England," was taken by another. The "Lives of the Lord Chancellors," went to a famous corporation lawyer. Mr. Pulitzer, strolling past from the *World* building, caught up and carried away "Alonzo and Melissa." One of the *Tribune* editors fancied a rare old edition of Rousseau's "Eloisa." Somebody from the *Times* wished the "Lancashire Witches," and when a certain venerable editor from the almost historic room above his head descended to the street, buttoned his great coat close up around his long, white beard, caught sight of the little stall, and, with the bland remark, "Book-selling is an honorable calling sir !" handed the young merchant a twenty dollar bill for a bright, clean copy of the rare "Burckhardt's Arabian Proverbs," and then with a stately "Good Night, sir !" slowly trundled away, Dick could contain his unrestrainable excitement alone no longer.

He clutched his books, snapped together the little table, sped to the elevated railway station, fidgeted impatiently all the way to his own station, rushed down its stairs, paid the grocer, the butcher, the milkman, ordered coal by the ton with outlandish house supplies on his way, rang up Mrs. Rasper with furious hilarity, clapped the overdue rent in her hand with a bang and a flourish, with something besides for herself and her children ; and, scrambling up the stairs frantically came to his own door and Dot's trembling, outstretched arms like a whirlwind of joy and triumph ; owing no man a penny ; with his day's lot of books still half unsold ; and a roll of bills in his hand which it took the whirling heads and misting eyes of these two tried souls along and a happy time to count !

After the first wild intoxication of success, there was a little reaction in Dick's spirits and trade. Books were often returned, or exchanged. Even fisticuffs were occasionally necessary to protect his pocket and stall. The winter wind swept cruelly around that particular corner from the open park spaces, down past the dismal arches of the Bridge, to the great river beyond ; and chillier and more cutting far were the stealthy, contemptuous glances of old acquaintances among the passing throng But he bore it all with positive bravery. If impudent curiosity pressed him too closely, he would deftly parry it with, "S-h-h ! Making a practical literary study. There is a fine set of 'Bacon,' sir !" which was all true enough, poor fellow ! in this one region of the great city, where a quarter million souls pass and repass each day and night, where the thunder of the presses is never still, where more astounding extremes of competence and poverty and tremendous intellect and besotted ignorance, eddy and whirl, and crash together, than in any other single place beneath the sun.

Then there were the compensations in character study among those who came and nibbled at his books, tarrying and chattering or brusquely purchasing and going their several ways ; and he found himself unconsciously acquiring exactness in estimate of motive, intention and secret purpose on the part of those who prefaced their paltry haglings with forgivable pretense ; while a ready diplomacy, on his part, grew without effort into fine and nice corresponding adjustment ;—the inexorable difference between art in theory and the art that grows polished and powerful from use.

One visitor only puzzled him. This was a lady ; a lady plainly but richly clad, erect, splendidly poised as if conscious of physical and mental strength, with a firm, fine face that might have been a Portia's or a jurist's, so expressive or impassive could it at once become, and with large gray eyes which looked straight at one for a straight response, and seemed sure to finality of every possible shading of historic, art, associative and actual value, of any book upon his stand, without once opening its lids.

He had grown to notice her coming along Nassau street, and almost without looking, to know that she frequented the large bookstalls of that ancient thoroughfare. A few times she had paused before the little collection a moment, and then with a slight inclination of her head, had disappeared in the direction of the Bridge approach.

One bitter cold day he turned from his usual exercise of kicking the foundations of the *Sun* building to keep his feet from freezing, to see her standing in her sables beside his stall. Her purse was open as if she was about to purchase. It was the first time he had seen her hesitate, and he believed her incapable of hesitation.

"I beg your pardon, sir ; I am in error ;" she said quietly, slipping her fingers dextrously under the lid and disclosing the title page of "Balzac." I was under the impression that this was a first edition."

It put Richard Hardy on his mettle, for he was now sure he was dealing with an astute collector of books.

"This trifle, madame, might interest *you* ;" he observed with some dignity, while proffering Dot's mascot curio.

She thanked him, took the little book in her hands and turned its parchment leaves as leisurely as ever the Grand Monarch had done ; but her gray eyes and her now impassive face gave no betrayal of interest or purpose ; while Dick silently burnished his glasses and his wits of diplomacy, awaiting some sign.

"Have you fixed its price, sir ?"

"It's value is well known, madam ;" returned Dick solemnly, while mentally begging absolution for the astounding whopper he had told.

The lady made no reply, but at once handed him her card and a bank note and asked the privilege of taking the book to her home for examination. The note bore the legend "$100" and the card, "Mrs. Hope, Park Place, Brooklyn."

"Certainly, Mrs. Gope. By all means, Mrs. Lope. No deposit necessary, Mrs. Pope—Mrs. Rope—*Mrs. Hope*, I mean !"

But the lady, with a quiet bow, had disappeared ; leaving Richard Hardy, while Fahrenheit marked many degrees below zero, mopping great drops of perspiration from his face and head.

Scarcely three hours—they were as years of suspense to the book-stall proprietor of Frankfort street—had passed, when the lady returned. It was the effort of his life, but Richard Hardy received her in a manner which might be termed stately and affable repose. She handed him the little curio and he placed it in its oiled-silk case in his pocket. Then he returned the bank note and the card. Mrs. Hope then upon glanced at her watch. Both she and Dick, if Dick could see at all, saw that it was precisely a quarter to three o'clock.

"The banks are not yet closed ?" she said casually.

"Not yet, Mrs. Hope ;" Dick calmly answered.

She rested a little check book upon the edge of Dick's stall, with a stylographic pen wrote in the date, "to bearer," and her own signature, in a round, masculine hand. This done, she looked up at Dick, who was by this time crowding the brick wall behind him for support, with

"Well ?"

"Frankly, Madam, it is quite painful to be exact when dealing with a lady. Write your own price on the check. Perhaps we will not differ."

What she wrote his dazed eyes did not see, perhaps never saw ; but he mastered himself sufficiently to nod his head ; to take the check ; to hand the lady the curio ; to see her turn and lose herself in the crowd thronging the Bridge entrance ; to stagger to the Nassau Bank, where a ruddy-faced paying teller counted out for his slip of paper great piles of bills ; to climb to a certain near real estate office, and, as in a dream, exchange only a few of those bills for a sealed and taped document certifying his ownership of a certain little farm and cottage home ; to return and gather up his remaining books and that clicking table, which he will retain as a blessed memento his whole life long ; to call a carriage ; still, as in a dream, to find the Spuyten Duyvel Flats and its Ninth Floor, Rear, with its blessed, home-waiting and now delirious souls within ; and, finally, through hard times' winter storms, from which all dread had gone, to superintend the most ecstatic "moving" from apartment prison to blessed home that had ever been the lot of man ; while the heading of the new stationary of one literator's family, just now being printed, will read, "Glendorothy Cats kill-on-Hudson," to the end of that family's hopeful, happy days.

T. E. Normand, M.P.P., of Three Rivers, is at the Hotel Victoria.

SPORTING NEWS.

CURLING.

THE QUEBEC CUP.

MONTREAL, Feb. 14—The Thistle Curling Club have all through the season had a covetous eye on the Quebec Challenge Cup, at present held in Ottawa. When their challenge was received the Ottawa people gave them dates up to February 4, and the Thistle men took January 27 for their date, and purchased their tickets for Ottawa, but on the night previous a despatch was received from Ottawa saying that the latter club could not play. This not only caused four rinks of the Thistle men to be put to great inconvenience, but it practically threw them out of competition, as after having made all their arrangements they could not get ready again for the peremptory date set down by the Ottawa Club, and as there are several challenges already in, it is almost impossible that they should get a chance for the cup this season, and are naturally proportionately disappointed.

MONTREAL CLUB WINS THE GOVERNOR GENERAL'S PRIZE.

The final game in the competition for the Governor General's prize was played Saturday afternoon on the Caledonia ice between the Thistle and Montreal Clubs. The two Rinks which played the previous evening tied, but on Saturday Mr. Tyre defeated Mr. Brush by 10 points. The complete score is as follows :

MONTREAL.	THISTLE.
C. H. Whitelaw	John Adair
C. E. Smythe	C. W. Cameron
J. Stancliffe	Rev. Dr. Barclay
W. E. Fenwick,	Alex. Mitchell,
Skip—15	Skip—15
W. J. Brock	W. D. Aird
H. Smith	W. J. Cleghorn
D. Williamson	G. H. Balfour
R. W. Tyre,	George Brush,
Skip—25	Skip—15
Total, 40	Total, 30

THE QUEBEC TURF CLUB.

The Quebec Turf Club elected the following officers for the ensuing year at the annual meeting :—

Honorary President—Lieutenant-Governor Chapleau.

President—Hon. P. Garneau.

Vice-President—Lieut.-Col. Wilson.

Treasurer—Major Lampson.

Clerk of the Scales—Dr. C. S. Parke.

Clerks of the Course—Capt. Ogilvie and Capt. Clint.

Secretary—A. F. Ashmead.

Stewards—Lt.-Col. Montizambert, E. Fitch, Capt. Farley, E. J. Hale, Hon. E. J. Price, G. H. Parke, P. Campbell, Capt. Hethrington, V. Boswell, Dr. Sewell, Major Patton, Victor Chateauvert, M.P.P., Lieut.-Colonel White, Lieut. Turner, D. S. Rickaby and Geo. Duncan.

HOCKEY.

MONTREAL, Feb. 17—The great hockey match between the Victoria and Ottawa Clubs to-night, resulted in favor of the Victorias by three to two, after a hot contest. The Ottawas scored the first game in 18½ minutes and the second in one minute, while the Victorias scored the third, fourth and fifth games in 17½, 6 and 2 minutes respectively.

The score in the championship series now stands as follows :—

Club.	Lost.	Won.	To play.
Ottawa	2	4	2
Quebec	2	4	2
Victoria	2	3	3
M. A. A. A.	3	3	2
Crystals	5	0	3

BISHOP'S COLLEGE VS. LENNOXVILLE.

Bishop's College gained a victory over the Lennoxville team in the Town Rink, February 15th instant. The game was a fast and well-contested one, the puck travelling from one end of the ice to the other continually. The College defence, however, was too strong for the townsmen and they were unable to make much impression on the College goals. The score at half time stood four to one in favour of the College.

The stars of the Lennoxville team were Simpson, A. and Abbott, while all the College men played well, though Dixon's splendid game in goal is worthy of notice.

The teams were as follows :—

College.		*Lennoxville.*
Dixon	Goal	Wiggett
Ford (Capt)	Point	Perry
Donnelly	Cover Point	Simpson, E
Riopel	Forwards	Abbott
McGibbon		Mitchell
Boyle		Matthewson
Almond		Simpson, A (Capt)

Referee—H. Lloyd, Esq.

Hood's Cured
After
Others Failed

Scrofula in the Neck—Bunches All Gone Now.

Sangerville, Maine.

"C. I. Hood & Co., Lowell, Mass.:

"Gentlemen:—I feel that I cannot say enough in favor of Hood's Sarsaparilla. For five years I have been troubled with scrofula in my neck and throat. Several kinds of medicines which I tried did not do me any good, and when I commenced to take Hood's Sarsaparilla there were large bunches on my neck so sore that I could

Hood's Sarsaparilla Cures

not bear the slightest touch. When I had taken one bottle of this medicine, the soreness had gone, and before I had finished the second the bunches had entirely disappeared." BLANCHE ATWOOD, Sangerville, Maine.

N. B. If you decide to take Hood's Sarsaparilla do not be induced to buy any other.

Hood's Pills cure constipation by restoring the peristaltic action of the alimentary canal.

Only the Scars Remain.

"Among the many testimonials which I see in regard to certain medicines performing cures, cleansing the blood, etc.," writes HENRY HUDSON, of the James Smith Woolen Machinery Co., Philadelphia, Pa., "none impress me more than my own case. Twenty years ago, at the age of 18 years, I had swellings come on my legs, which broke and became **running sores.** Our family physician could do me no good, and it was feared that the bones would be affected. At last, my good old **mother urged me** to try Ayer's Sarsaparilla. I took three bottles, the sores healed, and I have not been troubled since. **Only the scars remain, and the memory of the past, to remind me of the good Ayer's Sarsaparilla has done me.** I now weigh two hundred and twenty pounds, and am in the best of health. I have been on the road for the past twelve years, have noticed Ayer's Sarsaparilla advertised in all parts of the United States, and always take pleasure in telling what good it did for me."

For the cure of all diseases originating in impure blood, the best remedy is

AYER'S Sarsaparilla

Prepared by Dr. J. C. Ayer & Co., Lowell, Mass.

Cures others, will cure you

March 29, 1892 Lm-w

LADIES' PROTESTANT HOME.

ANNUAL MEETING.

The annual meeting of the Ladies' Protestant Home was held at the institution Monday afternoon, when the annual reports of the institution were presented and officers elected for the ensuing year.

The children of the institution were present, looking exceptionally neat, clean and happy, and sung a chorus during the proceedings.

W. C. Scott, Esq., presided at the meeting, which was attended by a large number of ladies. The following gentlemen amongst others were also present:—Revd. A. T. Love, Revd. Mr. Day, Messrs. Willoughby Sewell, W. A. Griffiths, E. T. D. Chambers, William Clint and F. Lampson.

After prayers by the Revd. A. T. Love and the singing of a hymn, the Chairman delivered a brief address. He congratulated the ladies upon the attendance at the meeting, and referred to the fact that the present was the 35th annual meeting of the members and friends of the institution. He quoted an extract from the act of incorporation to show the object of the Home, and congratulated all interested upon the admirable manner in which its work had been conducted, though he would not venture far in this direction, since the ladies had plainly given it to be understood in the past that they were not desirous of hearing themselves praised. He also referred to the sad losses which had occurred by death during the past year amongst the friends of the Home, pointing out, however, that in the place of those taken away, Providence always raised up others to carry on the work.

The reports of the Secretary and Treasurer were then read by Mr. Clint and submitted, and after adoption, ordered to be printed.

THE SECRETARY'S REPORT

is as follows:—

The Committee of the Ladies' Protestant Home, in submitting their report to the subscribers and friends of that institution, have thankfully to acknowledge that God has blessed their efforts to provide a comfortable home for those old women and children, who were obliged to depend on the public for the support and necessary care they could not otherwise have procured, at least in the same degree.

The Committee have had great losses among their number this year,—Miss Henrietta Hunt and Miss Harriet Stevenson, by death, and Mrs. Gregor, Miss Eppes and Mrs. Forrester, who, having left Quebec, have deprived the "Home" of their valuable services.

Miss Hunt was a member of the Committee since 1883, for the last five years of which time she had acted as Treasurer, and shown such regular steady attention to the duties of that office that her death hampered the institution for some time. Her warm interest in the welfare of the "Home" and of its inmates made her beloved and missed by all. Mrs. Hoare took charge of the financial affairs till June, when Mrs. Charles Shaw accepted the office of Treasurer.

Miss Stevenson was a member of the Committee for six years and always showed her practical interest in it, while her health permitted. She was a good worker, and had acted as Assistant-Treasurer for several mouths.

In May, Miss Pope was elected a member of the Committee, and Mrs. Edson Fitch accepted the invitation to become a member of the Advisory Committee.

The internal management has been rather disorganized owing to our having changed the Matron three times in the course of the year. Miss Mary Brown is now in charge, and the Home is again in good working order.

There were 24 women and 17 children at the beginning of January; 5 women and 3 children were admitted, 4 women died and 8 left; 2 children went to service and 6 were removed by relatives, leaving 17 women and 12 children at the end of December.

The institution was twice endangered by fire, and proved the wisdom of having the fire buckets always ready. In January a coal oil stove took fire in an upper room, where it was being burnt for additional heat, the fire was quickly extinguished, having done little damage, happily the need for it is now obviated by a new heater given by Mr. Walker. In March smoke was discovered issuing from the floor of the scullery, which did not abate when buckets of water were thrown over the place; the firemen were summoned and pulled up the floor, when a beam was found charred, it is supposed that inflammable materials, and then matches had been dragged under the floor by rats, and it was a happy circumstance that it should have broken out in the daytime. It was decided to put a covering of Gauvreau's cement in the scullery with a floor of pine boards, and at the same time to put down a moveable floor in the laundry (which was also in a very bad state) of 3 inch deals, the latter proved to be a more expensive work than was anticipated, as the beams beneath were found to be quite rotten, so, cement was also put under the tubs, new beams put in, and the earth excavated to give air under the floor.

The basement was then all thoroughly cleaned, Mr. Kerr painted the dining-room, and all wood work, tinted the kitchen, corridor and laundry, and lime washed the larder, vegetable cellar and porch at a cost of $79.

The heaters have been leaking constantly, and on several occasions the plaster on the walls beneath was found to be saturated; the heaters are in fact worn out. Mr. Walker generously gave two new heaters, which have been a great addition to the comfort of the house.

Messrs. Cummings and Walker were asked to give estimates for arranging an infectious ward in the attic, they stated that two rooms could be made and properly arranged, the carpenter's work to cost $237 and the plumbing $60, with hot water pipes, $30 additional. No decision was come to.

The Committee put an oilcloth in the waiting room, which cost $33. Of outside work, the stable needed new flooring; and in the storm of April 6th a window was blown from the attic and the fence between the field and the garden was blown down; some new posts, etc. were needed when it was rebuilt. Mr. Lampson again superintended all the outside work and some repairs to the cottages, and gave a small gate for the yard of cottages.

The following generous gifts were received:—

$15 from Baptist Church.
$38 " St. Matthew's Church.
$25 " Chalmer's Church.
$25 " St. Andrew's Society.
$50 " St. George's Society.

We are sorry to say that the Government grant for 1894 is reduced 25 per cent.

Among gentlemen who have aided the Committee in various ways we have to thank Mr. Veasey for taking charge of the money affairs, Mr. Clint for collecting in Lower Town, Mr. Foote for sending a daily copy of the MORNING CHRONICLE, Mr. Leitch for procuring a rebate of taxes, Hon. D. A. Ross for professional advice, Dr. Blair, Dr. Parke, Dr. G. Parke, Dr. Ross and Dr. Sewell for duty taken in regular rotation, their visits have been a great comfort to those needing advice; Mr. Kerr painted two large seats for the Committee room, Mr. Broomer removed 12 loads of rubbish, Mr. King procured and planted trees near the garden.

The following entertainments were given to the old women:—In June, a tea and service of song by the ladies of the Flower Mission; in July, the same ladies took those who could go, for a drive, and Mrs. Darlington invited them to her home to tea; in December, the W. C. T. Union gave them a tea. The children were invited to a Sunday School tea at Chalmer's Church, and also to the tea and Magic Lantern entertainment at the Cathedral Sunday School. In August Mrs. Thomson invited the children to spend the day at "Fernside," and they were given a picnic to the Island by Miss Robertson. In December they were asked to a tea at St. Andrew's Sunday School and to attend a service of the Ministering Children's League and go to tea after at St. Matthew's Church. They took part in a concert in the Church Hall given by the Band of Hope and Mercy under the management of the Dean. From all evening entertainments they have been driven home by the kindness of the Dean or by members of the Committee.

The Committee desire to thank all kind friends for the following gifts received through the year, showing the unfailing interest evinced in this charity:—Jan.—A year's copy of the *Graphic* from Mr. Arch. Campbell; two currant loaves from Mr. Hethrington; a barrel of flour from Mr. Brodie; cakes, candies and oranges from the Methodist Sunday School; a large roll of catelong from Mrs. Gillespie; fruit and nuts from Mrs. Schwartz; four games from Miss Thomson; a frosted cake from Mrs. Romeril; six cakes from Messrs. Sharpe & Jeandron; cheese from Mrs. Waddell. Feb.—A receipt book from Mr. Moore. March—$1.25 for buns from Mrs. W. W. Scott; buns from Mr. Hethrington. April—Four dozen eggs from W. C. T. Union; five dozen eggs from "Farmer Jethrim;" a set of table croquet from Mrs. John McCahey. July—A book for prize from the Dean of Quebec; a basket of strawberries from "A Gentleman;" a salmon from Mrs. Edson Fitch. August—Buns from Miss Arnot; black currants from "A Friend." September—Three magazines from Mrs. J. McNaughton. November—Three bushels of potatoes, six bushels of turnips and two dozen cabbages from Mrs. Semple. December—Mrs. Lennox Williams sent baby clothes; Mr. Hethrington a barrel of flour; Messrs. Madden & Ellis two turkeys; Miss Holt, dolls, handkerchiefs and collars; Christmas cards from W. C. A.; Mrs. Cummings three cakes; Lieut.-Governor of the Province, hind quarter of beef and a sheep; Mrs. Romeril, candies; Miss Stevenson, three geese and three currant loaves; "A Friend," hind quarter of beef, sheep, piece of spiced beef and six tongues; Messrs. Ross & Co., box of raisins; Mrs. Hethrington, two currant loaves; a handsome double hanging lamp from Mrs. Dynes. Which seasonable gifts, with the delicacies sent from time to time by those who are more immediately interested in the welfare of the "Home" and of those under its shelter, form a welcome addition to the provision which the Board of Management can afford.

The whole respectfully submitted.

JOSEPHA H. ANDERSON,
Secretary, Ladies' Protestant Home.

The report of the Treasurer, Mrs. Chas. Shaw, showed the receipts of the year, including $932.94 on hand at the commencement of the year, to have been $4,126.58, and the balance on hand after the year's expenditure, $594.73.

Rev. A. T. Love moved the first resolution which reads as follows:—

"That this meeting desires to record its heartfelt gratitude to Almighty God for His protecting care of the Home during the past year, and would humbly implore a continuance of His blessing in carrying out the objects of this institution."

In support of his motion the revd. gentleman referred to the duty and propriety of thanksgiving and in illustration of the fact that few people realized how much they had to be thankful for, related that when visiting Beauport Asylum lately, one of the inmates said to him, "Mr. Love, did you say your prayers this morning?" and when he replied in the affirmative, the lunatic said, "did you remember to thank God for giving you your reason?" He was sure that the ladies of the Home had the approval of God,—of their conscience and of their fellow creatures. Having thanked God and recognized His guiding hand, the resolution looks to His guidance in the future. It was now a question for them to ask themselves if there was nothing further that they could do. There were many elderly people in town, who had seen better days and who would gladly enter the institution if they could have a little room each to themselves. If it were at all possible to do this, he would much like to see it done. There was much in the home life to satisfy and make happy those elderly ones, many of whom had been used to certain home comforts, and if it were possible he would like to see some of the wards divided off into private apartments for the use of such. And then he urged at some length the engagement of a regularly trained hospital nurse for the infirmary. (It was subsequently shown that the present infirmary nurse was a trained one though at present in ill-health herself. If the money is only forthcoming, the ladies are ready to undertake all that may be proposed in the shape of improvements to their Home work.) Referring to the lamented death of the late Treasurer of the institution, Miss Hunt, the Rev. gentleman said it seemed difficult to recognize the hand of Providence in the loss of one so sweet, so amiable and so young. Yet he could not but feel that there were those who lived more in twenty years than others did in seventy or eighty. So true is it that "we live in deeds not years," etc. The Rev. gentleman delivered a very eloquent speech which was much appreciated.

Rev. Mr. Day said it was an honor to second the resolution so interestingly and so ably spoken to by the Rev. Mr. Love. He was glad the resolution commenced with thanks to Almighty God, and said he believed the spirit of thanksgiving was the best preparation for future progress. Work of course was needed too, and upon this God's blessing was asked. He expatiated upon the Christ-like character of the work of the ladies, and spoke of it as the outgrowth and triumph of Christianity. Age and culture were claimed for the Hindoo religion by those who spoken for it at the World's Fair, and never were works like those of this Home identified with it. He considered the word "Home" one of the most blessed in the English language, and suggested how the homelike character of the institution might be contributed to by the action of its friends in surrounding the inmates with those little knicknacks that made homes pleasant.

The resolution was unanimously adopted. So was the following, which was proposed by W. A. Griffith, Esq., and seconded by William Clint, Esq.:—

"That this meeting acknowledges the services of the retiring Committee, and that the following be elected the Board of Management for the ensuing year:—

President,—Mrs. C. F. Smith.
Vice-President,—Mrs. T. H. Thomson.
Treasurer,—Mrs. Chas. Shaw.
Secretary,—Miss Anderson.

Committee of Management.—Mrs. Turnbull, Mrs. R. McLeod, Mrs. Renfrew, Mrs. W. Hossack, Mrs. Wm. Dean, Mrs. Dobell, Mrs. T. H. Oliver, Mrs. W. Clint, Mrs. W. Hall, Mrs. Gregor, Mrs. Macpherson, Mrs. Gilmour, Mrs. Hoare, Mrs. Light, Mrs D. H. Geggie, Mrs. Griffith, Mrs. Fitch, Mrs. Jas. Bowen, Mrs. Tait, Miss Stewart, Miss Bennett, Miss Hamel, Miss Maude Thomson, Miss Richardson, Miss Robertson, Miss L. Healey, Miss Fleming, Miss Alice McLimont, Miss Thomson, Miss Lampson, Miss Pope.

Advisory Committee. — Messrs. George Veasey, J. C. Thomson, J. Whitehead, R. R. Dobell, Andrew Thomson, T. H. Oliver, J. D. Gilmour, Fred Lampson and Edson Fitch.

Mr. Griffith expressed regret that the meeting was not larger and especially that more members of the clergy were not present. He suggested that notices of the meeting might in future be sent to each of the Protestant clergy of the city, asking that it might be given out from the pulpit in advance. Going through the list of names proposed for office, he said that the President was always found associated with works of charity, and her executive ability in carrying on the work of the Home,—than which he had never seen anything more gratifying in its results in all his travels around the world,—was a matter upon which Mrs. Smith herself, and the Home in general, were to be congratulated. He was sure too that the President was well seconded by the Vice President and backed up by the members of the Committee. The Treasurer of the past year had gone, but her works remained in our memory and so did the lessons she had taught. He was certain that Mrs. Shaw, the new Treasurer, would find her work well cut out for her. One with whom he was nearly connected had filled the office for some time and so he knew something of its difficulties, especially when accounts had to be balanced at the end of the year. He used to contrive to get away from home for a while when this work had to be done. (Laughter.) The Secretaryship too, he knew, was no sinecure. He had once held a similar office himself. Nobody thought of thanking a Secretary, but everybody blamed that officer if a mistake was made. Mr. Griffith spoke flatteringly of the other members of the Committee and was warmly applauded.

Mr. Clint, who seconded the resolution, said it was eminently satisfactory to arrange for the proper carrying out of the work of the institution, but those whom they were now naming as officers were those who have to bear the burden and heat of the day, and their work, as had been well said by the last speaker was no sinecure. No matter what the weather they were ever found at the post of duty actuated by the desire for doing good, and a feeling far beyond any desire for thanks or praise. He believed the work could not be done better than it was. (Applause.)

The meeting closed with the Benediction, but before this was done, a vote of thanks was tendered the Chairman on motion of Rev. A. T. Love, seconded by Mr. Chambers, and Mr Love, on behalf of the President, Mrs Smith, expressed her thanks for the kindly reference made to her by Mr. Griffith and others, and said that thanks for the success of the institution were due rather to the officers who had worked with her than to herself.

Many of the ladies and gentlemen present at the meeting subsequently inspected the building and were most favorably impressed with the perfect order and cleanliness that prevailed throughout it.

ANOTHER ANARCHIST OUTRAGE.

SEVERAL PERSONS INJURED.

POLICE COMMISSARIES THREATENED.

THEY EXPLODE A BOMB.

PARIS, Feb. 20—A bomb exploded at about two o'clock this morning in a small hotel, 69 Rue St. Jacques. The hotel is situated in the rear of the College of France. The proprietress of the place, a woman named Calabresi, and two lodgers, were injured.

Yesterday afternoon two strangers, one of whom gave his name as Rarique, inquired for apartments in the hotel. They were shown a room on the second floor, which they declared satisfied them and they engaged it. They spent a short time in the room and then left, remarking casually as they passed out that they would be back in the evening.

They did not return, however, and Mme. Calabresi, who became slightly suspicious of her new lodgers, went to their room to see if they had brought any luggage. The hotelkeeper was alarmed to see a bomb lying on a shelf in the room. Without waiting to examine it, she ran from the room and immediately sent for the police.

While awaiting for the coming of the officers Madame Calabresi told two of her lodgers of her discovery and in company with them went to the room.

As the door of the room opened, there was a terrific explosion, which made a terrific wreck of the room and everything in it. Every window pane in the house was blown into atoms. The landlady and the two lodgers with her were badly injured. Had they had time to enter the room they would have been killed.

Notwithstanding the early hour the news of the outrage spread and the streets in the vicinity were soon swarming with people. The greatest excitement prevailed. The police arrived promptly and a cordon was established about the hotel, through which nobody save officials were allowed to pass.

There are three theories to account for the explosion. One is that the bomb had a time fuse attached to it, though so far as can be learned no smoke was seen ascending any where in the vicinity of the bomb. Another is that the bomb contained some acid solution that soaked through cotton or other material until it reached the explosive in the bottom of the infernal machine. The third theory is that the opening of the door destroyed the equilibrium of the bomb, which, toppling over, fell to the floor, exploding by concussion.

As yet the police have not the slightest clue to the identity of the miscreants who placed the bomb in the room.

Madame Calabresi is dying from the effects of injuries she sustained. She received a terrible wound in the stomach.

The excitement caused by this outrage was added to when it was ascertained this morning that an attempt had been made to blow up or at least injure the buildings of the Ministry of Foreign Affairs, on the Quai D'Orsay. A metal tube was found lying at the entrance of the Foreign Office, which it was suspected was loaded with dynamite. The tube was turned over to the police, who will have its contents examined.

A bomb similar to the one that exploded in the hotel at No. 69 Rue St. Jacques was discovered in another small hotel at No. 67 Faubourg St. Martin. Fortunately the latter bomb was found and safely removed before any damage had been done. It is believed, and all the evidence thus far secured points to the conclusion, that the two men who caused the outrage at the first mentioned hotel were carrying out a plot to cause explosions in different parts of the city. A close search will be made of all the hotels, large and small, to see if the men left bombs in any others.

The hotels are already sufferers from the scare caused by the Anarchists and it is probable that the latest demonstration of the willingness of the Anarchists to spread the "propaganda by the act" will cause a further falling off in their receipts. The police are at their wits' end to discover the perpetrators of the Rue De Jacques outrage. The people are beginning to lose confidence in the authorities being able to put an end to Anarchistic crime. It was only yesterday that domiciliary visits were made to one hundred and fifty houses occupied by Anarchists and the net result was the capture of a lot of literature, but no explosives. This fact, taken in connection with this morning's explosion, is thought by the general public to indicate that the police are powerless to prevent the Anarchists from manufacturing and using explosives.

It has transpired that Police Commissary Dresch received a letter, signed "Ravalky," announcing that the writer was about to commit suicide at an hotel in the Faubourg St. Martin. The Police Commissary went to the place expecting that he would find the body of a dead man. He opened the door of a room containing a bomb and discovered it. The whole thing, it is thought, was a plot to kill M. Dresch, but it failed to work, the bomb not exploding. M. Dresch is the officer who arrested Ravachol.

M. Girard, the chief of the municipal laboratory, has made a proposal to explode the bomb with electricity in the place where it was found, in order to study the effects of the explosion. The residents of the house have all left, fearing that the experiment might be carried out while they were in. M. Lepine, the Prefect of Police, declines to assent to the proposal until he consults with M. Raynal, Minister of the Interior.

M. Pelonio, the Police Commissary in the Sorbonne district, in which the hotel in Rue St. Jacques is located, also received a letter similar to the one received by M. Dresch, but he did not go to the hotel until after the explosion occurred.

M. Raynal referred the proposal of M. Girard to the Cabinet and a council was held at the Elysee Palace to consider the matter. The result was that M. Girard was authorized to carry out the experiment by placing a dynamite cartridge on each side of the bomb and exploding them by means of an electric battery. When everything was ready for the explosion every window of the surrounding houses was packed with spectators. The police having driven the people off the street in the immediate vicinity, Police Prefect Lepine gave the order to turn on the current and there was a sudden detonation like the explosion of a cannon. The room was completely wrecked and filled with the odor of picric acid. The projectiles, hob nails and bits of zinc, were scattered all over. M. Girard says that the bomb was evidently splendidly made.

Hood's Sarsaparilla, the king of medicines, conquers scrofula, catarrh, rheumatism and all other blood diseases. Hood's and only Hood's.

From a Western Point of View.

In Quebec the Judges have some curious questions to decide. Recently a suit turned upon the point as to whether a marriage between a Roman Catholic and a Protestant is legal, and now the courts are asked to say that the Bishops have the power to grant divorces. It would simplify matters greatly if it were authoritatively determined whether or not this is a British country, and if we are living in the nineteenth century.—Toronto *Mail.*

One of the Oldest Names in the World.

The Province of Quebec has for some generations given hospitality to a family whose name is pronounced the oldest of all English surnames—the family of Hatt. So rarely do Englishmen trace their origin beyond the Norman conquest, that it has become a sort of by-word to say of the forefathers of those who lay claim to old descent that they came over with the Conqueror. But, according to authentic records, there were Hatts before Norman William set foot in England. Rev. Mark Anthony Lower found a document in the Cottonian *MSS.*, which ante-dated the Battle of Hastings, several references to various members of this family. Struck with the frequent recurrence of the same second name, Mr. Lower thoroughly investigated the matter and came to the conclusion that the name of Hatt was really the oldest hereditary surname that had come down to the present day. According to the Registrar-General's reports there are said to be more than 35,000 family names in the United Kingdom.—Montreal *Gazette*.

That tired, languid feeling and dull headache is very disagreeable. Take two of Carter's Little Liver Pills before retiring, and you will find relief. They never fail to do good.

m,w,fri&w

COMMERCIAL

Business Notes.

NEW FIRMS—Lefebvre, Thibodeau & Cie, merchants, Quebec; Jos Arthur Thibodeau, doing business under above name. Noel & Cie, hardware merchants; Mrs Desneiges Marcoux, of Quebec, wife separated as to property of Elie Noel, doing business under above name. Schryburt & Beaubien, manufacturers of boots and shoes, Quebec; Frs Octave Schryburt and Isaie Beaubien, partners. Auclair & Fils, painters, Quebec; Narcisse Auclair, sr, and Narcisse Auclair, jr, partners. L H Begin & Cie, merchants and grocers; Marie Cantin, wife of L s Hector Begin, of Levis, and of him duly separated as to property, doing business under above name. M & J Gagnon, boot and shoe merchants, Levis; Marie Gagnon and Joseph Gagnon, partners. Noel & Dagneau, hardware merchants, Quebec; Joseph Mastai Noel and Jean Ferdinand Dagneau, partners.

DISSOLUTIONS—Rousseau & Fils, tinsmiths and plumbers, St Sauveur, Quebec; David Rousseau, sr, and David Rousseau, jr, partners. Noel & Cie, hardware merchants, Quebec; Elie Noel and Telesphore Marcoux, partners.

TIMBER NOTES—Speaking of a recent sale of timber and deals in London, *Timber* of the 10th instant, says:—"Of Canadian goods a very small quantity was offered. Some 1st quality 12.3 × 11 Quebec pine deals realized the high figure of £29, but only £26 10s was paid for the 2nd lot. Both were small lots. Of the 3rd quality, one parcel of Quebec regulars (ex 'Forest Holme') brought £9 10s to £9 15, another (ex 'Wetherby') the same figures, and a third parcel (ex 'Sunshine') also a like price, which is 10s under recent public-sale values." Referring to a sale at Glasgow, the same paper adds:—"Quebec spruce was well competed for up to a certain point, but the difference in the views of buyers and sellers as to price left the greater portion undealt with. 13/16 ft. × 11 × 3 2nds fetched 11d; 10/12 ft. × 11 × 3, 10½d to 10¾d; 12/13 ft. × 10 × 3, 10½d; and 12/14 ft. × 7 × 3, 9d per cubic ft. 2nd quality planks. 10/16 ft. × 7/8 × 2 brought 9d. 3rd quality 10/12 ft. × 11 × 3 sold at 9¾d to 10d; 10 ft. × 7 × 3, at 8¼d; and 10/16 ft. × 7/9 × 2, at 8¾d to 9¼d. A parcel of 3rd quality spruce ends, 6/8 ft. 7/13 × 3 fell at 8¼d, and this concluded the business."

F. O. W. CANADIAN BUSINESS—It appears likely that the high prices now ruling for pine deals have not yet reached the top, as the 1894 cut of Ottawa deals have been placed at, roughly speaking, 2½ to 5 per cent in advance of what they fetched last year. Added to this, the wintering stocks on the other side are lower than they have been for very many years. The Edwards, Gilmours, and Hawksbury cuts have been sold at about what they fetched last year, with an advance on the 1sts. Hurdman and Booth's cut are likewise cleared, but at an all round improvement on the values of twelve months ago. The prices of waney pine, owing to the improved demand, have advanced very considerably on the 1893 quotations. Hardwoods are somewhat dull of sale, and as regards square pine, which are very dependent on shipbuilding, prospects are good, as there is every likelihood of the Government seriously taking up the question of increasing the navy. This, though not immediately affecting wood prices, will have an indirect influence by keeping the ship-yards busy, and cannot fail to impart a healthier tone to this special industry. It is reported there are more orders in hand amongst the Clyde yards at the present time than there has been for the past three years. In spruce the Atkinson cut has been sold to Messrs Dobell, Beckett & Co, at an advance on what was realized last year, and the Jolys stock of spruce, and Ward's pine deals have been sold to Messrs J Burstall & Co, at prices which have not transpired, as this firm, which very largely controls the spruce deal market, appear to consider their stocks will realise better by being placed on the market later; as yet there has been very little done in spruce goods on this side.—*Timber Trades' Journal*, Feb 3.

TIMBER SALES—Speaking of an auction sale of timber and deals, held in London, on the 31st ultimo, London *Timber* says:—"We now come to the Canadian pine, of which some 30,000 pieces were offered. The highest prices obtained last week for this description, particularly on the 3rd quality, were fully maintained, as shown by the following quotation:—12, 3 × 11 3rd Botwoodville, £9 15 to £10; 2nd quality, 12, 3 × 7/10, same shipment, £12 10s to £13; 12/13, 3 × 11 1st Quebec, £26 10s; and 12/16, 3 × 11 2nd Botwoodville, £17."

PORT OF QUEBEC—We have received from Mr W E Edge, of H M Customs, statements showing the value of goods imported into and exported from the port of Quebec during the year ending 31st December, 1893. The total value of goods imported during the year was $3,840,835. Of this amount Great Britain contributed $2,180,601; United States, $973,002; British West Indies, $115,603; France, $134,331; Germany, $213,565; Holland, $52,316; Belgium, $40,305; Spain, $35,465; China, $43,525; the balance being made up from all other countries. During 1892, the total value of imports was $2,881,519. In 1893, the total value of exports was $5,006,015. Of this amount Great Britain took goods to the value of $4,322,899, the United States $281,739, Newfoundland $69,962, Argentine Republic $60,999, China $168,000, France $19,703, British Africa $14,873. The remainder went to other countries. In 1892, the total value of exports was $5,861,411.

WINES.—Messrs. J. R. Parkington & Co., of London, Eng., state that the shipments of Port for January amount to 5,962 pipes (Great Britain, 2,069 pipes), against 7,523 last year, and 7,609 in 1892. The Sherry shipments were 3,122 butts, as compared with 5,412 butts in 1893, and 8,695 in 1892.

Quebec Stock Market.

QUEBEC, 20th February, 1894.

Bank	Shar's	Paid up	Div. 6 mnths	Price per cent
Montreal	$200	All	5 pr c.	220 @221
Quebec	100	"	3½ "	123 @124
B. N. America	£50 st.	"	3½ "	140 @145
Nationale	30	"	3 "	91 @ 92
Molson's	50	"	4 "	165 @166
Toronto	100	"	4 "	239 @240
Ontario	40	"	3	112 @113
Du Peuple	50	"	3 "	117 @118
E. Townships	50	"	3½ "	134½@135
Merchants'	100	"	3½ "	155 @156½
Union of C.	100	"	3 "	100 @101
Canad'n of Com.	50	"	3½ "	133 @134
Dominion	50	"	6 "	272 @272
Hamilton	100	"	4 "	161 @161½
Imperial	100	"	4 "	177 @178
Street Railways.				
Montreal	50		8 "	168½@169
Quebec	50	56%	16 "	259 @264
Gas Stocks.				
Quebec	200	All		133 @135
Montreal	40	"		175 @176
Toronto	50	"		180 @182
Telegraph Co's				
Montreal	40	"	2 pr ct	145 @146
Dominion	50	"		107 @108
Steamboat Co's.			Q'rtly 1½ pct Q'rtly	
R. & O. Nav. Co	100	"		81 @ 82
Que Steam. Co.	100		p c	80 @ 90
Ass Cos.				
Que. Fir Ass.	$45	20	5 "	19 @ 20
Bonds				
Dom'n'n Stock	100	....	4 "	100 @105
G'v' 6% Bonds				00 @ 00
" 5% "				"par"
Q. Cor 7% "				00 @ 00
" 7% Stock				00 @ 00
M Cor 6% Bonds				00 @ 00
" 7% Stock				00 @ 00
" 6% Stock				00 @ 00
Tor. 6% Bonds				00 @ 00

N.B.—The accrued interest upon Bonds and Debenture also upon Corporation and Dominion Stock, is payable by buyer in addition to rates quoted.

New York Bank C.F. Draf par @ ⅛ to ¼ prem.

STERLING EXCHANGE—NEW YORK, February 20, 11.00 a.m—At sight, 4.89. Sixty days, 4.87.

LIVERPOOL COTTON MARKET.—LIVERPOOL, Feb. 20, 11.30 a.m.—Cotton, quiet. American Middlings, 4⅛d.

QUEBEC RETAIL MARKET, Feb 20, 1894.—Beef, 1st quality, dressed, per 100 lbs., $9; 2nd do $8; 3rd do do $6.00 to $7.00; per lb., 5c to 12c. Veal, per lb., 10c to 12c. Mutton, per lb., 8c to 10c. Pork, fresh, per 100 lbs, $7.00 to $7.25; per lb., 12c; salt, per barrel, $17.50 to $18.50; per lb., 12c to 12c. Hams, fresh, per lb., 8c to 8½c; smoked do. 12c to 14c. Flour, Hungarian Roller Process, per barrel, $3.60 to $3.70; Extra, $3.10 to $3.25; Strong Bakers, $3.80 to $4.00; Spring Extra, $3.00 to $3.10; Superfine, at $2.90; Fine, $2.60 to $2.80; Bag 98 lbs., $1.75 to $1.90. Oat Meal, per brl., $4.50 to $4.75; Corn Meal, white, do, $2.70 to $2.80; do yellow, do, $2.90 to $3.00. Salmon, No. 1, per brl of 200 lbs., $15.00 to $16.00; per lb., 10c to 10c. Codfish, green, per brl., $4.50 to $4.75; do in draft, $4.75 to $5.00 per lb., 4c; dry, per quintal, $4.50 to $4.75. Cod Oil, per gallon, 34c to 35c. Labrador Herrings, No. 1, per brl, $5.25 to $5.75. Fowls, per pair, $0.70 to $1.00; Spring Chickens, do, 60c to $1.00; Turkeys, do, $2.00 to $4.00; Snipe, 50c. Quails, per brace, 60c; Prairie Chickens, $1.25. Potatoes, (early rose), per bushel, 40c to 50c. Oats, per bushel 34 lbs, 39c to 42c. Butter, salt, per lb., 18c to 22c; Fresh do do, 20c to 25c; do do (prints), 25c to 30c. Cheese, per lb., 12c to 12½c. Eggs, per dozen, 20c to 25c. Hay, per 100 bdls., $3.00 to $3.50 Straw, do, $4.00 to $5.00. Wood, per cord (2 feet 6 inches), $2.50 to $4.00; (3 feet), $3.50 to $5.00.

LEATHER MARKET.—Spanish Sole, No. 1, per lb, 22c to 23c; do No. 2, 18c to 20c; Slaughter Sole, No. 1, 23cts. Harness Leather, 21c to 25c; Waxed Upper, 25c to 30c; Buff and Pebbled Cow, per foot, 10c to 14c; Patent Cow, 14c to 16c; Enamelled Cow, 14c to 16c; Calfskins, heavy, per lb., 40c to 50c; do light, 50c to 65c; Splits, 10c to 17c.

HIDES AND SKINS.—Green and Inspected per 100 lbs. No. 1, $3.50; do do do No. 2, $2.50

MONTREAL STOCK MARKET.—Montreal, Feb 20—Canadian Pacific Railway, 69¼ to 68½. Duluth Com., 7½ to 6. Duluth Preferred, 16 to 14. Commercial Cable Company, 136¼ to 135¾; sales, 75 shares at 136¼; 25 shares at 136. Montreal Telegraph Company, 146 to 145½. Richelieu and Ontario Navigation Company, 82 to 81; sales, 30 shares at 81; 25 shares at 80¾. Montreal Street Railway, 169 to 168½. Montreal Gas Company, 176 to 175; sales, 40 shares at 175½. Bell Telephone Company, 139 to 136. Royal Electric Light Company, 134 to 129. Bank of Montreal, 221½ to 220¾. Quebec Bank, 132 to 125. Ontario Bank, 112 offered. Banque du Peuple, ex-div., 118 to 110. Molson's Bank, 165 offered. Bank of Toronto, 239½ offered. Banque Jacques-Cartier, 120 to 117. Merchants Bank, 156¼ to 155. Merchants Bank of Halifax, 146 to 143. Banque Nationale, 95 to 87½. Union Bank, 105 asked. Bank of Commerce, 135 to 134½. Imperial Bank, 179¾ to 177½. North-West Land Company, 65 to 40. Montreal Cotton Company, 120 to 116. Canada Colored Cotton Company, 60 to 55; sales, 25 shares at 56½. Dominion Cotton Mills Company, ex-div., 120 to 112½.

NEW YORK STOCK MARKET, February 20.—Stock market, steady; American Express, 112; Atcheson, 11¼; C B and Q, ex-div., 74¾; Canada Pacific, 72; Canada Southern, 50; Delaware and Hudson, 135¾; Delaware and Lackawana, 168¼; L and N, 45½; Lake Shore, 126¾; Michigan Central, 97¼; Northern Pacific, 4¼; Northern Pacific, preferred, 17½; North-Western, 102; New York Central, 97¾; Rock Island, 65¾; St Paul, 56¾; St Paul, preferred, 118; St P M and M, 102; Union Pacific, 18; Western Union Telegraph, 83.

LATEST PRODUCE MARKETS.—NEW YORK, February 20—Cotton, easy; Gulf, 8 3-16; Uplands, 7 5-16; futures, steady; sellers Feb, at 7.60; March, at 7.63; April, at 7.70; May, at 7.77. Flour market, weak; receipts, 23,000 barrels; sales, 2,000 barrels. Winter wheat, low grades, at 2.00 to 2.45; fair to fancy, at 2.45 to 2.75; patents, at 3.25 to 3.50. Rye flour, steady; sellers at 2.65 to 3.00. Wheat, steady; receipts, 600 bushels; sales, 1,165,000 bushels; No. 2 Red, sellers, March, at 60⅝c to 60⅞c; May, at 62⅝c to 63⅛c; July, at 65 1-16c to 65 7-16c; Aug, at 65⅞c; Sept, at 67c; Dec, at 70c to 70⅛c. Rye, quiet; sellers, Western, at 48c to 57c. Barley, dul. No. 2 Milwaukee, at 62c to 62c; Western, at 55c to 63c. Corn, firmer; receipts, 5,000 bushels; sales, 110,000 bushels. No. 2 sellers May, at 43c to 43⅛c; No. 2 sellers at 42⅞c to 43⅛c. Oats, firmer; receipts, 8,000 bushels; sales, 5,000 bushels; sellers, State, at 38⅛c to 41c; Western, at 38c to 41c. Pork, firm; sellers at 13.50 to 14.00. Lard, firm; sellers, at 8.05. Butter—Receipts, 8,857 packages; moderate demand; sellers, State dairy, at 15c to 24c; creamery, at 17c to 21c. Cheese—Receipts, 1,430 packages; firm; sellers, new large white, at 9c to 11⅞c; do fancy, at 11⅛c to 11⅞c; do, small sizes, at 10⅛c to 12⅜c. Eggs—Receipts, 6,107 packages; weaker; sellers, Western at 17c to 17⅛c. Sugar, steady; sellers, crushed, at 5c to 5 3-16c; powdered, at 4⅞c to 4 11-16c; granulated, at 4⅜c to 4 9-16c.

CHICAGO, Ill., Feb. 20—The leading futures closed as follows:—Wheat, No 2 sellers, Feb, at 57⅛c; May, at 60⅛c; July, at 62⅛c. Corn—No. 2 sellers, Feb, at 34⅜c to 34⅞c; May, at 37⅛c to 37⅛c; July, at 38⅛c. Oats—No. 2, sellers, February, at 28⅞c; May, at 29⅞c to 29⅞c; July, at 28⅛c. Mess Pork—per barrel, sellers, Feb, at 12.17½; May, at 12.27½. Lard—per 100 lbs, sellers, February, at 7.55; May, at 7.25; July, at 7.10. Short Ribs—per 100 lbs, sellers, Feb, at 6.30; May, at 6.35. Cash quotations were as follows:—No. 2 Spring wheat, at 55⅛c. No. 3 do, at 54c to 56. No. 2 Red wheat, at 57c to 57⅛c. No. 2 Corn, at 34⅜c. No. 2 Oats, at 28⅞c to 28⅞c. No. 2 Rye, at 44c. No. 2 Barley, at 52c to 53c. Mess Pork, at 12.17½ to 12.20. Lard at 7.55 to 7.55. Short Ribs Sides, at 6.30 to 6.35. Dry Salted Shoulders, at 6.25 to 6.50. Short Clear Sides, at 6.75 to 7.12½. Whiskey, at 1.17. Receipts—Flour, 11,000 barrels; wheat, 45,000 bushels; corn, 368,000 bushels; oats, 219,000 bushels; rye, 9,000 bushels; barley, 84,000 bushels. Shipments—Flour, 7,000 barrels; wheat, 18,000 bushels; corn, 51,000 bushels; oats, 122,000 bushels; rye, 31,000 bushels; barley, 26,000 bushels.

SHIPPING.

Probabilities for the Next 24 Hours for the St. Lawrence, Etc. Etc.

TORONTO, February 20, 11.00 p.m.—Lower St. Lawrence and Gulf—Fair and cold.

THURSDAY, February 15.

ALLAN LINE—BRAZILIAN.—The ss "Brazilian," Captain Whyte, from Portland for London, arrived out yesterday afternoon.

DOMINION LINE—TEXAS—The ss "Texas," Captain Thomas Hunter, from Portland, with a shipment of 259 head of cattle, arrived at Bristol on Wednesday, 14th instant, and landed all her live stock in good condition.

QUEBEC STEAMSHIP COMPANY.—TRINIDAD—The ss "Trinidad" sailed from New York, for Bermuda, at 10.30 a m yesterday.

A SERIES OF ACCIDENTS—London, Feb 14—Bark "Forfarshire," Evans, which arrived yesterday at Queenstown, from Portland, O, reports that on Dec 16, when in lat 46 S, lon 44 W, she ran into an iceberg and carried away her bowsprit and foretopgallant mast. On entering Queenstown harbor she collided with the British bark "Doxford," from San Nicolas, and sustained trifling damage. When the "Forfarshire" attempted to come to an anchor she had no stopper in her cable, and 135 fathoms of chain ran out of the hawser hole and went to the bottom.

BROKE HER SHAFT—London, Feb 14—Str "Lake Superior," Stewart, at Liverpool for Boston, has broken her shaft. Consequently her date of sailing has been postponed.

DAMAGED—London, Feb 14—Str "Dago," Scroggie, at Bristol from Baltimore, via Halifax, is damaged a good deal about the decks. She shipped a quantity of water which got into the hold, and part of the cargo is probably damaged.——Ship "New City," Bray, from St John, NB, struck the dock entrance at Liverpool, and received damage. She is strained.

THE "BARCELONA'S" ROUGH PASSAGE—Halifax, Feb 14—At noon to-day the steamer "Barcelona," Captain Campbell, arrived from St John's, Newfoundland. The run up from there was a rough one and considerable ice was met with, large patches of it extending along the Nova Scotia coast. The steamer's passage from Liverpool to St John's occupied 21 days. The captain says it was a continuation of gales, in fact hurricanes of wind and heavy seas from the time of leaving port to dropping anchor. Seas of enormous height swept over the ship, advancing like mighty cliffs, and but for the "Barcelona" being such a good sea boat she would scarcely have lived through the storm. Her deck was swept continually, one sea taking the second mate almost over the side. Fortunately he caught a line and held on until the water had subsided, when he managed to reach a place of safety. The captain sustained injury to his leg, but is all right again. No cooking could be done from the time she left port until she got within three hundred miles of this coast, and it was impossible to pass along the deck at times, the alley ways being waist deep in water. Life lines had to be carried all through her to enable the men to work. One sea broke over her, staving in the life boats, breaking one completely, carrying off the skylight of the engine room and the cook's ventilator, and nearly taking the funnel in its course. Then the steering gear broke, the steel wire snapping like a pack thread. This was quickly repaired and the ship escaped any injury which might have arisen from her being uncontrolable. As the days wore on and no decrease in the storm was evident, fuel became scarce and provisions began to get low, and thoughts of never again seeing land became general. Oil in the cargo was taken for fuel and even "waste" was burned. Three hundred miles off the Newfoundland coast she struck ice and passed through large quantities of heavy sheets, which extended nearly to shore. During the storm the cargo shifted and a number of packages were smashed to atoms. The officers and crew are all pretty well used up.

FRIDAY, February 16.

A BOTTLE'S TERRIBLE TALE—London, Feb 15—A bottle has been picked up on the Gigha, one of the Hebrides Islands, containing a piece of paper on which, written with a pencil, was the following:—"Sept 18, 1893.—Sinking, mid-Atlantic, 'Hornhead'; collision iceberg. (Signed), Mate." The steamer "Hornhead" was a British vessel of 2,368 tons. She sailed from Baltimore, Aug 18, for Dublin, and until to-day nothing was heard of her.——Baltimore, Md, Feb 15—Twenty-five lives were lost by the foundering of the steamer "Hornhead." The names of but three victims, however, are known in this city: Daniel Ryan and Alfred Allan, firemen, and Captain Scott, commander of the vessel.

A ROUGH PASSAGE—Halifax, Feb 15—The Furness Liner "Madura," Captain Patterson, arrived in port this morning from London, after an extremely stormy passage of 22 days. Strong south-west and west gales, with tremendous high seas, were met with up to 40° west, after which the weather became better. During some of the storms the wind blew with such violence and the sea ran so heavy that the steamer would not steer, notwithstanding the engines were going ahead. On Saturday, the 10th, at 5 a m, in lat 47.70-45 N, long 47 W, entered heavy field ice and passed through 70 miles of it, getting clear at 4 p m. In the middle of the pack were three small icebergs. On Sunday, in lat 46.50 N, long 47.30 W, shortly before getting out of the ice, a hole was knocked in one of the bow plates on the port side, just below the water line. Considerable water leaked in, but no damage was done to the cargo. All hands were set to work in the hold and a quantity of cargo was shifted to the starboard side. This brought the hole out of the water when it was plugged. The steamer was badly iced up and adding to this the heavy list which she had, walking about the deck was extremely difficult.

LOST ANCHOR, ETC.—London, Feb 14—Bark "White Rose," Aaroe, from London for Pensacola, before reported returning, arrived at Deal to-day. She had lost an anchor and chain.

THE FREIGHT MARKET—Some progress has been made during the week in Canadian chartering, but at rates that might certainly be fairer. This department is still less speculative than that of the Baltic, and absolutely no boats are fixed unless there is wood sold to load them. Thus business only progresses in relation to contracts closed. There have been several vessels chartered from New Brunswick ports at a maximum of 40s, being equal to about 5s more from Quebec, and more in favor than the latter place, whence regular liners are yearly absorbing more and more of the wood trade with the United Kingdom. The steamers have been taken from the latter port at 65s for timber, and another charter of deals is reported to have been done at 42s6d.—*Timber Trades' Journal*, Feb 3.

SATURDAY, February 17.

A LONG OCEAN RACE—Queenstown, Feb 16—The British ship "City of Hankow," Captain King, from San Francisco, arrived here to-day, winning the long race from California, in which she had three competitors. The "City of Hankow" and the British ship "Clan Mackenzie," Captain Simpson, both sailed from San Francisco on the same day, and were followed on Nov 5, by the British ship "Gantock Rock," Captain Pike, and on Nov 7, by the British ship "Garfield," Captain Conby. The captains had agreed to race to Queenstown for a money prize, and this has been won by the "City of Hankow," which made the trip in 106 days.

BURNED AT SEA—London, Feb 16—The str "Drummond," from New Orleans, Jan 23, for Rotterdam, has arrived at Dartmouth. She landed there the crew of the new American schooner "Maggie M," which had been burned at sea, while bound from Halifax to Demerara.

HALIFAX ITEMS—Halifax, Feb 16—The steel steamer "Micmac" arrived to-day from Penarth, after a trip of 14 days. She encountered head gales and heavy seas. The steamer has a cargo of coal for the dock yard. On the 13th, in lat 46, long 47, the "Micmac" passed a lot of small ice and several large bergs.——The steamer "Ulunda" also arrived this morning from Liverpool, via St John's, Nfld. She left Liverpool on the 3rd instant, and when about 40 miles out was obliged to put into Moelfre Bay until the 6th. The wind during the passage blew very strongly from varying points, from the north around to south and back, with heavy cross seas. Chief Officer Jenkins was thrown down while on the bridge, but escaped injury.——The steamer "Grand Lake" arrived to-day from St John's. She reports beautiful weather up to last night, when the storm was so severe she had to put out again. She passed through 100 miles of slob ice on the Newfoundland coast and about 30 miles on this coast.

SUNK BY COLLISION—London, Feb 16—The steamer "Falls of Inversnaid," from Norfolk, Jan 27, ran into and sank the schooner "Chase," in the Mersey River to-day. The schooner was proceeding up the river to Liverpool when the accident occurred. Everybody on board the schooner was saved.

SUPPOSED TO BE LOST—Vancouver, BC, Feb 15—The bark "Dominion" is thought to be lost with all on board. She left Victoria for San Francisco some time ago with coal; sprang a leak, put in to Port Townsend and sailed again. Since then nothing has been heard of her.

THE SS "PARIS" DISABLED—London, Feb 16—The American Line steamer "Paris," Captain Randle, which sailed at 2 p m, Feb 10, from Southampton for New York, was sighted early this morning lying at anchor off Roche's Point, at the entrance to Queenstown harbor. Shortly after daylight the "Paris" set signals that her rudder was disabled. It was later learned that the "Paris" had not been able to use her rudder at all and that she had used her twin screws as steering apparatus on her return. The accident is reported to have occurred when the steamer was 786 miles west of Queenstown. The "Paris" has 84 first class and 104 second class passengers on board. The "Paris" has sustained no damage other than that to her rudder. It is probable that she will be towed to Liverpool for repairs. It is stated that on Monday last a heavy sea struck the rudder of the "Paris," snapping the post off in the trunk. The steamer held her westward course until Tuesday afternoon, when it was decided to put her about. One of her engines was stopped and little difficulty was experienced in turning her around. On further inquiry as to the disaster to the "Paris," it has been learned that in the hurricane on Tuesday the rudder was torn off. The wind was from the west, making it fair for the steamer on her return. She carried all the canvas she thought safe. All on board are well. ——LATER—Efforts have been made all day by press representatives to interview the passengers on board the "Paris," but up to this evening no story of the accident could be obtained from them. None of the passengers are allowed to leave the steamer and no strangers are permitted on board of her. The chief officer came ashore here, but he refused to give any information regarding the accident. He said the ship was awaiting instructions from her owners. This is the second accident that has occurred to the "Paris." In March, 1890, while she was sailing in the Inman Line under the British flag, being then named "City of Paris," she met with a very serious accident that was provocative of much discussion in engineering and ship building circles. On March 30, 1890, the "City of Paris," in tow of the British steamer "Aldersgate," was taken into Queenstown harbor. She sailed from New York for Liverpool on March 19, and on the 25th, while the steamer was proceeding at full speed, the low pressure cylinder of the starboard engine suddenly collapsed, smashing the injection water pipe connection and bursting the iron bulkhead dividing the port and starboard engines. A portion of the machinery smashed through the steamer's double bottom, and water rushed into the engine rooms, compelling the engineers and firemen to rush to the deck for safety. The steamer drifted helplessly until the 26th, when the "Aldersgate" came up with her and took her in tow. The "City of Paris" was taken to Liverpool, where it was found necessary to entirely rebuild her engines. It may be pointed out that this last accident to the "Paris" was rendered of little consequence, owing to the fact that her twin screws furnished the means of steering and that she could have been steered by a drag, particularly in heavy weather. On Saturday, Feb 10, the day the "Paris" sailed, there was a strong westerly gale in the lower Channel, and many vessels were compelled to seek refuge at Queenstown, Plymouth, Dartmouth and other Channel ports. On Sunday, the gale increased in severity and incoming vessels reported heavy weather at sea. Sunday night the wind tacked round to the south-west and continued to blow with great fury until Monday night. Every part of Ireland was affected by the storm. It is likely that the "Paris" ran into the centre of this storm.——STILL LATER—E S Bradford, of New York, a saloon passenger on the steamer "Paris," describes thus the steamship's experience:—"On Sunday morning it blew a gale. The wind was from the west and accompanied by a head sea. On Monday the waves were mountains high. The 'Paris' fought her way in gallant style. Suddenly, at 4 p m, she stopped. The passengers became anxious and began asking the officers what had gone wrong. The officers intimated that the rudder was smashed, but said the accident would not imperil the ship. The captain discovered that the lower part of the flap of the rudder had become detached and was beating against the sides of the vessel so as to threaten to smash the plates. Then the steamer was put under easy steam and she was headed for Queenstown. The Irish coast was made last night. All the passengers agree that they have nothing to complain of except delay." The steamer "Berlin," of the American Line, which arrived at Southampton to-day, will hurriedly discharge and load and will call at Queenstown on Sunday to take on board the passengers of the "Paris" and convey them to New York. The steamer "Aurania" will take the "Paris'" mails to New York.

MONDAY, February 19.

ALLAN LINE—GRECIAN.—The ss "Grecian," Captain C E LeGallais, from Glasgow, arrived at New York on Saturday morning.

HIBERNIAN.—The ss "Hibernian," Captain J M Wallace, from Philadelphia for Glasgow, arrived out on Saturday morning, with her 265 cattle in good order.

QUEBEC STEAMSHIP COMPANY.—MADIANA.—The ss "Madiana" sailed from New York, for the Windward West India Islands at 1 p m last Saturday.

ABANDONED—London, Feb 17—British str "Queensmore," which arrived yesterday at Liverpool from Baltimore, landed the crew of the Norwegian bark "Christina," Nielsen, from Port Morant, Jamaica, December 28, for Manchester. The bark was abandoned on February 6, lat 43 N, lon 60 W, in a sinking condition.

BURNED—London, Feb 17—Steamer "Drummond," from New Orleans for Rotterdam, has arrived at Dartmouth. She landed there the crew of schooner "Maggie M," of and from Halifax for Demerara, which had burned at sea. The steamer rescued the crew on February 8.

FOUNDERED—London, Feb. 18—The Norwegian steamer "Diament," 1,034 tons, is reported to have foundered near Cape Finisterre, coast of Spain, during a voyage from Cardiff to Constantinople with a cargo of coal.

QUEBEC DOCKS—London *Transport*, of Jan 19, 1894, publishes plans of the Princess Louise Tidal Basin and Wet Dock and the Lorne Graving Dock. Accompanying the plans is a cleverly written description of the city and harbour. Among the places referred to in the sketch are the Protestant and Roman Catholic Cathedrals, Parliament Buildings, Laval University, Frontenac Hotel and Hotel Dieu. The description of the Princess Louise Embankment and Docks is very complete, and note is made of the different railways centering on them. The total number of steam and sailing vessels which arrived and departed from this port during the past year, with the value of their cargoes, is also contained in the sketch.

RETURNED—London, Feb 17—Bark "Normen," Olsen, which sailed from Antwerp Feb 6 for Pensacola, has returned, having lost her anchors and chains, and not being seaworthy in the insurance sense.

TUESDAY, February 20.

MAIL STEAMER.—VANCOUVER—The Dominion Line R M S "Vancouver," Captain H G Williams, from Halifax on the 10th instant, arrived at Moville yesterday.

ALLAN LINE.—CARTHAGINIAN—The ss "Carthaginian," Captain John France, from Glasgow, arrived at Boston at 12.15 p m on Sunday last.

QUEBEC STEAMSHIP COMPANY.—BERMUDA—The ss "Bermuda" arrived at St Kitts, WI, from New York, last Saturday.

FONTABELLE—The ss "Fontabelle" arrived at New York, from the West Indies, last Saturday.

MURIEL.—The ss "Muriel" arrived at New York, from the West Indies, at daylight on the 18th instant.

TRINIDAD—The ss "Trinidad" sailed from Bermuda for New York, at 12.30 p m yesterday.

COLLISION—Boston, Feb 18—Schr "Effy Grover," from St John, NB, for New York, was towed into Gloucester this morning by tug "Peter B Bradley," with loss of sails, spanker boom broken, and fore and main rigging carried away, having been in collision last night off Thatcher's Island, with schooner "Myra W Spear," from Boston for Rockport, Me. Damage to the latter, if any, not known. Owners of the tug filed a claim for salvage.

DOCKED—Newport News, Va, Feb 19—The ss "New York," of the American Line, was today successfully taken out of the water into the dry dock of the Newport News Ship Building and Dry Dock Company at this place. This is the first time that a steamer of that size has ever been docked in this country and no other basin besides that at Newport News could accommodate a vessel of her dimensions.

HALIFAX ITEMS—Halifax, Feb 19—The brigt "Moss Glen," Captain Iverson, which left here on Monday last for Port Medway, to load for Porto Rico, put in here again yesterday for shelter. The captain reports that he was off Shelburne on Monday evening, being 50 miles off London. On Tuesday morning a gale sprang up and continued until Thursday, when it increased to a hurricane. They made Port Medway but each time were blown off. The weather was also very cold and heavy snow squalls were frequent. The crew found great difficulty in handling the sails, owing to the low thermometer and one of them had his hands badly frozen also. From the time of leaving here until Saturday, Captain Iverson states that there was no one at the wheel, it being lashed and the ship put under storm sails.——The schr "Florida," Captain Brinkman, which arrived from Ponce, PR, yesterday, met with very rough weather on the passage, during which she carried away her main topmast, lost some sails and had some of her crew frost bitten. One of them was sent to the hospital this morning.——Mr Hart received a cable this morning from Jamaica, announcing the safe arrival there of the schooner "A G Heister," which left here the same day as the ill-fated brigantine "W G Gordon" and schr "Maggie M."

SEALING—A despatch to the Signal Service announces that some fifteen schooners are preparing to leave Esquimaux Point at the end of next week for the seal fishery.

TRANSFERRED—Queenstown, Feb 19—The steamer "Berlin," from Southampton, arrived here this morning. The greater number of passengers of the steamer "Paris," which was compelled to take to this port, were, with their luggage, transferred to the "Berlin," which will convey them to New York.

WHITE WINGS—The arrival of this vessel at her destination not having been cabled to Quebec, led to the impression that she was a long time getting there, and some supposed she had met with disaster. The "White Wings" reached Buenos Ayres on the 8th January, (as already reported in the CHRONICLE), and as she left Quebec on the 4th November, she made the passage in 65 days, which is very good going, especially for a first voyage.

WEDNESDAY, February 21

MAIL STEAMER.—NUMIDIAN.—The Allan R M S "Numidian," Captain A Macnicol, from Liverpool, Feb 8, via Moville 9th, arrived at Halifax Quarantine at two o'clock yesterday morning.

A BIG COAL CARGO—The Liverpool *Shipping Telegraph* of Feb 10, says:—"Liverpool shows how to hold her own. The ss 'Samoa,' of this port, arrived at Newcastle on Tuesday to load between 9,000 and 10,000 tons of steam coal for Bombay—the largest cargo ever shipped in the Tyne, and thought to be the largest coal cargo that ever went out of a British port. The 'Samoa' is a sister ship to the 'Maroa,' launched a few weeks since by Messrs William Doxford & Sons, Sunderland. Both are examples of the modern tendency to build ships of ever-increasing size, and with such we are not likely to be out-stripped in the coal trade—not even by cheaply produced Japanese coal—for we can dump the matter of 10,000 tons upon the Eastern market with a facility and at a rate of freight which ordinary vessels could not attempt."

DEATH OF CAPTAIN RICHARDSON, OF THE ALLAN LINE—Captain W Richardson, late of the steamship "Sardinian," and for 27 years commander in the Allan Line, died at his residence, 53 Berkley street, on Wednesday, and yesterday morning the remains were conveyed from the house to Exchange Station, for interment at Annan, Scotland. Captain Richardson was highly esteemed by his employers, whose confidence he always retained. He was a strict disciplinarian and a most able officer, and enjoyed the respect of all with whom he was associated. He was popular with all the officers and crews of the ships with which he was connected during his long and honorable career.—Liverpool *Shipping Telegraph*, Feb 10.

—[Deceased was well and favorably known in Quebec and Montreal, where he made many friends, all of whom will be grieved to hear of his death. He was a general favorite with his passengers, whose esteem he won by his many excellent qualities as a navigator and an attentive commander. Among those carried as passengers on the "Sardinian," while under the command of Captain Richardson, were their Royal Highnesses the Duke and Duchess of Connaught, the Earl and Countess of Derby, the Earl and Countess of Aberdeen, etc, all of whom bore testimony to the gallant captain's seamanship and ability.—ED. MORNING CHRONICLE.]

DISABLED—New York, Feb 20—The Hamburg-American Packet Company's steamship "Augusta Victoria" arrived in this port this morning, after a rather eventful voyage from Hamburg and Southampton. Throughout the voyage the steamship ran at reduced speed, using only six boilers. On Feb 19, she was handicapped by the starboard engine becoming disabled, and for the balance of the voyage, which lasted nearly 24 hours, she was compelled to make her way with the aid of the port engine only. The damage to the starboard engine is believed to be slight. Other incoming steamers which arrived at this port to-day also report bad weather at sea.

DOCKED—Liverpool, Feb 20—The American Line steamer "Paris" has been docked in Laird's shipyard at Birkenhead, for repairs.

IN COLLISION—London, Feb 20—The British steamer "Oranmore," Captain Bartlett, which sailed from here yesterday, for Boston, has returned. She was in collision in the Thames with the British steamer "Britannia," Captain Kennedy, which was also outward bound. The "Oranmore" has gone into dock for repairs, her bows being damaged. The bows of the "Britannia" were also damaged.

SANK—London, Feb 20—The steamer "Morfa," from Swansea for Belfast, struck a rock off Fish Guard, County of Pembroke, Wales, today, and sank. Her crew took to the small boats and landed safely.

SHIP-BUILDING ON THE CLYDE—Four leading Clyde ship-builders recently put their men on full time owing to the abundance of work. The Clyde ship-builders have raised their prices for new tonnage 5 per cent.

TORPEDO DESTROYERS—The Tyne has just received another Government order for torpedo-boat destroyers. It has been placed with Messrs R & W Hawthorn, Leslie & Co, Limited, and is for three of these vessels of the "Havock" type, each to be fitted with engines indicating a speed of 27 knots. Though small in size, these vessels entail an unusual amount of work, the engines being exceptionally powerful, and the hulls proportionately strong in order to withstand the severe vibration. With five of these craft ordered from the Palmer Company, two more from Messrs Doxford & Sons, of Sunderland, and the three just placed with Messrs Hawthorn, Leslie & Co, the north-east coast cannot complain in the matter of Government work. Most of the Tyne yards are now quite busy, and there has been a very perceptible reduction in the number of vacant berths which a month or two ago were very conspicuous.—Liverpool *Shipping Telegraph*.

BIRTH.

ROSS.—At Aubert Gallion, Beauce, on the 19th instant, the wife of R. J. Ross, of a son.

DEATHS.

CLANCY.—On the 15th instant, at her residence, No. 5 St. Ursule street, Margaret Feore, widow of the late Mr. Richard Clancy, aged 72 years.

DOUGLAS.—On February 13th, 1894, at her residence, Lakefield, Ontario, Eleanor Anne, wife of Dr. C M. Douglas, V.C., and daughter of the late Col. J. Burmester, Halifax, N.S., aged 43 years.

GAUTHIER.—On the 16th instant, at the age of 21 years and eight months, Marie Lumina Anna, beloved daughter of Jos. Gauthier.

GIBB.—In Campbellford, Ont., on the 11th February, 1894, Marian Gibb, wife of the late Hugh Gibb, formerly of Quebec, in the 69th year of her age.

LAURENT.—On the 19th instant, at the age of three years and seven months, Marguerite Alice, daughter of Mr. A. P. Laurent.

Just received a very special line of Ladies Ribbed all wool Vests in Natural Shades, only 8c. each, at Carsley's, Notre Dame street, Montreal.

Miss Marie Corelli's novel, "Barabbas," is creating a sensation in India, and is being translated into Hindustani under the supervision of a maharajah.

Before the Carnival.

MR. JULIAN RALPH'S REFERENCE TO THE BEAUTY OF QUEBEC'S GIRLS.

Just prior to the opening of the late carnival, Mr. Julian Ralph telegraphed to the New York *Sun*:—

"The winter carnival at Quebec this week is going to be the most foreign and brilliant festivity in America this winter. Everything is ready for it. The St. Lawrence is glutted with the ice with which the hardy voyageurs are to battle, and the snow that waits for the tobogganers and snowshoers is so deep that you can only see the church steeples when you look at the city from across the river. Visitors' trunks are carted round on sleds, the men in the streets are muffled up in furs so that they look like animals in a menagerie, the house gutters are fringed with icicles and carry such burdens of snow that they seem to be wearing night caps, and the women have put on all the clothes they own, and would not know it if they were peppered with cannon balls. They are not the prettiest women in the world for one reason—that is, that the Montreal and Toronto girls are just as pretty.

"But they are delicious all the same. They have the rosiest cheeks imaginable, and skating and snowshoing have developed their forms until every girl in Quebec is worth $25 a week as a model in an artist's studio. They are all muscle from the waist down and all beauty from the belt upward.

"Only one girl from New York has thus far vied with these polar beauties. She is Miss Florence Sewell, the prettiest of Lester Wallack's granddaughters. She came here with a train load of New Yorkers who left the metropolis on Friday evening and reached here early this afternoon.

"They say that from Saratoga to Quebec the snow covered the surface of the earth so completely that all nature looked like the top of a wedding cake. The fences and houses were the only things in sight until Quebec was reached, and there the city which has the most snow of any place in America exhibited little else than church steeples, ice palaces, ice statues, evergreen arches, redcoated soldiers, fur-burdened sleighs and rosy-checked girls.

"This is Quebec's first attempt to hold a winter carnival. Montreal has had the monoply of that business in Canada, but has given it up and is contributing money and brains and men to make this a greater carnival than ever the Dominion has seen. It will be easy for Quebec to beat the best that Montreal has done, because Quebec is the quaintest city on the continent, is a walled city, and is ancient, picturesque, and foreign to a degree. The people have wealth and are expending it with enthusiasm.

"They have cut out of the surface of the river a seagreen ice palace, which shines in the old city wall like a diamond tiara on the head of a duchess. They have carved out of solid ice several statues of their national heroes. They have spanned the leading streets with Eiffel towers of fir and evergreen arches which are to be manned with snowshoers in worsted tuques, blanket coats, blanket trousers, gaudy scarfs, and moccasins. They have opened a new and enormous hotel, as fine as any on the continent, and thus have redeemed the once failing reputation of the city in this respect."

Pretty Things for Women.

Pale blue is trimmed with white lace and a rich coral pink is appropriately made up with chiffon of the same color.

Chinese silk or closely figured challies, now so abundantly displayed in every shop, make very pretty dresses for young girls.

Dark silk dresses, strange to say, are worn by young girls of school age at evening entertainments. Many lovely colors are chosen, such as violet, pansy, dark blue, all shades of red and dark green.

A few bright colored frocks are worn for dressy occasions, such as a scarlet cashmere trimmed on waist and sleeves with ruches of very narrow black satin ribbon, and a frock of pale blue and plum colored velours, cut in turrets around the bottom and bound with plum colored velvet, with a ruffle of blue silk laid under the turrets.

For dancing school are charming little gowns of white or delicate tinted crepons, made with straight plain skirts, very short full waists, giving an Empire effect, short puffed sleeves and shoulder ruffles. Very often a bertha of lace surrounds the neck, and they are worn with or without guimpes.

French cashmere, as shown this season, displays very beautiful designs or groups of flowers, such as violets, lilacs, morning glories, pansies and daisies. This material makes up very prettily for girls and is much made use of, as also is crepon, with or without a figure, and camel's hair, both plain and figured.

Skirts for misses are as varied as those for women. They are in circle shape, gored in front and on the sides, and straight. The straight skirts, however, predominate and two breadths of double fold goods or three of 20 inch are used. The skirts may be lined or unlined. Most straight skirts are simply hemmed.

A novelty introduced late in the season, to be worn on days when large wraps are too heavy, is the short basque of fur fitted as closely to the figure as if it were a dress waist. Two kinds of furs are used in these basques, the waist proper being of a large waved Astrakhan, while the circular basque and the revers with shoulder frills are of the fine baby lamb fur, or moire Persian, as it is sometimes called.

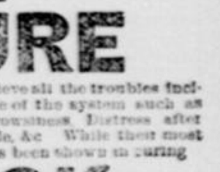
The daintiest slippers for evening wear are made up in white and delicately tinted satin. They are made with high heels and a single strap to button over the instep. Some of the straps are set with rhinestones or colored jewels. The Spanish slipper comes in black and has a network of black drawn up over the instep and fastened with silver clasps. Slippers to match the gown are *en regle*. Gray suede with steel beading are especially pretty for house wear and are soft and useful.

What is Cavalry For?

It is reported that Russian cavalry manœuvres on an imposing scale are to be held in the spring in order to test the theories as to the employment of cavalry in masses held by Gen. Gourko, who commanded the cavalry manœuvres in Poland last year, when some 35,000 horsemen were in the field for a period of four weeks. Gen. Gourko, far from sharing the general view that the days of cavalry charges are gone for ever, holds strongly to the opinion that in time of war cavalry should not only operate as an auxiliary force, but that it should act independently of infantry, and aided solely by artillery, in masses, either with the view to preparing victory or to gathering its fruits. In the forthcoming manœuvres, the whole of the cavalry belonging to the military districts of Warsaw, Vilna, and Kieff will be engaged to a total strength of some 150,000 horsemen. The place of the manœuvres, which has been approved by the Czar, has not leaked out, but it is known that the intention is to study the double role of cavalry fighting mounted and on foot, and that the manœuvres will be attended by the Czar and by a large number of officers of high rank, including the commanders of all the military districts.—*United Service Gazette.*

P T. Panneton, Mayor of Three Rivers, is in the city and registered at the Victoria.

CARTER'S LITTLE LIVER PILLS.



CURE

Sick Headache and relieve all the troubles incident to a bilious state of the system, such as Dizziness, Nausea, Drowsiness, Distress after eating, Pain in the Side, &c. While their most remarkable success has been shown in curing

SICK

Headache, yet Carter's Little Liver Pills are equally valuable in Constipation, curing and preventing this annoying complaint, while they also correct all disorders of the stomach, stimulate the liver and regulate the bowels. Even if they only cured

HEAD

Ache they would be almost priceless to those who suffer from this distressing complaint; but fortunately their goodness does not end here, and those who once try them will find these little pills valuable in so many ways that they will not be willing to do without them. But after all sick head

ACHE

Is the bane of so many lives that here is where we make our great boast. Our pills cure it while others do not.

Carter's Little Liver Pills are very small and very easy to take. One or two pills make a dose. They are strictly vegetable and do not gripe or purge, but by their gentle action please all who use them. In vials at 25 cents; five for $1. Sold by druggists everywhere, or sent by mail.

CARTER MEDICINE CO., New York.

Small Pill. Small Dose. Small Price.

CARSLEY'S COLUMN

Mail Orders Carefully Filled.

DON'T BUY

Dry Goods

Dry Goods

—AT—

S. CARSLEY'S

UNLESS

HE GIVES YOU
HE GIVES YOU
HE GIVES YOU
HE GIVES YOU
HE GIVES YOU
HE GIVES YOU

THE BEST VALUE!

IN MONTREAL

IN MONTREAL
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IN MONTREAL
IN MONTREAL
IN MONTREAL

NOTICE.

To prevent any misunderstanding about our value being the best in the city,

NOTE THIS

That if any Goods like ours are found elsewhere in Montreal

WE GUARANTEE

that our prices will be from FIVE to TEN PER CENT. LESS than at any other Store in this Province.

S. CARSLEY.

Cotton Bargain.

Ten Bales of Grey Cotton to be sold at 7½c; usual price, 10c.

Ten Bales Grey Cotton to be sold at 6c; usual price, 9c.

Ten Cases White Cotton to be sold at 6½c; usual price, 9c.

Ten Cases White Cotton to be sold at 8½c; usual price, 12c.

SO COME
SO COME
SO COME
SO COME
SO COME
SO COME

—TO—

S. CARSLEY'S

For Cottons and all Other Dry Goods.

BOYS' CLOTHING.
BOYS' CLOTHING.
BOYS' CLOTHING.
BOYS' CLOTHING.
BOYS' CLOTHING.

Next week we offer some special bargains in Boys' Tweed Suits and Overcoats

At S. CARSLEY'S.
Notre Dame Street.

New Dress Goods
New Dress Goods

10 More Cases of
10 More Cases of
10 More Cases of
10 More Cases of
10 More Cases of

SPRING DRESS GOODS
SPRING DRESS GOODS

Comprising
Comprising
Comprising
Comprising
Comprising

All Latest Novelties
All Latest Novelties
All Latest Novelties
All Latest Novelties
All Latest Novelties

JUST PUT INTO STOCK!

At S. CARSLEY'S.

S. CARSLEY.

1765, 1767, 1769, 1771, 1773, 1775, 1777, 1779

NOTRE DAME STREET,

MONTREAL.

CARSLEY'S COLUMN.

February 21, 1894.

To get relief from indigestion, biliousness, constipation or torpid liver without disturbing the stomach or purging the bowels, take a few doses of Carter's Little Liver Pills, they will please you. m,w,fri&w

CHESS.

Correspondence intended for this column and exchanges should be addressed "CHESS EDITOR MORNING CHRONICLE, QUEBEC."

QUEBEC, Wednesday, Feb. 21st, 1894.

The Quebec Chess Club meet every Tuesday, Thursday and Saturday, at 8.00 p.m., in the Rooms, ground floor of the Masonic Building, Garden street.

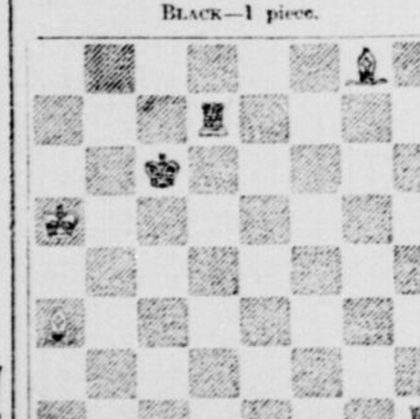
Chess players visiting the city are cordially invited.

PROBLEM No. 757.

(For the Montreal Gazette.)

By Mr. J. McGregor, Athenæum Chess Club, Toronto, Ontario.

BLACK—1 piece.



WHITE—5 pieces.

White to play and mate in three moves.

WHITE.—K Q R 5; R's K R sq and Q 7; B's K Kt 8 and Q R 3.
BLACK.—K Q B 3.—Three moves.

SOLUTIONS.

PROBLEM No. 754.—1. R B 4, etc.—J. B. A.; I. R., Lennoxville; J. W. S., Montreal, has two beautiful mates by discovery.

PROBLEM No. 755.—1. Q Kt 4, etc.—J. B. A.—Prolific in mates; J. W. S., Montreal; I. R., Lennoxville.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

Miss I. R., Lennoxville—Your cards of 1st and 6th inst. only reached us on 16th inst. Cannot account for such delay. In No. 755 all the pieces seem necessary. Could you not induce some of your lady and gentlemen friends to take an interest in our humble column?

J. W. S., Montreal—We are extremely obliged to you for your many favors, etc.

MATCH BY TELEGRAPH.

The games referred to Mr. J. E. Narraway for adjudication have been examined. The game between Messrs. Fisher and Short has been pronounced a win for Mr. Fisher, and the game between Messrs. Marshall and Porter, a draw.

The final score, therefore, is: Montreal, 2½; St. John, N.B., 1½.

PORTRAITS OF CANADIAN CHESS PLAYERS.

Le Monde Illustre has begun the publication of a series of portraits of our principal Canadian chess players and problematists, each to be accompanied with a short biographical sketch of the player or composer.

The series was inaugurated last Saturday, that of Mr. J. Henderson, chess editor of the Montreal *Gazette*, having been honored with a place.

Two of his problems, a two-mover and a three-mover, are also given. We wish our esteemed *confrere* much success with his family picture gallery.

CHESS ITEMS.

At Perth, Western Australia, a strong Club of lady chess players exists, and these are at present engaged in a very interesting handicap tournament. The first five have a range of percentage of wins from 81 to 69. The lady lowest in the list continues to struggle gallantly against great odds, having lost 10 games successively.

There is also a "Ladies' Chess Association," which is flourishing, and no doubt will continue to do so, at least so long as its membership is confined to the gentler sex, otherwise there is every probability of the Club meeting a similar fate to that which befell the London Ladies' Club, which, formed under such favorable auspicies not long ago, has ceased to exist because all the members got married.—*Belfast News Letter.*

GAME No. 712.

Played in the Canadian Chess Association tourney.

WHITE. F. J. Marshall.	BLACK. A. T. Davidson.
1 P K 4	1 P K 4
2 Kt K B 3	2 Kt Q B 3
3 B B 4	3 P Q 3
4 P Q B 3	4 P K R 3
5 Castles	5 Kt K B 3
6 R K	6 B K 2
7 P Q 4	7 Castles
8 Kt R 4	8 K R 2
9 Kt B 5	9 B tks Kt
10 P tks B	10 P tks P
11 P tks P	11 P Q 4
12 B Kt 3	12 P Q Kt 3
13 B R 4	13 Kt Q Kt
14 Kt B 3	14 P B 3
15 P K B 4	15 P Q Kt 4
16 B B 2	16 B Kt 5
17 R K 3	17 R K
18 R R 3	18 Q K 2
19 B Q 2	19 B tks Kt
20 B tks B	20 Kt K 5
21 Q Kt 4	21 P Kt 5
22 B K	22 P B 3
23 Q Kt 6 ch	23 K R
24 B tks P (a)	24 P Q B 4
25 P tks P	25 Kt tks P
26 R K	26 Q tks R ch
27 B tks Q	27 R tks B ch
28 K B 2	28 R K 2
29 P Q Kt 4 (b)	29 Kt (B 4) Q 2
30 B Kt 3	30 Kt R 3
31 P Kt 5	31 Kt B 2
32 Q Kt 3	32 Q R K
33 Q Q 3	33 Kt B 4
34 Q Q	34 K R 2
35 P Kt 4	35 Kt K 5 ch
36 K B	36 Kt Q 3 (c)
37 P Kt 5	37 B P tks P
38 P tks P	38 R K 4
39 B B 2	39 Kt tks B P
40 Q Kt	40 P Kt 3
41 R tks P ch	41 Kt tks R
42 B tks P ch	42 K Kt
43 B tks R	43 R tks P
44 B Q 7	44 R Kt 2
45 P Kt 6	45 P tks P
46 Q tks P	46 R tks B
47 Q tks K Kt	47 R B 2 ch
48 K K 2	

And White wins

NOTES.

(a) By this capture White not only wins a Pawn, but also improves his already superior position.

(b) White could have decided the game at once by 24 R tks P ch 24 P tks R (best) 25 Q tks B P ch 25 K to Kt (best) Q tks R etc.

(c) We should prefer Kt tks P, bringing up the entire force to share in the attack.—Montreal *Gazette.*

GAME No. 713.

Chess in Nuremberg.

A brilliant Thorold-Allgaier Gambit played recently at the Nuremberg Chess Club. (Remove White's Q R.)

WHITE. Dr. S. Tarrasch.	BLACK. H. Laubmann.
1 P K 4	1 P K 4
2 P K B 4	2 P tks P
3 Kt K B 3	3 P K Kt 4
4 P K R 4	4 P Kt 5
5 Kt Kt 5	5 P K R 3
6 Kt tks B P	6 K tks Kt
7 P Q 4	7 P Q 4
8 B tks P	8 P tks P
9 B K 2 (a)	9 P K R 4
10 Castles	10 K Kt 3 (b)
11 Kt B 3	11 B K B 4
12 B K 5	12 Kt K B 3
13 Kt tks P	13 Kt tks Kt
14 R tks B !	14 K tks R
15 B Q 3	15 Q Q 4
16 Q B sq ch	16 K Kt 3 (c)

White announced mate in six moves

NOTES.

(a) This is the favorite continuation in even games.

(b) Black, of course, neglects the first principles of development.

(c) K K 3 should win for Black.

—*Baltimore News.*

CITY AND DISTRICT ITEMS.

—Mr. David Rea has been appointed Pro-Assistant Provincial Treasurer during the absence of Mr. Machin in Europe.

BURGLARY.—The store of Mr. Ratté, in St. Sauveur, was raided the other night and several boxes of cigars carried off. It is supposed an entrance was effected by way of the cellar.

STRANGE PLACE FOR A BIRD'S NEST.—On cutting through a teak log in the saw mills, at Her Majesty's Dockyard at Sheerness, the other day, a hollow place was discovered in the centre, in which was a bird's nest containing four eggs. The log formed part of a consignment of timber delivered at the dockyard some months since from India.

REVISION OF THE CIVIL CODE.—The Hon. Thos. C. Casgrain, Q.C., Hon. Jules E. Larue, Judge of the Superior Court, and Hon. C. P. Davidson, Judge of the Superior Court, have been appointed Commissioners to revise the Code of Civil Procedure, in conformity with the Act of the Legislature of the Province of Quebec, 57 Victoria, chap. 9, and Charles Lanctot, of the city of Quebec, and Percy C. Ryan, of the city of Montreal, advocates, have been appointed secretaries.

JUDGMENTS IN THE COURT OF APPEALS.—The Court of Appeal sat yesterday morning to give judgments. There were on the bench Sir Alexander Lacoste, Chief Justice, and Judges Bossé, Blanchet, Hall and Wurtele. Judgments were rendered in the following cases:—Charest vs. Murphy, confirmed, Justices Bossé and Blanchet dissenting; Joannet vs. the Hudson Bay Company, reversed, Justices Bossé and Blanchet dissenting; Paré vs. the North Shore Railway Company, confirmed; the Société des Artisans Canadien-Français of Montreal vs. Mrs. Gauvin, reversed.

A BOY MYSTERIOUSLY DISAPPEARS.—Jos. Masse, the fifteen-year-old son of a farmer of St. Raymond, on the Lake St. John Railway, mysteriously disappeared last autumn. He was seen in Quebec the day after he left St. Raymond, but no trace of his whereabouts has since been found. The year previous to his disappearance he had been enticed away by some companions and had suddenly left for Biddeford, Maine, without warning his parents of his departure. It was supposed that he had gone there again, but they have been informed that no clue can be had of him in Biddeford.

THE SWORD SWALLOWER.—Chevalier Cliquot will give his exhibition of sword swallowing, &c., in the Laval University this evening at 7 o'clock sharp. Prof. Cliquot's entertainment will be solely and specially for the medical profession of the city, students and members of the Press. No others will be admitted. The exhibition will take place in the Lecture Hall of the University. The Chevalier regrets that the exhibition could not have taken place on the date first named, but his baggage did not arrive in time and consequently the performance had to be postponed until to-night. Madame Cliquot arrived in town yesterday morning by G.T.R. from New York.

A Practical Hint.

(From the Chicago Record.)

The Amateur—How is it all your photographs of people show their true expression so well.

The Photographer—I never tell a patron to "look natural."

DR. LAVIOLETTE'S

Syrup of Turpentine

Used With Invariable Success For

Coughs, Colds, Bronchitis, Hoarseness, Loss of Voice, Croup, Whooping Cough, etc., etc.

IT ALWAYS CURES

PROOF POSITIVE.

READ IT!

Mrs. E. Maher, 68 St. Charles street, Point St Charles, Montreal, says: I feel it to be my duty as a mother to let you know that I have just experienced the great value of Dr. Laviolette's Syrup of Turpentine as a general family remedy. I have used this preparation in my family and found it very effective and satisfactory in every way, but what I consider to be the greatest point in its favor is the fact that it contains absolutely no poisons of any description, or anything at all injurious, notwithstanding its wonderful curative powers. My little girl Mary, four years old, who has been taking the Syrup for Croup, was so fond of it that she drank a whole bottle. I was terribly alarmed and called in my physician who telephoned to your office and was informed that there was absolutely no danger; this has proved to be true, for it has not had the least ill effect in any way whatever. I am sure once mothers of families are aware that such a perfectly safe, palatable and effective remedy as Syrup of Turpentine is to be had that it will work its way into every family in the land.

Mrs. Alfred McCauley, 288 Panet street, Montreal, says: My little girl suffered for three weeks from what our family doctor pronounced to be a severe attack of Bronchitis. He prescribed Dr. Laviolette's Syrup of Turpentine. Two 25c. bottles of this wonderful remedy cured her completely and permanently.

Mrs. James Dunn, 33 Papineau Square, Montreal, says: My child, four months old, suffered from a severe attack of Bronchitis, we expected her to expire at any moment. A neighbor of mine came in and asked if I had tried Dr. Laviolette's Syrup of Turpentine, I replied that I had not done so, but that I had tried so many things and that the end had now come, but she persisted that while there's life there's hope, and went home and secured half of one 25c. bottle of your preparation. The first dose seemed to act like magic, and the child improved from that hour. We used altogether two 25c. bottles which effected a complete cure. Please accept this testimony from a thankful mother.

Mrs. John Meehan, 27½ Papineau Square, Montreal, says: My son, two years old, suffered for two weeks from a severe attack of Bronchitis, two 25c. bottles of Dr. Laviolette's Syrup of Turpentine caused all appearance of the trouble to completely disappear.

Mrs. John Downey, 655 Mignonne Street, Montreal, says: I suffered for ten long years from Chronic Bronchitis, and I have been completely and permanently cured by using five 50c. bottles of Dr. Laviolette's Syrup of Turpentine, and it affords me the greatest pleasure to testify to the marvellous cure effected in my case.

Henry Hoyden, 387 Panet street, Montreal, says: I suffered for seven years from Chronic Bronchitis and during that period I employed a large number of remedies without however receiving any perceptible benefit. Four 25c. bottles of Dr. Laviolette's Syrup of Turpentine effected a complete and permanent cure and I cannot commend this valuable remedy too highly to all those who may be sufferers from Chronic Bronchitis.

Mrs. John Bonet, 13 St. Germain street Montreal, says: My three children suffered from a bad attack of the True Croup. Three 25c. bottles of Dr. Laviolette's Syrup of Turpentine cured them all completely.

Mrs. J. Holmes, Letourneux Av., Maisonneuve, Montreal, says: My child three years old suffered from a severe attack of the True Croup. My doctor prescribed Dr. Laviolette's Syrup of Turpentine; one 50c. bottle cured her completely.

Mrs. Thomas Rodgers, 105 Shaw St., Montreal, says: My son 18 months old, suffered from an attack of the True Croup. Two 25c. bottles of Dr. Laviolette's Syrup of Turpentine cured him completely.

ASK FOR IT

from your Druggist or Grocer, who can procure it from any wholesale house.

Or direct from the Proprietor

J. Gustave Laviolette,

232 & 234

ST. PAUL STREET

MONTREAL.

February 21, 1894.

INFLUENZA,

Or La Grippe, though occasionally epidemic, is always more or less prevalent. The best remedy for this complaint is Ayer's Cherry Pectoral.

"Last Spring, I was taken down with La Grippe. At times I was completely prostrated, and so difficult was my breathing that my breast seemed as if confined in an iron cage. I procured a bottle of Ayer's Cherry Pectoral, and no sooner had I began taking it than relief followed. I could not believe that the effect would be so rapid and the cure so complete. It is truly a wonderful medicine."—W. H. WILLIAMS, Crook City, S. D.

AYER'S

Cherry Pectoral

Prompt to act, sure to cure

March 29, 1892 Lm

SPORTING NEWS.

HOCKEY.

THE MATCH ON SATURDAY.

There has rarely been so much excitement and speculation over any match, as over that which takes place here Saturday night between the Vics, of Montreal, and the Quebecers. The championship depends largely upon this match, as the winner will naturally have the best hold on the trophy. To all appearances there will be almost a larger attendance than at the last match here, and we would advise all who intend being present to secure their seats at once. The plan is now open at Capt. C. E. Holiwell's, Buade street, where admission tickets can also be obtained.

THE VICTORIA OTTAWA MATCH.

An Ottawa Opinion.

The Ottawa *Journal* says:—"The Vics won, not by their superior play, nor even by good luck, but by resorting to such unfair tactics as tripping and slashing their opponents at every opportunity. The roughness was not discouraged by the referee, who, the Ottawa contingent claim, showed partiality to the Vics on more than one occasion. The Vics were practically a defeated team until they began their tactics in the last quarter of an hour of the play. The first half of the match was as clean hockey as anyone would wish to witness, and at the end of the first half the score was two to nothing in favor of Ottawa. Fifteen minutes of the second half had been played, and although the Vics at times vigorously assailed the Ottawa goal they could not change the score. It was then that they suddenly resorted to unfair tactics which would not have been allowed by any impartial referee. Two of the team would assail an Ottawa player; one would hold him while the other would take the puck. Against such play as this the Ottawas could make no headway and the Vics scored three games in succession. Pullen and Grant were particularly noticeable for such play. The referee went as far as to warn them repeatedly but no further."

OTTAWA, Feb. 20—The Ottawa Hockey Club to-night decided to resign from the Ontario League. The reason was a telegram from the Toronto Executive, ordering the Ottawas to be prepared to play the final championship match in Toronto. The Ottawas, although they have held the Ontario Championship four years, have only had one final match in Ottawa, and they think the Toronto Clubs might do a little more travelling. They accordingly telegraphed to-night their resignation from the Association to Toronto, and also wired Queen's College, Kingston, with whom they were to play to-morrow night, that they would default. This leaves Queens in the final. The Ottawas informed Queens that they would be glad to give them a friendly match in Kingston later on. The Club is disgusted with the action of the Association Executive, which is composed wholly of Toronto men.

The Assets of a King.

King Lobengula died poor. His estate consists of eighty-four widows and a lost cause.

The Premier's Policy.

Sir John Thompson to the Macdonald Club: —"We do not propose to adopt extreme protection, but we propose to continue to raise the revenue of this country, not by the methods of free trade, but by the maintenance of a Customs tariff, and to see that the tariff is levied on those articles which we can produce in our country; and so let those who are rich enough to import from abroad pay the taxes which the country requires. We shall continue to follow the policy of raising taxes from luxuries, such as tobacco and liquors, until, in the wisdom of the Ontario Legislature shall have become a thing of the past."

Holloway's Ointment and Pills—Dangerous Chest Complaints—The enumeration of these diseases is scarcely necessary, as, unfortunately, most Englishmen know them to their cost. Coughs, common colds, influenza, bronchitis, astoma, pleurisy, inflammation of the lungs, and even consumption in its early stages, are best treated by rubbing Holloway's Ointment upon the chest and upon the back between the shoulders. It penetrates internally, checks the cold shiverings, relieves the overgorged lungs, gradually removes the oppression from the chest, and restores the obstructed respiration, hitherto so distressingly disagreeable and highly dangerous. In treating this class of diseases, Holloway's Pills should always be taken while using his Ointment; they purify the blood, promote perspiration, and allay dangerous irritations.

January 6, 1894. 1m-ao &afw

The Late Mr. Livingston.

Referring to the death of Mr. John Livingston, the *Cultivateur* says:—"He leaves eight children, who have no mother, Mrs. Livingston having died a few years ago. Their grief over the remains of their father, at the moment of the last farewell, on Wednesday, was one of those things that cannot be described. Few, very few among the public men whom the pen of John Livingston built up, popularized, made great, were in the cortege which accompanied his remains to the place of eternal rest. Mr. John Livingston died poor, as must expect to die, in this country, nearly all who can write. After all very little covering is required to sleep soundly in the cemetery."

Sure to be Doomed.

(Montreal Gazette.)

There appears to be an epidemic of crime among Post Office clerks at the moment. It is only a week since the Montreal Post Office furnished an inmate for the penitentiary. Then it was Quebec's turn and after that Toronto's. There is, of course, in handling letters the temptation to theft that constant opportunity offers; but there is no department of the public service where such wrong doing persisted in is so surely followed by detection. The manner in which the mass of the country's correspondence is handled is proof of the general integrity of the postal employes. But they cannot be expected to be free from weak members; and the weak member who indulges his failing is doomed.

Hood's and Only Hood's.

Hood's Sarsaparilla is carefully prepared from Sarsaparilla, Dandelion, Mandrake, Dock, Pipsissewa, Juniper berries and other well known remedies, by a peculiar combination, proportion and process, giving to Hood's Sarsaparilla curative powers not possessed by other medicines. It effects remarkable cures when other preparations fail.

Hood's Pills cure biliousness.

Mohammed Abeyd Allah, of Constantinople, is going to establish in New York a newspaper, printed in Turkish, for circulation in Turkey to disseminate American ideas in his own country.

Mme. Sarah Grand's forthcoming book is to be entitled "Our Manifold Lives." It is not a novel, but a collection of short stories.

The worst kind of a church member is that one who is always out of sorts with his pastor. A small hornet can spoil a good sized camp meeting, and a disgruntled church member can overthrow the work of a church.

Children Cry for Pitcher's Castoria.

CANADIAN REPORTS.

A MONTREAL BROKER'S SUIT.

CANADIAN-AUSTRALIAN AFFAIRS.

THE MANITOBA SCHOOL CASE.

Colonel Houghton on General Middleton—The Purcell Will Case—A Fredericton Forger Disappears.

QUEBEC.

MONTREAL, Feb. 20—The *Witness* special cable from London says:—To-day the Hon. Robert Read, Minister of Defence and Health of the Colony of Victoria, Australia, had an interview with the Right Hon. Arthur Morley, Postmaster-General in the Imperial Government, concerning the telegraphic and postal communication service between Canada and Australia. Later Mr. Read addressed a meeting of the members of Parliament interested in the Colonies, urging that an Imperial subsidy be granted to the Australian-Canadian line of steamships and also to the project of a direct all British cable between Australia and Canada. He also urged the necessity of Great Britain maintaining her naval supremacy, which would be aided by the Pacific cable and steamship projects. He advocated also the removal of all commercial treaty stipulations with foreign countries and all other restrictions preventing or standing in the way of Imperial preferential trade, or of preferential tariff duties in favor of trade between the Colonies and Dependencies and the Mother Country.

The Emigrants' Information Office has just published its annual report, which shows that there were during the past year an increased proportion of inquiries regarding Canada, a decreased proportion concerning Australia and a marked increase as to South Africa.

Lieut.-Colonel Houghton, D.A.G. for the Montreal military district, whose charges against Major-General Middleton recently caused a sensation in militia circles, in an interview here to-day said:—"I confess I was somewhat astonished this morning, on reading the Toronto *Telegram's* cabled report of an interview with General Sir Fred. Middleton. I fully expected an outburst of Billingsgate from the old man, as I am well aware that in that branch of warfare he is a perfect artist, but I never for one moment anticipated his having the effrontery to deny either his conversation with Dr. Orton or myself on the occasions referred to in my letter, or the fact of the retreat having been actually ordered by him and in process of execution until countermanded by him for the reasons stated by him. Fortunately, as I said in that letter, I am fully prepared to prove the truth of all I have stated, though up to the present moment I have not thought it necessary to correspond with any of the officers from whom I expect to receive ample corroboration of all I said in my letter. I am not aware that in that letter I accused the General of cowardice, for I have invariably, when speaking of him, upheld his character for true British pluck at least, nor am I aware that I ever referred to his incapacity, though of that I may have more to say hereafter when he comes out with a reply to my letter over his own signature, until which time I mean to reserve my ammunition. As to his personal reference to myself, I can well afford now to treat that with the same silent contempt with which I have always treated it, even when he was my commanding officer. In fact it is far too vague, as reported in the cablegram, to permit of my taking any present notice of it."

An interesting brokers' case is being heard before Judge Davidson in the second division of the Superior Court. The action is one taken by Mr John Try-Davies, who claims $3,500 from Messrs. E. W. Wilson & Co., of New York, for having cancelled his engagement as their agent here. The plaintiff alleges that his engagement was for two years; that in consequence of this engagement he resigned his position as Secretary and Manager of the Clearing House for the Montreal Stock Exchange; that his dismissal after one year was unjustified and that he is entitled to recover the amount now claimed by him.

ONTARIO

OTTAWA, Feb. 20—In the Supreme Court to-day Chief Justice Strong delivered a long and elaborate decision in answer to the different questions submitted to the Court by the Dominion in regard to the Manitoba School case. There were in all six questions submitted, but they virtually amounted to one and that was whether the Governor-General-in-Council has power to make declarations or remedial orders which were asked for in certain memorials and petitions, assuming the material facts to be as stated and therein contained, and if His Excellency the Governor-General-in-Council had any other jurisdiction in the matter to allow the questions submitted. The Chief Justice gave answers in the negative, which was that no appeal lay by the minority to the Governor General in-Council. Justice Fournier followed, reading at length, and concluding that to all the questions put he would answer no, except to the third one, which was if the decision of the Judicial Committee of the Privy Council in the case of Barrett vs. the City of Winnipeg disposed of the application for redress, and to that he answered yes. Justice Taschereau said that the Court did not decide anything by answering the questions submitted, since they were binding upon no one and determined nothing. To all questions put to the Court he answered no, except question three, to which he replied yes. Justice Gwynne also answered in the negative all the questions except question three, to which he replied yes. He agreed with Justice Taschereau. Justice King agreed with Justice Fournier, answering all the questions in the affirmative except the third question, to which he answered in the negative.

In the case of the "Oscar and Hattie," decided in the Supreme Court to-day, an appeal was taken against the judgment of the Admiralty Court of British Columbia, which condemned the vessel for a violation of the *modus vivendi* for fishing in illegal waters. The sealer was returning from finishing the fishing season in the neighborhood of the Copper Islands. The Captain with his boat called at an Island on his way to Victoria for the purpose of getting water. This Island was partially within prohibited waters. While there the vessel was seized by the United States revenue cutter. As there were skins on board, the Court below held that the vessel was liable, since it had not shown conclusively that they were not caught in prohibited waters. To-day the appeal of the owners of the vessel against the Admiralty Court judgment was allowed with costs.

The decision given at the Supreme Court to-day in the Purcell will case reversed the judgment given in the Court of Appeal at Toronto, and confirms the will known as the McLennan will prepared by Mr. D. B. McLennan, Q.C., at Cornwall, January 10th, 1891. This will was the last one and only provided for about $100,000 of the fortune, the rest of which will now go to the heirs. If the first will had been upheld a number of charitable institutions would have received large bequests, which are but small sums in the will now declared legal.

TORONTO, Feb. 20—Mr. Henry Irving has handed to His Excellency the Governor-General the sum of $250, to be expended in alleviation of the distress at present existing from want of employment. The Earl of Aberdeen will confer with the Mayor and other gentlemen as to the apportionment of this handsome contribution.

Clifford M. Calverley, the injured rope walker, has returned to the city after spending two months at his home at Thornbury. He is still walking a trifle lame and his arms are yet weak, but in other respects he is in capital health and hopes to be fit to fulfill his English engagement next summer.

NEW BRUNSWICK.

FREDERICTON, Feb. 20—It is now positively known that G. H. Davis, the druggist, has skipped to the United States and his known obligations amount to about $15,000. This was floated in paper purporting to carry the endorsement of Fred. P. Thompson and J. D. Phinney, the former about $10,000 and Phinney for between $4,000 and $5,000. Both men repudiate all the paper bearing their names and say that it is forged. Thompson and Phinney are brothers-in-law of Davis.

NOVA SCOTIA

HALIFAX, Feb. 20—The young German female immigrant who tried to commit suicide here has been forwarded to Chicago, her destination. The other German girl is still here. The United States Commissioners will not allow her to proceed.

The barquentine "Nicanor" arrived to-day from Bahia, via Delaware Breakwater, with 900 tons of sugar. She had a rough time after leaving the Breakwater.

Coughs and Colds. Those who are suffering from Coughs, Colds, Hoarseness, Sore Throat, etc., should try BROWN'S BRONCHIAL TROCHES, a simple and effectual remedy. They contain nothing injurious, and may be used at all times with perfect safety.

The Editor of the "Patrie" Wins Some Wine.

How the Papal Index Affects the Serial Stories in the Montreal French Papers—The Local Baillarge and Lacasse Productions—Mr. Beaugrand Not a Mason—A Sarcastic Suggestion.

Under the heading "In the Net," the *Patrie* on Saturday, caused quite a sensation. To understand the circumstances of the case, it must be remembered that some time ago the *Monde* began the publication of Alexander Dumas senior's well-known work, "The Three Guardsmen." The great novel has ever since appeared daily in the columns of our contemporary, the readers being assured that the whole was scrupulously revised with a view to striking out any objectionable feature, and each issue being headed with the following notice: "Subject to the censorship of our ordinary."

Now, a few days ago, the *Patrie* announced in its turn, that it would soon publish another of Dumas's masterpieces, "The Count of Monte Cristo." The outcome of this was that on Thursday, Canon Archambault, Archbishop Fabre's chancellor, wrote to Mr. Beaugrand, informing him that he was instructed by His Grace to remind him that all works by Dumas, father and son, being in the Index no Roman Catholic could read them without committing a grievous sin, and exposing himself to the censures of the Church. Consequently, if, notwithstanding this warning, the *Patrie* published the above mentioned work, His Grace would be forced to remind the faithful of the rules of the Index in this matter.

The *Patrie* published the above letter on Saturday and also Mr. Beaugrand's reply thereto. In this reply, Mr. Beaugrand explains that it never was his intention to publish "The Count of Monte Cristo," and that the whole thing was merely an innocent scheme. He then goes on to say that, having a party of friends in his house, some two weeks ago, one of his guests asked how it was that the *Monde* was authorized by the Archbishop to publish "The Three Guardsmen," while the *Canada-Revue* was censured by a mandement for having simply announced that it would publish the same work. Mr. Beaugrand replied that it was simply a question of politics, a question of "Rouge" and "Bleu." He was ready to wager that were the *Patrie* to announce one of Dumas senior's works the next day, the Archbishop would intervene within a week, to forbid its publication. The questioner would not believe this, but Mr. Beaugrand insisted that his view was right, and as a proof declared that, on the very next day he would announce the publication of Dumas's most moral work, "The Count of Monte Cristo," binding himself to give his friend a case of champagne if the Archbishop's intervention did not come within eight days. The wager was accepted, and the result was as above. Mr. Beaugrand then says: "What we wanted was simply to ascertain whether equal justice existed for a Liberal paper known as *La Patrie*, as for a Conservative paper known as *Le Monde*. We now know what to think. We will be met with the reply that the *Monde* submitted Dumas senior's 'Three Guardsmen' to the censure of the Archbishop. What then do you think, Mr. Canon, of the engraving which we publish above and of its accompanying text which we have had photographed from the *Monde's* issue of Saturday last? One would think he is reading and seeing a page of the Guyhot episode. It is quite as broad. The *Patrie* is Liberal. The *Monde* is Conservative. 'God is great and Mohamed is his prophet,' would reply a fatalist Turk, bowing down his head."

Further on, the letter adds:—"Since I have been identified with journalism and politics in Canada, I have noticed with all my friends that a savory pastoral letter was invariably issued on the eve of Federal elections to reanimate the faint hearts of the virtuous Conservatives and to send to the gemonie the Liberals, who were still undiscouraged by the defeat of the next day."

Further on, referring to the publications of Abbé Baillarge and Father Lacasse, Mr. Beaugrand says:—"Those publications are not in the Index, probably because they are written in kitchen Iroquois and because the Sacred Congregation of the Index do not understand that language. A priest," he adds, "an Oblat is allowed to publish a volume of vulgar insults in hackmen's language, and the advertisement of the book is allowed to be made from the pulpit and its sale to take place in the vestry."

Mr. Beaugrand again takes this occasion to deny that he is a Freemason. He says that he gave up the apron and trowel more than twenty years ago, when, upon his return to Canada, he found that the Grand Master of the Order in Canada was that old fellow, Sir John A. Macdonald, whom the clergy have so loyally supported, defended and heralded in every shape, during his glorious career. "I tendered my resignation," adds Mr. Beaugrand, "and I took my departure with such men as the regretted Mr. Coursol, former Mayor of Montreal, ex-Lieutenant-Governor Robitaille, Judge Elzear Taschereau, of the Supreme Court, nephew of the Cardinal, all good Conservatives, who were never ostracized by the clergy, and whom God will not fail to keep under his holy care."

Mr. Beaugrand sarcastically winds up his letter by proposing the establishment of an archiepiscopal book store, where all the newspapers would be obliged to purchase their serial stories, and where a holy and talented priest, such as Abbe Baillarge for example, would revise the works of all the writers who are the glory of France, and then adds: "You will say, perhaps, that this would injure the legitimate trade of honorable dealers who pay taxes, but I might reply that the monks and nuns of several orders established in Montreal monopolize the largest part of the book and printing trade, without paying municipal taxes, and that the profit to be realized might be used to call from Italy or Spain some new order of mendicant monks the need of whom is so greatly felt in the land. These humble servants of the Lord might spread revised literature and occupy their leisure hours in praying for the refractory journalists who criticise the sound and broad policy of our Holy Father Pope Leo XIII. concerning the good feeling between the French clergy and the Government of the French Republic."

"Read the Papers."

It is rather remarkable that most people who read newspapers overlook a good many interesting items. There seems to be a knack about discovering at a glance what is in a paper. Newspaper men have it, for they read dozens of papers to see what contemporaries are doing and to make comparisons. Editors read dozens of papers every day, and if they took so long about it as the majority of people they would never get through the first chapter, but people who are interested in some particular thing are constantly writing to editors to ask why such and such a thing was not printed, when it was published, perhaps, as big as life on the first page. Readers will go over and over a paper in a vain search for the item—"story," newspaper men call it—in which they are interested, and then declare positively that it is not in the paper. That gives editors the heartache. One of the first rules laid down to beginners in the newspaper business is "read the papers."—Montreal *Witness.*

A Long Drive.

Nobody would undertake a winter's drive from Montreal to St. John for pleasure, and few could be found to try it even in the interest of business. One man, however, has had the hardihood to make the journey and is now in the city. In a few days he will start out again and go through Nova Scotia before starting on the homeward journey. The hero of this long drive is Mr. John W. Stroud, a junior member of the large tea firm of Wm. Stroud & Sons, Montreal, and he is on his regular business trip. Mr. Stroud arrived here about nine o'clock this morning and after putting his horse up at Hamm's stable went to the Royal Hotel for breakfast. To a *Globe* reporter Mr. Stroud said it was nearly two months since he left Montreal and he had made many business calls on the way. He first drove through Quebec down to River du Loup, and thence into New Brunswick. After calling at all the small towns at the head of the Province he came down river, through Woodstock and Fredericton. Last night was spent at Fiewelling's. Mr. Stroud said the severe storms and bad roads somewhat impeded his progress, and he often found it necessary to put up at farm houses. He is thoroughly satisfied his method of travel is the most satisfactory he has yet tried, but says it is hard on the horse. When asked if he would use it again he said yes, in summer time, but was doubtful as regards the winter. Mr. Stroud will cross the bay on Wednesday next and then work through Nova Scotia. To-day Mr. Stroud's friends here were congratulating him on the success of his venture.—St. John, N.B., *Globe*, 15th.

There is no claim made for Ayer's Sarsaparilla which cannot be endorsed by scores of testimonials. This fact plainly proves that the blood is the source of most disorders and that Ayer's Sarsaparilla is the best of blood purifiers. Try it this month. tu,th,sat&w

LEA & PERRINS'

SAUCE.

The Original and Genuine

WORCESTERSHIRE SAUCE

bears the Signature, thus:—

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LEA & PERRINS' SAUCE.

Wholesale and for Export by the Proprietors, Worcester; Crosse & Blackwell, London, &c., &c.; and by Grocers and Oilmen throughout the World.

RETAIL EVERYWHERE.

AGENTS—J. M. Douglas & Co., and Urquhart & Co., Montreal.

October 1, 1893. Fm-w

CASTORIA

for Infants and Children.

"Castoria is so well adapted to children that I recommend it as superior to any prescription known to me." H. A. ARCHER, M. D., 111 So. Oxford St., Brooklyn, N. Y.

Castoria cures Colic, Constipation, Sour Stomach, Diarrhœa, Eructation, Kills Worms, gives sleep, and promotes digestion. Without injurious medication.

THE CENTAUR COMPANY, 77 Murray Street, N. Y.

High Compliment to a Quebecer.

THE NEW YORK "PHONOGRAPHIC WORLD" ON MR. ALPHONSE DESJARDINS' PAPER.

In the proceedings of the New York State Stenographic Association for last year appears at full length the able paper of Mr. Alphonse Desjardins, read before the Association. We cannot better review this paper than by reproducing the following notice:—From "*The Illustrated Phonographic World*," of New York City.—"A very valuable and lengthy paper was read from Mr. Alphonse Desjardins, one of the reporters of the speeches delivered in French in the House of Commons at Ottawa, the title of the paper being 'Duty of the Stenographer as a Reporter of Speeches.' As this was the most elaborate of the papers that were presented, it may be in order to say, that it was devoted particularly to a discussion of the question, not at all new to the Association, of the extent to which the reporter of speeches should revise and edit, for clearest and better form, the speeches he reports; whether he should adopt the method, described by Dr. Zeibig as being in vogue in Berlin in the reporting of speeches in the German Parliament, of having the speeches as nearly as possible *verbatim*, with no editing for the correcting of style, or even slips of the tongue, or the method adopted in almost all other countries in such reporting, making the speeches and debates readable, by correcting obvious errors, transposing sentences for better style or to avoid ambiguities, and even changing, to some extent, the words of the speaker. Mr. Desjardins, not only made it clear that he was in favor of the latter method, but supported his position by a wide selection of quotations from the best known English and French reporters, much of the matter quoted having been gathered from sources not accessible to the ordinary reader, and possessing additional value on that account. The unanimous opinion of those who listened to the reading of the paper was, that it would stand as one of the most valuable in the 'Proceedings' of the Association. The author did not hesitate to indicate, in clear terms, the points at which he differed with Prof. Zeibig and the other practitioners in the German Parliament. The idea of giving a speech *verbatim*, to let the speaker see how badly he had spoken and to induce him to reform his style, did not strike him as the highest reach of reporting skill, or to be commended."

A New Authority.

The Toronto *Mail* says:—"Lieut.-Col. Clarke, the able Clerk of the Legislative Assembly, has entered the lists as an authority on Parliamentary practice. He has just published a work entitled 'The Member's Manual of Parliamentary Practice and Procedure,' which gives not only the rules of the Legislature of Ontario, but all the decisions of the various Speakers of the House from Confederation onward, together with hints to members touching the procedure they must adopt under all possible circumstances as they arise. The book is invaluable to legislators, both in this and other Provinces, for the system applicable here is operative elsewhere. To persons who are not in the House it is also of interest, seeing that it is historical, and that it explains the reasons why methods not readily understood are pursued. Col. Clarke is a clear and interesting writer. His excursion into the realm of authorship has turned out well."

When Baby was sick, we gave her Castoria.
When she was a Child, she cried for Castoria.
When she became Miss, she clung to Castoria.
When she had Children, she gave them Castoria.

Items Tersely Told.

Egyptian children are never washed until they are a year old.

Nearly a thousand different coloured sewing cottons can be obtained in Great Britain.

The word "dandy" was first used in England in a poem by Galloway, published in 1780.

During the year ending November American railroads killed 2,319 persons and crippled 2,000 others.

A midshipman in the United States Navy receives pay equivalent to that of a lieutenant in the British Army.

The wine cellar of the House of Commons is 100 feet long and generally contains about $15,000 worth of wine.

The British Museum possesses an iron axe head of 1370 years B. C., the oldest authenticated iron implement known.

A piece of iron was found in an air passage on the Great Pyramid, which may have been there since 3700 years B. C.

Three-fourths of the earth's surface cannot be cultivated, on account of mountain ranges, deserts, swamps and barren ground.

The domestic pets of the world are believed to carry 50 per cent. of the contagious diseases from house to house.

The King of Portugal has the most costly crown in the world. The gold and jewels of which it is composed are valued at $6,300,000.—*Washington Evening News.*

Do You Cough?

It is a *sure sign of weakness.* You need more than a tonic. You need

Scott's Emulsion

the Cream of Cod-liver Oil and Hypophosphites, not only to cure the Cough but to give your system real strength. *Physicians, the world over,* endorse it.

Don't be deceived by Substitutes!

Scott & Bowne, Belleville. All Druggists. 50c. & $1.

December 22, 1893. m,w&fri-Lm

A reporter in an article on the destitute poor, spoke of great numbers of persons reduced to poverty by the "mysterious decrees of Providence." His astonishment may be imagined when he saw the printer had altered it to "mysterious decrease of provisions."—Texas *Siftings.*

Best value ever offered. Ladies Ribbed all wool vests in natural shades only 28 to 33 cents each at Carsley's Notre Dame street, Montreal.

GRATEFUL—COMFORTING.

EPPS'S COCOA.

BREAKFAST—SUPPER

"By a thorough knowledge of the natural laws which govern the operations of digestion and nutrition, and by a careful application of the fine properties of well-selected Cocoa, Mr. Epps has provided for our breakfast and supper a delicately flavoured beverage which may save us many heavy doctors' bills. It is by the judicious use of such articles of diet that a constitution may be gradually built up until strong enough to resist every tendency to disease. Hundreds of subtle maladies are floating around us ready to attack wherever there is a weak point. We may escape many a fatal shaft by keeping ourselves well fortified with pure blood and a properly nourished frame."—*Civil Service Gazette.*

Made simply with boiling water or milk. Sold only in Packets, by Grocers, labelled thus: JAMES EPPS & CO., Ltd., Homœopathic Chemists, London, England

October 7, 1893. 1 th,sat&w

ATKINSON'S WHITE ROSE

The sweetest of all sweet odours. The original and only true Essence is Atkinson's. Beware of Imitations.

ATKINSON'S EAU DE COLOGNE

When of good quality Eau de Cologne is one of the most refreshing Perfumes. Atkinson's Excelsior make is universally acknowledged as the finest. Of all Dealers.

J. & E. ATKINSON, 24, Old Bond Street, London.

CAUTION! Only genuine with shield-shape blue and yellow label and usual Trade Mark—a "White Rose" and address in full.

January 10, 1894. Law-1b

FERRY'S SEEDS

Are just what every sower needs. The merits of Ferry's Seeds form the foundation upon which has been built the largest seed business in the world. Ferry's Seed Annual for 1894 contains the sum and substance of the latest farming knowledge. Free for the asking.

D. M. FERRY & CO., Windsor, Ont.

January 17, 1894. Fw

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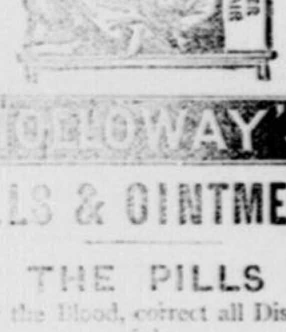

HOLLOWAY'S PILLS & OINTMENT.

THE PILLS

purify the Blood, correct all Disorders of the Liver, Stomach, Kidneys, and Bowels.

They invigorate and restore to health Debilitated Constitutions, and are invaluable in all Complaints incidental to Females of all ages. For Children and the aged they are priceless.

THE OINTMENT

is an infallible remedy for Bad Legs, Bad Breasts, Old Wounds, Sores and Ulcers. It is famous for Gout and Rheumatism. For disorders of the Chest it has no equal.

FOR SORE THROATS, BRONCHITIS, COUGHS, COLDS, GLANDULAR SWELLINGS,

and all Skin Diseases it has no rival.

The Pills and Ointment are Manufactured only at

78 New Oxford St. (late 533 Oxford St.) London;

And are sold by all Vendors of Medicines throughout the Civilized World; with directions for use in almost every language.

Purchasers should look to the Label on the Pots and Boxes. If the address is not 533, Oxford Street, London, they are spurious.

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