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THE LATE HON. LUTHER HAMILTON HOLTON, M. P. FOR CHATEAUGUAY.
FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY NOTMAN & SANDHAM.

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NOTICE.

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TEMPERATURE.

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

THE WEEK ENDING			Corresponding week, 1879.		
Max.	Min.	Mean.	Max.	Min.	Mean.
Mon. 32°	14°	23°	Mon. 30°	16°	23°
Tues. 37°	13°	25°	Tues. 26°	15°	20°
Wed. 39°	15°	24°	Wed. 25°	10°	17°
Thur. 39°	19°	29°	Thur. 30°	10°	20°
Fri. 40°	22°	31°	Fri. 29°	5°	17°
Sat. 40°	20°	30°	Sat. 26°	19°	22°
Sun. 42°	23°	32°	Sun. 33°	14°	23°

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CANADIAN ILLUSTRATED NEWS.

Montreal, Saturday, March 27, 1880.

THE LATE MR. HOLTON.

In publishing the portrait of the late Mr. HOLTON we unite in the regret expressed by the whole country over his premature loss, and join heartily in the chorus of praise which has greeted his memory. The authoritative pen of our Ottawa correspondent has traced some of the principal features of Mr. HOLTON'S public career, and without going over the same ground, we may safely say that the deceased came as near as possible realizing the ideal of a model statesman. Although an unswerving partisan, he always aimed directly at the public good and his special mission was to keep his party strictly in the sphere of its principles and traditions, without shooting off into dangerous theories and hazarding useless experiments. His loss will be particularly felt in the Province of Quebec where he was the acknowledged leader and the representative of that intelligent and conciliating Whiggism, as far removed from rigid Toryism on the one hand, as from loose Radicalism on the other.

The Honourable LUTHER HAMILTON HOLTON was born in South Leeds, October, 1817. As early as 1826 he removed to Montreal where, after a time, he entered mercantile life, rising eventually to the position of partner in the large forwarding firm of HOOKER and HOLTON. These pursuits, however, did not interfere with his decided taste for public life. He joined his fortunes to the Liberal party, and always acted in accordance therewith, except on the question of Confederation which temporarily divided that party. Mr. HOLTON was opposed to Confederation, but acquiesced in its establishment with becoming patriotism. He first stood for Montreal in 1854 and represented that constituency in the old Canadian Assembly until 1857 when he was defeated. He then retired from public life until 1862, when he was elected member for Victoria Division in the Legislative Council. This position he resigned in May, 1863 on being appointed Minister of Finance in the SANDFIELD MACDONALD-DORION Administration. He was a member of the Executive Council of Canada from the

2nd to the 6th August, 1858, in the BROWN-DORION Administration, holding the office of Commissioner of Public Works. He was Finance Minister from May, 1863, till March, 1864. In the year 1863, Mr. HOLTON presented himself at Chateauguay where he was elected and which he continued to represent to the day of his death. He also represented Montreal Centre in the Provincial Assembly of Quebec from 1871, until January, 1874, when he retired from that body in order to confine himself to the House of Commons. Mr. HOLTON held a number of offices of trust. He was an Honorary President of the Reform Association of the Parti National of Montreal, and a Governor of McGill University, being a member of the Royal Institution for the advancement of learning. He was a contractor for a portion of the Atlantic and St. Lawrence Railway, repeatedly President of the Board of Trade, and of the City and District Savings Bank; Vice-President of the Free Trade Association; Harbour Commissioner; Director of the City Bank and member of the Corporation of Montreal. We need add nothing about the circumstances of Mr. HOLTON'S sudden death at Ottawa, and of the impressive funeral ceremonies at Montreal. The latter was a magnificent tribute of respect and regret; but it is only due to the deceased statesman to declare that it was no more than he deserved.

THE ST. GOTHARD TUNNEL.

We publish to-day an engraving of the northern entrance to the St. Gothard tunnel which, besides being a beautiful picture, has a special interest through the final achievement of this great work a few weeks ago. The piercing of this, the largest tunnel in the world, has been completed in seven years and five months, a rapidity of execution quite unprecedented. This great advance in the art of tunneling is due to the more extended application of machinery. A correspondent of the London Times gives interesting details of the process. In two hours one machine drills twenty-six holes 1.20 metres deep in a face of rock some two metres square. The holes are then filled with dynamite, charged and fired, every explosion dislodging some two and a half cubic metres of rock. The point of attack for the perforators is always the upper part of the finished tunnel of the future; the floor of the passage they clear out being afterward blasted and wrought down by hand to the required level. The locomotives used in the tunnel are moved by compressed air, and the ventilation is provided from the same source. Horses are also used for dragging the waggons, but owing to the intense heat, and the closeness, the mortality among them is very great. Out of a stud of forty, ten die on an average every month. The men worked night and day in shifts of eight hours each; the labour is very trying, and they are compelled to take frequent holidays. Great circumspection has had to be exercised in the admission of outsiders to the galleries, as a walk of several miles in the stifling heat and vitiated atmosphere might easily prove fatal to persons with weak hearts or a tendency to congestion of the brain, and even the healthy who venture in for the first time have often occasion to regret their temerity. The scene in the interior of the tunnel is weird in the extreme; the pitchy darkness, relieved only by the glare of a few lamps, the shrieking of locomotives, the blowing of horns, the tramp of horses, the vibration of the perforators, the explosion of mines, the continual passage of heavily-laden waggons, the groups of naked men plying pick-axe, spade and shovel—all these things mingled together create an impression never to be forgotten. The completion of the work, now that the two galleries are joined and a free circulation of air is established, will be comparatively easy. The tunnel is expected to be ready for traffic by the end of September, and the entire system of which it is the centre in the summer of 1882.

THE SEAT OF GOVERNMENT.

THE DEATH OF MR. HOLTON.—SPEECHES ON IT.—THE BUDGET DEBATE.—RAILWAY BILL, &c.

(From Our Special Correspondent.)

Ottawa, March 20th, 1880.

I notice from your last impression that you promise a biography of the late Mr. Holton. I shall, therefore, confine my remarks on this great loss to a very few words; but as it began the week, and filled the parliamentary time of the week until the remains went to the cemetery on Wednesday, that event naturally fills the first place in this letter of my series. I desire also to make one or two personal remarks. It has happened to me during the thirty years that I have mixed in the politics of Canada, to have had an intimate acquaintance with Mr. Holton, but from the point of view of discussing the political questions of the hour from an opposite side, it may almost seem trite to recall the prominent traits of his character, seeing they have been so frequently and, I may say, so truly described within the last few days. Sir John Macdonald, the leader of the House, interpreted the feeling of both sides in his appreciation of the personal character of the deceased. He admitted very fully and frankly that his death was not only a loss to his party, but to the whole House and the Dominion. Sir John stated that although he had mingled in the strife of politics with Mr. Holton, almost since the commencement of his political life, there had never ceased to exist the warmest personal friendship between them. He spoke with great simplicity and earnestness, and the fitting words he uttered almost moved the House to tears. Mr. Mackenzie, the leader of the Opposition, rose to follow him, standing beside the empty chair of his late friend, and he was so overcome that he utterly broke down. Mr. Laurier followed in French in a speech of much feeling and eloquence; and he was succeeded by a number of members, principally from the Conservative side, who all followed in the keynote that had been set by the leader of the House; but to my mind there was a noticeable omission in the speeches that day. Mr. Blake remained silent. Perhaps this would not have been noticeable, if it had not been published in some of the newspapers that it was Mr. Holton's influence which had kept Mr. Mackenzie in the place of leader of the Opposition. This, however, may be unjust to Mr. Blake, as it did appear that he went to Montreal and acted as one of the pall-bearers at the funeral. As a politician, Mr. Holton's name was connected with several notable losing causes, during his political career, stretching over a period of more than thirty years. The most noticeable of these within the modern epoch of our politics, was his decided opposition to the great measure of Confederation, notwithstanding that his then ally and political friend, Mr. George Brown, who saw at that time with a clearer vision, had pronounced decidedly in its favour. Again, Mr. Holton's very strong Liberal principles which made the wish the father to the thought led him to predict within the last few years that the progress of Liberalism among the people was so marked and decided that the Conservatives would never again regain their ascendancy after the fall of Sir John and his party in 1873. He even went so far as to say this openly in the House. He must, therefore, have been very greatly astonished at the verdict of the people of the Dominion in September, 1878. But if Mr. Holton was not always right, he had always the courage of his convictions. His ample private means gave him leisure for reading and study. His mind, in truth, was so well filled with the facts and incidents which have led to what may be called the regime of parliamentary government, that conversation with him was always both pleasant and instructive, and this was one of the charms of his personal character, which will make so many of those even who did not agree with him, feel the loss of his sudden departure at an all too early age. And it was this habit of mind which led to the building up of his character as a parliamentarian, a title which I personally know, he considered to be one of great honour. Two facts were stated in the funeral sermon by Dr. Cordner which appeared to be authorised, but were not commonly known, viz., that he had been offered and declined the exalted positions of Speaker of the House of Commons and the Lieut.-Governorship of Quebec. Mr. Holton was certainly not an office-seeker, although he was proud of his position in Parliament and proud of being considered a parliamentary authority. I think it is likely that his experience as minister during the short time he held the portfolio of Finance, led him to prefer the peace of a position which should not have the responsibility of office, and for the rest, to his credit it must be said that during the whole of his parliamentary career he kept his hands clean.

The debate on the Budget has been continued at intervals during the week. It has been, however, like threshing straw. It is almost impossible to adduce any new argument on this question. Nobody hopes by the debate to produce any practical result in the House, as against the policy which was adopted last session. The Government is far too strong and the majority far too decided to permit anything of that kind. It seems, moreover, that it is very doubtful

wisdom for the Opposition members at this stage to continue to declaim against what is adopted, and to prophesy direful results in the face of the prosperity that is everywhere returning. As respects prices it seems perfectly natural that a revival from a very deep depression means in itself increase of cost in many articles. We see plainly that such increase of price is very rapidly going on in the United States where there has been no change of policy but only revival of business and industries. It is perfectly natural we should have the same thing here, and it surely cannot do any body any good to blind one's eyes to the fact, and set about finding reasons which will not bear the test of examination. The arguments of the declaimers have besides been met by rebutting facts which have not been answered.

Another Manitoba Railway Bill has been introduced—that between Souris and Riding Mountain. Perhaps this railway will be desirable, but the Government should take care in granting railway charters in the North-West that they keep in view the unity of general design, and not allow charters to be granted for the mere purposes of speculation. The business of the hour as respects railways in the North West is to push forward the railway West of Winnipeg as something which is demanded in the interest of settlement of that great country. At present, I am afraid of a block of immigrants at Winnipeg, who will not be enabled to get out and take up land; and the result of this is sure to be most sore disappointment, which may for a time check the progress of settlement. There is a rumour in one of the newspapers that Mr. Sanford Fleming, the Chief Engineer is about to send in his resignation, but I do not believe there is any foundation for this. It is a simple invention.

On Thursday, the Royal Standard of England gaily floated from the great tower of the Parliament Building in honour of the birthday of the Princess Louise.

There are a number of bankers in town who have probably come for deliberation on the proposed Banking Measures of Government. The Committee on Banking and Commerce had the bill for the winding up of the Stadacona Bank before them, which was passed. In the course of the discussion upon it, Sir Leonard Tilley stated that he proposed in a few days to submit to Parliament a proposition in connection with the Banking Act, giving two thirds of the bondholders power under the General Banking Act to wind up.

Yesterday, we had again the Budget Debate, which took up the whole day. On the whole the week has been barren in the progress of measures before the House.

GIROUARD'S MARRIAGE BILL.

John the Baptist reproved Herod for having married Herodias, his brother Philip's wife. This faithfulness at length cost him his head. According to Mr. Girouard, and his supporters on the marriage question, Herod did wrong only in marrying Herodias while Philip was alive. Had she been a widow at the time, all would have been right. God, however, most distinctly forbids a man to marry any woman whose husband is living. See, for example, Exodus xx. 14, and Leviticus xx. 10.

Some attach great importance to the facts that the Prince of Wales and the Duke of Edinburgh are in favour of legalizing marriage with a deceased wife's sister, and that not a few influential persons have contracted such marriages. I say nothing against those just referred to, either in particular or in general. The great ones of the earth are not, however, always great students of the Bible. When the Prince of Wales introduced into the House of Lords the bill to legalize marriage with a deceased wife's sister, all that he said in favour of it was to the following effect: "It has so many signatures attached to it, and, therefore, I have great pleasure in moving that it be now read." Truly, the arguments which he used were not very weighty, but, probably, he could do no better. The Duke of Edinburgh's speech was merely his vote. No doubt, if Charles II. and George IV. could have voted on such a bill, they would very readily have voted in favour of it. Cetywayo knows almost as much of the Bible as many of the great and the wealthy in Christian countries do.

As I have already said, the only authority which Canada has for legislating on the marriages mentioned in Girouard's bill is the Bible.

Metis, Que.

T. F.

ACTIVITY NOT ENERGY.—There are some men whose failure to succeed in life is a problem to others as well as to themselves. They are industrious, prudent, and economical; yet, after a long life of striving, old age finds them still poor. They complain of ill-luck. They say that fate is always against them; but the fact is they miscarry because they have mistaken mere activity for energy. Confounding two things essentially different, they have supposed that, if they were always busy, they would be certain to be advancing their fortunes. They have forgotten that misdirected labour is but waste of activity. The person who would succeed is like a marksman firing at a target; if his shots miss the mark, they are waste of powder. So in the great game of life, what a man does must be made to count, or might almost as well have been left undone.

THE BOIS-BRULÉ.*

Wouldst hear of Raoul, the Bois-brulé?
A life full fraught with éerie and romance—
List then whilst I endeavour to portray
This hero of the wilds, this child of chance.
"Who is this Raoul?" reader, you would ask.
"His place of birth, his race, his pedigree!"
To answer truly were no easy task.
His sire—n'importe—his mother was a Cree.

From infancy Raoul has been a rover.
His earliest inclination was to roam
The spreading prairie, his wide world, all over;
The plain, his country, and his saddle, home.

He's scouted, chased the buffalo, driven dogs;
Has fought and killed a foe, without remorse;
Has royaled, trapped and fished, and rafted logs,
And, when occasion served, has stolen a horse.

He'll stake his all on any game of chance;
Would rather starve than be disgraced, and dig.
He's fond of rum and music, and the dance—
(He'll ride a hundred miles for one wild jig.)

Of Christianity he has a knowledge crude.
He questions not its precepts, it is true;
But when in danger, or in lack of food,
Invokes his mother's God, the *Kitchie Manitou*.

In his amours he rivals Don Quixote—
Too many they to number or describe—
For, from the Rocky Mountains to Ontario,
He has a dusky mate in every tribe.

He's ever prompt to aid a fellow creature,
When in distress, or penny, or pain;
Sweet charity's his most commending feature;
His sins are but the fashion of the plain.

Alas! too soon we'll miss his kindly face,
His occupation's gone, his race is run;
Improvement—trade—now follow his pace
And ruthless drive him to oblivion.

FRANK J. CLARKE.

JOHN WESLEY'S CHAPEL AND GRAVE.

The cable recently announced the partial burning of the famous chapel of John Wesley, in London. The cable accurately speaks of the "Wesleyan Chapel in City road." American visitors to London who look up the antiquities of Methodism are often shown another "Wesleyan Chapel" in Kentish Town to the north of the Midland Station, another near Lincoln's Inn Fields, another near Islington near the Agricultural Hall, and one near the extreme East End of London, in East India road. These chapels are all more pretentious in architecture and decorations than the little modest building in City road, opposite to the entrance of the Burnhill Fields Burying Ground and between Finsbury Square and the Grecian theatre. It stands about a hundred feet back from the street, and of a simple and utterly unambitious appearance. It is fronted by a church yard of about seventy feet square, through which runs a broad walk. In the yard are several old trees, and portions of it are laid out with flower beds. The chapel also has a graveyard of no mean proportions in the rear. The chapel was finished in 1778. The corner stone was laid the year before by John Wesley himself, and in it was inserted a brass plate inscribed with his name. Upon that occasion Southey tells us that Wesley said, "Probably this plate will be seen no more by any human eye, but will remain there till the earth and the works thereof are burnt up." In this chapel, excepting when travelling, John Wesley preached during twelve successive years. The Bible which he used is still there. The great apostle of Methodism himself was buried March 2, 1791, in a vault in the churchyard, within a few feet of the street frontage. Over the vault is seen by every passer-by a plain square white marble monument, surmounted by a shaft which rises to a point, and altogether only about twelve feet high. It bears his name and all the necessary dates, and also inscriptions in memory of his mother and his brother Charles, the "sweet singer," whose remains, however, rest in the Burnhill Fields Burying Ground, immediately opposite. Into this chapel, according to Wesley's last request, his body was carried in a plain coffin after being shrouded in plain woollen cloth. Over the shroud were put his gown, cassock and band. On his head rested the familiar clerical cap. In one hand a Bible was clasped and in the other a white handkerchief—such as he had always carried in the pulpit. Within the chapel the remains repose one whole day and were visited by such immense crowds that it was deemed—in expectation of the greater crowds which might come the next day—to have the remains interred by day-break on the ensuing morning. This was done in strict accordance with the dying directions of John Wesley—"Let me be borne without hearse, coach or escutcheon by six poor men, who shall each receive a burial fee of a guinea. In place of pomp I wish the tears of them that love me and who are following me to Abraham's bosom;" but notwithstanding the change of the hour of interment, many hundreds persons heard of it and filled the churchyard during the brief but impressive services. Many other historical reminiscences are associated with this old dissenters' burial ground of Burnhill Fields. Within its confines repose Dr. Thomas Goodwin, the preacher who attended Oliver Cromwell's death bed; Dr. John Owen, who preached the first sermon before Parliament after the execution of King Charles; Lord Deputy Fleetwood, Cromwell's son-in-law, who married the widow of General Ireton, John Bunyan, Daniel Defoe, Dr. Isaac Watts, William Blake, the painter and poet;

* Bois brûlé, burnt stick, a name given to the North-West Half breed.

Thomas Stothard, Thomas Hardy, the Radical, and many other distinguished "Nonconformists." It was originally called Bonehill Fields, because thither during the reign of Queen Elizabeth were conveyed "nigh upon a thousand cartloads of bones removed from the charnel of old St. Paul's." Several years ago the burying ground was laid out in walks, planted with shrubbery and flowers, and furnished with seats, and it is always thronged, while it stands open, throughout every day.

HISTORY OF THE WEEK.

MONDAY, March 15.—The Ferry education bill, minus clause 7, was passed by the French Senate, by 187 to 103.—The Afghans have met with a slight success, routing the English garrison at Charikara village, 50 miles north of Cabul.—From St. Petersburg comes the news that the Nihilists are at present quiet, yet it is felt that there is an under-current of hostility which may at any time manifest itself.—The Anglo-American Cable Company are about to lay two new cables—one from Valencia to Heart's Content, and the other from Placentia to Sydney, touching at St. Pierre.—Affairs are again assuming a critical aspect in South Africa. The Basutos are anxious to strike a blow for independence, and the Colonial Government will insist upon disarming them. In military circles it is considered that this will be followed by a widespread and bloody insurrection.

TUESDAY, March 16.—Despatches from Cabul confirm the victory of Abdur Rahman Khan over the Governor of Turkestan.—Officials from the ammunition department of the Royal Arsenal are coming to Canada to instruct in the manufacture of powder.—It is contemplated to fit out the *Great Eastern* as an emigrant ship, in view of the expected large emigration from the United Kingdom.—General Melnikoff's system is meeting with approval in Russia, as he is showing himself less of a brutal tyrant than his predecessors, and, moreover, he means what he says, a rare thing in Russian society.—In Russia, the municipal councils have signified to the Czar the impossibility of their co-operating to maintain order, owing to the restrictive measures under which the nation is placed. Liberty and education is their cry.

WEDNESDAY, March 17.—To render the volunteers in England more efficient, they are on all possible occasions to be brigaded with the regular troops.—The Indian Government has resolved to re-enlist the native pensioners, on account of the failure of the recruiting system.—The quadrennial election for a new President in Uruguay, to replace Col. Larrea, whose term expired on the 1st inst., resulted in the return of Dr. Vidal.—Russian operations against the Turcomans are to be continued on a small scale. General Skobeloff will command the expedition, for which a force of 10,000 men will be detailed.

THURSDAY, March 18.—Lord Hartington is too unwell to address the constituencies at the coming elections.—Should Col. Comaroff's assassin not be punished with death, Russia will discontinue diplomatic relations with the Porte.—Austria renounces against Turkey's demonization of the silver coinage, as injurious to Montenegro and Herzegovina.—An investigation has commenced in Russia having reference to the immediate objects and condition of the disaffected classes.—In the German Reichstag, the committee on the anti-Socialist Laws has reported to prolong their operation till the end of September, 1884.—Italy denies the statements of the *Cologne Gazette*, which asserted that Russia had made overtures to her for an alliance, and adds that she is not making any warlike preparations.

FRIDAY, March 19.—A treaty has been concluded between China and the United States, considerably modifying the Burlingame treaty.—The Oxford and Cambridge boat race, which was to have taken place this morning, was postponed till Monday on account of the dense fog.—Lorillard's "Parole" came in first in the Liverpool Spring Cup yesterday, but the owner of "Advance" having claimed a foul, the race and stakes were awarded to the latter horse.—Referring to the Panama Canal and the action of the United States in connection therewith, the *London Times* says the Monroe doctrine has never been admitted into the law of nations.

SATURDAY, March 20.—H. R. H. Princess Louise was out for the first time since the accident.—The Ghuznee Chiefs have signified their willingness to General Roberts to meet him near Cabul to negotiate terms.—The Italian Chamber of Deputies has passed a vote of confidence in the Ministry by a vote of 220 to 93.—In England the electoral campaign is prosecuted with increased activity. The papers are filled with Mr. Gladstone's speeches.—A number of students of the Ecclesiastical Academy at St. Petersburg have been arrested by the Russian Government. Numerous arrests have also taken place at Kieff.—A despatch from Cork says Parnell was enthusiastically received by his admirers on his arrival in that city, but that none of the influential citizens took part in the demonstration.

THE REFLECTIONS OF A WASTE PAPER BASKET.

It may appear at first sight strange that such an humble article of furniture as I am should presume to make any reflections, much less to offer them to the public; but I am presumptuous enough to believe that I have something to say, and that from long familiarity with the errors of others I have learned how to say it. My literary acquaintances are very numerous, though I cannot say much for their ability; I am so well acquainted with their mistakes that I flatter myself I shall be able to avoid them. My motive in writing is purely benevolent. The heart of every well-conducted waste-paper basket must necessarily overflow with pity for the human race. It is a mournful office that I have to fill. To become the daily grave of youthful hopes and fond ambitions and wasted labours is in itself quite sufficient to give the most sombre tone to existence; but most of all I pity my master. I take a hasty peep at his table before he arrives, and give an involuntary sigh as I see the great pile that awaits his arrival. When he takes his chair I look up from his feet, and, as I remember how much has to be done and how short the time in which to do it, even a waste-paper basket cannot refrain

from dropping a tear of sympathy. Then, as my emptiness becomes rapidly filled with fast-falling communications, I laugh and weep by turns.

How can even a waste-paper basket refrain from laughing at the daily exhibitions of human weakness, selfishness, meanness, and vanity which are ever before its eyes? Some of these people must imagine that the holy simplicity of an editor is like that of a new-born infant. I often wonder what the gratuitous advertisers must think my master is made of, that he should not see through their little game. A Smith cannot appear in the list of bankrupts, or a Jones figure in a police court, without three or four other Smiths or Joneses writing to assure the world that the person in question is not identical with them, nor is to be counted among the sisters, or the cousins, or the aunts of the eminently respectable firm of Smith & Jones, who still carry on their extensive business at the well-known address. No doubt it would be highly agreeable to Messrs. Smith & Jones to obtain a paragraph advertisement at nothing per line, but it won't do, my clever friends! Your well-merited fate is to be waste-paper basketed, and when your frequent communications come, like Death in Milton's great epic, I grin horribly a ghastly smile as I welcome you to oblivion.

Messrs. Smith & Jones have their counterparts in the literary world. There is one writer of books in an east-end suburb in particular, who never issues a new work, or a new edition, indeed, but he floods the newspaper press with paragraph advertisements which he hopes to palm off to editors as literary gossip. Other authors, through the medium of their publishers, are content to honestly advertise their wares; not so he. If he has a book that has run to a second edition, he expects that the whole British public is interested in learning the fact, much more if he has an old work to be republished in monthly parts. If he cannot work the oracle in that fashion, he will then try to get a letter inserted which may keep his name and his work before the public. Can he really imagine that any editor is so obtuse as not to see through his little game?

Next to the gratuitous advertisers come the people who are utterly incapable of understanding the laws of proportion. A man has a grievance which is chiefly, perhaps exclusively, personal. His wrong is unquestionable, but to place his case before the public he demands as much space as can be allotted to the leading topic of the day, in which the whole nation is interested. Had he asked twenty lines of space and five minutes' hearing he probably might have obtained it; instead of that, like a recent unsuccessful applicant in a libel summons, he writes a letter of thirty-two pages of which I become the necessary recipient. Why cannot people when they sit down to write their thoughts upon a fourth-rate question, or upon some personal grievance, reflect that every day a dozen questions are clamouring for notice, and that people with grievances are always a legion. Your men of one idea forget that there are plenty of other people with one idea, quite as earnest, quite as clamorous, quite as intolerant; and on the opposite side to all the people of one idea stands the great British public, with its multi-form wants and tastes.

A numerous class of letter-writers are those who simply repeat badly what has been well said already. They have neither fresh facts nor new arguments. They seem to think that the public will be satisfied if to-day's paper is a weak repetition of the paper of the day before yesterday; but the British public do not care to dine upon hashed meat. Almost as numerous are the casual readers who write to urge upon the editor the desirability of pushing to the front a subject upon which he had a leader three days before. St. Paul's thorn in the flesh could not be more irritating than people of this class, who, knowing so little, obtrude their superfluous counsels upon an editor's time and patience.

One class of correspondents fill me with indignation. I tremble with rage when I think of them. These are the illegible writers. On such dolts as these I would have no mercy. Oblivion is not sufficient punishment; they ought to be severely fined as the swindlers of that time which to every busy man is quite as valuable as his money. Every few days I receive into my capacious maw a mass of blotted manuscript, accompanied by an envelope bearing the Newcastle postmark. Save the address on the envelope, these communications are utterly unreadable. In the afternoon, when I am more at leisure, I have sometimes pored over a page or two of this stuff, to endeavour to ascertain what it is all about. I have never been able to make out a single sentence or a single important word; and whether the writer treats of the vagaries of Mr. Cowen on the Eastern Question, or of the operations of the Cattle Diseases Act in the Northern ports, or of any other subject, I am still unable to discover. When will newspaper correspondents understand that their first duty to an editor is to write so that their letters can be read? It was said of Horace Greeley that his writing resembled a fandango danced upon the paper by a hen and chickens with sooty feet; but at that time Horace Greeley was one of the most successful journalists in the United States. Ye young and unknown aspirants for journalistic fame, let me assure you that the law of the survival of the fittest nowhere obtains more exclusively than in the office of a daily paper; and if you are too careless or too lazy to write intelligibly, you have no chance at all. Charles

Lamb once objected to look over the manuscript of a friend because it was raw; how can you expect your manuscript to be read by a stranger when it is frozen?

Of one class of correspondents I know but little—the active local men, who occasionally have valuable information to impart, more especially political information. Of this class we have a few, I believe, but they are too valuable to become acquaintances of mine. From the casual observations I hear now and then, I fancy my chief wishes they were more numerous. When he does come across a man who has something to say on a live subject, and knows how to say it in a few words, that man is not likely to be turned over to my tender mercies.

This is the first time I have broken silence; I venture to hope that it will not be quite the last. I know that I daily receive a large quantity of chaff; but it has occurred to me that I can occasionally sift out a few grains of wheat. If my chief will allow, I am quite willing to undertake that humble but laborious duty. I am quite aware that the task is one requiring no ordinary patience, but, as Shylock observes, "Sufferance is the badge of all our tribe;" and if I can find occasionally, as Arthur Hugh Clough says—

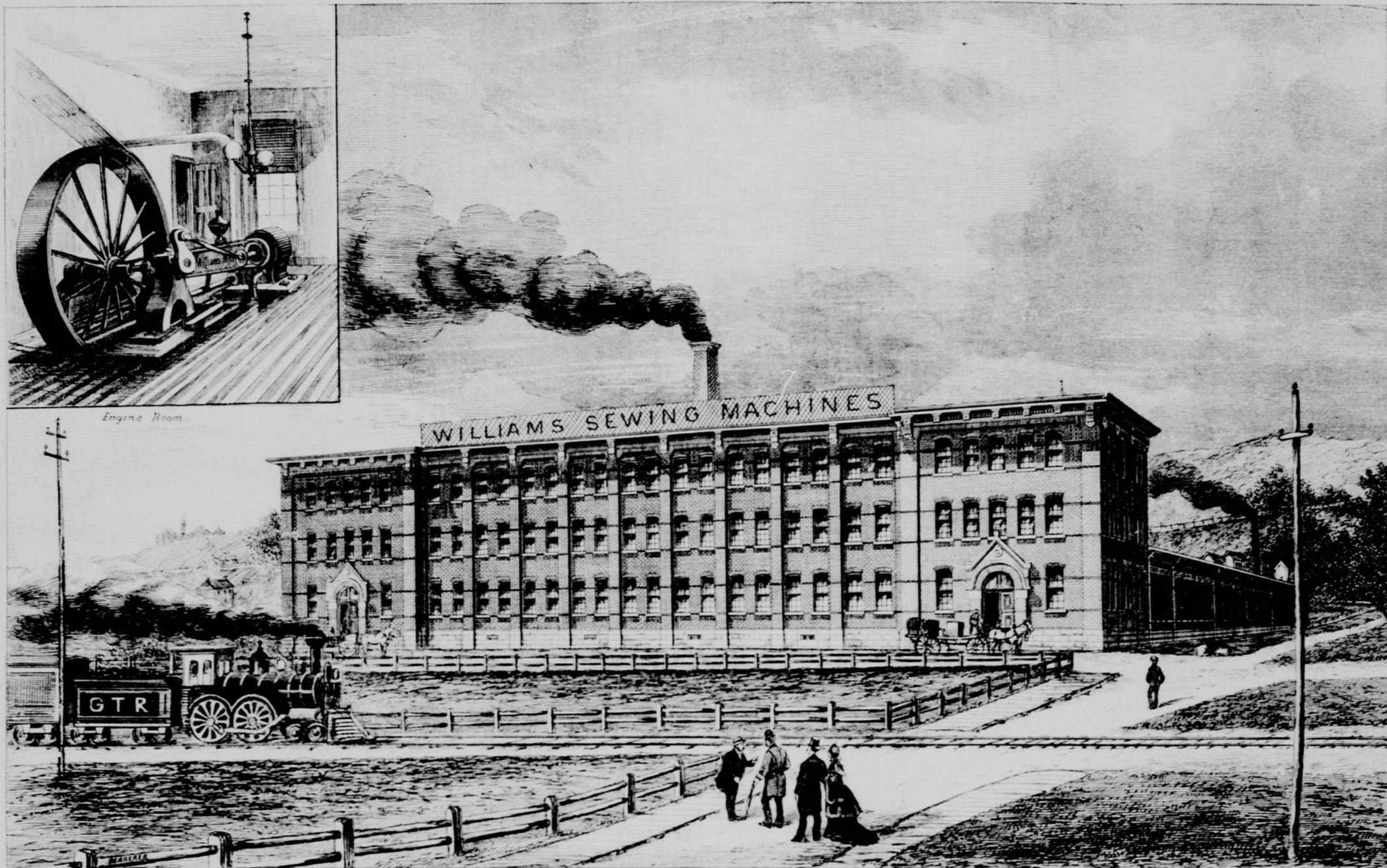
Mid all this huddling silver, little worth,
The one thin piece that comes, pure gold."

then I, for my part, shall be well content.

THE POST-OFFICE WAG.—A writer on "some recent advances in telegraphy" gives the following amusing instances of blunders caused by the alteration of dots and dashes in the code now in use. A dot will convert the word "save" to "rave" "pound" is easily transposed into "found," and the words "dead" and "bad" are made up of precisely the same number of dots and dashes, the only difference being the insertion of a space. After reading this, none will be surprised that, when a party of young ladies was announced as having "arrived all right," the message was delivered as "arrived all tight," and that also, when a husband went to Brighton to secure apartments, and arranged with his wife that if he found apartments he would telegraph for her to come, but if unsuccessful would return home, he telegraphed, "Home to-night," but she received the message, "Come to-night," and the result was that they crossed on the road. Again, a gentleman was in Manchester, and his only child was at home unwell—with the measles, he suspected; his wife telegraphed, "Rash all gone," but he received a message, "Cash all gone."

PRESENCE OF MIND.—It is related as an illustration of Mr. Wallack the American actor's great presence of mind that a year or two ago, while he was playing in the drama of "Home," and just after appearing in the disguise of Col. White, and being ordered from the house by his father, who does not know him, and even while he was engaged in repeating the lines of his part expressing disgust at this treatment, a number of persons in the audience shouted excitedly, "Look behind you! Look behind you!" Mr. Wallack turned quietly and noticed that on the stage mantelpiece the candle had burned down almost to the socket, and had ignited the paper which was wrapped around it. This was in a blaze, and a curtain which hung above it was on the point of taking fire. The danger was imminent, but the actor was equal to the occasion. Without the least show of excitement, he drew the candlestick away from the curtain, and held it while the burning wax fell fast upon his unprotected hand, and all the time continued to repeat the lines of his part, thus reassuring the alarmed audience. When the danger was past, to loud applause he said simply, "Well, the governor has turned me out of his house, for which I am exceedingly sorry, but I at least have the satisfaction of knowing that I have been instrumental in saving the establishment from destruction by fire."

FISHY.—Not only are the French people fond of dining and connoisseurs in dining, but they may be appealed to on their gastronomic side. For instance, nothing pleased them better in M. Thiers than his well-known partiality for the good things of life. M. Thiers' great weakness was a dish, strictly Provençal and essentially vulgar, called *brandade*, consisting of salt cod and oil skilfully combined. Doctors in late years forbade M. Thiers to eat cod in any shape or form, and, much as he wished for it, Madame Thiers was inflexible. But M. Thiers had an ally, M. Mignet, and from time to time this gentleman used to reach the Hôtel St. Georges with a voluminous parcel under his arm. He would bow rapidly to the ladies, and pass into the great man's study. Then an urgent plea of important work was put forward, the doors were locked, and intruders sent away. Directly they were alone the two friends undid the parcel, which was simply a tin box wrapped in a newspaper, and containing an unctuous *brandade*, made by the best Provençal cook in Paris. With lingering delight the friends consumed this forbidden delicacy; and, when the box was entirely empty and the doors were unlocked, Thiers would be heard exclaiming, "My dear Mignet, it is the masterpiece of human genius!" And every one thought he referred to some great literary achievement. But Madame Thiers one day caught the two culprits at their work, and reproached M. Mignet so severely that after that he never dared enter the hotel with a parcel under his arm.

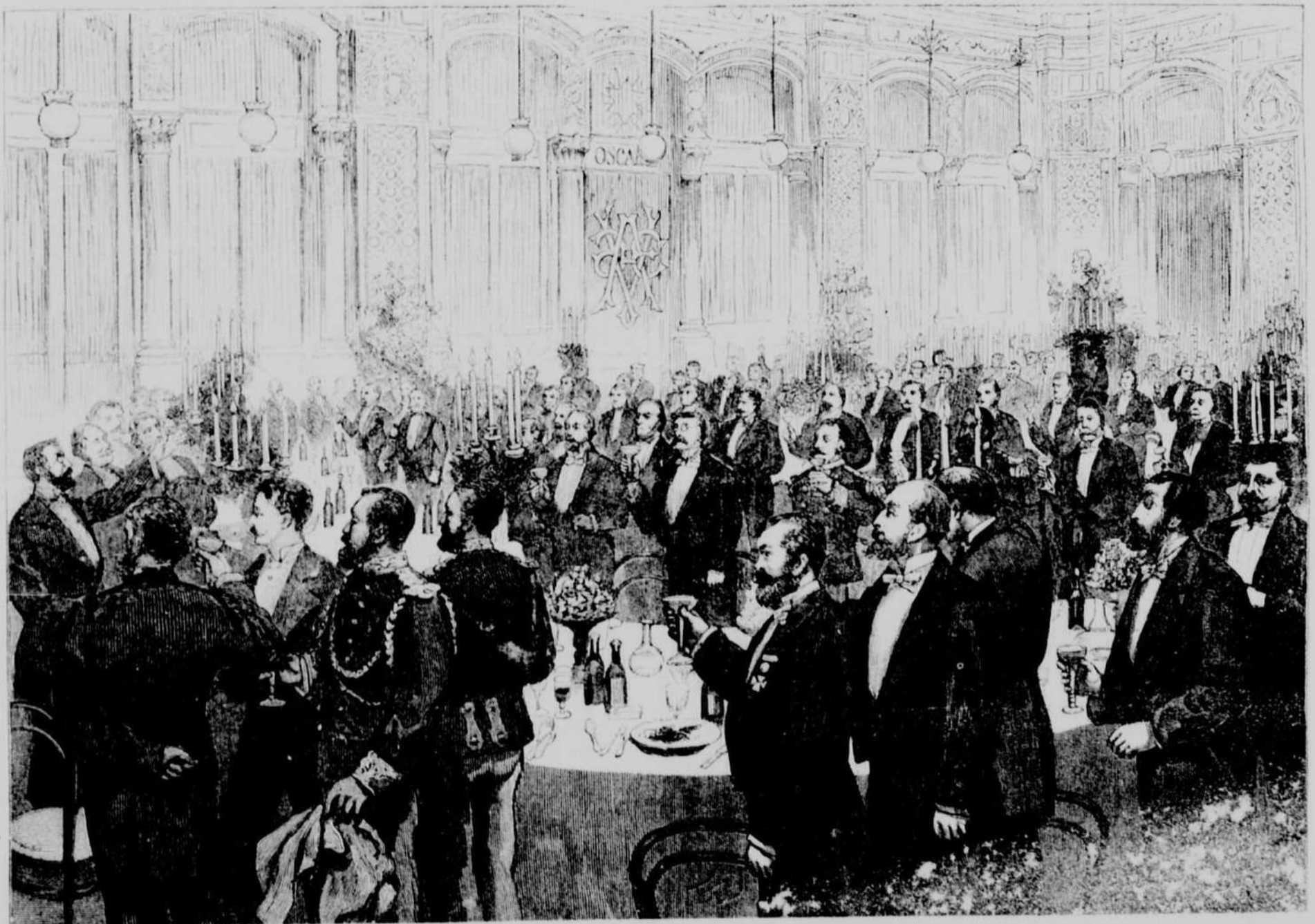


Engine Room.

THE NEW BUILDINGS OF THE C. W. WILLIAMS MANUFACTURING COMPANY OF MONTREAL.—SEE PAGE 206.



NATIVES. ST. ANN'S MARKET, MONTREAL.



BANQUET TO PROFESSOR NORDENSKJOLD AT NAPLES.

TO-MORROW.

A dreamer sat idly thinking
Of a beautiful yesterday,
Long past, that is farther sinking
Cast over a richer ray.
Like the last deep crimson linking
Of the sunlight into the gray.

But 'e'en as he sought to borrow
A warmth from its fervid glow,
The chill of life's toll and sorrow
Returned like the ocean's flow,
And he prayed for but one to-morrow
That might not be blighted so.

Then paused in his mute devotion,
A heavenly sound to list,
That came, as over the ocean
Murmur voices through a mist,—
It was only the soul's emotion
That throbb'd in his heart, I wist.

He deemed it a heaven-born token,
And watched for the coming morn;
But the fetters of grief, unbroken
And bitterer to be borne,
Still bound him; "my prayer unspoken,"
He whispered, "is turned to scorn."

Again was that dreamer sitting,
Breathed o'er by the balmy air,
That smoothens the knottiest knitting
Of brows that are lined with care,
His thought to no subject fitting,
Till it touched unanswered prayer.

And with merely an earnest gazing
Out into the western sky,
Full of clouds, like a prairie blazing,
He uttered a prayer or sigh,
And knew of his soul's uprising
In faith for a sure reply.

It came, and his soul was gifted
To echo the words aright,
While a hand he saw not, shifted
The veil from his longing sight;
Yet bearing his grief unlifted,
As a burden by strength made light.

And this was the heavenly teaching
That came to that heart in doubt,
To answer its soul's beseeching,
And circle it round about,
Like the arm of an angel reaching
Through clouds, from a world without.

Ah dreamer! what need to borrow
From youth and its joys one ray?
Take courage, this night of sorrow
Most surely shall fade away
In the light of that promised morrow,
The dawn of Eternal Day.

Montreal.

BARRY DANE.

THE GHOST OF A CHANCE.

The whole affair sounds like the wildest romance. Granted. It is not for me to go into the question of its probability. I simply record certain facts which have come under my notice.

Here is a young fellow, like scores of others, with just enough property to live on and to deprive him of the spur to exertion. A barrister, quite briefless, dabbling in art, literature and music, and doing nothing with either. Amongst other tastes he has one for quaint jewelry—not for his own adornment, but he collects it, and possesses many curious specimens, ancient and modern. I knew him very well, and he has often shown me these treasures. One day I call on him, after a long vacation, and find him throwing off slip after slip of manuscript.

"Excuse me five minutes," he says, "and I shall have finished. I have made a wonderful addition to my collection, and in the oddest manner. I am writing a story about it, and—there—that's the end of the first part." He has been scribbling away while speaking, and now lays down his pen. "You shall read for yourself," he goes on, gathering up his manuscript, "how it came about, and you will understand why I am rather excited at recalling this, the narrowest escape and the strangest adventure I ever had in my life." Then, lighting a cigar, and giving me another, he settles me in an easy chair by the fire, and begins pacing the room, while I read as follows:

I left King's Cross by the night mail on the 16th of last August. I was out of health, tired, and wanted to sleep; so, settling my traps on the seat to my satisfaction, I suddenly remembered that I had nothing to read, and I called the guard to the window that he might get me a book. Returning in a minute, he put into my hands Bulwer's "Strange Story;" and as I gave him the money, he said, "Now, we're off in one minute, sir; I hope you'll like my choice." Leisurely turning over the leaves by the light of the carriage lamp, I very soon found that the work my friend had selected was utterly distasteful to me, and I regretted having wasted my money upon it. It was a story, as most people know, treating of spiritual influences, a subject on which I was thoroughly sceptical. I soon got tired of it; but it served its purpose, and sent me to sleep, and sound asleep I remained till the train stopped at Peterborough.

Only partly awake, I remember letting down the window, and that several persons in the crowd on the platform tried to get into the carriage; one fellow, just as we were starting, thrust his head so far in that I thought he was going to make a harlequin's leap for it. Drowsily congratulating myself on having had the door locked, I was dropping off to sleep again when I suddenly discovered I was not alone. Who was that seated in the opposite corner of the carriage? A young lady, assuredly. The dim light from the lamp enabled me to discern that she was in evening dress, with the hood of her opera cloak over her head. She appeared to be busy fastening her ear-ring into her left ear.

"How odd," I thought, "that I should not have seen her get in!" Here were my legs still

stretched across the seat with my rug over them, and surely I must have known if she had passed me; and the door had certainly never been opened. Very angry and puzzled, I determined to remonstrate with the guard at the next station. What an odd costume, too, for travelling, I thought; I couldn't make it out. The young lady was very quiet and still, and, as she appeared not to notice me, I hardly liked to begin any conversation, so I sat watching her till sleep again overtook me.

All at once the slackening of speed and the shrill, horrible, hollow danger-whistle of the engine again disturbed my comfortable nap, and, lazily looking out, I found to my surprise we were not stopping at any station, and that outside nothing could be seen. A darkness that might be felt was all that met the eye when turned to the open window, whilst the fresh damp air announced that we were in the midst of country, and the sighing of the night breeze told of woods not far off. Neither station, lights, nor dwellings were to be discerned in the upper gloom. A furtive glance across the carriage showed the young lady still quietly sitting there fidgeting with her ear-ring, and not the least alarmed at this interruption to our journey. I called to the guard as he ran by the moment we stopped, and, putting my head out of the window, inquired what was the matter.

"Nothing, sir," he said cheerily; "no danger; only the line's blocked, and we are waiting till they signal us to go on. I expect it's a goods train's being shunted. It'll be all right, sir, in a few minutes." I then said, in a low tone, "What possessed you to place this young lady in my carriage, when I so especially enjoined you to keep it empty?" "I never let anybody in," protested the man, with surprise. "A young lady, do you say?" Springing on the step as I drew my head back, he looked into the carriage, and exclaimed, "Why, there's no lady there, sir!"

I turned, and imagine my confusion—she was gone! "This passes my understanding," said I, "for though I'll swear she was there before I spoke to you, there is certainly nobody there now; she must have gone out." I crossed to the further door, and tried it; it was locked sure enough. I let down the glass and looked out, but in the darkness, of course, could see nothing. "Why, you've been dreaming, sir," said the guard, as I, looking somewhat small, resumed my seat.

"Don't tell me," cried I, indignantly, and disgusted at the absurdity of the position. "I'm perfectly convinced that she was in the carriage! Why, here is positive proof," I went on, as I perceived, and immediately picked up a gold ear-ring from the floor between her seat and mine. Amazement, mingled with doubt and distrust, was plainly depicted on the guard's handsome countenance, as, regarding me with a puzzled, half comical expression, he said, after a minute, "Well, sir, if you really believe you saw her, I should advise your changing your carriage."

"Why so?" I demanded, in surprise. "Because it's well to be on the safe side, sir, for I've heard something of this kind before. Young ladies are dangerous customers in trains sometimes, sir," he added, with the twinkle coming into his eye again. As I drew myself up somewhat indignantly he continued: "They say an accident is almost certain to occur when an apparition has been seen."

So, opening the door, he began to collect my bags and traps, while I, perplexed, and not without some feeling of alarm, alighted, and followed him hastily along the side of the line. "You might have seen some ladies and gentlemen, all dressed for a party, get into the compartment in front of yours at Peterborough," resumed the man, as he steered me by the light of his lantern over the rough ground; "and fine and merry they were; they were going to a ball at Grantham. I fancy you must have been dreaming, sir, for certainly none of them got into your carriage, though one did try; and as to apparitions, well—" He did not finish the sentence, for just then we found an empty compartment at the rear of the train; and the engine's whistle at the same moment announcing the line clear, with but few more words I was very soon again locked in and left to myself.

My first act when the train was once more in motion was to examine carefully the ear-ring so unaccountably found. The shape struck me as curious. It was a wheel suspended from a bird's claw which turned when touched. Surely, as I told the guard, this trinket was a proof that I had not been deceived or dreaming; at least, this was not the apparition of an ear-ring, at any rate. What could it mean? The more I thought of it, the more I was perplexed; and finally put it away in my portemonnaie; and, with a mind wearied with puzzling over the strange occurrence, I at length fell asleep once more—but not long. Suddenly I was rudely awakened by a terrific crash and a shock which threw me violently forward, while the carriage lurched over and nearly capsized.

I knew at once an accident had happened—the accident half prophesied by the guard. As soon as I could collect my scattered senses and found myself unhurt, I clambered out of the carriage and ran down the line to the front of the train, to ascertain the extent of the catastrophe. It was difficult to make one's way in the darkness and confusion; but what were my feelings of horror and amazement, joined to intense thankfulness, when I discovered, after some light had been obtained from a hastily kindled bonfire, that the carriage I had pre-

viously occupied was lying a complete wreck! I knew it by its colour and the number, which I had remarked, still visible on the battered panel. Then I learned that several passengers in the other compartments of it had suffered fearfully, and I was so overcome that I felt quite dizzy.

Here was a wonderful and miraculous escape indeed. All the events of the last half hour rushed through my troubled brain. On that smashed and splintered seat I had sat; and but for the presence of my mysterious companion, there I should be lying—crushed, maimed, perhaps dead! Horrible! The bead broke out on my brow as I thought of it. When my nerves had recovered a little, I sought out the guard, who, pale and grave, was endeavouring to reassure the frightened passengers assembled on the bank. He was comforting them with the intelligence that a special train would arrive shortly from Grantham, and take them from the scene of the disaster.

"My good fellow," said I, "you must explain to me what you meant respecting that young lady—the apparition, I mean, as you chose to call it. You said an accident—" "Lor bless you, sir," he interrupted sadly, "'twas only my chaff. I never heard anything about a young lady; but I thought as you seemed a bit scared it would make your mind easier like, and that's why I shifted you. I can't give any reason why such a fancy came into my head; but it's well it did, sir, for it just saved your life, saved it by 'the ghost of a chance,' as one may say;" and there was a faint return of the old humorous twinkle in the man's eye as he thus aptly made a play upon the words. "It was the carriage you were in that suffered most." "Well, there's many a true word spoken in jest," returned I. "Are there many hurt?"

"About seven, I fear sir, and four or more killed. We don't know the cause at present, sir; 'twasn't a collision, and don't appear to have anything to do with the stopping of the train awhile ago. These things do turn up one more than a bit, sir," added the man as he was called away. The lamps of the special train were now sighted and we, the unscathed, were speedily in our places, and arrived at our destination without further hurt or hindrance; but what perplexed ideas whirled in rapid succession through my mind as we were hurried along.

Here was I, saved from a dreadful and untimely death by—what? Not a dream, certainly; but whether it was, by a most marvellous interposition, or, perhaps, as the guard said, "by the ghost of a chance." How could I call it a dream or entertain the notion of ghostly influence, when the ear-ring picked up by my own hand was now safe in my pocket? Was it safe? I looked. Yes, safe enough, the wheel suspended from the bird's claw. A wheel of fortune it had indeed proved to me.

"And do you mean to tell me this is a fact?" I asked ironically, as I finished my friend's manuscript. "Every word of it, as I am a living man," he answered. "See, here is the ear-ring," and he handed me the trinket. "Well," I continued, after examining it, "What are you going to do? How are you going to finish the story?" "Oh, I don't know. Can you give me a notion?" He knows I have an eye for dramatic situations. "Not I, indeed; you will have to invent, I suspect." And we talked a good deal more, of course, about the strange affair before I left him; and equally of course, at the end of two years the story was not finished. My friend is only a dabbler, and seldom brings any of his efforts in art or literature to a fruitful issue. I little thought that it would devolve on me to take up the thread of this one and finish it for him.

Before parting, however, I asked, "Did you see the girl's face?" "Not very clearly. The light was dim, I could not distinguish her features precisely, nor the colour of her eyes, nor any details exactly, you understand; yet there was a look—he went on after a pause—"which reminded me of somebody, or I thought it did, I could not tell whom, that I had seen before. It was a mere impression, quite unformed, vague to a degree. I had forgotten, even, that anything of the kind crossed my mind until you asked the question." "Would you know her again?"

"Humph!"—he hesitated—"I hardly know. I think I should if she were similarly dressed and posed." Then he said good-bye; and for two years I do not think we have mentioned the subject above twice; once, when I inquired if he had finished the story; and once later on, when, if I did not clear it up, I at least threw a weird light upon the mystery; the light by which I am enabled to make a sort of second part to the first which I found him writing.

My friend's rooms again; looking much as usual, save that he is at his easel instead of at his desk. Again, as usual, keen for the time being upon what he is doing, he does not rise when I enter, and I stand talking to him for awhile behind his chair. We have not seen each other lately, and he rallies me good-humouredly about dropping the acquaintance of careless bachelors like himself since my marriage—for that momentous event has happened within the last six months. He was abroad at the time, and does not know my wife yet. Soon we passed from this interesting topic, and I said something about the water-color drawing he was working at, as I still stood watching its progress over his shoulder. It was a small study, done the previous evening at a life-school, as he told me from what, artists call the draped model—a rustic figure of a girl seated on a stile.

"But stay," he cried, "you should see it under a white mount. I have one here cut out to the size. Wait, let me get it." He rose and went to the other end of the room. An idea struck me; and taking from my pocket a certain cabinet-sized photograph I had brought to show him, I stood it on the easel in front of his picture, which it exactly covered. Returning with the mount, and talking volubly about what he was going to do in painting, he automatically put the hollow centre of the white cardboard just over the photograph, but without for a moment noticing the change I had made. Suddenly he saw it, and with an exclamation of wonder, started back.

"How came that here?" he went on, pale and agitated as he looked inquiringly from the picture to me. "Did you put it there? Do you know the lady?" "You recognise it?" "Yes, certainly. I haven't seen her for some years now, but I should know that likeness anywhere." He bit his lip and paused, and then added, "I didn't know you knew her." "I don't," I answered, "and I never knew that such a person had ever lived till yesterday." "Then how do you come by her portrait, and why do you bring it to me?" "To ascertain if it really was the same person." "Same person as who?—what? I don't understand!"

"Why, whether, by any strange coincidence, this lady—my wife's old friend and schoolfellow—might happen to be the lady you once—well, shall I say once knew under very peculiar circumstances?" He looked at me somewhat angrily as he said: "See here, old fellow, there are matters sometimes in a man's life that he doesn't care about having raked up again. I tell you honestly that this is one of them, and I don't quite like this kind of joke." No joke, on my word," I continued; "and if I am touching on anything unpleasant, please forgive me, for I have a purpose. Not that I imagined you were so sensitive on the subject, especially as you contemplated turning it to literary account."

"I!—literary account? What do you mean?" he asked indignantly. "I should as lief think of turning cannibal as of turning anything connected with that young lady to account, as you call it." I was a little puzzled now; so I said: "Well, but who do you say the young lady is?" "Her name—if you mean that—was Miss Naughton, Rose Naughton when I knew her; but I confess I don't see that because she happened to be a friend of your wife's you are warranted in referring thus abruptly to my acquaintance with her." "My dear fellow," I cried. "I had no idea of this, believe me. I hadn't a notion that you knew her name, and we are evidently a little at cross purposes; but bear with me a little longer. Admitting that this is a portrait of the Miss Rose Naughton whom you seem to have known, though I never could have guessed that, just look at it again carefully, and see if it does not remind you of some one else—some one whom you once saw, I repeat, under very peculiar circumstances."

He bends forward to examine the photograph, and presently says, "No." Then I say, "Will this help your memory?" and while he is still looking at the portrait, I put down on the ledge of the easel, just under his eyes, an ear-ring. "Good God!" he cries, "what are you up to? What have you taken this out of the cabinet for?" "I have not been near the cabinet, if you mean the place where you keep your jewels." "Then what on earth—" He hesitates, and, taking up the ear-ring, walks with it across the room to his treasure store. I cannot help, with my dramatic instincts, watching him eagerly; and it is as good as a play to see his surprise and wonder, when, opening the cabinet, he takes forth the ear-ring he picked up in the railway carriage, and finds he has the fellow to it in his other hand.

Yes; there they are, clearly the pair—two birds' claws, each holding a revolving wheel. "Now look at the portrait again," I say, when he had stood for a minute regarding me with blank amazement. "I don't say that you will, because it is mere speculation; but do you not see in the portrait of Miss Naughton something to remind you of the young lady, your mysterious travelling companion?" He is examining the photograph again. "Well, it is very absurd, but really, now you put it to me, there might be something in it, and—" He ponders. "Was it she, then—Rose—after all, that I in a measure was reminded of that night? On my honour I seem to think it must have been." Then turning to me, he asks: "But what is the meaning of all this? Why do you want to know whether I can see any resemblance in this photograph to that girl, and where, above all, did you get this other ear-ring from? Explain yourself, for God's sake!"

"Because, as I say," I replied, "it seems to me just possible that, if there be such a thing as ghostly influence, or spiritualism, or clairvoyance, or whatever one may choose to call such mysteries—because, I say, if such things exist, you may have received the warning to leave your seat as you did through the mysterious influence of Miss Naughton herself, for she was in that railway train that same night, and those ear-rings belonged to her." Again the wonder in his face would have been amusing had it not been mingled with an expression of pain. "Incredible, preposterous!" he said at length. "You say that Miss Naughton is a friend of your wife's?"

"Yes; and I will explain how I came upon the fact forthwith. Yesterday as my wife was dressing she asked me to fetch her a brooch from the drawer in her dressing-case. On opening it the first thing which caught my eye

amongst a lot of little trinkets was that ear-ring, and a moment's examination showed it to be the counterpart of the one you had so mysteriously come by. The device was not easily to be forgotten. You may judge of my surprise and how it led to my telling her about your strange adventure. Then we went into the matter, and she on her part told me how the ear-ring had belonged to a schoolfellow of hers, Rose Naughton by name, who had lately gone abroad; and how, two years ago, she had been in a fearful railway accident one evening while on her way from Peterborough to a ball at Grantham—how two of her party had been killed while sitting beside her; how she escaped, by a miracle, uninjured; and how, amongst the trifling events connected with the terrible circumstance, she had lost one of her ear-rings—one of a pair that had been given to her that night by the man to whom she was engaged, and who was himself killed.

My friend's face, with a strange perversity, seemed for a moment to lose its pained expression as I uttered these last words. I resumed; "When Miss Naughton went abroad she gave my wife her photograph—that on the easel—and amongst other souvenirs that odd ear-ring; for it appears the tragical accident brought about one good result for her—it cut short an engagement entirely distasteful to her, and into which she had been forced—well, I didn't hear exactly how; at any rate she never loved the man—disliked him in fact, my wife says, and so had no compunction about giving the ear-ring to my wife, who was struck with the quaintness of the device. You will readily understand how this story instantly associated itself with you in my mind. A comparison of dates and other circumstances left no doubt. I was bound to come and tell you; and I hope, my dear fellow, you will acquit me now of an idle intrusion upon your affairs. I assure you I hadn't the faintest idea that you knew Miss Naughton by name. I thought you might have seen her, as I believe you did; for assuredly her presence—either in the flesh or in the spirit, which ever it was—saved your life." My friend, full of amazement, held out his hand, and, in shaking mine warmly, evinced more feeling than I had ever given him credit for.

"Of course, of course, old man," he said. "I know you didn't mean anything; only I was taken by surprise, as well I might be, for I was tremendously fond of Rose Naughton once—am so still for the matter of that—and the sight of her face rather took me aback. We were half engaged once, only her old mother broke it off; and I was angry and hasty, and— and I dropped them, and have been sorry ever since; and then I was too proud, and, in short, have made an ass of myself. Do you know where she is now? Do you know where she has gone?"

"No; but I can find out." "I wish you would; for after all you tell me, I have a strong inclination to follow her and try my luck again—try if fortune will turn her wheel for my benefit." "Most certainly do so; you would be flying in her face if you did not; for really this is the most astounding thing, on the whole, that ever happened to a fellow. There must have been some mysterious agency at work when you were thrown so close together that night without either of you knowing it. Say that the appearance was but a vapor of the brain, partly due to ill health and uneasy sleep, still its aspect and nature are clearly traceable to Miss Naughton's presence hard by; and mere coincidence is not sufficient to account for all that happened."

"Very marvellous, truly," said he; "and we can only call it as the guard did, 'the ghost of a chance.' Still, whatever it was, it hardly accounts for the ear-ring being in my compartment; that, as I originally wrote, was not the ghost of an ear-ring; how do we get over that?" "Ah," I answered, "we are as far off in the solution of that as ever. Never mind; be thankful that things are as they are. I will ascertain from my wife Miss Naughton's present address, and do you go and see if she can explain the mystery."

He followed my advice and he finally married Rose Naughton, of course; but still it was a long time before any light was thrown on the ear-ring side of the mystery. This eventually came, however, thuswise: In the course of the whirligig of society in which my friend and his wife move, there has turned up a young man, who was one of the ball party on that fatal night, and he thus explains the enigma: He says he was late, and was hurrying along the platform at Peterborough when Miss Naughton and her friends were trying to find seats. They were a little ahead of him, and in the confusion she must have dropped one of her ear-rings, for he picked it up, and fearing to be left behind—for the whistle was sounding—he made a dash at the nearest carriage.

The window was open, but the door was locked, and on precipitately thrusting in his head to see if there was room, his elbow struck against the edge of the door, and the blow jerked the trinket out of his hand to the further side of the carriage and across the legs of a recumbent passenger half asleep. There was no time to arouse the passenger or call the guard, the train being actually in motion; and it was only by jumping into the next compartment that he managed to save himself from being left behind. Of course he concluded that he should recover the ear-ring when they stopped at Grantham; but then came the accident, and the loss of the ear-ring was held of little account—albeit it was a potent factor in saving my friend's life.

LEIGH HUNT IN OLD AGE.

Up the Thames in an old and dilapidated house facing a miserable street, in the village of Hammersmith, lived the poet Hunt in old age. His surroundings were of the meanest character and his frugal board revealed that plenty was a stranger to his home. In his study, which was likewise a parlour, there were a few books, a meagre amount of necessary furniture and a few prints on the walls. The front window looked out upon the village street. It was, indeed, a miserable retreat in old age for one who had contributed so much to a nation's literature and stamped his name on a list with those who had made an impression in an age replete with poetic genius. There never was a human being who could have enjoyed a beautiful home and the elegancies and comforts of life more than Hunt. His fine, sensitive and poetic mind, his love of the fine arts and of the beauties of nature, his education and knowledge of the world made him appreciate that which he was denied, and when we picture him to our mind as a handsome and gentlemanly old man, shabbily dressed and destitute of the comforts of life, the sketch appears so incongruous with what we imagine that we fail to perceive the likeness of our subject. The music of his verse confirms our belief that he was one of those whose stream of life never rippled with the pebbles of earthly care, and whose sweet songs are on the lips of every maid in every clime. The man who had spent dreamy days under the clear sky of Italy with Byron and Shelley as his companions; who loitered by the stream rendered classic by Dante and Petrarch; who studied the beauties of sculpture and painting from originals; who delighted in the natural scenery of Italy; who loved the fragrant and perfumed flowers of its meadows; who sat on the bridge at Pisa in the balmy evenings in August and listened to the sweet music of the Tuscan lover on the guitar as the notes echoed down the banks of the yellow Arno, was, methinks, the last of all to find contentment in a destitute home. Yet there in that quiet little hamlet he settled down with a cheerful mind to weary out the remainder of his days. His best loved and poetic son, Vincent, and all his old friends, except kind-hearted, whole-souled "Barry Cornwall," were dead. When he ("Barry Cornwall") could leave home he would pass hours in cheerful talk and sweet words with Hunt. And if a dinner party or a new play was to take place in London this old friend would post away for the poet and bring him down to show that there were still a few who loved and remembered his verse. Leigh Hunt was capable of appreciating praise. By this I do not mean flattery or compliments. His nature was too noble to allow people to indulge in over laudation of his poems and essays; but he loved that honest, genuine praise that sprung from the heart of the true friend and admirer, a praise that indicated a depth of feeling and sensibility for his best qualities. He preferred a quiet and unaffected encomium like that of his old friend Charles Lamb who praised him anonymously.

We are not surprised at Leigh Hunt's fondness for praise. His mind was as buoyant and cheerful as a youth's, susceptible of the finest influences and the most generous principles of a high nature. He was conscious of his powers and yet he knew his beautiful poems were handed to the printer only to pass through the press and meet with unjust criticisms and false colourings at the hands of reviewers and scribblers. He saw his reputation disfigured and himself imprisoned because he advocated unpopular principles. He looked for a nation's gratitude and found it only in the horizon of life. Can we wonder at Leigh Hunt loving sympathy? The man who was cradled in sorrow and reared in want would naturally cast an eye on some spot for approval. One of Leigh Hunt's first recollections of his father was in association with a prison cell when poverty stared the family in the face. Such was the pitiful sight witnessed by the gentle boy who, in after years, clouded the bitterness of such thoughts in delightful descriptions of his early home; wandering in imagination through the woodland of his native county and repeating the names of "Woodside, Wood Green, Palmer Green, Nightingale Hall, &c."—names ever dear to his heart on account of his mother. And he tells us that his fancy carried him to the days of his infancy when he saw his "father and mother listening to the nightingales, and loving the new little baby, who has now lived to see more years than they did." From such felicitous descriptions we cannot think of Leigh Hunt as associated with sorrow. His mind is ever fresh and buoyant; cheerful and free as the skylark of his own land he lifts himself from the turmoils of earth and singing gayly spreads his notes to the winds to console and cheer those upon whom the cares of life have weighed heavily. He could not bring his mind even in the greatest hour of adversity to think of nothing bright and beautiful and good on earth. He reveals his temperament in those delightful essays which from time to time appeared in the *Indicator* and other journals.

In Leigh Hunt's prose we look in vain for anything expressing discontentment. We find no little notices revealing the pain and sorrow of his own life, no expressions of disgust with mankind, and no tone of disloyalty. His essays are replete with dramatic criticisms and beautiful stories. They tell us of the days of the Kembles, and Liston, and Elliston, and all the histrionic personages of the London play-boards, or of the old authors

and critics who spent their evenings in the coffee houses on Fleet street, or of the associations of old edifices in London. In all his essays we find stores of pleasure. He places us in much the same feeling as Charles Lamb does, and yet we cannot perceive any similarity in them except that the same kindly friendship runs through their writings. Leigh Hunt loves to dwell on his old associations, and in his fondness for them carries us back to the days to which he refers. We lose ourselves in revelling with him in his old school and in visiting the haunts he loved so well. He leads us to the beautiful fields near his home in the spring-time, and we gather flowers together in the meadow-land and listen to the birds as they sing their morning songs; but with all these pleasant thoughts he sometimes makes us sad; yet it is a sadness that we prefer to bear rather than exchange for joy. It is a sadness of mild serenity and no counterpart of sorrow. It is not the experiences of his own life, but the revelation of others. It is an expression of sympathy on his part for the pain of others—words which play about the tenderest chords of the heart and vibrate through our better natures. "It is," says he, "a part of the benignity of nature, that pain does not survive like pleasure, at any time, much less where the cause of it is an innocent one. The smile will remain reflected by memory, as the moon reflects the light upon us, when the sun has gone into heaven."

It is well that Leigh Hunt was not cast down by melancholy and gloom. The dark clouds that lowered about him were broken in his last days by a perennial sunshine of faith, thankful for all he had received and bright in the hope of everlasting peace. The story of his life presents a sad, yet beautiful picture. It tells us of the pains of his infancy, of the gaiety of his boyhood, of the dignified suffering of manhood, of the calm serenity of old age. England expressed her gratitude to one of her truest and most faithful labourers in the republic of letters by granting him a pension during the last few years of his life; yet few of us but feel sensible that she suffered him long to live in a state which ill became the dignity of a nation that has been so liberal with subjects whose walks have been less beneficial to her interests.

HOWARD J. DUNCAN.

Woodstock, Ontario.

THE WAR MEDALS OF 1812.

With your permission I wish to say a few words in reply to your correspondent "A Reader," in your last number; although it has been questioned, there cannot be any doubt that you are correct in saying that on the reverse of this medal "the Queen is represented placing a wreath on the head of the Iron Duke." I have before me at this moment one of the Chateaugay medals, and although it is somewhat worn, the likenesses of the two figures are unmistakable; this is well known to collectors.

Nevertheless, there are two important errors in your illustrations of the obverse and reverse of the medal, beneath the bust of the Queen the date "1848" is omitted, and on the reverse you give the dates in the exergue as "1703-1817,"—this in a numismatic sense is totally unintelligible. The date on the medal is 1793-1814.

The medal is the ordinary British army medal and the dates embrace the entire Peninsular War associated so completely with the great Duke; seeing that the war closed with the Battle of Waterloo in 1815, it was a serious reflection on the red-tapeism of the British Government that the distribution of the medal should have been delayed until 1848, by which time a considerable number of those entitled to receive it must have passed away.

I do not write in any spirit of fault-finding, but simply for correctness sake. H. M.

A HOMEY SUBSTITUTE FOR COD-LIVER OIL.—Dr. Thomas Addis Emmet, recommends as a good substitute for cod-liver oil, the fat of pork. For its proper preparation he gives directions as follows. A thick portion of a rib piece, free from lean, is selected and allowed to soak in water for thirty-six hours before being boiled, the water being frequently changed, to get rid of the salt. It should be boiled slowly and thoroughly cooked, and, while boiling, the water must be changed several times by pouring it off, and fresh water, nearly boiling, substituted. It is to be eaten cold, in the form of a sandwich, made from stale bread, and both should be cut as thin as possible. It is very nutritious, but it should only be given in small quantities until a taste for it has been acquired. It is the most concentrated form in which food can be taken in the same bulk, and Dr. Emmet has frequently seen it retained when the stomach was so irritable that other substances would be rejected. For this condition of the stomach it may be rubbed up thoroughly in a porcelain mortar, and then given in minute quantities at a time. It is made more palatable by the addition of a little table-salt, and this will be well tolerated, while the salt used for preserving the meat, having become rancid, if not soaked out, will produce disturbance, even in a healthy stomach. For obvious reasons it is best not to inform the patient of the nature of this food until he or she has learned to relish it.—*British Medical Journal*.

THE Czar escaped being blown up by being late to dinner. Most married men meet with a different fate.

RESURGAM.

O Hope! thou hast the thanks and praise
Of all who 'neath the shadows dwell,
Of those who tread life's darker ways,
And love thy cheering light so well;
But never is thy cherished voice
So dear to man, so welcome heard,
As when thou whisperest, "Religio,
And be thy motto e'er the word
Resurgam!"

For fainting hearts what golden cheer,
What nobler truth for souls of men,
To mount with Hope, to conquer fear,
To rise again, to rise again,
To rise from paths with sorrows rife,
From weary pain, from shades of gloom,
To hail the better, brighter life,
To vanquish death, to burst the tomb!
Resurgam!

O lift thine head, and hear it thou,
Who see to peace and heaven art,
With brand of crime upon thy brow,
And darkness seated in thy heart,
Shake off the hand of fell Despair,
That strives to crush thee with thy sin,
Forgiveness waits the sinner's prayer,
Let darkness end, and light begin!
Resurgam!

And sad one, prostrate by the way,
Thou fair but frail, and fallen thing,
In mire of sin no longer lay,
But rise and hail the eternal spring,
Remorse's cup thy soul may gail,
The world may sneer, deride and spurn,
But Mercy's fountain flows for all,
Then upwards let thy thoughts now turn.
Resurgam!

And thou art not forgotten, slave,
For some thing whispers unto thee
Of better worlds beyond the grave,
Where all is peace and liberty,
Then cheer thee up, though dark thy day
Of railing yoke and bitter pain,
Yet Hope shall guide thee with her ray,
And help to lighten e'en thy chain.
Resurgam!

Ah! dark, indeed, would be our lot,
If bounded by the days of earth,
If faith and hope had told us not
Of life beyond—of second birth,
O blessed thought for mortal's frail!
For blasted youth, for sinking age;
O solace that can never fail,
Our toll to cheer, our grief assuage,
Resurgam!

Easter, 1880, Quebec. E. A. SUTTON.

BRELOQUES POUR DAMES.

It is said the Vassar college girl who caught cold by drinking water from a damp tumbler is convalescent.

A DAKOTA girl has married a Chinaman. He had some difficulty in explaining the state of his heart, but she finally got his cue.

VICTOR HUGO avers that woman is a conundrum. And that is why the best women stay most at home. Like good conundrums they are hard to find out.

THE time of the year has come when the boy transforms his handkerchief into a kite-tail, and tells his mother he guesses some teiler hooked it at recess.

KATE FIELD proposes to organize a co-operative military establishment in New York with a capital of \$250,000. Ten of the forthcoming new spring bonnets will represent the entire capital.

THE ballots for the ladies who vote at the next election will probably be cut on the bias or scolloped. It will not be at all strange if we hear them exclaim: "Her ballot is old-fashioned; it doesn't look fit to be seen."

HENRY (but newly married to Maria): "I am afraid you are displeased with me." Maria: "No, dear Harry, I am not displeased with you; I am only displeased at your displeasing of my displeasure of your displeasing with me."

"YON gorgeously-attired dame is the duchess of what?" asked a Yankee spectator at a royal reception at Buckingham Palace. "She isn't a duchess but hall," said the gold stick in waiting, "but I ear as 'ow she be the wife of an American plumber."

"You are an ojus, hidjus iijit, my dear!" said a playful mamma to her daughter at dancing school the other day. "Oh, my dear Mrs. T—," sighed one of her neighbours, "what wouldn't I give to have your knowledge of Latin!"

THERE is now living in Shrewsbury, Conn., in one house, under one roof, one family of three mothers, one grandmother, and one great grandmother, two daughters and one granddaughter, one son, one grandson, and one great grandson, and but four persons in all.

A LECTURER on optics, in explaining the mechanism of the organ of vision, remarked: "Let any man gaze closely into his wife's eye and he will see himself looking so exceedingly small that"—Here the lecturer's voice was drowned by the shouts of laughter and applause which greeted his scientific remark.

"We bring up our girls," remarks a modern writer, "like young men, and give them the freedom and privileges of bachelors, and then we expect that they will bear the monotony of matrimony and the restrictions of maternity with good grace, and be home-staying wives and mothers after having been maiden ramblers."

EDITH and Mabel had just put their dollies in their little crib when Edith, with the expression of one who has had a great weight lifted from her shoulders, said: "There! I'm thankful we've got the children to bed! We shall have a little peace now!" Where in the world did she get such a ridiculous notion!

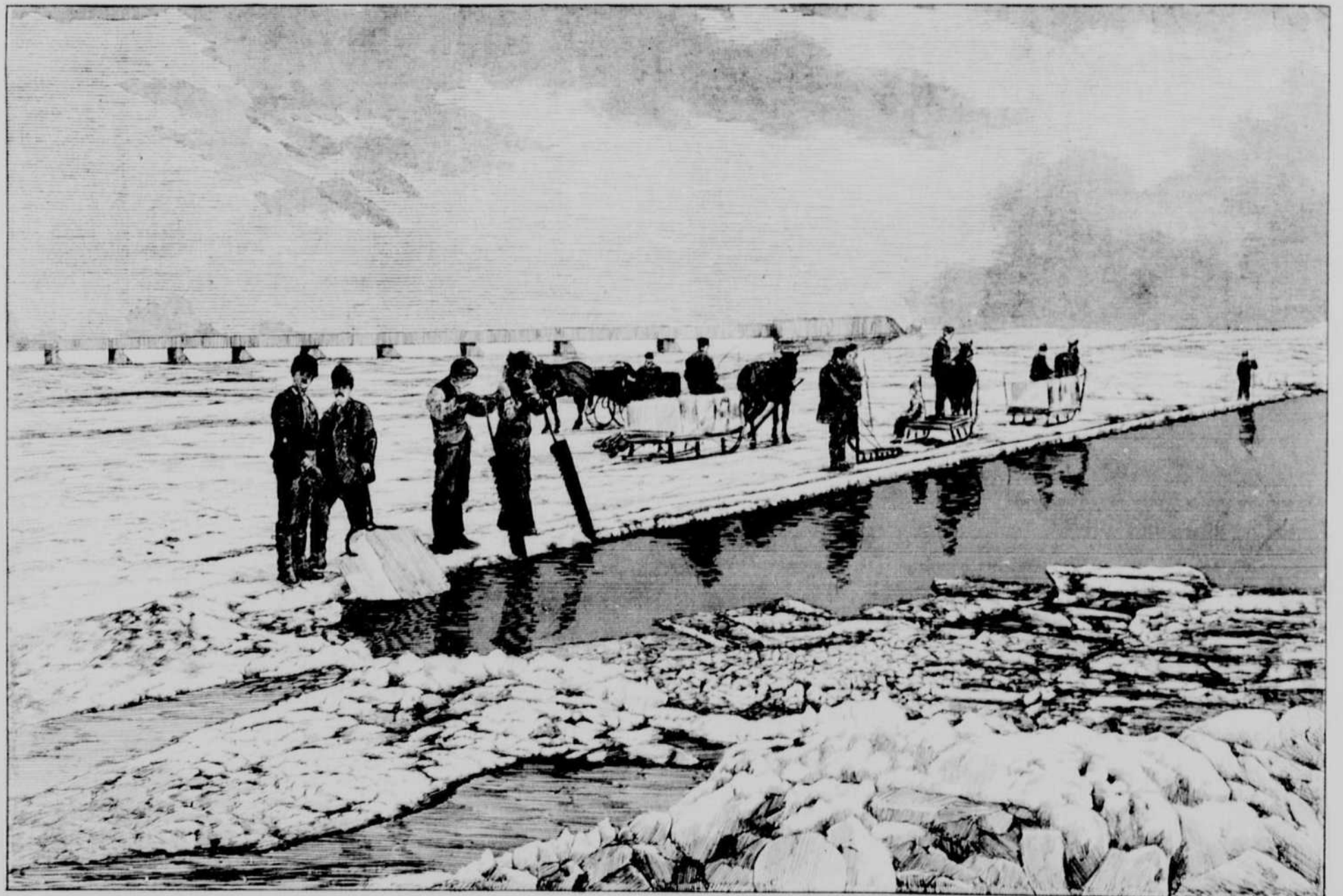
A YOUNG architect recently created a reputation by building for a newly-married couple a house in which the parlour had two fire-places close together, so designed that the husband and wife could each build a fire in an individual manner without quarrelling, and then could sit down together at the same hearth, warmed by a mutual blaze. Their place is called "Harmony Grove."

A FOND mother wants to learn some way to tell how her son will turn out. That's easily told. If he's wanted to go out and weed the garden he'll turn out slowly and reluctantly and be two hours dressing. If he's called to see a circus procession go by he'll turn out quick and probably hurt himself trying to come down stairs and put on a boot at the same time.

A SCHOOL-BOY got up to read a composition on "The Tree." He got as far as "This subject has many branches," when the teacher said, "Stop! you have not made your branch yet." "If you interrupt me again," said the boy, "I'll leave." "You give me any more of your impudence and I'll take the sap out of you," said the teacher, and then the regular order of business proceeded.

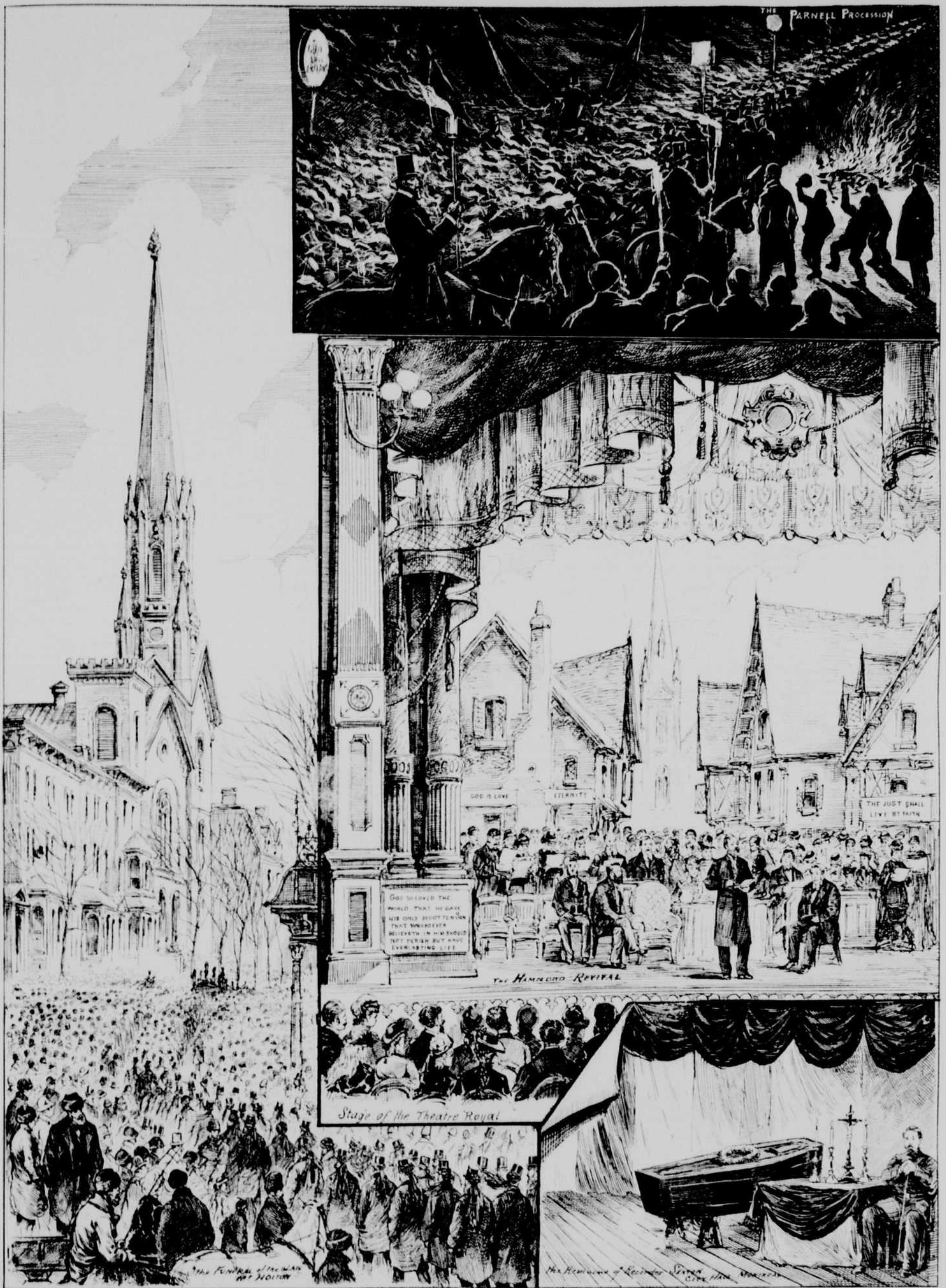


HAULING THE ICE.



SAWING THE ICE.

THE ICE HARVEST OF MONTREAL.—FROM PHOTOGRAPHS BY HENDERSON.



INCIDENTS OF THE WEEK.

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CLARA CHILLINGTON ;

OR,

THE PRIDE OF THE CLIFF.

A STORY OF ONE HUNDRED YEARS AGO.

BY

THE REVEREND JAMES LANGHORNE BOXER,

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

EDITED BY THE

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

CHAPTER XXV.

A MAN LOST.

There was great consternation among the friends of Charles Freeman—and who was not his friend?—when his sudden and mysterious disappearance became known. "Whither is he gone?" "What has become of him?" were the two popular questions at that time in Folkestone.

Among those whose sorrow was excited by the strange and unaccountable disappearance of Charles Freeman, his mother felt the least. Unsuspecting in her nature, and ignorant of the world, she had no thought of any plot being formed to murder or to carry off her son. "What has he done to expose himself to the ill-feeling of any person?" was the question she put to all who visited her, and failing to obtain a satisfactory reply, she refused to listen for a moment to any insinuation that he would not return. It was in vain to tell her that in consequence of his affection for Clara it was more than probable that Sir Harry Chillington had in some manner removed him from her. She refused to believe it possible. In the innocence and guilelessness of her own heart she would not believe that any person could be found who would act so wickedly, and every day waited for his coming.

Very different to his mother was the conduct of Jacob Winter. The old man was wild at the loss of his *protégé*, and ran from place to place asking questions of every person he met, and waiting for answer from none. Five hundred pounds—a thousand pounds was offered for the body of Charles Freeman, dead or alive. Messengers were despatched in every direction, and all the detective expertness the nation then boasted of was set in motion. It had been a long time since the Blue Post Chaise, taking its colour from the leading political party in the town, had been so frequently employed. Uncle Jacob ran up and down the country, to and from London, as fast as wheels could carry him, while he quartered in the town a host of "Bow street runners," as the London detectives were then termed.

Urged by the hope of obtaining the reward, these men of mystery scoured the district, searching out and analyzing the most unlikely things to lead to the end desired. Yet their reticence became their security; everything they did was supposed to conceal a hidden purpose, and the more ridiculous their conduct the greater the secret thought to lie beneath it. These detectives proved to demonstration that, once obtain the popular reverence, and the grossest absurdities become the gravest necessities, and the most ridiculous conduct the expression of the highest wisdom. These men of the law spent the money of Jacob Winter, confounded confusion, and then went back to London.

No one save those mixed up in the matter knew what had become of Charles Freeman, and these, from the highest regard to their personal convenience, refused to betray the secret. Even the thousand pounds failed to move one of them, for they had placed the baronet in a position to be worth more to them than such a sum of money.

Jacob Winter having tried every means he could think of, and that any one else could suggest, to find his young friend, and failed, there remained nothing but to submit as quietly, as such an excitable nature as his could, to the unavoidable.

Dick Backstay was overwhelmed with sorrow at the loss of his benefactor. The old sailor was not demonstrative in his grief; he wandered along the cliff and along the shore, as one whom the power of trouble had crushed. In the anguish of his soul he sighed to find the slightest trace of how his friend had departed. He felt that, could the most insignificant and remotest proof be afforded him of how he had gone away, even though it should bring with it the assurance that he was numbered with the dead, a melancholy satisfaction might be derived from it. Repeatedly he blamed himself for not being more vigilant, although his conscience failed to convict him for neglecting to carry out the commands of Uncle Jacob.

The night had been a stormy one; the wind had been blowing a perfect gale from the southwest, and as the furious blast swept up the channel it lashed the waters until they rushed in fury and dashed in the voice of thunder upon the shore. With the morning the storm abated, and Dick Backstay, with an undefined expectation lingering in his mind, sauntered along the shore, turning over the kelp and debris the angry waves had dashed up high and dry upon the beach. Every lump the old man kicked over with his foot as he slowly walked along with his hands in the pockets of his rough sea-jacket, smote within him the slender hope that, be-

neath its shiny surface, might possibly be found some trace of his departed friend. Light and shadow flitted across his countenance with greater rapidity than the flying scud in the blue ether, and hope yielded to disappointment, and disappointment to hope.

A tobacco pipe, a piece of tarpaulin, a piece of timber, wrenched by the violence of the waves from some vessel battling with the fury of the gale; the sleeve of a seaman's jacket, an old shoe, and a canister, which had once been filled with gunpowder, were among the things he saw, but nothing of great importance to himself. This result of his search caused his heart to sink, and, turning from high-water mark to the rocks beneath the cliff, he seated himself, and looking on the vast expanse of water as it lay shimmering in the rays of the sun now sinking to repose, he thought of it as probably forming the grave of him he loved. While thus thinking, he wept, and, burying his face in his hands, the hoary locks of the old man shook in the agitation of grief this thought had produced, and as the tears trickled through his fingers and fell on the pebbles at his feet, he sighed and said: "I've lost them both! father and son both taken from me. Oh, that I had gone down in the *Fairy Queen* rather than have lived to see this day! Had I sunk with that beautiful ship I should have died a sailor's death and been buried with one I loved; but now I am an old hulk, stranded on the lee-shore of life, and with the waves of trouble breaking up my timbers piecemeal. Thou sailor's friend! save my old heart from breaking, and send me some tidings of the dear lost boy!"

Having raised his head, and lifting his eyes toward heaven while uttering this ejaculation, the old man sat gazing into the deep blue firmament with a child-like confidence resting on his countenance, and as though he expected some angel visitor to descend with an answer to his petition. At length, turning his eyes from looking upward and once more bending them toward earth, he saw lying at his feet, saturated and battered with the spray from the rolling surf, a hat, now broken and useless, that doubtless had once graced the head of some male member of the human family. Carelessly he kicked it, and then, without scarcely knowing what he did, he picked it up, and as his eye rested on it he saw written in large characters inside on the band of the hat the name "Charles Freeman."

Astonishment akin to horror filled the mind of Dick Backstay at what he beheld; he felt his prayer to be answered, and he was alarmed. Hastily pushing his fist into the crown of the hat that he might straighten it, holding it at arm's length, a feeling of veneration toward the battered object filled his soul, and, falling on his knees, still holding up the hat toward heaven, he uttered audible thanks; but another surprise awaited him, for, beneath the hat and half-hidden by a lump of sea-weed, lay a pistol, bearing, engraved on a silver plate, the initials, C. F.

Dick Backstay was enraptured with the prize he had so unexpectedly discovered, and leaping from the rock he started off at his highest speed for Samphire Cottage. The agitated state of feeling gave to his aged limbs new energy, and pleasure helped him along with an alacrity he had no thought he could command. He had intelligence to communicate which had baffled the skill of the most expert in the art of discovery. This thought fired his brain and sent a fresh current of life through every muscle; but the power which sped him forward over beach and rock, and hill and dale, was the hope that what he had found might lead to the return of his kind benefactor. Not a word, not a syllable did the sailor utter until he reached the residence of Uncle Jacob. His lips were sealed in silence by the intensity of his feelings and by the dread lest the utterance of a word should retard his progress a single second. Exhausted he at length reached the place, and, as he did so, exclaimed, "House, ahoy!" and knocked at the door, ready to burst it open.

Jacob Winter was at home, and reduced almost to the condition of melancholy, when the sailor appeared with the treasures he had found. In the joy of his heart, and without waiting for any ceremony, as soon as the door was opened he rushed into the parlour and threw the articles on the table. The confusion made by him and the manner he entered the room, aroused Uncle Jacob from a gloomy reverie, and, looking on the things, with that quickness of wit he possessed, he at once grasped the subject, and without affording any explanation for his conduct; urged by that impetuosity which frequently led him to do things most grotesque, he began to skip and dance about the room as one demented. Snatching the hat from the table he beat a tattoo on the crown of it to his own capering,

and it was some time before his companion could get him sufficiently subdued to listen to the manner in which the articles came into his possession.

"He's alive! Dick Backstay," he exclaimed, as soon as he heard how the things were obtained; "he's alive! I tell you, and in proof of it look here." Taking up the pistol, Uncle Jacob cocked it, and then pointed it at the head of his humble friend.

On seeing the weapon pointed at him the old sailor leaped on one side, firmly believing that the day of his doom had arrived, and as he did so, exclaimed, "Jacob Winter, are you gone mad!"

Being assured by a loud laugh from Uncle Jacob that he had a strong impression to the contrary, and that having been for some weeks absent from a proper state of feeling, the sight of the articles before him had turned him again in the right direction, and attending this declaration with throwing down the pistol, the seaman saw that his fears were groundless.

The pistol found was that which Charles Freeman had fired off at the gypsies, and had been kicked over the cliff in the attack which succeeded, followed by his hat. On finding the weapon, Dick Backstay had not tried if it were loaded, but it was the first thought with the other, and he had drawn from the fact that it was discharged the conclusion that he was alive.

Any other person than Jacob Winter would, in all probability, have paused before concluding from such slender evidence as that of finding an empty pistol, that the owner of it was alive. But he was no ordinary person, and to him the finding of the article in such a place, and in such a condition, was evidence that some person or persons had tried to spirit Charles Freeman away, and that in so doing a row had ensued, in which he fought desperately for liberty. Having conceived this idea, the conclusion that he was alive became comparatively easy, for if he had been murdered the deed would have been done quietly, and without affording the opportunity to fire a pistol; but, being attacked, he had fired in self-defence, and had afterward been overcome and spirited away.

This hypothesis, built up from such slender evidence, however true in itself, and however satisfactory to the originator, was too much for the faith of the most sanguine to receive. Still the author of it was happy in his own conclusion, for although he could not tell what had become of his *protégé*, nor whether he had gone, yet the belief that he was alive, despite the scorning infidelity of his friends, he held on to with the greatest tenacity. The hat and the pistol were retained at Samphire.

(To be continued.)

VARIETIES.

PROOF OF DEATH.—Those timid beings who are haunted by apprehensions of being buried alive, and who make testamentary provisions against such a contingency, may now take courage, for science has supplied an infallible means of determining whether or not the vital spark has quitted the mortal frame. Electricity enables us to distinguish with absolute certainty between life and death; for two or three hours after the stoppage of the heart, the whole of the muscles of the body have completely lost their electric excitability. When stimulated by electricity they no longer contract. If, then, when Faraday is applied to the muscles of the limbs and trunk, say five or six hours after supposed death, there be no contractile response, it may be certified with a certainty that death has occurred for no faint, nor trance, nor coma, however deep, can prevent the manifestation of electric muscular contractility. Here there is no possibility of mistake, as there certainly was when the old tests were employed.

DEATH OF AN INDIAN "BRAVE."—The recent hanging of Swift Runner, an Indian murderer, on the Saskatchewan, took place with a temperature 40 deg. below zero. A gallows had been built out of doors so that the Indians could see the execution, but when the officers and prisoner arrived at the spot it was found that part of the scaffold had been used for firewood by the half-frozen crowd. Swift Runner complacently warmed himself at the fire while the gallows was repaired. When everything else was ready the nervous hangman said he had forgotten to bring a strap to fasten the prisoner's arms and legs. The prisoner offered to save further trouble by killing himself with a tomahawk, but his proposition was rejected, and he ate a hearty meal of pemmican with the noose around his neck while a messenger was fetching a strap. A priest attempted to give him spiritual consolation, but he said that the white man's whisky had ruined him, and so he could not believe in the white man's God. He preferred a death dance by his own people, and while they were performing it he was hanged.

AN ELECTRIC GIRL.—It has long been known that certain persons are strongly electric, that is, they are so charged with electricity that they can give shocks pret'y much as the gymnotus and other fishes do. The case of the electric girl of London, Canada, however, is one of the most remarkable we have heard of. She is just nineteen years old. She has been sick two years, but is now well. The doctors could not tell what was the matter with her, but since her recovery she seems to be a walking battery. Unless your nerves are very

strong, you cannot shake hands with her, nor can any one place his hand in a pail of water with hers. By joining hands, she can send a sharp shock through fifteen or twenty people in a room, and she possesses all the attractions of a magnet. If she attempts to pick up a knife, the blade jumps into her hand, and a paper of needles will hang suspended from one of her fingers. She cannot drop any small article of steel she may pick up. On entering a room, a perceptible influence seizes every one present; and while some are affected with sleepiness, others are ill and fidgety till they leave. A sleeping infant will wake at her approach, but, with a stroke of her hand she can coax it to slumber again. Animals are also subject to her influence, and a pet dog of the household will lie for hours at her feet as motionless as death; so, at least, says an American paper.

THE FEAR OF FAT.—No doubt it is unpleasant to be excessively obese; but the morbid dread of fat which has in recent years become fashionable has no foundation in physiological fact. Fat answers two purposes; it acts as a non-conducting envelope for the body, and protects it from too rapid loss of heat, and it serves as a store of fuel. In the course of exhausting diseases it not unfrequently happens that the life of a patient may be prolonged until the reserve of fat is exhausted, and then he dies of inanition. Fats supply the material of the heating process on which vitality mainly depends. In great excess it is inconvenient; but the external layings-on of fat is no certain measure of the internal development of adipose tissue; much less does a tendency to grow fat imply, or even suggest, a tendency to what is known as "fatty degeneration." It is time to speak out on this point, as the most absurd notions seem to prevail. Again, it is not true, that special forms of food determine fat. That is an old and exploded notion. Some organisms will make fat let them be fed on the leanest and scantiest and least saccharine descriptions of food; whilst others will not be "fattened" let them feed on the most "fattening" of diets. The matter is one in regard to which it is supremely desirable and politic to be natural, adapting the food taken to the requirements of health rather than substance. Simple food, sufficient exercise, and regular habits, with moderation in the use of stimulants, compose the maxim of a safe and healthy way of life.

CHICORY AND DANDELION AS WINTER SALADS.—Chicory and dandelion, when cultivated, produce throughout the winter a very large supply of tender delicately-flavoured leaves available for salads. Both require similar cultivation; the seed should be sown in March or in April in drills fifteen inches apart, and the plants be thinned out to a distance of nine inches apart in the rows, giving them a good deep soil to grow in. In November the roots can be taken up and laid in by the heels, where they may remain till required for use. The roots do not require forcing, as they will commence to grow freely if packed close together in boxes about twelve inches deep, with a little fine and moist soil between them, and placed in a cellar. If there is a mushroom-house, the roots can be planted together in one corner. To keep up a supply through the winter, three lots of roots will be required—the first lot to be started, say, about the end of November or beginning of December, the second as soon as the first begins to decline, and the third as soon as the second begins to show signs of exhaustion. Dandelion roots may of course be obtained from pasture and other lands, but they are by no means so profitable as those properly cultivated. An improved form, known as the thick-leaved dandelion, is altogether much better than the ordinary wild form.

THE FUNERAL BELL.

Knell! knell! knell!
Rings through the air the funeral bell,
Fraught with cold woe,
Now high, now low—
Tolling so mournfully,
Tolling so mournfully,
Deep-toned, grief-toned, sorrowful bell!

Knell! knell! knell!
Peal the sad notes of the funeral bell,
Dismally—drearily—
Ever so wearily,
Float the sad tones
Echo'd in moans,
Down the dark dome of the funeral bell.

Knell! knell! knell!
Ever the same sad story to tell,
Just a lone bier—
Memory's tear—
Shroud them in dust—
Sinful and just!
Peal the sad notes of the funeral bell.

Knell! knell! knell!
Dirges of woe the heart knows so well,
Tolling on high,
Tolling each sigh—
Anthems of gloom—
Psalms from the tomb—
Deep-toned, grief-toned, sorrowful bell!

Belleville, Ont.

T. O'HAGAN.

Mrs. Partington Says

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

13-14-15.

He sat and gazed with a placid mien,
And a cheerful and constant smile,
At the little square box with the "gem fifteen,"
And he said he'd bet his pile.

That he could figger it out right thar;
So he jumbled the blocks about,
And then he remarked: "It's simple, I swar,
And I reckon I'll work it out."

So he tackled it sharp for an hour or more,
And his hands he ran through his hair,
And he jumped right up and fearfully swore,
And his eyes had a maniac's glare.

That he'd "be dashed if the dash—dashed fool
That invented this game was here
He'd smash his dash—dash—dashed skull,
And chew off the end of his ear."

But after another hot hour had flown
The bead drops down 'gaw to roll,
And he raved in a way that the people all say,
Struck terror to each watching soul.

For Thirteen—Fifteen—Fourteen—alas!
Were all that he got for his pains,
So he frantically swallowed of poison a glass
And with a bullet bored out his brains.

THE GEM PUZZLE.

The above is one of several names of a puzzle
which is now attracting such a degree of popular
attention as may, perhaps, excuse an attempt to
throw a little light upon its mysteries.

The puzzle is composed of fifteen small square
blocks, numbered from 1 to 15, and contained
in a square box large enough to hold sixteen
such blocks. The blocks are to be placed in the
box irregularly, and pushed about until they are
in regular order, as shown on the cover of the
box, thus:

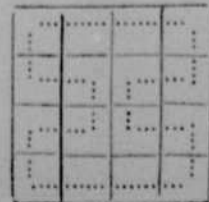
Grid showing the initial arrangement of the 15 numbered blocks in a 4x4 square box.

A little practice will enable any one to push
the blocks about with such dexterity as always
in a very short time to bring the blocks either
into the above position, or else into one which
differs from it only in having two of the blocks
in the bottom row transposed, the other of the
three being in its right place. This position may
be called the 13-15-14 position, and the
great problem with many puzzle-players is to
find a method of reducing it to the position re-
quired. No difficulty is experienced in reducing
it to a position which may be called regular,
such as:

Grid showing the regular arrangement of the 15 numbered blocks in a 4x4 square box.

A kind of puzzle is made with round blocks,
with which when the last of the above positions
is reached, by giving each block a quarter turn,
and then giving the whole box a quarter turn in
the opposite direction, the required position may
be successfully simulated; but with the square
blocks with which only the puzzle ought to be
made, most persons will be ready to confess that
from the 13-15-14 position they cannot do the
puzzle, and they are usually disposed to main-
tain that it cannot be done. What are they to
say, however, when met, as they sometimes are,
with the reply, "You say it can't be done; but
I know better, for I have done it several times!"
That a thing is difficult does not prove it to be
impossible, and, however you may be convinced
in your own mind that if it could be done at all
you could do it yourself, this sort of reasoning
has little weight with an opponent who thinks
that he knows that he has actually done what
you declare that no one can do.

To meet this difficulty let me attempt to prove
that from the 13-15-14 position the puzzle can
not be done by a rather more demonstrative
method. The dotted line
on the accompanying figure
shows how the places
in the box may be con-
sidered as composing a
complete circuit, and it
is evident that by follow-
ing this line the blocks
may be pushed all round
the box, and the vacant
square be left in any part of the box without al-
tering the order in which the blocks are arranged,
or, so to speak, strung upon the line; but when-
ever a block is moved, otherwise than along the



When the maid I mean to marry
I of evenings go to see,
I make it a rule to carry
Watches twain along with me.
One is hours and hours too fast,
One is hours and hours too slow:
I call by the first—the last
I consult when I should go.

dotted line, the order is changed, the block mov-
ing passing in one direction or the other either
two or six of the other blocks. Now when a
block passes any number of other blocks, the re-
sult is the same as if it changed places with each
of such other blocks successively; for instance,
if the block 1 passes the block 2 and 3, changing
the order 1, 2, 3 to 2, 3, 1, it is the same as if 1
had first changed places with 2 and then with 3.
Any move, therefore, must be equivalent to
either two or six changes, each change being
between the block moving and one of the blocks
passed, and any number of moves must be
equivalent to an even number of changes, because
the sum of any number of twos and sixes must be
an even number. Conversely, an odd number of
changes, each between two blocks, is not the
equivalent of any number of moves; but to
reach the required position from the 13-15-14
requires but one change, between 14 and 15,
and one is an odd number. Hence that result
can not be obtained by any number of moves.
Q. E. D.

The principle that the result to be obtained
by any number of moves must be equivalent to
an even number of changes furnishes a method
of determining whether the problem is or is not
soluble from any given position. For example,
in the following position the following changes
are necessary to get each block into its pro-
per place, every change
bringing one or two
blocks into place; 1 and
13, 13 and 3, 3 and 5, 5
and 6; 2 and 11, 11 and
4; 7 and 14; 8 and 12;
9 and 10, 10 and 15—ten
changes in all; ergo the
puzzle can be solved. It
will be seen that the
changes are divisible into sets, separated above
by semicolons. In practice, in applying this
test it is only necessary to count the numbers in
order thus: 1, 13, 3, 5, 6; 2, 11, 4; 7, 14; 8,
12; 9, 10, 15; and rejecting those sets that
contain an odd number of numbers, if there
remain an even number of sets the problem can
be solved, vice versa.

Grid showing a specific puzzle configuration with numbers 13, 11, 5, 2, 6, 1, 14, 12, 10, 15, 4, 8, 3, 7, 9.

A correspondent of the New York Herald pro-
posed an ingenious method of determining the
question to which the above method is applica-
ble, namely: Consider the box as divided into
sixteen squares coloured black and white like a
chess-board, and let the proper square be left
vacant. If then, he says, the sum of the num-
bers on all the blocks upon squares of one color
be even, the problem can be solved; if odd, it
cannot be solved; but this test is open to the
objection that it is as likely to lead to a false
conclusion as to a true one.

No one but a child, I suppose, after becoming
acquainted with the principles of the puzzle,
can derive amusement by playing with it in the
manner first proposed, placing the blocks in the
box irregularly, getting them in order, upsetting
the box, and repeating the operation; but the
puzzle is capable of variations which may serve
to prolong its use. The first of these which I
would suggest is that, instead of the regular
order, we should try to bring them into the
shape of a magic square, the sum of the numbers
in every row or diagonal being 30, whether such
row or diagonal contains four blocks or only
three and the vacant square. Another variation
is to try to reach a position in which from each
number to the next higher is a knight's move—
two squares in one direction and one in another.
A third is from a given selected position to try
to reach the regular order in as few moves as
possible, either counting single moves, each of
one block one place, or combined moves, as
where two or three blocks are pushed in the same
direction at the same time. I shall conclude
with some examples of the last way of using the
puzzle:

Three grids labeled Position 1, Position 2, and Position 3, showing different puzzle configurations and their solutions.

JOHN, dear, the baby's crying!" "Oh, well,
confound it, Maria, don't bother a man while he's doing
this inf—bleasted puzzle. Go out and buy him one for
himself, it'll keep him quiet." "Yes, love, I will, in
one minute—just wait till I get this—how was it I
had it just now—14—13—15—oh dear!"

When the maid I mean to marry
I of evenings go to see,
I make it a rule to carry
Watches twain along with me.
One is hours and hours too fast,
One is hours and hours too slow:
I call by the first—the last
I consult when I should go.

SQUARE NUMBERS.

THE USE THAT WAS MADE OF THEM IN PRE-
PARING CHARMS THREE HUNDRED YEARS
AGO.

In the appendix of the tenth volume of the
works of Paracelsus, published at Basle, in 1591,
very many curious things are to be met with,
particularly in the part called "Liber Septimus
Archidoxis Magice; De Sigillis Planetarum."
Herein the author gives minute directions for
the preparations of seals—Sigilla, or medals of
the various planets, believing them to bring to
the possessor either luck or misfortune, accord-
ing as the planets were in a favourable or un-
favourable aspect at the time of such preparation.
The Sigillum of Jupiter was to be made of a
circular piece of English tin, and upon one of
its surfaces was to be cut a large square subdiv-
ided into sixteen smaller ones, with the num-
bers from one to sixteen so arranged as to count
thirty-four either way.

The following is the arrangement.

Grid showing the arrangement of numbers 16, 3, 2, 13, 5, 10, 11, 8, 9, 6, 7, 12, 4, 15, 14, 1 for the Sigillum of Jupiter.

On the reverse was to be stamped the likeness
of the planet, namely a priest like and learned
man reading a book, with a star upon his fore-
head and surrounded by the name Jupiter.
This charm was to be made on a Thursday when
the moon was in its first quarter and entering
Libra, and, when finished, to be worn in a blue
silk bag. Its possessor was sure to experience
love, kindness and favors from all his fellow men,
and wherever it was placed by him there would
everything be increased for him a hundred fold.
It insured success in every business venture and
dissipated all fear.

The Sigillum of Mars, made of Cornish iron,
besides having on one side the figure of the
planet, was to contain upon the other 25 small
squares within a larger one, and the numbers
from 1 to 25 so arranged as to count 65 either
way, and was to be made when the planet was
in a favourable condition, and, when finished,
encased in a red silk bag. The following is the
arrangement.

Grid showing the arrangement of numbers 11, 24, 7, 20, 3, 4, 12, 25, 8, 16, 17, 5, 13, 21, 9, 10, 18, 1, 14, 22, 23, 6, 19, 2, 15 for the Sigillum of Mars.

The wearer of this would possess superhuman
strength, and would come off victorious in every
conflict, overcome all his enemies, and never
receive an injury. The fortress beneath whose
walls, such a charm was buried would be im-
pregnable, and laugh its besiegers to scorn;
such powers did this Sigillum receive from its
planet; but great care was to be taken lest this
medal should be struck when the planet was
leaving the sun, and then its possessor would
meet with all kinds of reverses, and be the
buffet of fortune. Its presence under such cir-
cumstances, insured strife, anger, envy, and
general misfortune.

The Sigillum of Saturn, made of lead, and
containing squares counting fifteen each way,
was particularly efficacious when worn by preg-
nant women, obviating all danger of premature
birth, procuring for them a happy delivery, as
well as steadily augmenting the family circle.
All cavalymen and sportsmen would be forever
freed from the danger of being unhorsed by
wearing the medal in their left boot-leg.

The Sigillum of Venus, made of pure copper,
and covered with green silk, containing 49
squares, counting 17 each way, and was most
wonderfully efficacious in all cases of love. If
placed in a goblet of wine or water and offered to
one's most deadly enemy, that person, upon
drinking the liquid, would become the warmest
friend. In the same manner were coy and
diffident maidens to be attracted by the sterner
sex. Its influence was irresistible.

What is puzzling so many of our fellow-citi-
zens was, in all probability, the source of even
more serious interest and study to hundreds of
thousands of people long since dead.

THE FIFTEEN PUZZLE.

DOMESTIC DISSENSIONS CAUSED BY THIS MOST
VEXATIOUS GAME.

Mr. Spoopendyke of Clinton street is one of
the most cheery, cheerful gentlemen in Brook-
lyn, and his wife is the soul of good humour.
Friday afternoon Mr. Spoopendyke brought
home a "fifteen puzzle," and told his wife he
had bet a hat he could solve it.

"Deed you can," said she, preparing to assist
him. "I'd like to know what you can't do,"
and she dusted off the table so he wouldn't muss
his cuffs.
He pulled out the box. "Now," said he,

"You see these blocks run four in a row up to
12, and then there are three, numbers 13, 14
and 15. I muss them around, and the object is
to make them come out just as they were, con-
secutively, you know."

"Certainly. That's easy," and she put the
15 block in her mouth while she swashed around
with the rest.

"What'n thunder you doing?" demanded
Mr. Spoopendyke. "You mustn't take 'em
out!"

"Oh!" said she, putting the block upside
down, "you mustn't take 'em out, 'eh! well,
we'll do it with 'em in."

Mr. Spoopendyke moved the cubes around
awhile and then pondered.

"I see," said Mrs. Spoopendyke, "I've got
it! Put that 12 down there and the 11 here,
and then move 'em around."

He did it, and they were worse than before.

"Hold on!" she exclaimed; "now put—"

"S'pose you hold on," he responded. "This
thing works by hand, not by steam. You've
got to go slow. Now I'll put the 10 there and
that lets the 13 come up in place. Then we put
the 15 here and slip down the 9."

"That ain't right. That makes it 11, 10, 12.
You want to get the 9 up and transpose those."

"Lemme be, will ye? I'm going to fix those.
There—now I'll bring down the 11 and carry—"

"But you can't. You've got—"

"I haven't either. There's the 14, 15, 13.
I've only to make them run 13, 14, 15, and
then—"

"Why, you can't even count. What are you
going to do with the 10, 11, 12?"

"Do with them! What d'ye s'pose I'm
going to do with them! Think I'm going to
bore a hole in 'em and wear them for socks!
Talk sense if you know any. Now I'll put the
10 in here and that lets the 9 in. Then we
move the 11 up and get the 12 in place."

"But where's your 13, 14 and 15?"

"They are right here, Mrs. Spoopendyke;
did you think they'd gone to prayer-meeting?
Confound a woman around a puzzle, anyway.
Just you lemme figure on this alone, will ye?
I guess I know how to fix this."

"Of course you do," said Mrs. Spoopendyke,
soothingly, "you can get it if any one can."

"Just see, now. If I can only get the last
three straight. I've got it. H'm—ah! yes.
The 15 goes here. Now I've got it. Then the
13 and then the 14. Just move—hold on."

"I see where you're wrong," said Mrs. Spoopendyke.
"You want to move—"

"I don't want to do any such thing."

"Yes, you do; just move—"

"Well, if I move it'll be about eight miles
from here, where I can have some peace."

"Don't be so touchy; all you've got—"

"If you don't let this puzzling business
alone I'll just make a hole in the air with it.
What do you know about it, anyway? I've got
it all but three blocks—"

"Well, I'll show you how to get these."

"Then show me, show me, just show me,
that's all. Oh, show me. Why don't you show
me how it's done?"

Mrs. Spoopendyke moved them around and
then studied awhile.

"Why don't you show me?" demanded Mr.
Spoopendyke. "You said you'd show me. I'm
waiting to be shown. Go on with your show-
ing. Let the show proceed."

"If one could only get that 12 out of the way,
so that 13 would come in, we'd be all right,"
mused Mrs. Spoopendyke.

"Oh, certainly, certainly. If the 12 had
a pair of legs, and could build a railroad
around the 15, and then would give 14
a free pass, he might ride into his place.
Say, Mrs. Spoopendyke, if you'll quit handling
that 15 block like a stove-lid, and take your
thumb out of the blank square, I'd be obliged
to you. Let's see now. The 14 goes there—"

"No, it don't; it goes there."

"Goes where?"

"Why, there."

"There! Where? 'There' may mean up
the chimney or down my throat. Where?
Where do you mean?"

"Why, there, of course; can't you see? I
believe you're crazy!"

"I am not crazy, Mrs. Spoopendyke, nor am
I a woman. I might just as well put that block
in the fire as where you say. I'll put it here."

"Then you're all wrong. It goes here."

"A minute ago you said it went there. Let
it alone, I tell you. Drop it. Put it back
where you found it. Now, let things be. I'll
move this 12 down here."

"That makes a fine arrangement. Nobody
but a lunatic would put it there. Put it here!"

"Go away from here. You ain't half-witted.
I can do this puzzle."

"You can't do anything, you old idiot. You
deserve to lose your hat. Go, stand around
bare-headed and cool your skull, you old hea-
then. You do a puzzle! You don't know the
bottom of the box from the top."

Crash! Down went the outfit, and Mr.
Spoopendyke crawled into bed.

Mrs. Spoopendyke re-arranged the blocks
and went to work at them.

"Thomas," said she, timidly, after awhile.

"Look here."

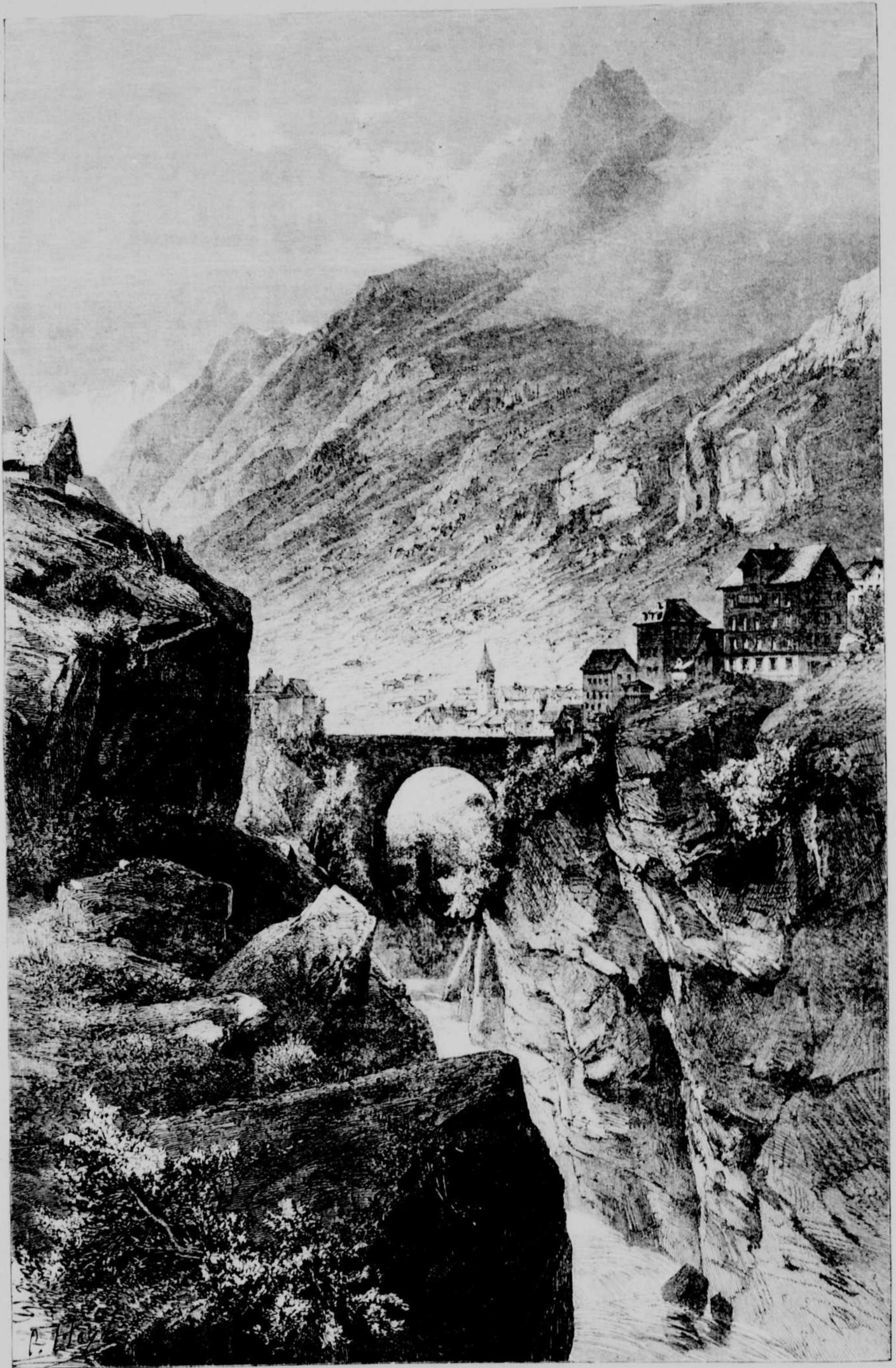
He looked. She had solved it.

"I could have done it," he growled.

"Yes," said she, "if you had done it in my
way."

"You only did it just as I was doing it," he
responded. "You picked it up where I left off."

"Yes," she replied, putting out the light,
"I picked it off the floor."



THE OPENING OF THE ST. GOTHARD TUNNEL. NORTHERN ENTRANCE.



a pipe of peace



A family Suite



The general state of affairs



The fish market - Galway

Henry Furniss

CANADIAN NATIONAL HYMN.

The following is the hymn which has been composed by Lord Lorne, and dedicated to Canada. It has been set to music by Mr. Arthur Sullivan:

God bless our wide Dominion.
Our fathers' chosen land:
And bind in lasting union
Each ocean's distant strand.

O bless our wide Dominion,
True freedom's fairest scene:
Defend our people's union,
God save our Empire's Queen.

Fair days of fortune send her,
Be thou her Shield and Sun!
Our land, our flag's defender,
Unite our hearts as one!

O bless, etc.

No stranger's foot, insulting,
Shall tread our country's soil:
While stand her sons exulting
For her to live and toil.

O bless, etc.

Our stars, when times were sorest,
Asked none but aid Divine,
And cleared the tangled forest,
And wrought the buried mine.

O bless, etc.

O Giver of earth's treasure,
Make Thine our nation strong:
Pour forth Thine hot displeasure
On all who work our wrong!

O bless, etc.

May Canada's fair daughters
Keep house for hearts as bold
As theirs who o'er the waters
Came hither first of old.

O bless, etc.

Inheritors of glory,
O countrymen! we swear
To guard the flag that o'er ye
Shall onward victory bear.

O bless, etc.

A REPRESENTATIVE CANADIAN INDUSTRY.

It is a subject fit for public congratulation when any industry in a new country, after years of trial and discouragement, rises through its own merits to a position in the first rank, and is able to claim equality with, if not superiority over, the same branch of trade as carried on in older and more favoured countries.

In this connection it is Montreal's privilege to boast of an establishment that, in general design, the completeness of its outfit of labor-saving machinery and the high class of the workmen it employs, ranks second to none in any other city for the construction of the sewing machine.

a first-class sewing machine, viz., simplicity, durability, ease of running, regular tension and steady feed. To keep up with the needs of the trade, all these must be combined in the one machine, and all are united in the Williams' Improved Singer in the highest degree of perfection yet attained.

It is interesting, then, briefly to review the history of the Williams Manufacturing Company, which may be taken as a fair record of all wisely-established Canadian manufactures, when carried on with intelligence and vigour. The C. W. Williams Manufacturing Company, of Montreal, was organized in 1863 and incorporated in 1872.

Such a representative and successful Canadian institution as the C. W. Williams Manufacturing Company is a just cause of pride for the Canadian public as well as to the citizens of Montreal.

OUR CHESS COLUMN.

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

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

- J. W. S., Montreal.—Paper to hand. Thanks. Correct solution received of Problem No. 268.
Student, Montreal.—Correct solution received of Problem No. 261.
E. H.—Solution received of Problem for Young Players No. 265. Correct.
T. S., St. Andrews, Manitoba.—Correct solution of Problem No. 265 received.
E. D. W., Sherbrooke, P.Q.—Correct solution received of Problem No. 266. See solution of Problem 267 in today's Column.

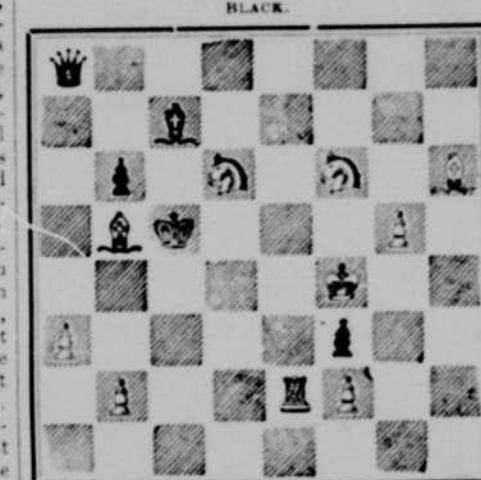
The difficulty which took place at the late Tourney of the American Chess Association is still engaging the attention of chessplayers on both sides of the Atlantic, and considering the difference of opinion which exists amongst those who have thought it worth their while to give much attention to the matter, it seems very un- promising to endeavour to come to any final decision respecting it.

We are in receipt of a copy of the Constitution and Code of the Chess Association of the United States, adopted January 25th, 1880. We have not had time, however, to look over it carefully.

It appears from Land and Water that the long talked of match between Rosenthal and Zukertort is likely to come off shortly. The former has sent a challenge which appears in La Revue, and there is no doubt of its being accepted.

PROBLEM No. 269.

By Thomas Sinclair, St. Andrews, Manitoba.



White to play and mate in three moves.

CANADIAN CHESS CORRESPONDENCE TOURNEY.

Game played between Messrs. Saunders and Hicks.

- White.—(Mr. Saunders.) 1. P to K4, 2. Kt to K B3, 3. P takes P, 4. P to Q4, 5. B to Q3, 6. Castles, 7. B to K3, 8. Q Kt to Q2, 9. P to K R3, 10. P to Q B3, 11. Q to B2, 12. P to K Kt3 (a), 13. Kt takes Kt, 14. B takes P, 15. Q R to K sq, 16. B to Kt4 (c), 17. P takes B, 18. Kt to B3, 19. B to B4, 20. Q to Q2, 21. B to K5, 22. Q to K R6, 23. Kt takes B, 24. Q takes Q, 25. P to B3 (e), 26. R to K3, 27. K to B2, 28. K R to K sq, 29. R to K R sq, 30. B to B4, 31. R takes R, 32. B takes K R P (g), 33. P to Q Kt3, 34. B to B4, 35. R to K sq, 36. R takes R, 37. K to K3, 38. B to Q Kt8, 39. P to K B4, 40. B to K5 (ch) (f), 41. K to Q3, 42. P to Kt5, 43. P to Q B4, 44. B to Kt sq, 45. B to Q R7, 46. B to Q B5, 47. K to B3, 48. B to K B8, 49. B to B5 (ch), 50. P to Q R4.
Black.—(Mr. Hicks.) 1. P to K3, 2. P to Q4, 3. P takes P, 4. Kt to K B3, 5. B to Q3, 6. Castles, 7. B to K Kt5, 8. R to K sq, 9. B to K R4, 10. K Kt to K5, 11. P to K B4, 12. K Kt takes Kt (b), 13. B takes K Kt P, 14. P to K Kt3, 15. B to K R5, 16. B takes B, 17. Kt to Q2 (d), 18. B to B3, 19. P to Q B3, 20. Kt to K B sq, 21. Kt to K3, 22. B to K Kt4, 23. Q takes Kt, 24. Kt takes Q, 25. K R to K3, 26. Q R to K sq, 27. P to Q R3, 28. P to K R3, 29. K to K R2 (f), 30. Kt to K B2, 31. R takes R, 32. P to Q Kt4 (a), 33. K to K Kt sq, 34. K to K Kt2, 35. K to K B3, 36. K takes R, 37. Kt to Q sq, 38. K to K B3, 39. Kt to K B2, 40. K to K3, 41. Kt to R3, 42. Kt to K B4, 43. K to Q2 (j), 44. K to B sq, 45. K to Q Kt2, 46. P to Q R4, 47. K to Q R3, 48. K to Q Kt3, 49. K to R3, 50. P takes Q R P.
Drawn game.

NOTES.

- (a) White is compelled to make this move to save the Q B.
(b) Better, perhaps, to take the K Kt P with Kt.
(c) A good move.
(d) Q to Q2 was more attacking, but White would have moved his Q to Q2, and apparently nothing would have been gained.

- (e) The right move again.
(f) A bad move which ought to have lost the game.
(g) Winning a valuable pawn.
(h) If Black had taken the B with his Kt, White would have moved up his K Kt P and have had a winning game.
(i) This does not seem to be a good move as it enables Black to get his K nearer the centre of the board.
(j) The only move to prevent defeat.

SOLUTIONS.

Solution of Problem No. 267.

- WHITE. 1. Q takes P, 2. Kt to Kt6, 3. Mates.
BLACK. 1. B to B3 or takes Q, 2. Anything.

Solution of Problem for Young Players No. 265.

- WHITE. 1. Q to K3, 2. Mates.
BLACK. 1. Any move.

PROBLEMS FOR YOUNG PLAYERS, No. 266.

- K to Q R6, Q to K B6, R to Q B sq, B at K Kt3, Kt at K7, Kt at Q Kt sq, Pawns at Q B6 and Q Kt3.
K at Q Kt5, R at Q B5, Pawn at Q Kt4.

White to play and mate in two moves.

HUMOROUS.

THE Sultan has 300 cooks. It makes one sick to think of his broth.

THE ague tackles a man with a hearty "Shake, old boy; glad to see you."

HE is a very lazy man who, in responding to a note from a friend who asked to be excused, merely replied, "IXQQU."

BUS-TING.—Old gentleman (watching crowd round omnibus): "What a bustle!" Stout old lady: "Old your tongue, impudence!"

WHEN you can hardly say enough for a man, say he is one in a thousand. It will be true as long as there are 999 other men in the world.

THE Vermont editor who was spilled into a snow-heap immediately braced up and wrote his usual political editorial on "Whither are we Drift in?"

WASHINGTON never told a lie, but if the gem-puzzle had existed in his day we fear that he might have—have said: "Oh, I've done it lots of times, but I can't tell just how."

"COME, Bill, it's ten o'clock, and I think we had better be going, for it is time honest men were at home." "Well, yes," was the answer, "I must be off, but you needn't hurry on that account."

THAT was a triumphant appeal of the lover of antiquity, who, in arguing the superiority of old architecture over the new, said: "Where will you find any modern building that has lasted so long as the ancient?"

A CYNICAL Westfield fellow says the reason why newspaper, church and milkmen's bills are demanded in advance is, because it is doubtful if they were paid at all after getting a fair sample of the articles.

AN incautious person in Des Moines, Ia., let fall the remark that he had never seen a telephone. Some boys set him working on the brass knobs at the side of a stereoscope, and yelling himself hoarse through the peep-holes thereof. The exercise continued half an hour.

"A PLACE for everything, and everything in its place." A man at Yale nails his slippers on the wall four feet up, and then all he has to do of an evening is to wheel up his easy chair in front of them and pull out his meerschaum.

POLLY: "Well Pat, what is it now? would you rather look a bigger fool than ye are, or be a bigger fool than ye look?" Pat: "Sure now, my darlint, and I'll be both till I find which side o' the argument yer on yerself, white, by jabbers, I'll join ye, right or wrong."

A CALIFORNIA boy stood an umbrella in a church doorway during a meeting. To this umbrella was attached a strong cord, an end of which the boy held in his hand. Eleven different Christians carried this umbrella to the length of the string when the service was over.

THE German comic newspapers have a picture of a youth astride of a horse which the father is anxious to dispose of to a customer who stands by, and the boy, who is in ignorance of the nature of the bargain, leans from the saddle and whispers to his parent, "Father, shall I ride him to buy or to sell?"

THE latest and most refined style of novel writing is to avoid mention of the scenes of bloodshed and violence: "Like a flash of lightning from a cloud, with the velocity of a rifle bullet and the resistless sweep of the avalanche, the insulted youth skipped around the corner and hunted up a policeman."

THE story is told at Williamsport, Pa., of a young man who went to the Black Hills to seek his fortune and wrote back to his father that he had done well, but added: "I will be home on Wednesday evening. Meet me at dark just out of town and bring a blanket or whole pair of trousers with you. I have a hat."

THIS is the speech with which the Irish beggar rewarded the Empress Elizabeth for a coin: "I will pray the Lord every day I rise out of my bed that He may preserve to your ladyship's honour your lovely head of hair, and that the light of heaven may always shine, as now, out of your ladyship's soft eyes."

"Do you believe in ghosts?" the medium asked Mr. Middletrib. The old gentleman looked up over the top of the ledger at the medium, whose bill was about thirteen months overdue. "Well, the old gentleman said severely, "it depends a great deal on whose ghosts they are and what they tell me. If it was some good people's ghosts that I know of," the old merchant went on, losing his grammar in his earnestness, "and they was to tell me that they would hand in that little amount next Monday without fail, I wouldn't believe 'em by ninety days; no, not if an angel indorsed for 'em. Tom," he added, sharply, "Mr. Rappemup is waiting for his statement, I guess."

Two Organs.

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

THE SCALP.

AN INCIDENT OF THE WAR OF 1812-15.

The fight was over and Sheaffe had fled, And his conqueror Pike lay cold and dead...

As hither and thither the victors went In eager haste upon plunder bent...

"A scalp! a scalp!" were the cries that rose, "We will have revenge on our English foes!"

Stayner, Ont. CHAS. E. JAKEWAY, M.D.

THE NEWSPAPER ADVERTISING BUREAU.

To Geo. P. Rowell & Co's Newspaper Advertising Bureau, 10 Spruce Street, New York...

"We have always believed, and laboured in the belief, that as Advertising Agents, it was and should be in our power to be of material service to both advertiser and publisher..."

The result showed the position to be well taken. Within twelve months their firm was in receipt of a patronage larger than had ever before been accorded to an Advertising Agency.

It is a fact, frequently commented upon, that there is no other business interest of the country, the statistics of which are so thoroughly set forth and made public, as that of making newspapers...

In 1876 at the World's Fair at Philadelphia, Messrs. Geo. P. Rowell & Co. erected a building in which were received, filed and exhibited, late copies of every American periodical publication...

"I have frequently had occasion to notice the big way in which the Americans do things, and I do not know that it would be easy to find an apter illustration of it than furnished by the Newspaper Building in the Exhibition grounds."

Messrs. Geo. P. Rowell & Co. point with satisfaction to the two years in which they incurred the greatest expense for extending to the public broad sources of information concerning the business in which they are engaged...

One of the strongest holds which this Advertising Bureau has upon the newspapers, is obtained by their system of making prompt payments for work done.

"ALL BILLS RECEIVED BEFORE TWELVE O'CLOCK MUST BE EXAMINED AND PAID TO-DAY."

The Advertising Agent avers to his patron, the advertiser, that he will procure for him the lowest possible rates. His profit comes from a commission from the publisher...

CONTRACTS FOR ADVERTISING IN THE Canadian Illustrated News MAY BE MADE AT OUR LOWEST RATES WITH MR. E. DUNCAN SMITH, ASTOR HOUSE OFFICES, NEW YORK.

THE COOK'S FRIEND BAKING POWDER Has become a HOUSEHOLD WORD in the land, and is a HOUSEHOLD NECESSITY

in every family where Economy and Health are studied. It is used for raising all kinds of Bread, Rolls, Pancakes, Griddle Cakes, &c., &c., and a small quantity used in Pie Crust, Puddings, or other Pastry, will save half the usual shortening, and make the food more digestible

THE COOK'S FRIEND

SAVES TIME, IT SAVES TEMPER, IT SAVES MONEY. For sale by storekeepers throughout the Dominion, and wholesale by the manufacturer. W. D. McLAREN, UNION MILLS, 17-19-21-23-25 College Street.

THIS PAPER MAY BE FOUND ON FILE AT GEO. P. ROWELL & CO'S NEWSPAPER ADVERTISING BUREAU (10 SPRUCE STREET), WHERE ADVERTISING CONTRACTS MAY BE MADE FOR IT IN NEW YORK.

4

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

BURLAND LITHOGRAPHIC CO.

25 Fashionable Visiting Cards—no two alike, with name, 10c. Nassau Card Co., Nassau, N. Y.

50 Chromo, floral glass, &c. Cards in case, name on all, 10c. Outfit 10c. Davids & Co., Northford, Ct.

\$777 A YEAR and expenses to agents. Outfit free. Address, P.O. VICKERY, Augusta, Maine.

CARDS—10 Lilly of the Valley, 10 Scroll, 10 Engraved 10 Transparent, 1 Model Love Letter, 1 Card Case name on all, post-paid, 15c. 4 packs 50c. WARD & CO., NORTHFORD, CONN.

YOUR name on One Card Case and 50 all Chromo Glass and Floral Cards, 10c. Agent's outfit 10c. GLOBE CARD CO., Northford, Conn.

JOHN McARTHUR & SON, OIL, LEAD, PAINT, COLOR & VARNISH MERCHANTS IMPORTERS OF

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26-17-52-369



CANADIAN PACIFIC RAILWAY.

Tenders for a second 100 mile section, WEST OF RED RIVER, will be received by the undersigned until noon on Monday, the 29th of March, next.

The section will extend from the end of the 48th Contract—near the western boundary of Manitoba—to a point on the west side of the valley of Bird-tail Creek.

Tenders must be on the printed form, which, with all other information, may be had at the Pacific Railway Engineer's Offices, in Ottawa and Winnipeg, on and after the 1st day of March, next.

By Order, F. BRAUN, Secretary.

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



Q. M. O. & O. RAILWAY, EASTERN DIVISION.

COMMENCING ON Monday, Feb. 2nd, 1880.

Trains will run on this Division as follows:

Table with columns for MAIL and MIXED, listing departure and arrival times for Montreal, Three Rivers, and Quebec.

Trains leave Mile-End Station ten minutes later. General Office, 13 Place d'Armes Square. STARNES, LEVE & ALDEN, Ticket Agents, Offices, 202 St. James Street, and 158 Notre Dame Street. J. T. PRINCE, General Passenger Agent. Montreal, March 16th, 1880.

25 FANCY CARDS with Name 10c. Plain or Gold Agents' Outfit 10c. 150 Styles. Hall & Co., Hudson, N. Y.

60 Perfumed Cards—Motto Lilly, Floral, Rosebud—with name and case, 10 cts. AETNA CARD CO., Clintonville, Ct.

50 Perfumed Chromo and Lace Cards, name in gold in fancy case, 10c. Davids & Co., Northford, Ct.

50 Chromo, Snowflake, Oriental, Lily, etc. Cards with name, 10c; 25 Flat-tow Cards, 10c; 1 Fern and Scroll Autograph Album, 15c; Agents complete outfit, 10c. ROYAL CARD CO., Northford Ct.

AN ELEGANT AUTOGRAPH ALBUM, containing about 50 finely engraved and tinted pages, bound in Gold, and 54 quotations, all postpaid, 15c. Popular Game of Authors, 15c. Clinton Bros. Clintonville, Ct.



CANADIAN PACIFIC RAILWAY.

Tenders for Rolling Stock.

TENDERS are invited for furnishing the Rolling Stock required to be delivered on the Canadian Pacific Railway, within the next four years, comprising the delivery in each year of about the following, viz:— 20 Locomotive Engines. 16 First-class cars (a proportion being sleepers). 20 Second-class Cars, do. 3 Express and Baggage Cars. 3 Postal and Smoking Cars. 240 Box Freight Cars. 100 Flat Cars. 2 Wing Ploughs. 2 Snow Ploughs. 2 Flangers. 40 Hand Cars.

The whole to be manufactured in the Dominion of Canada and delivered on the Canadian Pacific Railway, at Fort William, or in the Province of Manitoba. Drawings, specifications and other information may be had on application at the office of the Engineer-in-Chief, at Ottawa, on and after the 15th day of MARCH next. Tenders will be received by the undersigned up to noon of THURSDAY, the 1st day of JULY next.

By order, F. BRAUN, Secretary. Department of Railways and Canals, Ottawa, 7th February, 1880.

E. N. FRESHMAN & BROS. Advertising Agents, 186 W. Fourth St., CINCINNATI, O.

Are authorized to receive advertisements for this paper. Estimates furnished free upon application.

Send two stamps for our Advertisers' Manual.

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In those central premises forming the corner of Bleury and Craig Streets, and in the adjacent house on Craig Street—

OFFICES, double and single. FLATS, admirably adapted for light manufacturing business, with or without steam power. Rent moderate.

Apply to G. B. BURLAND, No. 7 Bleury Street.

\$10 to \$1000 Invested in Wall St. Stocks makes fortunes every month. Book sent free explaining everything. Address: BAXTER & CO., Bankers, 7 Wall St., N.Y.

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Tenders for Rolling Stock.

TENDERS will be received by the undersigned up to Noon of MONDAY, the 23rd FEBRUARY inst., for the immediate supply of the following Rolling Stock:— 4 First-class Cars. 2 Postal and Baggage Cars. 60 Box Cars. 60 Platform Cars.

Drawings and specifications may be seen, and other information obtained on application at the office of the Engineer-in-Chief, Pacific Railway, Ottawa, and at the Engineer's Office, Intercolonial Railway, Moncton, N.B. The Rolling Stock to be delivered on the Pembina Branch, Canadian Pacific Railway, on or before the 15th of MAY next.

By order, F. BRAUN, Secretary. Department of Railways and Canals, Ottawa, 7th February, 1880.

The time for receiving the above Tenders is extended one week, viz.: to MONDAY, 1st March, and the time for delivery of a portion of Rolling Stock is extended to the 1st JUNE.

By Order, F. BRAUN, 19th Feb., 1880.

The Scientific Canadian MECHANICS' MAGAZINE

PATENT OFFICE RECORD, A MONTHLY JOURNAL

Devoted to the advancement and diffusion of Practical Science, and the Education of Mechanics.

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TERMS: One copy, one year, including postage, \$2.00. One copy, six months, including postage, 1.10.

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The following are our advertising rates:—For one monthly insertion, 10 cts. per line; for three months, 9 cts. per line; for six months, 8 cts. per line; for one year, 7 cts. per line; one page of illustration, including one column description, \$30; half-page of illustration, including half column description, \$20; quarter-page of illustration, including quarter column description, \$10.

10 per cent. off on cash payments. INVENTIONS AND MACHINERY, &c., or other matter of an original, useful, and instructive character, and suitable for subject matter in the columns of the MAGAZINE, and not as an advertisement, will be illustrated at very reduced rates.

REMITTING MONEY.—All remittances of money should be in the form of postal orders. When these are not available, send money by registered letters, checks or drafts, payable to our order. We can only undertake to become responsible for money when sent in either of the above ways.

This journal is the only Scientific and Mechanical Monthly published in Canada, and its value as an advertising medium for all matters connected with our Manufacturing, Foundries, and Machine Shops, and particularly to Inventors, is therefore apparent.

60 Queen Anne and Photo Cards, Illuminated & perfumed in case, 10c. Atlantic Card Co., E Wallingford, Ct.

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



JOHNSTON'S FLUID BEEF is being adopted in the BRITISH, French, U. S., and Austrian Naval, Military and General hospitals. It is prescribed by the queen's physician and by every medical man who has tested its merits. It is the only essence known which contains all the nutritive constituents of beef and is pronounced by scientific men everywhere to be the most perfect food for invalids ever introduced. Sold by Druggists and Grocers, 35c. 60c. and \$1.00.

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 BREWERS and MALTSTERS,
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Superior Pale and Brown Malt.
 India Pale, and other Ales. Extra Double and Single Stout in Wood and Bottle. Shipping orders promptly executed. Families supplied.

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A high-class Weekly Journal,

EDITED BY THE

Reverend A. J. BRAY.

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OFFICES: 162 St. James Street, Montreal, and 4 Toronto Street, Toronto.

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"Give me the liberty to know, to think, to believe, and to utter freely, according to conscience, above all liberties.—Milton."

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Silver Medal and Diploma, Provincial, 1871.

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Mr. Hague, of the Merchants Bank, says: "The Organ tent me I did not suppose capable of being produced in Canada, the tone is pure, rich and deep, and the effect produced by combination of the stops is charming."—For Catalogues, address:

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41-47 East Market Square, Guelph, Ont.

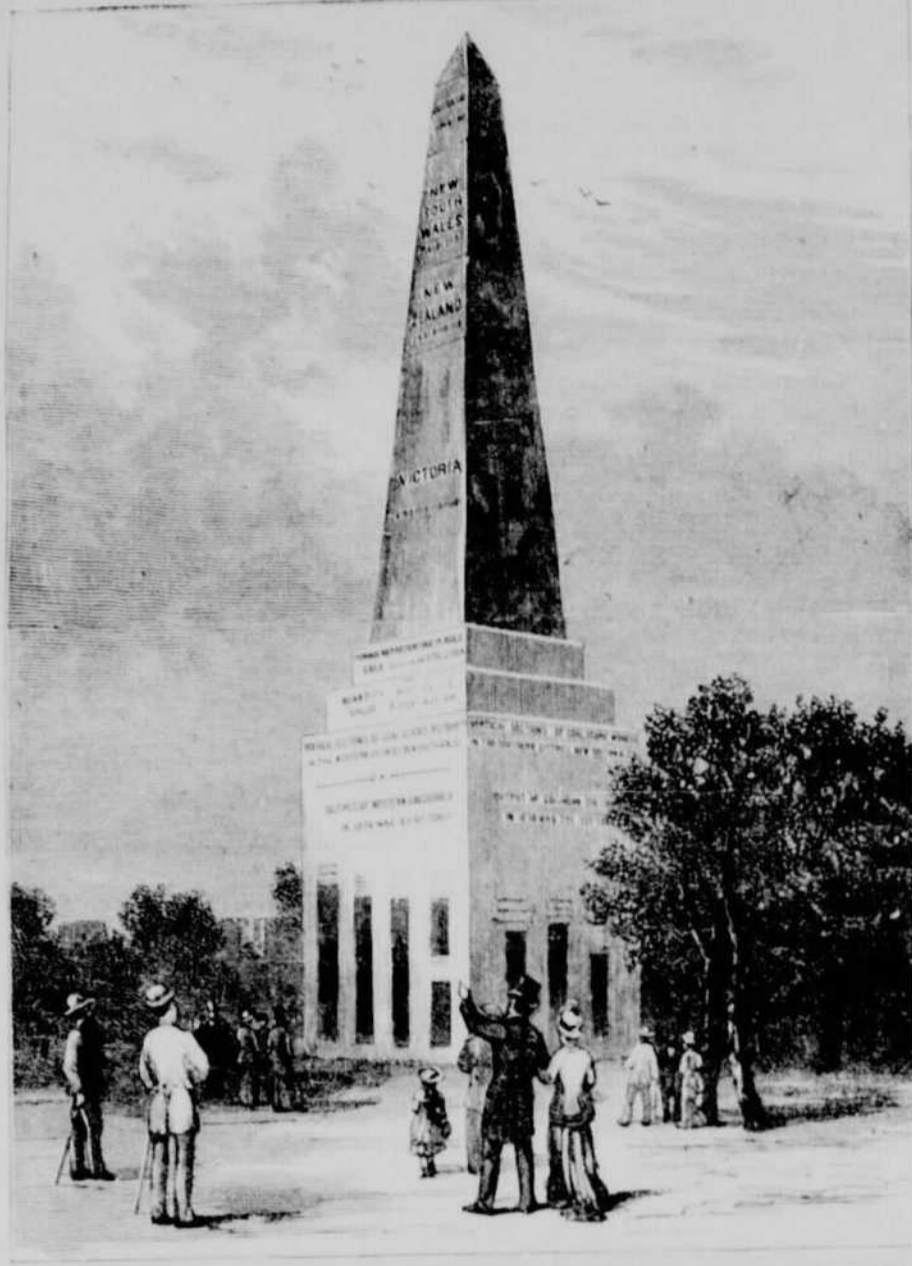
Or J. HECKER, 10 Phillips Square, Montreal.

WHISKERS or a luxuriant Moustache can be grown in a few days. Safe and sure. Send address and 50c. to J. SEARS & CO., Wyoming, Ohio, U.S. Stamps taken.

20 Lovely Rosebud Chromo Cards or 20 Floral Motto with name 10c. Nassau Card Co. Nassau, N.Y.

NOTICE.

APPLICATION will be made to the Legislature of the Province of Quebec, at its next session, for an act incorporating an investment company under the name of "The Montreal Investment Trust."
 Montreal, 20th February, 1880.



THE SYDNEY EXHIBITION—MINERAL TROPHY, SHOWING THE AMOUNT OF GOLD OBTAINED IN AUSTRALASIA UP TO THE PRESENT TIME

In consequence of spurious imitations of
LEA AND PERRINS' SAUCE,
 which are calculated to deceive the Public, Lea and Perrins have adopted A NEW LABEL, bearing their Signature, thus,

Lea Perrins

which is placed on every bottle of WORCESTERSHIRE SAUCE, and without which none is genuine.

Ask for LEA & PERRINS' Sauce, and see Name on Wrapper, Label, Bottle and Stopper. Wholesale and for Export by the Proprietors, Worcester; Cross and Blackwell, London, &c., &c.; and by Grocers and Oilmen throughout the World.

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22-12-12 MESSRS. J. M. DOUGLASS & CO. MONTREAL. MESSRS. URQUHART & CO. MONTREAL.

THE BEST REMEDY FOR INDIGESTION.

TRADE **NORTON'S** MARK.



CAMOMILE PILLS are confidently recommended as a simple Remedy for Indigestion, which is the cause of nearly all the diseases to which we are subject, being a medicine so uniformly grateful and beneficial, that it is with justice called the "Natural Strengthener of the Human Stomach." "Norton's Pills" act as a powerful tonic and gentle aperient; are mild in their operation, safe under any circumstances, and thousands of persons can now bear testimony to the benefits to be derived from their use, as they have been a never-failing Family Friend for upwards of 45 years. Sold in Bottles at 1s. 1jd., 2s. 9d., and 11s. each, by all Medicine Vendors throughout the World.

CAUTION.

Be sure and ask for "NORTON'S PILLS," and do not be persuaded to purchase an imitation.

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CAUTION.—Genuine ONLY with fac-simile of Baron Liebig's Signature in Blue Ink across Label.

If you are a man of business, weakened by the strain of your duties, avoid stimulants and use
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 If you are a man of letters, tiring over your midnight work to restore brain nerve and waste, use
HOP BITTERS
 If you are young and suffering from any indigestion or dissipation (if you are married or single, old or young, suffering from poor health or languishing on a bed of sickness, rely on
! HOP BITTERS!
 Whenever you are, wherever you are, whenever you feel that your system needs cleansing, toning or stimulating, without intoxicating, take
HOP BITTERS!
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	A. M.	P. M.
Express Trains for Hull at	9:30 and 4:30	
Arrive at Hull at	2:00 p.m. and 3:30	
Aylmer at	2:35 p.m. and 3:30	
	A. M.	P. M.
Express Trains from Aylmer at	8:15 and 3:15	
Hull at	9:20 and 4:20	
Arrive at Hochelaga at	1:50 p.m. and 3:20	
Train for St. Jerome at	5:00 p.m.	
Train from St. Jerome at	7:50 a.m.	

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