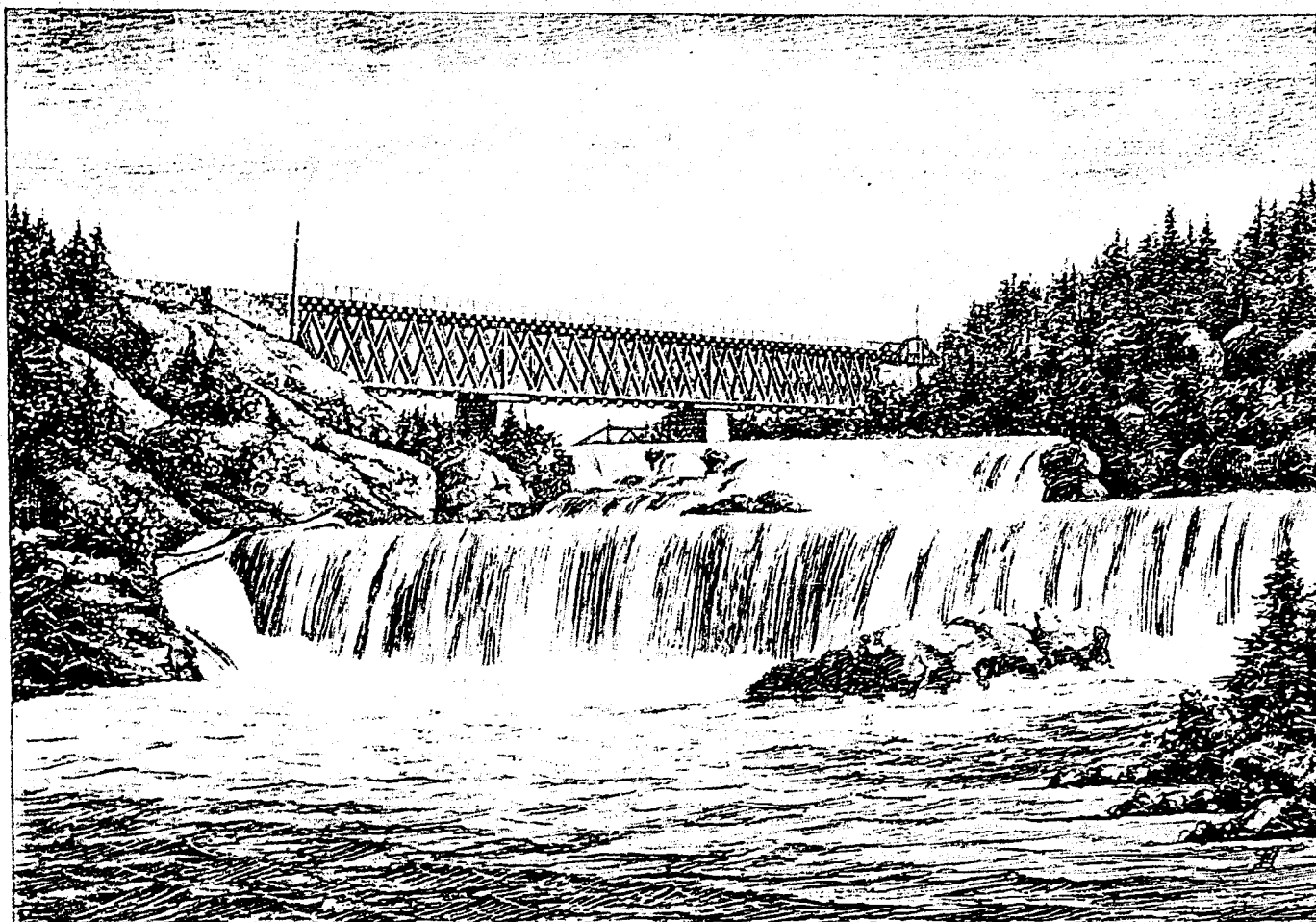


INTERCOLONIAL RAILWAY
BRIDGE AT RIVIERE
DU LOUP.

We are indebted for the following particulars to Mr. Hazelwood, late engineer of the St. Lawrence District. It is built on the "Howe Truss" principle. It was designed by Mr. Sandford Fleming, the chief engineer of the Intercolonial Railway, and is composed of three spans of 100 feet each, with roadway on top. The depth of the truss is 18 feet, and the roadway above the bed of the river 40 feet. This bridge is supposed to be one of the strongest Howe trusses at present in existence. There is a little bridge of 30 feet span on the west side of this one, but connected with it, for the purpose of carrying the railway over the Temiscouata road. The Riviere du Loup and Isle Verte bridges, together with the one over the Missisquoi River, in Nova Scotia, are the only wooden bridges on the entire line of the Intercolonial Railway. They were built before the commissioners consented to comply with the suggestions of the chief engineer to have them all of iron. Our illustration is from a photograph by Mr. W. A. Campbell, of Riviere du Loup, en bas.



INTERCOLONIAL RAILWAY BRIDGE AT RIVIERE DU LOUP.

VICTORIEN SARDOU.

Sardou's early years were worked out in Paris. His first dwelling was a smoky garret on the Grands-Augustins quay, where very shaky houses managed to support one another before came the destructive but beautifying trowel of M. Haussmann. The young man toiled at anything his hand could find to do, waxing thinner each day, and acquiring that unfading fallow tinge of the insufficiently fed.

His landlord was a merry cobbler, who let him one of his two rooms. To reach his, Sardou had to traverse the Crispin's, full of a blending of

smells from heelballs, wax, and leather, which "appeased his appetite, and made his heart leave up into his gorge," says he, often recalling that abominable atmosphere in the midst of his present splendor. Even then, however, he had those roscate dreams which charm the young. Like so many before him, he would come home of an evening and sit supperless, blocking out with charcoal on the table-top the plan of the mansion he would build when rich. But he has reached his ideal, neither slain by starvation nor led astray from the path of money-making by the innumerable sirens on the dramatist's course.

As he stalked the streets, inhaling the per-

fumes of the "frying-shops," the pie-crust bakers', or the fruiterers', he would feast in imagination. Spite of absence of waistcoat, which compelled that buttoning-up of the seedy coat for which De Quincey in his college career was also famous, Sardou would actually walk into the shops of curiosity and picture-vendors, or of old booksellers, and price their rarities. "The terms suit," he would say, "and perhaps I shall call for it in about a week." Sometimes, a little less hopefully, he would frankly answer the man, "When I am well enough off, I shall buy those prints of you." In fact, there is one Palissy platter among his treasures now which

publishers' and theatrical managers' offices, and he learned "all the ropes" over pipes of tobacco from veteran authors.

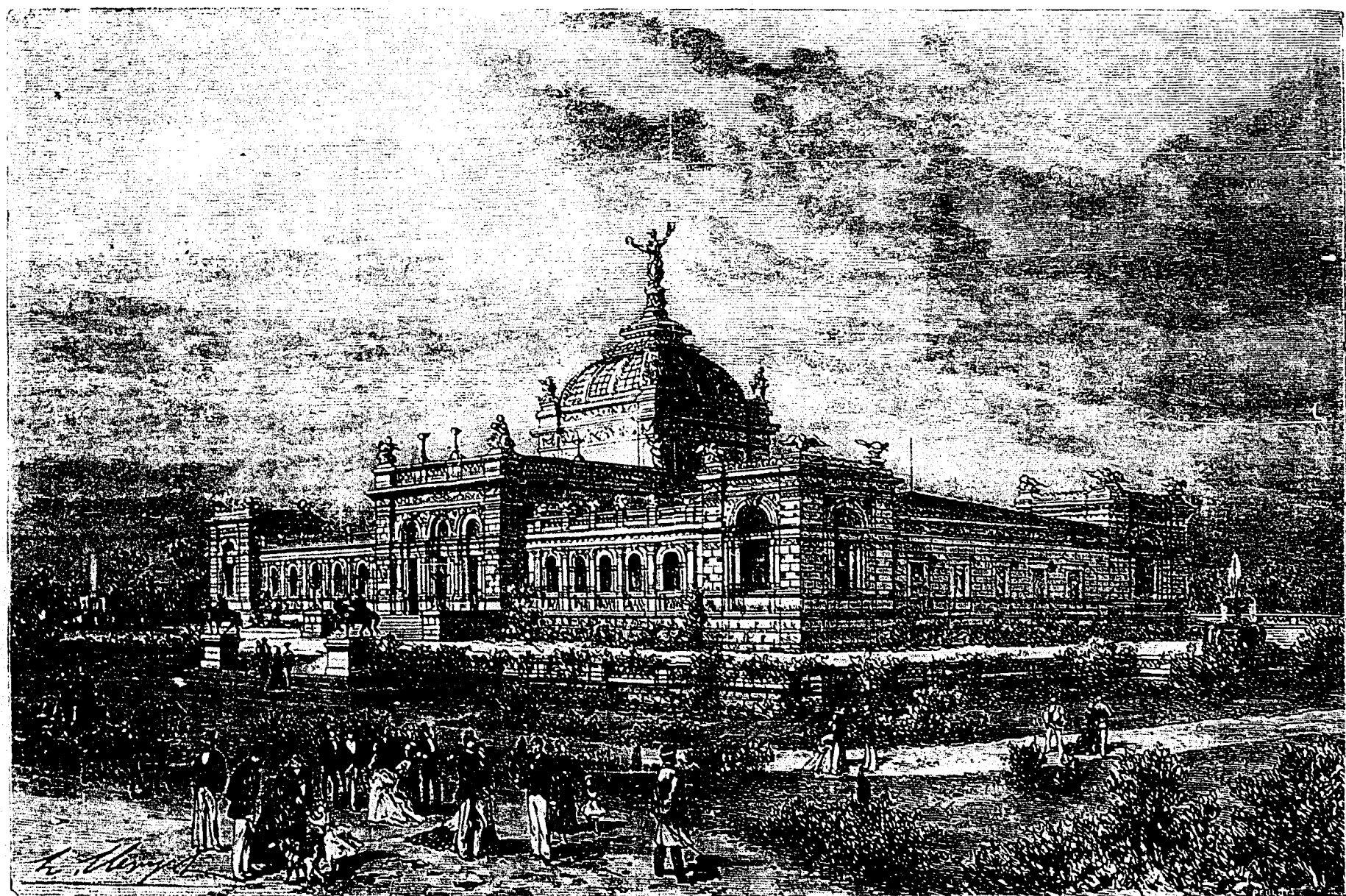
What a young writer can hardly do alone he can perform in Paris by attaching himself to those whose name is made. Thus the first piece of Sardou's was executed in collaboration.

In November, 1859, the Folies Nouvelles being transformed into the Dejazet Theatre, that ever-popular actress inaugurated her management by the first comedy of our author. The lady was so eager to make it a success, that she suffered stage-fright, and the writer himself stood in the wings to prompt her.

was "put by" for him for ten years!

However, he began to earn a trifle here and there upon his gleanings from the National Library, and in 1856-57 took a suite of rooms, very compact and modest, in the Avenue des Feuillantines, near the Odéon Theatre, on the unfashionable bank of the Seine—"the sorry side," as the pupils in English of Professor Hamilton at the Polytechnic nickname it. He was still poor—so poor that when he had the audacity to ask the hand of his present wife in marriage (Mlle. Soulié), the father significantly desired him to wait a great deal longer.

He was not of prepossessing aspect, having a tall, bony form, beginning to stoop somewhat in the shoulders even then. He wore his black hair long, like many other romantic slaves of the pen, and he had that firm cast of features and those deeply-penetrating eyes which marked Bonaparte when young. The police had him ticked off in their black book as likely to be prominent in event of an outbreak. Thanks to his slenderness, Sardou looked younger than he was. His Bohemian life gave him at least full knowledge of the way to approach such citadels as



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