

strength, and meantime she seems frozen, going about the house like a spirit!"

"I must see her, Baptiste, do you understand?" said Benedict, firmly.

"The old man bowed, opened the drawing-room door for Benedict, and went to Sabine's apartments. He found her seated in a large arm-chair, reading that book which is only less sublime than the Bible; she was seeking in the *Imitation* to bear her heavy cross. Dressed in black, her hair arranged with perfect neatness, but with no attempt at ornament, white as marble, and sad as the *Pieta*, Sabine seemed a living image of grief. When Benedict's name was mentioned, she put out her hand with a gesture as if imploring that he should be kept away, but with sudden resolution she rose quickly, murmuring, "It is better, such better."

"To Baptiste said she aloud;

"I will see M. Fongerals presently in the drawing-room."

The servant disappeared. Left alone, Sabine went slowly over to the *pre-dieu* and knelt down.

"Who has just entered in thine agony alone," she prayed, "give me strength to refuse the aid which is offered me. Like Simon of Cyrene he would share my cross. Grant, O Lord, that I may not accept this brotherly help! Thou, who readest all hearts, knowest that in mine is no secret for which I should blush. My feeling for him, increased by gratitude and respect, is so deep and lasting that it can never be effaced. I must feign indifference to save him who claims the right to share my misery and disgrace, and I fear to betray myself. My God! I am but a woman sorely tried; do Thou prove me worthy of the title of Christian, and lead me if I must be to suffer all things."

Burning tears gushed from her eyes. She wiped them hurriedly away, rose, and with a firm step went down to the drawing-room. Benedict was standing near the organ upon which Sabine had played that evening of her betrothal. He was recalling that tender and touching scene with a vividness which made it present. Alas! scarcely two months had elapsed since then, and how long ago, how far off it all seemed. So absorbed was he in these reflections that he did not hear Sabine's light step. When he raised his eyes she was standing before him with bowed head and clasped hands resting upon her heavy mourning dress.

"Sabine," said he, "dear Sabine."

A swift pang pierced her heart; fearing to betray herself she turned away, and taking a chair was silent a moment. When she spoke it was in a cold, calm voice.

"You wished to speak to me; well, I am ready to hear you."

"Did you not expect me, Sabine?" said he.

"If," said she with an effort, "I had expected you, I should have spared you the pain of this interview. I will now, however, do what I have heretofore neglected. As there is nothing farther to hope, I may as well put an end to further illusions. Therefore, M. Fongerals, I release you from any tie which may bind you to me."

"You release me!" cried Benedict, warmly and indignantly. "And how have I deserved such treatment? How have I lost your confidence and affection? I understand, your idea is that you fear to associate me in the affliction which has most undeservingly come upon you. But the greater your trial, the greater my right to share it. You accepted me as your lover; your betrothed husband, when all your surroundings were happy and prosperous, you shall not cast me off now, when, as an orphan, you need me as honorable man's support and protection."

"I have my brother," said Sabine, quietly.

"But the fact of his being a priest, and the duties thereby involved, separate you at almost every turn from the Abbe Sulpice. Besides, a brother's love, however strong and enduring, is not always sufficient. Ah! you know me very little, Sabine, if you think that your affliction has not drawn me still nearer to you. I need not now repeat that, since I was old enough to dream of a future, it has always been with you and for you."

"I know," said Sabine, in a low voice, "but still I repeat that I release you from your promise."

"Do you fear that I hold you responsible for poor Xavier's faults—too deeply expiated, alas! by the sentence passed upon him? But you will not be left alone in your misfortune. To me and to society belongs the task of alleviating Xavier's condition, and working unceasingly to obtain your brother's release. Xavier is my adopted brother; I shall never desert him any more than you should desert me. And even if an unjust world involves you in Xavier's misfortune, what then? We will brave it together. Leaning on me you will breast the fury of the storm. My affection shall be so tender and considerate that it will pass by you and will scarcely heed it. Sabine, give me this greatest proof of your confidence, and accept me as your husband. I have come to beg of you to make good your father's promise."

Sabine did not speak for a moment, and there was silence, till Benedict said,

"Ah! your silence chills me."

"I am silent," replied Sabine, who seemed as if casting about for some mode of expression by which to crush Benedict's hopes at one blow, "because it is somewhat difficult for me to express what is in my mind, now that my father's wishes no longer weigh upon me."

"Weigh upon you?" cried Benedict. "Did he ever attempt to persuade you in any way?"

"Once only," said Sabine, blushing.

"What!" cried Benedict; "you mean to say that, on that day when I ventured to make known my secret hopes, and when they were encouraged in a manner so paternal, he did not leave you free?"

"I was not consulted," said Sabine, in a low voice.

"But still you did not refuse the husband whom he proposed to you?"

"Such a refusal would have distressed my father," said she.

"If left to yourself, I would not have been your own choice," cried Benedict.

"No," said she, lowering her head.

"Ah, stop! stop! stop!" cried Benedict; "you are torturing me. But still I ask myself if it may not be some mad feeling of heroism which accounts for your conduct to-day. Ah! do you not remember the evening of our betrothal? You scooped from me my mother's betrothal ring! You refused a dowry from your father, feeling certain that you could live by an artist's work. Were your courage and your happiness alike a cruel face of which I was the dupe, because I believed my dream to be reality? Yet it seems to me that my heart could not have been deceived, and that I would neither have been so proud nor so happy. It seems to me that that respect for your father's will could never have forced you to give me that proof of maidenly confidence. Let there be no deception on your part. I have worked for you; I have struggled for you. My whole ambition has been for you. You were my hope, and would be, I thought, my reward. I served Laban for the sake of Rachel. I kept myself free from all the follies and the temptations natural to my age that I might be worthy of you. I respected

myself for the sake of your innocence and purity. If, at times, seeing how easily my companions in art succeeded without real genius or industry, I felt tempted to do as they had done, arriving thus quickly at the goal of fame and fortune, your image arose before me, and I persevered in the thorny way which, if my feet were bleeding, at least I planted no flower whose odor was death. Sabine, if you desert me, if you cast me off, what is left to me?"

"Your conscience," answered she.

"May I not, in my despair, forget to hear its voice?" said Benedict.

"You think only of your own suffering," Benedict said Sabine, "your regret for a young girl, your betrothal for a single day, your companion in an idle dream; but I have to mourn my murdered father, my brother condemned to penal servitude."

"I could wish you less strong, Sabine," said Benedict; "for then you might feel the need of consolation."

"The consolation which I crave cannot come from men," said she. "I expect it from God alone."

"Cruel child!" said Benedict; "but if that suffices for you, my heart has need of human sympathy."

"Be then my brother," said Sabine; "my brother like Sulpice and Xavier."

"And you will marry some one else?" said he.

"I will never marry," said she, extending her hand to him as she spoke.

"No!" said he; "I reject so false a friendship—a worthless sentiment which in no way responds to my aspirations, or the hope of my life. I accept my sentence; it is banishment; so be it! Perhaps at some future time I may find the key to the enigma which just now I cannot understand."

"Good-by," said she, rising.

As she turned away, she repeated in a lower voice,

"Good-by forever."

As she was leaving the room the Abbe Sulpice entered. At one glance he saw what had occurred, and Sabine, throwing herself into his arms, murmured,

"I told an untruth, but it was to save him."

The young priest spoke in a tone of authority and even severity.

"You have done wrong," he said, "Sabine, very wrong. You do not know what harm you may have done to a man so noble, brave, and generous."

Sabine paid no heed to his words. For once she disregarded the advice of her brother. She only whispered, "Consoilez-moi, consolez-moi!" and so saying hurried away.

Sulpice went straight to Benedict.

"Brother," said he, "for you will remain my brother, try to be brave. Summon all your strength and manhood. Who can tell whether Sabine may not—"

"Do not speak of her!" cried Benedict. "Her coldness and cruelty were the best proofs of what she said. In consenting to become my wife, she acted in obedience to her father's wishes. Thank you, Sulpice; thank you. I will come sometimes that we may talk over the time when I believed she would be a link between me and Good by. I am only a man, and I must be alone to think it all over."

He wrung Sulpice's hand, and hurried away. When he returned to his studio he felt as if it were a grave. The room, furnished with such exquisite taste, the sanctuary of art which he had arranged with so much care and patience, that he might one day receive Sabine there, seemed now to him like a temple shorn of its holy images. His own works, which he had hoped she would have admired, seemed unworthy of any praise. He who had hitherto been so confident began suddenly to doubt of his own life and his own merit. He asked himself if he had not been a presumptuous fool to spend his youth at such arduous toil, which had led to so cruel a disenchantment.

He did not unite his weary soul with that of Christ, forsaken and suffering. His happiness, so suddenly overclouded, seemed to have carried away his faith in the universal shipwreck.

"Ah!" said he, in an outburst of self-pity and scorn, "my friends were right enough when they laughed at my wisdom, sneered at my cold statues, declaring that inspiration was not to be found where I persisted in seeking it. I wanted only Sabine, forsaken by the world, disgraced by her brother's sentence; but she has scorned and rejected me! At first I thought she would be my ruin, but, perhaps, in reality, she has saved me. I am free at last. I am young. I have talent. During all my twenty-five years of life I have never drunk of the cup of pleasure. In it I shall now find forgetfulness."

Suddenly he broke down, hid his face in his hands, and sobbed aloud.

CHAPTER XII.

AN ARTIST SUPPER.

The war which France, with the greatest imprudence, had just declared against Prussia occupied every mind. Yet so great was the confidence in her own arms that no one doubted of ultimate success. Any one who expressed the least anxiety as to her glory would have been deemed wanting in patriotism. The war was regarded in the light of a brilliant military campaign, to end by an entrance into the hostile capital. There was no question of obstacles to be surmounted on the way thither, of elusive hopes, still less of defeat. At the moment of departure, the triumphant return was already hailed.

The Exposition of May, 1870, in spite of military and political movements, the rise and depression of stocks, and the excitement of the war was followed with remarkable interest. The art critics pursued their role with a strong reinforcement of sounding phrases, much more interested in showing their skill as writers than in the progress of art, or in that of the painter or sculptor who served as the theme for their brilliant essays.

Still all the papers were unanimous in their praise of the work exhibited by Benedict Fongerals. It was not a work to attract the multitude, nor draw around it the admirers of the realistic school, but it was of such solid merit, and gave evidence of workmanship so scientific, that no one disputed its claim.

Benedict's group represented Religion trampling idols under foot; not idols of bronze, wood, or gold, which are called now, but living idols, to which every one offers sacrifice; Wealth, Pleasure, Glory.

It was a grand and lofty idea, broad in its conception, sober in execution.

In it the artist had followed the traditions of the masters. The lines were severe, yet not stiff, the draperies supple and falling in graceful folds, while scrupulous regard to anatomy was proof of long and patient study. The subject gave Benedict scope for great variety of form, expression, attitude. The love of gold was represented by an old decrepit man, whose skin hung loose and shriveled upon his bones, and who held in his arms sacks of gold; whilst with one hand he clutched a purse. This figure, by its perfect workmanship, defied criticism.

Pressure, under the form of a woman, had

just thrown aside an empty cup, and was unstringing a necklace of precious stones. The expression of weariness and disgust upon the beautiful face, the drooping attitude, the draperies of the figure disordered by the sleep that follows drunkenness, proved the versatility of Benedict's chisel.

Glory was represented by a king, crowned and encompassed by crowns, trampling under foot the sceptres of other kings whom he had vanquished, and by the figure of a young man whose face bore the seal of inspiration, but whose lyre was suddenly and prematurely broken by death.

To complete the base of the group were sheaves of arms, vases of flowers, arranged artistically, so as to throw their branches over the pedestal, preventing the too sudden transition from Carrara of which the group was composed to the black marble of the pedestal. Standing with one foot upon the reclining figure of the woman, her hand outstretched towards the old man, as if condemning him to the torture of unquenched desire, was Religion, her beautiful face raised to heaven as she displayed aloft the victorious Cross. It was a grand, pure face, the figure, somewhat larger than life, combining angelic sweetness with majesty.

This work showed the artist's real power, and as once placed Benedict in the rank of those from whom much was to be expected. Benedict had been very happy while engaged upon this conception. Often did he exclaim, as he stepped back to contemplate an effect, "Sabine will be pleased!" For he dedicated to her his work, into which a portion of his soul as well as his genius had passed. He had counted upon the profits of this group as a little capital upon which to begin housekeeping. He hoped that the Government would purchase the group. To-day it had brought him fame; to-morrow it would bring fortune—not the fortune which most men covet, as a means of indulging in dangerous pleasures or wild dissipation which are equally enervating to genius, but wealth which, enjoyed sparingly and in moderation, brings with it repose. What greater happiness could there be than to behold Sabine happy in these peaceful surroundings, and to feel that this happiness was not purchased by yielding to subversive ideas, by worshipping gold for its own sake, or by servile homage paid to the degraded or frivolous taste of the multitude?

There was something great in having won a place among real artists, without being guilty of flattery, servility, or meanness. For who is totally exempt from meanness that is determined to succeed at any cost? Ah! it was in that hour of compensation for his laborious youth, that hour when success and happiness together smiled upon him, that sorrow had seized him as he prey, and rent his heart! She to whom his heart had so completely gone out, who had been his sole joy, now withdrew her hand cruelly from his, and declared that she had placed it there only in obedience to her father's will.

For three days Benedict remained shut up in his studio, as one suddenly stricken down. He no longer worked nor even thought, for his thoughts ever strayed back to the young girl who had so coldly rejected him. Sometimes he tried to persuade himself that she had acted thus through a motive of self-sacrifice, and that she really suffered as much as he did from the separation which she believed was rendered inevitable by Xavier's condemnation.

He reminded himself how she had smiled upon him on the evening of their betrothal, and the innocent joy which had lit up her face. He heard again her clear, pure voice singing the hymn from Haydn; he found once more the woman whom he had once loved, cherished, venerated, and his heart beat high with joy. But hope was succeeded by profound despondency. Sulpice had said nothing to comfort him or give him hope. Did he, too, believe that his sister had never loved him? So the artist dared admit to everyone, and remained deaf and soul absorbed in his sorrow. His strength failed with his hope. He who but the previous day had been ready for the accomplishment of great and noble work, felt himself suddenly incapable of anything. It seemed to him that his ambition had died with his happiness. Glory, the eagle flight of which his eyes had followed, now fell earthward with broken wings, and Benedict asked himself if the artist could survive the man's despair.

The statues in his studio remained in their covers of green serge; the clay grew hard in the tubs; the stools, upon which stood busts or statues just commenced, were strewn with fragments of dried earth. That room, so lately full of hope, life, strength and industry, became, as it were, a sealed sepulchre, which Benedict did not care to reopen. At times he almost wished that death would seize him in his promising youth, and that the group he had sculptured might be his monument.

About a week after his interview with Sabine a large document, bearing the ministerial seal, was handed to him. He opened it absently. But in reading the enclosure his face changed and brightened. The minister informed him that the government desired to purchase his group, and asked his price; adding that, to encourage an artist who already gave promise of so brilliant a future, it had resolved to make an important work to him. This was to be a group representing the discomfiture of a monumental fountain.

"Aya!" said Benedict, bitterly, "so it is; success, wealth, fame, when I have no one to whom I can offer them, when they are worthless."

He threw the letter aside, and resumed his gloomy train of thought. Presently he heard the bell. For a week past Beppo, his little Italian servant, who swept the studio, and served as model for Lazzaroni and Pifferari, and players on the *zampogna*, had orders to admit no one, saying that his master was unwell and unable to receive them. They usually left a card, promising to come again. But on this occasion the visitor was obstinate; he raised his voice threateningly, he even maltreated Beppo, who went so far as to place himself before the studio door in an attitude of defiance. The visitor took Beppo by the collar, threw him aside like a rubber ball, opened the door, and rushed in to Benedict.

"You are in to me," he cried, seizing the artist by both hands.

"Lionel!" cried Benedict. Then he added dejectedly, "But I am not myself."

"I know all about it," said the artist; "blighted affection, broken ties, illusions dispelled. You will get over all that. The trials of life come thick and fast upon us, but we must not sink under them. I expected this. Xavier Pomereul's trial put an end to all your plans. Of course you could not marry a girl whose brother was condemned to the galleys."

"You are mistaken, Lionel," said Benedict. "In my eyes Sabine was free from the slightest stain. I believe in Xavier's innocence, and I wanted his sister for my wife."

"Still more after such an affliction?"

"That is heroic," said Lionel, "but foolish."

"Ah, but Sabine refused to marry me,"

"By Jupiter!" said Lionel, "I call her a noble girl!"

"But she broke her solemn promise."

"Mile. Pomereul had promised to make you happy, but not to ruin you."

"She has succeeded in that by her cruel refusal. I worked for Sabine; my fame, if I may call it so, is her doing. With her, I could do anything; without her, I am fit for nothing."

"Oh, come, now," said Lionel, "you think so, but it is not the case."

"It is as true as my sorrow."

"Of course, but your sorrow will gradually grow less and less."

"I will never forget Sabine."

"Admitted. But neither can you ever forget art, which is the source of sublime pleasure. You will not forget sculpture, because it will be your support and consolation. You will find other Sabines in life, but you can never replace the art to which you have consecrated yourself."

As he spoke Lionel caught sight of the ministerial document with its red seal.

"That savors of the Minister of Fine Arts," he said.

"Read it," said Benedict, offering him the letter.

"Well," said the other, when he had finished reading, "you must ask thirty thousand francs for your group; it is worth more, but government invariably says it is not rich, and we must take its good will for the deed. The price being moderate, you may consider the purchase made. So you have thirty thousand francs in advance for the expenses of the fountain which is ordered."

"But I will not do the fountain."

"Now, there you are again with your notions. You will refuse government work?"

"Government work of that sort, at all events."

"Of that sort? What do you mean? The choice of a subject seems to me remarkable good for such a purpose. Have you a pencil here?"

As he spoke, he took a sheet of paper and a pencil, and began to sketch.

"A mass of rock will form the base. Hylas, who comes to slake his thirst at the fountain, will be upon one of them, bending towards the crystal wave, as a post would say. Below, a nymph, carelessly reclining upon the golden sands of the fountain, seizes Hylas by the hand, gently drawing him downwards. Another kneels eager and trembling, gazing upon their prey, whilst a third glides about among the leaves and sedges, regarding the scene curiously, and waiting for the fall of Hylas, who is hastening to his death."

Lionel held out the paper upon which he had sketched the scene to Benedict.

"It is very natural," said Benedict, "but I am not in the least tempted to accept it."

"Why?"

"For a reason."

"An artist should never have any reason for refusing a government order."

"You are wrong there," said Benedict; "he must not according to his convictions."

"But what has Hylas and the Nymphs to do with politics?"

"With politics? Nothing; but with my conscience."

"On my word, I am in the dark," said Lionel.

"Do you remember my group?"

"It made stir enough not to be easily forgotten," said Lionel. "The illustration reproduced it; Cham made a caricature of it; nothing was wanting."

"Then you must see that I cannot be inconsistent."

"But I do not understand."

"It was brought up by a good man, M. Pomereul; taught by a saintly one, the Abbe Sulpice; betrothed to the purest and most innocent girl I have ever seen and admired. My studies, my laborious life, the atmosphere which I breathed, heart and soul, was totally apart from the usual ideas and habits of artists. My work was in accordance with my life. I admire the talents of such men as Pradier, Carpeaux, and Carrier-Belleuse, but I regret that it is wasted in producing dangerous if not indecent figures. I have sworn to pay homage to art by never executing, whatever the temptation, a figure at which any woman might blush. My studio is a sanctuary, not a harem."

"Then you are still thinking of marrying Sabine?" said Lionel.

"Why, because I did not marry her, am I to change all my plans?" said Benedict.

"You might modify them," said Lionel. "The beautiful must be always the beautiful," said Benedict.

"But the beautiful, like Hindoo gods," said Lionel, "may have a multiplicity of forms. Beauty lies not only in beauty, but in form. I admit that the 'Three Graces' of Germain Pilon is admirable, but none the less that of Canova is exquisite."

(To be continued.)

PROVINCIAL LEGISLATURE.

SECOND SESSION—FIFTH PARLIAMENT.

SPEECH FROM THE THRONE.

QUEBEC, JAN. 18.

The second session of the fifth Parliament of Quebec was opened yesterday with the usual formalities.

The Lieut. Governor was received at the main entrance of the building by a guard of honor from "A" Battery, with the battery band, the approaches being lined by city police. His Honor took his seat in the Council Chamber attended by Premier Mousseau wearing the Windsor uniform, and Crown Lands Commissioner Lybch. The military staff included Lieut. Col. Duchesneau, D'Orsonnes, Forsyth, Evrault, Collet, &c. The members of the House of Assembly, headed by their Speaker, Clerks and Sergeant-at-Arms having been summoned to the Bar of the House, His Honor read the following speech in English and French:—

Hon. Gentlemen of the Legislative Council: Gentlemen of the Legislative Assembly:

I am very happy to welcome you to the seat of Government, whither I have called you for the despatch of the business of the Province. I flatter myself with the hope that harmony, good feeling and the strictest regard to justice will not fail to attend your patriotic deliberations.

The British army which has so often covered with glory the flag under which our rights and liberties are fostered, has gained new laurels in Egypt. Let us offer our congratulations to our Gracious Sovereign, through whose wisdom the prestige of England has been increased and a long peace and, withal, its attendant prosperity secured for the Empire.

I am happy to inform you that the consolidation of our statutory laws, which has been confided to able hands, is rapidly progressing, and that a considerable part of the work will shortly be submitted to you. I am also in a position to state that the public will not be disappointed in its expectations of judicial reforms and improvements in our code of procedure; but although these studies are considerably advanced, I think that a hasty solution of the question would deprive this work of its character of stability, and my Government will, during this session, confine itself to suggesting certain amendments for the purpose of shortening the delays of procedure and simplifying its appeals.

A bill will be submitted to you upon the jury system in criminal trials, so as to raise the level of jurors and lessen the expenditure entailed. The proceedings of the Forestry Congress, held in Montreal, in September last, have had the effect, to a marked degree, of attracting public attention to the important subject of the preservation and re-wooding of our forests. My Government is engaged in studying the most efficient means of attaining this end, and a bill will be submitted to you for the purpose of putting a stop to the destruction of our woods and forests, without decreasing the public revenue.

Our mining resources are being rapidly developed, and it is the intention of my Government to encourage and stimulate private enterprise, by placing at the disposal of the public the most complete information as to the existence and the nature of the mineral deposits which contain the immense undeveloped wealth, and by taking steps to render explorations as inexpensive as possible for private individuals. Foreign capitalists are taking more and more interest in the resources of the Province of Quebec, and particularly in our phosphates of the Ottawa Valley. In order the more readily to establish their quality and extent, my Government is now having a careful examination made of that territory. It will always give its greatest assistance to the foreign or local companies which are already established and to those which are being formed, and they will assist us with their special knowledge and their experience in these various branches of industry.

My Government has reason to hope that these new enterprises will give a great impetus to agriculture and colonization. The more thorough encouragement of these great sources of public prosperity has already occupied its attention, and it will acquaint you with the new measures it has taken, the more easily to open up to the energy of the settler the lands in our public domain.

Gentlemen of the Legislative Assembly:

The Public Accounts for the past fiscal year and the estimates of expenditure for the coming one will be submitted to you. You will be pleased to notice, by the last Public Accounts, that, owing to the payment by the City of Montreal of its debt to the Municipal Loan Fund, the operations of the past fiscal year showed a considerable surplus. The Commissioner entrusted with the settlement of the Municipal Loan Funds is working energetically in the matter and my Government has reason to hope that the receipts from this source for the current year will exceed the amount estimated.

The preparation of the estimates for the coming fiscal year has been based upon the strictest economy, consistent with the efficiency of the public service. My Government will use every possible effort to establish an equilibrium between the receipts and the expenses chargeable to the Consolidated Revenue, by a careful administration of the revenues of the Province and a strict supervision over its expenditure. For that purpose a Bill will be submitted to you detailing the position and powers of the Provincial Auditor in representative that the people through its representatives may absolutely control the expenditure.

A Bill will also be submitted to you to facilitate the payment of moneys due the Province for the custody of prisoners and the insane as well as of the sums due the Building and Jury Fund.

During the recess the settlement of the accounts between the Provinces of Ontario and Quebec and the Dominion has been advanced. Statements are now being prepared on the basis adopted during the negotiations, and there is every reason to believe that you will shortly be informed that these accounts have been satisfactorily settled.

It would be desirable that the final adjustment of the Common School Fund should be effected at the same time as that of the other accounts, and active negotiations are now in progress between the Government of the Province of Ontario and my Government on this subject. A bill to authorize such an agreement will be submitted to you.

Gentlemen of the Legislative Council: Gentlemen of the Legislative Assembly:

The pension system, which enables the Government to provide in an equitable manner for the support of aged and sick officers and employees in the public service, has so promoted the efficiency thereof that my Government deems it advisable to extend it to the outside civil service. A bill will be submitted to you for grant pensions to certain officers connected with the administration of justice and to certain others.

I have authorized the appointment of a Commission charged with the duty of making

LEGISLATIVE ASSEMBLY.

The Speaker reported that since last session vacant seats had occurred in the seats for Terrebonne, Beauce, Two Mountains, Beauport, Jacques Cartier, Laval and Vaudreuil, and that new elections and returns for the same had taken place. He also reported the judgments of the election courts in the Two Mountains, Kamouraska, Nicolet and Montmagny cases, the issue of new writs for Kamouraska and Nicolet, and the correction of the original return for Montmagny, in accordance with the ruling of the Court. Mr. Barnatchek, member for Montmagny, accordingly took his seat, without the usual introductions, on the Opposition benches, alongside Mr. McShane, which the Opposition applauded. The new members elected were then introduced.

The Speaker having reported the speech from the throne, Hon. Mr. Mousseau moved to consider it to-morrow.

Mr. Joly said, if he was not mistaken, some slight changes had taken place in the personnel of the Government since last session.

Mr. Mousseau promised that explanations would be given to-morrow, and the motion passed.

The Premier then offered the usual formal motions respecting the house printing, and against bribery and corruption. Upon the latter

Some discussion on unimportant matters followed, after which the House adjourned.

ROUGH ON RATS

Cleats out rats, mice, roaches, flies, ants, bed-bugs, skunks, chipmunks, gophers. 15c. Druggists.

THE LONGEST BRIDGE

China possesses the longest bridge in the world. It is at Langang, over an arm of the China sea, and is five miles long, built entirely of stone, 70 feet high, with an roadway 70 feet wide, and is 30 arches. The parapet is a balustrade, and each of the pillars, which are 75 feet apart, supports a pedestal on which is placed a lion, 2 feet long, made of one block of marble.

It is rumored that the Porte has ordered Aleko Pacha, Governor of Eastern Roumelia, to apologise to Krebel, the Russian Consul-General, and Aleko has refused.

The shocks of earthquake which occurred in the town of Archons on Thursday last were also felt in Fortuna, Tula, Bloote and other towns in the Province of Murcia, Spain.

An antiquarian society existed in England as early as 1572. It was founded by Archbishop Parker of Canterbury, and had especially in view the preservation of the ancient monuments which the dissolution of the monasteries had imperilled. In this it certainly was very unsuccessful. Some of the society's papers have been published. It was dissolved by James I. in 1604.

According to the *Medical Times and Gazette* there has been an alarming increase of drunkenness in Wales since the Sunday Closing Act went into operation. It appears to be caused by a habit among the people of drinking on Saturday nights, after the public houses have closed, the entire stock of beer which they had previously stored at home for Sunday.

The annual meeting of the ladies of St. Patrick's Orphan Asylum, Ottawa, was held on Tuesday. The following officers were elected:—President, Mrs. Friel; Vice-President, Mrs. L. Whelan; and Vice-President, Mrs. Wm. Kehoe; Secretary, Miss Keenan; Treasurer, Sister Martha.

KIDNEY WORT

IS A SURE CURE

for all diseases of the Kidneys and LIVER.

It has specific action on the most important organ, enabling it to throw off torpidity and inflammation, stimulating the healthy secretion of the Bile, and by keeping the bowels in free condition, effecting its regular discharge.

Maluria. If you are suffering from maluria, dysuria, or constipation, Kidney Wort will surely relieve and quickly cure. In the Spring to cleanse the system, every one should take a thorough course of it.

It is SOLD BY DRUGGISTS. Price 5c.