

## "THE FAVORITE"

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## THE FAVORITE

SATURDAY, JUNE 27, 1874.

## NOTICE.

We regret to inform our subscribers that owing to the lack of support extended by the general public to THE FAVORITE, it has been decided to discontinue the publication of this journal. The management has determined upon this step after making every endeavor to win the favor of Canadian readers, but unsuccessfully. The demand for Canadian productions of the stamp of THE FAVORITE is so small that it seems to be a hopeless and a thankless task to struggle against the immense circulation throughout the Dominion of popular periodicals from the United States. As the present number closes the half yearly volume, it has been deemed inadvisable to commence another volume, and accordingly it is only left for us to take leave of our subscribers and to thank them for the support they have unwaveringly given us.

Subscribers whose term of subscription has not yet expired will receive the CANADIAN ILLUSTRATED NEWS in the place of THE FAVORITE; and we trust that many of these will eventually be induced to become permanent subscribers to the NEWS.

## THE DEVELOPMENT OF CHARACTER.

In the gradual development of a bud into a beautiful and full-grown flower, there is something that invites our deepest admiration. But there is a development surpassing this in beauty and grandness—the development of human character. What object more worthy of our contemplation than that of a human soul passing through each successive stage of its existence, the rapid cultivation of our intellect, and the bringing out of that which God has endowed us with? We are born with the germ of character within us; and as our bodies develop themselves, so do our characters. Some traits of character necessarily unfold themselves with our growth; others need to be stimulated and excited into growth by some particular influence. The man of genius has that within him which is to stamp him as such. The great general has the foundation of generalship born with him; all that is needed is some power of influence to develop it. Let us illustrate our meaning.

Dante, slowly crystallizing the singular force and tenderness of his genius in a fabric of immortal verse, is a vision upon which we gaze with emotion. That wonderful genius which we all love and reverently worship, was born within him; but we think it would have lain dormant for ever had his eyes never rested on beautiful Beatrice. Her image within his heart developed his character as a great poet. Through his *Divina Commedia*, and other poems, we see his soul undulating under the powerful influence. She was the golden key that unlocked the flood-gates of his soul, and allowed rivers of poetical thought to flow forth and gush through millions of human hearts.

John Bunyan, the tinker, unlearned, uneducated, wandering through the streets of London, imagining himself pursued by the devil, and

sinking under the remorse of his sin, never had his true character developed until the image of Jesus, as his Saviour, burst upon him. Then it was that a transformation scene of heaven, and the pilgrim's progress through life, flashed before his mental vision, and he was then reflected upon paper. As the result of this, we have the "Pilgrim's Progress," a work that has touched many hearts, and done more to encourage the Christian in his pilgrimage to the grave, than any book ever written. Had the soul of John Bunyan never felt the powers of Jesus' love, he would not to-day be characterized as the greatest allegorist that ever lived.

Had Demosthenes lived under any other government than that of Greece, and in any other city than the grand old city of Athens, his eloquence would not have sounded through so many centuries. In that city, where many of his great fathers slumbered in death, he had influences operating upon his soul which fired it with eloquence. The teachings of Plato developed in a measure his character, but it was Athens in the past, with all its grandeur and great men; Athens in the future, with all its glory; Athens as he felt it, in twice being rebuked by its people, appearing before them as an orator, that consummated their teachings, and brought forth the powers of eloquence within him. The oratory of Demosthenes, in any other place than this city of culture, refinement, and education, would have been mute.

Had Milton's sight not been taken from him, we can scarcely believe that he would have caught such glorious glimpses of heaven and hell, and given us a book that has made him immortal. His natural sight obliterated, he communed with his own great soul; and, with spiritual vision, he gazed through earth's drapery into the city of God, and gave us "Paradise Lost."

The death, or deception, of the maiden he loved in his youthful hours, solitude and deafness, developed the musical character of Beethoven. Wrapped in deep solitude, shut out from the noise and fret of life, sad and lonely, deaf and poverty-stricken, his noble soul communed with Nature and its God, and his spiritual ear caught the music of heaven, and he converted it into music that will echo through ages upon ages, thrilling millions of souls by its mysterious power, elevating them above the earth, and drawing them unto heaven.

The immortal Harvey, acting upon an impression that his great mind received from the teachings of Bacon, left the corpse, and performed a vivisection upon a dog, and blood, crimson blood, gushed forth from vessels, the function of which had puzzled the medical profession for generations. Then it was that the grandest discovery of medical science dawned upon the seventeenth century—the circulation of the blood.

There is a monotony in tanning leather that would never have developed the genius of Grant. The tocsin of war is sounded, and he is in arms. As we see him on the dread field of Gettysburg, his character is slowly unravelled, and as we catch glimpses of him at the head of his solid columns in the wilderness, it is further developed and before Richmond it reaches the consummation, until, at the surrender of Lee, Grant stands before us in the character of one of earth's greatest generals. Had he remained at Galena, the powers that he possessed would have remained latent within him, and he would have passed away in obscurity.

There are men floating about upon society, living at ease and in affluence, with no object in life, a dishonor to themselves and humanity. Their time is spent in feasting, drinking, and debauchery, developing their worst character, and leaving undeveloped every worthy attribute. At last, misfortune overtakes them; poverty touches them with her ragged garments, and suddenly life assumes a new aspect. Latent powers are called forth. Hunger and cold, perhaps, stare them in the face, and they are obliged to work. Now their character begins to develop itself; and with a purpose in life they rise above their parasitic condition, and prove themselves what Providence intended they should be—men. Poverty and want have electrified the nerve cells of their inactive brain, and a power and force is generated that is felt wherever exerted.

These illustrations, and thousands of others that we might enumerate, are facts tending to establish the principle which we wish to develop—that human character is ever growing, developing itself, receiving nourishment and stimulant from without; that particular traits of character, traits that distinguish one man from another, are brought out by some particular influence. The thoughtless and fickle character, receiving impressions of sorrow and misfortune, is subdued; and the more serious and meditative character is developed, and grows into the image of its Creator. At times it may be but a trifle that reverses the wheels of the soul, and develops a character that rises higher and higher above its fellow, reaching unto heaven, and, at last, resting upon the highest pinnacle of eminence that is possible for man to attain.

## SWEETMEATS.

It ought to be known that pies, pastries, puddings, and sweet cakes of every description, if well made, and sugar candies, if pure, are not only not injurious to the health, but promote digestion, and thus give increased nutriment to the system.

Every child ever born luxuriates in sweet things. Perhaps no reader can point out a person who does not delight in sweets, unless there is some disease in the system. Let us reason about it. Medical men know that if babies were prevented from having sweets in their food they would die in a very short time. It is the sweet of their food that keeps them warm. The belief is almost universal that sugar and sweetmeats injure the teeth. If you put a spoonful of sugar in a cup of tea it disappears—it is entirely dissolved; if it is eaten it is dissolved with the saliva, and is passed into the stomach in a minute or two; nothing whatever is left in the mouth, or about the teeth, or between the teeth. There is not even the taste of sweetness on the tongue or teeth five minutes after being taken into the mouth; it is all in a dissolved state in the stomach, a foot or two away.

There is no vegetable or fruit which does not contain sugar. A loaf of wheat bread is healthful if sugar is added to it; it is then much more nutritious, and if the Creator has combined the element of sweetness in all that grows out of the earth suitable for human food, it must be because the element of sweetness is necessary to the wants of the system.

Adams and Liebig, the most able analyzers of human food, have investigated the subject closely and faithfully in its chemical relations, and have arrived at the fact that whatever of sweetness there is in our food makes it the more nutritious, and that food somewhat difficult of digestion is made more digestible by sweetness; and no doubt it was this observed fact, without knowing the reason of it, which has led to the almost universal practice in civilized life of having something sweet after the principal meal of the day, in the form of desserts, all of which are sweetened. It has also been found that all nuts added to the table have an oil, which also promotes digestion. The only way in which sweet desserts can injure is in connection with their not being properly prepared or being used too freely. We should look at things in the light of reason, of facts, and a sound judgment.

## HOW TO FIND OUT WHOM ANY GIVEN PERSON WILL MARRY.

It don't require an astrologer, a medium, or a gipsy with a dirty pack of cards.

It is very simple—lies in a nutshell, and can be expressed in a few words.

They are these:

The last person you would naturally think of. If a girl expresses her fondness for majestic men with large whiskers, make up your mind that she will marry a very small man with none.

If she declares that "mind" is all she looks for, expect to see her stand before the altar with a pretty fellow who has just sense enough to tie a cravat bow.

If, on the contrary, she declares that she must have a handsome husband, look about you for the plainest person in the circle of her acquaintance, and declare "that is the man," for it will be.

Men are almost as bad.

The gentleman who desires a wife with a mind and a mission, marries a hisping baby who screams at the sight of a mouse, and hides her face when she hears a sudden knock at the door.

And the gentleman who dreaded anything like strong-mindedness, exults in the fact that his wife is exactly everything he had declared he detested.

If a girl says of one, "Marry him! I'd rather die," look upon the affair as settled, and expect cards to the wedding of those two people.

If a man remarks of a lady—"Not my style at all," await patiently the appearance of his name in the matrimonial column in connection with that very lady's.

And if any two people declare themselves "friends and nothing more," you may know what will come next.

There is no hypocrisy in all this, and such matches are invariably the happiest.

People do not know themselves, and make great mistakes about their own intentions.

Love is terribly perplexing when he first begins to upset one's theories, and when his arrow first pierces the heart, there is such a fluttering there that it is hard to guess the cause.

Besides, man proposes and God disposes, and it is the "I don't know what" with which people fall in love, and not those peculiarities which could be given in a passport.

## PAT AND THE BEES.

In Charles Lever's delightful *O'Donoghue* there occurs a remarkably rich passage illustrating the relations subsisting between an improving English landlord and an untutored tenant. The scene is on the lawn of the O'Donoghue's castle in Kerry. The tenants have assembled to meet the worthy English baronet who has purchased the property, and who with his agent standing in the parlour window watches eagerly for some result of the many "improvements" which at great cost he has endeavored to introduce to the wild and untutored peasants of the district. The agent presents the tenants to the worthy innovator, who inquires into the condition of the grumbling and dissatis-

fied recipients of his favors. At length, on a tenant presenting himself whom the agent fails to recognize, the baronet turns to the figure before him, which, with face and head swollen out of all proportion, and showing distorted features and fiery eyes through the folds of a cotton handkerchief, awaits his address in sullen silence. "Who are you my good man? What has happened to you?" "Faix, 'an it's well ye may ax; me own mother wouldn't know me this blessed morning; 'tis all your own doin' entirely." "My doing!" replies the astonished baronet. "What can I have to do with the state you are in, my good man?" "Yes, it is your doin'," answers the enraged proprietor of the swollen head; "'tis all your doin', and well ye may be proud of it. 'Twas thim blessed bees you gev me. We brought the divils into the house last night, an' where did we put them but in the pig's corner. Well, after Katty, an' the childer an' myself was a while in bid, the pig goes rootin' about the house, and he wasn't aisy till he hooked his nose into the hive, and split the bees out about the fire; and thin whin I got out of bid to let out the pig that was a-roarin' through the house, the bees sittled down on me, an' began stingin' me, an' I jumped into bid again wid the whole of thim after me into Katty and the childer; an' thin, what wid the bees a-buzzin' an' a-stingin' us under the clothes, out we all jumped agin, an' the divil such a night was ever spint in Ireland as we spint last night. What wid Katty and the childer a-roarin' an' a-ballin', an' the pig tarin' up an' down like mad, an' Katty with the beam, an' myself wid the fryin'-pan flattenin the bees agin the wall till mornin', and thin the sight we wor in the mornin'—begor it's ashamed of yerself ye cught to be!"

## OUR ILLUSTRATION.

## "MEDITATION."

The main interest of the works by M. P. A. Cot, the painter of this picture, is usually to be found rather in the treatment than in the subject. Complaint is often made of the uninventiveness of English painters; but the charge may be as fairly brought against a large class of French genre painters. There is, however, this distinction between the practice of the two schools: an English painter is apt to treat a slender theme in a slight and careless manner; whilst in the works of foreign artists the pains expended on the execution is often in inverse proportion to the weight, significance, or originality of the thought or idea that has to be conveyed. With these foreign artists it matters little what is selected for depiction, and the sole test of success is the greater or less perfection with which the object selected is represented. M. Cot aims in his works at perfect finish and absolute completion, to the exclusion even of all freedom of touch. The consequence is that his works, though marvels of minute elaboration, have a rather mechanical and enamelled excess of polish. It must not be supposed, however, that works of this class are devoid of suggestiveness. On the contrary, they often have, in their simple directness, an intense expressiveness which arrests the attention and dwells in the memory. In the pensive face before us, so ably foreshortened, with the eyes set in wistful reverie, the reader's imagination may, perhaps, be tempted to follow the wanderings of, as Shakespeare has it, addressing his Virgin Queen, a "maiden's meditation, fancy free"—wanderings as romantic, it may be, as those of Spencer's Una.

## NEWS NOTES.

Hon. Mr. Dorion has been appointed Chief Justice of Quebec.

Their Excellencies the Governor General and the Countess of Dufferin, with their family, arrived at Quebec last Saturday. They purpose spending four or five days there, and then proceeding to their summer villa at Tadoussac.

The House of Commons, by a vote of 161 against 126 adopted the proposition of Government that public-houses in London shall be kept open on week days from 7 o'clock in the morning until 12:30 at night. The House also, by a vote of 382 against 42, approved of the Government's proposal that such houses shall be open on the same days in towns having over 2,500 population, from 7 a.m., to 11 p.m., and in towns with a less number of people from 6 a.m., to 10 p.m. Mr. Disraeli said he would take occasion to correct the misapprehension that this would be a short session. Bills of extra importance were to be presented to Parliament. They would be introduced at an early day, and if members frittered away time, the session, instead of being short, would be unusually long.

Communists in London will tender a complimentary banquet to Rochefort on his arrival in England.

A letter from Levuka, Fiji Islands, states that on the 22nd March the King abdicated his throne and ceded the Islands to Great Britain and that a British Commission were then arranging a form of Government for the new acquisition to the English throne.