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Illustrated News

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THE CAT-O-NINE-TAILS REVIVED.

FLOGGING OF CALABRIA, IN THE MONTREAL GAOL, ON THE 25TH OCT.

THE BURLAND-DESBARATS LITHOGRAPHIC AND PUBLISHING COMPANY issue the following periodicals, to all of which subscriptions are payable in advance:—THE CANADIAN ILLUSTRATED NEWS, \$4.00 per annum; THE CANADIAN PATENT OFFICE RECORD AND MECHANICS' MAGAZINE, \$2.00 per annum; L'OPINION PUBLIQUE, \$3.00 per annum.

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CANADIAN ILLUSTRATED NEWS.

Montreal, Saturday, Nov. 6th, 1875.

THE NEW LOAN.

The success of the new loan of two and a half millions sterling, or in round numbers fifteen million dollars, which the Canadian Minister of Finance, MR. CARTWRIGHT, has just personally placed on the London market, is a matter of very great importance for this country, in several aspects. Three fifths of the amount are guaranteed by the Imperial Government in pursuance of the arrangement made by the Ministry of Sir JOHN MACDONALD; and two fifths are presented on the credit of Canada alone. The interest on the whole is 4 per cent. The bids for the loan were many times the amount asked for. And the lowest allotment will be at £38. 15s. Of course the Imperial guarantee was a very important element in securing bids, so many and so favorable. But apart from this the credit of Canada *per se* must have stood high to obtain such a result.

MR. MACKENZIE'S Ministry must have credit for bringing on this operation at this time. Apart from its own success it is impossible to import fifteen millions of dollars in money into this country at the present juncture without a very marked effect on the commercial depression which has prevailed for some months past. It must make money easier. The signs were that it was becoming so. It was in fact impossible that the moving of the bounteous harvest, with which the country has been favoured by Providence, could produce any other result, notwithstanding the depression which still attends that important branch, the lumber trade. One beneficial effect will be found in the general confidence that must be inspired by the knowledge that so large a sum as fifteen millions is coming in. To this it may be added that there are many signs of commercial revival from the long depression since 1873 in the United States, the longest ever known in that country, and it is impossible that a revival can take place there, without its beneficial effects being felt here.

The new loan may further be accepted as a sign that the Government of MR. MACKENZIE intends to continue that policy of improvement and construction of public works to which it is committed; and from this it is not unreasonable to expect many signs of prosperity. We may, therefore, look with heart of hope to this future.

PATRONS OF HUSBANDRY.

The Dominion Grange of the Patrons of Husbandry held its annual meeting last week in Toronto. There were present representatives of all the Division Granges in the Dominion. The total attendance consisted of forty-one delegates from Dominion Granges, eleven officers of the Dominion Grange and about fifty members of Subordinate Granges. The inaugural address was delivered by the Worthy Master S. W. HILL. He pronounced the Dominion Grange a moral, numerical and financial success. At the last meeting they

counted only forty-five Subordinate Granges within their jurisdiction. At present they have two hundred and forty-seven Subordinate Granges, twenty-two Division Granges, with a manifest increase of interest among the farmers throughout the country. Beside the original Granges in Ontario and Quebec, several have recently been established in Nova-Scotia and New Brunswick, and the four principal Provinces of the Dominion have been enlisted in the cause. This rapid increment is certainly an event of importance and invests the movement with a purport and an influence which it certainly did not possess only two years ago. Another peculiar feature about the increase is the quiet, unostentatious way in which it has been accomplished, without almost any notice from the press, and totally unperceived by other than the interested class. In these facts the Worthy Master has unquestionable grounds for congratulation. The next step in advance which the Dominion Grange will be called upon to take will be recognition by the National Grange of the United States, which is very naturally looked upon as the parent institution. Of course there will no be trouble in effecting this recognition and, next year, we may expect to hear not only that it has been consummated, but that important results will have flowed from it. So far, the Dominion Grange has hardly gone beyond the embryonic state. Its Declaration of Principles, published some months in the columns of the News, together with the portraits of the principal officials, was hardly more than the enunciation of certain good principles of conduct and an exhortation to union among farmers for mutual protection and advancement. It laid down no definite plan of action. It pointed to no combat, for it specified no grievance. But the moment it is affiliated to the National Grange of the United States, it will doubtless adopt a change of tactics and manifest a spirit of activity. Aggressiveness on the part of our Granges we do not anticipate for the present, because their position is not akin to that of the American Patrons. In the Western States Granges were the offspring of a commercial necessity. Farmers had to contend against the tyranny of monopoly. They had to fight the exorbitant rates of consolidated railways. Freights were raised so high that grain could not be transported to the seaboard. Farmers had to leave their wheat to rot for manure, and burn their corn for fuel. At length when they fancied their position unendurable, they formed themselves in a society of retaliation. The movement, like all such movements in the United States, spread with wonderful rapidity and success. All the farmers of the West were enrolled as Patrons of Husbandry, and every State established its Grange or Granges. This society almost immediately became a political power, and still exists as such, with how much benefit or damage to its original cause, we have not the space at present to examine.

In Canada, there are no such exciting reasons to rouse the energies of our farmers. They have no abuse to complain of as directed against themselves either on the part of corporate companies or of the Government. On the contrary, they are rather the pet class of our population throughout the Provinces. There is no reason, however, why they should not band together sometimes for mutual assistance and enlightenment, and take such measures of precaution as may secure them against any attempt at imposition. They may even now, as the WORTHY MASTER intimates, seek for protection of their interest equal to the other interests of the country. In doing so, they will be helping themselves, but we would respectfully warn them, at this initial state of the existence, not to allow themselves to be made the tools of any political party.

WORDS OF CHEER.

We have always taken pleasure in calling attention to the words of wisdom and encouragement which the GOVERNOR-GENERAL has been pleased to utter at differ-

ent times of and to the people of Canada. The remarkable speech delivered by HIS EXCELLENCY before the Toronto Club, last year, was amply reviewed in our columns. The equally notable discourse he made at the banquet recently tendered him by the Canadian Club, in London, was also noticed by us. We are gratified to be enabled to call attention to-day to another address of HIS LORDSHIP, in answer to the hearty congratulations and welcome offered to himself and LADY DUFFERIN, by the Corporation of Ottawa, on their return from England. The city authorities of the Capital spoke not only in their own name, but were the interpreters of the feelings of the whole country. The reply of HIS EXCELLENCY may therefore be regarded as directed to all the people of the Dominion and, as such, we lay the gist of it before our readers.

LORD DUFFERIN stated that it gave him great pleasure to receive the address which was presented on the occasion of his return to Ottawa after an absence in England of several months' duration. Although it would be untrue to assert that he had not derived both pleasure and advantage from his visit to the Old Country, and from the opportunities it afforded him of entering into personal communication with Her Majesty's present Government, he could unaffectedly say that in returning to the capital of the Dominion, the kindness and cordiality of his reception, and the unflinching good-will evinced by the people of Canada towards LADY DUFFERIN and himself, made him feel that he was coming back to a most happy and pleasant home. The MAYOR of Ottawa had been good enough to allude in flattering terms to the few observations which on one or two occasions he had had the opportunity of making before an English audience respecting Canada. However unimportant and casual these observations may have been in themselves, the unexpected attention they received in the Mother Country was an additional proof, if proof were needed, of the growing interest our fellow-citizens across the Atlantic take in all that we are doing here. In this respect a very remarkable change is to be observed during the past few years; in fact, the admirable success which has attended the consolidation of the North American Provinces into a great Dominion, the rapidity with which we are developing our resources, extending our trade and multiplying our fleets, the energetic manner in which Canada is asserting her title as a self-governing community to the respect and observance of her friends and neighbours, has evoked in a most satisfactory manner the pride, and stimulated the sympathies of those who have the right to regard us as one with themselves, as identified with their future destinies, and associated with them in the glorious task of enlarging the confines, maintaining the dignity, and enhancing the prestige of the British Empire. HIS LORDSHIP only trusts that, during the subsequent portion of his Vice Royalty, the experience he has acquired of Canadian affairs, and his more intimate knowledge and appreciation of the abilities and qualities of our public men, may enable him to discharge more effectually than he has hitherto been able to do, the responsible duties attaching to his high office.

These are cheering words, and, coming from so high a source, will meet with a hearty response in the breast of every Canadian. The good-will which LORD DUFFERIN has ever manifested towards Canada is cordially reciprocated, and he may rest assured that he will be loyally supported in the zealous and intelligent endeavors which he will make, not only to further our immediate interests, but also to bind closer the links which attach us to the old Mother Land.

THE STATE OF FRANCE.

A speech from so high an authority and so ardent a patriot as M. THIERS, on the present condition of France, is an event of major importance. The Ex-President of the French Republic was lately received with extreme enthusiasm at Arcachon, and

it was there that he was prevailed upon to deliver a discourse. M. THIERS described the state of France when he assumed power, and his successful efforts for the liberation of the territory. He repudiated the charge that he ever presumed to dictate to a nation twelve centuries old. He merely indicated a situation, and in a Message stated his honest belief that none but a Republican Government was possible. He might have remained in power notwithstanding May 24th, but he resigned at once. It was a great satisfaction to see the very men who regarded him as the obstacle to the Monarchy compelled to establish the Republic themselves. The Republic has been consolidated instead of being crushed, as was intended by the vote of May 24th. It was for France now to conduct herself in a virile manner. The Republic of February 25th, to which he and others had rallied, must be made a reality. The administrative routine must be abandoned, and functionaries who denied the Republic got rid of. Parties should not multiply difficulties lest they should lead to greater calamities than ever, perhaps irreparable. Education should be virile and modern.

M. THIERS then referred to the policy which might be desirable on the approaching expiration of the commercial treaties. The foreign policy of France should be non-intervention. Europe was reasonable, and there was no fear that the Republic would fail to find alliances. He had devoted a great part of his life to eulogising military glory, but was persuaded now that there could be no more such offensive and defensive alliances as in the last century. Nations all felt the necessity of peace. They were all occupied with reforms, except England, which possessed liberty, the germ of all reforms. As to the scarecrow of Radicalism, he believed that the Radicals were not so black as they were painted, and that if in power their acts would belie anticipation. He exhorted his audience never to suffer the principles of 1789 to be impugned.

We learn further that M. THIER'S host, M. DEGANNE, the dismissed mayor of Arcachon, organized games for the amusement of the visitors. There were races on the sands by women in heavy clogs, wearing red flannel trousers instead of petticoats; races by men on the very high stilts of the Landes, and a greasy pole. Many of the houses were decorated with flags, and with the inscription, "THIERS, the Liberator." A band played the "Marseillaise" and the "Chant du Départ," and after sunset there was a *retraite aux flambeaux*.

The Government have considered the request of the Manitoba "better terms" delegates, and have come to a decision on the subject. The expenditure of the Local Government is over one hundred thousand dollars per annum. On examination, the Government are of opinion that this amount should be reduced to \$90,000 by the abolition of the Upper Chamber, the reduction of printing, and the curtailment of other unnecessary expenses. When this retrenchment has been made, and the Government are satisfied of the *bona fides* of the reform, the subsidy will be increased from its present amount to \$90,000, which it is calculated will be ample to meet the properly reduced legislative expenses, and leave good margin for education and public improvements. Financial assistance is entirely dependent on the reduction of the expenses. The debts which, it is alleged, ought rather to be borne by the Dominion than the Province, will be examined by the Hon. Mr. BURPEE, Minister of Customs, and if in his opinion the Dominion Government should accept any of them it will be so recommended. Mr. BURPEE is thoroughly informed upon the subject and is inclined to do justice to the Province while taking care of the Federal interest.

The transfer of the charter of the Montreal, Ottawa, and Western Railway has been completed, and Mr. LEGGE, Chief

Engineer, and Mr. MacDONALD, the contractor, have gone to Quebec to sign the new contract with the Provincial Government. The price is fixed at \$28,000 per mile including steel rails and iron bridges. The original contract with the company was for \$33,000 per mile. The saving arises from the cheapness of labour, the fall in the price of material, and from the fact that the contractors will be paid in cash. This prompt and sagacious action is very creditable to the Provincial Government as insuring the fate of one of our most important lines of railway.

OUR ILLUSTRATIONS.

CHIEF JUSTICE HARRISON.

The biography of this distinguished gentleman will be found in the two columns surrounding his portrait, in another part of this issue.

GUIBORD'S STONE COFFIN.

Our artist has sketched this sarcophagus in the yards of Mr. Reid, the sculptor. There are two stones, each 7½ feet long, 2½ feet wide and 2 feet thick. The stones are both hollowed in the shape of the coffin. One will be laid over the other and both will then be cemented and bolted with powerful iron bars. The whole will weigh in the neighborhood of ten tons, and at least ten horses will be required to draw it. The burial is expected to take place on the 18th November, the anniversary of Guibord's death.

REYKJAVIK, ICELAND.

We have frequently, in late numbers of the CANADIAN ILLUSTRATED NEWS, called attention to the new Icelandic colony to Manitoba. To day we present a view of the capital of Iceland. It is a Bishop's see, the seat of the Icelandic Society and has an observatory and library. Its population is not much above 1,000.

FRANCO-AMERICAN MONUMENT IN N. Y. HARBOR.

The Revolutionary relations of the French and Americans are well known. Without the French, the American colonies could never have achieved their independence. At Yorktown, Cornwallis surrendered as much to Rochambeau, as he did to Washington. This friendly feeling has never died out, spite of American sympathy for Germany in the late war. The Centennial is bringing it into new life. It is proposed in Paris to form a Franco-American Society which shall subscribe to a commemorative monument such as appears in our illustration. It is intended to place it on some conspicuous island in New York harbor where it may serve both as a beacon to outgoing and incoming ships, and an emblem of Liberty scattering her light over the world.

THE CAT-O-NINE TAILS REVIVED.

At noon, on the 26th ult., an Italian musician named Calabria, sentenced to imprisonment for rape on the person of the wife of a certain Molinari, was condemned to receive twenty lashes on his bare back. Our picture fully represents the manner in which he was strung up and the mode in which the flogging was administered. In Ontario, this species of punishment was revived with good results some time ago. In Montreal it had fallen into desuetude since 1844, when a man was publicly flogged in old Jacques Cartier Square. Considering the alarming increase of wife-beaters and other rascals who make unprotected females the victims of their brutal passions, it may be a matter of wisdom to resuscitate this most effective instrument of castigation.

SKETCHES ON BURLINGTON BAY.

We publish a number of pretty sketches illustrating the Burlington Bay Canal, the Club House with yacht in front, the ferry and lighthouse on Burlington Beach.

PETERBORO, ONTARIO.

Our sketch represents a portion of the town of Peterboro, with the new Baptist Church, now building, in sight, and a view of some of the finest residences. We have, in previous numbers, published other illustrations of this thriving town, one of the most prosperous and promising in Ontario.

ALLANDALE, ONT.

This is a view of the Great Western Railway Station, at Allandale. The station is opposite the beautiful town of Barrie, and sixty-three miles from Toronto.

THE NEW BAPTIST CHURCH, MONTREAL.

This is the latest addition to the structures erected for public worship by the Baptist community of Montreal. In design it is novel and very attractive, and must rank among the first churches of even this city of churches. The work has been rapidly gone through, an indication of the zeal and numerical strength of the Baptist Congregation in our midst.

BANK DIRECTORS' LIABILITIES.

A new item of information, called "directors liabilities" is now required, by the late Act, in the monthly statement of banks. The information is more for ornament than use, bearing no resemblance whatever to the necessary and proper "double liability" of shareholders. It derives its whole attractiveness from the word "liability." Notwithstanding all this sound, it is only an empty vessel. If it was only a

grudge between politics and bankers, hurting nobody else, it might be allowed to pass.

From a superficial view of the question, that which the legislature seems to have taken, one would probably say "if the information does no good it will do no harm." Those who take this view mistake the tendency of the measure altogether. The truth is, it will do no good but much harm. It has a decided tendency in this direction. In questions of this kind it is impossible to determine the exact injury or benefit arising from a given act. All we can do is to point out its tendency. If a river is running south, however slow or sluggish the current is, it cannot be shown, either by actual phenomena or abstract reasoning, to be running in the opposite or any other direction. The affirmation is just as true of the slowest current as of the most headlong cataract.

The tendency of an economic law is like the current of a river. Its operation may be slow or fast, but its tendency is as real in one case as the other. Why are the tendencies of economic questions sometimes misunderstood? At particular places, one may not be able to determine which way a river is running, by mere observation of its surface. The formation of the banks, a breeze blowing up the stream or a tributary entering at right or obtuse angles, may change its apparent course.

If navigators drew their conclusions exclusively from isolated cases like this it is obvious they would fall into many ridiculous errors. To avoid such errors, however, they explore farther up or down which is the only way to remove doubt about the course of the river.

The tendencies of economic questions are mistaken in a similar way. The conclusions of abstract reasoning blow up the stream; and self interest and rivalry enter at various angles. The longer we confine our explorations to this spot alone the more we confirm ourselves in error.

The data of truth must be sought below and beyond the disturbing causes by which error is produced.

What I propose to show in the course of the following remarks is that the information required in the monthly statement of banks, called "directors' liabilities" is not necessary, is void of any utility and tends to injure banking directly and the whole country indirectly. To the abstract reasoning of politicians I will oppose the actual phenomena or facts of the case. Where abstract reasoning is correct its conclusions agree with actual phenomena. They do not agree in this case.

Within my memory several banks have failed and suspended in this country, for which various reasons were assigned, among which, however, I have not once heard it said, or seen it stated, that directors' liabilities, caused or even materially contributed towards such a result in a single instance. If it was a common thing for directors to overdraw their accounts to a dangerous extent it would be a common complaint. That it is not so every one who has paid the least attention to the subject knows. We have a right to infer from this fact that bank failure from this cause is one of the rarest occurrences, and it is not surprising when we consider the ordeal through which a man passes in reaching the position. Bank shareholders are perhaps the most fault-finding and exacting class of men any one could undertake to serve, and it may be safely affirmed that no one is chosen a director without having his position as a creditor of the bank critically considered. Thus his candidature is accepted by a class of men qualified, above all men, to render correct judgment, in this particular case. Who are more interested than they, and who better qualified to judge? Such men may err, but where they err, human nature provides no remedy.

The fact of a directors' liabilities is anticipated in his election. He is not unfrequently chosen on account of being a good customer in addition to being a discreet person. The man who is a good safe customer, while an ordinary shareholder, is one of the fittest conceivable persons for a director, and banks which act on this principle are invariably the safest and most successful. Such men are not preferred because they are expected to need little accommodation, but because they are known to be safe, and need large accommodation.

Lending is the business of a bank, and being a director should not deprive a person of the privileges of the most favoured creditor. As a director treat a man as a director, and as a creditor treat him as a creditor. In the abstract reasoning of politicians, all the above actual phenomena have been left out, which accounts for the unsoundness of their conclusion, and accounting for this, it proves the first part of my proposition; namely, that the information called "directors' liabilities" is unnecessary. As shown by Adam Smith, all true economic laws are based in human nature; and that for which human nature provides remedy, in such cases, is well provided for. All the characteristics ascribed to bank shareholders, in the choice of directors, are based in human nature. Men are so plainly and obviously disposed to act in the manner required that any legal compulsion is superfluous. Legislation never makes a man succeed in business. It is the love of money, pure and simple, with the means of gratification it affords, which leads to the accumulation of wealth in nearly every case.

Reasoning abstractly it is, doubtless, thought that directors have greater facilities for worming themselves into the affections of managers than other persons. If a director is a man of undoubted credit he does not need to do this. If he is one of the opposite class, even as a direc-

tor he will find obstacles in his way. A manager naturally feels the necessity of guarding against anything like favoritism. This might endanger his position quite as much as strict fairness. A needy speculative director is seldom an influential man on the board, and solid men are likely to side with a manager who tries to keep such a person in his proper place.

Hence it happens that when a bank fails, it is not some of the directors who have wormed themselves into the manager's affections, to a dangerous extent, but some body else. There is always more danger of outsiders than of directors; seeing that directors are obliged to have the confidence of a majority of the shareholders while an outsider has only to manipulate the manager. A director passes a severer ordeal than any ordinary borrower, and having passed this ordeal, he does not need to be kept rigidly on the same footing. He carries an extra and special testimonial of character and capacity. Directors have reasons for carefulness which ordinary creditors haven't. They are liable for twice the amount of their stock, while their reputations for honesty and ability are staked on the success of the institution over which they preside. It is through managers and cashiers that failures usually occur. It may be true that directors look too little after officials and details. A really good manager may become a very indifferent one in this way. Supervision both assists and stimulates him. Want of supervision begets carelessness while it increases his work and responsibility.

Supervision gives a manager confidence in his work. He feels it is right, because it is examined and tested. Without supervision he cannot have this confidence. However carefully and skilfully the boiler of an engine is made and put together, it requires to be tested, before being used. No engineer would undertake to run the engine if the boiler wasn't tested. So it is with the depositors and customers of a bank; they will cease to patronise it, if they find that too much is left to the manager, and that proper tests are not regularly applied to the business done.

When too much responsibility is laid on a manager human nature affords no guarantee that his work will be well performed. A limitation of duties makes efficiency practicable and supervision makes it desirable and necessary. The real dangers of banking revolve round this point, and the action of directors, in this respect, is of infinitely more consequence than the question of their liabilities. So much for the first part of my proposition, that the measure is unnecessary; the examination of the remaining part, its injurious effects on banking and business, must be reserved for another letter.

W. DEWART.

BRELOQUES POUR DAMES.

A STATISTICIAN estimates that courtships average three tons of coal each.

EVERY husband thinks that he can tame a shrew except the poor fellow that has her.

A DANDY is a chap who would be a lady if he could, but as he can't, does all he can to show the world he's not a man.

SOME-BY advertisements for "machine girls." The question is in what particular a machine-girl is better than a hand maid.

A WOMAN is very like a kettle, if you come to think of it. She sings away so pleasantly—then she stops—and when you least expect it she boils over.

WHAT word is that in the English language the first two letters of which signify a man, the first three a woman, the first four a great man, and the whole a great woman?—Heroine.

A MAN made three unsuccessful attempts to blow his brains out, and then his wife said to him, "Don't try it again, John; you haven't got any." That man now goes about saying: he owes his life to that woman.

"How do you keep your wife from finding you out?" asked one old college friend of another, after they had both been married a few months.—"By always being at home at proper hours," was the conclusive reply.

ONE of the sweetest things about a young and budding love is the way in which she will smooth the hair so gently off your brow, and then smile tenderly in your face, and show that about four of her back teeth are gone.

A LADY, whose family was very much in the habit of proposing conundrums, was one evening asked by her husband, in an excited tone: "Why are all these doors left open?" "I give it up," instantly answered the lady.

"You appear in a new role, don't you, old fellow?" was what the impertinent young man remarked as he dug a cockroach out of his fresh bread at the breakfast table. A roseate flush permeated the landlady's pallid cheek.

AN Oriental having brought a blush to a maiden's cheek by the earnestness of his gaze, said to her, "My looks have planted roses in your cheeks; why forbid me to gather them? The law permits him who sows to reap the harvest."

CHAINES Jeanne d'Arc and Jeanne d'Arc belts are the latest fancy additions to the feminine toilet. They encircle the neck or waist at pleasure, or suspend the vinaigrette, fan, Swiss watch, chatelaine, or any other article that a lady may need when shopping or visiting.

A VIRGINIA paper announces the marriage of Miss Jane Lemon to Mr. Ebenezer Sweet; whereupon somebody perpetrates the following:—

How happy the extremes do meet
In Ja. e and Ebenezer;
She's no longer sour but sweet,
And he's a lemon squeezer!

OBSERVATION OF A WOMAN: The foot is the point of departure for the whole toilet. She who can prettily dress her feet is very easy to costume elegantly, but a woman who dreads to expose her feet can never be well attired. The German, who has generally big feet, is always badly dressed. The American has a little foot, so she is elegant. The Russian, who is not pretty, is ravishingly attired, for she has little feet. The Spaniard is elegant, her foot is small, but she dresses it badly. The French woman has a little foot, and her boot is the height of perfection.

BOSTON fashionables have invented the diagonal waltz, which is said to have unusual mathematical beauties. The stage directions are: Begin at the top of the last line forming the letter W, and complete the letter without turning your partner; back and advance diagonally at an angle of about 45 degrees. Meanwhile hug your partner as closely as she will permit, and project your elbow at an acute angle into the stomach of any awkward fellow or anxious mamma who seeks to interfere. The diagonal waltz offers a rare opportunity for a short cut into the affections of any susceptible young woman.

DOMESTIC.

PORRIDGE.—Real Scotch porridge is made thus: Put some water on the fire, when it boils throw in a little salt, then take some coarse oatmeal, sprinkle slowly in with one hand, stir continually with a wooden spoon till sufficiently thick; serve quickly, cut with milk, treacle, or sugar, or butter. The whole time of making should take about half an hour.

MACCARONI A L'ITALIENNE.—Take three pints of beef soup, clear, and put one pound of macaroni in it and boil fifteen minutes, with a little salt; then take up the macaroni—which should have absorbed nearly all the liquid—and put it on a flat plate and sprinkle grated cheese over it thickly, and pour over all plentifully a sauce made of tomatoes, well boiled, strained, and seasoned with salt and pepper. Some people prefer to only put the cheese on it.

APPLE JELLY.—Cut your apples in quarters (do not pare or core them), dip each quarter into clear water, and put them in a jar to cook in the oven until quite tender; then strain the juice as usual, and boil with a pound of sugar to a pint of the juice. The most delicious jelly will be the result, with the full, pure flavor of the apple heightened by the cores having been left in, and not spoiled by the objectionable addition of lemon peel and juice.

PICKLED PORK EQUAL TO FRESH.—Let the meat cool thoroughly; cut into pieces four to six inches wide; weigh them, and pack as tight as possible in the barrel, salting very lightly. Cover the meat with brine made as strong as possible. Pour off a gallon of the brine, and mix with it one tablespoonful of saltpetre for every hundred pounds of meat, and return it to the barrel. Let it stand one month; then take out the meat; let it drain twelve hours. Put the brine in an iron kettle, add one quart of treacle or two pounds of sugar, and boil until perfectly clear. When it is cold, return the meat to the barrel, and pour on the brine. Weigh it down, and keep it covered close, and you will have the sweetest meat that you ever tasted.

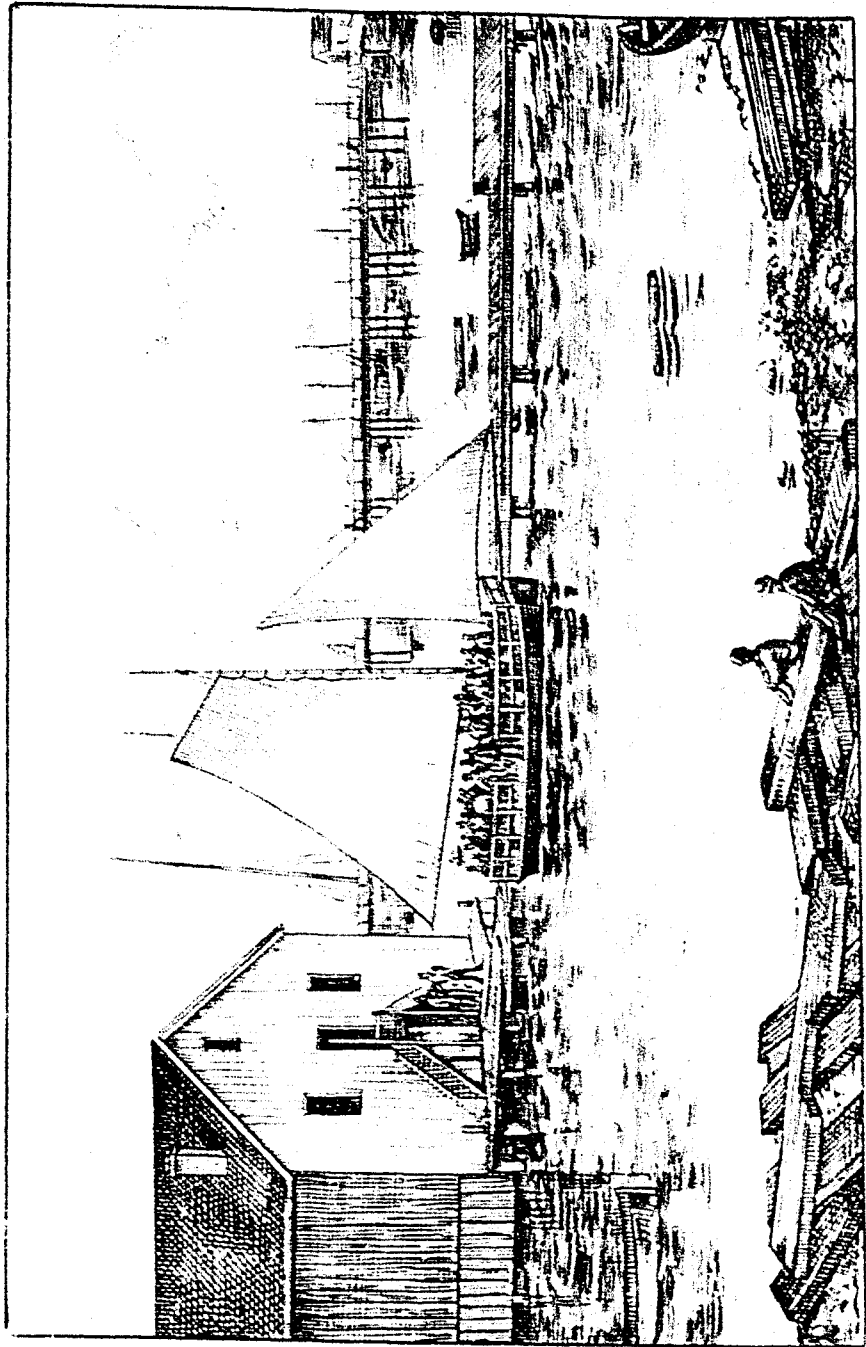
HOW TO CHOOSE MEAT.—It is always important to know how to choose meat in buying. Ox beef should be of fine grain or fibre, the flesh or lean of a bright red color and firm, the fat white, and distributed throughout the lean; it should not be yellow or semifluid. If the meat is entirely lean it will be tough and its nutritive power is low. Veal is dry if fresh. It should be close grained. If the meat is moist and flabby it is stale. Mutton should be of a clear deep pink tint; firm and with a liberal supply of fat. Fine wether mutton may be recognized by the presence of a small mass of fat on the upper part of the leg. It is more nutritious than ordinary mutton, and the darker its tint the finer its flavor. Pork should be of a pale pink tint, and the fat very firm. If it is soft or if the fat is yellow the meat is bad. If it is semifluid the animal has probably been fed on flesh.

STEWED OYSTERS.—Take half a dozen first class oysters, of medium and of the same size, just removed from the shell. Place in a lined saucepan with the liquor, and pour on a gill and a half of boiling water. Let the vessel stand over the fire a moment only, and skim off the froth rising to the surface entangling certain impurities. Then remove from the fire, and pour the contents from the pan into a heated dish, rejecting the last remaining tablespoonful of liquid containing the scales of shell, grains of sand, etc.; and carefully wipe out the saucepan with a suitable cloth.

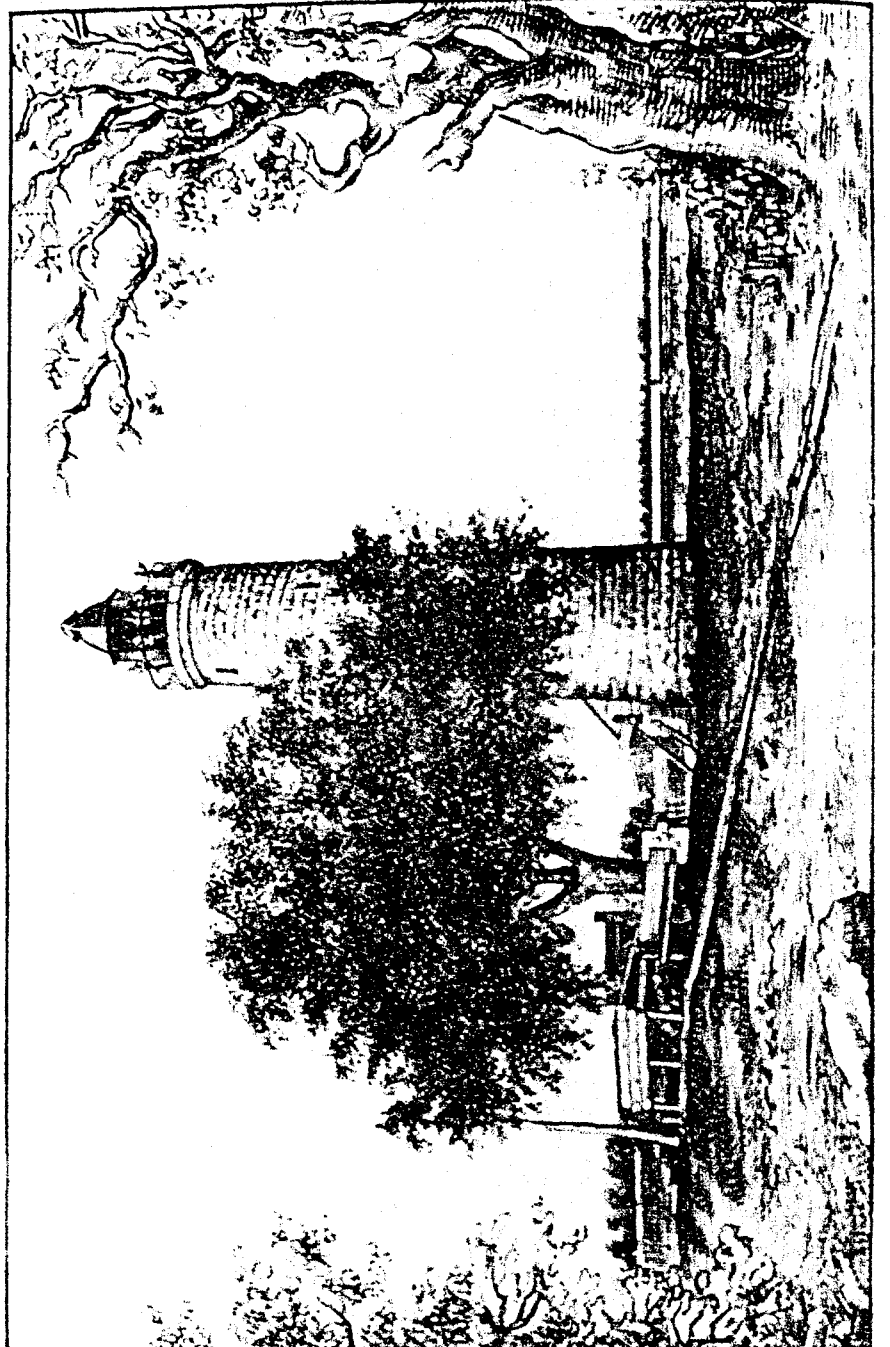
Then pour back into the saucepan the contents from the dish, add a lump of the best butter, half as large as one of the oysters, the cracker-dust from half a fresh-water cracker, a little cayenne pepper, a couple of whole grains of allspice, and a little salt, placing the vessel on the fire. Then add a gill of fresh cream, and as soon as the oysters seem just cooked through, before becoming shriveled and hard from the heat, pour for use into a previously warm bowl.

FRIED POTATOES.—A great deal of good material is wasted for want of proper cooking. Food which might have been made delicious with little trouble often comes upon the table coarse and almost uneatable. Of all the vegetables which suffer from ignorant handling, potatoes are the most ill treated. Day after day, people are expected to eat boiled potatoes, watery and half done; baked potatoes, full of imperfections and also watery; mashed potatoes, yellow, "soggy," and tasteless; and fried potatoes, cut thick, swimming in grease, and as detestable to the eye as they are abominable to a well-trained palate.

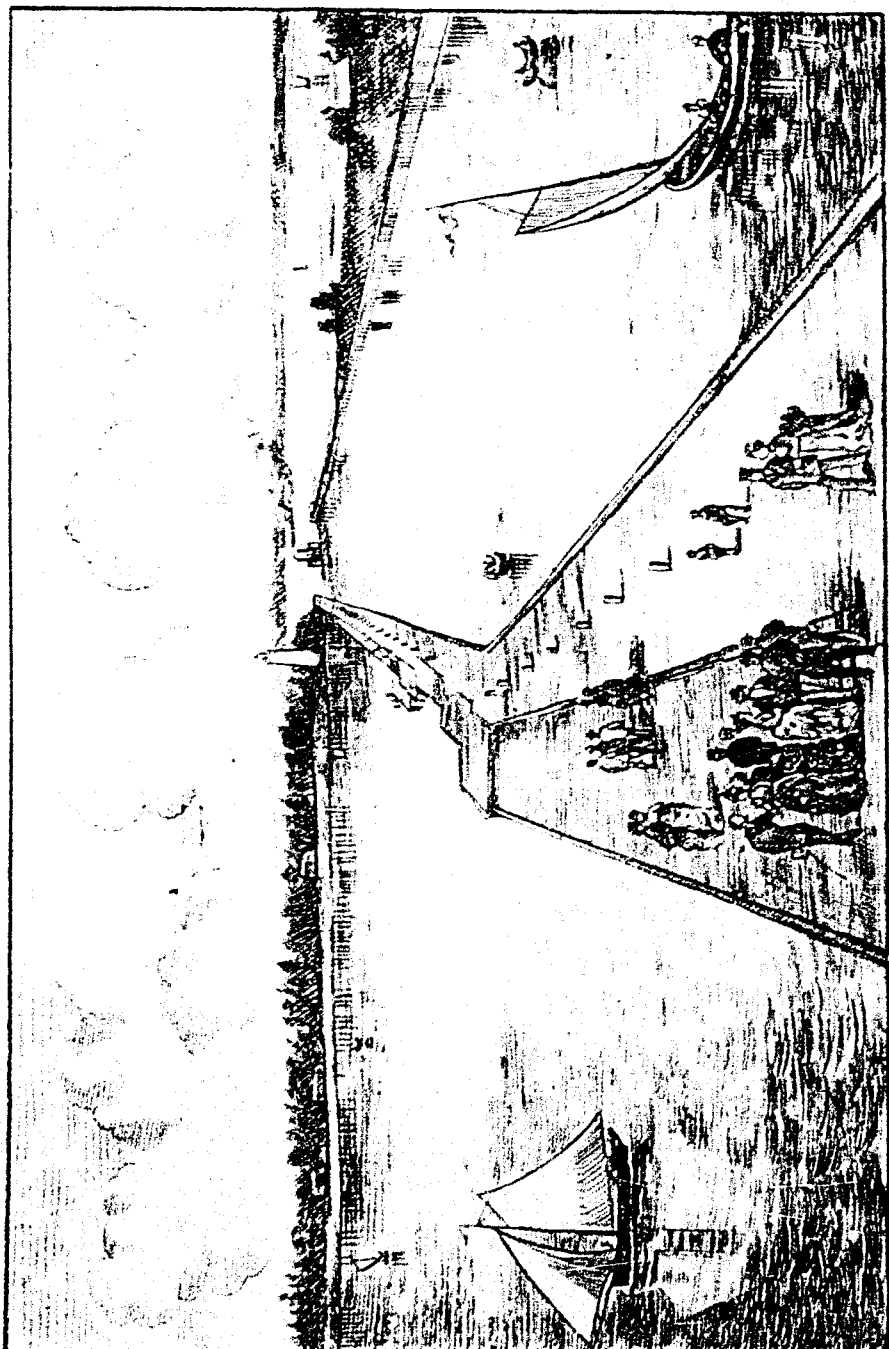
The real Saratoga potatoes are easily prepared and are delicious for breakfast or lunch. The first thing necessary for their preparation is the purchase of a small appliance of wood and steel which somewhat resembles a carpenter's plane. This article is known to hardware dealers, housekeepers and grocers as a "potato-cutter," a "dried beef cutter," or "cabbage-cutter," as it is used to cut all these things. It costs only 60 cents, and very easily and neatly shaves off the raw potatoes in slices almost as thin as paper. A handful of these slices is thrown into boiling lard, and as soon as they are nicely browned they are to be removed with a skimmer, care being taken to drain off every particle of the hot fat. They should be salted immediately, and kept in a hot dish by the fire until the right quantity has been prepared for the meal. The dish must not be covered, as that would make them fat-soaked. Potatoes cooked in this way look as daintily as they taste, and are very quickly made ready with the aid of the excellent little "cutter."



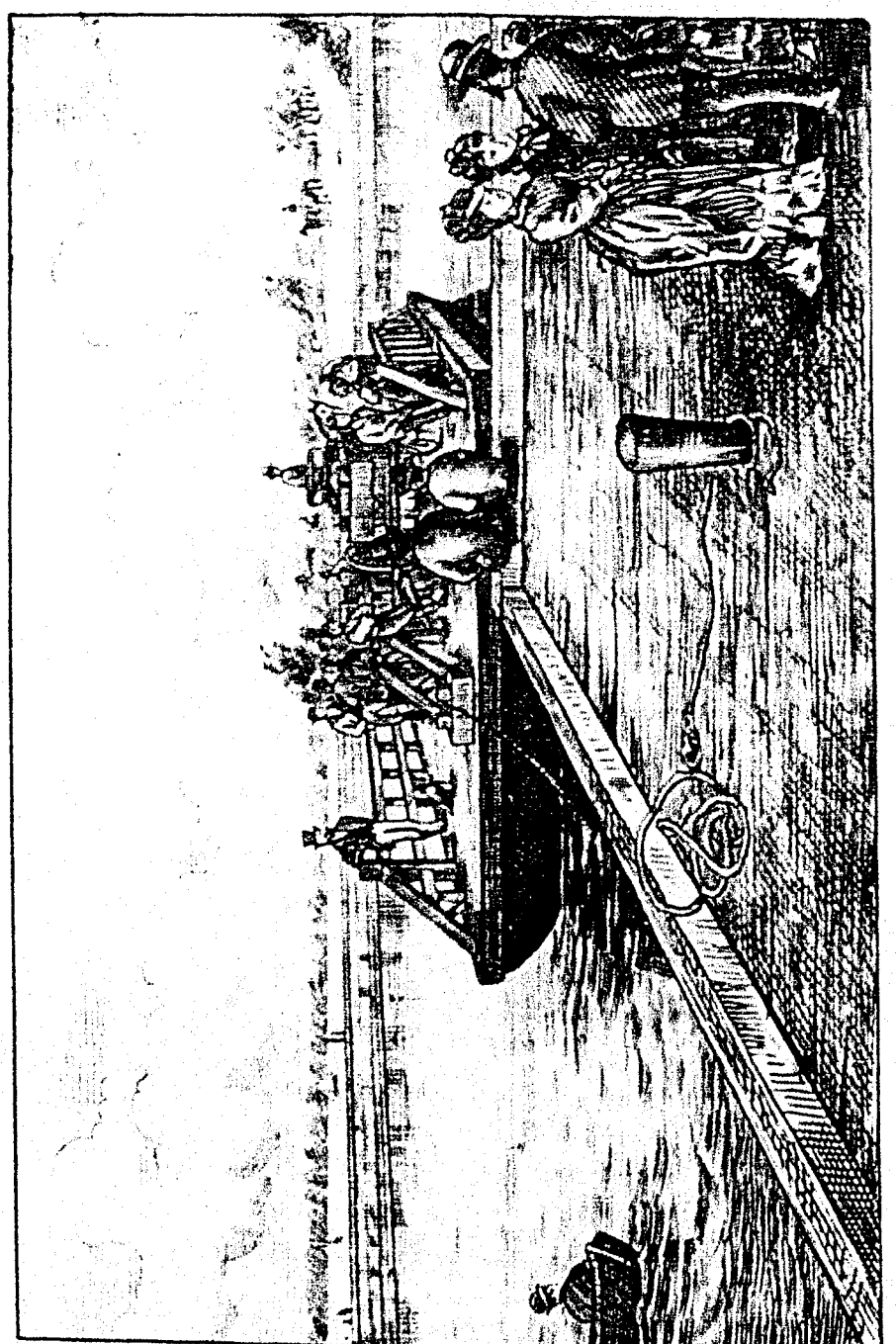
CITY BOAT AND YACHT YACHTS.



THE TOWER, BURLINGTON BAY.

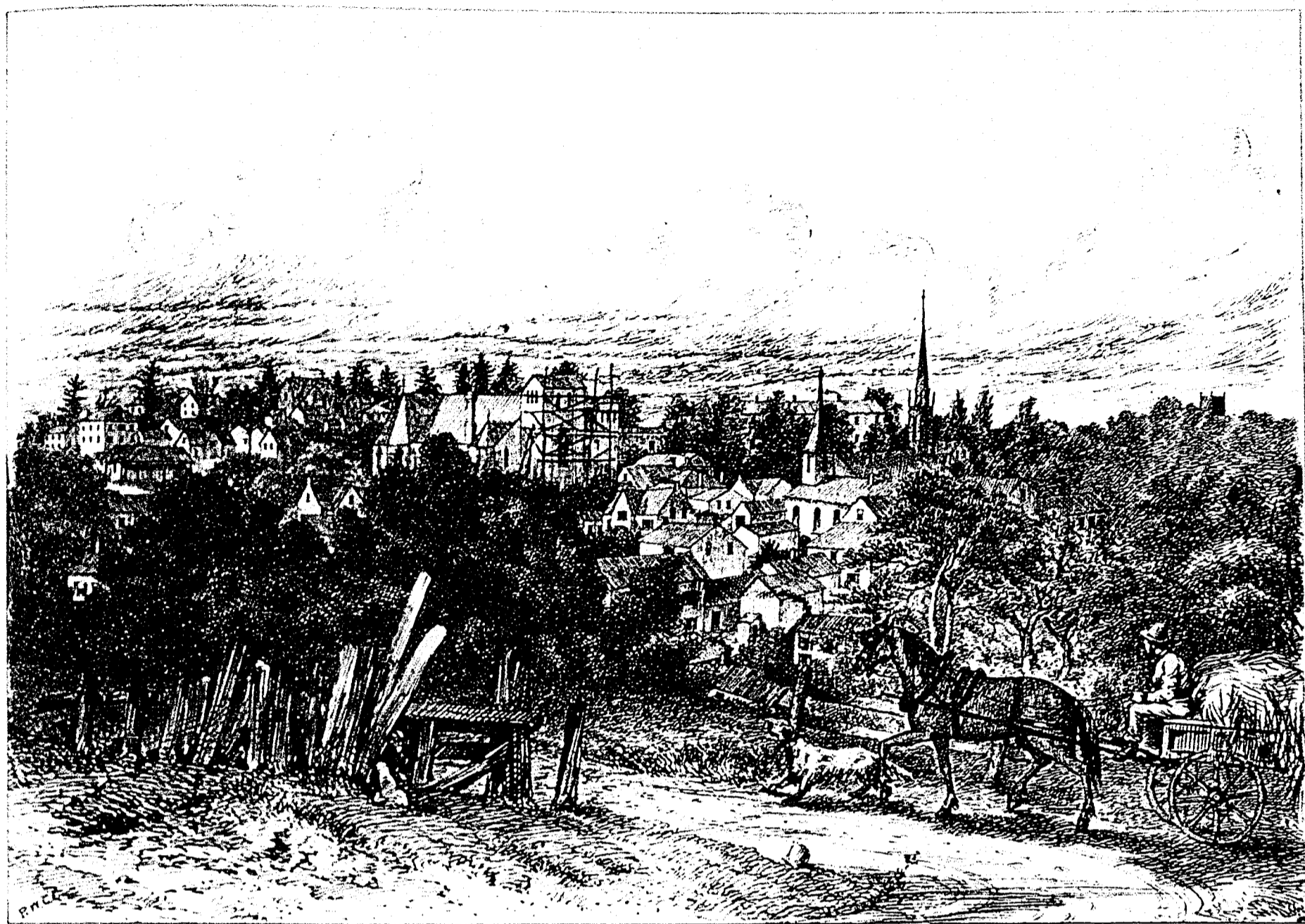


BURLINGTON BAY CANAL.

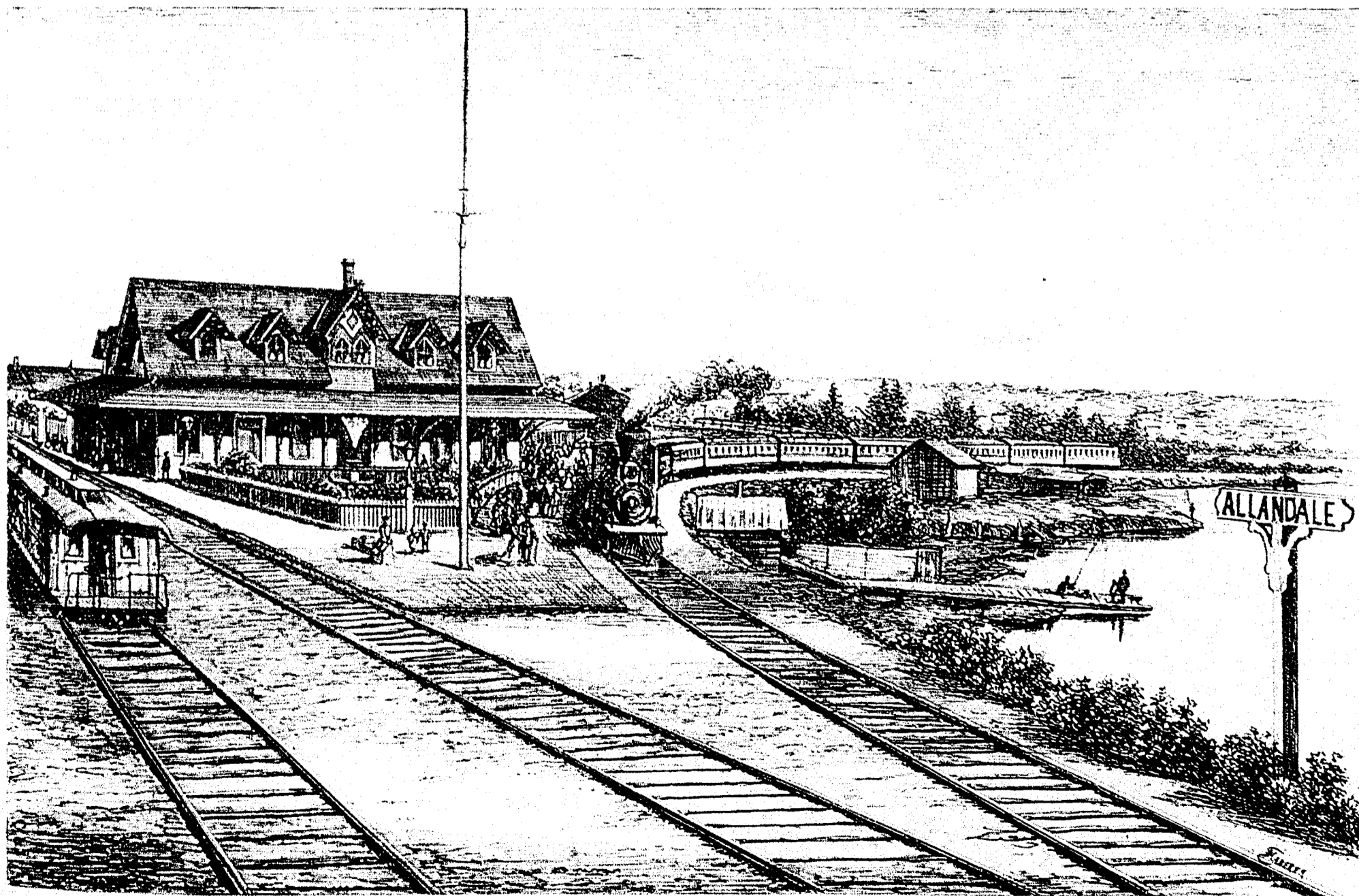


THE FERRY, BURLINGTON BAY.

HAMILTON SKETCHES ON BURLINGTON BAY BY J. G. MACKAY



PETERBORO, ONT.: PART OF THE TOWN.—SKETCHED BY W. F. G. CANNING.



ALLANDALE, ONT.: THE GREAT WESTERN RAILWAY STATION.—FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY JOHN STEPHENS, BARRIE.

WHAT THE VIOLINS SAID.

'We're all for love,' the violins said.—Sidney Lanier

Do I love you? Do I love you?
Ask the heavens that bend above you
To find a language and to prove you
If they love the living sun.
Ask the burning blinded meadows
What they think about the shadows,
If they love the falling shadows,
When the fervid day is done.

Ask the bluebells and the daisies,
Lost amid the hot field mazes,
Lifting up their thirsty faces,
If they love the summer rains.
Ask the linnets and the plovers,
In the nest-life made for lovers,
Ask the bees and ask the clovers—
Will they tell you for your pains!

Do I, darling, do I love you?
What, I pray, can that behoove you?
How in Love's name can I move you?
When for Love's sake I am dumb!
If I told you, if I told you,
Would that keep you, would that hold you
Here at last where I enfold you?
If it would—Hush! Darling, come!
—ELIZABETH STUART PHELPS.

ZARA'S LOVER.

A TALE OF HALLOWEEN.

It was winter time. Zara and I were staying with an aunt of our deceased father, who for the first time since his death, five years before, had made cordial advances to our mother, and invited us for two or three months to her pleasant so-called country house.

She was very charming, yet peculiar, that dear old aunt; and when we arrived at the Dower House her reception would have made it impossible to say what her impression of us girls of eighteen and twenty might be.

Zara was very beautiful. There was never any question as to her loveliness, even if it might not be the peculiar style of the observer.

And Mrs. Forbes looked at her with an expression of unfeigned pleasure in her glowing charms.

But when she turned to me, she took my face, as it were, in her hands, gazed steadfastly at my features for some moments, and then stooped down and again kissed me.

"You are strangely like your father, Beatrix," she said. "Pity you are not a boy."

And, with this lament, I was dismissed. We had been there nearly a month, and were to stay over Christmas.

The house was full of visitors, some of whom were changing from time to time; but two or three were remaining in the house for an unusually prolonged visit.

One was a nephew of Mrs. Forbes's late husband, Cuthwin Stewart; the others were less entitled to the hospitality of their hostess. Leon St. Barbe, a French Count, reared in Italy and England, had brought letters of introduction from the former sunny land, and completed them by his own charm of manner and person.

The third was an embryo barrister, Fergus Brooke, a college friend of Cuthwin's, and too witty, and reckless, and good-humoured to do any useful thing on earth except making himself agreeable, and saving at least a dozen people from the blues in the gloomiest day of dark November.

Such was our party. Of course, Zara was the belle, and the Count soon became her scarcely concealed admirer.

And I—well, every one was good, and kind, and attentive to me; and if I would have liked anyone to be more demonstrative in that respect, it was Cuthwin Stewart.

But then he was always rather grave and self-possessed; and of course I had no especial attraction for such a clever and thoughtful man as Mrs. Forbes's heir.

And so we went on dancing, billiard playing, singing, walking, riding, and charade acting till Halloween was at hand. Of course there were all kinds of sportive plans for its due honouring. And Mrs. Forbes had enough of the Scottish blood in her to enter into the jesting talk.

"I am but an 'old wife,'" she said, smilingly, as we sat round the fire before dressing for the late dinner on that day; "but I confess I did, and I do, believe in some of the legendary tests on this mystic night. And were I a man, I believe I should be more won by a girl who displayed a little youthful folly and credulity, to say nothing of a brave spirit, in a harmless sport like the mummings of old time, than the conventional young lady of modern days."

Zara lifted up her beautiful eyes in silent astonishment at the proposition, and the other girls laughed gaily.

"Really, Auntie Jessie," I exclaimed, "you are a most delightful adviser to hold such doctrines! I expect you were a fearless damsel enough in your youth—a most daring leader of the revels."

"Well, Beatrix, you may perhaps be right," said the old lady, with an amused, conscious smile. "But I do believe there was a great deal more fun and less flirting than there is now-a-days," she went on. "Girls are more occupied now in catching husbands than testing lovers. But I suppose we old folk always talk in that way when we remember our youth, and so will you girls when you are grandmothers. However, you have my sanction to any of the harmless follies of the season, always supposing they are consistent with the modesty of well-born maidens."

The dressing bell rang at the moment, and I and Zara, and the two other girls staying at the

house, went off to our rooms in haste, for Mrs. Forbes was a model of punctuality in her arrangements.

"Really," said Zara when we were alone, "I am astonished at Aunt Jessie talking such vulgar nonsense. I am sure Leon would be shocked at the very idea of such dairy-maids' follies."

"Leon!" I repeated in some surprise. "Then it is so, Zara. The Count is your open lover!" Zara blushed most beautifully.

How lovely she looked in her confusion, her silky hair half veiling the crimson cheeks!

"Well, I perhaps ought not to say that before he has spoken to mamma," she said, hesitatingly. "And you will not say anything, I hope, Beatrix, or I shall be very much annoyed. But Leon spoke to me two or three days ago, and, of course, I accepted him; and he is so noble and handsome, I think I am very lucky girl—do you not, Beatrix?"

"Does he know you have any fortune, Zara?" I asked suddenly.

I scarcely know what possessed me to put such a question. It was almost as if an impulse out of myself urged me.

"Really, Beatrix, you are flattering, I must say!" she replied angrily. "I suppose you are jealous that he chose me from the rest; but of one thing I am certain—that Cuthwin Stewart has no thought of love; and whenever he chooses a girl, it will be just for convenience and propriety. Your five thousand will not tempt him, I'm certain!" she added rather spitefully.

I did not reply; though the shaft was not altogether pointless, I scarcely believed in its truth.

Cuthwin might not care for me. Why should he? But that he had deep feelings, and a generous heart, I knew full well, and an intellect that few men could boast. But as to Leon de St. Barbe, that was a far more vexed problem.

I distrusted and disliked him; not because he was so exclusively devoted to Zara; that would have been a most unworthy jealousy, of which I certainly had no symptoms.

But I shrank from this foreign Count as from a snake; and now Zara was in his toils, I was powerless to save her, even had I been free to act.

If I spoke to our aunt, or wrote to our mother, then all would be over. Zara would never forgive me. I believed it might, after all, be an idle fancy of my own, that would cover me with shame and disgrace were it to prove false and unfounded.

These reflections kept me silent and thoughtful during our dinner toilette; and, perhaps, Zara thought me unkind to remain so taciturn; but, before we left the room, I gave her a pretty kiss of reconciliation, and we descended in perfect amity, though my mind was heavy and sad even yet.

"Are you well?" said Cuthwin's deep, low voice, once when dinner was nearly over, and the rest engaged in eager chat.

"Oh, yes, quite," I said, crimsoning. "Why should you doubt it?"

"Because your sunny gaiety is clouded, and I know you are never capricious," he said quietly.

It was almost the first compliment he had paid me, and it made my foolish heart beat.

"Thank you," I said, "for such a trust. I am a little anxious, I believe. I have not heard from mamma for some days, and she is such an invalid."

"Your sister looks perfectly content," he remarked, glancing at Zara, who was the very picture of radiant triumph as she sat by her lover.

"Perhaps," I said, jestingly, "we have changed characters on this mystic night. I will try and regain mine to-morrow."

And, in a few minutes more, Aunt Jessie rose, and we all sailed off to the drawing-room, except Mrs. Forbes, who always took an hour's rest in her private sitting-room during the gentlemen's absence.

"Now, what shall we do, girls?" exclaimed Flora McIntyre, gaily. "Suppose some of us go out to sow hemp-seed in the churchyard? It is close to the grounds, you know; and, if there were any danger, the gardener would hear one scream. Yes; that's settled, and we'll draw lots to see who shall go first."

"I decline altogether!" said Zara, coldly; and then went off to a distant piano, and began to sing.

"Then it must be we three," observed Flora. "Come, Beatrix, Blanche, we'll soon settle the business. There, make haste, before the gentlemen come in."

The lot fell on me.

I certainly felt a very ignominious panic come over me at the coming ordeal. But then Aunt Jessie's words, and the idea that she should, perhaps, think me not altogether degenerate if I did, well; I did not confess it to myself; but I believe now that the concealed love I was learning to feel for Cuthwin Stewart had something to do with my enforced bravery as head of the party.

"Then, when you come back, Beatrix, we'll follow the example!" said Flora, gaily. "Blanche shall go next, and I'll bring up the rear. As to Zara, I suppose she's too certain of her future to care for such follies! Dear me, how stupid one is when one's in love!" she went on in her girlish joyousness, clapping her hands as Zara ceased the song.

The evening soon flew away. The ladies retired as usual, and when the "witching hour" came I, wrapped in a warm, thick, plaid cloak, and a hat tightly tied over my head, stole out of the morning-room French window, which was still

unfastened, and which was at the end of the house nearest to the shrubbery, that led to the small church, which had once been a sort of private chapel to the Dower House, and which was now enlarged for the villager's accommodation.

I was, perhaps, less frightened than I expected. The night was clear and beautiful, and if the moon was not full, it gave, at least, quite enough light to prevent any alarm as to finding the way, or being seized unexpectedly by any unlawful hands.

And, besides, what danger could there be in that quiet country place, and near the abode of the lady of the manor, for many a mile around? I was light of foot, and certainly not hampered with any terrors for the moment.

And I hastened on in the direction of the church-yard with the fleetness of a gazelle, waiting till the orthodox moment for the old formula of

"Hemp-seed, I sow thee!" &c.

till I reached the magic churchyard.

The spot was gained. I was just drawing a long breath, to prepare for the incantation, when a voice came on my ear.

A voice I knew, and which had never brought pleasant visions to my senses.

What was Leon de St. Barbe doing there? He was supposed to be with his friends in the smoking-room at the Dower House, or else safely in his bed.

And to whom could he be talking at that hour? What friend or acquaintance could he possibly be encountering on a November midnight in that miserable solitude?

I crouched beneath the hedge, over which some few trees grew, and strained my ears to listen.

It was the Count who spoke first.

"Well, Nat, what is it you require? It's an immensely inconvenient thing of you to be always so in want of cash. Can't you wait till my plans are matured, and I'm ready to arrange and settle with you?"

"Hum! that's all very well, Count, as you call yourself," returned a rough voice—far gruffer than any that had ever before reached my ears—"but then, you see, it may be moonshine, and where am I then? You wrote me a fine sheet of promises, but I would rather have the money than all that rigmarole of talk!"

"You're an unreasonable fellow!" replied the Count, with a forced laugh; "but since it's your pleasure, I suppose I must take you into my confidence. You see, there's an uncommon pretty girl stopping in the house yonder. She's got a few hard thousands—more when the mother dies—and she would fly to me if I held up my finger! All's smooth as oil—except a little vixen of a sister, who, I can see, suspects me. If I could get her out of the way, Zara would be mine in a trice!"

"Humph! And the old lady—what of her? Ain't she got something worth having?" asked the other. "She little knows who she's got in her house as a visitor!" he chuckled. "The Count! yes, it's a sounding title; but among our pals, you see, it rather puts you at a discount, because you're only fit for one kind of business. But to the point. What's portable at the widow's, eh?—plate, jewels handy? If you want me to stand by you, I shall expect something from the treasure-house. Why, by this time you ought to know all the secrets, and manage to get a fellow in without being caught. Will to-night serve for our purpose, do you think, Count?"

"Leon," as he must be called for distinction, seemed to hesitate.

"Suppose it should be found out?—it would spoil all," he observed, doubtfully.

"Pooh, pooh!—you're not so clumsy, old pal. Why, if you have a grain of wit left, you'll manage it all. Such a night as this, what's more natural than that some stray laddie should be inclined for a lark—or, maybe, a taste of the old lady's ale—or her silver tankard—or massive salvers? You understand? Come, no time like the present. Pluck up heart, and let's be off."

Leon held him back.

I could half see, half hear what took place from my hiding-place. I felt certain he was striving to restrain him from the desperate deed.

"Nat, I tell you what—the thing is impossible! How can I know what may come of it? Violence and death, if it's found out. And I tell you, that lynx-eyed little Beatrix has a strange, sharp brain. I'd like to give her a dose of something that would stop her tongue. I can tell you she gives me some hard hits now and then, with her sharp wit."

Nat, as he called him, laughed scornfully. "So you've come to be afraid of a girl, have you?" he sneered; "but, anyhow, I'm not so easily cowed; and we'll see which is the stronger, if needs be. Where does she sleep?"

"Oh, with her sister—at least close by. There's no chance in that quarter," observed the Count. "Hush! I thought I heard a sound!" he added, suddenly stopping his words to listen.

I suppose he had heard the involuntary shudder that seized me on his wretched threat.

I knew that he would at once institute a search, and that nothing remained but to seek safety in flight.

I moved stealthily, slowly at first, till I had cleared the thicket where I was hidden.

Then I began to move more rapidly, especially when I caught the dreadful words, "Stop!—by Jove, I'll kill you if you don't! It's a woman; and she's been listening, I do believe! She shall pay dear for it!"

It was a race between life and death. I flew

on like the wind; but there was, as it were, a weight gradually increasing on my limbs. A mist came over my eyes. I could scarcely see the path before me. The buzzing sounds of steps seemed to deafen my ears. I fancied the house was further and further as I went on.

Could I muster strength to reach it? Should I fall a victim on the road, and never see a loved face more? "Oh, mercy, mercy!" I gasped.

"Mother! Zara! help!"

Perhaps the very thought gave me new strength. I was within reach of the light that still burned in the butler's pantry and the morning-room. A scream could have been heard. But my tongue seemed to cleave to my mouth. I made one desperate bound. I reached the butler's pantry window. I called at last wildly, for "Help! help!"

And Blanche and Zara, who had been waiting anxiously for my return, flew from the room along the terrace to the spot, even before Tomline came up, gun in hand, a weapon he always kept to guard the valuables under his charge.

I rushed into the open door, almost before the man appeared, and seized his arm as if I was pleading for life. "Keep guard!—keep guard! There are thieves coming! Call the men! Help! help!" And without waiting for a reply, with a strange, fevered frenzy, I rushed through the passages, up the staircases, to my aunt's room, waving back the terrified girls, who fancied I had suddenly lost my senses. "Aunt—aunt!" I gasped; "it is I—Beatrix! Listen!"

I never knew more. But I was told afterwards that I poured out an incoherent tale of what I had heard and implored Mrs. Forbes to guard Zara from her terrible lover, with an agony that she could not soothe by any assurance of hers.

Then I faltered, staggered, and sank on the floor, in utter insensibility and exhaustion. I have been told since that the alarm I gave was scrupulously obeyed; and that Tomline and his underlings remained on guard the whole night, while the truth of my statement was confirmed by the non-appearance of the Count for the remainder of the night.

But Mrs. Forbes and her other young guests were too much occupied with my state, to concern themselves much about affairs that were better left to Cuthwin Stewart.

I was rapidly drifting into a brain fever, and, a day or so afterwards, my mother was summoned by the following letter from Aunt Jessie:—

Dower House, December 3.

MY DEAR MRS. ST. CLAIRE,—

"I regret to tell you that your youngest daughter, whose grace and gaiety have won all hearts here, is seriously ill. She has had a shock, that will no doubt affect her for some little time, but her youth and strength will carry her through; and I have every reason to think that the suffering she endures, poor dear! will save your family from a great and irrecoverable grief. We shall hope to have you here as soon as possible, and my nephew, Cuthwin Stewart, will be at your house within a very few hours after your receipt of this, to escort you to us.

Yours affectionately,

JESSIE FORBES."

My mother told me afterwards that nothing could equal Cuthwin's kindness to her during that anxious journey.

"She is an angel, Mrs. St. Clair!" he said quietly.

And my mother coolly let the exaggeration pass by, unnoticed and unproved.

It was at least a fortnight before I rallied sufficiently to know who it was that sat by my sick-bed.

But when I did at last open my eyes as it were from that hideous dream, the dear, gentle face of my fond mother was before me, bending over my pillow in anxious love and alarm.

"My own brave child," she said, "how can I ever be sufficiently thankful for your recovery?"

"But Zara, mamma—Zara!" I gasped, as a sudden terror seized on me.

"Dear child, she is saved, thanks to your noble courage," was the hesitating reply. "But it was a severe trial to her, and she cannot yet see full extent of her deliverance."

"But it was true it was—he?" I faltered, thinking, perhaps, that I had been hasty, and brought a needless sorrow on my beautiful sister.

"Yes, Beatrix, yes. The man who stole into my house and into your sister's love was an accomplished swindler," interposed Mrs. Forbes, appearing from behind the curtains of the bed. "He had carried on the system so long as to deceive even men of the world and an old woman like myself; and it is owing to your pure, fresh young nature's recoil, and the bravery of your true heart, that he failed in his design, and has fled the country in well-merited terror and shame."

"Thank Heaven for that!" I murmured, as the vague alarm of courts of justice and public scandal was hushed at the words.

And then I was ordered to lie still, and not speak.

It was pleasant to yield to that gentle tyranny, and to taste the exquisite repose of being at rest and free from pain, while tended by those who loved me, and whom I loved best.

It was well worth all I had suffered; but, in spite of the good nursing and the peaceful repose, I still progressed but slowly towards convalescence.

My vivacity of heart seemed gone for ever. I was quiet, subdued—the very reverse of my gay, light spirit of former days.

But I did not venture to put the question that might set at rest all the doubts and speculations that seemed to burden and cloud the joyous carelessness buoyancy of old.

Cuthwin Stuart had never, so far as I knew, even asked to see me since my illness.

Of course, it was clear he had no especial interest in me, and the vain fancies I had sometimes dared to entertain were egregious, presumptuous folly.

But, even as a friend, he might have felt a little sympathy, a little courteous desire to express some pleasure at my recovery from so dangerous an attack.

"Mamma, I think I should like to go home now," I said one day to my mother. "I am quite strong enough, and I feel as if I could never get well, never be quite at rest here."

My mother gave a very heartless smile, as it appeared to me then.

"My dear Beatrix, we must show some deference to your aunt's wishes. She has been so very kind in your illness, and so unhappy about its cause, it would hurt her feelings to leave her in such haste; and as Zara has gone to stay with your uncle Merivale at the rectory, there is no reason why we should hasten home. But," she continued, after a slight pause, "as you are really so much better, I think it will not hurt you to see Mr. Stewart, who has been asking leave to pay his respects to 'the little heroine.'"

I suppose I gave a satisfactory reply, but I was so anxious to conceal any emotion that I dare say it was not very lucid; but my mother made no comment.

"I shall go and talk to your aunt about our plans," she went on, "and then you shall tell me your deliberate wishes on the subject."

And placing a cushion in my easy chair, and wheeling me nearer to the fire, she left the room.

My back was to the door, and when, some minutes afterwards, I heard it open, I did not even turn round, supposing it to be the maid in attendance.

But the step that advanced was a very different one to Helen's short little pattering; and when, attracted by the novelty, I turned round, I saw Cuthwin Stewart standing before me.

He was certainly changed. His whole face was softened, even agitated, as he looked at me, and his voice trembled as he took my hand in his.

"Beatrix, dear Beatrix," he said, "how glad I am you are spared to us! Oh, how I have longed for this moment!"

My courage rose rapidly with his emotion.

"Yet you were not in any peculiar or undignified haste to expedite it," I replied, with a touch of my old seriousness. "I thought you gave up a troublesome individual as myself to her own devices. Were you very much shocked at me?" I asked, looking up, in his face, with half-jesting, half-earnest inquiry.

"Shocked at your danger!—yes," he said, softly; "only that it proved how true had been my appreciation of your character. Beatrix, you said I had been in no haste to see you. Can you not guess why that was?—that I felt I could not see you without telling you all I felt; and which might agitate you more than your strength would bear, even were you to return a cold negative to my prayer. Beatrix, I love you from my heart! I never saw a woman I could have chosen for my wife, my companion, my soul's very treasure, till you came to realize my very ideal! I am a wretched lover! I cannot speak in love's language. Can you believe me, can you put up with the blunt bookworm, the grave student, my bright darling!"

Certainly I never hesitated in mind, and I suppose my looks and my lips did not leave him in suspense. The sad look disappeared from his face, and the happy triumph in his features made him positively radiant and handsome—at least, in my eyes.

Nor did Aunt Jessie seem much less pleased as she pressed me in her arms as her new daughter, not *nièce*; since, from henceforward, she said Cuthwin and I should be to her as children.

The wedding took place three months after. Zara, now somewhat recovered from the disappointment and vexation of her rash choice, was the principal and the loveliest of the bridesmaids; and Flora, and Blanche, and another cousin of ours filled up the number.

And Aunt Jessie gave me, as a wedding present, a set of valuable pearls, which she declared I had saved from the certain prey of the robbers at Halloween.

But it was very long ere I fully regained my old fearlessness of nature after that terrible shock that I cannot now recall without a shudder. Zara never alluded to Count Leon de St. Barbe, more especially since she had settled down as the wife of the now successful and still witty barrister, Fergus Brooke, who had been her secret admirer all through her infatuated love for that notable *chevalier d'industrie*.

S. D.

THE AMERICAN CENTENNIAL EXHIBITION.

I.

The Exhibition buildings are located in Fairmount Park, which adjoins the built-up portions of Philadelphia on the north-western border. This is a beautiful park of 2,740 acres, upon which the city has already spent over \$6,000,000, and is now annually expending a large sum in adornments and improvements. Through it the Schuylkill River runs, bordered by high banks and ravines, and the great natural beauty has

been enhanced by art. The buildings are located on some of the most beautiful spots on the banks of this river, groves of stately trees surrounding them, and fine views of river and landscape being afforded. These buildings stand from 112 feet to 120 feet above the highest tide-water level in the Delaware river and fully that height above the Schuylkill. Philadelphia is a city of 300,000 inhabitants, containing 133,000 dwelling-houses, mostly owned by their occupants, and this number is being increased at the rate of 6,000 a year.

Girard Avenue, one of the chief streets of Philadelphia, leads directly from the heart of the city to the entrance to the main Exhibition building. This is a broad highway 100 feet in width, crossing the Schuylkill upon a magnificent iron bridge, erected at a cost of \$1,500,000 expressly to furnish good facilities of access to the Exhibition grounds. This avenue passes through the park in a westerly direction, and is a very fine drive. Bordering it on the right hand are the Exhibition grounds; these cover about 236 acres, which are enclosed for the buildings, and in addition to which there will be other enclosures for the display of horses and cattle.

II.

MAIN EXHIBITION BUILDING.

This is a parallelogram, running east and west, 1,880 feet long, and north and south 464 feet wide. The larger portion is one story high. At the centre of the longer sides are projections 416 feet in length and on the ends of the building projections 216 feet in length. In these, which are in the centre of the four sides, are located the main entrances, which are provided with arcades upon the ground floor and central façades. The east entrance will form the principal approach for carriages, visitors alighting at the door of the building under cover of the arcade. The south entrance will be the principal approach from railway cars. The west entrance opens upon the main passage way to two principal buildings, the Machinery and Agricultural Halls; and the north entrance to the Memorial Hall (Art Gallery). Towers 75 feet in height rise at each corner of the building. In order to obtain a central feature the roof has been raised above the surrounding portion, and four towers are introduced into the corners of this elevated roof. This gives ventilation as well as ornament. The main building gives 936,008 square feet of surface, or nearly 21½ acres. Its ground plan shows a central avenue 120 feet in width, and 1,832 feet long, which is the longest avenue of that width ever introduced into an exhibition building. On either side of this is another avenue of equal length, and 100 feet wide. Between the central and side avenues are aisles 48 feet wide, and on the outer sides of the building smaller aisles of 24 feet width. To break the great length of the roof lines three transepts have been introduced of the same widths and in the same relative positions to each other as the longitudinal avenues. Turrets surmount the building at all the corners and angles, and the national standard, with appropriate emblems, is placed over each of the main entrances. There are numerous side entrances, each being surmounted with a trophy, showing the national colours of the country occupying that portion of the building.

III.

MEMORIAL HALL.

This structure, which is the finest of the Exhibition buildings, is erected with money especially appropriated for the purpose by the State of Pennsylvania. It is designed to stand for all time; is a fireproof structure of granite and brick, and will be the Art Gallery of the Exhibition. It stands on a line parallel with, and a short distance northward of the main building, and is in a commanding position, looking southward across the Schuylkill over Philadelphia. The design is modern Renaissance. It covers an acre and a half, and is 365 feet long, 210 feet wide, and 59 feet high, over a spacious basement 12 feet high. A dome, rising 150 feet above the ground, surmounts the centre, capped by a colossal ball, from which rises the figure of Columbia. The doors are of iron, relieved by bronze panels, displaying the coats of arms of all the States and Territories. The United States coat of arms is in the centre of the main frieze. The dome is of glass and iron, of unique design. While Columbia rises at the top, a colossal figure stands at each corner of the base of the dome, typifying the four quarters of the globe. In each pavilion there is a large window 12½ feet by 34 feet. There are altogether eight of these windows, which will be used for the display of stained glass and glass paintings, &c. Two of them have already been applied for from Munich, and application for space in them has also been made from England. The arcades designed to screen the long walls of the galleries each consists of five groined arches, and form promenades looking outward over the grounds and inward over open gardens extending back to the main wall of the building. These garden plats are each 90 feet by 36 feet, ornamented in the centre with fountains and intended to display statuary. All the galleries and the central hall are lighted from above; the pavilions and studios from the sides. The pavilions and central hall are designed especially for the exhibition of sculpture. This fine building gives 75,000 square feet of wall space for paintings, and 20,000 square feet of floor space for statues, &c. The skylights throughout are double, the upper being of clear glass and the under of ground glass. The picture galleries are constructed on the same principles as the gallery at the South Kensington Museum.

IV.

MACHINERY BUILDING.

This structure is located about 550 feet west of the main exhibition building, and as its north front stands upon the same line, it is practically a continuation of that edifice, the two together presenting a frontage of 3,824 feet from their eastern to their western ends, upon the principal avenue within the grounds. This building consists of a main hall, 1,402 feet long and 360 feet wide, with an annex on the southern side 208 feet by 210 feet. The entire area covered is 558,440 square feet, or nearly 13 acres, and the floor space afforded is about 14 acres. The chief portion of the building is one story in height, the main cornice upon the outside being 40 feet from the ground, and the interior height to the top of the ventilators in the avenues 70 feet, and in the aisles 40 feet. To break the long lines of the exterior projections have been introduced upon the four sides, and the main entrances are finished with façades extending to 78 feet in height. The eastern entrance will be the principal approach from railways and from the main Exhibition building. Along the southern side are placed the boiler houses, and such other buildings for special kinds of machinery as may be required. A short distance beyond the western entrance George's Hill rises, the most commanding eminence in the park, and from which there is a fine view of the entire Exhibition grounds. The plan of this machinery building shows two main avenues 90 feet wide, with a central aisle between and an aisle on either side, these being 60 feet in width. These avenues and aisles together have 360 feet width, and each of them is 1,360 feet long. At the centre of the building there is a transept of 90 feet width, which at the south end is prolonged beyond the building. This extended transept, beginning at 36 feet from the building and extending to 208 feet, is flanked on either side by aisles 60 feet wide, and forms an annex for hydraulic machines.

V.

HORTICULTURAL BUILDING.

The Horticultural building is designed in the Moresque style of architecture of the 12th century, the chief material externally being iron and glass, supported by fine marble and brickwork. The building is 383 feet long, 193 feet wide, and 72 feet high to the top of the lantern. It covers about one and a half acres. The main floor is occupied by the central conservatory, 230 feet by 80 feet, and 55 feet high, surmounted by a lantern 170 feet long, 20 feet wide, and 14 feet high. Running entirely round the conservatory, at a height of 20 feet from the floor, is a gallery 5 feet wide. On the north and south sides of this principal room are four forcing houses for the propagation of young plants, each of them 100 feet by 30 ft., and covered by curved roofs of iron and glass, which, appearing upon the exterior of the building, present a very fine feature. A vestibule 30 feet square separates the two forcing houses on each side, and there are similar vestibules at the centre of the east and west ends, on either side of which are apartments for restaurants, reception rooms, offices, &c. Ornamental stairways lead from these vestibules to the internal galleries of the conservatory, as well as to four external galleries, each 100 feet long and 10 feet wide, which surmount the roofs of the forcing houses. These external galleries are connected with a grand promenade, formed by the roofs of the rooms on the lower floor, giving a superficial area of about 17,000 square feet. The east and west entrances to the Horticultural Building are approached by flights of blue marble steps, from terraces 80 feet by 20 ft., in the centre of each of which stands an open kiosque 20 feet in diameter. Each entrance is beautified by ornamental tile and marble work, and the angles of the main conservatory are to be adorned with eight attractive fountains.

VI.

AGRICULTURAL BUILDING.

This building will illustrate a novel combination of materials, mainly wood and glass, and will consist of a long nave, crossed by three transepts, each being composed of truss arches of Gothic form. The nave will be 820 ft. long by 125 ft. in width, with a height of 75 feet from the floor to the point of the arch. The central transept will be 100 feet wide and 75 ft. high, and the two end transepts 80 ft. wide, and 70 ft. high. The four courts enclosed by the nave and transepts, and also the four spaces at the corners of the building, having the nave and end transepts for two of their sides are to be roofed, and will form valuable spaces for exhibits. The ground plan of the building is a parallelogram 540 feet by 820 ft., covering about 10½ acres. In connexion with this building there will be extensive stock-yards for the exhibition of horses, cattle, swine, sheep, poultry, &c., and also a race-track for horses. Upon the highest ground in the park, a short distance north of the enclosure, ground has been broken for the construction of an observatory 150 feet in height. This will overlook all the buildings and afford a fine view of the Exhibition grounds and the city and its environs. This structure is an ornamental column of iron, and visitors are to be taken to the top on a spiral railway. The chief part of the materials for this observatory, which is a Boston enterprise, are already prepared and ready to be placed in position.

LITERARY.

JOHN MORLEY is to publish a volume on Diderot.

ROBERT DALE OWEN is out of the hospital, and lecturing again.

Another novel by Anthony Trollope, "The Prime Minister," will soon appear.

THE "Poems, Essays, and Speeches" of His Majesty of Sweden are to be published.

CARDINAL GRASSELLINI, who died at Rome, left a manuscript history of the Pope.

THE German novelist Gustav von Struensee died at Breslau on the 29th of September.

GERALD MASSEY, the poet, who once visited this country, has not become insane as reported.

A new edition of Landor's works is promised to which John Forster's memoir, revised, will be prefixed.

MR. ANTHONY TROLLOPE is on his way East from California. He will remain here about a week and then return to England.

MISS CHARLOTTE CUSHMAN has been obliged to cancel engagements to give public readings, on account of sickness. She says she is too ill to read or write.

A fourth and concluding volume of Professor Max Müller's "Chips from a German Workshop," containing essays chiefly on the science of language will be issued immediately.

MR. SWINBURNE has a novel way of revenging himself upon that most persistent class of bores, the autograph hunters. He employs an amanuensis to write his autograph for him.

THE long-promised *Church Quarterly*, to which Mr. Gladstone, Mr. Beresford Hope, and other leaders, are to contribute, is announced positively for publication this month, in England.

SEÑOR CASTELAR'S new volume is in advanced preparation. Besides "The Life of Lord Byron," which gives its title, it will include papers on Hugo, Dumas, Giscard, Daniel Manin, and Thiers.

FREDERICK HUDSON, late managing editor of the New York Herald, and author of "A History of Journalism," was killed at Concord, Mass., on the twenty-first ult., in being thrown from his carriage by a railway train. He was fifty-six years old.

It is the intention of the Poet Laureate to commemorate in verse the visit of the Prince of Wales to India. Mr. Tennyson has not been particularly diligent in his office as Laureate, having only published about five pieces concerning the Royal Family.

WE are to be pleased to announce that our friend and valued poetical contributor Mr. J. G. Ascher, of London, Eng. intends publishing shortly in conjunction with Mr. B. Moss, a parody on "Queen Mary," entitled "Queen Mary; what she did and repented." The work appears in London.

THE letter attributed to Thomas Carlyle declining somewhat ungraciously the degree of LL.D., conferred upon him by Harvard, proves to be the invention of a wicked newspaper man of Chicago. It was printed in a Liverpool paper as a genuine production, and thence copied pretty generally by the American press.

A curious advertisement, which has recently appeared in the Paris journals, has excited something more than interest among literary men. The advertisement sets forth that a well-known author is desirous to sell an unpublished novel to some one who wishes to make a name in the world of letters. Apply, &c., &c.

A "Study of Hamlet," by Mr. F. A. Mars, will shortly be published. In this the character of Hamlet will be regarded from a new standpoint. The early life of Hamlet, the origin of the intrigue between Claudius and Gertrude, and other like matters, will be discussed; the character of Ophelia will be vindicated from the aspersions of Goethe and Gervinus, and the performances of Hamlet by Ernesto Rossi, Salvini and Mr. Irving will be criticised.

JOHN FORSTER, in his forthcoming *Life of Swift*, has made it his especial work to picture the early years of his life before "he was governing Ireland as his deaconry and the world was filled with the fame of 'Gulliver.'" He has secured in this endeavor much unpublished and original matter, among which are important poems of Swift, some of them copied in the handwriting of Stella; the original MS. of the later portions of the "Journal to Stella," by which important omissions are supplied; an unpublished journal by Swift, written during a long detention at Holyhead by adverse winds; additions to the fragment of his autobiography; his note-books and books of account; his letters of ordination; 150 letters by him hitherto unpublished; and the first edition of "Gulliver," interleaved for alterations and additions by the author, and containing besides the changes, erasures, and substitutions adopted in later editions, several striking passages never yet given to the world. The three volumes will contain several fine-similes, besides a portrait after Jervas, etched by Rajon.

HISTORY OF THE WEEK.

The estimated loss by the Virginia City fire is over \$7,500,000, and the number of people rendered destitute 4,000, fully 500 of whom are said to be without the wearing apparel necessitated by the ordinary usages of modern civilization.

The German Parliament was opened last week. The speech from the Throne stated that peace is more assured now than at any time during the twenty years previous to the consolidation of the Empire.

The Crown Prince of Prussia is to visit the Philadelphia Centennial Exhibition.

General Dorregaray is reported to have been shot by order of Don Carlos.

Memphis, Tenn., was all of a tremble on Wednesday night of last week, from the effects of an earthquake.

The number of cases of cattle disease in England and Wales during the past three months was over 5,000.

Count Von Arnim is to be cashiered from the public service.

Foot and mouth disease in England is steadily diminishing.

A telegram from Vienna reports the murder of sixty Christians by the Turks.

The Carlists are reported to have gained a brilliant success in the Province of Navarre.

Sir Richard Baginly has been appointed a Judge of the Supreme Court of Appeal of Great Britain.

Her Royal Highness the Duchess of Edinburgh was safely delivered of a daughter on the 29th.

Two Bishops, one for the Diocese of China and the other for the Diocese of Africa, have been created by the Protestant Episcopal House of Bishops sitting at New York.

A horrible story is to hand through Boeton, of three barques which had been becalmed on the voyage from New South Wales to the Auckland Islands, having been boarded by Cannibals, plundered and scuttled, and their crews killed and eaten.



MONTREAL :—THE NEW BAPTIST CHURCH, CORNER OF ST. CATHARINE AND CITY COUNCILLORS STREETS.

CHIEF JUSTICE HARRISON.

OUR CANADIAN PORTRAIT GALLERY
No. 256.

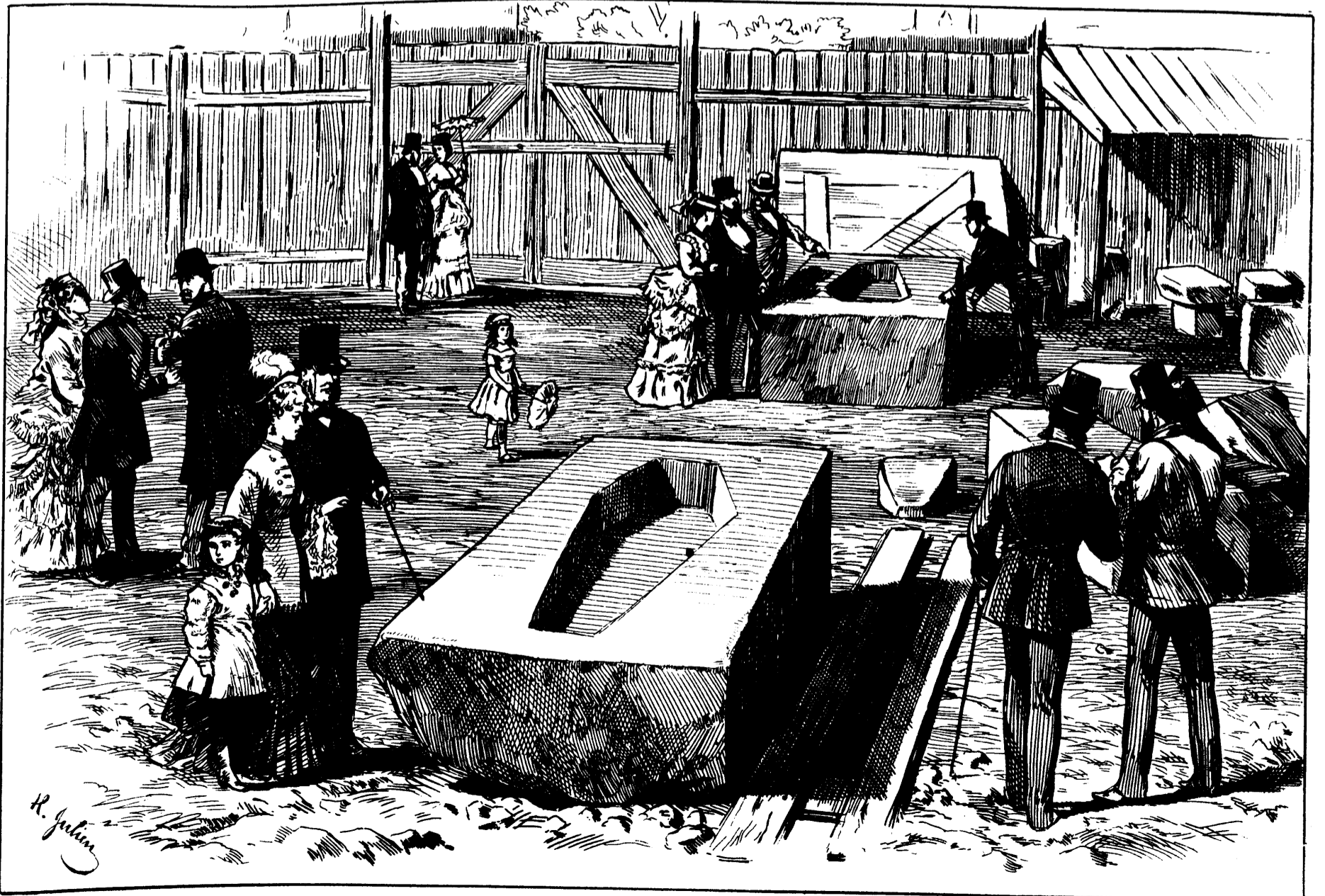
The Honorable Robert Alexander Harrison, was born in the city of Montreal on the 3rd August, 1833. His parents were both from the North of Ireland, and in the same year that he was born removed from Montreal to Markham, near Toronto, but subsequently became inhabitants of that city. Educated at Upper Canada College, the nursery of a majority of Ontario's great men, Mr. Harrison, at the early age of sixteen, entered the office of Messrs. Robinson and Allan as a law student. When about eighteen years of age, and two years a student, he commenced the compilation of his first law work: it was a digest of all cases determined in the Queen's Bench and practice Courts of Upper Canada, from 1843 to 1851, inclusive. He was about a year in writing the book, and nearly as long in passing it through the press. Being a young law student and unknown to the profession the work was published under the supervision of Mr. (now) Sir James Lukin Robinsen, who was then the authorized reporter of the Queen's Bench. The work was published in the joint names of "Robinson & Harrison." It was most successful, and received the approval of the profession. It brought Mr. Harrison's name widely and favourably before the legal profession. This was the only legal work he wrote during the time he was a law student. During the years of his study he was a prominent member of the Toronto Literary and Debating Society, and of the Osgoode Club of Toronto. For a long period he was president of the Literary Society, though in years junior to many of its members. Of the Osgoode Club, while the Hon. Justice Burns was president, he was one of its vice presidents, and a most active member. In 1853, Mr. Harrison became a law student in the office of Messrs. Crawford & Hagarty, then the leading law firm of Upper Canada, the members of which were the late Lieut. Governor of Ontario, and the present Chief Justice of the Common Pleas. In 1854, he joined the crown law department for Upper Canada, as chief clerk, or deputy to the Attorney General. Although then only a law student, his selection was made by the late Hon. John Ross, on account of the favourable opinion given of Mr. Harrison by many leading men of the profession. Though the government, of which Mr. Ross was a member, was defeated during the time that Mr. Harrison was on his way to Quebec, yet Sir John A. Macdonald, who in the mean time had taken Mr. Ross's place, confirmed the appointment. Prior to his departure for Quebec, Mr. Harrison received addresses from the literary and other associations with which he was connected, all bearing the most fervent expressions for his welfare. In 1855, the year in which the Government removed to Toronto, Mr.



Harrison was called to the bar "with honors." He was the first so called under the new rules then just in operation, and was warmly congratulated by the late Mr. Robert Baldwin, then treasurer of the Law Society, and shortly afterwards had conferred upon him the degree of B.C.L., by the University of Trinity College. Subsequently he received the degree of D.C.L., from that institution. About this time he was a constant contributor to the *Daily Colonist*, then one of the leading papers of Toronto; his articles were often reproduced by the country press with much effect. Becoming too much involved in politics, to the neglect of his profession, he, in 1855, cut short his connection with the political press. This year he commenced his work on the Common Law Procedure act. The undertaking, although a great one, was accomplished in twelve months. It was received with even greater favour than his first attempt, and the press loudly commended it. The London legal press placed him in the front rank of those who had written about the subject of which he had treated.

His next work, which appeared in 1857, was "The Statutes of Practical Utility in the Civil Administration of Justice in Upper Canada, from the First Act passed in Upper Canada to the Common Law Procedure Acts of 1856." This was intended as a companion to his former work, and fully answered its purpose. In July, of the same year, he became joint editor of the *Upper Canada Law Journal*, in which capacity he continued to serve until forced by a vast legal business to abandon the labour to other hands. The *Journal* was previously published at Barrie, and not much in favour with the profession, but when Mr. Harrison became connected with it, it was brought to Toronto, and from that time has steadily progressed; it is now much read and valued, not only by the profession, but a great number of the people of Upper Canada. During 1857, he also brought out "A Manual of Costs in County Courts, containing besides the tariff of costs some general points of practice; and shortly afterwards wrote "A Sketch of the Growth and Present Importance of the Legal Profession in Upper Canada," which concluded his literary labours of a legal character for that year. In 1858, he produced two other law works, one being the "Rules, Orders and Regulations as to Practice and Pleading in the Courts of Queen's Bench and Common Pleas in Upper Canada, with notes explanatory and practical," the other a corresponding work in regard to County Courts of Upper Canada; these were both well received, and fully bore out the reputation he had gained for accuracy, industry and ability. In 1859, appeared his last and most popular legal work, "The Municipal Manual of Upper Canada," which had a tremendous sale

THE HON. ROBERT ALEXANDER HARRISON, CHIEF JUSTICE OF ONTARIO.
FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY NOTMAN AND FRASER.



THE STONE COFFIN PREPARED FOR THE BURIAL OF JOSEPH GUIBORD, AS IT NOW LIES IN THE YARD OF MR. REID, SCULPTOR,
ST. CATHERINE STREET, MONTREAL.

1875-11-451

and was greatly extolled. Mr. Harrison, although repeatedly solicited to allow himself to be put in nomination for a place in Parliament, for many years steadfastly refused that honour. In 1867, however, on the Confederation of the Provinces, he was prevailed upon to accept a seat in the new House of Commons. He was returned for West Toronto and sat until the general election of 1872, when owing to the demands of his profession, he retired altogether from political life.

In 1859, he retired from the Crown Law Department, bearing with him the sincere and heartfelt good wishes of all he had come in contact with. He also received letters from his superiors, couched in the most affectionate and flattering language. Mr. Harrison commenced practice in partnership with the late Mr. James Patterson, and at once obtained a large and lucrative practice. He has been retained as counsel for the Crown in nearly every important case which has arisen of late. His first appearance in that character was at the celebrated prosecution of McHenry *alias* Townsend, the murderer; he next appeared in the conduct of the North shrievalty case, when people ridiculed the Government for retaining so young a man to prosecute. Though opposed by one of the most eminent counsel of the Province, he was entirely successful, and by his success set at rest the fears of those who looked only to his youth and not his great industry and ability. In the "State Trials" when the Parliamentary opposition endeavoured in Courts of Law to break down the Government, he, with eminent counsel, was on the defensive, and, as usual, successful. In the famous *Habeas Corpus* case of John Anderson, the negro, he gained his case before the Queen's Bench, but happily for Anderson, on technical points, the force of which he at once conceded, lost it before the Common Pleas.

The firm was subsequently joined by Mr. Thomas Hodgins, Q.C., now M.P.P., for West Elgin. On the death of Mr. Patterson, the firm of Harrison, Osler & Moss was formed, having as leading members the present Chief Justice in Equity, Mr. F. S. Osler, Mr. Charles Moss and Mr. W. A. Foster. This firm, during late years obtained a remarkably large practice. The extent of the business of Harrison, Osler & Moss may be imagined when, we state on excellent authority, that Mr. Harrison's professional income had reached \$14,000; and Mr. Moss has probably as much more. To give up this, even for a Chief Justiceship, must have been no ordinary sacrifice. Chief Justice Harrison has been twice married: First, in 1859, to Anna, daughter of J. M. Muckle, Esq., formerly a merchant of Quebec; she died in 1866; and secondly in 1868, to Kennethina Johanna Mackay, only daughter of the late Hugh Scobie, Esq., who was editor and proprietor of the *British Colonist* newspaper, Toronto. Mr. Harrison's appointment is a high tribute to a most worthy, able and industrious man, and coming, as it does, from the hands of a political leader on the opposite side, is as graceful as it is well deserved. On all sides the appointment is hailed with satisfaction by members of the profession. We have gathered the above facts from Morgan's "Sketches of Celebrated Canadians" and a late article in the *Ottawa Times*.

HOW OLD MAIDS MAY BE DETECTED.

A writer gives the following symptoms of maidenly celibacy: When a woman begins to have a little dog trotting after her—that's a symptom. When a woman begins to drink her tea without sugar—that's a symptom. When a woman begins to read love stories in bed—that's a symptom. When a woman begins to say that she's refused many an offer—that's a symptom. When a woman begins to talk about rheumatism in her knees and elbows—that's a symptom. When a woman finds fault with her looking-glass, and says it don't show her features right—that's a symptom. When a woman begins to talk about cold draughts, and stops the crevices in the doors and windows—that's a symptom. When a woman changes her shoes every time she comes in to the house after a walk—that's a symptom. When a woman begins to have a cat at her elbow at meal times, and gives it sweetened milk—that's a symptom. When a woman begins to say that a servant has no business with a sweetheart—that's a symptom. When a woman begins to say what a dreadful set of creatures men are, and that she wouldn't be bothered with one of them for the world—that's a symptom.

Dr. R. V. Pierce, of the World's Dispensary, Buffalo, N. Y., whose Family Medicines have won golden opinions and achieved world-wide reputation, after patient study and much experimenting, succeeded in perfecting a Compound Extract of Smart-Weed, or Water Pepper, that is destined to become as celebrated as his other medicines. It owes its efficacy not entirely to the Smart-Weed, which, however, is a sovereign remedial agent, but largely to a happy combination of that herb with Jamaica Ginger and other vegetable agents. The combination is such as to make it a very pleasant remedy to take. Taken internally, it cures Diarrhoea, Dysentery (or Bloody-Flux), Summer Complaint, Cholera, Cholera Morbus, Colic, Cramps and Pain in the Stomach, breaks up Colds, Febrile and Inflammatory Attacks. It is sold by all druggists and dealers in medicines.

WHEN ROSES BLOW.

It was the time when roses blow,
The sweetest time in all the year;
'Twas when the sun was red and low,
And when the skies were warm and clear.
I met a maiden by the gate
'That led into a field of corn;
'To see her I was proud to wait,
For fairer girl was never born.

I saw a blush upon each cheek,
A bashful gleam was in her eye;
I'd yearned to see her, hear her speak,
Soon as the day began to die.
For love its secret longs to hide
Beneath green leaves when day's no more;
And when its faltering words have died,
It turns its idol to adore.

We lingered long beside the gate,
And all our love was slowly told—
Until the happy hours grew late
And stars appeared like drops of gold.
Rare odours seemed with us to stay,
Faint music reached us from a rill;
We loved the night more than the day,
So lone, so beautiful, and still!

Night is the time for love to spring
Beneath a blue and star-lit sky;
When every zephyr seems to ring
With music as it wanders by.
Then hearts in union gladly beat,
And eyes with rarest brightness glow;
For there's no other time so sweet
For love, as that when roses blow!

[For the CANADIAN ILLUSTRATED NEWS.]

WALTER PENWELL'S PROGRESS.

CHAPTER IV.

"Which ends this strange, eventful history."

When you have begun your chapters with a motto you must continue to use mottoes to the end. That is a rule observed by all novel writers, and base is the slave who is original and refuses to follow his leaders.

Therefore the motto above written must remain, though it is not true in two particulars. The history is not strange, nor eventful; but it is a history and this chapter ends it; and to have a motto true in half its suggestions is as much as any well regulated mind should desire.

Though Mr. Dolby and Penwell had minds constructed after different fashions, there was a remarkable similarity in the conclusions to which each of them had come after the little scene alluded to at the close of the last chapter. "You've made a cursed fool of yourself," said Penwell to himself.

"I perceive you have been making a fool of that young man," said Mr. Dolby to his daughter. Penwell's first impulse was to signalize the occasion by flinging himself over the top of the tower. But then he knew that the newspapers would call him a "mutilated man," in the evening, when a description he objected to; and he fortunately at that moment remembered the words of an ancient song:

"Though his suit was rejected,
He wisely reflected
That a lover forsaken
A new love may get,
But a neck that's once broken
Can never be set."

and rapidly decided to go down by the more prosaic passage of the stairs.

Said Penwell to himself suddenly, "I'll never give her up, never!"

Said Mr. Dolby to his daughter, "You must not encourage that young fool further, Kai; you are too young."

Which shows that the mental difference was beginning to make itself felt.

Said Miss Dolby to herself, "He was going to propose, and he did look so handsome. I'm sure he loves me."

Which shows that filial obedience is not always given to the best of fathers.

Said Mr. Dolby to himself, "The confounded young puppy, the pair of geese! I must get this little girl into society and make her forget this affair."

Said Miss Dolby to herself, "I shall see him at Ottawa. He was very impertinent and I'll make him feel it. He had no business to—but then he is very intelligent, he talks so well, he is so good looking too—perhaps he will explain when I see him again in society."

Which shows that Mr. Dolby's idea of distraction and forgetfulness was not so completely wise as he thought it was.

Penwell was deeply hit this time, beyond recovery. He had fallen madly and honestly into love. He passed the time for the rest of the journey in another car revolving schemes for advancement, making resolutions of hard work, and making imaginary speeches to Mr. Dolby, who was in the mean time half asleep in the other car, and treating the whole matter as only a little incident inevitable in a journey with a pretty daughter. He took it for granted that she had forgotten; and she took it for granted he forgave.

The session opened brilliantly. The beauty and fashion of the capital and of several other cities turned out in costumes that were oriental in magnificent material and occidental in cultivated taste. The Governor General came like a meteor. His Lady appeared like a star. He was received with elaborate ceremony. She was received with a murmur of homage. The Commons crowded to the bar, the poorer men in shining clothes, the richer ones with their collars up and their hair ruffled; this was to show the independence of the Commons.

The Governor General said he had summoned them. This was to show the supremacy of the Crown.

The gentlemen looked at the ladies, (a goodly sight, by all that's fair!), and the ladies looked at each other during the reading of the Speech. This was to show the deep interest of the public.

Miss Dolby was among the galaxy of beauty. Her sweet face, her little figure, her bright eyes, made her marked among even as many as ten other beauties.

Said Penwell who was in the gallery: "There she is, my bird with the shining head! She shines them all down! What a prize to win—shall I not strive to win it? What a love to gain—shall I not strive to gain it, to be worthy of it? With Heaven's help I will!"

Said the member for Erie, (Charles Monk, rich, clever, popular—but cynical), "what little beauty is that talking to old Dolby? Can it be his daughter? She is a gem, a doll, a darling. Mr. Dolby is a sensible man. I will praise his moderation and vote for his next resolution. He will introduce me."

Said little Miss Dolby: "I do not see him. Perhaps he is feeling badly at his rudeness, as he ought, but I should like to see him. I should be very cold and polite, but not too hard with him."

The debates that ensued after the opening of the session were of a most interesting and exciting character. The Speaker was often in the chair till four in the morning. The debates closed in divisions, and the Ministry was supported. When the debates were approaching, dinners were frequent. Doubtful members were dined at home, and Mr. Dolby was a doubtful member. When the divisions came on, it was a question which way Mr. Dolby voted, and he voted with the Ministry. His invitations came thick and fast. Miss Dolby had become a favorite. If there had been a Kit Cat Club, her name would have been on the club glasses. If Anne had been Queen, instead of Victoria, Mr. Addison would have written a paper about her. As it was, the member for Erie, wrote her a poem, and Penwell wrote her a note.

The poem I will not give, in justice to Erie and its member. The note I am entitled to present:

DEAR MISS DOLBY,

Pardon me for addressing you at all, and for addressing you in this fashion. But I cannot help myself. I must speak. I must tell you what I would have told you in Montreal. I may offend you, but I love you with all my heart. Dare I hope, dare I work, dare I approach you? Am I wrong and rude in indulging in a dream that you do not hate me, do not dislike me; that you will give a chance of explanation? I do not ask you for any answer, or any sign of favor. I will make my own opportunity and trust to your kindness for at least a kindly repulse.

Ever your lover,

Even if not loved in return,

WALTER PENWELL.

By a satire of circumstance, Miss Dolby received both the note and the poem together. Her feelings may be more easily imagined than described. There was one circumstance which is worth noting in her behaviour. She laughed and blushed over the verses. She became thoughtful and pale over the note. Love is too often associated with blushes. Vanity causes more blushes than love.

About this time Penwell became aware of the designs of the member for Erie, but the member for Erie never dreamed of the designs of Penwell. The member for Erie pressed his suit with ardor. Penwell worked at his letter writing and articles with great eagerness. The member for Erie drove Miss Dolby and her father to popular places of resort, and Penwell saw them and grew sad. The member for Erie met Miss Dolby at a ball, and Penwell grew melancholy. The member for Erie spoke and spoke well too, when Miss Dolby was in the gallery, and Penwell took notes of his speech with raked bosom, for he saw her lean over the rails to listen to the oration. In fine Penwell felt that he was losing ground, and so he was. He was so eagerly bent on making a name and doing his work well, that he neglected those arts of approach which all women love so well. Be they never so willing to be caught, they love the formalities of flight and pursuit, and resent the open frankness of consciously favored lovers. My uncle Toby and Corporal Trim never planned a siege better than did the member for Erie the siege of Miss Dolby's heart. He dined with her father, he attended them at the theatre, he danced with her at balls, he drove and rode with them, he wrote poems to Miss Dolby's eyebrows and Miss Dolby's smiles. Miss Dolby could not be quite invisible to his ability, his manners, his riches, his open admiration; but she resented a certain too easy confidence which characterized his conduct.

Meantime Penwell, who was not always invited to balls and not often to dinners, and who could not always accept even the few invitations which he received, had but one chance of being often remembered, and yet that was a good one. He sent her his paper with his articles and letters; he sent her the magazine with his verses, but he himself was out of her horizon a great deal too much for his interests. But his interests were making themselves. His articles were read by the members; his letters were copied by the paper, and he received frequent compliments from his collaborators and even from Ministers, who seldom care who does the fine literary work provided it is well done. In the circle in which Miss Dolby moved, not quite the highest one of course, there was a certain amount of interest in literary matters and newspaper men, since many of the members were old newspaper hands, or had shares in the organs which helped to form the public opinion of their counties. Therefore, Smith's articles in the "Orb," and Brown's articles in the "Postman," &c., &c., often came up for discussion; and one evening as the member for Erie was doing his best to fascinate Miss Dolby, and as she was listening to him with a good deal of pleasure and pride, her ear caught the name of Penwell mentioned, and she started a little and turned involuntarily

to the people who were talking about him. Mr. McGarland was praising some articles of Penwell's that had recently appeared. Mr. St. Denis, of the Senate, (wise and amiable old gentleman, with the manners of the Court of Louis XIV, and the morals of an anchorite, combined with the natural shrewdness of a Canadian), was praising the humour and fancy of some letters to which his attention had been called. Mr. Steeple of the Lower House added a kindly tribute to Penwell's ability and his pleasant manners as a travelling companion. The member for Erie saw Miss Dolby's interest in Penwell at once. He joined in the conversation, praised the young fellow's ability, repeated a joke he had heard of his making, and recalled a first rate sarcasm that Penwell had launched at the Opposition; and he was rewarded by Miss Dolby's increased interest in his conversation. Clever member for Erie! Far cleverer than he thought, for his act of pure policy was appraised by Miss Dolby as pure magnanimity and good humour. He was bound to follow up the impression he had made and fortune favored him. The conversation I have recorded continued some time longer, but a young journalist does not offer attractions enough to sustain an evening's talk, and the last that Miss Dolby heard was that Ministers were pleased with Penwell and that his chances of promotion were very good.

The evening of the grand debate on the question of the Air-line Railway was an important occasion. Parties assembled in force. The leader of the Opposition led off the debate in a speech in which sarcasm combated with angry eloquence for the mastery. The leader of the Government nearly nodded his head off in nodding crushing repartee, ingenious arguments and able appeals to patriotic and to party feelings, back at the enemy.

The bore of the house had risen and roared, shaken his shaggy mane, and hammered away at argument and clawed away at the air, and gored all the patient members of the House into a state of agony. Still Miss Dolby remained in the gallery, for the member for Erie had made her promise to hear him speak. At last he arose. He was slightly favorable to the Opposition, and on the question of the Air-line Railway, he was in heresy altogether, so far as the Government was concerned. He spoke with ease and humour at first,

"One hand politely pointing out the crime,
The other in his pocket all the time."

but as he went on, he grew serious and closed his oration with a terrific onslaught on the administration.

When he had finished, he left the House. When he had finished, Miss Dolby also left the gallery. The reason was, Mrs. Bolton, the richest lady of the capital, gave a ball the same evening, and both Miss Dolby and the member for Erie were going, and Miss Dolby had promised the member for Erie a waltz.

The ball was a famous affair. The great mansion of Mrs. Bolton, (Mr. Bolton was in trade and was an excellent man, but he preferred a quiet life as his wife's husband, to having the command of the household himself) was elaborately ornamented and as elaborately disarranged. Flowers from a dozen florists bloomed in the halls and on the stairs. The music was furnished by the band of the Guards. The supper table was far more elaborate than even a bachelor supper at the club. Little boys in bright garments presented choice bouquets to the guests. The conservatory was divinely lighted with floats on perfumed oils, and filled with the choicest plants the Bolton finances could purchase and the skill of the Bolton gardener keep green. Here and there a soft rich seat invited repose and compelled familiarity. The place was sacred to quiet and to flirtation.

Miss Dolby arrived in a flutter. The member for Erie arrived in a fly. She was full of admiration for his ability; he was enraptured with her beauty, and intoxicated with his vanity and his passion. Miss Dolby was under the wing of Mrs. Waring, a woman of the world, and a friend of the member for Erie. Mrs. Waring praised him highly, his wealth, his ability, his steadiness, his ambition, and hinted at his devotion to Miss Dolby. The music resounded in the Bolton halls, and flying feet swept over the Bolton floors, and a dozen succeeding couples in the conservatory praised the Bolton hospitality and looked love in each other eyes for ten minutes or so of happiness and heaven, and then walked back again to ice creams and the earth.

The member for Erie claimed Miss Dolby's hand for the long promised waltz. He was in high spirits. He quoted a poet and paid a compliment. He gazed his devotion and elaborately in his manners expressed his deep respect. He led her off through the mazes of the waltz, (divines of dances, worthy of the Immortals!), and whispered in her ear, as they whirled, hints of his pleasure in her society, his ambition for her regard, his hope for her future affection. He did not cease till he had wrought himself and his partner into a state of ecstasy that frequently follows a beautiful waltz, and at the conclusion led her into the conservatory, into the dim light, the perfume and the coolness. She hardly knew where she was till he was sitting beside her, gazing devotedly into her eyes and holding her hand. He was breaking forth with his rapture and she was unconsciously yielding to the soft emotion of the time—when Mr. McGarland rushed into the conservatory and called out:

"Monk, are you here? Ah! yes. Have you heard that McNaughton is dead?"

"O, so McNaughton!" was the exclamation which burst from Mr. Monk's lips as he rose to meet McGarland and offer his arm to Miss Dolby.

They returned to the ball-room. Miss Dolby retired to the protection of her chaperone, and the member for Erie retired with Mr. Mc-

Garland. There is a little poem by Robert Buchanan called "Charmian" which Mr. Monk might have remembered at that moment. A lover sits with his mistress by the river side and with everything in his favor does not propose. It concludes thus:

"I watched the charm, I saw it break,
And such comes never twice to man—
In a less golden hour I spake
And did not win thee, Charmian."

That was the feeling which animated the breast of the member for Erie. He had been within an ace of what he deemed the accomplishment of his hopes, and the charm which nearly secured them snatched before him. He could not hope for another such opportunity. He went out discouraged and enraged to discuss the results of the death of McNaughton.

Mr. McNaughton had been an active member of Parliament and had of late been disposed to go out to the Opposition. His influence and his vote were at this time peculiarly desired by the party of which Mr. Monk was now a member. His decease lessened the party by a vote, and risked the chance of retaining a constituency. The question of Mr. McNaughton's successor was at once mooted and the two gentlemen retired to talk it over. The county was in Penwell's province, and had been Penwell's early home.

Miss Dolby remained sometime longer at the ball, but refused all offers of dancing. Her agitation did not escape the notice of her chaperone and the equal agitation of Mr. Monk at once gave her the idea that he had proposed and been rejected. The little lady who was the object of so much interest was very much distressed. She lamented and resented Mr. Monk's too early attempt to secure her affections. By a sudden revulsion of feeling her thoughts recurred to Penwell's silent devotion and determined efforts for her regard. As she was about leaving the ball room, gentlemen were just arriving and the conversation among them was the death of Mr. McNaughton and the man who was to succeed him. These words reached her ear. "Conservatives are going to run a man for the county."

"Who is he?"

"Oh, that young fellow Penwell. Comes from that place, I hear."

"Clever fellow, they say, and very hard working. Some love-affair has kept him very shy of society, I understand, but makes him work like a nigger."

Then Miss Dolby went home, and read Penwell's letter, and stayed up very late thinking.

Do you know the Library at Ottawa, my friend and reader? I take off my hat when I enter that silent place.

Around me I behold,
Wherever these casual eyes are cast,
The mighty minds of old.

The great Thackeray used to say a grace whenever he sat under the dome of the Library of the British Museum in London. And in this Library of ours at Ottawa I have often been impelled to say a grace also. Good Librarian, excellent gentleman, under whose courteous direction I have often waded knee deep, so to speak, in State papers, and by whose kindness I have had early peeps into latest volumes, accept the thanks of one devoted lover of those books of yours, books which you know so well, and over which you exercise such intelligent and loving supervision.

Well, in this library in the mornings, ladies often come in session and out of it, to read or to select books for home reading. There is one room which contains the volumes of travel, and this is usually quiet and silent. In this room, the morning after the ball, Miss Dolby was engaged looking over a curious collection of prints which had attracted her attention and to which she came this morning, partly, I think, to avoid the questions which her kind-hearted but worldly chaperone was sure to pester her with. She had been looking over them some time but had fallen gradually into a reverie on the events of the last night, and on the silence of Penwell and on his future. She was thinking it indeed her influence on his life had been such as she had casually heard, and the thought was not unpleasant. Suddenly the door darkened, and before her, with flushed face and eager manner, with a dash of doubt, stood Penwell. She rose at once as he advanced. Involuntarily she extended her hand, and he clasped it with reverential admiration.

"Where have you been?" she said not knowing what else to say.

"I have been watching and working," he said. "I have been hoping and praying. I have been dreaming dreams and building castles in the air," still keeping her hand, which she only gently disengaged as she sat down again.

"I hear you are getting ambitious," she said.

"Yes, I am ambitious. I want wealth and fame and power, but I want them for other purposes now than we do."

"Why is that?" she said with a rising flush she could not suppress, and a tremor she could not conquer.

"Then I wanted them all that I might lay them at your feet, but they tell me that the offer would be useless—since you have—since one more fortunate than I has now the prize I sought for."

"What is all this, Mr. Penwell? I do not understand you," she said.

"Are you not engaged to Mr. Monk?" he asked with his heart too full for further speech.

"No, I am not. Who could have told you that?"

"Then I may hope, may I? Then I may work still, and pray, and slave to make you mine, to make me worthy of you! Dear Miss Dolby, dear Katy, (let me call you so only once), I love you so that life seems barren without you, and honor empty unless you honor me too. Give me some hope that I may win you. Can you give me any hope? Can you give me any place in your heart?" He bent over her, taking her

hand; he gazed into her face which was now quite pale with unwonted emotion. She raised her eyes to his, and whispered as she rose "I think I can. Walter, I think I can."

"And on her lover's arm she leant,
And round her waist she felt it fold,"

for a single instant as their lips met and the seal of their love was impressed upon them forever.

Here I leave them for the present. It is some time ago now; but this ought to be the end of my story. I could tell you how Miss Dolby's father was brought into the mood of consent. I could relate the flattering notices which the papers published of Penwell's candidature. I could regale you with the story of the contest, in which he was successful. I could tell of the compliments which Ministers paid to his ability, and the hopes they entertained of his vote in consequence. I could describe the quiet marriage which united Penwell to his Bride. But above all, I could tell you of his hard honest work in law and literature, in both of which he has been moderately successful; of his kindly remembrance of his friends, of his modesty in success; and of that immense gratitude which filled his heart, and fills it a ways, for the love that has been bestowed upon him and for his great happiness in it; for the work which a kind Heaven has given him to do and for the strength which enabled him to do it.

But all that would be tedious, and this must not be a twice told tale.

END.

HEARTH AND HOME.

GOOD ADVICE.—If you cannot speak well of your neighbours, do not speak of them at all. A cross neighbour may be made a kind one by kind treatment. The true way to be happy is to make others happy. To do good is a luxury. If you are not wiser and better at the end of the day, that day is lost. Practise kindness, even if it be but little each day. Learn something each day, even if it be but to spell one word. Do not seem to be what you are not. Learn to control your temper and your words. Say nothing behind one's back that you would not say to his face.

CANNOT FIND THEIR LEVEL.—By far too many people fancy that they are not appreciated according to their deserts. "I want to make a change. I feel that I am not valued according to my deserts," says an aspiring young man. In all probability our inexperienced friend has more egotism and selfishness than is good for him; but we advise him to move—anywhere that he may choose—in order to test the accuracy of his gauge of his own ability or merit. It is proper to add that, as a rule, a man is appreciated fully for all he is and does—often, too, much more; and it is wise, and, as a rule, safe, to take the measure other people give you as a just one; and if it does not satisfy you, work harder until they voluntarily change it. Few men rise and remain long above their just level; few can be kept below it.

RESPECT TO WIVES.—Do not jest with your wife upon a subject in which there is danger of wounding her feelings. Remember that she treasures every word you utter. Do not speak of great virtues in another man's wife to remind your own of a fault. Do not reproach your wife with personal defects, for if she has sensibility you inflict a wound difficult to heal. Do not treat your wife with inattention in company, it touches her pride and she will not respect you more or love you better for it. Do not upbraid your wife in the presence of a third party, the sense of your disregard for her feelings will prevent her from acknowledging her fault. Do not entertain your wife by praising the beauty and accomplishments of other women. If you would have a pleasant home and a cheerful wife, pass your evenings under your own roof. Do not be stern and silent in your own house, and remarkable for sociability elsewhere.

ONE OF THE SORROWS OF LIFE.—Many a volume has been written about the love of parents, the love of mothers, its enthusiasms of hope and fancy, its adorations of the unworthy, its agony for the lost; but we do not remember that any one has ventured to touch on a still more terrible view of the subject—the disappointment, for example, with which a woman full of high aspirations, noble generosities, and, perhaps, an unwarrantable personal pride, all intensified by the homely circumstances of life around her, sometimes looks upon the absolutely common place people whom she has brought into the world. She, too, has had her dreams about them while they were children, and all things seemed possible—while they were youths, with still some grace and freshness of the morning veiling their unheroic outlines. But a woman of seventy can cherish no fond delusions about her middle-aged sons and daughters, who are, to all intents and purposes, as old as she is. What a dismal sense of failure must come into such a woman's heart while she looks at them! Perhaps this is one reason why grandfathers and grandmothers throw themselves so eagerly into the new generation, by means of which human nature can go on deceiving itself. Heavens! what a difference between the ordinary man or woman of fifty and the ideal creature which he or she appeared to the eyes at fifteen! The old people gaze and gaze to see our old features in us; and who can express the blank of that disappointment, the cruel mortification of those old hopes, which never find expression in any words?

THE GLEANER.

THE Empress of Austria, before leaving Paris, sent 5,000*l.* to the Prefect of Police for the relief of the poor.

Congress is going to be asked to appoint a committee of scientists to study up the insect breeding in the Rocky Mountains.

CARDINAL McCLOSKEY will visit England and Ireland, as the guest of Cardinals Manning and Cullen before he returns to the United States.

RUSKIN says little girls should not be informed that bees can sting; all that it is necessary to tell them is that bees make honey. This he calls Art.

It is reported that Gen. John Morgan, the celebrated Confederate partisan officer who invaded Ohio in 1863, has just died in Oregon, whither as the story runs, he escaped after he was wounded. It is a strange story, but may possibly be true.

ENGLISH and German authorities have just disclosed that French cooking is the best in the world, not excepting the kitchens of Oceania, and moreover that French women dress with more taste and originality and economy combined than their sisters the channel and the Rhine.

If the proposition of abolishing clerical patronage in Prussia is adopted, there will be quite a revolution in the church. In connection with the Roman Catholic Church there are over 1,000 ecclesiastical offices in the gift of private patrons, about 500 in that of the State, and 5,200 in that of the Bishops.

LONDON Bridges to be widened by the addition, on each side, of wrought iron arched ribs, carried on piers built over the present starlings or cut-waters. By this means twenty-two feet are added to the width, giving fifty-four feet of roadway for carriage traffic, and footways on each side eleven feet one inch wide.

THE Duke of Edinburgh's first and only hopeful is said to have eaten a box of blacking under the impression that it was a new kind of fig-paste. The shine has been taken off of that story, however, by the statement that one of his royal consins consumed his papa's sword under the impression that it was lemon-candy.

MESSERS. HENRY S. KING and Co., who take charge of the presents which the Prince of Wales will distribute in India, are responsible for the safe delivery of the consignment to the Prince's nominees at Bombay. They secure themselves from sea risks by an insurance said to place a responsibility of nearly £40,000 upon the underwriters at Lloyds'.

EXPERIMENTS have been made at Bordeaux for the employment of cork in gas for lighting. The results were so favorable and so economical that it has been decided to fit up works for lighting the town of Nerac on that system. The waste obtained from cork manufactories is distilled in retorts, and the flame thus obtained is said to be brighter and whiter than that from coal gas.

THE Los Angeles (Cal.) Herald says that at the present rate of increase it is estimated there will be in four years 1,000,000 stands of bees in Los Angeles, Santa Barbara, and San Bernardino counties, which will produce annually 100,000,000 pounds of honey, worth \$20,000,000, which is more than the value of the sugar and molasses crop of Louisiana, Texas, and Florida combined.

THE rank and file in the Prussian Army are miserably paid and equally badly fed according to our ideas. The only ration which a private soldier receives in peace is 1½*lb.* of coarse bread. His pay is 36 thalers a year, or about 9*s.* a month; from this a deduction of 1½ groschen, or about 1*d.*, a day is made for messing, and to this is added an allowance made by Government, which varies according to the garrison, and is fixed quarterly.

THE swimming feat accomplished by Captain Webb is to be commemorated in a picture by an artist whose skill is worthy of the subject. An arrangement has been entered into between Mr. R. T. Bott, a well-known artist, for sittings to be given to him by Captain Webb for the production of a painting representing the success of the captain's exploit, and it is intended that the picture (which will be engraved by Zobel) shall be exhibited throughout the kingdom and in the principal continental cities.

A recent report on the condition of women and children in the Black Country of England has been pronounced sensational; but Lord Shaftesbury writes to say that it is painfully true, and that the "detestable state of society" thus revealed calls, trumpet-tongued, for the instant interposition of the Secretary of State and of the power of Parliament. "Education," says Lord Shaftesbury, "moral, physical, intellectual and spiritual life are all set at defiance. The prospect is terrible. England is not so strong in the bodies and souls of her people individually, or in her numbers collectively, that she can afford this wholesale degradation of such a mighty mass of her sons and daughters."

Absinthe-drinking is becoming such a science amongst the students of Paris that "professors of absinthe" have sprung up to instruct the young idea as to the proper mode of imbibing this favourite beverage. A regular course of lectures is given, and we find that there are seven different ways to mix absinthe. First comes the "Hussarde"—this is to pour out the water in three equal quantities; the "Parisienne" adding the water drop by drop; next the "Purée"—equal quantities of absinthe and water, poured out simultaneously; Fourthly, we have the

"Amazone," similar to "Hussarde," with the addition of two spoonfuls of sirop de gomme; the "Vichy," a third-of-absinthe, a third of orgeat, and a third of water; the "Bourgeoise," exactly like the preceding, only substituting anisette for orgeat; and lastly "l'Abs," consisting of pure absinthe, with a few drops of brandy.

A REAL DUEL ON THE STAGE.

The audience at the theatre of Zanesville, Ohio, lately witnessed an unexpected rendering of the opera of *Faust* by the members of an Italian lyric company visiting the place. Everything went on as usual until the scene in which Faust fights a duel with Valentine, and the latter is slain by a thrust from the infernal rapier of Mephistopheles. On this occasion, however, Valentine no sooner emerged from his sister's house than he engaged, not Faust, but Mephistopheles, in a single combat. Both actors fought with such remarkable spirit and dexterity that the audience applauded frantically, till suddenly, Mephistopheles, contrary to all stage tradition, received a terrible thrust from Valentine, and, so far from retaliating with demoniacal sang-froid by a stroke of his magic sword, fell back into the arms of Faust. The affair, was, in fact, a pre-concerted duel, and the baritone had killed the basso before a host of unconscious seconds. The two singers were rivals in the good graces of the *prima donna*, and to add to the distressing nature of the incident, the Mephistopheles, whose name was Giulio, was the preferred suitor of the Signora Arabella, whose lamentations added to the scene of confusion on which the curtain fell.

MUSICAL AND DRAMATIC.

ROSSI has a fragile, girlish little creature for his *Desdemona* when he plays *Othello*. She is so slight that it is necessary to take a pillow to another her, and the eminent Italian always uses his moustache.

SIGNOR SALVINI has taken unto himself a second wife, his original *spouse* having died some time ago and is passing the honeymoon in Florence. It was an English woman who braved an alliance with the great *Othello*.

THE new opera house of London to be built on the Thames embankment will be the largest and grandest in the city. A railroad will run up to its doors for the convenience of the theatre-going public. Mr. John Fowler, the eminent engineer, will superintend the building of the new structure.

SIGNOR ROSSI offered Mr. Maurice Grau a good, round sum to annul the contract to play in America, but this Mr. Grau would not listen to. It is said that Salvini was not satisfied with his success here, and persuaded his friend and fellow student not to come to America.

MME. JUDIC is beginning to compete with Mme. Pattis as a recipient of jewels. The Princess Mathilde recently presented her with a magnificent brooch of pearls and small brilliants, whereupon the acute Judic removed all the jewels she had been wearing, and appeared upon the scene adorned only with the ornament just given her.

THE Signor Ronconi, whose death at St. Petersburg was recently announced, was not the famous buffo singer, so well known in New York, but his brother Felix, a music teacher. There is another brother, named Sebastian, who is also a professor of music. The three brothers were the sons of a celebrated Italian singer named Dominick Ronconi, the founder of a singing school in Munich.

THE death, at Neuilly, is announced of Marie Cico, the actress, at the age of thirty-two. She commenced her professional career at the early age of thirteen, in a café-chantant of the Palais-Royal; and was afterwards engaged in a minor part at the Bouffes, in Offenbach's "Orphée," and while there she studied perseveringly at the Conservatoire, and at the end of two years obtained the first prize in singing.

AN Italian translation of the entire works of Shakespeare is now in course of publication at Milan. The translator, Giulio Carcano, has been known as a student of the English dramatist. The earlier version of Leoni is said to have owed more to the translator than our present canon of criticism will allow. Carcano's version will be completed in from six to ten volumes, issued periodically, and completed next year.

A kind-hearted action of Middle Albani's at the late Norwich Festival is worthy of record. Mr. F. J. Blake, who for forty-five years has acted as treasurer, was unable through serious illness to attend the recent performances, and Middle Albani, who had made his acquaintance in 1872, when she first sang at Norwich, hearing how much Mr. Blake regretted his inability to hear her again, called on him, and sang "The Last Rose of Summer," as a mark of her esteem and regard for him.

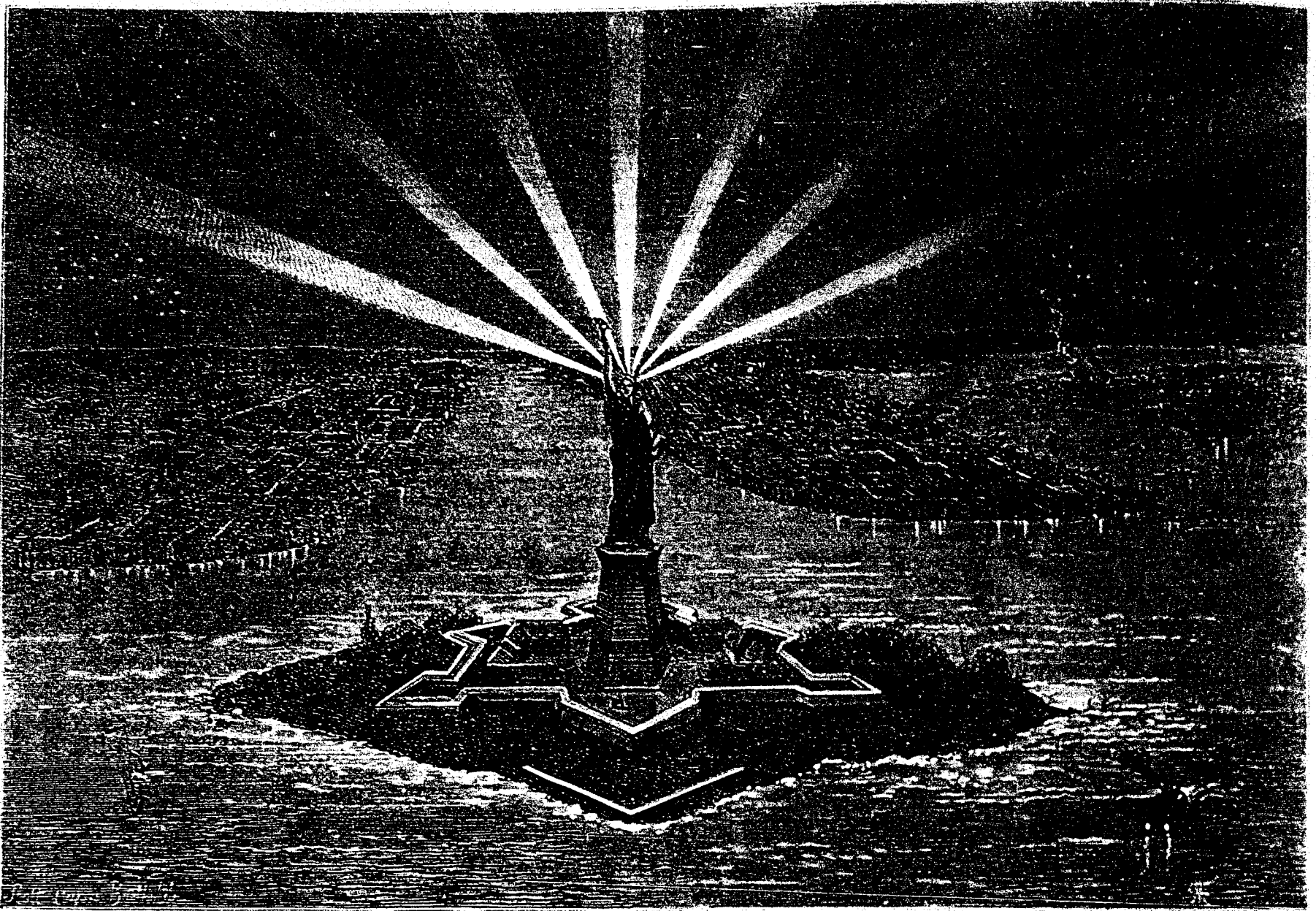
ORGAN recitals for the working classes are now a feature at the East-end of London. A fine hall located over the Bow Station (on the North London Railway), containing a splendid organ, is devoted to this purpose on Saturday evening; and here, for the charge of three-pence, may be heard the finest works of the great masters (interpersed with good vocal music) rendered by good organists. The experiment is worthy of success, and one that might be advantageously followed in other metropolises.

HUMOROUS.

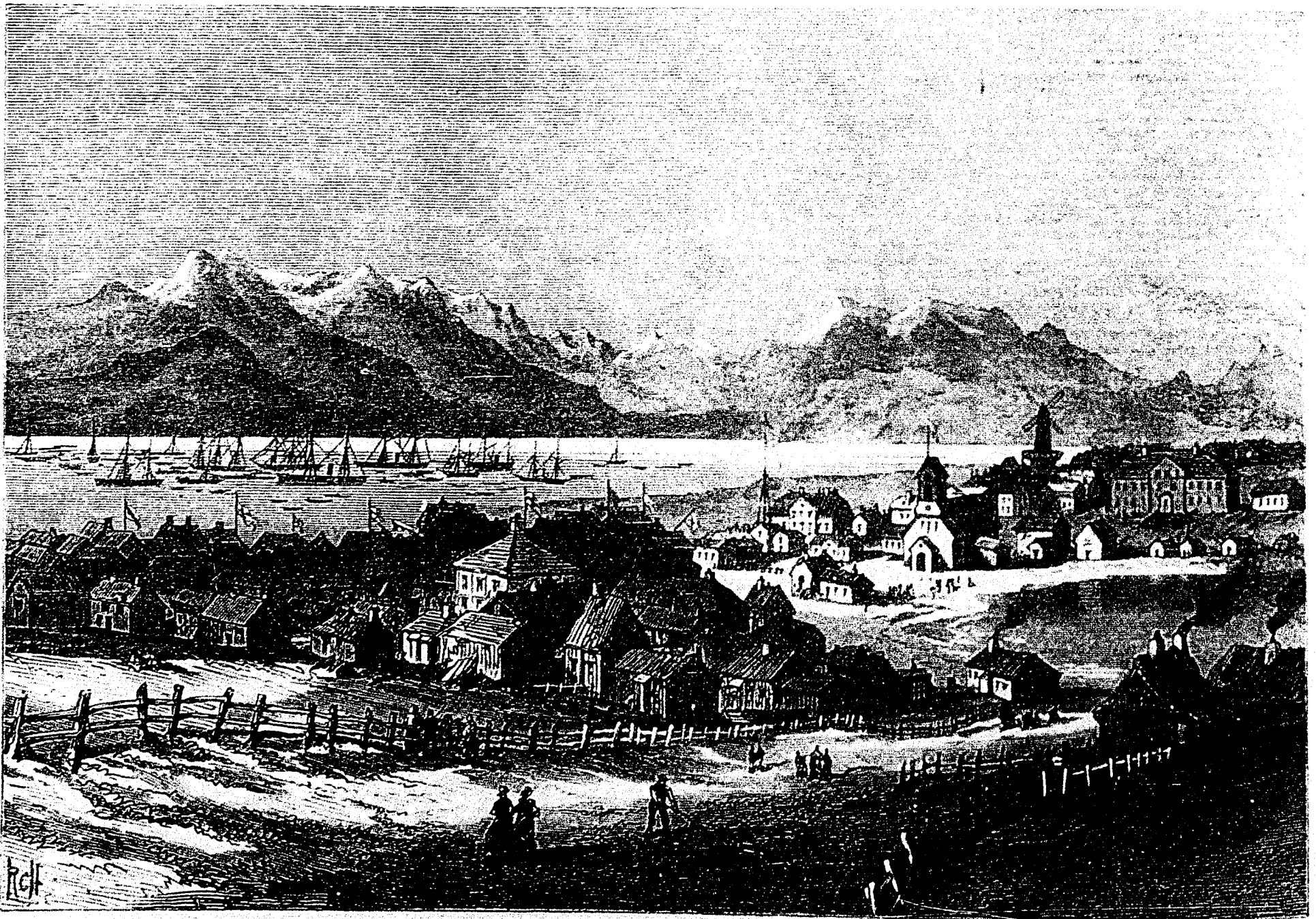
A man who has traveled says that it didn't take him long to find out that the brakemen own all the railroads and the clerks all the hotels.

UP and down Stairs.—Young Mistress (at the parlor door): Eliza, what is the bell ringing for so loudly? Cook (below): It's on'y me, ma'am. I want you down the kitchen a minute.

It would seem that the broadest culture cannot tutor some minds to meet the great surprises of life. Only last night a gentleman walking on his lawn remarked that "the sweetest influences of nature seemed to pervade these autumn evenings," when he sat down with considerable vigour on the tooth end of an iron rake. Then he went into the house and said the night was damp and chilly, and this lenient weather was enough to kill a man.



MONUMENT TO BE ERECTED BY THE FRENCH, IN NEW YORK HARBOR, TO COMMEMORATE THE CENTENNIAL OF AMERICAN INDEPENDENCE.



REYKJAVIK, ICELAND.



LOVE'S MESSENGERS.

ROUND THE DOMINION.

The number of shantymen who have passed through Ottawa for the woods in that region up to the present is 1,592.

Both Simcoe and Collingwood are offering bonuses to capitalists willing to start agricultural implement manufactories in those towns.

Confidence men are working in Montreal with counterfeit and exploded American currency, which they strive to palm off on the unwary.

The Phillipsburg, Farnham, and Yamaska railway is progressing. The section between St. Hyacinthe and St. Pie will be open by the end of the year.

Mr. Mackenzie left on the 27th ult., on his inspection tour on the Intercolonial Railway and other public works in the Maritime Provinces.

Messrs. Royal and Davis, representing the Government of Manitoba, have succeeded in making satisfactory temporary arrangements with Mr. Mackenzie relative to "better terms," the Pacific railway route, and the Provincial roads.

GIVING IN CHARITY.

Unless discrimination is employed in almsgiving, more evil than good may result from it. Yet there are multitudes of people who think that when they have given what they feel in duty bound to give, their part of the work is done and they have no further concern with the matter.

ings. A few Sunday ago the lady herself indulged in a prank which has greatly scandalised the gossips of the neighbourhood. She went to church in the morning, and immediately upon taking her seat opened a large, brightly-coloured parasol, which she persisted in holding over her head through the entire service, notwithstanding the entreaties and threats of the vergers, and a couple of churchwardens who were summoned to remonstrate with her.

A PORTFOLIO OF ETCHINGS.

The New York correspondent of the Boston Gazette writes: I have just been looking over a portfolio of original etchings by Peter Moran, the animal painter. This branch of art is a new departure for Mr. Moran, and will, I am sure, be as greatly to his pecuniary advantage as it deserves to be.

GRAMMAR IN ONE LESSON.

- 1. Three little words you often see Are Articles, a, an, and the.
2. A Noun is the name of anything.
3. Adjectives show the kind of Noun.

ARTISTIC.

CONSTANT MAYER is said to have disposed of his new picture of "The Song of the Shirt" to one of the clubs of New York.

THE statue of Prince Eugene de Beauharnais, which formerly stood on the Boulevard du Prince Eugene, and was pulled down by the Republicans on the 4th of September, 1872, is about to be restored, and will be placed in the courtyard of the Invalides.

MR. HERBERT JOHNSON and Mr. W. C. Horsley are the two artists selected to represent the Graphic in India during the visit of the Prince of Wales.

PREPARATIONS are being made in Dublin to place a statue of Grattan in front of Trinity College between the college gate and the statue of King William.

MR. SIMPSON, the special artist selected by the Illustrated London News to supply it with sketches of the Prince of Wales' tour in India, started last week.

A new system of velocipede has just been invented. This invention, it would appear, is composed of a single wheel of extraordinary size, in the interior of which is seated the velocipediast, who propels the vehicle by a very complicated arrangement of springs.

A Swedish wood carver is completing a singular emblematic set of chessmen for the Centennial, designed to typify the present religious struggle between Germany and the Vatican.

OUR CHESS COLUMN.

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

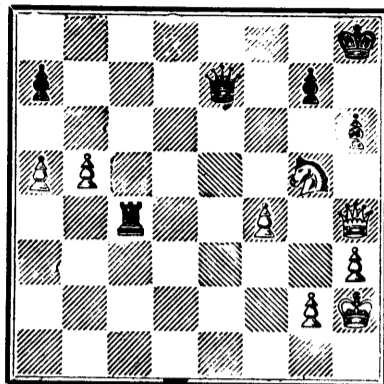
TO CORRESPONDENTS

J. T. W. Solution of problem No. 40 received. See the solution in the last chess column but one.

H. A. C. F. Please to number each of your problems. This is very essential for reference.

PROBLEM No. 44.

By SARRATT. BLACK.



Black having the move, took the Knight with his Queen, and lost the game. Show White's mode of play.

SOLUTIONS.

- WHITE. 1. R to Kt 2nd 2. Q to R 6th 3. Mates acc

- BLACK. 1. P takes R (A) 2. Anything (A) 1. P to K 5th 2. P (Queens)

Solution of Problem for Young Players, No. 41.

- WHITE 1. Kt to Q Kt 5th 2. K moves 3. Kt to Q B 6th 4. R checkmates

PROBLEMS FOR YOUNG PLAYERS, No. 42.

- WHITE 1. K to Q 3rd 2. R at K B 8th 3. R at K Kt 5th 4. Bat K B 7th 5. Kt at Q R 5th 6. P at Q R 7th 7. Q B 7th 8. K 3rd, and K R 7th

White to play and mate in two moves.

GAME 49TH.

The second of the three games played by Philidor, simultaneously, and without sight of board against the same number of players.

Philidor's opponent in this game was Mr. Bowdler, who had the first move.

- WHITE.—(Mr. B.) 1. P to K 4th 2. K B to Q B 4th 3. Q to K 2nd 4. P to Q B 3rd 5. P to Q R 4th 6. P to K B 4th 7. K Kt to B 3rd 8. K B to Q R 2nd 9. P to Q 3rd 10. Q B to K 3rd 11. Q Kt to Q 2nd 12. Castles K side 13. P to K 5th 14. P to Q 4th 15. P to Q Kt 4th 16. K B to Q Kt sq 17. K B to Q B 2nd 18. P to K R 3rd 19. K to R 2nd 20. P to K Kt 4th 21. K B takes P 22. K B takes Kt 23. K R to K Kt sq 24. K R to K Kt 3rd 25. Q Kt P takes P 26. K to R Kt sq 27. Q R takes R 28. R to Q B sq 29. Q Kt to K B sq 30. Q to Q sq 31. B to Q 2nd 32. R takes Q 33. R to Q Kt sq 34. K to Kt 3rd 35. Q Kt to K 3rd 36. Q B to B sq 37. P to K R 4th 38. R takes B 39. P to K R 5th 40. R to K sq 41. Kt takes R 42. K takes P 43. Kt takes Kt 44. K to Kt 3rd 45. Kt to K B 3rd 46. K takes B 47. K to K 3rd 48. K to Q 2nd 49. K to Q B 2nd 50. K to Q Kt 2nd 51. K to Q R 3rd

DRAWN GAME.

NOTES TO GAME.

(a) Instead of this move, he might perhaps have won the game by playing as follows:

- WHITE. 46. K to B 2nd

The first player could not move his Knight without losing the Rook's Pawn, and while he continued to guard the Knight, Black might have played his King over to the Queen's side, and have taken the Queen's Bishop's Pawn.

BANK OF MONTREAL.

NOTICE IS HEREBY GIVEN THAT A DIVIDEND OF

SEVEN PER CENT

upon the paid-up Capital Stock of this Institution has been declared for the current half year; and that the same will be payable at its Banking House, in this city, on and after

Wednesday, the First Day of Nov. next.

The Transfer Books will be closed from the 16th to the 30th November next, both days inclusive.

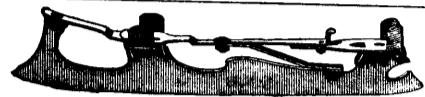
By order of the Board,

R. B. ANGUS,

General Manager.

Montreal, 26th October, 1875.

12-19-6-231.



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JAMES MATTINSON.
May 1st, 1875.

With reference to the above, the undersigned beg to state that they have fitted up the large and commodious premises, No. 577 CRAIG STREET, as a manufactory, where, with increased facilities, they will be prepared to meet all commands at the shortest notice.
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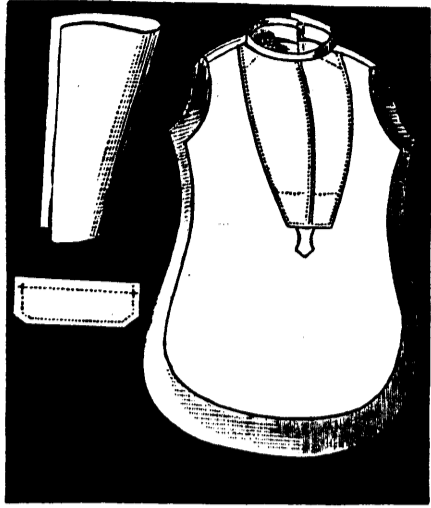
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Tickets at 13 Bonaventure St. and at Railway Station, Montreal, and at Office, Queen's Wharf, and Russell House, Ottawa.
R. W. SHEPHERD,
President. 11-20-26-150



CANADIAN COMMISSION. International Exhibition of 1876.

NOTICE IS HEREBY GIVEN, that the expense of transportation of articles transmitted to the CENTENNIAL EXHIBITION at Philadelphia will be borne by the Canadian Commission, and that they will be responsible for any loss or damage sustained by exhibitors. They will also furnish all

Show Cases, Counters, Shelving, &c.

and will provide the necessary conveniences for the transmission of power from shafts in the Machinery Hall.

Articles for exhibition will be free of duty unless sold for use in the United States. Articles sold to be shipped to other countries will be free of duty.

Entries close on 1st November next.

Articles to be delivered in the different Provinces not later than 1st of March, 1876.

Exhibition of Animals in September and October, 1876. Immediate application is necessary to secure space, such application to be forwarded to Mr. W. H. FRAZER, Secretary of Advisory Board, 37 Scott St., Toronto.

D. McDougall, Berlin.

Commissioner Ontario.

J. PERRAULT,

Secretary.

12-18-3-22.

OTTAWA, September, 1875.

[Small text notice, likely related to the Canadian Commission or a local business.]



[Text notice for Gowans & Co. Chemists, mentioning 'MORSON'S PREPARATIONS OF PEPSINE' and a signature.]

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Causes the hair to grow, invigorating the roots, not soiling the skin. Grey hair it restores again to its natural colour. Leaving it beautifully Embellished and glossy. Stops its falling off. Exceeds all others.

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12-2-52-178.

NOTICE.

IN ACCORDANCE WITH A RESOLUTION OF the Board of Directors of the MECHANIC BANK, and in conformity with the 23rd section of the Act relating to Banks and Banking (34 Vic. c. 5), I hereby call a SPECIAL GENERAL MEETING of the Shareholders of the MECHANIC BANK, to take place at the office of the Bank in Montreal, on the EIGHTEENTH day of NOVEMBER next, at TWO o'clock, to take into consideration the affairs of the Bank generally.

W. SHANLEY,

President Mechanics' Bank. Montreal, 29th Sept., 1875. 12-18-4-235

NOTICE.

APPLICATION will be made to the Legislature of the Province of Quebec, at its next session, for an Act to incorporate "THE CHURCH HOME OF MONTREAL."

Montreal, 29th October, 1875.

CARTER & KELLER,

12-18-4-227.

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10-19-52-29.

T. S. SPENS. SECT.

NOTICE.

APPLICATION will be made to the Legislature of the Province of Quebec, at its next session, for an Act to incorporate "THE PATRIOTIC INSURANCE COMPANY."

Montreal, 20th October, 1875.

CARTER & KELLER,

12-18-4-222.

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NOTICE.

Application will be made at the next Session of the Legislature for the passing of an Act to authorize JOHN HENRY PELLY SIMPSON to sell and convey certain Real Estate in this Province, being three Islands in the River St. Lawrence above Lachine, known as "LES ILES D'ORVAL," notwithstanding the substitution affecting the said Islands contained in the last Will and Testament of the late SIR GEORGE SIMPSON. Montreal, 29th Sept., 1875. 12-12-9-210

GRAVEL ROOFING. R. ALEXANDER, 41 ST. ANTOINE ST., MONTREAL. 12-21-52-38.

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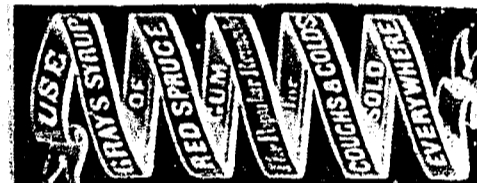
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