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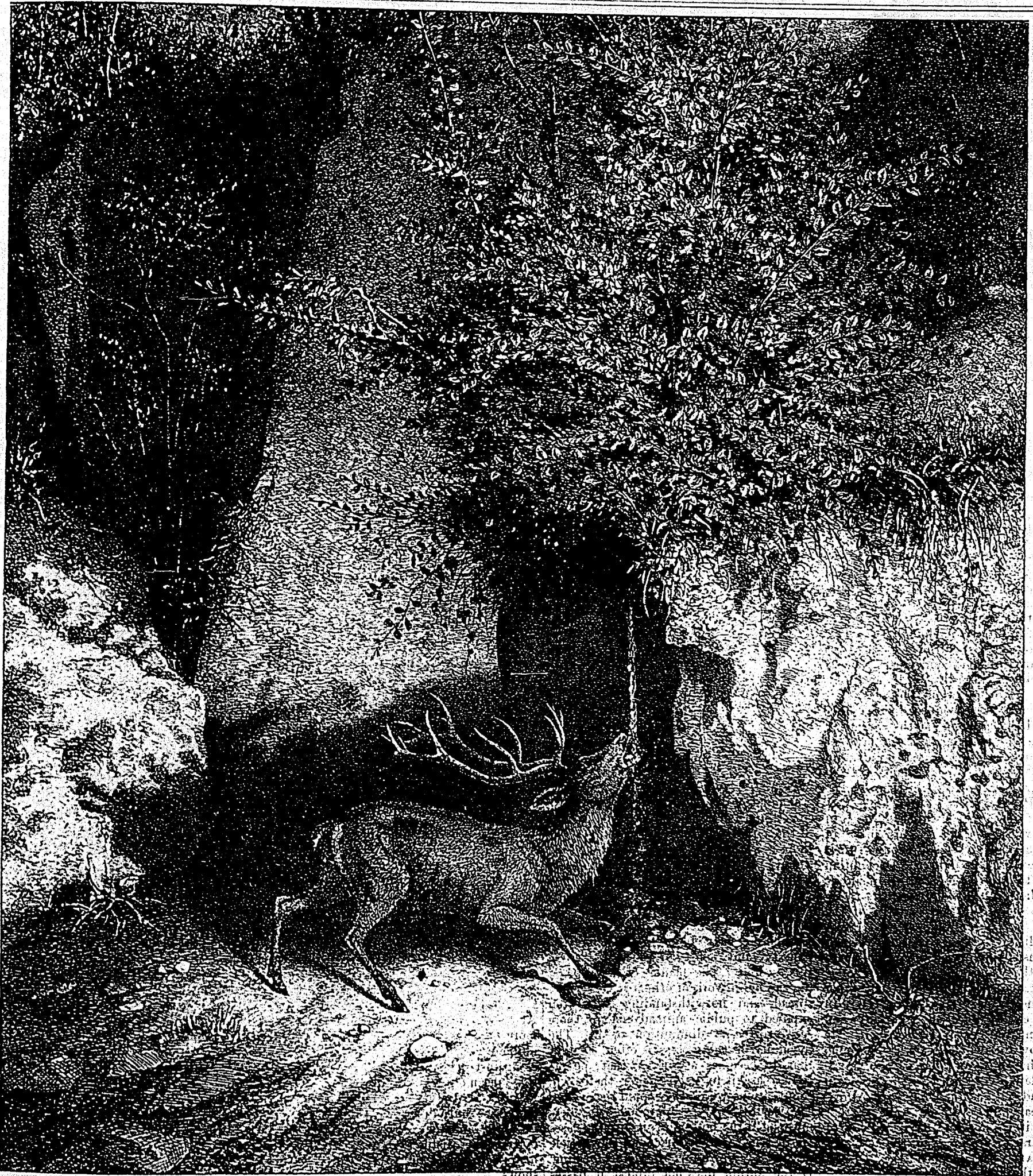
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# Whistler's News

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## CANADIAN ILLUSTRATED NEWS.

Montreal, Saturday, April 24th, 1875.

### THE TREATY OF PARIS.

After the Crimean war, in 1856, the Powers which drew up the Treaty of Paris agreed upon a Declaration including, among other things, the immunity of the commerce of belligerents and the consequent repudiation of privateering. All articles, not contraband of war, if carried in neutral bottoms, were safe from capture, and no war vessel could destroy them. This Declaration was signed by all the Powers, except Spain and the United States. Mr. MARCY, then Secretary of State, grounded the refusal of his Government on motives of national policy, which it is not necessary to recapitulate here, but which met with the approbation of the country at the time. Indeed, his official dispatch on that occasion was regarded as the most remarkable State paper ever penned by that remarkable man. Subsequently, however, his successor, Mr. SEWARD, saw fit to repudiate the arguments of Mr. MARCY, and gave in his adhesion to the Declaration. Our readers will probably remember the circumstances, for certainly there never was an instance in which self-interest so completely altered a nation's convictions and forced her to do precisely what she had condemned as detrimental to her interests. All at once, when the Alabama swept the seas, Mr. SEWARD, and the country with him, discovered that preying on the commerce of belligerents was against the laws of nations, that privateering was piracy, and forthwith the great Foreign Secretary claimed the retrospective action of the Declaration of Paris against SEMMES and MORFAT. Of course, the astute statesmen of the old world smiled at this piece of diplomatic jugglery, and though their Governments adhered to the Declaration so far as to refuse the landing of prizes on their shores, they did not stultify themselves by outlawing the captains of the Alabama and Florida. They rather vented a little diplomatic malice at American inconsistency, by investing those sea rovers with something of the romance which attached to the corsairs of other days. They understood that no American privateer could be called a pirate when privateering had been upheld as legitimate warfare by the whole American people, and that he could not be accused of violating the law of nations, when his own nation had refused in a solemn Congress of European Powers, to subscribe to that law. As it is, however, and in view of future wars, we presume that the action of Mr. SEWARD has pledged the United States to the Declaration of Paris.

In 1870, taking advantage of the helplessness of France, Russia very disingenuously withdrew herself from some of the obligations of the Treaty of Paris, and, we are sorry to say, England did little in the way of protest against the partial breach of faith. Even in Britain itself, the question of cancelling the Treaty has more than once been mooted. This was done in 1867, by no less a person than the late JOHN STUART MILL, and it has been renewed only a few days ago by Mr. BAILLIE COCHRANE, as we have announced elsewhere. The usual argument employed is that England has obtained no equivalent for her surrender of the valuable right of seizing enemies' goods in neutral bottoms. The suspicion is also thrown out that, in a general or protracted war on a large scale, the Declaration of Paris would not be respected by England or any of the other Powers which signed it. The Foreign Secretary, in reply, very properly insists on the sanctity of treaties, but he is too sagacious a politician not to know that, in spite of the vaunted enlightenment of our age, self-interest is still the great motive power of action for nations, as well as for individuals. It is true that in the late wars on the continent, the Declaration was observed; but would it have been observed if these wars had assumed larger proportions, or been carried on for a greater length of time? There is much talk now about international peace, and much laudable argument in favor of settling diplomatic disputes by diplomatic arbitration alone, and not by the sword; but evidently the world is not yet ripe for such a happy consummation; and certainly liberal and republican governments have done nothing to prepare the public mind for so important a change. The massacres in India were made under a liberal British Administration, and, as for Americans, their brightest examples of mercy in war were the devastated Shenandoah Valley and that belt of desolation, forty miles broad, extending through Georgia and the Carolinas, marked by blasted pine woods, ruined homesteads and thousand of starving women and children. Liberal Mexico, too, taught the world her lesson in every ravine from San Luis to Chepultepec, from Puebla to Queretaro, where the unfortunate Maximilian was murdered.

Should the Powers ever meet again in council, to legislate on the conduct of wars in accordance with the requirements of our advanced civilization, we hope they will not confine themselves, as they did in 1856, to naval warfare, but lay down rules for land warfare as well. It is little better than farcical to protect the goods of neutrals at sea, and allow neutrals and non-combatants to be pillaged, plundered and murdered on land. The mischief thus done on the one hand far out balances the good effected on the other. We therefore trust that the results of the late Brussels Conference may be practically enforced.

### LITERARY HARPIES.

"Who steals my purse, steals trash" is a popular saying, though when there is something in the boar's ear, the popularity of the act becomes a serious question. But there is no such distinction in regard to literary theft. Whoever purloins the writings of another, be it in part or in whole, may possibly steal trash, on more occasions than one, but he deserves to be branded as a thief, nevertheless. It is astonishing how blunted some people's honesty and sense of justice are on this score. The mania of appropriating the brain work of others is very widespread, and notwithstanding it is often exposed to public animadversion, there seems to be no diminution of it. The ingenuity of the process is often so great that it becomes a wonder that people should use it to palm off for their own, compositions which they could themselves surpass, if they were so minded. Laziness must be at the bottom of it, in nine cases out of ten. One editor copies the article of another, word for word, line for line. If the author does not protest, it passes

for his own; if he does protest, the plagiarist inserts an apology in some corner, or so obscurely that his readers cannot make out what it refers to.

Others change the title of an article, or take an article which appeared in another paper weeks and months before. As very few people keep files, or remember editorials, the trick is not detected.

Sometimes the first ten lines are written and the remainder is another man's production. If the article is striking, readers may pause to remark that they saw something wonderfully like that before, but cannot tell where. An editor may make an article pass for his by the manner in which it is set up. We know of one weekly whose "inside" is all leaded matter, like the editorials. The uninitiated naturally imagine that the five or six articles are original, and the acute editor gets corresponding credit for them.

The etiquette among newspaper men is to acknowledge whatever they clip from their exchanges. It is regarded as a compliment to a paper to quote from it, but to make that compliment profitable, it is necessary that the source whence it comes should be indicated. This common courtesy is very far from being generally observed. It is well known to adepts that most of our foreign news is culled from the correspondence of the *Times* and the other great London dailies. Nearly every day we meet with extracts or paragraphs clipped from the body of a correspondence of the *Times*. Yet the authority is hardly ever acknowledged.

There is a vast deal of stealing in the confection of books also. Books being now-a-days struck off so fast, it is no wonder that there should be some sacrifice of originality and much recourse to plagiarism. The elder Dumas was famous for this habit. Some of his works are made up of extracts from old books, which he did not take the trouble to copy out with his own hand, but pasted here and there to his manuscript, as occasion demanded. A popular female novelist of England was lately caught in a somewhat similar trick. She or her pseudonyme very boldly took hold of a celebrated French novel, hastily turned it into English, with some alterations of names and localities, and printed it as original. The very sensation which the discovery of the theft made, increased the sale of the book, and, of course that much was gained, whatever else might have been lost.

A man's brain-work is part and parcel of his substance. It is prized by himself and ought to be held sacred by others. Literary men, of all grades, should protect one another in this matter, for it effects every one of them in a greater or less degree.

### REPUBLICAN AND DEMOCRAT.

The superficial observer of American politics is often puzzled when he attempts to discover the principles of parties by their names. These have been so greatly transformed that they have not only lost their original significations, but been made to represent precisely the contrary of what they once meant. Thus the old word Whig which, as Hallam informs us, is Scotch for sour milk, was applied to that party in England which professes liberal principles, and maintains popular rights against the privileges and prerogatives of the aristocracy. In the United States, on the contrary, the same term was applied to the party which favored a central government, and opposed the full free action of the people. Thus the British Whig was the American Democrat, and the British Tory was the American Whig. At present, however, party names are still more confused. Whiggism has grown obsolete and Republicanism is the new title as against Democracy. Now, what does that mean? Etymologically, it means nothing, for the terms are nearly synonymous, the only difference being that one is Latin and the other Greek. But at bottom, the distinction is radical, as the history of American partyism abundantly shows.

Whiggism was popular at first. Washington favored it. JOHN ADAMS got into the second Presidency, on the strength of it. The great WEBSTER preached it in the North, the eloquent CLAY preached it in the West. But it soon declined in power. THOS. JEFFERSON, the immortal father of American Democracy, dealt it a fatal blow by his advent to the Presidency. JEFFERSON ruled eight years; his disciple MADISON, eight years; his other disciple MONROE, eight years. QUINCY ADAMS, slipped in by a trick, or by a defect of the representative system which gives Congress power to elect a President against whom a majority of the people has voted. But in came the irresistible JACKSON, the greatest of all JEFFERSON'S disciples, routing ADAMS after his first term and installing himself in the White House for eight years. Then his friend VAN BUREN, for four years. HARRISON, the Whig, came in on the strength of Tippecanoe, but the Democrat POLK soon succeeded him. TAYLOR—good natured, incompetent old Zack—was elected on a military issue, but his place and FILLMORE'S was supplied by PIERCE, the sterling Democrat, though indifferent general. BUCHANAN, the friend of JACKSON, succeeded PIERCE, after perhaps the most critical of American electoral contests.

It was at this memorable period in the country's history that the Whigs changed their tactics and mounted to power. They started a new cry, "Irrepressible Conflict." The Constitution was attacked that recognized property in slaves. The Supreme Court was attacked by the invocation of the "Higher Law." The Whigs changed their names to Republicans. Then followed the great epic of the war, which settled their tenure of power for fifteen years, during which they have had uncontrolled possession of the government. But the Democratic reaction came again, and there seems no doubt that GRANT and his party will be defeated in 1876. The Republicans are now called Radicals, and the Democrats, Conservatives. The titles may appear strange, but a little reflection will show that they are correct. The American constitution and government are essentially Democratic, and they are supported as such by the Democrats. They were and still are what are called "Strict Constructionists," but their strict interpretation of the constitution is meant to guard the right of the people against any encroachment of the general government. They were States Rights men and are so still, for, barring the principle of secession held only by CALHOUN Democrats, they maintain the sovereignty of each individual State against the Whig doctrine of centralization.

### THE AMERICAN CENTENNIAL.

From the very moment that the Philadelphia International Exhibition became a certainty, the CANADIAN ILLUSTRATED NEWS urged the necessity of proper representation on the part of Canada. When the Canadian Commission was appointed, we published a number of views of the Exhibition buildings, and gave full letter press descriptions of the rules and regulations to be observed by intending contributors. Some time has elapsed since then, however, and important changes having been made, we deem it our duty to publish the latest conditions as follows:—

The salient points of the general regulations affecting foreign exhibitors and the special regulations governing the free importations of exhibits, as determined by the Centennial Commission, are, so far as at present decided, as follows:—Principal conditions: 1. The exhibition will open at Philadelphia on May 10, and close on November 10, 1876. 2. Before May 1, 1875, the Canadian executive must state whether the space allotted is sufficient or deficient, and should therefore receive the demands from proposing exhibitors before April 25th, 1875. 3. Before December 1, 1875, the executive must send in plans in detail showing individual allotments, with all catalogue information. 4. No charge for space. 5. No charge made for

a limited quantity of steam and water power. The quantity to be arranged at time of the allotment of space, and any excess of power to be applied for at same time, and to be furnished by the Centennial Commission at a fixed rate. 6. Goods for exhibition to be considered as bonded, and exempt from Customs duties. 7. The usual noxious and explosive substances are prohibited. 8. Exhibitors or their agents are responsible for the packing, forwarding, receiving, and unpacking of their goods, at both the opening and the close of the exhibition. The owner, agent, or consignee must be present to receive goods. 9. Reception of exhibits will commence on January 1, 1876, and no articles will be admitted after March 31, 1876. 10. The installation of heavy objects requiring special foundations or adjustment should, by special arrangement, begin as soon as progress of works will permit. 11. Space assigned and not occupied on April 1, 1876, will revert to the director-general for re-assignment. 12. All goods must, under penalties, be removed before December 31, 1876. 13. The objects exhibited will be protected against piracy of inventions or designs. Sketches, drawings, photographs, or other reproductions of articles exhibited will only be allowed upon the joint assent of the exhibitor and director-general. 14. The Centennial Commission will take precautions for the safe preservation of all objects in the exhibition, but will not be liable. Facilities will be arranged by which exhibitors may favourably insure their goods. 15. Special regulations will be issued concerning the exhibition of fine arts, the organization of international juries, awards of prizes, and sales of special articles within the buildings, and other points not touched on in these preliminary instructions.

An attempt has been made to induce England to withdraw from the Treaty of Paris of 1856. But the resolution was voted down in Parliament by an overwhelming majority. The Government declared that England could not honorably withdraw from that declaration without the consent of the other parties who signed it. Her relinquishment of the right to seize an enemy's goods on a neutral vessel was doubtless a great concession, but England was a gainer by the abolition of privateering and in other respects. The revival of this question tended to no good results. On the contrary it was likely to raise other grave issues, and if persisted in would render England liable to a charge of breach of faith.

The long standing contention in Louisiana has at length been amicably settled, by a praiseworthy compromise on the part of the Conservative Democrats. A joint resolution recognizing the Kellogg Government and pledging members to support it in a course of reform and good administration, was adopted by a vote of 89 to 18. During the discussion, a pleasant incident occurred. Mr. Poindexter, one of the colored members ousted by the award of the Committee on Elections said he had the satisfaction in giving up his seat to know that his old master, who had always been just and kind, would take it.

The motion of the Hon. Mr. WILLIS, in the New Brunswick Assembly, in favor of a union of the Maritime Provinces, has been shelved by a large vote, but its promoter is sanguine of better success next year. The arguments of Mr. WILLIS were fully detailed in a late number of the CANADIAN ILLUSTRATED NEWS. At first sight, it appears to us that Prince Edward Island is better off as a separate Province of the Confederation, than as a fraction only of a Maritime Union, and from the tone of its press, we should judge that to be the opinion among the Islanders themselves.

It is well known that Mr. SEWELL, of Quebec, has proposed a plan to the Government for the Winter Navigation of the St. Lawrence. Mr. MACKENZIE, we are glad to learn, has so far acquiesced in his views, as to offer him the contract for carrying the mails across the Straits of Northumberland during the winter months, and, as there are from six to eight weeks, during which it is deemed impracticable for any vessels to cross these straits, the Government will allow the "Northern Light," during that time, to ply between Quebec and the Lower Ports.

BIRCHAM YOUNG seems to be awaking to a sense of the dangers which threaten his authority in Mormondom. He has cut away from some of his old associates, and declared his intention to found a new institution. An alliance with the Indians looks like a plank in his programme. According to him an Indian prophet alleged he had a revelation that the Indians must be baptized, become friends with the Mormons, resist the United States Government, and kill all the troops sent against them.

The Nova Scotia Government has at length had a test of its strength. On the want of confidence motion, just closed, it was sustained by a majority of nine—the division being 23 to 14. The Opposition has certainly made considerable progress since last year, when it was headed by the lamented HIRAM BLANCHARD.

THE PUBLIC INSTITUTIONS OF THE DOMINION.

Under this general heading, we propose presenting to our readers notices and illustrations of the principal charitable and educational establishments of which Canada may be justly proud. The completeness and impartiality with which we shall carry out this intention, will much depend upon the assistance that the managers and superiors of the various institutions will afford us in the way of information, photographs, or sketches. We will apply successively to each for the necessary materials, but we now request the principals of new or distant establishments, the existence or importance of which may be unknown to us, to kindly communicate such data, as may enable us to do them ample justice. We naturally begin with the most ancient and important of our institutions, and have selected from among these, as subject of notice and illustration this week:

THE HOTEL-DIEU HOSPITAL OF MONTREAL.

The history of the *Hotel Dieu* is the history of Montreal. Founded together, they encountered the same obstacles and dangers at their origin, underwent the same disasters, were restored and maintained by the same heroic generosity and courage, and now the Hospital shares in the fortune and greatness of the city.

The founder of the *Hotel Dieu* was Jeanne Mance. Its chief benefactress, Madame de Bullion.

Jeanne Mance was born in 1606 at Nogent-le-Roi, in Bassigny, France. She belonged to a distinguished and virtuous family. At the early age of seven years, she consecrated her life to God by a vow of perpetual chastity. She however did not enter any religious order. She was esteemed and befriended by the Dowager Queen Ann of Austria, by the Princess Condé and other great ladies. In 1640, at a time when she contemplated going to Canada in the interests of religion and civilization, she met Madame de Bullion, a widow of wealth, who offered to furnish funds for a hospital to be erected at Montreal, if Miss Mance would undertake the direction of it. The latter at once agreed to the proposal, and in 1641 went to La Rochelle to join an expedition about to leave for Canada. Before she left M. de la Danversière induced her to join the "Montreal Company," which he had founded. This company consisted of 35 persons of good family and means, whose only ambition was to establish a Christian colony in the beautiful Island of Hochelaga. Miss Mance together with M. de Maisonneuve and 45 colonists, arrived at Quebec in August 1641, where Madame de la Pelletier received her kindly, and where she remained till May of the following year. The winter was spent preparing for the new settlement, and on the 3th May 1642, the Flotilla left Quebec, and on the 18th May landed at Pointe à Callières, Island of Montreal. The City of Montreal was then and there founded, and soon after, the first

house occupied by Miss Mance as a hospital was erected on the same ground occupied by the *Hotel Dieu* for over 200 years, but now covered with splendid stores and warehouses on St. Sulpice and St. Paul streets. The first building was of wood, 60 feet by 24, and was finished in 1644. At that time the Iroquois waged a merciless war upon the colonists, and the hospital was constantly filled with wounded men, and those who became ill from exposure and hardships.

Madame de Bullion had given at first 42,000 *livres*, (about \$8,450) for the hospital. She now sent Miss Mance 24,000 *livres* more, of this, Miss Mance lent 22,000 to the Montreal Company, to raise 100 men for the defence of the Colony; the Company who had received from the King the gift of the Island securing to the *Hotel Dieu*, as guarantee, 100 acres of land. These were afterwards transferred to the Sisters in full payment. The Company moreover contributed furniture, and gave Miss Mance some cows and other live stock for the farm. Miss Mance went to Paris in 1649, when she was instrumental in re-organising the "Montreal Company" which was well nigh discouraged and dismembered, on account of the incessant attacks of the Iroquois. She returned to Montreal the following year, and in 1661, these savages so harassed the inmates of the Hospital, and of other houses outside the fort, that all were obliged to abandon their dwellings, and take refuge within the walls. The description of the sufferings endured by Miss Mance and her companions at this epoch of their history is interesting in the extreme, but would be beyond the scope of this notice. In 1659, Miss Mance went again to France, and obtained from Madame de Bullion a further gift of 22,000 *livres*. It is here to be observed, that the previous gifts of Madame de Bullion were for the maintenance of the Hospital, and of the poor cared for by Miss Mance and her assistants, but in no wise for the support of the latter. It was on the contrary expressly stipulated that the services of Miss Mance and those who tended the sick were to be gratuitous, and that they must live on their own means or on other contributions. Madame de Bullion's gifts, whether invested, or in money were "Le Bien des Pauvres," the property of the Poor. But now that the service of the hospital was demanding more hands, means must be found for their maintenance. This last gift of 22,000 *livres* was made by Madame de Bullion for this purpose, so that being invested, the revenue should serve to clothe and feed the Nuns "Hospitalières de St. Joseph," who were henceforth to take charge of the sick in the "Hotel-Dieu." Three of these nuns, and one servant, therefore accompanied Miss Mance on her return to Montreal. They took formal possession of the Hospital on the 20th November, 1659. But Miss Mance continued to administer the affairs of the Convent, and "Le Bien des Pauvres," until her death, which occurred in 1673.

In 1687, the number of Nuns in charge of the Hospital had increased to 20, but the revenues had sadly fallen off. The 22,000 *livres*, invested by Madame de Bullion for the support of the Nuns, had been placed in the hands of the Duke d'Angoulême who died shortly after, and left his estate in difficulties: the interest had not been paid for 17 years. The farm of 100 acres, which represented 22,000 *livres*, of "Le bien des Pauvres," yielded only 400 *livres*, per annum. The balance of the Foundation money, not expended on the building, 16,000 *livres*, yielded 500 per annum, so that a total of 1,200 *livres*, per annum, were all wherewith to meet a yearly expense of 7 to 8000 *francs*. A portion of the deficit was contributed by charitable souls: but the *Hotel-Dieu* had to contract debts. The old building was now falling into ruin being of wood and fifty years old, and in 1694, a new construction, partly in stone, and measuring 139x31 feet, of three stories high, was begun. It was built mainly by subscription, and chiefly by the help of M. Mace and M. de St. Valier. Scarcely was this commodious hospital finished, when, in February 1695, at midnight, an alarm of fire roused the inmates, and drove them all, Nuns and patients, half clad, out into the cold night. The new building and the old, as well as the church, were completely destroyed. Undismayed, the Nuns at once began rebuilding, and were soon again under their own roof. A second fire visited them in 1721, and consumed the hospital. In 1724, it was rebuilt, the King having contributed 18,000 *livres*, and in 1729 we find record of the community increased to 40 Nuns, the expenses amounting to 10,620 *livres*, the revenues only 4,866, and the debts to 8,000 *livres*. In this embarrassed condition, they were subjected, in 1732, to a violent earthquake which did great damage not only to the hospital, but to the whole town. The first shock lasted 15 minutes. Three hundred chimneys were overthrown, many walls were split, wells were filled up with earth, all fled in terror from the houses, and took refuge in the fields. Within 24 hours, 30 distinct shocks were felt. The Government of France granted 640 *livres* to the *Hotel-Dieu* to repair the damage it had suffered in this Catastrophe. The City was visited the following year by small-pox, five hundred cases of which were treated in the *Hotel-Dieu*. During four months, the Nuns had constantly in the hospital, nearly one hundred soldiers, sick with the epidemic. During this year, notwithstanding this addition to their labors and expenses, the Sisters completed the restoration of the building, employing for this purpose the dowry which one of the Nuns had brought to the Community.

On the 10th April, 1734, a third and most disastrous conflagration reduced once more to ashes the *Hotel-Dieu*, already so often wrecked and ruined. Forty-five houses of the

town were burnt at the same time. The losses suffered by the nuns of St. Joseph was estimated by M. de Lery at 80,000 *livres*, or \$16,000. Their properties at that time yielded them 5,000 *livres*,—\$1,000 of revenues. They usually had about 40 patients in hospital, cared for gratuitously. After the fire, they moved into a house owned by M. de Montigny, and another adjoining, near Bonsecours Church, where they remained about a year. The King paid the rental of these houses, 700 *livres* per annum. Whilst here, they received in hospital a soldier attacked with a virulent and pestilential epidemic, from a ship just arrived. So violent was the disease, that in a few days, eight of the nuns were taken ill. Several others caught it subsequently and finally nine of them died from its effects. Meanwhile, M. de Beauharnois, the Governor, and M. Hocquard, Intendant, petitioned the King in favor of the *Hotel-Dieu*, requesting aid to reconstruct the hospital. The King accordingly granted 10,000 *livres* in 1735, and the works were at once begun. In the fall of that year the Nuns occupied a portion of the new building, which was completed gradually, the Church being finished only in 1744. In 1745, an Epidemic fever carried off five of the nuns, who caught the infection from patients they were nursing. In 1758, the battle of Carillon filled the *Hotel-Dieu* with wounded soldiers. Quebec was taken by the English troops in 1759, and the following year Amherst marched into Montreal. The English general visited the Hospital and assured the Nuns of his great esteem, and of the protection of the British Government. He also sent them presents of money and wine. But after his departure from Canada, they were subjected to much ill usage and insults from the conquerors. An order was even issued forbidding them to receive novices. Carleton, however, revoked this edict in 1770. The Nuns would otherwise have left the country, being exposed to much suffering, and many privations under the new régime. The wall on St. Paul street was built in 1771. About this time, driven to their wits' end to find the means of living and of supporting the poor sick gratuitously nursed, the Nuns displayed wonderful energy and resource. Sister LePailleur established a bakery and sold bread—another bought refuse-meat, &c. from the troops, and made soap. Others took in sewing for the public, and thus added to the slender revenue. In 1805, the spire of the church was struck by lightning, and set on fire. The destroying element went no further, and the loss was slight.

Meanwhile, the revenues from the French Government had been cut off, and those from the funds invested in France by Madame de Bullion were also lost. A priest of the Seminary of St. Sulpice, M. Thavenet, visiting France in 1821, offered his services to recover these funds. His efforts were crowned with success, and in 1827, the crumbling walls of the thrice burnt *Hotel-Dieu* were knocked down, piece by piece, and rebuilt substantially, with the assistance thus procured from France. The Monastery, Hospital, and Church were successively completed, and were occupied by these admirable and devoted Sisters, and the sick and infirm confided to their care, until their removal, a few years ago, to the immense edifice situated on the Mountain slopes, Upper St. Urbain street, of which we give two views in this issue of the CANADIAN ILLUSTRATED NEWS. We must defer to our next number the description of this building, statistics relative to the sick, infirm, and orphans received therein, and several interesting details on the interior economy of the institution.

DOMESTIC.

PLAIN PUDDINGS.—Bread crumbled and put into a pie-dish with alternate layers of stewed apples and a little sugar, when baked makes an excellent pudding. The juice of the apples making the crumbs quite moist.

CHOCOLATE FOR THE SICK.—When an invalid uses chocolate it should be made in the ordinary way and then suffered to stand until cold. The oily part collected on the surface should be taken off. Then boil the liquid again, and add sugar and milk, as usual.

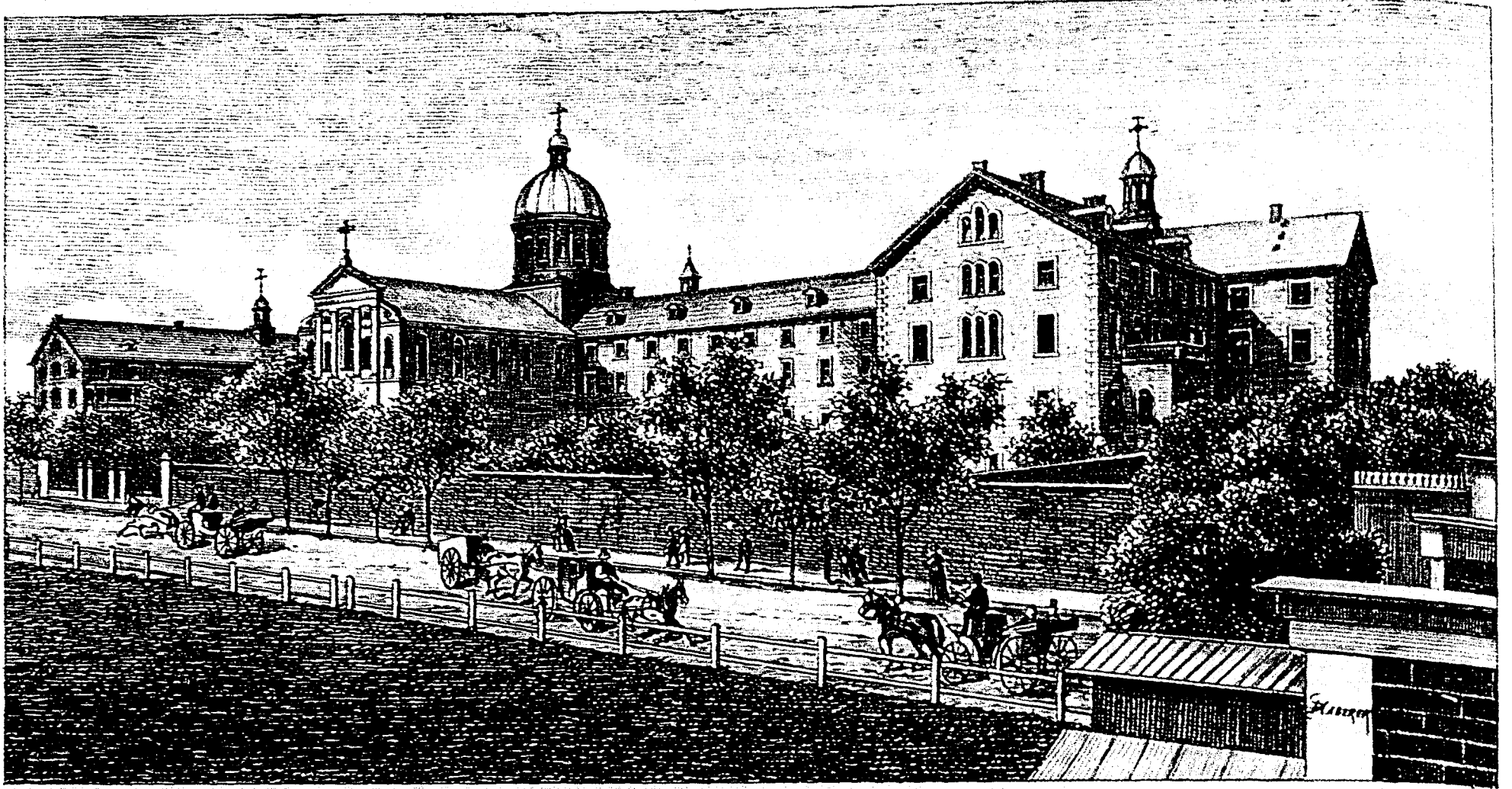
THE COMPLEXION.—Take blanched bitter almonds, two ounces; blanched sweet almonds, one ounce; beat to a paste; add distilled water, one quart; mix well, strain, put into a bottle, add corrosive sublimate in powder, twenty grains, dissolved in two table-spoonsful of spirits of wine, and shake well. This lotion is used to impart a delightful softness to the skin, and also as a wash for eruptive diseases. Wet the skin with it, either by means of the corner of a napkin, or the fingers dipped into it, and then gently wipe off with a dry cloth.

POOR MAN'S PUDDING.—A quart of milk, one-half tea-cup of rice, salt to taste, one cup of sugar. Bake until the rice is cooked, which may take an hour. Much depends on the baking of this pudding. It will be cream-like when done. The housekeeper will need to bake several of them before getting them just to suit her. This is true of most untried receipts. This is one of the best puddings for a cheap one. It is called the "Poor Man's," because of its cheapness, though it is worthy of a place on the richest table. It requires no sauce to eat with it. If one cup of sugar proves too much or not enough, vary it to suit taste.

THE HANDS.—In order to preserve the hands soft and white, they should always be washed in warm water, with fine soap, and carefully dried with a moderately coarse towel, being well rubbed every time to secure a brisk circulation, than which nothing can be more effectual in promoting a transparent and soft surface. If engaged in any accidental pursuit which may hurt the colour of the hands, or if they have been exposed to the sun, a little lemon-juice will restore their whiteness for the time; and lemon soap is proper to wash them with. Almond paste is of essential service in preserving the delicacy of the hands. The following is a serviceable pomade for rubbing the hands on retiring to rest: Take two ounces of sweet almonds; beat with three drachms of white wax, and three drachms of spermaceti; put up carefully in rose water. Gloves should be always worn on exposure to the atmosphere, and are essential at all times for a lady in the house except at meals.



## THE PUBLIC INSTITUTIONS OF THE DOMINION.



MONTREAL: THE HOTEL DIEU, OR CATHOLIC GENERAL HOSPITAL. FRONT VIEW.

## THE LIFE-DREAM OF AN ARTIST.

One beautiful summer's evening, many years ago, there arrived at the principal hotel in a fashionable watering-place in Germany, a young man, whose name created a ripple of excitement when it became known. It soon went from mouth to mouth that William Ernst, the great violin virtuoso, whom all Germany was praising, had arrived, and proposed giving a concert the following evening.

The people heard of this addition to their pleasures with delight. Long before the concert-room was thrown open for the performance, the streets were thronged with people eager to receive tickets of admission. Hundreds were later turned away, disappointed and unable to gain admittance.

The large audience sat breathless when Ernst appeared on the raised platform with violin in hand. Then a storm of applause greeted him, which again hushed to silence when the young violinist raised his bow and the lovely harmonies of one of his own compositions stole through the

room, filling every arch to the uttermost corner with melody. When the last notes died away the great hall rung with "bravos," and the young artist was literally covered with honors. Ernst's calm, determined face beamed with delight, which changed to tenderness as his eyes rested upon the two ladies occupying a place not far distant from the stage. One was an elderly lady, and sitting beside her was the object of Ernst's solicitude, a young lady of about eighteen years of age. Both ladies seemed to take great delight in the triumph of the violinist.

The night of the concert was one in which nature itself seemed under the influence of divine music. Stars twinkled brightly, and the moon was in its full glory. After leaving the concert hall, Ernst passed slowly through the streets of the town, and turning into a secluded thoroughfare, stopped at a palatial mansion, and was soon ushered into the presence of the Baroness Van Brent.

"Well, my dear Ernst," she exclaimed, "I am glad you have come at last. I have been anxious to see and speak with you concerning the subject of your letter, and you will pardon me for going so abruptly to a subject which so concerns the happiness of my daughter. You

love Clara, and she devotedly loves you. But you will understand, dear Ernst, the circumstances under which my daughter has been reared. She does not know what it is to be denied any wish, and when I am dead, she must have a home, and as you are poor, and can offer her neither—

"Stop! dear madame, I read your meaning. I am poor, it is true, in worldly goods, but I have that which will bring me riches. Give me time, and I will start this very night and return not until I can bring diamonds to lay at your feet. Then may I claim her! May I not see her now?"

"It is better not."

"Be it so, I will go out into the world! I will secure riches, and all Germany will help me!"

Nearly two years passed by, and Ernst had travelled the world over. He had gained fame and gathered riches, and was now returning homeward to claim the choice of his heart.

Having arrived once more at the scene of his early triumphs, he again stopped at the residence of the Baroness Van Brent. He rang the bell with a fast-beating heart. The door was opened

by a lady clad in the deepest mourning. Ernst did not at first recognize in the sorrow-stricken face of the lady before him the proud baroness with whom he had parted with heavy heart two years before. She grasped his hand without uttering a word and led him silently into the parlor, which was dark and filled with an indescribable dread.

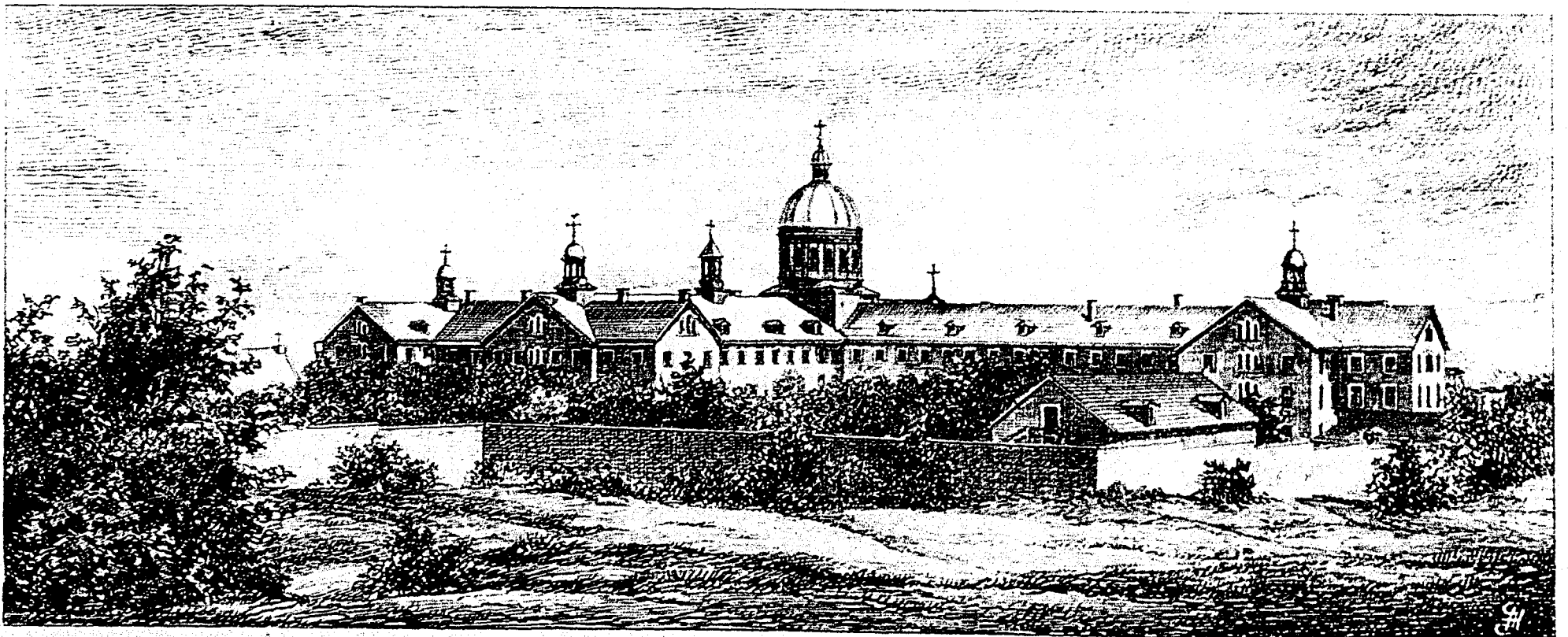
Vain, indeed, are words to paint the picture that met the horrified gaze of the wanderer in that darkened room, or to express the agony of him, who returning to demand his lovely young bride, finds her dead!

Such was the ending of the one bright dream of William Ernst's life.

The following morning the paper contained this notice:

"The eminent young violinist Ernst is again with us, but unlike his former self, he is in feeble health. He was attacked suddenly with a delirium, and we grieve to say, is not expected to survive many days, or even hours."

But Ernst did survive to bequeath to the world that beautiful and well-known "Elegie," into which he poured the story of his great sorrow. He died shortly after his irreparable loss, broken-hearted and in the bloom of youth.



MONTREAL: THE HOTEL DIEU, OR CATHOLIC GENERAL HOSPITAL. REAR VIEW, FROM THE MOUNTAIN.

OUR CANADIAN PORTRAIT GALLERY.



No. 238.—REV. DR. WILKES.—FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY NOTMAN.



No. 239.—REV. MR. CHAPMAN.—FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY NOTMAN.



SCENE FROM THE TRAGEDY OF ANTIGONE.



(For the CANADIAN ILLUSTRATED NEWS.)

**A PARTY.**

BY CLARE.

My gloves are on, and one has slit in spite of every care I've fixed with due solemnity the flowers in my hair; My escort meets me at the door, we both proceed below. And bowing to our hostess, join the quiet seated row.

With tiny slipping pencil in tightly gloved hand, The partners note in writing all the dances they demand; And soon in busy chatting squares the parlours quickly fill. And the sombre-faced musicians strike up a gay quadrille.

And so the dancing once begun keeps up with ceaseless whirl, The lancers' graceful mazes, the galop's rapid twirl; The queen of dances, with its dreamy, sense-enthraling swing. Or its parody, the Boston glide, to strains of "Gentle Spring."

I see Miss Smith—an heiress, but of uncertain age, Propped up with skilful artifice, she still keeps quite the rage; Pearl-powder and goldine combine to lend their artful aid, And make a "gaslight beauty" of that much-sought wealthy maid.

And there's Mr. de Tomkinson, who apes the heavy swell, He scans with would-be critic air each promenading belle; His long and well-trained whiskers à la Dundreary hang, And he seeks to spice his rapid talk with fashionable slang.

But many a maiden fair is here with brightly glancing eye, And hair that nature dyed herself with that you cannot buy; And there are men whose actions do not make you sadly think Of Darwin's hunting theory and the mysterious link.

Flirtatious couples, weary soon of Terpsichore's art, In various nooks and corners sit, from listeners apart; Tradition says that marriages are made in heaven all, And that may be, but for such work commend me to a ball.

But when the hours are gilded the faster are they fled, The guests thin out by twos and threes—gay as reeds are said, And in the crowded dressing-rooms, as hurriedly they dress, The party is pronounced by all to be a great success.

[For the CANADIAN ILLUSTRATED NEWS.]

**THE MESMERIST'S BATTLE.**

By the Author of "The Week of Death."

IV.

There are more things in heaven and earth, Horatio, Than are dreamt of in your philosophy. SHAKESPEARE.

From that day, Elvie seemed to have lost all that nervous tension of mind that had retarded her recovery. But she shewed an obvious dislike to me. Everything I did for her seemed only to make her hate me more. I took this calmly, as I had long taken all my troubles, but it seemed to cast a sunless cloud all day long over every day of my life.

I easily made arrangements for her sister at Sabrevois to take her in to board. I arranged for her receiving private lessons in Mathematics for which, like most superior women, she showed a rare aptitude. I insisted on her taking walking exercise two hours a day, and at last managed to get her interested in visiting her poorer neighbours, by whom, I found, she was soon looked upon as an angel of light. But her bearing towards me was marked by an evident dislike. Her mind was not petty enough to hate deeply, but all the hate she could feel she evidently felt towards me.

On the morning of Christmas Eve, I rode over to Sabrevois. Elvie was gone! She had disappeared suddenly during the previous night. No one knew whether or why! My ever-burning remembrance of Gomo's words telling her to meet him at Bedford put me on the right track.

I found that by some mysterious instinct she had gone in the straightest line possible for Bedford. It had been a mild open winter and the ground was bare. She had taken a bee line, only she had avoided every pond and brook by the shortest way round. This seems strange. But to me it would have seemed much more strange, may incomprehensible, if she had gone astray. In fact, she seemed, for the nonce, indued with that unerring instinct that leads a dog or (though an undignified animal to mention) a sucking pig, on an air-line home.

It was too late in the day to overtake her, and indeed she was evidently, from the inquiries I made of those whose houses she had passed, going faster over the rough ground than I could do. So I rode rapidly back to St. Johns, and took the evening train to Stanbridge Station, and thence by stage to Bedford.

Entering the well-known hotel by the back door, I found out from the landlord that Elvie was there. She had evidently come a long distance and her gown was torn, but she did not seem very tired. Her mesmerised state—for Gomo had mono-mesmerised her, if I may use the expression, during his midnight visit—doubtless prevented any nervous exhaustion. And in all cases of fatigue it is wisely ordered that the will gives way long before the muscles, or else we should work our poor bodies to pieces. Elvie had sought and obtained her old room, and I secured mine, the one next to hers. She had had her meals taken up to her and had somehow secured money some time before to pay for her

wants. Getting the landlord to call her away on some pretence, I removed the screws from the hinges of the doors that joined our two rooms. She and Gomo might now lock the door and welcome, without effect.

Some time after, I saw her sitting quietly at the open window of her room in the frosty air, gazing steadily in the direction of the United States, apparently without feeling any sensation of cold.

Towards midnight, I heard a ladder carefully put against the window of the passage from which our bed-rooms opened right and left. Gomo, whose practise as a conjurer had enabled him to take in every detail about the house at his last visit, quietly and without hesitation lifted the window and went rapidly and quite noiselessly to his wife's room, and locked both the doors.

Listening intently, I divined that Gomo had unmesmerised his wife. "Come with me, old woman," he said, "I have a team waiting outside. I can't draw a horse without your pretty looks." Directly she was unmesmerised, she locked her lithe arm round the bed-post.

"No, George," said she, with the unshaken firmness of a gentle woman whose mind is made up. "You'll make me murdering my next little one, every hour and minute, night and day, till it's born dead, as the last was."

"Fashionable women do it," he said, "all the time who go to church, tight-laced."

"I won't." He seized her wrists, stared her in the face, and tried to mesmerise her. She closed her eyes. Pushing the door open on the side of the useless hinges, I stepped into the room.

Knowing I might as well try to hold a Thug on an eel as a conjurer, I said quietly:

"Cox, I'll give you a hundred dollars if you will let me speak to you for five minutes. Let's sit down." I threw him some bills which he thrust greedily in his pocket.

"Cox," said I, "Miss Bracy is no more married to you than I am."

Elvie let go the bed-post, and stood behind me as if I were her natural protector. By sympathy I felt a flush of hope running through her every noble limb.

"You mesmerised her, to make her accept you, and Kennedy, the ventriloquist, performed a mock service in the lonely Wesleyan Church, near Roxbourne."

"It's a confounded lie," he growled out.

"I have Kennedy's confession, under oath, witnessed by a magistrate," I replied.

He folded his arms and thought for a while.

"What will you give me to clear out? I can do nothing without her and I shall starve."

I had intended to pension him off, but knowing he would break every bargain and mesmerise her away from me at any time I wished to frighten him first.

"Cox," I said, "I have a warrant to arrest you for wife-desertion."

"She is only my mistress!" he replied with a grin.

"I've another to arrest you for hiring that wagon, when you were last here, and not paying for it."

"Do your worst!" he said with a laugh of triumph.

He had, the while, looked over my chain, caught Elvie's gaze, fixed it and completely mesmerised her.

With that dreamy look, I shuddered to see again, she left my side, and at the unspoken bidding of his will, went to him and put her arm round his neck.

"Kiss me, mistress," he said.

She did so.

I had secretly devoted the last six months to studying and practising mesmerism. I had strengthened my nerves by early hours, exercise, cold baths, and plain food. I was stimulated for the first and only time with a strong preparation of iron and phosphate, and Elvie's instinctive rush to my side had doubled my assurance of triumph. It was her maiden hand placed coyly on my shoulder that was to make me conquer if I was to conquer.

I seized his wrists. He raised his eyes to mine without fear. It is hard to mesmerise a feeble unresisting mind. But to mesmerise a resisting will is almost beyond the power of man. We stared at each other in the dim light of the oil lamp till our eyes seemed to merge in each other. His glance met mine like that of some devil-haunted beast of prey. A girl whose mother had been frightened by a snake was known to fix the gaze of a deadly cobra and make it glide from her lover. A man once fixed the gaze of a wolf which had entered a lonely hut that held himself and his only child, and made it slouch back into the woods.

So, I gazed at Gomo. I could feel his hot breath playing against my cheek. All else I forgot and was unconscious of, till I seemed to propel my whole being into his, and to cease to be myself. The crisis had come. It could not last much longer. I felt on the rim of a precipice; one foot was over it. I must soar or be lost. Suddenly, I was conscious that her hand was on his hated neck. Jealousy, the strongest of passions, nerved me, and—Gomo was mesmerised.

We were thence forward as quiet as two men of business. "Unmesmerise her," I said quietly and, as a matter of course, he did so.

"Go to the States," I commanded, "and never cross the line into Canada again."

"If we meet on the other side," he said as he prepared to go, "it will be the worse for one of us."

And so it was.

V.

D. T.

"Yet might I tell of meetings, of farewells  
Of that which came between, more sweet than each."  
TENNYSON.

I could have made Elvie show me any and every mark of affection, but there was no need. She made me promise never again to use the power she had learned to hate. She asked for time to study and fit herself to be my wife by acquiring similar tastes to mine. I consented on condition that I should be her teacher. She was an apt scholar and we had a long and happy courtship, the prelude to the deeper and more sacred joys of married life. Her enjoyment of walking made a rare bond of union between us, as there is nothing binds hearts to hearts more than sympathy in natural healthy pleasures and in common pains. At length we were married.

Her daily visits to the poor she loved so well gave her daily experiences to compare with mine, so that she had always something new to tell me, which I did not know before.

At last, our union was crowned with a babe, dreamy representation of its mother. She brought it up wisely, self-forgetfully and well. "Trust me," she said, when I asked if a little fairy like her could pretend to manage a baby, "I've made up my mind to *slap it*."

I never let Elvie cross the lines into the States. But I, once, yielded to the entreaties of an old-hospital-chum, who had been appointed Physician to the Asylum at Syracuse, and I went to stay a few days with him. He was showing me over his wards, one lovely summer evening. His patients had gone to bed, though it was only eight o'clock, and broad daylight, for early hours tend to cure, as late hours tend to bring on insanity. I saw a confused pyramid of bed-clothes on one bed. It was a man sitting up in bed, his head buried between his knees, and his hands clasping his shins and all crouched under sheet, blanket and counterpane in the sweltering heat.

"That's Got George," said my friend.

He went up to him. "What do you see George?" said he kindly.

"Two large, pythons" said the hidden head slowly and fiercely "trying to mesmerise me. One is over to the right where that man is getting out of bed, and one in front rolling on, coil over coil. When I throw off the bed-clothes I see three. I've seen them night and day for three years."

"Lift up your head and try," said the physician.

He spoke as if accustomed to be obeyed. It was Cox,—alias Signor di Gomo.

He saw and recognised me and leapt towards me, his open teeth aiming at my throat as though he would suck my very life-blood. I drew my clenched fist to my shoulder prepared for a knock-down blow.

"They've gript me at last!" he shrieked, and fell on the floor in convulsions, writhing, rolling and contorted as if in the embraces of two very constrictors, indeed.

"A warning to moderate drinkers!" said my friend, as he left him in the care of a keeper.

**SIX MONTHS IN THE WILDS OF THE NORTH-WEST.**

BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST AND CORRESPONDENT X.

THE SOUTH SASKATCHEWAN—ROLLING COUNTRY—DEATH OF HORSES—SWEET GRASS HILLS.

On the 5th September, we came to a Coulee or Run where we found little water and still less feed for the horses. We were leaving Cypress Hills for Bow River which our guide told us was only sixty miles off in a straight line. On the next day we unexpectedly struck a river which proved to be the South Saskatchewan, broad, rapid and clear. There we camped for the night, having killed some more buffalo. There was no grass for the horses, however, and they were, in consequence, much pulled down. On the 7th we moved on some seventy miles, but could not get to the river on account of the steep banks. Something similar happened on the following day. Our horses still suffered very much. The weather was rainy and cold, and we found no wood, but plenty of "buffalo chips." In the night of the 9th, four of our horses died and three were left in a dying state. Several on being led down to the Coulee could not get up.

On the 10th, we passed the Forks of the Saskatchewan, after having had them previously reconnoitred, as their safety was suspected. Passing on thence, we took a northerly direction to the banks of Billy River. Seven men, including two officers, were sent forward to find a suitable ford, taking two days' rations along with them. Another party of hunters was sent out for buffaloes, as our provisions were getting rather low.

On the 13th, some men returned with buffalo meat. They had a very cold night of it. Walker returned from up the river, finding no signs of Hooper-up trail. He went about thirty miles in a southerly direction. We broke up camp in the afternoon and returned to the old camp of the 9th. We found innumerable skunks about the place and a few badgers. In the evening Leveillé and Dinney arrived from the upper part of Bow River, about ten miles. They found no water and no grass. Walsh, appointed to the command of B. Troop, crossed the river on the way to Fort Edmonton, and was ordered to follow us to Sweet Grass Hills, moving south east.

On the following day, we advanced over a somewhat rolling country, dry and sandy. The horses and cattle continued to suffer very much. Sweet Grass Buttes showed blue in the distance. The 17th was spent on the same track with nothing to relieve its monotony, except a buffalo hunt which, however, was unsuccessful. The Buttes were not visible owing to the mist. The next night was very cold, but the morning dawned cleared and the Buttes were plainly visible covered with snow. The prairies assumed a rolling surface as we came to the gradual elevation of the Buttes. Moving towards the middle one, we crossed a wide running stream and halted on its banks. We supposed it was Milk River. In the vicinity we discovered the remains of an Indian camp, in which were clothes and two plates. There is a thick coal seam on the bank of the Coulee here, which burns well, having little sulphur in it. We used it for forging purposes. We thought the Boundary Commissioner's depot was at the western end of the west Butte, and the next day, McLeod found the trail to it, about six miles south of us. On reaching the depot, however, he found that it had been broken up and there were no signs of recent occupation.

Thornton and Morreau having gone out hunting together, got separated somehow and Thornton had a hard time of it. His horse broke down, and after remaining with it for two days he was forced to leave it behind and travel on foot. When he reached camp at last, he had been out five days, was completely exhausted, coatless, and nearly starved with cold.

We lost nineteen horses from the 9th September, making 48 since we left Toronto.

On the 21st, after riding along smartly, we camped at the base of the middle Butte. The Sweet Grass Hills consist of three elevations, known to the half-breeds as "Les Trois Buttes." They are in a line, with about four miles of intervening space, measuring from one extremity to the other about twenty-three miles. They are a notable landmark, being on the boundary line between Canada and the United States, the western Butte on the line being on British, the others on American soil.

VARIETIES.

CUT flowers can be kept for a week by placing them in camphor water.

ONE of the provisions of the French code forbids a doctor to inherit property left him by a deceased patient.

The piece of fat in the middle of a leg of mutton is called the Pope's eye, because one of the Popes was so fond of that particular *bonne bouche* that he used to have a whole sheep killed every day for the sake of it.

It is stated that the distinguished painter of the "Roll Call" has asked and obtained permission to attend the opening of the new Catholic Church, Burgate street, Canterbury, with a view to transferring to canvas the most striking portions of the ceremony.

To cure ingrowing toe-nails, put a small piece of tallow in a spoon, heat it until it becomes very hot, and pour on the granulations. The effect is magical. Pain and tenderness are relieved at once, and in a few days the granulations are all gone, the diseased parts dry and destitute of all feeling, and the edge of the nail exposed so as to admit of being pared away without any inconvenience.

At the terminal dinners at Clement's Inn, after the banquet of that learned society, members and guests rise on the removal of the white cloth, and witness the following thanksgiving in pantomime. Before the president of the second table the butler puts a mass of bread, consisting of four loaves adhering to each other by their kissing crusts. Taking this mass of bread in his hand, the said president of the second table slowly raises it above his head to the full reach of his arm, and after a few moments' pause brings it down with a thundering whack on the oaken table. A second time the bread is elevated and struck upon the resounding board. Yet a third time the same feat is performed; and then, before strangers have had time to recover from their astonishment, the grace-actor has thrown the bread so that it slides and spins down to the bottom of the long table, where it is caught up by the butler, who instantly runs out of the dining-hall with it in his outstretched hands. The whole grace is typical. The four loaves represent the Four Gospels; the three elevations are in reverence of the three Persons of the Sacred Trinity; the manner in which the bread is cast down the table indicates the liberality with which the Bread of Life was given to mankind; and the alacrity with which the butler runs out of the hall exemplifies the alacrity with which zealous servants hasten to distribute the bread of spiritual knowledge to those who hunger for it.

HUMOUROUS.

WHY is the capital of Turkey like a whimsical patient? Because it's constant to no pill.

A NEVADA woman recently knocked down seven burglars, one after another. Her husband watched her from the top of the stairs, and felt so brimful of battle that he couldn't cool off until he had jerked his eight-year-old boy out of bed and "waled" him soundly for not getting up and helping his mother.

EYE-RONICAL.—Waiter—Beg pard'n, sir! Languid Swell—We-ell, what is it, James? Waiter—Beg pard'n, I'm sure, sir; but d'you know, sir, is there a gentleman here with one eye named Walker? Languid Swell—Don't know, m'sure. Say what's the name of the other eye?

THIS spelling school *furor* has been of great help to at least one Detroitier. He has been courting a girl for three years past and hadn't the courage to speak his mind. As they were seated on the sofa the other night she referred to the spelling school excitement and added:

"Matrimony is an awful long word to spell, isn't it?" He leaned over, grasped her hand, and the next morning he had arrangements made to be married on the Fourth of July.

"I HAVE come," said a Scotch farmer to a neighbour laird who was just dying. "I have come to settle about that bit of land." "Settle!" cried the old wrangler; "how will you settle? Your father couldna settle, and your grandfather couldna settle, and the 'fifteen' couldna settle, and how will you settle?" "Oh," said the rival claimant, "I'll tell you have it altogether." "But I'll not tak' it," cried the stout old litigant, and turned his face resolutely to the wall.

OUR ILLUSTRATIONS.

THE WOODLAND SPRING.

Our charming front page is appropriate to the season. The budding leaves, the flowing streams, the murmuring fountains, and the deer straying to the open avenues, are all so many features of the return of spring. These pretty animals have been the victims of ruthless massacre in several of our clearings, of late, and steps should be taken to enforce the game laws most rigidly.

SCENE FROM ANTIGONE.

We gave a lengthy description of this beautiful tragedy in the last number of the CANADIAN ILLUSTRATED NEWS, and we again call attention to the interpretation of it which will be made at Association Hall, on the 22nd inst., together with the beautiful music which Mendelssohn attached to it.

THE RETREAT.

This is an episode of the late French-Prussian war, by one of the best of French contemporaneous artists. The picture itself is striking in all its features. Detail is one of Meissonier's pupils and, though young, has already achieved a world-wide reputation.

THE DEATH WARRANT.

A grim historical study. How the masculine queen's face is lit up with determination, as she reaches for the fatal pen. Her eye never wanders from the parchment and her ruff collar stands up, as if instinct with the vengeance which inspires the wearer.

The portraits which we publish in this issue of the ILLUSTRATED NEWS of the Rev. Dr. Wilkes, and the Rev. Charles Chapman, are those of two earnest minded Christian ministers, who, during a long career of usefulness in the service of their church, have enjoyed the confidence of the Christian Community.

THE REV. DR. WILKES.

has been especially identified with the religious history of the city of Montreal, and indeed, with that of the country generally. In the summer of 1820, the family of which he was the eldest son arrived in Upper Canada from Birmingham, England, where he was born in 1805, and entered into business in Montreal in 1822, first, as a clerk, and then as a partner, till 1828. In the summer of that year, he proceeded to Glasgow, Scotland, with the intention of pursuing a course of study for the Ministry. He became connected with the Theological School of the Independents, in Scotland, and entered the University of Glasgow. The summer vacation of 1832 was spent in Canada in the performance of certain public duties, chiefly in the Western province. Immediately after taking his degree of M. A., Mr. Wilkes entered upon the pastorate of the Church in Edinburgh to which he had been unanimously called. At the end of three years of a successful Ministry, he was appointed by the Colonial Mission of the Congregational Union of England and Wales, which had just been organized, to represent them in Canada, and the congregation at Montreal sent him a call to become their pastor. In August, 1836, he arrived, and proceeding Westward, occupied some time in visiting various sections of the Country with a view to place Ministers of the Gospel. He returned, and took charge of the Church now called Zion Church, on October 1, 1836. He retains to the present time the position connected with the English Society, and until May 1871, he was the sole pastor of Zion Church. Since that date, though retaining at the request of the Congregation, a nominal relationship with the Church, he has retired from its active duties and responsibilities. Since June, 1870, he has been Principal of the Congregational College of British North America, and Prof. of Theology, &c., therein. In the year 1850, he received, unsolicited from the University of Vermont, the honorary degree of Doctor of Divinity, and more recently from McGill University that of L. L. D. Intimately connected with the labours of Dr. Wilkes as a Christian Minister in Montreal, is the history of Zion Church, with which, as we have said, he still retains a nominal pastoral relationship. This Church took its rise in a small community of Christian people who, in the year 1832, assembled for public worship under the pastoral care of the Rev. Richard Miles, in Mr. Bruce's School Room, McGill street, and afterwards in the large room of what was then known as the Mansion House, College street. Arrangements were speedily made to erect a place of worship, and the site in St. Maurice Street being secured, a neat edifice was erected and dedicated in 1834. Mr. Miles retiring to the country Mr. Wilkes assumed the pastorate, in 1836. Galleries were erected and other improvements made in 1839. In the year 1844, the present site of Zion Church was secured; the foundation of the building was laid in 1845, and in November, 1846, it was solemnly dedicated, the late Rev. Dr. McGill, of St. Paul's, Mr. Strong, of the American Presbyterian and Dr. Matthew Richey, of the Methodist Church, preaching at the three services. The building was enlarged in 1864, but destroyed by fire in 1867. It was rebuilt and opened in its present state in the spring of 1868. In the year 1870, Dr. Wilkes was appointed to the Chair of Theology in the Congregational College, but in consequence of his long connection with the Church, together with his still being able to render occasional assistance, no formal resignation of his official position was made or desired. In seeking a successor, the

Church was fortunate enough to secure the services of the

REV. CHARLES CHAPMAN, M. A.,

of Bath, England, who took charge of the Church on 10th of May 1871, and still retains the pastorate. Mr. Chapman, was born in Huntingdonshire, England, in 1828. He graduated in the University of London, and two years after his B. A., degree, took his Master of Arts degree by examination in ancient Greek and Modern Philosophy, no degree being granted at that University, but through a rigid examination. He first exercised his Ministry in Chester, where he succeeded his father-in-law, the Rev. Richard Knill; but his health breaking down after some years of hard work he was advised to go to the west of England, where he became Minister of a Congregational Church in Bath. He is the author of a "Life of Matthew Henry," besides numerous smaller publications. In England, he was also engaged as Examiner in four Congregational Colleges, and has during his pastorate of Zion Church lectured in the College of British North America, on the evidences of Christianity and Biblical Literature. He is an earnest and effective preacher, and has already earned for himself a leading position among the Protestant clergymen of Montreal.

THE MAIRE OF ST. BRIEUX.

The production of an original operetta, under such distinguished and favourable auspices as the patronage of Lady Dufferin, cannot fail to mark an era in the musical annals of Canada. To all lovers of music as well as to the professional musician it must be a matter of congratulation to find that there are those in high places who have the means and inclination to give to music the advantage of a portion of their wealth. There is no doubt, in the Dominion, much latent musical talent requiring only the patronage, or helping hand, from those in a position to give it, to encourage the aspiring musical student, and to secure its development. The "Maire of St. Brieux," (from the final scene of which our sketch is taken), is an original Operetta composed expressly for Her Excellency the Countess of Dufferin's private Theatricals, at Government House, Ottawa, by F. W. Mills. The music throughout is pleasing, light, and graceful, and in the setting of some of the more sombre songs the treatment of the words shew the artist's hand. The Libretto is by Mr. F. A. Dixon. It affords good scope for acting, some of the situations are amusing, and the words of some of the songs particularly pleasing. The scene is laid in the little village of St. Brieux, in Brittany, during the first consulate (in 1800). To this spot Charles Duval, a young Englishman, has been sent over by his uncle, who is concerned in the endeavour to place the Comte de Provence, then a refugee in England, upon the throne of France. Here he meets the Comtesse de Beaudry, a Royalist, who has come to the village disguised as the Widow Barrie, a Parisian dressmaker, being really his own cousin and boyish love, who, several years before, had made a clandestine match with a Frenchman, and had, consequently, been severed from her family. To her he confides certain papers entrusted to him for that purpose, though without recognizing her. The Comtesse, taking advantage of the passion with which her charms have inspired the Maire of St. Brieux, an elderly gallant, makes him the unwilling medium of communication between herself and the Royalist party in Paris. Having, however, incurred his animosity by rejecting his addresses, she, with Duval, is placed under the suspicion of being a conspirator, and is in danger of arrest. She cleverly clears the difficulty by placing his proposal to herself in a ridiculous light, at the same time threatening to reveal his foolish complicity in her plot. This appeal to his vanity and fear is successful, and she becomes mistress of the situation. In the danger of the moment she has confided to Duval her relationship to himself; and his love for her, which has remained constant, bears promise of reward. There is a slight underplot, turning upon the jealousy of a blacksmith's apprentice, Pierre, and the coquetry of the village belle, Marie, niece of the blacksmith; both are, however, happily removed before the end of the play.

The Operetta opens with a chorus of blacksmiths, (who are working in a forge) in which the Villagers join. It is a movement in 6-8 time, with a strikingly original syncopated accompaniment. The chorus ended, The Blacksmith in a Recitative addresses the Villagers, drawing their attention to the "Bellows as they creak and cry, to the sparks that upward fly," which runs into a graceful *aria moderato*, of the words "And like boys let out to play on some summer holiday," at the close of which the blacksmiths and villagers repeat the first chorus. This is followed by a duett between Marie and Pierre, which is known as the Quarrel Duett, from its consisting of opposite proverbs cleverly arranged. The music is simple but admirably adapted to the words, the proverbs being set in the minor mode, closing with a brilliant passage in the major as Pierre takes his final adieu. Duval (Tenor) is next upon the scene, and sings a pleasing boating song, "White and Pink," in which he calls to mind his happy hours upon the water with his cousin May. The Maire and Blacksmith appear next, and after a short dialogue, the Maire in a short *quasi recit* explains to the Blacksmith how he is worried with plots and conspiracies, and also in a passage marked by a brilliant piece of accompaniment, how he can "Pick out a Spy with a Glance of his Eye." Duval here comes to the front and the three join in a trio, full of life and vivacity, the accompa-

niments of which very correctly convey the idea of the words of Duval, "You keep up such a Chatter." The excitement of the Maire, Duval and the Blacksmith over, brings on Madame Barrie, who, after a few words with Duval, whom she had discovered sketching, and laughing over the fussy manner of the Maire, sings a little song full of tenderness and pathos, "Only a Daisy," one of the gems of the work. The Spring Song, which follows shortly after, and belongs to the same role, is a great contrast. It is a waltz song of particular merit, descriptive of the pleasures of returning spring. It is light, graceful, and withal brilliant, and is ornamented with an elaborate Flute part. This song having charmed the heart of the Maire, he follows with a recitative in which he makes a declaration of love, in the "Fair Widow, I." This recitative has many bits of florid writing in the accompaniment, and leads up to a very amusing duett ("say yes, say yes, no, no, no, no,") which beginning *moderato* is gradually worked up to an *allegro* movement, until the Fair Widow, in a state of desperation exclaims her final "No!" The Maire, having been refused by a mantua-maker from Paris, is perplexed to know if she is in earnest, or if it can be a mistake. While meditating he is led to think of his age which brings him to his song, "The Oldish man," in which he thinks of the "Jolly days when we were young." The Hush Quartette is simple, not particularly original but very effective, with a pizzicato accompaniment. The Peasant song for Marie is a pleasing ditty in good contrast to the bold song of the Blacksmith which follows, descriptive of his honesty and the joys of his life. The song "You'll Remember Me," in the roll of Pierre which he sings when sick at heart, and is about to leave Marie for the sea, because of her coquetry with Duval, will probably be one of the most popular songs of the whole. The melody is taking, the harmony good, and the refrain striking and original. Later on, when Duval discovers in Madame Barrie his lost cousin May, comes a duett, the words and music of which are full of feeling. The music is flowing and effective, and carries with it the beautiful sentiment of the verse. The Villagers again assemble and Madame Barrie who has been discovered by the Maire to be a disguised Royalist, in order to get out of the trouble sings a song to them in which she holds the Maire up to ridicule, and threatens to expose his forwarding her letters to Paris. She thus becomes mistress of the situation, and the Peasants and Villagers take up the chorus "Hail, hail." An explanation follows, with a scene in duett form between Marie and Pierre, in which they get over their former difficulty and this is followed by the Final Chorus "Hail to thee Marie, Hail, Hail," a brilliant bit of chorus in 3-4 time, changing to 2-4, on the words "Garlands we bring, Roses we strew."

The scenery, dresses and appointments, generally, left nothing to be desired. The various characters were taken by Ladies and Gentlemen who evidenced considerable dramatic talent, particularly those who undertook the parts of Madame Barrie and the Maire, who proved themselves accomplished actors and vocalists. To those who had the pleasure of witnessing this entertainment provided by Her Excellency for the amusement of her guests it will be long remembered. Mr. F. W. Mills, the composer of the Operetta, is well known as for some time organist of the Anglican Cathedral of Quebec, from his several sacred and secular compositions, and from his efforts in the cause of music and musical societies, and must be congratulated upon the success which has attended this his first effort in operatic writing.

The cast of the Operetta as performed at Government House, Ottawa, was as follows:

- |                              |                     |
|------------------------------|---------------------|
| COMTESSE DE BEAUDRY.....     | Mrs. Anglin.        |
| MARIE.....                   | Miss A. Kimber.     |
| THE MAYOR OF ST. BRIEUX..... | E. Kimber, Esq.     |
| CHARLES DUVAL.....           | J. H. Plummer, Esq. |
| MONS. BOUILLET.....          | E. Gingras, Esq.    |
| PIERRE.....                  | P. B. Douglas, Esq. |
| GENDARME.....                | C. B. Bodie, Esq.   |
- Chorus of Peasants, Blacksmiths, &c.
- |                   |                             |
|-------------------|-----------------------------|
| Mrs. P. Shepherd, | J. Cunningham Stewart, Esq. |
| Mrs. Forest,      | W. A. Blackmore, Esq.       |
| Mrs. More,        | F. Dore, Esq.               |
| Mrs. Oorbett,     | H. G. Dunlevie, Esq.        |
| Miss Powell,      | G. Cochrane, Esq.           |
| Miss F. Fellowes, | W. R. Major, Esq.           |
| Miss Thompson,    | Sidney Smith, Esq.          |
|                   | Miss Poetter,               |

A CANADIAN NATURALIST.

We read the following interesting details in the *Mail*:—"A prophet is not without honour save in his own country." This proverb applies with great force to Canada. The manner in which our scientific men are neglected is very discouraging to them, and not at all creditable to us as a people. One of those whom Canada, and especially Toronto, has reason to be proud of is Dr. A. M. Ross, and yet it has been left for the far-off Kingdom of Russia to pay him the greatest compliment. The Grand Duke Alexis, while in Toronto, visited Dr. Ross, and expressed great admiration of that gentleman's natural history collections, and said that the Russian Government would be glad to purchase his collection of birds, moths, butterflies, and beetles, for the Imperial museum at Moscow. The Russian Prince is not alone in his high estimation of the labours of Dr. Ross. Says the American *Phrenological Journal*:—"He has individually collected a male and female specimen of every bird, both native and migratory, known to visit the several Provinces that now compose the Dominion of Canada, and numbering in all three hundred and twenty-three distinctly different species; and he has obtained also the eggs of

each species that breeds in Canada. \* \* \* In the department of entomology his labours have also been equally severe, and his investigations have resulted in the accumulation of much knowledge concerning the habits and food of caterpillars, their transformation and life as winged insects, which knowledge has proved of incalculable benefit to the horticulturist and agriculturist. His collection of insects are considered by American and European entomologists as the largest and most complete ever made by one individual, and number over ten thousand species, a large number of which he has identified as injurious to vegetation. In the field of paleontology Dr. Ross has also done good work. His collection of fossil plants is very rare, and includes some beautiful and long since extinct varieties of form, etc. He has also won distinction as a botanist. His botanical collection comprises six hundred and twenty varieties of flowering plants, all of which have been collected in the Dominion of Canada." Since the arrival home of the Grand Duke, several offers have been made to the Doctor to buy his collections, but they were not entertained until a short time ago. With a view of making new collections he has now determined to part with those he had already formed. He gave his native country the preference of purchase, but although he offered the birds at a price barely sufficient to cover the cost of stuffing, the subject of natural history was not thought of sufficient importance to warrant a small expenditure of the public money. However, we can console ourselves with knowing that what is our loss is Russia's gain. It took fifteen years to make the collection of birds. They include 300 specimens, of the best plumage and mature age, and they were all shot by the Doctor within a radius of forty miles of Toronto. There are 3,800 distinct species in the entomological collection, obtained within twenty-five miles of this city. The collection will be shipped for Moscow next Thursday. Some of our readers may be interested to know that Dr. Ross is Fellow of the Linnæan Society of England; Fellow of the Royal Society of Literature of England; Fellow of the Royal Society of Northern Antiquaries of Denmark; Fellow of the Zoological Society of England; Member of the Imperial Society of Naturalists of Moscow, Russia; Member of the Paleontological and Archaeological Society of Charleroi, Belgium; Member of the Malacological Society of Belgium; Member of the Royal Linnæan Society of Belgium; Member of the Entomological Societies of Russia, England, France, Italy, Switzerland, Germany, Belgium, United States, and Canada; Member of the Royal Botanical Society of Belgium; Fellow of the American Association for the advancement of Science, U. S.; Member of the British Association for the Advancement of Science, England, &c.

HISTORY OF THE WEEK.

APRIL 12.—In answer to the question asked in the Imperial House of Commons last night, as to what part England would take in case Belgium's independence were threatened, Mr. Disraeli expressed his belief that the matter would go no further, but that should Belgium's independence actually be endangered, the Government were prepared to do their duty for the sovereign and would not fear to meet Parliament.

The new £4,000,000 loan of New Zealand has been taken up by the Rothschilds at 93.

President Grant has accepted Gen. Spinnaker's resignation of the Secretaryship of the Treasury.

The libel case of Crooks vs. the Toronto *Mail* was decided in favour of the plaintiff yesterday, damages being assessed at twenty cents.

APRIL 13.—The London *Times* and *Daily News* have been summoned to the Bar of the House of Commons for a breach of privilege in publishing documents in connection with South American bubble loans, which had been submitted to a Select Committee of Parliament.

The Dominion Government have telegraphed to the Imperial authorities, requesting them to delay the passage of the Shipping Bill at present before the English House of Commons until the Canadian Government can send in a remonstrance to Mr. Pimmsoll's amendment to the Bill.

APRIL 14.—Government journals in Berlin give reassuring accounts as to Prussia's relations with foreign countries.

The Carlists have surprised a fort near Sanfander, and carried off 200 prisoners and 4 guns.

The French Government have closed a contract with Bohemian dealers for 10,000 horses, deliverable in June.

"St. Leger" won the Newmarket Handicap, "Peeping Tom" taking second place and "Merry Andrew" third.

APRIL 15.—Prussia has addressed another note to Belgium.

The non-confidence debate in the Nova Scotia Legislature closed to-night, and on a division being taken, the Government was sustained by a vote of 23 to 14.

An excited debate took place in the English House of Commons to-night on a motion for the dismissal of the Judges who sat in the Tichborne case, and for the impeachment of the Speaker of the House of Commons, for alleged partiality. The motion was negatived.

APRIL 16.—The Bill abrogating the clauses of the constitution granting independent administration of their ecclesiastical affairs to Catholics passed its second reading in the Prussian Parliament yesterday.

Revival meetings are being carried on in Germany by Mr. Pearsall Smith with great success. Members of the nobility are said to occupy seats on the platform, and the Empress Augusta has had private audiences with Mr. Smith.

Official notification was yesterday given in the Chamber of Deputies at Brussels of the receipt of Germany's reply to the last note of the Belgian Government. The reply contains no fresh complaints, and expresses a hope that the idea may be dissipated that Germany intended to attack the liberty of the Press in Belgium.

APRIL 17.—The United States Treasury Department have decided that Canadian stone brought into the States is liable—even under contract for the United States Government—to a duty of \$1.50 per ton, dressed or undressed.

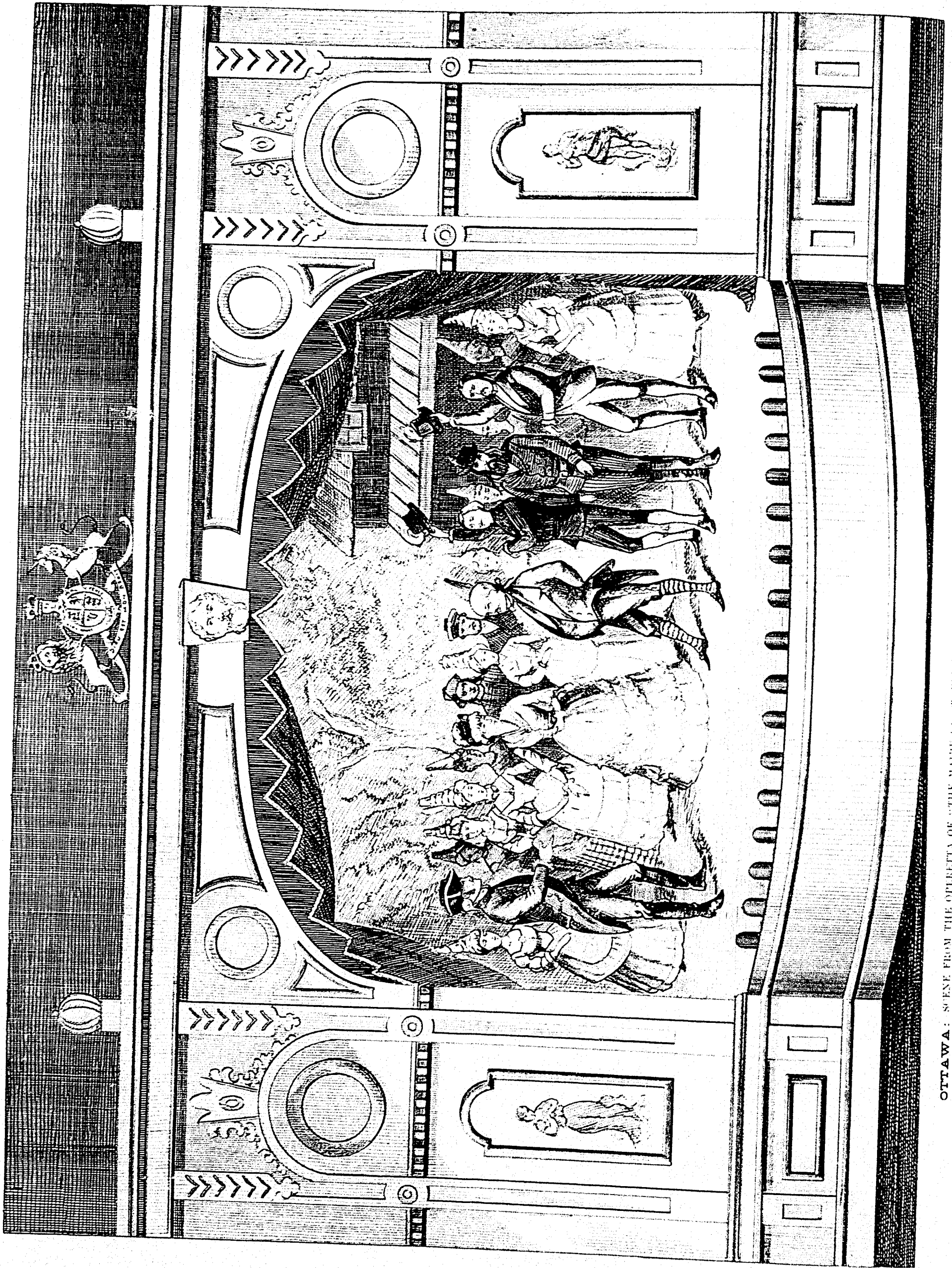
The Bill withdrawing States grants from the Roman Catholic clergy of Prussia, has passed its second reading in the Prussian Chamber of Peers.

The Emperor of Germany has informed King Victor Emmanuel of his gratification at the recent interview between the latter monarch and the Emperor of Austria.

Eight hundred Cheyenne warriors are on the war path in Kansas.

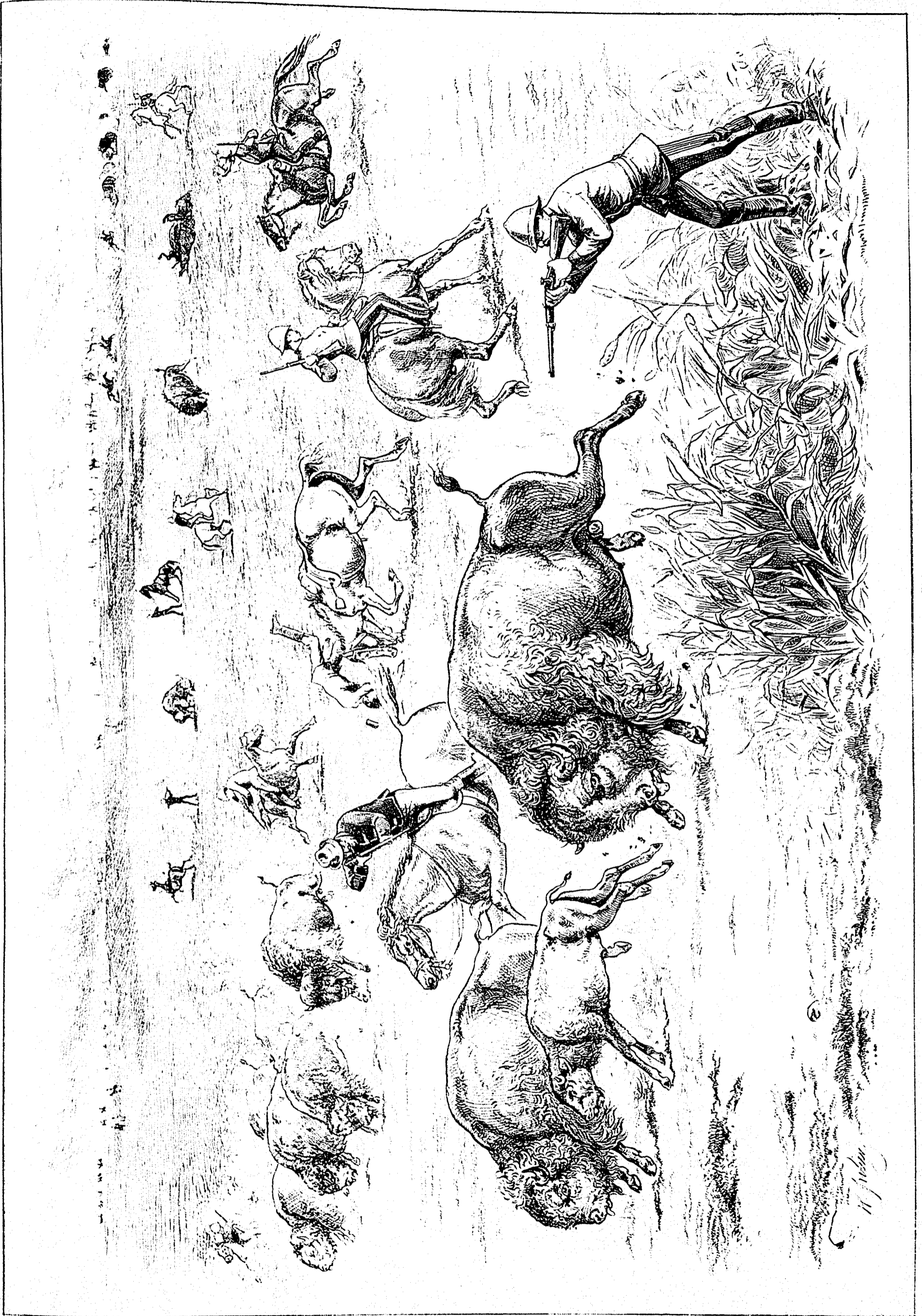
A despatch from Rome states that General Garibaldi is ill and confined to his bed.





OTTAWA: SCENE FROM THE OPERETTA OF "THE MAIRE DE ST BRILLON" BY PRIVATE THEATRICALS, BIDEAU HALL.—FROM A SKETCH BY WM. C. FORBES.

SIX MONTHS IN THE WILDS OF THE NORTH-WEST:



THE GREAT BUFFALO CHASE, 8th SEPT., 1874.



**MOTHER.**

When she undid her hair at night,  
About the time for lying down,  
She came and knelt. I was so small  
There in my bed, her curls did fall  
All over me, light gold and brown.

I fell asleep amid her prayers.  
Her fair young face (far off it seems),  
Her girlish voice, her kisses sweet,  
The patter of her busy feet,  
Passed with me into charming dreams.

And when I woke at merry morn,  
Through her gold hair I saw the sun  
Flame strong, shine glad, and glorify  
The great good world. Oh, ne'er can I  
Forget her words.—"My darling one!"

Ah! chequered years since then have crept  
Past her and me, and we have known  
Some sorrow and much tempered joy,  
Far into manhood stands her boy,  
And her gold hair snow-white is blown.

The world has changed by slow degrees,  
And as old days recede, alas!  
So much of trouble have the new,  
Those rare far joys grow dim, seen through  
Sad times as through a darkened glass.

But just this morning when I woke,  
How lovingly my lips were kissed!  
How chaste and clear the sunlight shone  
On mother's hair, like gold-dust sown  
Athwart thin clouds of silver mist!

**LITERATURE AS A "PROFESSION."**

Nothing is easier, in the estimation of many people than to make a book or to write successfully for the press. Impetuous people, and people who have failed at everything else, are especially convinced of their fitness for a "literary life." As soon as a woman is divorced from her husband, it suddenly dawns upon her that she has great literary ability. She argues herself into the belief that literature is an exceedingly profitable field, and forthwith she writes a novel founded on her own experience; or, if more sentimental, she puts her sorrows into sonnets, and sends them to the magazines. Men whose successes in life have not met their anticipations are also very prone to think that their failures are due to an excess of the literary faculty, and they, too, fall back upon the pen. We receive dozens of letters every week from persons who are anxious to write for a newspaper, although many of them admit that they have no experience whatever to qualify them for the post they are anxious to obtain.

If it were possible to see, in one comprehensive view, all the people who dabble in what for want of a better word we must call literature, there would be brought into the prospect a very motley crowd. There would be persons of all kinds, representing in their original callings every possible occupation—and in their lives every degree of failure. There would be scholars of the highest order, and many more whose ignorance is only equalled by their pretensions. The number who have voluntarily and by choice made pen-work their profession would be found to be comparatively small—and it is only they who would rightly measure their prospects. All the rest, and especially the most recent recruits, would be found to be building castles in the air; looking to the fortune that they think is sure to be theirs, sooner or later, whenever their transcendent ability shall have come to be acknowledged by the public. They never doubt that the time will come, for nothing is more evident to them than that they are fully equal, in the particular branch to which they have devoted themselves, to the brightest lights of the literary world. If deficient for the time in worldly means, they are amply compensated by a supply of the most extravagant hopes.

Such people are encouraged in their delusion—for delusion it is—by the statements that are published from time to time of the salaries of prominent journalists, and the profits of popular authors. Such a statement appeared a short time ago in the *Gentleman's Magazine*, and it was calculated to raise the aspirations of all who have implicit faith in the superiority of their own pens. It was quoted largely; but with it the other side of the picture was not given. The fates or sufferings of such men as Cervantes, Otway, Johnson, Goldsmith, Butler, Campbell, Dryden, and others are readily forgotten. They are buried in the past; and yet, if we mistake not, there are many able men of letters at the present day who have fully experienced all the privations which they had to bear. It may be answered that when those men lived, literature was less appreciated, and the profits smaller. That is true; but the labourers were fewer too. A literary life lately closed has shown how little may still be the reward of hard and honest work. In the library of the British Museum there are, we believe, more than 140 volumes to which the name of John Timbs is prefixed as author, independently of his editorial labours. Mr. Timbs produced, during a long life of seventy-four years, some of the most valuable books of reference which have appeared. He was not a man who had drifted into authorship. He began his career as secretary to Sir R. Phillips, the publisher, and he made literature his profession. He was a man of untiring industry and very varied attainments, and he was endowed with a vast store of information upon men and things, as well as upon books. He had all the accomplishments necessary to a perfect master of the pen according to modern requirements. He not only understood the public wants, but he knew how to satisfy them. Few men have worked harder than he, or more conscientiously, and very few have done more to

bring, by their own unaided hands, more knowledge to the ready access of the public.

But John Timbs died poor—so poor that for some time before his death he was mainly dependent upon the generosity of friends for his support. A small pension was otherwise his only maintenance, and but for the kindness of Messrs. Bentley & Son, his former publishers, he might have shared a fate in this current year no better than some of the prominent authors of past centuries. Mr. Carlyle has said that literature as a trade is neither safe nor advisable, and we do not think it often proves much better when taken as a last resource. Thackeray pronounced it one of the greatest evils to be born with a literary taste. Charles Lamb declared that anything is better than to become a slave to the booksellers and to the reading public, and even in the "Arabian Nights" literary labours are pronounced worthless if intended as a means to buy bread. Miss Mitford wrote for "hard money," but avowed that she would rather scrub floors than suffer its penalties. Washington Irving, in a letter to a nephew, hoped that he was looking forward to something better than literature to found a reputation on. Southey said that the greatest mistake in life a man could commit was to follow literature for a livelihood. Within a comparatively recent period, Douglas Jerrold, Shirley Brooks, Mark Lemon, D. Morier Evans, and scores of others less generally known, have died almost in actual poverty. And yet they worked hard all their lives. And, if we thought it would be of much avail in deterring intending scribblers from the course they have chosen, we could multiply the lessons which these instances convey. The ranks of indifferent writers are full to repletion, and many people suffer annoyances in consequence. If all such writers could be convinced that their efforts cannot lead to the goal their imaginations foreshadow, they might possibly be diverted into some more useful path. But this is almost hopeless while their persistence depends, as it generally does, upon a too exalted notion of their own powers.

**SYMPHONIC CONCERT.**

A few days ago, on opening our morning mail, we found the following programme of a Symphonic Concert announced by Mr. William G. Vogt, of this city.

- PART I.**  
1. OUVERTURE—Don Juan.....Mozart  
2. SONATA—G minor.....Schumann  
MISS JEANNETTE VOGT.  
3. BALLET MUSIC—Rosamunde.....Schubert  
**PART II.**  
4. SYMPHONIE—D major.....Haydn  
5. POLONAISE—E b major.....Chopin  
MISS JEANNETTE VOGT.  
6. VALSE—Interpretation.....Strauss  
7. TURKISH MARCH.....Mozart

The very sight of it pleased us. It was short, varied, not too ambitious, adapted to the average audience, and we determined to attend the concert. We did so, and had no occasion to regret it. Mr. Vogt, who returned a few months ago, from the Berlin Conservatory, where he studied music in all its phases, has spent the winter in efforts to form an orchestra. This he has succeeded in doing to a certain extent, and the concert of last Thursday was their first public appearance. The orchestra number twenty-seven instruments. Their execution is such as to give the hope that, at length, we are to have in Montreal, a musical combination of a first-rate character. Patience and practice will result in that homogeneity and assurance which are essential to perfect orchestral execution. Of the pieces on the programme, the best in performance was the Ballet Music from the Rosamunde of Schubert, wherein the effect of the bassi was well marked. The Haydn Symphony was less regular and less under control. The Interpretation of Strauss was rendered with considerable vigor. The piano playing of Miss Vogt revealed a thorough mechanical knowledge of the instrument and much spontaneity of touch, especially in the Chopin Polonaise. Altogether, the concert was satisfactory and should encourage Mr. Vogt to persevere in his laudable efforts.

**AN ANECDOTE OF THE PRESIDENT.**

The *Washington Chronicle* says: "The wife of a defaulting officer called upon President Grant last December to implore the release of her husband from the Albany Penitentiary. She told the President that, crushing as the sorrow was to herself, she would try to bear it, but that every morning, without an exception, since her husband's incarceration her four little children had come to her bed-side with the tearful inquiry: 'Will dear papa come home to-day?' 'This plea of my children will, I know, ere long drive me into insanity. And now,' said she, 'my little ones have varied their agonizing questioning, with a pathos that is maddening, to—'Won't pa come home Christmas?'" 'Madam, I will consult the Attorney-General and do whatever I can for your husband with his approval.' 'I know that will all be useless,' said the grief-stricken wife. His decision will only be adverse, and I may as well go home and tell my children at once that their papa can't come home, and give up in despair.' 'Wait a moment,' said the President, and sitting down he hastily penned a note to Attorney-General Williams, and nervously handing it to her, said, 'Go and tell your children that their papa shall come home Christmas!'"

**CORRESPONDENCE.**

**LA BECQUEE.**

To the Editor of the CANADIAN ILLUSTRATED NEWS

SIR.—In reference to the beautiful engraving in your last Saturday's issue, you ask for the translation of the word *Becquee*. I venture to give you one, which is this: "*Billfull*." The word is applicable chiefly to birds, and figuratively may be used in such instances, as that shown in the picture—the pretty child having its wants supplied as the mother bird feeds her young.

In a popular French reading book, by De Fivas, there is a nice story called "*Les Deux Voisins*," in which the word occurs, and the vocabulary at the back of the book gives the translation which I have proposed.

Excuse the impertinence of a young Halifax girl, in venturing this suggestion to one who is familiar with the French society and language of the commercial capital of Canada.

Please acknowledge the receipt of this, from your constant reader.

BECKY.

Halifax, April 8th, 1875.

[Our fair correspondent is both witty, as her signature shows, and wise, as her translation proves. She need give no excuse for her letter, as communications from Halifax, the city of lovely maidens, are always welcome. We have received from Three Rivers, Toronto, Ottawa and Hampton, N. B., letters giving the same translation.]

EDITOR C. I. NEWS.

**LITERARY CURIOSITIES.**

The intended celebration this year of the five-hundredth anniversary of the death of Boccaccio, who would have been a lawyer had it not been—so he says—for a sight of Virgil's tomb, suggests a remarkable addition to the museum of literary curiosities. Poetry could ill afford to spare the

Clerk foredoomed his father's soul to cross,  
Who pens a stanza when he should engross.

Petrarch was a law-student—and an idle one—at Bologna. Goldini, till he turned strolling player, was an advocate at Venice. Metastasio was for many years a diligent law student. Tasso and Ariosto both studied law at Padua. Politian was a doctor of law. Schiller was a law student for two years before taking to medicine. Goethe was sent to Leipzig, and Heine to Bonn, to study jurisprudence. Uhland was a practising advocate, and held a post in the Ministry of Justice at Stuttgart. Rückert was a law student at Jena. Mickiewicz, the greatest of Polish poets, belonged to a family of lawyers, Kacinezy, the Hungarian poet, and creator of his country's literature, studied law at Kaschau. Corneille was an advocate, and the son of an advocate. Voltaire was for a time in the office of a *procurator*. Chaucer was a student of the Inner Temple. Gower is thought to have studied law; it has been alleged that he was Chief Justice of the Common Pleas. Nicholas Rowe studied for the bar. Cowper was articled to an attorney, called to the bar, and appointed a commissioner of bankrupts. Butler was clerk to a justice of the peace. The profession of Scott need not be stated. Moore was a student of the Middle Temple. Gray, until he graduated, intended himself for the bar. Campbell was in the office of a lawyer at Edinburgh. Longfellow, a lawyer's son, spent some years in the office of his father. The peculiarity of this list—which might be extended with little trouble—lies in the eminence of these six-and-twenty names it contains. If they were omitted from literary history, Italian and German poetry would be nowhere, France would be robbed of one of its greatest and most national poets, English poetry would lose its father, and in all respects be very appreciably poorer. If less classic names in poetical history are taken, such as Talfourd, Macaulay, Bryant, and Barry Cornwall, the list might be indefinitely extended; and if filial relationship to the legal profession be considered, as in the case of Wordsworth, the close connection between poetry and law will look such a matter of course that the few eminent exceptions will only tend to prove the rule. Milton was the son of a scrivener. There is no need to endorse the fancy that Shakespeare may have been a law clerk, or to suggest that Dante might have been influenced by a residence at the great legal university of Bologna. But there is another list strikingly to the purpose—the long roll of great lawyers who, like Cicero, Sir Thomas More, Lord Somers, Blackstone, and Sir William Jones, have found flirtation with the muses no impediment to their marriage with the law. It may be that this close connection of two seemingly irreconcilable pursuits is due to some rule of contrast; or is it that fiction, romance, and verbiage afford to poetry and law a common standing-ground?

**WHO WAS IT?**

A lady correspondent writes from Ottawa to the *N. Y. Daily Graphic*:—When James Parton, in his "*How New York City is Governed*," became Socratic or Philippic over the undignified conduct of the City Fathers, he was not aware of the doings here in Canada, and probably thought, like Pat, that "none but himself could be his parallel." He ought to drop in the House of Commons and see the way the honourable

gentlemen "cat-call" some things they don't like. Such a din of hisses, "ows," flapping of desks, jingling of keys, to drown the speaker's voice! It is perfectly deafening. Speaker Anglin is very dignified, and does all he can to quell the noise, but he does not succeed always. One little habit of the members, to cry down what they don't like, is to move around in their seats so as to make a horrible screeching, creaking noise. A few nights ago, when they were discussing the Insolvency bill, the Hon. —, from New Brunswick, rose to disagree; the Hon. — was rather—that is, he was slightly—I should say gloriously drunk, and he used some language that made Speaker Anglin jump to his feet and tell the Hon. Blank to desist. The Hon. Blank wouldn't and continued to talk. "Such conduct is unparliamentary and disgraceful, and unless the honorable gentleman apologizes I will give him into the custody of the Sergeant-at-Arms," roared Speaker Anglin; but the inebriated member—if he'd "shpologish," and the Speaker shouted angrily, "Sergeant-at-Arms!" With that Sir John A. Macdonald, whose desk was near his, caught him by the coat tails and jerked him down in his chair. This same worthy, who is a very young fellow, one night last winter, while arguing against a bill—he always votes against when he is drunk, and he is always drunk—wandered off his subject and began to say the Lord's Prayer. The uproariousness is worse than "Lannigan's Ball," but all these irregularities never find their way into the papers. You will readily understand why the Prohibitory Liquor law was not passed and is not popular. The Hon. Blank is not the only Government man that thinks "Man wants but little here below, but wants that little strong."

**THREE FALLS.**

The following anecdote is told respecting the first performance of "*Robert le Diable*," which took place in Paris the 21st of November, 1831. It appears that the illustrious master, with the modesty never possessed by men without talent, felt little confidence in the success of his opera. He called and consulted Mme. Lenormant, celebrated for predicting the future by means of cards. She foretold three *chutes* (falls or failures). Exceedingly anxious, the great man took every possible means to avert the danger, and distributed tickets among all the friends he had in Paris. The success of Robert was immense, and yet Mme. Lenormant's prophecy was verified. Mme. Dorus had a fall in the third act, and Mme. Taglioni had one in the ballet of the nuns, while Nourrit, in the last act, fell down the trap by which Bertram had disappeared.

**MUSICAL AND DRAMATIC.**

VERDI is preparing a grand funeral symphony for the translation of Donizetti's remains to the church of Bergamo.

A NEW opera by Johann Strauss, in three acts, entitled "*Caçlostro in Wien*," has just been produced in Vienna at the Theatre an der Wien, with great success.

AT the performance of "*Ahmed*" in the Grand Opera House, N. Y., one evening last week, one of the married lady assistants gave birth to a child behind the scenes while the tournament act was on, and the delighted father named him Ahmed on the spot.

MME. LUCCA has learned an important lesson from her American experiences in taxing managers for her services. The frugal Germans wine, but the fair prima donna is inexorable. She recently received three thousand marks for one performance in Brunswick, as Zelika, in "*L'Africaine*."

A PUBLISHER at Milan claims the copyright of Donizetti's works, although these have long since been public property. The French Society of Authors and Dramatic Composers intends to dispute this claim, which is antagonistic to French legislation and to the International Treaty with Italy.

MILLE ELENA VARESI, a young Italian *prima donna*, about twenty-two years of age, and who, like Patti, comes from an artistic family, is about to appear in London. Her father was the famous baritone, Signor Varesi, for whom Verdi composed "*Rigoletto*." Milde Varesi's mother was also an artist of great reputation in Italy, and, as Signora Boccabadati, she was for many years the leading *prima donna* in the "land of song."

**SCIENTIFIC.**

PERSONS fed largely on oatmeal always have good teeth.

WHEN suffering from a cold, it will be found advantageous to put cotton wool in the ear.

IT is a general belief among sailors that a fall of rain will calm the surface of the sea. This belief gains support from some recent investigations by Prof. Osborne Reynolds. He demonstrates that the fall would tend to destroy some of the wave motion that is present in the water.

A FRENCH medical journal says that Nélaton was for many years accustomed to prescribe the external use of alcohol for the prevention of small abscesses or boils. It appears that the treatment is now becoming more general in France. As soon as the characteristic redness appears, with a point rising in the middle, the part should be rubbed thoroughly, and several times, with camphorated alcohol. A little camphorated olive oil should then be applied, and the affected place covered.

THE Prefecture of the Seine has at present under consideration a new invention in connection with the burial of the dead, namely: the substitution of cement coffins for those made of wood. The thickness of the shells will not exceed three-fourths of an inch, and they would cost about the same as very common material, and far less than oak. The corpses would, it is argued, be more perfectly preserved and for a longer period, and all mephitic exhalations would be prevented.

HOUSEHOLD THOUGHTS.

A HAPPY DISPOSITION.—The industrious bee does not stop to complain that there are so many poisonous flowers and thorny branches in the road, but buzzes on, selecting the honey where he can find it, and passing quietly by the places where it is not.

INDULGENCE.—The great foe of life is indulgence under one form or another. The letting down of the standard endangers the length of the course. To be safe one must be circumspect, prudent, rational, clear in judgment, firm in self-control.

TRUE LOVELINESS.—It is not your neat dress, your expensive shawls, or your ringed fingers that attract the attention of men of sense. They look beyond these. It is your character they study.

PARLOR AMUSEMENTS.—Two new parlor amusements are thus described: Two players are closely blinded with a bandage made of their pocket-handkerchiefs. Each one is provided with a saucer full of cake or cracker crumbs, which is held in the left hands, and a spoon, which is held in the right hand.

A VEXED QUESTION.—The great problem is how to train and keep the physical system at the top of its capacity for work and enjoyment all the time. Those who do not get an abundance of outdoor exercise in their regular avocations must secure its equivalent in some other way, or suffer the consequences.

WHAT IS AN OLD MAID?—Never be afraid of becoming an old maid. An old maid is far more honorable than a heartless wife; and "single blessedness" is greatly superior, in point of happiness, to wedded life without love.

ing conscience and a comparatively peaceful life. For well-to-do old bachelors we have no sympathy. They ought to be taxed nine-tenth of all they are worth, to support women and children.

THE GLEANER.

IT is proposed to increase the salary of Marshal MacMahon from £24,000 to £30,000.

A FRENCH loan for £48,000,000 is announced. Great even in borrowing!

ROSENTHAL recently played at Paris twenty-seven games blindfolded. He won twenty-three three were drawn, and lost one to Herr Radowski. He was allowed a minute for each move.

LORD Hartington has done his part of "leader" with much fact during the spring event, displaying it rather in reticence than in oratory, but we trust he will speak a little more on the next merry meeting, and not be known as the *Lieder ohne Worte*.

PRINCE Bismarck, in a recent speech, gave the following peculiar bit of advice to an antagonist, which is not often heard, we are thankful to say, issuing from the mouth of any man:—"He had better take to heart the following rule—not to serve God more than man."

The co-operative reporter is the name assigned now to the individual who helps the lame orator over the style. Recently, an M.P. sent a hundred words to such a person, who reported him in a speech of 1,200 words, well spiced with poetical quotations, "hear, hear," "tremendous applause," &c.,

A VERY delicate question is hinted at between Marshal de MacMahon and the Duke d'Audiffret-Paquier. It is one of precedence, and the point is to determine which is the highest officer, the President of the Republic, or the President of the Chamber. The same question is said to have been debated between M. Grévy and M. Thiers, and amicably arranged.

Mr. Heyl, engineer of one of the German railways, in a recent report upon the special section under his charge, calls attention to the development of magnetism in the rails. He says:—"I have observed that all the rails are transformed at their extremities, after they have been placed in position a few days, into powerful magnets, capable of attracting and of retaining a key or even a heavier piece of metallic iron."

A descendant of Handel has petitioned the German Emperor to permit one of the streets of the capital to receive the name of the great composer of oratorios. The Emperor has stated, in reply to this request, that a new quarter is about to be added to the capital, whose streets will all be named after Germany's most eminent musical celebrities, and that of Handel will certainly not be forgotten. This quarter will be a fitting supplement to the one in which the streets have been distinguished by the names of great painters.

AN interesting numismatic discovery was made the other day at Bourbonne-les-Bains, in the department of Haute-Marne. In making excavations for the public baths and reservoirs, now in course of construction, the workmen came upon a large number of Roman coins and medals, respectively of bronze, silver, and gold. Between 4,000 and 5,000 pieces in all have been already removed to the museum—namely, 4,000 bronze, 300 silver, and a few gold coins; the latter are in size equal to French pieces of forty francs, and bear the portraits of Nero, Hadrian, Honorius, and Faustina (Senior, wife of Antoninus Pius. More treasures are looked for, as the work of excavation is still going on.

CONSECRATION OF AN ACTOR.

When Melingue, the great French actor, just dead, was thirteen years old—it was at Caen—he was loafing around La Place de la Comedie, sauntering back and forth in a muddy alley which led to the theatre entrance for artists.

THE author of "Auld Robin Gray" has been left £1,000 by an admirer of the novel. A hint. THE French prize for poetry for 1875, the subject of which was "Livingstone," has been gained by M. Gaillard, nephew of M. Emile Augier.

COUNT DE JARNAC, late French Ambassador at London, was the author of the novels "Bockingham," "Electra," and "Love and Ambition," written in English.

MR. GEORGE MACDONALD is coming out in a new line as an historical novelist. He will contribute a paper to the *Graphic*, which will deal with the Civil War and Lord Herbert.

THE printers to the Queen, are about to publish the "Accented Bible," an edition of the authorized version of the Scriptures, with all proper names accented, as a guide to the correct pronunciation of such words, in the Old and New Testaments.

ANOTHER newspaper, published every Saturday, and printed both in the English and French languages, has just been started in Paris. *Le Journal des Etrangers* is the name of the new journal, and it appears to the support of the English and French-speaking tourists in Europe.

THE "Heathen Chinee" is to have another historian—and a more serious one than Mr. Bret Harte—in the person of Mr. Charles Leland, the author of "Hans Breitmann" and one or two works on the Roman dialects. His work relates to the legend of the Chinese discovery of America in the fifth century, and will be entitled "Fu-Sang."

BRELOQUES POUR DAMES

The Parisienne is a slave on a throne. The widow's cap is worn one year and a day. A gentleman should always place a lady on his right hand.

A dear wife's suggestion how to treat a wife.—Treat her to a new dress. For men, love is a story; for women it is a history.

The love of certain women is deadly—but some men get used to it as Mithridates to poisons. Mirabeau said: Modesty has its sins and a kiss its innocence.

Napoleon said: Kings and husbands betrayed are the last to know it. Love's masque has caught more women than love itself.

The fair sex in England and Wales outnumber the male element by over half-a-million. A young mother says that you may always know a bachelor by the fact of his always speaking of a darling baby as "it."

A wise young man says that whether woman is equal to man or not depends on who the man is and who the woman is.

Blonde hair jewellery is becoming quite common in Paris, the fashion having been started by a popular actress. It is very peculiar looking and not remarkably elegant.

It is a very true saying that "clothes do not make the man," but an ungallant age awards them considerable success in making the woman.

The last way of enamelling ladies is by hypodermic injections of arsenic dissolved in rose-water. It causes paralysis; but no matter, it does the business.

There is a widower who declares that nothing reminds him of his poor dear wife so much as to live within earshot of a saw-mill during a busy season.

The engaged ring should be worn on the third finger of the left hand, the wedding ring finger, and should not be removed until the wedding day. After marriage the engaged ring very frequently forms the guard to the wedding ring.

"Home without children is like heaven without angels," said a mild young curate. A married gentleman hearing him, responded, "Ah, sir, you never had to get out of bed four times a night to keep baby's legs covered up in his cot."

THE NEWLY MARRIED.

A writer says: "Too often the young and inexperienced woman begins married life with the idea that having servants and a house of her own means simply doing just what she likes. She probably commences with a protracted fit of three-volume novels, the first fruits of her emancipation from mother and school-mistress. She reads them reclining on her sofa, and often hurts her health by alternately spending all the day in a close atmosphere and taking long walks on damp afternoons to look in at shop-windows—another pleasure hitherto forbidden. She is addicted to wearing tight stays and high-heeled boots, and eat chocolate between her meals. She rises so late that breakfast is always a scramble, and, as she has not remembered to order it the night before, her husband is often obliged to be off before the eggs and the ham have been procured. If he is at all demonstrative, the chances are that he goes to his day's work leaving the wife of his bosom in tears, and there are men so weak that a scene in the morning and a bad breakfast will unhinge them for the day. But such feelings become blunted before long, and the husband who does not die of having to work almost fasting survives to make his wife wonder how she could have married him."

LITERARY.

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IT is probable that a new book illustrating the career of Lord Byron in Italy, and his relations with the Countess Guiccioli, may be published at no very distant date. It takes the form of a narrative, written by a lady, of a visit which she paid not long ago to Ravenna, and to the Guiccioli Palace there, and of her inter-

views with the secretary of the Guiccioli family, who produced to her several very curious and often amusing documents bearing upon the loves of Byron and the fair Italian Countess.

ALL readers of Ashantee Literature are aware that two Basle missionaries, Mr. Kühne and Mr. Ramseyer, with Mrs. Ramseyer, were captured at one of their out-stations by an Ashantee army in 1869, and were not given up till Sir Garnet Wolseley was known to be advancing on Cooamasie. The diaries of Messrs. Kühne and Ramseyer have been edited and published in Germany, and a translation of the work will shortly be published in London. The missionaries could only keep up the record by scoring an old tin of preserved milk with a pair of scissors.

THE total number of books, including original works and new editions, printed throughout the whole of France during the year 1874 was 11,917, besides periodicals of all kinds. There were also 2,198 engravings, prints, and maps, and 3,841 numbers of vocal and instrumental music, raising the total number of publications to 17,954. These results are the more satisfactory, as, in the highly prosperous year 1869, only 17,394 publications were registered; in 1870, 8,831; in 1872, 10,569; in 1873, 11,530. The average for the last twenty years has been about 15,000, of which 10,000 are printed works, 3,000 engravings, maps, plans, photographs, &c., and the remaining 2,000 musical publications.

OUR CHESS COLUMN.

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

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

O. Trempe, Montreal.—Solution of Problem for Young Players No. 13, correct. Try the Problems.

The third annual Inter-University Chess Match took place at the Guildhall Tavern, London, England, on Friday the 19th of March last.

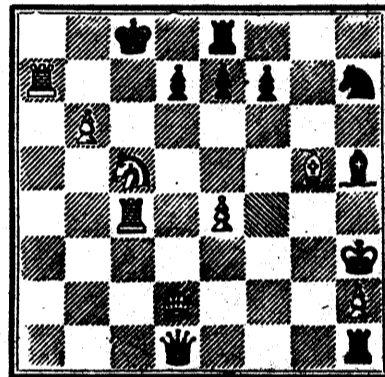
In the contest Cambridge scored nine games, Oxford five, and two games were drawn. Out of the matches now played, three in number, Cambridge has won two.

This year Oxford wins the boat race, and Cambridge the Chess match: who shall decide as to which of the great schools, in this consideration obtains the greater glory!

The following problem appeared many years ago in the Saturday Magazine. It is not difficult of solution, and is merely inserted as a curiosity in Chess.

PROBLEM No. 16. By Jules Mendheim, of Berlin.

BLACK.



WHITE.

White, allowed to move no other piece, Checkmates with the Knight in seven moves.

SOLUTIONS.

Solution of Problem No. 14.

- WHITE. 1. Q to Q R 6th 2. B to Q B 6th 3. Q takes Q R P (oh) 4. R to Q R sq Mate
- BLACK. 1. R to Q Kt sq 2. P to Q B sq 3. K takes Q

Solution of Problem for Young Players, No. 13.

- WHITE. 1. Kt to Q Kt 5th 2. Kt to B 3rd 3. P to Q R 3rd 4. P takes P Checkmate
- BLACK. 1. K to Q R 4th 2. P to Q Kt 4th 3. P to Q Kt 5th

PROBLEMS FOR YOUNG PLAYERS.—No. 14.

- WHITE. K at K B 6th R at K 7th R at Q B sq B at Q Kt 2nd Kt at K 3rd Pawns at K R 2nd Q 5th and Q Kt 4th
- BLACK. K at Q 3rd R at K Kt sq R at K Kt 7th B at K B 4th Kt at K Kt 3rd Kt at Q 5th Pawns at K 5th. K R 2nd, and Q Kt 3rd

White, playing first, gives mate in six moves.

GAME 21st.

Played recently between two members of the Montreal Chess Club.

WHITE.—(Mr. H.—) BLACK.—(Dr. H.—)

- 1. P to K 4 P to K 4
- 2. K B to Q B 4 K to K B 4
- 3. Q Kt to B 3rd K B to Q B 4
- 4. P to Q 3 P to Q B 3
- 5. K Kt to B 3rd K B to Q B 4
- 6. Q B to K Kt 5th Kt to K R 3rd
- 7. B takes Kt Kt P takes B
- 8. K Kt to K R 4 P to K B 4
- 9. P takes P P to Q B 3rd
- 10. Q to Q 5 P to Q 4th
- 11. B to Q Kt 3rd P to Q R 4
- 12. Q Kt to R 4 P to Q 3rd
- 13. P to Q R 3rd P to Q Kt 4th
- 14. Q Kt to Q B 3rd Q B to Q B
- 15. Q Kt to K 2nd Q to Q B sq
- 16. Q Kt to K Kt 3rd K to Q sq
- 17. Castles Q R P to Q R 5th
- 18. B to K B 2nd K to Q B 2nd
- 19. P to Q B 4th Kt to Q R 3rd
- 20. P takes Kt P P takes P
- 21. B takes Q P Kt to Q B 4th
- 22. K to Q Kt sq B to Q B 3rd
- 23. B to Q R 2nd K to Q Kt 3rd
- 24. Q Kt to K 4 K takes Kt
- 25. P takes Kt B takes P (oh)
- 26. K to Q R sq K B to Q B 4th
- 27. Q to K 3 (oh) K to Q 5th
- 28. Q takes Q B B takes R
- 29. R takes R Q to Q B 4
- 30. Q to K 2nd P to Q Kt 5th
- 31. P to K B 4th Q takes P
- 32. Q R P takes P R to Q R 6th
- 33. K Q Kt sq P P takes P
- 34. R to Q B sq K takes R
- 35. R to Q B 4 Q to Q R 4
- 36. R to Q B 6th (oh) K takes R
- 37. Q to Q B 4th (oh) Q to Q B 4th
- 38. Q to K 6th (oh) K to Q Kt 4th
- 39. Q to Q Kt 3rd (oh) K to Q R 4th
- 40. Q to Q sq R to Q B sq and White resigned.





THE RETREAT: A SOUVENIR OF THE FRANCO-PRUSSIAN WAR.—FROM A PAINTING BY EDOUARD DETAILLE.





QUEEN ELIZABETH ABOUT TO SIGN THE DEATH WARRANT OF MARY STUART.—FROM THE PAINTING BY ALEX. LIEZEN-MAYER.



# THE STORY OF A PEASANT (1789.)

## OR

### THE BEGINNING OF THE GREAT FRENCH REVOLUTION.

By MM. ERCKMANN-CHATRIAN,

AUTHORS OF "MADAME THERESE," "THE CONSCRIPT," "THE BLOCKADE," &c.

#### PART THE FIRST.

1789.

#### II.

We were four boys and two girls—Nicolas, Lisbeth, myself, Claude, Mathurine, and little Etienne, a poor little pale and delicate cripple, whom the Baraques people called the little duck, because he waddled on his poor deformed legs; all the others were strong and hearty.

Mother often said, when looking at Nicolas, Claude, and myself—

"Don't fret so much, Jean-Pierre; among these three one must draw a lucky number. Then let Robin look out; as soon as he gets his money, I'll split his head open with this axe."

Wretched, indeed, must she be to entertain such ideas for a moment. Father would make no reply, and it was for us quite in the order of things to be sold; we thought ourselves as much the property of our father and mother as so many head of cattle. Great want prevents one from seeing things as they are; before '89, with the exception of the nobles and the bourgeois, every father of a family looked on his children as property; that is what some think so right, and what makes them say that their fathers and mothers were held in greater respect, which is pure nonsense.

Fortunately, our father was too good-hearted to try and make a profit out of us; often the poor man cried when in a middle of a famine in winter he was obliged to send us out begging like every one else. He would never let little Etienne go out in the snow. I did not go out begging long either; I can just remember going out on the road to Mittelbronn or the Quatre-Vents two or three times, when very young, for when I was eight years old, my godfather, Jean Leroux, the blacksmith, who kept an inn at the other end of the village, had taken me to look after his cattle, and I only went home to sleep.

These things happened long, long ago, and yet the Three Pigeons Inn is always before my eyes, with its tall signpost by the roadside; Phalsbourg, grey in the distance against the sky; in front of the inn the little black forge, and behind it a sloping orchard, the great oak-tree, and the streamlet running through it. The water of the spring bubbled over some big stones placed there on purpose, and spread over the thick turf, and the oak covered it with its shade. All round this oak the soldiers belonging to the regiment de Boccart, in 1778, had made a bench and raised bowers of ivy and honeysuckle, by order of Major Bachman; since then officers of the different regiments came to this spot, which they called Tivoli, to amuse themselves. The wives and daughters of the *échevins* and the syndics all wanted to drink the Tivoli water on Sundays, and to dance under the oak-tree.

There it was that the tall Chevalier d'Ozé, belonging to the regiment de Brie, standing above the spring, lifted up his bottle full of water and spouted Latin with his eyes turned up. The ladies, seated on the grass with their beautiful dresses of thick brocade, their little satin shoes with steel buckles, and their round hats, with poppies and daisies twined round them, listened and laughed without understanding a word; and when Quartermaster de Venier, with his little violin, began to play minuets, the Chevaliers de Signeville, de Saint Féral, de Contrégise, all these fools, with their little hats cocked over the ear, got up, extended one leg, and offered a hand to a lady, who hastened to smooth down her dress and take her place; they then danced with gravity and staidness. The servants, all old soldiers, went to the inn for baskets of wine, pies, and preserves, which an ass had conveyed from the town.

The poor of Baraques, standing in the dusty road, flattening their noses against the pallings of the orchard, watched all these fine people, more especially when the corks were drawn and the pies opened; every one wished to be there then, just for one quarter of an hour.

Then when night came MM. the officers gave their arms to the ladies, and the noble company slowly returned to Phalsbourg.

Many regiments visited the Tivoli of Maitre Jean; up to 1791 those of Castelle, Rouergue, Schénau, La Fare, Royal Auvergne. The *échevins*, syndics, and counsellors came too, in their great well-powdered wigs and their wide black coats, white with flour down the backs; they led a pleasant life. Now of all who danced and of all who looked on, I am without doubt the only one remaining: if I did not talk about them one would no more bestow a thought upon them than on the autumn leaves of 1778.

Once in my godfather's service, I had nothing to complain of: I had a new pair of shoes every year and my food; how many others would have been glad to have had as much! I knew it, and I neglected nothing in my endeavour to please Maitre Jean, Madame Catherine his wife, and even the apprentice Valentine, and the maid-servant Nicole. I was well with everybody. I ran when called either to blow the forge-bellows, or go up into the loft and throw down the hay for the cattle. I would not have fallen out with the house-cat, for there was a great difference between sitting at a good table with a good soup, a dish of cabbage, with

bacon added on Sundays, and as much good rye-bread as you can eat, and having one's nose bent over a saucer of beans with the little salt that the mother can spare, and counting every spoonful.

Once well off try to remain so; therefore every morning, in the summer at four, in the winter at five, while the people of the inn were fast asleep, and the cows chewed the cud in the stable, I was already at the door, at which I gave two gentle knocks. This awoke the girl, who got up and opened the door in the dark. I lighted my lantern from the ashes in the kitchen; then while Nicole milked the cows I went up to the granary for oats and hay, and I gave a feed to the horses of the waggoners and grain-dealers who slept at the inn the night before market-days. They got up, looked at everything, and found it all right; then I helped them to get their carts from the shed, bridle their horses, and buckle their harness; and when they started and began to cry, "Hue Fox! Hue, Rappel!" I wished them good-day with my little woollen cap in my hand.

These great waggoners and flour-dealers they never took the trouble to answer me, but they were satisfied, and had no fault to find, that was the great thing.

When Nicole came back to the kitchen she gave me a saucer of curds and whey, when I ate with an appetite. She then gave me a great piece of bread to take to pasture with me, two or three fine onions, sometimes a hard-boiled egg, or a bit of butter. I put everything in my bag, and then I went to the stable, cracking my whip. The animals came out one after the other; I patted them, and then we went in single file down the valley of the Rocks, I running last as happy as possible.

The Phalsbourg people, who go to bathe in the valley of the Zorne, knew these masses of rocks, heaped up as far as one can see, a scanty heath growing in the fissures, the little streamlet full of cresses from the springs below, which is dried up by the time June's white butterflies are come.

There I used to go, for we had a right of pasture on the waste lands of the town, and it was only towards the end of August, when there was nothing left for the cattle to graze on, that we went to the forest. All this time I was out in the air.

The herdsman of Phalsbourg only brought out the swine, which, in the heat of the day, made a hole in the sandy soil and huddled themselves up together. There they slept, flapping their eyes with their pink ears; one might tread on them without making them move.

Boys used to come there from other villages, one with an old blind horse, another with a mangy cow, many with nothing to do but crack a whip, whistle, or dig up the turnips, carrots, and radishes in the fields. If the Garde Champêtre caught them, he walked them into town, with a collar of stinging-nettles round their necks, which was all the same to them; the only thing they cared for much was, the second or third time it happened, according to their age, to be publicly whipped on market-days. The executioner scratched their backs with his bull's-hide whip; if they repeated it they were sent to prison. Many a time have I recollected seeing the grandmothers and grandfathers of such people, who exclaimed against the Revolution, whipped in the good old days. I could not help laughing; one meets with curious things in this world!

However, I too am bound to confess that I regret the past, not on account of the floggings or the prévôt, no, but because I was young then; and if our superiors were worth but little, the heaven above us was beautiful still. My big brother Nicolas and the rest of them, Claude, Lisbeth, Mathurine, would come and take possession of my bag, and we cried and wrangled over it. If they took all, Maitre Jean would have paid them a visit in the evening at our hut; they were afraid of that, so they left me my share, and they called me—their canon!

At other times our big Nicolas protected me. Then all the villages, Hultshausen, Lutzelbourg, the Quatre-Vents, Mittelbronn, the Baraques above and below, fought with sticks and stones; Nicolas, with the remains of an old cocked hat on the back of his head, an old soldier's coat, all in rags, buttoned down his thighs, with a great cudgel in his hand, and naked feet, marched at the head of the Baraques like a savage chief; he screamed "Forward!" so loud that he could be heard at Dann.

I could not help loving him, for every moment he called out, "The first that hits Michel had better look out!" but all the same he took my onions away from me, which was very disagreeable.

They used to make the animals fight, and when they were struggling with their horns locked together, Nicolas laughed and encouraged them. They often injured themselves, and sometimes left a horn on the field of battle. In the evening we sat in the shade, leaning against a rock, watching the approach of night, listening to the buzzing in the air and the frogs beginning to croak in the stream farther off.

Then came the time to go home. Nicolas blew the horn, the echoes from the rocks re-

peated it, the cattle collected together and followed in a line to Baraques in a cloud of dust. I put ours in the stable, filled the mangers, and had my supper with Maitre Jean, Madame Catherine, and Nicolas. In summer, when they worked at the forge, I blew the bellows till ten, and I went home to sleep in my father's hut at the other end of the village.

#### III.

Five years passed on, my brothers and sisters continued begging, and I took all possible pains to be useful to my godfather. When I was ten years old the idea of learning a trade and of earning my bread myself had already occurred to me; Maitre Jean noticed it, and kept me at the forge as much as he could.

Every time I think of it I fancy I can hear my godfather's voice cry, "Courage Michel, courage!"

He was a tall, stout man, with large red whiskers, a long pigtail hanging down his back, and his moustaches so long and thick, that he could turn them back behind his ears. In those days the farriers of the hussars wore such whiskers, and the tail fastened behind. I fancy my godfather wanted to look like them. He had great grey eyes, a thick nose, round cheeks—when he did laugh he laughed loud. His leathern apron came up under his chin, and his great arms were naked at the forge in the middle of winter. Every moment he wrangled with his apprentice, Valentine, a tall, stooping lanky fellow, who thought every thing right in this world—nobles, monks, freedoms of companies, everything!

"But, you fool!" cried my godfather to him, "if these things did not exist you would have been a master blacksmith, like myself, long ago; you might have got something together and have lived comfortably."

"It's all the same," said Valentine. "You may think as you will; as for me, I am all for our holy religion, the nobility, and the king; that is the state of things which God has ordained!"

Then would Maitre Jean shrug his shoulders and say—

"Well, if you think everything is right, I have no objection—go on!"

And then they went on hammering. I never met with a better fellow than Valentine, but he had no head, and he argued like a goose. It was not his fault, and he ought not to be blamed for it.

Mistress Catherine was of the same opinion as her husband, and Nicole thought like her mistress.

The inn prospered, Maitre Jean put by money every year, and when the officials were appointed to settle about the *corvées*, the head-money, and other exactions at Baraques, he was always on the list, with the master woodcutter, Oochart and the great wheelwright, Létumler, who was also making three or four hundred livres.

You must know at that time the usual road for the waggoners, carters, and marsh cultivators of Alsace going to the town was to pass by Baraques; but the road from Saverne to Phalsbourg was straight up hill, stony, full of ruts and even hollows, which threatened to overturn you into the Schlittenbach; and it required five or six extra horses to climb this hill, people used to go round by the valley of the Zorne, and both going and coming they almost always stopped at the Three Pigeons.

The forge and the inn worked well together; while the horse was being shod or the cart mended, the driver stepped into the Three Pigeons; he could look out of the window and see what was going on while he ate his crust of bread and drank his half-pint of white wine.

On fair-days the large room swarmed with customers; they came in crowds with their packages, baskets, and carts. On their road home they had nearly always a drop too much, and were free enough in speaking their mind. They grumbled without ceasing; the women especially never left off; they called the prévôts and seigneurs by their true names; they repeated instances of their abominable conduct, and when their husbands tried to stop them they called them a set of fools.

The farmers of Alsace were particularly bitter against the turnpike tolls which cut down their profits, for they had to pay on coming from Alsace into Lorraine. The unlucky Jews who had to pay at every gate—so much for the Jew, and so much for the donkey—did not dare complain, but the others spared no one.

"Yes, it is a fact; they squeeze us to death; the duties are raised every day; but what can we do? The peasants are peasants, and the seigneurs are masters; as long as the world goes on the seigneurs will be at the top, and we must remain at the bottom. Well, let us trust in God. Here, Mistress Catherine, take your money and let's be off."

And off they all went. An old woman would begin to pray aloud to help them along the road, other women took it up, and the men with bowed heads followed meditating after.

I have often thought that this sort of burthen of question and answer saved them from thinking, and was a sort of relief to them. The idea never occurred to them of helping themselves—

of getting rid of the saltmaker, collector, toll-taker, seigneurs, convents, and of all that bore upon them; and of putting the tithes, aids, twentieths,—all exactions, in fact—into their own pockets, as they did later. They still trusted to the goodness of God.

But all this movement, these grumbings, this collection of Jews, waggoners, and peasants in the great room on fair-days, their quarrels over the price of oxen, corn, oats, and crops of all sorts; the expression of their faces when they shook hands over a bargain, and called for a pint of wine to wet it, according to custom—all this taught me to know both men and things. There could have been no better school for a boy; and if I have since acquired property, it is, that long before, I was already master of the value of land, stock, and crops. The old Jew Schmoulé and big Mathias Fischer, of Harberg, taught me all this, for they quarrelled often enough over the price of their wares.

You may believe me, when I was still quite little, I kept both eyes and ears open when running about with glasses and tankards. But what I liked best of all was to listen to Maitre Jean when he read the newspaper after supper.

In these days the smallest country inn takes in a newspaper; the old *Messager Botteux* of Silberman, hanging by the window, is no longer in existence. Every one wants to know how the country gets on, and reads the *Courrier du Bas-Rhin* or the *Impartial de la Meurthe* at least two or three times a week; every one is ashamed now of living like an ass, and of taking no notice of what is of interest to all. But before '89 those who had no right to trouble themselves about politics, and who were there to pay what exactions it was the king's pleasure to lay upon them, those people, I say, did not care to read; in fact, most of them did not know their letters; and besides, newspapers were very expensive, and Maitre Jean, though very well off, did not like incurring such an expense for his amusement only.

The little book-hawker Chauvel fortunately used to bring us a bundle of papers on his return from his journeys in Alsace, Lorraine, or the Palatinate. This was one of the characters which have disappeared since the Revolution—the hawk of almanacks, prayer-books, hymns to the Virgin, catechisms, alphabets, &c., who went his rounds from Strasbourg to Metz, from Trèves to Nancy, from Pont-à-Mousson, Toul, Verdun; who was to be met on all the byroads, in the depth of the woods, at the gates of the farms, convents, and abbeys, the approaches to the villages, in his jacket of coarse cloth, his gaiters with bone buttons reaching to his knees, hobnailed shoes, his back bent, with a leather strap over his shoulder supporting an enormous wicker basket on his back. True he sold mass-books, but how many forbidden publications were smuggled besides—the works of Jean Jacques, Voltaire, Raynal, Helvetius!

Father Chauvel was the boldest as well as the cleverest of all these Alsatian and Lorraine smugglers. He was a little, dry, nervous, dark man, with pinched-up lips and a hooked nose. His basket seemed to break him down, but he really carried it easily enough. As you passed him his little black eyes seemed to look through you; he could read you at a glance, whether you wanted anything, or whether you belonged to the police; whether to be on his guard against you, or to ask you to buy. He was obliged to be so, for if taken in this sort of contraband trade he would have been sent to the galleys.

Every time he came home from his journeys, Chauvel came first to us, about night-fall, when the inn was empty and the village silent. Then he appeared with his little Margaret, who never left him, not even in his rounds; and we only heard their steps in the alley to say, "Here's Chauvel! now we shall hear the news." Nicole ran to open the door and Chauvel came in, with a nod of the head, holding his child in his hand. This remembrance takes seventy-five years off my age. I see him now with Margaret brown as a whortleberry, in her linen gown with a blue fringe, and her black hair falling over her shoulders.

Chauvel handed the bundle of newspapers to Nicole, and sat down behind the stove with his little girl between his knees. Maitre Jean would turn round to him and cry out—

"Well, Chauvel, all goes on well, eh?"

"Yes, well, Maitre Jean; the people buy plenty of books, they begin to learn," would the little man answer.

While he was speaking, Margaret would pay great attention to him. It was clear she understood all what was said.

Maitre Jean was very fond of this little man; they understood one another perfectly.

After opening the bundle of newspapers on the table, and looking at them a moment or two, Maitre Jean would say—

"This comes from Utrecht, this from Cleves, this from Amsterdam—now we shall see what is going on. Nicole, fetch my spectacles; they are there by the window."

Maitre Jean, after having luxuriated in this manner for some minutes, would begin to read, while I sat breathless in my corner. I forgot everything, even the danger of going home late in winter when the village was covered with

snow, and packs of wolves had crossed the Rhine on the ice.

I ought to have gone home directly after supper; my father used to wait for me; but my curiosity to hear the news of the Great Turk, of America, and of all the countries in the world, was too great; I stayed sometimes till past ten; even now I can see myself in my corner on the left of the old clock, the walnut wardrobe and the door of Maitre Jean's sleeping-room on the right, and the large inn table in front of me under the little dark windows.

Maitre Jean is reading, Mother Catherine, a little woman with pink cheeks, her ears covered with a white hood, is spinning, and Nicole, too, with her cap like a bug at the back of her head.

Poor Nicole was as red as a carrot, freckled all over, with white eyelashes. Yes, I see it all—the spinning-wheels hum, the old clock ticks, from time to time it rattles, down go the weights, it strikes, and then goes on ticking.

Maitre Jean in his arm-chair, his iron spectacles on his nose—like me now—with his red ears and his large rough whiskers, attends to nothing but his paper; sometimes he turns round, and lifting his spectacles up, says—

"Here is news from America. General Washington has beaten the English. Did you observe that, Chauvel?"

"Yes, Maitre Jean," says the baker, "these Americans only began their rebellion three or four years ago. They would not pay the quantity of taxes that the English were increasing daily, as is one often elsewhere, and their cause is flourishing."

Then he would smile for a second without opening his lips, and Maitre Jean would go on reading.

Then Frederick II. would be mentioned—that old Prussian fox, who wanted to begin his tricks again.

"Old beggar," Maitre Jean would mutter; "had it not been for M. de Soubise, he would not get his back up. We owe Rossbach to this great fool."

"Yes, said Chauvel, "and that is why His Majesty has granted him a pension of fifteen hundred thousand livres."

Then after looking at one another in silence, Maitre Jean repeated—

"Fifteen hundred thousand livres to that idiot! and they cannot spare a sou to mend the royal road between Saverne and Phalsbourg. Thousands of country people are obliged to go a league out of their road to cross from Alsace into Lorraine, and bread, meat, and wine get dearer and dearer."

When Maitre Jean became very excited, Catherine would jump up and listen in the passage; then he became quiet, for my grandfather knew what that meant. It was necessary to be careful, for informers prowled about everywhere, and if they had heard our way of thinking about princes and lords, we should have heard of it again.

Chauvel and his little daughter used to go home early, but I would stay behind to the last minute. Maitre Jean, in folding the Gazette, would see me and cry out—

"What, Michel! what are you doing there? do you understand all this?"

Then, without waiting for an answer— "Come, be off; to-morrow morning there will be work to be done. It is market-day, and the forge-fire will be alight early—be off, Michel, be off!"

It then would occur to me the wolves sometimes came down into the village, and I would run and light a torch in the kitchen. The little window looking into the yard was as black as ink, I could hear the northeast wind sighing out of doors. I shivered while Nicole opened the door for me.

I almost lost my breath when I found myself outside at night, seeing the white road winding between the old cottages buried in snow, and hearing the wind blow, and sometimes the wolves howling and answering one another in the fields. I used to run till I lost breath, my hair stood on end, and I jumped over the heaps of snow and manure like a kid. The old roofs of thatch, the windows beneath stopped up with straw, with frost hanging to it, the small doors barricaded, all looked frightful by the light of my torch—everything seemed dead. But as I ran along I could see at the end of the lanes certain shadows come and go, and this sight terrified me so that when I got to our hut I threw myself against the door as if I was lost.

My poor father was there by the fire in his old patched linen pantaloons, and would say— "My child, you come home too late; they are all asleep; have you been hearing the newspaper read?"

"Yes, father—take this."

I would give him the bread Maitre Jean always gave me after supper. He took it, and said, "Go to bed, my child, and do not come home again so late, there are so many wolves about now."

I lay down by the side of my brothers in a great box full of leaves, with an old coverlid over it.

The others were fast asleep; they had been begging in the villages and on the high roads all day. I used to remain awake a long time listening to the wind, and sometimes a dull noise, in the midst of the silence. It was wolves attacking a stable; they would spring eight or ten feet high at the window, and fall back to the snow; suddenly a sharp cry or two would be heard, and all the pack was gone; they had taken a dog and were devouring him.

At other times I would shiver at hearing them blow and scratch under our door. Father used to get up and light a straw torch at the hearth, and the hungry brutes went further on.

I have always thought the winters were longer than in these days, and much more severe. Snow was often two and three feet deep; it lay until April, on account of the great woods which have since been cleared, and of the numerous pools which the seigneurs and nobles allowed to remain full in the valleys,

that they might not be obliged to crop the land every year. It was less trouble. But this quantity of water, these woods and marshes, kept the country damp, and chilled the air.

Now, where every bit of land is cut up, cultivated, and sown, the sun penetrates everywhere, and spring comes earlier—at least I think so. But whatever may have been the cause, all old people will tell you that cold weather came sooner and lasted longer, and that every year packs of wolves would attack stables and carry off the watch-dogs, even out of the farmyards.

IV.

I was sent to school during the winter. It is from this period that I date my existence. The man who knows nothing, and is without means of instruction, goes through the world like a beast of burden; he works for others, he helps to increase the wealth of others, and when he becomes weak and worn out, they get rid of him.

My father called me every morning as soon as it was light; my brothers and sisters were still asleep. I dressed without noise, and I left with my little bag, my feet in my sabots, a waggoner's large cap drawn over my ears, and my log of wood under my arm. Winter was just beginning, and it was cold. I shut the door carefully, and I set off breathing on my fingers.

How all comes back to me, after so many years! the up and down path, the leafless old trees by the side of the road, the wintry stillness in the forest, and Lutzelbourg at the bottom of the valley, with its pointed church spire, its weathercock against the grey sky, the little graveyard at the foot of it, the tombstones buried in snow; the old houses, the river, Father Sirvins's mill splashing the stream as it flows along. Is it possible that what happens in infancy remains always fixed in one's recollection, while the rest is so soon obliterated?

I was almost always first at school. There were no boys in the room. The mother of M. le Curé Christopher, a very little, bent, and shrivelled-up woman, her red linen petticoat up to the middle of her back, in the Asiatic fashion, her cap like a pad on the nape of her neck, Madame Madeleine, lively as a mouse, had already lighted the fire. I put my log of wood down by the stove, and my sabots under it, to dry them. I see it all now; the white-washed beams, the rows of little benches, the large black table against the wall between the two windows; at the end of the room the curé's desk in a little alcove, and above it a large crucifix.

Every boy swept out the schoolroom in turn, but I used to begin while waiting for the others. They came from Hullenhausen, the Barriques, and even from Chévrois. It was there I made the acquaintance of all my old comrades; Louis Frossard, the mayor's son—he died young, during the Revolution; Abou Clement, who was killed by a grape-shot at Valmy—he was already lieutenant in '92; Dominique Caussu, who set up later as cabinet-maker, at Saverne; François Meyer, master tailor in the 6th Hussars—in 1820 he left the service, said to be rich, but I cannot say it for a fact; Antoine Thomas, who commanded a battalion of the Old Guard. What a number of times he came to see me after 1815! We used to repeat our old stories together. I gave him the best bedroom upstairs; Jacques Messier, chief surveyor of rivers and forests; Hubert Perrin, postmaster at Héming; and fifty others, who would never have been anything but for the Revolution.

Before '89 the cobbler's son remained a cobbler, the woodcutter's son a woodcutter; there was no chance of a rise. After thirty or forty years, there you were in the same place, doing the same thing, perhaps thinner, perhaps fatter, that was all. But now one's courage and sense can raise one; one need never despair; the son of a poor peasant, if blessed with courage and ability, may rise to rule France. Let us, then, praise the Lord for having lightened our darkness, and let us be glad in this happy change. To return to my old comrades at school. They are now all gone. Last year we were but two, Joseph Broussoussu, a baker at Poalsbourg, and myself. When I went there to buy a straw hat in the spring, fat Broussoussu would know my voice again, and come, drawing one leg after him, calling out— "Ha! that's Michel Bastien!"

It was absolutely necessary to go into the back shop and help him to drink a bottle of his old Burgundy, and at the end Broussoussu never failed to say as we parted at the door— "I say, Michel, listen—when I get my passport you will have to get the visa for your own—ha! ha! ha!"

How he laughed!

Poor Broussoussu! Last autumn they buried him, and for all he used to tell me, I don't intend to apply for my passport just yet. This story has to be finished first, and then I must make up another, just to take up my time. There is no hurry—there is always time enough to go for good.

Well, it was at M. Christopher's that I first knew all these old friends, and many more whose names may occur to me later. As eight struck they came in one after the other, crying, "Good morning, good morning, Mr. Christopher."

If he was not there they called out all the same; they crowded laughing round the stove. But the moment they heard the long strides of the curé in the passage, they were all still. Every one seated himself on the bench, his slate on his knees and his nose bent over it, scarcely breathing, for, to tell the truth, M. Christopher liked neither noise nor disputes. I have seen him more than once when up at class the boys would elbow one another, quietly get up, take them up from their bench by the collar, and throw them outside the door like kittens. They did not care to begin again, and

they shook in their shoes if he looked hard at them.

The curé came in; at the door he looked to see if everything was in order. You could hear the fire burning—nothing stirred! Then he stood up at his desk and cried, "Go on!" and we all together began to sing, B. A. BA. That went on for some time; at last he called out, "Halt!" and all was silent.

Then he would call on us all in turn, "Jacques, Michel, Nicolas, come here!" We went up to him cap in hand.

"Who created you, and placed you in this world?"

"God!"

"Why did God create you and place you in this world?"

"To worship Him, to love Him, to serve Him, and so to obtain eternal life."

(To be Continued.)

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