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THE LATE VICTOR EMMANUEL II, KING OF ITALY.

ST. JOHN, N.B.

The present number contains the first of a number of portraits of the principal public men and notabilities of St. John, N. B., accompanied by brief biographical memoirs. We shall continue to produce them during the next four or five weeks. We beg to call the attention of all our friends in New Brunswick and the Maritime Provinces to this series.

CORNWALL ILLUSTRATED.

In the next number of the CANADIAN ILLUSTRATED NEWS will appear a fine double page illustration of the principal buildings and points of attraction about the flourishing town of Cornwall, thus continuing the series which we lately initiated. Although this is only a beginning, and we expect to do far better as we progress, yet we are willing to offer the promised illustrations of Cornwall with the full letter-press description as a fair indication of what we intend to accomplish. In a short time we shall have illustrated as much of Canada as will both interest and astonish our readers.

NEW LITERARY FEATURES

While we are doing our best to improve the pictorial appearance of the paper, we have not lost sight of the letter-press, and have in consequence taken measures both to extend and strengthen that department. We call the attention of our readers to the several new literary features introduced this week and to be continued. They will find something suitable to every taste. There are no papers in Canada which furnish so much original matter, and none where a purely literary finish is more striven after. In this particular, we take pride in presenting the NEWS as a thoroughly literary and family paper.

NOTICE.

The indexes of the two volumes XV. and XVI. are now ready, and those of our subscribers who may desire them especially for binding, as we recommend them to do, will be at once supplied on dropping word by messenger or postal card.

CANADIAN ILLUSTRATED NEWS.

Montreal, Saturday, Jan. 19th, 1878.

EMPIRE FIRST.

This is not a catch-word, nor yet a mere word of phantasy. It is a pregnant term, expressive of strength, cohesion, glory and almost universal potentiality. It is a word which ought to be dear to the insular Englishman as well as to the most remote Colonist, because it denotes power for the one and protection for the other. We have frequently endeavoured, in our columns, to inculcate this idea, both by editorial argument and through the more popular medium of song. And the need of such insistence becomes the more and more apparent to us, in proportion as we note the gradual encroachment of theories covertly antagonistic to the integrity of the Empire.

Other organs of public sentiment are speaking out boldly on this important subject, and there is an earnestness in the appeals which shows that the situation is one of particular interest. Only last week, a British nobleman, who seemed to have nothing better to do than spear fish in the tributaries of the Kennebecassis, or shoot bears along the Anodroscoggin, has written a letter to the *New York World* which has found an echo in Canada, and which is sure to draw attention in Britain. Lord DUNRAVEN is a leading member of the Liberal party, and has willingly followed the chieftainship of GLADSTONE and BRIGHT in former days. But his allegiance is now faltering, and especially has he broken away, without reserve, from the Manchester School and the Peace-at-any-Price party, represented by the Sage of Rochdale. He recognizes the policy of maintaining the Empire, first, always, and everywhere. He holds that Britain should have a voice in European Councils, and that her diplomacy should be backed, when there is need, with battalions on the land and squadrons on the sea. He has no patience with that goody spirit, that namby-pamby sentimentalism, which, as in the case of the present Eastern war,

would allow England's prestige to be lowered and made the by-word of continental potentates. Although in theory, and if VICTOR HUGO's or TENNYSON's dream could be fulfilled, he would be pleased that the drums ceased to throb and the battle-flags were furled, he will not consent that the Red Cross should droop while Imperial Eagles elsewhere are darkening the sky after prey. He speaks up also for the worth of England's Colonies, which have been, for centuries, not only the source of her wealth, but the bulwarks of her power. There are leading politicians at home who, without a sigh, would have all the sea-stations demolished—Gibraltar, that commands the Mediterranean; Malta, that guards the Adriatic and the Aegean; Adu, that is the key to the Red Sea and the Indian Ocean; St. Helena and Cape Town, that defend the Southern Ocean; Bermuda, that shields the Azores and the West Indies. These men would throw off India, cast Australia adrift, and cut the halcyons on the citadel of Halifax and the crag of Cape Diamond. But, fortunately, there are statesmen in the Royal Councils who hold other and higher views, and, still more fortunately, the temper of the best part of the English people is that such views must prevail. In breaking away from the Radical section of his party, on this issue, Lord DUNRAVEN is only one of many whose patriotism is stronger than their partisan fealty.

Throughout the Colonies, and especially in Canada, there is need of cultivating this essentially British and Imperial sentiment. Our Colonial bond is not a dependence, but an alliance, founded on community of interests, on identity of traditions, and on the common hope of a great future. As an integral part of the Empire, we shall prosper and be strong, while velleities of Annexation or premature Independence will only serve to emasculate our energies. Speaking of our British nobleman, in this connection, reminds us of another. Like Lord DUNRAVEN, Lord DUFFERIN is an Irishman and a Liberal, and, like him, he has had occasion to study the Colonial situation. This he has done to some purpose. Not only has he been at the pains of visiting, in turn, every one of the Provinces of the Dominion, but he has marked each visit by a set oration, embodying his observations, his experiences, and his counsels. Every one of these speeches has been an epoch in our history, and in the Governor-General's official career. We trust, as we have once before suggested, that they will be united into a volume, which shall form part of our political literature. In all these discourses, Lord DUFFERIN has been careful to set forth two trains of thought—one addressed to Canadians, showing the wealth, resources, and capabilities of their country, and the other directed to Englishmen, representing the need of standing by these important Colonies. This is a service for which his Lordship deserves thanks, both here and at home, as among contemporaneous statesmen, there is not one who has done more to fortify and propagate the sentiment of Empire First.

IL RE GALLANTUOMO.

The death of VICTOR EMMANUEL removes from the theatre of life one of the most romantic figures of contemporaneous history. Political events among the Latin nations have a picturesqueness of their own, which is not met with in like circumstances among our colder Northern people. And when these events are associated with vital results, such as the unification of Italy, they clothe all the actors therein with a glamour of poetry. MAZZINI, MANIN, D'AZEGLIO, GIOBERTI, ROSMINI, UGO FOSCOLO, and others, are names which possess a fascination quite out of proportion with the deeds of those who bore them. Of that bright galaxy connected with the history of the Italian peninsula during the past thirty years, there remained only VICTOR EMMANUEL, GARIBALDI and PIO NONO. The former has now passed away, leaving his best supporter and his greatest adversary to meditate on the lesson of his demise.

VICTOR EMMANUEL was not a great man.

nor could he strictly be termed a good man, but he had two eminent qualities which will rescue his name from oblivion. He was indomitable under disaster, and he was a passionate lover of his country. From the time that he mounted the throne in 1849, until the capture of Rome in 1870, his political reign was a series of most discouraging episodes, and his military exploits were always dimmed by defeat. He owed his crown to the mercy of Field-Marshal RADERSKY, and, but for Sadowa, the dark days of Custozza and Lissa might have seriously threatened his Kingdom. But he never lost hope in his destiny, and his strong faith bore him through every misfortune. His patriotism was simple and ardent, and jealousy had no share in his temperament. *Non ho altra ambizione*, he exclaimed on a memorable occasion, *che quella di essere il primo soldato dell'indipendenza Italiana*, and he did not abate his efforts until the dream of his heart was accomplished, the freedom of Italy, from the Alps to the sea—*Italia una dall'Alpi al mare*. The events of his life are briefly told. He succeeded his father, CHARLES ALBERT, in 1849. By the far-seeing advice of CAVOUR, his army took part in the Crimean war against Russia, thus at once raising Italy to the rank of a Great Power, and giving her a place at the European Council Board. In 1859 he joined Napoleon against Austria, and the Treaty of Villa Franca gave him Lombardy. In 1866 the Prussian alliance against the same Power resulted in the cession of Venice. The Marches had previously become his, and GARIBALDI had won the two Sicilies for him by a *coup de main*. There remained only Rome outside of the circle, but in September, 1870, when the Uhlans were spurring forward toward Paris, his army marched triumphantly through the Porta Pia. Since then he throned at the Quirinal, and his life was comparatively quiet, his duties being strictly confined to those of a Constitutional Monarch, and frequently relieved by hunting excursions in the Alps and Appenines, or flirting matches with peasant girls on the banks of the Ticino. He leaves four children, his successor, King HUMBERT; the Princess CLOTILDE, wife of Prince NAPOLEON; AMADEO, late King of Spain, and MARIA PIA, Queen of Portugal.

RUSSIAN CONDITIONS OF PEACE.

It is as clear as noonday now that Russia will impose her own conditions of peace. Turkey cannot prevent this; Austria is unaccountably acquiescent, and Germany is plainly in secret alliance with the Muscovites. Whatever hope the Porte may have reposed in England is shattered as a reed, and we are afraid we must acknowledge that the efficiency of British mediation has been delusive all along. We may go further, and be forced to own that Great Britain will not get out of the imbroglio with any increase of prestige.

Given thus the power, and the determination of Russia to impose her own conditions, we may inquire what these will probably be. In the first place, the possession of Constantinople is not among them. This much seems certain, and the reason why Russia will not care to hold the Crescent City is that when Turkey will be driven out of the Balkans, and the freedom of the Dardanelles will be guaranteed, the Turkish Empire may be said to have been blotted out, and Stamboul will remain a mere figure on the map. That the Balkans will be set down as the practical limit of the Ottoman Empire in Europe appears almost a certainty. The war was ostensibly declared to free the Bulgarians, and now that they are freed, it is not reasonable to suppose that they will be allowed to fall again under Moslem rule. Hence the first condition of peace will most likely be the independence of Bulgaria. Next, absolute autonomy will be demanded for Roumania, Servia, and Montenegro. Of course, the free passage of the Dardanelles will go without saying. In Asia, a large slice of Armenia will be required, including Kars as a frontier fortress, and Baloum

as an outlet for the Transcaucasian Provinces.

If these provisions are fulfilled, it will be seen at once that, although Russia entered upon this "holy war" through the most disinterested of motives, she will have acquired an immense preponderance from her victories. The new independent States, Roumania, Servia, Montenegro and Bulgaria, will be under her protectorate, and we all know what this convenient diplomatic term implies. She will become the mistress of the Black Sea, especially if she insists, as is possible, on the destruction or confiscation of the Turkish fleet. Her acquisitions in Armenia will put Asia Minor under her military control, while her influence will extend still further in the direction of the Tigris and the Euphrates.

There is only one contingency in which Russia might be prevented from taking such an enormous advantage of victories won by the force of overwhelming numbers over a brave but feeble adversary. That is the participation of the neutral Powers in the treaty to be concluded. Russia naturally objects to what she calls this interference, and she is said to be supported therein by Germany. Great Britain, on the other hand, insists upon her right to be heard and consulted. At the present writing, the difficulty lies in the settling of this point. If England prevails, we may entertain hopes that justice and mercy will be extended even to the "unspeakable Turk." If Russia has her way, European Turkey will be effaced, British prestige will be profoundly humiliated, and the double eagles of Holy Russia will soar in proud defiance over an immense new territory.

A PUZZLED PRESIDENT.

RUTHERFORD B. HAYES missed a glorious opportunity of immortalising himself. If, under the very peculiar circumstances of his election, he had refused to accept the Presidency, he would have acquired, as he would have deserved, the title of the American Aristides. But human nature was too strong in him, the tempting offer was too dazzling, and he allowed himself to be inveigled into acceptance. Nay, more, he hurried to Washington in advance of time, and took the oath of office privately, two days before he was publicly called upon to do so, in order to forestall all contingencies. Since then, it must be admitted that he has done everything to conciliate his adversaries and to propitiate public favour by the wisdom and patriotism of his policy. We have, more than once, paid the tribute of admiration to his treatment of the South, and we may repent our conviction that he has done more for that ill-fated section of the country than even Mr. TILDEN could have accomplished, for the reason that the latter would have found himself hampered by the opposition of the Republican party in his work of justice and reparation.

But, in spite of his good intentions, President HAYES has failed to secure the support of his friends, and he is to-day in a most embarrassing position. The very men who were chiefly instrumental in wafting him into the White House, over the heads of a majority of the electors and by the machinery of one single dubious electoral vote, are now turning against him, with weapons of open attack on the one hand, and of insidious insinuation on the other. The principal argument in this warfare is the very trenchant dilemma that, if the title of PACKARD to the Governorship of Louisiana was invalid, as practically held by the President himself, in his recognition of NICHOLLS, the claim of HAYES to the Presidency was as equally untenable, because based upon precisely the same reports of the famous Returning Board of that State. Another charge is that the award of the Electoral Commission was the result of a secret understanding between HAYES himself and his friends and leading Southern Democrats, who pledged themselves to force a decision in favour of HAYES, on the promise that he would recognize WADE HAMPTON and NICHOLLS.

It is not anticipated that this hostility will lead to a movement of deposition against the President, notwithstanding the scathing indictment of MONTGOMERY BLAIR before the Maryland Legislature, or the resolutions of impeachment which it is pretended that Mr. CONKLING will offer at the re-opening of the Senate, after the recess. Americans have too much good sense to disturb the *status quo*, and the Democrats themselves are too well satisfied with the situation to allow any disturbance for the gratification of malcontent Republicans. But, while Mr. HAYES will continue to preside over the nation, the opposition to him will continue to be such as to make his position extremely uncomfortable and materially impair his usefulness. It was only to be expected that he should, sooner or later, reap the bitter fruits of his equivocal election, and that his self-respect should be made to suffer for his initial false step. Had he refused the Presidency, he would suddenly have been invested with a giant's strength for another contest, and, meanwhile, would have enjoyed, in the solitude of his Ohio home, the proud consciousness of having done a heroic deed of civic virtue.

FIRST SNOW.

How it came about—The memorable 4th January—A few melancholy verses—Behind the mountain—Three weather prophecies.

They tried their best to prevent it. We usually have a first taste of it in October, and always in November. But this year, it came not. Neither did it come in December. Fancy that bleak month passing away in Canada without snow. So far from being bleak, last December was cheerful, with blue skies, white sunshine, clean sidewalks and dusty streets. It was neither too warm nor too cold. The days were pleasant, and the evenings most agreeable. We had an unmistakably Green Christmas. Even the New Year was ushered in under similar auspices, as the beautiful front page of THE CANADIAN ILLUSTRATED NEWS has shown to the world. That page ought to be preserved in *perpetuum vivacitatis*, for surely not one of us will ever witness the like again.

But it came at last, and January 4th was the memorable day. In the early morning there was no sign of a change, but at nine o'clock those of us who were walking down to our offices were overtaken by it. And how we were delighted to see the snow flakes. We grasped one another's hands at the street corners and exclaimed: "At last!"

It was a regular old-fashioned Canadian snow-storm, and no mistake. There was a look in the sky that said so. Cabmen, expressmen and drivers of all kinds understood it, and hurrying up to their stables, exchanged wheels for runners. By noon, none but sleighs could be seen darting by like arrows in the mist and their silver bells tinkling a welcome to the storm.

Every man has his way of looking at things. Mine was to get sentimental and write some verses. Sitting at my office desk and looking up occasionally at the curtain of snow that hemmed me in, to gather inspiration, I penned the following:

The sun burns pale and low
Along the gloomy avenue of pines.
And the grey mist hangs heavily in lines
Above the torrent's flow.

I hear on the purple hill
The caw of blackbirds fleeing from the cold,
And hum of insects hiding in the mould
Under the ruined mill.

The deep embrowned wood
Is garlanded with wreaths of fleecy white,
And the stark poplar stands, like Northland sprite,
Muffled in snowy hood.

Afar, the village roof
Glistens with gems—the bridge that spans the drain
Is carpeted with down—the harvest plain
Gleams like a crystal roof.

Heigho! the silver bells,
The gaudy sleighs that glide so merrily along—
The crunch of slipping hoofs—the woodman's song
Loud echoing in the dell.

The pine knots brightly blaze,
And shed a cheerful heat in wealthy homes.
The lards of earth, immersed in cosy rooms,
Heed not the wintry haze.

But in the dark, damp lanes,
Where shrinks the potter girl in filth and rags,
How dimly falls the snow upon the flags,
Athwart the broken panes.

With quick, convulsive breath
And hollow cough, the hopeless sufferers groan,
In cruel winter's ice and snow and sleet,
The harbingers of death.

But chief, on her headstone
Who slept 'neath summer roses, cold flakes rest,
And filter icy drops upon her breast—
Thy virgin breast, my own!

While on my drooping head,
Yea, on my sunken heart distils the snow,
Chilling the life and warmth that in it glow,
In pity for my dead.

Not till the crocus bloom,
And April sunbeams thaw the frost-bound slope,
Will my numbed heart, Louise, to light reope,
With the flowers on thy tomb.

This was dismal enough, in all conscience,
and I thought that, after it, I was entitled to go

out and enjoy myself. And so I did. I hunted up a meteorologist, a commercial editor, and a man of leisure about town, and the four of us jumped into a sleigh for a drive around the Mountain. I cannot stop to describe that glorious drive, as it alone would require the full length of this column. It will suffice to say that it bore me and my companions nicely through the afternoon. In the evening we had a lunch appropriate to the occasion, and promenaded the streets to view the beautiful effect of a snow-storm by gaslight, another scene which would deserve a description all to itself. Finally, to end the day with practical fruit, my meteorological friend gave me the following three prognostics which I gladly publish and pit against Ven-nor's with odds:

- I. The river will certainly take in January.
- II. The winter, although late, will last nearly the usual four months, until Easter which is away off in April this year.
- III. We shall have fully the usual amount of snow.

ECHOES FROM LONDON.

The condition of Prince Leopold's health is again causing considerable anxiety.

The following conundrum is causing considerable amusement in London at present:—I should be my first, if I had my second to throw at my whole. Answer: Gladstone.

STEPS are about to be taken to relieve the now somewhat sombre exterior of St. Paul's Cathedral. The churchyard is to be transformed into an ornamental garden with ample footpaths all around.

At the present moment the ladies' gallery at the House of Commons is undergoing certain alterations, which it is hoped will greatly improve the ventilation of that ill-contrived and uncomfortable chamber.

It is pretty well understood and agreed that there will be no creation of a "batch" of Peerages this winter. It is quite, however, "upon the cards" that one or two baronetcies may be given by Lord Beaconsfield in the interval between New Year's Day and the meeting of Parliament.

The Cleopatra needle ship is about to recommence its voyage. The difficulties as to salvage have been overcome by Mr. Dixon, who designed and built it, giving security for whatever sum the Courts may award, and, unless its ill-luck pursues it, the needle will be lying at Westminster by the time Parliament meets.

A VARIETY in the presents for the curate has long been needed, and is possible at last. The old silk knitted purses are again "coming in." They were quite popular as Christmas presents this year. Of course they are not yet so common that the givers make them, they have still to be bought in the shops. But silk work has become a craze among the young ladies lately, and silk purses made by fair fingers promise to be the great gifts of the season.

It is again proposed in some of the leading West End clubs to introduce round playing cards in the place of square-shaped ones, as being more easy to manipulate in the dealing. Also, instead of merely having the suits coloured black and red, four colours are to be employed, hearts being red and spades black as heretofore, whilst the diamonds are to be green and the clubs yellow. The proposal, however, if report is true, meets with but little favour at the Portland, whose members are the supreme authorities in the world of cards. So it will be decided that the proposal is premature, and that society is not ripe for such an organic change!

MR. CARLYLE is a frequent visitor to the London library, where he likes to spend an hour or two over some old author. Other distinguished men go there also, and recently a discussion arose between Mr. Carlyle and another celebrity. The point in question involved a reference to one of Mr. Carlyle's own books. On application to the librarian it could not be got, and the two worthies called out to purchase a copy at a bookseller's, whose counters were literally covered with novels. To the astonishment of Mr. Carlyle the bookseller told him he never heard of such a book, and offered the old man a copy of Miss Braddon's "Weavers and Weft." The sequel need hardly be told. Mr. Carlyle rushed out of the shop, shook hands with his friend, and went home to Chelsea in utter disgust.

A HORSE that is at present in Lord Dunraven's possession has gone through a strange number of vicissitudes in his time. Lord Dunraven—then Lord Adair—acted during the Abyssinian War as a special correspondent, and was carried through the campaign by a very powerful charger. Some time afterwards this horse came into the possession of Mr. Stanley, and was with him when he met Livingstone. Subsequently Mr. Stanley sold it when he reached the coast, and the horse was shipped to Liverpool, where it was purchased by an American horse-dealer, and was transported to New York. Lord Dunraven, when on his way back from a sporting tour in the far West, saw and recognized his old friend, purchased the hero of so many travels, and now the veteran has returned to England, and will live in the paddock for the rest of his days.

ECHOES FROM PARIS.

GARIBALDI has written to the workmen's delegates in Paris, who invited him to visit the capital during the coming exhibition, that his bad health will prevent his making the journey.

A CAUTION to jewellers is contained in the fact that in Paris the light-fingered have discovered a plan of rifling windows through the screw-holes at the bottom of shutter fastenings. The implement is a flexible wire, with a hooked end.

A NUMBER of statues in the Tuileries Gardens—among which are the "Spartans" of Foyatree, the "Thesée" of Ramey, &c.—have been removed from the garden and placed in the sculpture gallery of the Louvre. These works of art will be replaced by those of modern artists.

At a *Soirée* given in Paris the other evening, to celebrate the opening of a new *Cercle de la Presse*, which is intended for journalists of all shades of opinion, politics being forbidden, an artist visitor performed the astounding feat of beginning and completing an oil painting in the space of five minutes in the presence of the spectators.

THE dower of the Infanta Mercedes is one million sterling independently of diamonds and other jewellery. King Alfonso has ordered for her the most extravagant parures. Queen Isabella, who, the *Moniteur* says, presents the only clouded brow amid the general radiance, will not give up any of the jewellery she took from Spain in 1868. The Pope is sending a diamond rose to the bride, who, he trusts, by her piety, will hereafter merit a golden one.

DURING the restorations recently undertaken at the Chateau d'Anet, a castle famous in French history, an ancient *cryptopastique* has been excavated which was built by Philibert Delorme, and is mentioned by him in his *Traité de l'art de bâtir*. Its structure is perfectly preserved, and altogether this crypt forms an interesting specimen of French architecture of the sixteenth century. It was supposed that it had been destroyed by the Duc de Vendôme when he took the castle; but it now appears that it was only closed up.

THE administration of the city of Paris costs a total of over two millions of francs yearly; the carving and planting of the public gardens and trees, amount to nearly a like sum; there are over 100,000 trees in the streets and boulevards, and each represents (labour, &c.) a value of 184 francs. The trees are very uncertain in point of longevity; they flourish and fade in a most mysterious manner, and no clear explanation can be found; some of the trees come into leaf and flowers twice a year, while others of the same kind will die off; perhaps fifteen years is the average life of a tree on the boulevards, about as long as a constitution. The gas pipes and the shaking of the ground by vehicles, have much to do with the premature decay of these valuable trees.

VARIETIES.

THE EXPRESSION OF DRESS.—Women are more like flowers than we think. In their dress and adornment they express their natures, as the flowers do in their petals and colours. Some women are like the modest daisies and violets; they never look or feel better than when dressed in a morning wrapper. Others are not themselves unless they can flame out in gorgeous dyes, like the tulip or the blush-rose. Who has not seen women just like white lilies? We know several double marigolds and poppies. There are women fit only for velvets, like the dahlias; others are graceful and airy, like azaleas. Now and then, you see holly-hocks and sunflowers. When women are free to dress as they like, uncontrolled by others, and not limited by their circumstances, they do not fail to express their true characters, and dress becomes a form of expression very genuine and useful.

VERY PARTICULAR.—The Indiana woman o superior *ton* is not behind her sister of New York or Paris in her idea of "the eternal fitness of things." Recently in one of the cities of that interesting Western State a very beautiful woman died, whose mind was somewhat given to styles. On her sickbed she was particular about color, light, and the general tone of the room, and never received a visitor without a red or blue shawl thrown across the shoulder. She preferred not to die, and did not intend to die. "It is such a disenchanting process," she declared. When it was discovered that she must die, her husband broke the news to her very gently. She was a little distressed, but not much agitated. She had only one request to make. It was: "My darling, don't let that horrid Mrs.—make my outfit. Her fits are sickening, and she overtrims terribly; besides she will be sure to spell myrtle in-ur-t-ed in the bill."—EDITOR'S DRAWER, in *Harper's Magazine* for January.

DRESSING FOR DINNER.—In England all persons who regard themselves as in any way allied to the upper ten thousand, dress for dinner, and, even if they dine early, they do not feel comfortable unless they have gone through this form. This habit is essentially English, for it exists in no other part of the civilized world. Elsewhere, people dress for dinner. In Paris, if a lady has been to a dinner party, or if she is going later in the evening to a party, she is "dressed" when she appears at a theatre, and

the same rule holds good with men. But otherwise neither ladies nor gentlemen are dressed in evening attire when they visit a theatre. Before going, they usually make up a party to dine at some neighbouring restaurant, and, from the restaurant, they adjourn to the theatre. In Germany, ladies and gentlemen "dress" even less than in France. Dinner is usually at five o'clock and the theatre is over before nine o'clock. In Italy, there is more dressing than in Germany, for the opera replaces the theatre and after the opera most ladies go to what they term a *secunia sera*—that is to say, a late reception. But neither Italian man nor Italian women ever think of dressing to dine at home *en famille*.

HATS AND HEADS.—A scientific enquiry lately made by Dr. Delaunay among the hatters of Paris offers some curious results. Accepting it as true that the capacity of the cranium and development of the brain are proportional to the external volume of the head, also that the intelligence is proportioned to the volume and weight of the brain, he shows *inter alia*, that certain families develop like individuals—that is, they have a period of growth, then a stationary period, then a period of decrease, previous to extinction. In families in the first period the head enlarges from generation to generation. The citizens who wrought the Revolution of 1789 had bigger heads than their fathers. On the other hand, in families that are nearing extinction the head grows smaller. The sons of the present ruling families in France have such small heads—according to the author—that they require hats specially made for them. Among certain families newly risen from the common people, the head increases from generation to generation. The wide-brimmed hats—bolivars—worn by the Republicans from 1830 to 1848 were very capacious. The quarter in which are the largest heads in Paris is that of the schools. The hatters of the Faubourg St. Germain say they only fit fine heads. The Polytechnicians have larger heads than the St. Cyrains, and the students of the normal school larger than those of St. Salpêtré, &c. The members of the clergy present a peculiar feature in these statistics. "In general," says M. Delaunay, "men from thirty to forty years of age have larger heads than those from twenty to thirty. Not so with ecclesiastics, for their heads cease to grow at about twenty-five. The curés, bishops, archbishops, &c., have no larger heads than the students of the large seminaries."

ARRANGEMENT OF FLOWERS.—Of all decorations which a house can have, flowers are the most beautiful; but much of their effect depends upon the manner of their arrangement. The colour of the vase in which they are placed is of the first importance. Gaudy reds and blue should never be chosen, for they conflict with the delicate hues of the flowers. Bronze or black vases, dark green, pure white, or silver, always produce a good effect, and so does a straw basket, while clear glass, which shows the graceful clasping of the stems is perhaps the prettiest of all. Delicate flowers, such as lilies of the valley and sweet peas, should be placed by themselves in slender, tapering glasses; violets should nestle their fragrant purple in some tiny cups and pansies be set in groups with no gayer flowers to contrast their soft velvet hues. Flower-should never be overcrowded; a monstrous bouquet made up of all the flowers that grow cannot fail to be ugly. If you venture to mix this, be careful not to put o-dours which clash in debý side. Scarlets and pinks spoil each other; so do blues and purples, and yellows and mauve. If your vase or dish is a very large one, to him a great number of flowers, it is a good plan to divide it into thirds and quarters, making each division perfectly harmonious within itself, and then blend the whole with green and white, and soft neutral tints. Every group of mixed flowers requires one little touch of yellow to make it vivid; but this must be skilfully applied. It is a good practice to experiment with this effect. For instance, arrange a group of maroon, scarlet, and white geraniums with green leaves, and add a single blossom of gold-coloured calceolaria, you will see at once that the whole bouquet seems to flash and become more brilliant. And now, after these practical suggestions there comes a little sentiment: love your flowers, for the sympathy of a flower is worth winning, as you will as find or when you grow older, and realize that the rente uch thin ash dull days which need cheering.

MUSICAL AND DRAMATIC.

IN the pantomime of "The Wild Cat" at the Drury Lane Theatre, London, over 100 kittens perform.

GILMORE, of brass band fame, says that America is a hundred years behind Europe in music.

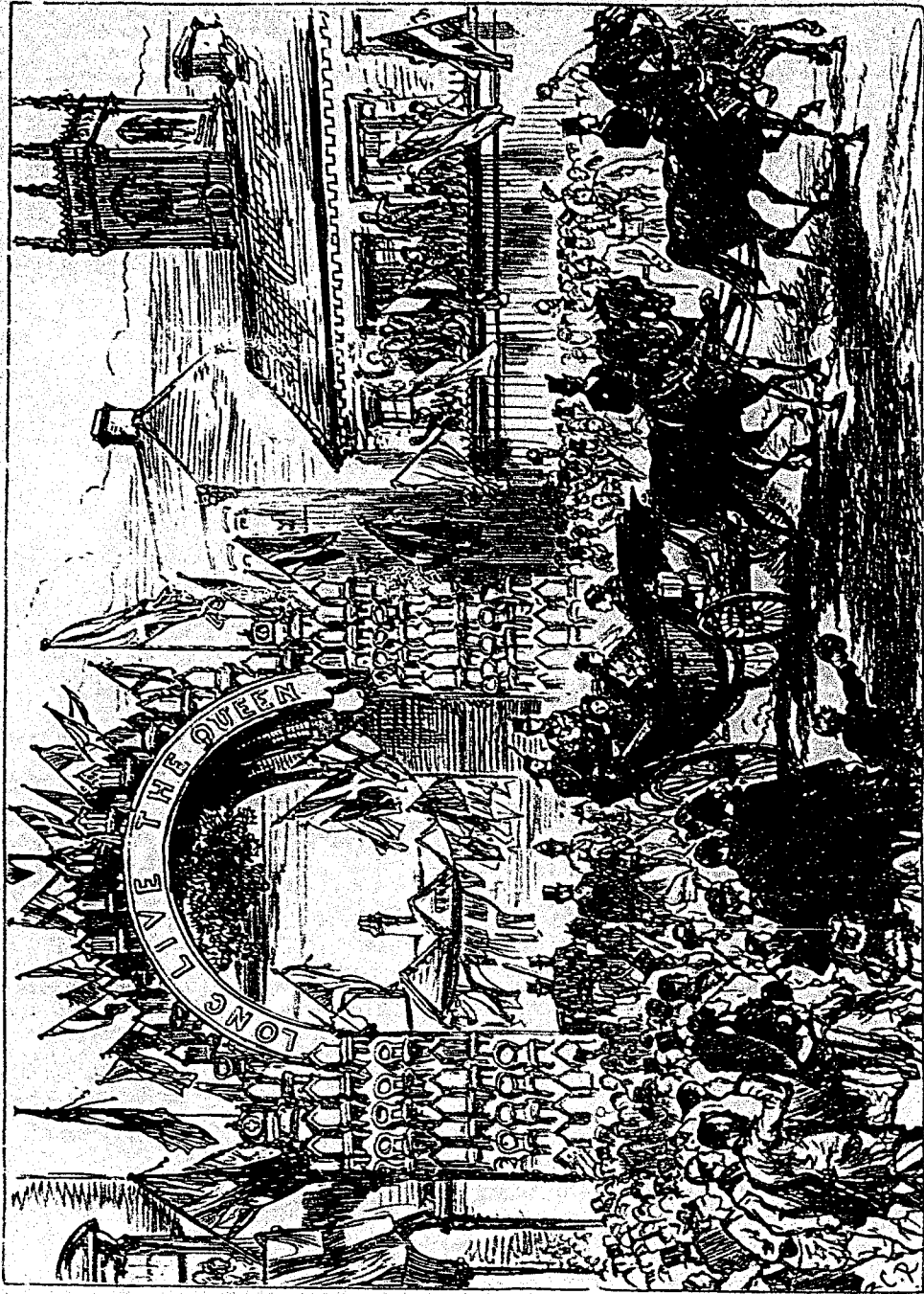
THE death is announced of Federico Ricci, the composer of the opera of "Crispino e la Comare," in which Adeline Patti made a notable hit.

Mrs. SEGUIN says applause is the inspiration of the artist. "One can feel it," she remarks, "and not to get it is like having cold water poured down your back."

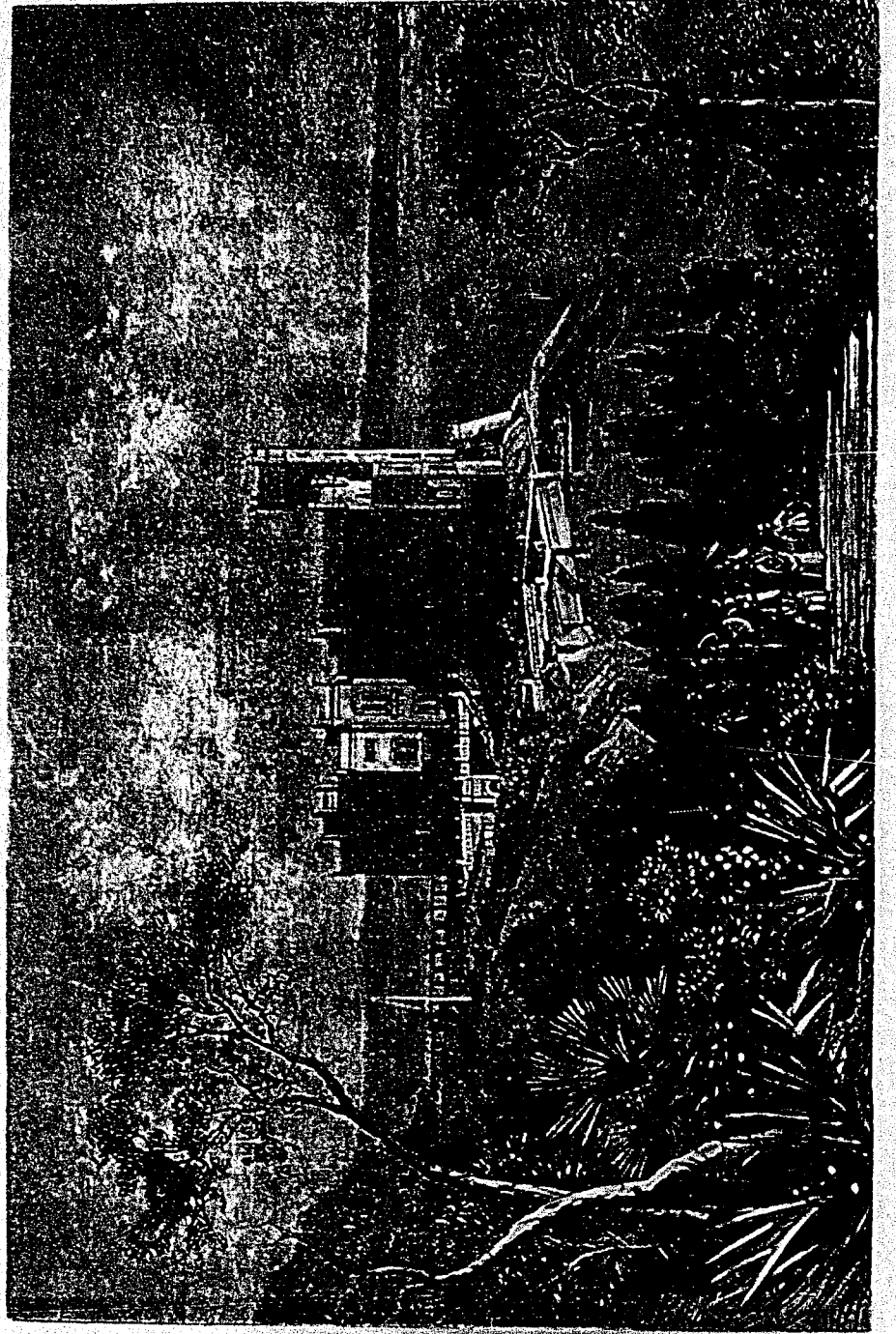
ROSE EYTINGE is considered the best seamstress in the theatrical profession.

LUCY HOOPER says there are from three to seven hundred American girls studying music in Paris, and of that number perhaps four will become known hereafter.

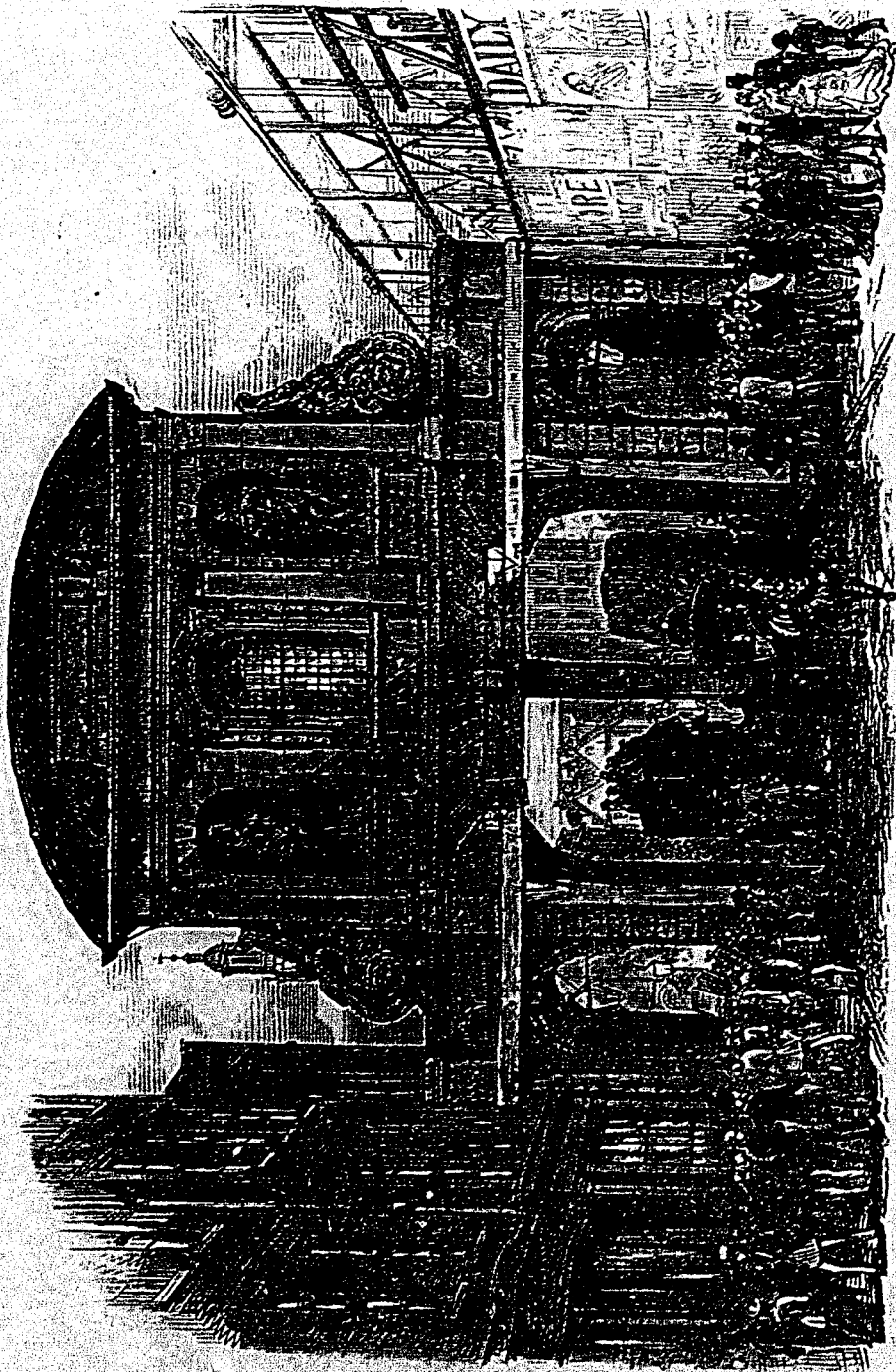
A DRAMATIC company at Denver, Col., was rotten-egged while endeavouring to play "The Shaughraun." The fun commenced during the wake, and it is supposed that the troubles resulted from the prejudices of certain Irish people against the play.



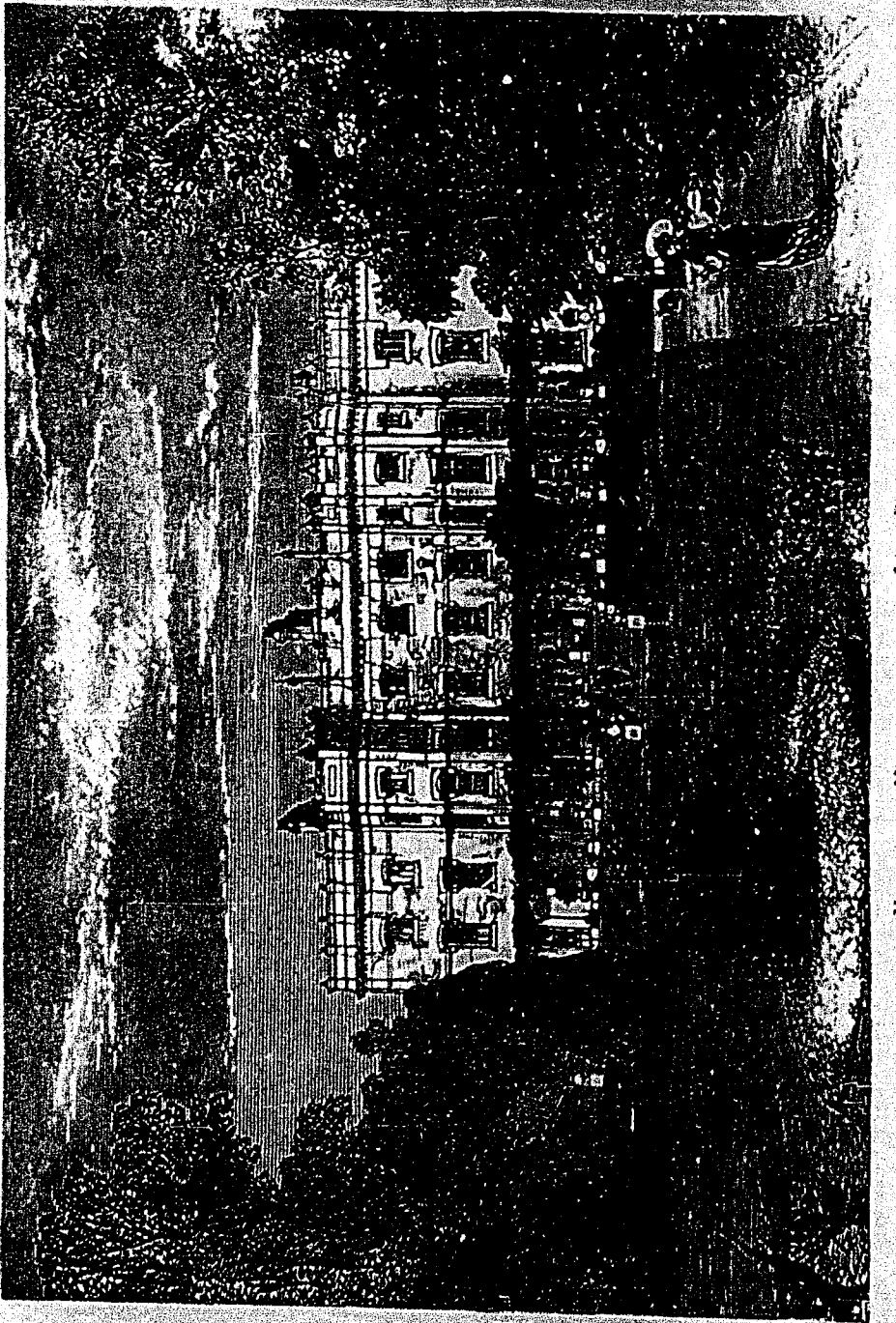
HER MAJESTY RETURNING THROUGH HIGH WYCOMBE FROM HUGHENDEN MANOR.



THE CASTLE OF MIRAMAR.



TEMPLE BAR, LONDON, NOW REMOVED.

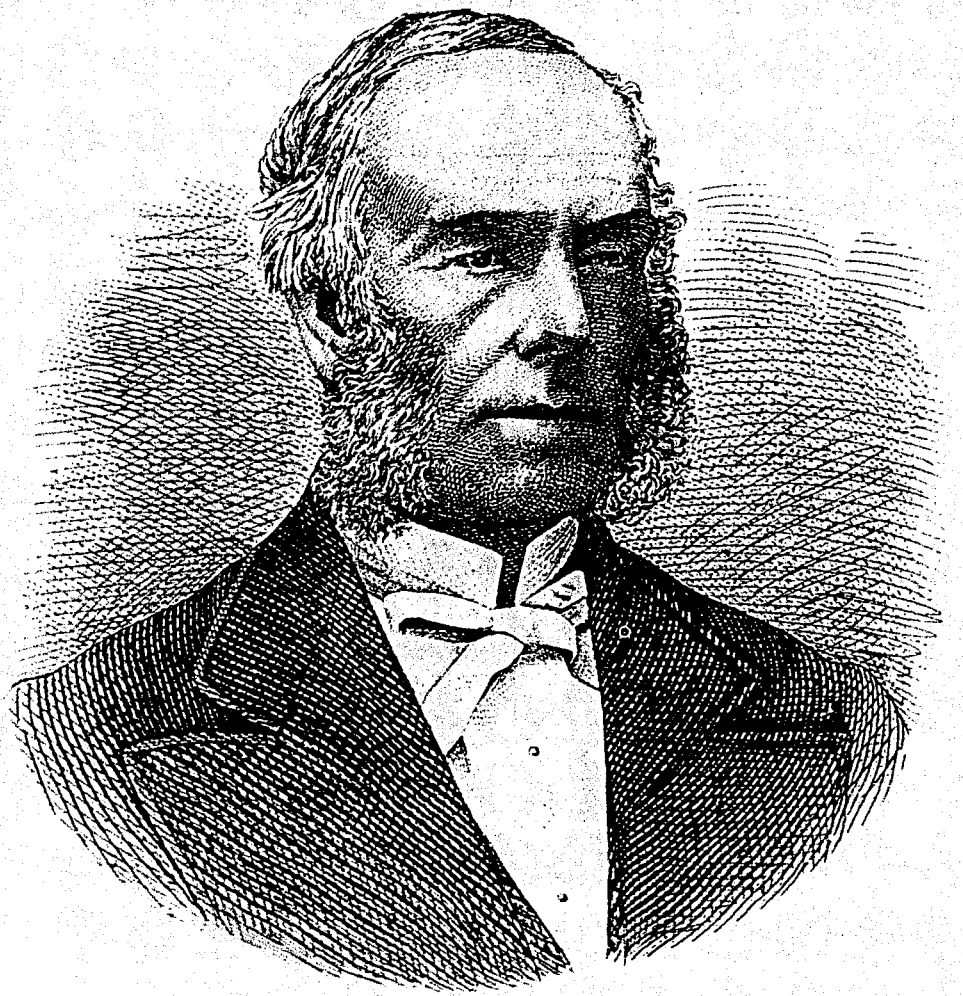


HUGHENDEN MANOR, THE SEAT OF LORD BEACONSFIELD.

OUR CANADIAN PORTRAIT GALLERY.—FROM PHOTOGRAPHS BY NOTMAN, ST. JOHN.



No. 282.—HIS WORSHIP DR. EARLE, MAYOR OF ST. JOHN, N.B.



No. 283.—JAMES HARDING, ESQ., HIGH SHERIFF OF ST. JOHN.

Words by the Editor of the Illustrated News.

With Expression.

Music by J. Henderson.

Shall we break the plight of youth. And

pledge us to an a-lien love? No! We'll hold our faith and truth, Trusting in the God a-bove. Stand Cana-dians!

firm-ly stand Round the flag of Fa-ther land!

EMPIRE FIRST.

BEFORE THE FOOTLIGHTS.

The cultivation of music is a matter of vital importance in a young community like ours, and any encouragement given it deserves to be made as public as possible. Instead, therefore, of devoting this week's column, as usual, to diverse topics connected with music and the drama, I think I shall be doing a service by publishing full particulars of the Montreal Musical Jubilee, or competition opened to all the several corps or Bands of Music of the Dominion. As the ILLUSTRATED NEWS circulates through every part of the country, it may prove the medium of making this scheme more widely known than it would otherwise be.

The competition has been divided into two classes:

I.—The Class of the Regular Corps or Bands of Music formed and organized in Canada; that is, those which are composed of Regular Soldiers, and are under the control and authority of the Government.

II.—The Class of the Independent Corps or Bands of Music. The Class of the Independent Bands of Music has been sub-divided into *First Class* and *Second Class*.

The Regular Bands of Music shall have no right to compete in the classes of the Independent Bands of Music, but the bands of music competing in the first class of the Independent Bands of Music shall have the right, if they so desire, to compete in the class of the Regular Bands of Music.

The Bands of Music competing in the first class of the Independent Bands of Music shall have no right to compete in the second class, neither those competing in the second class shall have the right to compete in the first class.

Lastly, no Band of Music shall have the right to compete in other classes than those in which they shall have entered for competition.

The prizes are magnificent. Five Prizes in Gold Coin, forming altogether the sum of Two Thousand Dollars, and each prize, together with a Banner, has been granted to this competition.

I.—Class of the Regular Bands of Music: Prize, \$600, with Banner.

II.—First Class of the Independent Bands of Music: First Prize, \$600, with Banner. Second Prize, \$400.

III.—Second Class of the Independent Bands of Music: First Prize, \$300, with Banner. Second Prize, \$100.

These prizes shall be awarded by FIVE JUDGES chosen as well in the United States as in the Dominion of Canada.

The banners shall be presented by LADIES of different nationalities.

The rules and conditions of the tournament are that each band shall have

I.—Been formed and organized in the Dominion of Canada.

II.—Existed at least since the first of September last (1877). A musician being a member of any competing Band of Music cannot be replaced under any pretext whatever from the first of April next ensuing (1878), until the competition is ended and closed; and each Director of the several Bands of Music competing shall then be sworn to testify that each musician has been a member of his Band of Music at least three months before. Any executing member of a Band of Music competing shall not be allowed to play in any other Band of Music, unless he should be a teacher of other Bands competing.

III.—Dressed in uniform.

IV.—Paid the entrance-fee fixed for the class in which he is wishing to compete, to wit:

Class of the Regular Bands of Music, \$20.00. First Class of the Independent Bands of Music, \$26.00.

Second Class of the Independent Bands of Music, \$10.00.

The entrance-fee is payable to the Secretary, as follows:—half with the application, and the other half before the opening of the competition, and on the reception of the half of the entrance-fee, the piece for competition will be sent gratis.

V.—To make application to the Secretary between the first and the twentieth days of March next ensuing (1878), (both days included), mentioning therein the name of the Band of Music, of the teacher, also the names of all members, and lastly the place where they come from.

VI.—To execute three pieces of music, one of their own choice, one the choice of the judges (which piece shall be sent gratis on reception of the half of the entrance-fee), and lastly, one at first sight, but very easy, and according to the classes of the competition.

VII.—To be present at Montreal, on the twentieth or on the twenty-first day of June next ensuing (1878), at 9 o'clock A.M., the latest, and also present at the *rendez-vous* which shall be appointed in the city of Montreal, to take part in a grand procession.

VIII.—This competition shall take place on the twenty-first and twenty-second days of June next (1878), in the city of Montreal.

The presentation of the prizes shall take place on the twenty-fourth day of June next (1878). I shall add in conclusion that this Jubilee is in honourable and responsible hands, it being sufficient to mention that Judge Coursol is President, and Messrs. A. W. Ogilvie, M.P.P., and M. C. Mullarkey, Esq., are Vice-Presidents of the committee of organization.

Piccolo.

HOUSEHOLD CONFERENCES.

I.

SLEEP AND RISING.

The subject which I have been called upon to treat, under this heading, is rather a wide one, ranging over many topics, and, in some respects, rather arbitrary so far as a proper selection goes, but there can be no great mistake in beginning with the very commencement of a working day, as that interests every body, and as on it depends much of the success which the waking hours are expected to bring with them. Hence I open with a few thoughts on sleep and rising.

I. As to the amount of sleep required. That is a question which is amenable to no set rules, and the sanitarians who would lay down a law only prove their ignorance of physiology. In general, however, it may be set forth that a healthy man requires from seven to eight hours of sleep. A healthy woman from eight to nine hours. Children should be allowed to take all they can get. At least, up to the age of ten, a child should not be subjected to any rule curtailing his sleep.

II. As to the hour of rising. The old rule is "up with the lark." A much better rule is, however, "up with the sun." That would make five o'clock in summer, and seven in winter. Nature and common sense seem to prescribe this, as, while it is shameful for a healthy man to stay in bed after daylight, so it seems unnatural that he should rise while it is yet dark, and begin his day's work by candle or gas-light. But the most sensible way is to rise only when you awaken of yourself, as, whether well or ill, you will sleep just so long as your body requires and no longer.

Valetudinarians, and women especially, after waking normally in the morning, stretch out a little, roll over and fall to sleep again for a couple of hours. That is all right and proper, so long as it reposes them. But the experience of many—my own included—is that these two extra hours rather tire than freshen. One gets up after them with weary eyes and warm hands.

III. As to brisk rising. A general rule is not to lounge in bed after awakening. Jumping right up is not advisable, as it may prove a shock to the nerves. The effort may likewise produce weariness, which is very discouraging and a bad sign at the beginning of the day. Good sense demands that one shall awaken thoroughly before rising, and that means that his eyes must be allowed to open fully, his limbs to distend, and his whole consciousness to return. Then deliberate rising, dressing and washing complete the restoration. On the other hand, after these conditions are fulfilled, no one should lie idle in bed. This applies especially to the young, for obvious reasons not necessary to mention here.

IV. As to dressing. Altogether the best mode is to dress at once. This applies particularly to females who generally dawdle over that initial business of the day. In no case should the young folks be allowed to come down to breakfast unless thoroughly dressed, and the girls should be fully combed. Father and mother will, of course, set the example, though the former may be allowed slippers and dressing gown at his coffee, and the latter a morning robe and cap.

Thus, rising at a proper time, and in a proper manner, and dressing at once, one is in spirits to start out for the day.

O. C. C.

BRELOQUES POUR DAMES.

THE reason why the young ladies like naval officers is because they belong to the marry-time service.

Now let us sit down and consider why a woman invariably carries a bundle as though it was a baby.

In Spain at a dinner party the oldest lady is always seated first. He who would try the fashion here must expect a stale dinner.

Did you ever sit down before the grate and cross your legs and wonder how it comes that a dear little toddling youngster, too small to lift a dictionary, can ask questions that would send a college professor to the foot of the class?

THE Danbury Man's book, "They All Do It," says the most difficult thing to reach is a woman's pocket. If the author will drop into a fashionable milliner's establishment on a pleasant afternoon he will change his opinion. A woman's head enables her to find her pocket with wonderful alacrity.

THE landlady brushed back the boughten curl from her alabaster brow, as she asked her favorite boarder on Christmas if he would have some of the spring chicken; and true to its name the fowl sprung from the dull points of the carving fork like a rubber ball, into the lap of the young man with yellow pantaloons on. The spring chicken proved to be an infringement on the Goolyear patent.

THE wife of a New York banker distinguished herself the other night at a Washington party. Her dress was covered on a skirt, so as to make it appear one piece, with one hundred and five hundred dollar bills. The waist and sleeves were \$1,000 bonds sewed in, and her fingers and ears blazed with diamonds. The tiara was said to have been worth \$30,000, and the notes and diamonds were \$260,000. Two pages carried her train, and watched lest the jewels and greenbacks should fall to the floor.

THE FREE LANCE.

When you are in an exceedingly great hurry to get to your office or to return to your home, always make it a point to wait for the street car. This will teach you the useful philosophy of never being in too great a hurry.

It may turn out that the Dominion Board of Trade will not acknowledge the corn. That will happen if it declines to accept the withdrawal of the Montreal Corn Exchange, on the score of want of previous notice.

The best of jokes is that of a lawyer sending his curt and menacing collection letters right and left, and sneering for debt, while he himself is head over heels in debt, and receives bushels of "lawyers' letters" to his own address.

I am assured that there are many advocates in this town, young, middle-aged, and old, whose only source of revenue consists in sending "lawyer's letters," and pocketing the one dollar fee before a cent goes to the creditor.

Life is full of contrasts. Yesterday a friend of mine received a polite note from a leading lawyer inviting him to dine with him.

To-day he received a note from the same lawyer asking for a collection from a creditor, and threatening all sorts of things in case of delay.

Two gentlemen were reviewing their experiences on New Year's Day. One of them said: "I have been a lucky fellow. I have gone the rounds of all pleasurable sensations in life, with a solitary exception."

"What is that?"

"I never enjoyed the delicious luxury of having a street car catch up with me."

At a New Year's reception in this city, among many untasteful costumes, there was one of a lady, fair, fat, and forty, who was sleeveless from the arm-pit to the wrist. Her complexion was really fine, except that the appearance was rather too spenny, or, as the French say, *ciree*. A friend, noticing a little scar on her left arm, said:

"She is vaccinated."

"Waxinated, you mean," was another friend's reply.

Blondin, the celebrated rope-walker, is now back in his native country, and the Parisians are making a great deal of him. Recently, during one of his vertiginous exploits, he invited Cham, the inimitable caricaturist of the *Charivari*, to accompany him.

"How will I go?"

"I will carry you on my back."

Cham made a wry face.

"Are you afraid of falling?"

"Yes—into ridicule."

THE City Passenger Railway is making a sad exhibition of its conductors. They are not allowed to handle a five cent piece, under penalty of instant dismissal. The passenger must drop his fare himself into the silver slit of a box which the conductor carries in front of him, while he looks meekly on and presses a sounding spring. What is the plain English of this Yankee patent mode of procedure? That the conductor is not to be trusted. That is a very rough thing to put before the public, and quite conducive to the general morality.

I have been asked to give my views about the weather. I am told that I ought to know as much about it as Vennor or anybody else, and I incline to that belief myself. In delivering my prognostics, however, I do not wish to be under the suspicion of subterfuge or ambiguous language such as allows Vennor and the other fellows to sneak out of the failures which befall them. My forecastings are built upon science only. Here they be:

I. Spite of all croakings to the contrary, the present winter will last the full hiemal term.

II. The river will "take" as soon as the glacial period is determined, and not before.

III. The quantity of snow that is to fall is in direct ratio with the niveous condition of the atmosphere.

LACLEDE.

THE GLEANER.

CASTELLAR thinks he will live to see a Spanish Republic.

RENTING dress coats for parties is a lucrative New York idea.

LORD BEACONSFIELD has just celebrated his seventy-second birthday.

It is estimated that the English budget will show a deficit of one million pounds sterling.

THE Marchioness of Lorne, unlike the rest of Queen Victoria's married daughters, is childless.

SOTHERN says the stories of the Prince of Wales' fondness of green rooms are all untrue. He is a devoted husband, and enormously and deservedly popular in England.

The *Saturday Review* says that the present age is an age of primers and manuals, in which the intellectual pabulum of former ages is condensed into essences to suit all tastes.

J. W. MACKAY, the California millionaire, who has lately bewildered the Parisians by the extravagance of his living, is said to be about to buy a Papal earldom and become *Il Conte di Mackay*.

THE students of Pesth are subscribing for a silver crown to be presented to Osman Pasha, inscribed "The homage of the true Hungarians to the hero of Plevna."

THE latest explanation of Mme. MacMahon's surrender to the Republicans, which resulted in the formation of the present Ministry, is that under the pressure of his vexations the Marshal had become peevish and irritable, and occasionally talked as if he had lost his wits. His brother and a nephew had both died insane, and she feared the same result to her husband. To save him, she gave up.

A DOUBLE ARTIST.—Mlle Sarah Bernhardt, in Paris, is occupied modelling the statue of a child playing on a flute, beside the bust of Felicien David, for Versailles. Her sculpture is carried on without prejudice to her other artistic occupations. As many as seventeen parts in different plays have been submitted to her since her successful personification of *Joan Saz*; and she is also busy studying the character of *Blauche* in "Le Roi S'amuse." At the banquet given by Victor Hugo to Sarah Bernhardt, the latter wore a light dress of *crêpe de chine*, liberally embellished with ornaments in pearl. It hung upon her—for her figure lacks fullness—and its tint heightened to strong contrast her dark Jewish face.

HUMOROUS.

BREVITY of costume is the soul of burlesque opera wit.

PEOPLE who make their living by falling on slippery walks, breaking their legs and suing the corporation, are not getting a fair show this year.

THE world may never know what unutterable things a hotel waiter thinks when he folds his arms and leans against the wall to gaze down upon you in mournful silence with dreamy eyes.

BEECHER'S idea that there is no hell is bad for newspaper publishers, as so many subscribers may now utterly refuse to pay up, if they have the remotest suspicion that Beecher knows what he is talking about.

WISE people who love to dive into apparently unathomable mysteries are requested to explain why a pencil lead always breaks just when you have finished laboriously constructing a point with a dull knife.

"Ah, my dear," said Dan to his wife, "it's all right, and I'm sure I'm much obliged to you, you know, but if you hadn't given me that box of elegant cigars, I was talking of wearing off on New Year's Day."

THERE may be no such word as fall in the bright lexicon of youth, but when a young man wanders home at one a.m. tries to put out a street lamp by stepping on it with his foot, he very soon learns that there are some things that even youth can't do.

A MAN down in Bradford, Pennsylvania, cured himself of the dyspepsia by chasing a chirono agent over a mountain nine miles high. We look to see this remedy more generally adapted. The only trouble with it is that there may not be enough mountains to go around.

THE ambitious warbler who is trying to climb to glory by footing his waste basket with sonnets written in pale red ink, will have to get there by some other route. Brick coloured manuscript has about the same effect on a near-sighted editor that a crimson shawl has on a male cow.

THE voice of the starlit cat never sounds to better advantage than in these frosty, clear, and clear winter nights. Sometimes it is difficult to distinguish a prolonged note on the upper register from the closing wall of a trumpet solo. The cat lasts longer and has a trifle more power, and will stop quicker for a brick than the trumpet will.

ROUND THE WORLD.

GERMANY.—Thirteen persons have been arrested in connection with the charge of treason against Bishop, who is said to have endeavoured to obtain plans of the fortifications of Metz.

ORITARY.—Vittorio Emmanuel II., King of Italy, died on Wednesday, 13th inst., aged 53.—Francis Vincent Raspail, the French chemist and politician, after a stormy life of seventy-four years.—General Montauban, Count de Palikao, who took his title from the Anglo-French victory at Palikao in the Chinese war of 1860, Bulgaria, the old-time Greek politician.—The Italian General and statesman La Marmora.

FRANCE.—M. Grevy and the Duke d'Audiffret Pasquier were elected Presidents of the French Chamber of Deputies and Senate respectively—the former by 335 votes out of 336, and the latter by 122 against 61 blanks. In a speech recently delivered at Marsaglia Gambetta advised a halt in the Republican advance until 1880, in order to fortify the positions already won by the party, and to support the Ministry until after the Senatorial elections next year.

ITALY.—Immediately upon the death of his father, King Humbert of Italy issued an address to the Italian people, in which he assured them of his attachment to the liberal principles advocated by his father. The news of the late King's death has created much anxiety in France and Germany—in the latter country as likely to affect the stability of the Triple Alliance, and in the former as causing the loss of a staunch friend of France. The Italian Parliament is to be summoned immediately, and the new King took the oath on Wednesday last. Expressions of sympathy from all the Sovereigns of Europe and from Marshal MacMahon were received at Rome.

THE EASTERN WAR.—The two principal points this week are the Russian victory in the Balkans, and the armistice. At Shipka Pass the Russians captured 28,000 men, 1,000 horses, 12 mortars, 12 siege guns and 80 field guns. Two Russian columns from Kazanik have arrived, one near Yen Saghra and the other near Tatar Bazardjik. The Tyonboli Railway is threatened. The civil population has been ordered to quit Adrianople, and 4,000 persons have already gone. The civil government has been transferred to Rodosto. The garrison of Nisch surrendered to the Serbians numbering 2,000, with 90 cannon, 12,000 rifles and a number of flags. The armistice is not yet fully concluded. The Prince of Montenegro, having applied in Russian headquarters for instructions relative to armistice, has been informed that he need not send an envoy, as the Grand Duke would take charge of his interests.

JAMES A. HARDING,

High Sheriff of the City and County of St. John, was born at Westfield, King's County, N. B., educated at a private school in the city of St. John, and admitted a Barrister of the Supreme Court in 1841. He was elected a member of the City Council in 1851, and in 1861, at a time when political feeling ran high, he was elected to the Provincial Legislature as a representative of the city of St. John, and a supporter of the Responsible Government party. He was re-elected in 1854 to the same seat, and assisted materially in changing the Government of that day, in maturing the principles of Responsible Government in the Legislature, and in aiding in the passage of measures for reciprocal trade with the United States, to urge which he had previously visited Washington as a representative of the Reform Club of St. John. In 1855 the Provincial Legislature passed a prohibitory liquor law which came in force in January, 1856. The unsatisfactory working of that law produced great excitement in the Province, and in the opinion of the Lieutenant-Governor rendered it necessary to dissolve the House and appeal to the people. At the election which immediately followed, Mr. Harding was returned as an opponent of the liquor law which was immediately repealed. After this old party lines were re-formed and a vote of want of confidence having been passed there was another dissolution. At the election which followed Mr. Harding was returned on the Liberal ticket and chosen Speaker of the House of Assembly, a position which he filled for two sessions with much ability. He then received the appointment of High Sheriff of the City and County of St. John, and has held that office up to the present time, a period of nearly twenty years. During that period he has always taken a leading position in every movement for the advancement of the interest of St. John.

Sheriff Harding has always taken a great interest in those aquatic sports for which the oarsmen of St. John have been famous. He is probably the best judge in Canada of the points of our oarsmen, and no man is better qualified to select a four-oared crew. The celebrated St. John four, known as the Paris crew, owed their success largely to the attention which he bestowed in their training and to the discipline which he enforced. He went with them to Paris when they vanquished the best amateurs of Europe on the Seine and contributed largely to all their aquatic triumphs. His services are always in request as referee in boating contests in St. John, and his decisions are always received with unquestioning respect.

It would be tedious to enumerate the many public positions which Sheriff Harding has filled in matters which concern the interests of St. John. He is an active member of the Board of Trade, and has several times been a delegate to the Dominion Board. He has taken an active part in the negotiations with the Dominion Government for placing the harbour of St. John in the hands of a Commission, negotiations which it is to be hoped will not be without result. He is now Chairman of the Commission for the widening of Dock street, and Chairman of the Special Relief Board formed since the fire. The zeal and delicacy with which he has discharged the duties of this last office will not soon be forgotten by many worthy persons who lost their all by the great fire. Sheriff Harding was himself a great loser by the fire, his fine residence together with its contents being destroyed. He was absent from St. John on that fatal 20th June.

SYLVESTER Z. EARLE, M. D.,

Mayor of St. John, was born in 1823, at Hampton, N. B., and is the son of Sylvester Z. Earle, Esq., who for many years represented King's County in the New Brunswick House of Assembly. Dr. Earle studied with the celebrated Dr. Valentine Mott, of New York, and completed his terms in the New York University. He afterwards went to England where he gained experience in surgery in the hospitals, and finally commenced the practice of his profession at Hampton, and continued there with great success until 1864. He was appointed Coroner for King's County, and prior to Confederation was an unsuccessful candidate for the representation of that county in the Provincial Assembly. He took an active part in connection with Lieut.-Col. Saunders in organizing the fine regiment of yeomanry cavalry of King's County. When Dr. Earle came to St. John in 1864, he was appointed Surgeon of the Battery, a position which he still holds. He was also appointed Coroner for the County of St. John, a position in which he acquitted himself admirably, in the course of the many important investigations that have come before him. He is one of the physicians of the St. John Public Hospital and has always taken an active interest in its management. In 1876 he was an unsuccessful candidate for the office of Mayor, being defeated by a narrow vote by A. C. Smith, Esq. In April, 1877, he was elected Mayor without opposition of a serious character. After the late fire he became Chairman of the St. John Relief Committee and took an active part in the necessary work of that organization. Mayor Earle is a gentleman of popular manners and affable address and occupies a high position among the citizens of St. John. He is a married man with a large family, several of his sons being engaged in active life.

OUR ILLUSTRATIONS.

VICTOR EMMANUEL.—Reference to this distinguished man will be found in the editorial columns.

TEMPLE BAR.—The demolition of Temple Bar removes the last of the old Postern gates of London. The ancient wooden Bar stood until after the great fire in 1666, when it was taken down, being considered dangerous. This was effected about 1670; and in 1672 the present archway, of Portland stone, which was designed by Sir Christopher Wren, was completed. The building of 1672 is familiar to every Englishman or foreigner who has visited London. On the east side, in niches, were the statues of King James I. and his Queen, Anne of Denmark; on the west side, those of King Charles I. and Charles II.—all sculptured by John Bushnell, for which the Corporation paid him 480l. There were some points of historical interest. One of the old and curious customs of the city was, that whenever the Sovereign paid a visit to the citizens the gates were to be closed. A herald must then sound a trumpet before the gate, and another must knock. A parley would ensue; the gates would then be thrown open, and the Lord Mayor would hand the sword of the city to the Sovereign, who would graciously return it. This ceremony has been repeatedly observed down to our own time. Temple Bar used formerly to be disfigured with the heads and quarters of traitors. Those of Sir Thomas Armstrong, Sir William Perkins, and Sir John Freind were exhibited upon Temple Bar. The two latter suffered death upon a charge of having plotted to assassinate King William III. But the last heads which were spitted upon Temple Bar were those of Townley and Fletcher, after the Jacobite rebellion of 1745. The room over the Bar had been rented on lease by Messrs. Child & Co., from the Corporation ever since it was built. It was used by them, up to the time that the keystone slipped, and the Bar began to crack, in July, 1874, as a receptacle for their old ledgers and other books,—a vast number of interesting and valuable papers, including old cheques, bank-notes, and letters, many of them bearing the monograms of persons of historical interest, such as those of Nell Gwynn, Titus Oates, the Duchess of Cleveland, &c. There was only one entrance to the room over the archway, and that was approached through the first floor front room of the adjacent house.

MIRAMAR.—This lovely spot, near Trieste, and overlooking the waters of the Adriatic, has the melancholy interest of being associated with the happy days of poor Maximilian and poor Carlotta, immediately after their marriage, and until the date of the ill-fated Mexican expedition. It remains in the exact condition in which it was left and the Imperial family of Austria keep it in repair.

ROYAL VISIT TO HUGHENDEN MANOR.—This memorable event deserves to be preserved in our pages and we have therefore consigned it there. When Her Majesty reached Wycombe station at one o'clock, she was met by Lord Beaconsfield who introduced her to the Mayor. The latter presented an address which was beautifully illuminated on vellum and bore the seal of the Corporation of Wycombe. The Queen, having accepted the address, handed it to the Prime Minister, who thanked the Mayor. The Queen and Princess Beatrice accepted beautiful bouquets of flowers presented to them by the daughter of the Mayor. They walked through the waiting-room to an open carriage drawn by four horses, the guard of honour saluting and the bands playing the national anthem. As the royal carriage passed out of the station-yard amid the cheers of the spectators, the children sang "God Save the Queen." The journey through High street to the Hughenden road was one long-continued scene of loyal enthusiasm. Never has the Queen received a heartier welcome. A drive of about a couple of miles brought the Queen to Hughenden. The Premier had preceded the Royal party in his own carriage, and was at his door to receive her Majesty. At Hughenden the Queen and Princess Beatrice lunched with Lord Beaconsfield and remained about two hours. Before leaving, the Queen planted a tree on the lawn in front of the house to serve as a memorial of her visit, and Princess Beatrice planted another tree close by. Lord Beaconsfield attended the Queen on her return to High Wycombe station. Her Majesty was received with renewed demonstrations of loyalty. The station and line of route were kept by the borough police and a detachment of the metropolitan force. At the departure of the Queen the guard of honour was again in attendance. At 3.45 p.m. the Royal train left High Wycombe, and after a rapid journey arrived at Windsor shortly after half-past four o'clock. The Queen and Princess Beatrice drove to the Castle.

EMPIRE FIRST.—The interest in this song is unabated. Mr. Henderson gives a piano accompaniment which we trust all musical readers will appreciate.

THE NEW CITY HALL.—We give a view of this magnificent building, as it now appears after completion. The departments are being removed into it, and within a few days it will be thrown open fully to the public. In April, 1874, we gave a technical description of the edifice from the notes of the architect, and we have need to say only now that the plans and specifications have been faithfully carried out.

THE LAST PURCHASE.—The old amateur or connoisseur has just arrived from the sale room, his last purchase has been brought in and set upon an easel. Throwing his hat on the floor, he takes a seat in front of the picture, under a favourable light and begins the inspection. The dinner bell may sound, or there may be other calls upon his attention, but he heeds them not, his whole soul being absorbed in the contemplation of the masterpiece. This is happiness indeed. Money so employed is well invested, and it is from such enthusiasts that art receives its best encouragement.

THE ILLUMINATED BUFFALO ROBE.—This is a sketch of a presentation robe offered by the Blackfoot Nation of Indians to Lt. Colonel Macleod, C. M. G., Commissioner of the North-West Mounted Police, and the officers and men of that Force, in token of the respect and esteem in which the Force is held by them and the gratitude they feel for the many benefits that they have derived since the arrival of the Police there in 1874. The robe is a very large size grizzly bear skin painted and decorated in colours, and as far as its production is a piece of Indian work of art, it is quite interesting. The Blackfoot Nation, like the Sioux Nation, is divided into seven tribes, and each tribe has its own particular banner or more properly "shield," and on these shields are inscribed the figures as in our design, and when all the tribes meet together in council the centre shield, representing the seven tribes, is produced. Many people will doubt this to be the work of Indians, but we assure them the Blackfeet are exceedingly fond of this kind of study, and take great pride in having their "lodges" neatly painted in all manner of ways, horses, dogs, and birds being their favourite subjects. The design at the top of the robe is the skin of a rattlesnake decorated similarly to the bear skin. The rattlesnake is considered "great medicine" among the Blackfeet, and the inscription thereon is again expressive of their gratitude to the North-West Mounted Police. The original sketch is by Mr. F. Norman, a member of the Force.

THE FASHIONS.—This is a splendid page, both as regards an indication of winter fashions, and as a specimen of artistic grouping. We dedicate it to our lady friends. The designation of each costume will be found under proper numbers at the foot of the picture.

BURLESQUE.

WHAT SHE WANTED.—He stayed and stayed. The clock's face turned white as it held its hands in front of its highest Roman numerals. And still the young man stayed. He talked of the latest news, the levees, the parties, and when these failed, wagged his never tiring jaws upon the threadbare topic of the weather.

And she, sleepy and tired, with difficulty held her aching head erect, and returned monosyllabic answers to his unceasing flow of talk.

"My dear," he finally exclaimed, "Christmas is coming. What shall I give you?"

"Oh! give me a rest," returned the young lady, with unpremeditated velocity.

The young man falteringly called for his hat.

COMPOSITION ON "GIRLS."—"Girls from the age of three to fifteen they think of nothing else but dolls and they use all their mothers' thread and needles making doll dresses and from the age of fifteen to twenty they think of nothing else but primping up painting and starching up for the young men so as to make them think that they are beautiful but just step in along in the week when they are not looking for their sweethearts they look very handsome with their hair hanging around their face like it had not been combed for one week and they will begin to apologise well you must excuse my bad appearance for I have had so much to do will not help me to do nothing when they had just crawled out from under the bed where they had been asleep for the last three hours and when they get married they will never think of paint nor starch and their husband will ask they are not as pretty as they was before they was married well I have got you now I dont care how I look I dont want to marrie any more good-bye.

PLUMBING.—The system upon which plumbing is practised is different from that of every other criminal or lawful industry. If a plumber is asked to put in a new faucet of a specified size in any particular house, he makes his appearance at ten o'clock in the morning, and devotes half an hour to an inspection of the room in which the faucet is to be placed. He then returns to his shop for his tools, and on again reaching the residence of his victim, cuts off the water from the premises and goes to dinner. At two o'clock he reappears and in half an hour finishes the job. When the unhappy householder receives the plumber's bill, he finds that it contains four distinct items. There is first a charge of \$1.50 for a new faucet; next a charge of \$1 for putting it in place; then a charge of \$3 for three-quarters of a day's time, and finally a charge of \$2 "for the job." This ingenious system of charging both for putting in the faucet and for the time consumed in putting it in would alone mark the difference between plumbing and honest industry; but the additional charge of \$2 "for the job" shows a degree of subtle and malevolent wickedness which is paralleled in no other department of crime.

PAPPENHEIM'S HUSBAND'S MISTAKE.—Captain Ahrens, a neat, nice little blonde of an ex-Prussian officer, best known to fame as husband to Pappenheim, caused a laughable little error at

the Peabody Hotel, Christmas Eve night. Going to the steward, the captain said:

"I want supper for twenty-seven after to oheera to-nid."

"Certainly, sir," said the steward.

"Do finest you can get up, mint you."

"Certainly, sir."

The opera was over, and the cantatrice was going to her room. The head waiter steps out, shows his ivories and bows.

"They are ready, madame."

"What?" questioned the great Eugenie P.

"The twenty-seven suppers you ordered."

"Me?" The eyes of madame stared.

"Your husband ordered them, madame."

"No, not twenty-seven supper, put doo supper for number twenty-seven room I order," said the little Captain; as he came up with his great spouse's wraps.

An explanation followed. The cantatrice's room was No. 27, but the steward understood the Captain to mean twenty-seven suppers, there being just twenty-seven members of the troupe staying at the hotel.

The bill was settled.

PHYSIOGNOMY.—They were in a railroad coach, journeying to Chicago. On the opposite seat was a man of commanding figure, massive brow and thoughtful expression.

"What a fine countenance, James. I wish I knew his occupation."

"Maybe he's a lawyer, Amelia."

"No, he's not a lawyer. The Lord writes a plain hand, and there's too much benevolence in that face for a lawyer."

"He may be a banker?"

"Not a bit of it. A man with such a heavenly expression couldn't content himself with money-getting. His aim in life is higher than that."

"Do you think he's an editor?"

"An editor, with such a face? An editor, saying hard things about everybody, ridiculing long dresses and abusing his mother-in-law? An editor, cutting and slashing his enemies, skinning public men indiscriminately and mercilessly slaughtering his best friend for the sake of a three-line paragraph? No, James, he's a philanthropist. He's a Christian minister or a learned professor, spending his life for the good of mankind. His face plainly indicates that he is all that is noble, pure and true."

"I guess you're right, Amelia. I'll take your word and his face for it."

At the next station an inquisitive farmer took a seat beside the man with noble brow, and asked him about his vocation. Amelia held her breath and listened to the reply:

"I keep a saloon and meat-shop. My wife sells beer and I do my own butcherin'."

ROUND THE DOMINION.

THE Quebec Premier has declined to grant an application for aid to the proposed branch of railway from St. Eustache to St. Therese.

BISHOP CONROY'S mission as Papal Ablegate is understood to have been accomplished, and he is about to sail for Europe.

THE Nova Scotia gold yield for the past twelve months shows an increase on that of the previous year. The yield from the Goldenville district alone was 2,200 oz., being 3,000 oz. more than in 1876.

It is said the session of the Ontario Legislature, which opened on the 9th inst., will be short and unimportant. A motion to open the proceedings with prayer was carried after a short discussion.

THERE is a strong feeling in favour of petitioning the Home Government to extend Lord Dufferin's term of service as Governor-General, and the belief is entertained that His Lordship might not be indisposed to concur in such extension.

THE Manitoba Legislature opened on Thursday, the 10th inst., with the customary salute and guard of honour for the Lieutenant-Governor. In the speech from the throne Mr. Cauchon acknowledged the universal sympathy felt respecting the death of Madame Cauchon; said the abundant harvest has caused the want of railway communication to be more keenly felt, and hoped the visit of Lord Dufferin and two of his Ministers would have the effect of inducing the Dominion Parliament to devote earnest attention to this vital question. The expenditure of the Province is confined within the revenue.

LITERARY.

MARK TWAIN has assumed editorial charge of the Hartford *Courant*.

FLETCHER HARPER says there are only five American writers of real merit.

THE well-known author of "Alice in Wonderland," &c., has a new work in the press, which treats of Euclid in a serio-comic way.

MISS BRADDON'S novels are persistently ignored by the London *Times*, which allows no mention of her name in its columns.

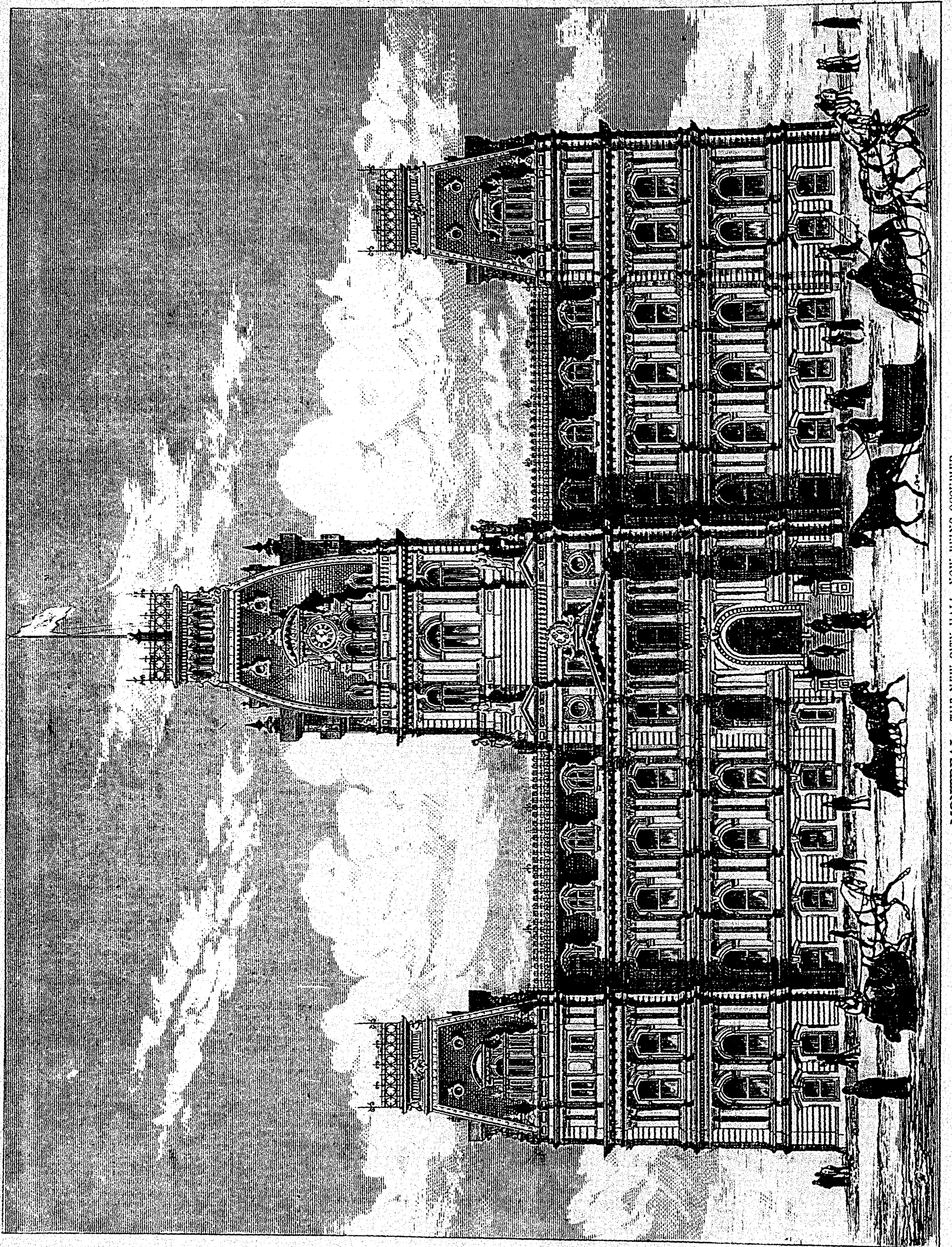
THE Russian critics have dealt so severely with Turgeneff's latest novel, "Virgin Soil," that the author declares he will write no more.

WILKIE COLLINS has on his writing table a box containing what he calls his stock in trade—plot and schemes for stories and dramas which he works up at his leisure.

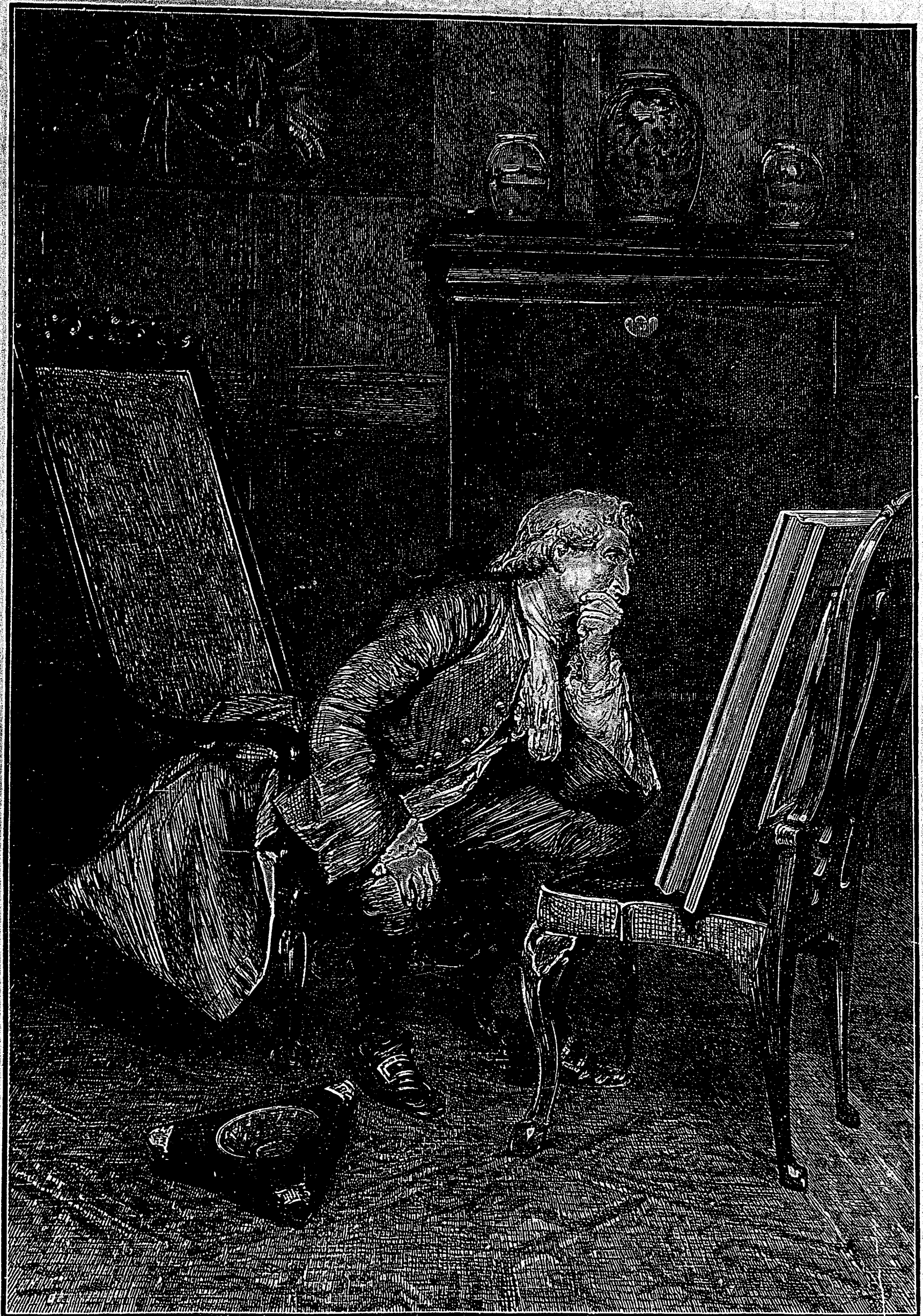
NOTHING more has been heard of Mr. James Gordon Bennett's scheme to start a facsimile of the New York *Herald* in London.

PRINCE METTERNICH'S memoirs and letters are about to be published by his son. The most interesting part is expected to be the correspondence with the Duke of Wellington and with the Abbé Simeoni.

A VERY rare Anglo-Saxon document, an original charter of Uhtred, Sub-regulus of the Wicci, or inhabitants of Worcestershire, has just lately been found in the library of the Dean and Chapter of Worcester Cathedral. Its text has ended the vigilance of Kemble. Mr. W. de G. Birch will edit it for the Royal Society of Literature.



MONTREAL.—THE NEW CITY HALL, NOW BEING OCCUPIED.



THE LAST PURCHASE.

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BY CELIA'S ARBOUR.

A NOVEL.

BY WALTER BESANT AND JAMES RICE, AUTHORS OF "READY-MONEY MORTIBOY," "THE GOLDEN BUTTERFLY," &c.

Twelve o'clock struck from some church tower near at hand. I thought of the night but a few weeks ago, when Celia and I sat whispering through the twilight hours in the stern of the boat. Well, he had come, of whom we talked that night; he was with us; he had told Celia that he loved her. It was quite certain what answer she would give her elderly suitor. Celia's father, besides, had got the key of the safe, the thing by which he declared he would rid himself at once of his persecutor. I had done that with Forty-four. Oh! guilty pair. Was little Forty-four lying sleepless and remorseful on a conscious-stricken pillow? I, for my own part, felt small and rather mean thinking over what I had done—and how I had done it—but perhaps the "small" feeling was due rather to the knowledge how pitifully small we should look if we were found out. I believe the Repentance generally does mean fear of being found out when it does not mean the keener pang of intense disgust at having been actually exposed, in which case we call it Remorse. Borrowing that key for those few moments, and setting the door of the safe open, was, as Mr. John Pontifex would have said, shaking his head and forefinger, a Wrong Thing, a thing to lament, as awful an event as his own profane language over the rough goose when in the full vigour and animal passion of his youth. And yet—and yet—one chuckle over the thought of Herr Käumer's astonishment when he found the safe open and his victim free.

There was too much to think about as we sat beneath the laburnum in that quiet garden. Behind the forms of Celia and Leonard, behind the orange blossoms and flowers, rose a gaunt and weird figure, with a look of hungry longing in its eyes which were like the eyes of Wassielewski. It reached out long arms and great bony hands dripping with blood to seize me. And a mocking voice cried, "Revenge thy father," "Revenge thy father." My brain reeled as thin shadows of things, real and unreal, flitted across my closed eyes. I awoke with a start.

One o'clock. And just then we heard in the distance the crunch of low steps over the gravel of the road.

"Moses," Leonard whispered, springing into attention.

The steps came nearer; they were a hundred yards off; they were the other side of the hedge; they stopped at the garden wall.

"Moses," whispered Leonard, again. It was Moses. And Moses in very bad temper. He swore aloud at the garden gate because he could not at first find the handle. Then he swore aloud in general terms, then he swore at the people of the house because he would have to ring them up, and then he came in, banging the door after him, and tramped heavily upon the grass—the brute—crunching straight through the flower beds, setting his great heavy feet as if by deliberate choice on the delicate flowers. We were invisible beneath the laburnum tree.

Leonard rose noiselessly, and stepped after him. See, another step, and he will be at the door, ringing the bell, terrifying out of their wits the women sleeping within. Already as his scowling face shows in the twilight, he has formulated his requisition in his own mind, and is going to back it with threats of violence. The demands will never be made. The threats will never be uttered. Leonard's hand falls upon his shoulder, and Moses, turning with a start and a cry, finds himself face to face again with his old enemy.

"Come out of this garden," said Leonard. "Dare to say one word above your breath, and—"

Moses trembled, but obeyed. It was like Neptune's "Quos ego—"

Leonard dragged him, unresisting, into the road, and led him along the silent way, beyond earshot of the house, saying nothing.

"What shall we do to him?" he asked me.

"O! Mr. Ladislas," whispered Moses, "don't let him murder me. You're witness that I never done anything to him. Always hard on a poor innocent cove, he was, when we were all boys together."

"You came out to-night," said Leonard, "thinking that you were going to find an unprotected woman asleep in the dead of night; you were persuading yourself that you would frighten her into giving you more money, knowing that it was your last chance."

"No, sir," whined Moses abjectly. "No, Captain Copleston, sir. Not that. What I said to myself, as I came along, was this: 'Moses,' I says, says I, 'the plant's found out. All is up. That's where it is.' So I says to myself—if you don't mind, sir, takin' your fingers from off o' my coat collar, which they have a throttlesome feel"—Leonard released him. "Thank you, sir. I says to myself then, 'I'll up and go to Miss Rutherford!—which she is a generous-hearted lady, and tell her—tell her—Hall.' That's what I meant to do, Cap'n Copleston, sir. Hall I was a goin' to tell her."

"A likely story, indeed," said Leonard. "Very likely, sir," Moses echoed. "Yes and I should have said—"

"Now—you—drunken blackguard and liar," said Leonard, "you have come here to make a final attempt. You have failed. Henceforth, you will be watched. I give you fair warning that if you are ever seen by me about this place, or in any other place, I will instantly give you into custody on a charge of obtaining money on false pretences. You understand so much. Then go—get out of my sight."

He accompanied his words with a gesture so threatening that our prisoner instantly set off running as hard as he could down the road. If fear ever lent wings to a fugitive, those wings were produced for Moses on this occasion.

"I was in such a rage," said Leonard, as the steps died away in the distance, "such a boiling rage with the creature that I think I should have killed him had I not let him go. It is too bad, because he richly deserved the best cowhiding one could give him. Odd! All the old feeling came back upon me, too. I used to hate him in the old days when we fought night and morning. And I hate him now."

"What is to be done next?" I asked. "Are we to go back to the friendly laburnum? There is no fear about Moses any more."

"No; I don't care what we do. I am restless and excited. I cannot sleep. Perhaps she gets up early. Let us go for a walk."

Half-past one in the morning was rather late for an evening walk, but I complied, and we went along the deserted road. Presently I began to feel tired, and was fain to rest in the hedge under a tree. And there I fell fast asleep. When I awoke it was broad daylight. Leonard was walking backwards and forwards along the road. What a handsome man he was as he came swiftly towards me, bathed in the early sunshine which played in his curly hair, and lay in his eyes.

"Awake already, Laddy?" he cried. "It is only four o'clock. I am less sleepy than ever. And there are two long hours to wait. She can't get up before six. Perhaps she will not be up before nine."

I confess that those two hours were long ones. Leonard's restless excitement increased. I made him walk. I made him bathe. I tried to make him talk, and yet the minutes crawled. At last however, it was half-past six, and we retraced our steps to the cottage.

CHAPTER XL.

MISS RUTHERFORD.

Miss Rutherford was already up. At least there was in the garden a lady of about five-and-forty, small, fragile, and dainty, with delicate features and an air of perfect ladyhood; she wore a morning dress of muslin, with garden gloves and a straw hat. And she was gazing with dismay at the footprints—that brute Moses!—on her flowerbeds.

We looked at her for a few moments, and then Leonard opened the garden-gate, and we presented ourselves.

At least, I presented both of us.

"Miss Rutherford,"—she looked surprised. "I am speaking to—Miss Rutherford, am I not?"

"Yes. I am Miss Rutherford."

"We have something to tell you of importance. Will you take us into your house?"

She looked from one to the other.

"It is very early," she said. "My servants are not down yet—but come—you appear to be gentlemen."

She led the way to a little drawing-room, which was a mere bower of daintiness, the pleasant and pretty room of a refined and cultivated lady, with books and pictures, and all sorts of pretty things—fancy the hulking Moses in such an apartment!—and offered us chairs. There was nothing in the room which pointed to the presence of the sterner and heavier sex. Even the chairs seemed only calculated for ladies of her own slender dimensions. Leonard's creaked ominously when he sat down.

"Let me go back twenty-three years," I began. "But first I must tell you that my name is Ladislas Pulaski—here is my card—and that we do not come here from any idle motives. This gentleman—but you will see presently who he is."

"Three-and-twenty years ago!" Miss Rutherford began to tremble. "That was when I lost my sister—and my nephew was born. You come about him, I am sure. He has done something terrible at last, that boy, I am afraid. Gentlemen remember under what bad influences my nephew's early life was spent. If you have to accuse him of anything wrong—remember that."

"Pray do not be alarmed," I went on. "Your nephew's early influences were not so bad as you think, and you will very likely see reason to be proud of him."

She shook her head, as if that was a thing quite beyond the reach of hope.

Leonard was looking at her with curious eyes that grew softer as they rested on this gentle woman's sweet face.

"Twenty-three years ago, your sister died.

Would it pain you too much, 'Miss' Rutherford, if you would tell us something about her?"

"The pain is in the recollection, rather than the telling," she replied. "My poor sister married an officer."

"His name was Leonard Copleston," I said. "Yes—you knew him perhaps? She was only eighteen—three years younger than myself and she knew nothing of the world—how should she, living as she had done all her short life in our quiet country vicarage? She thought the man she married was as good as he was handsome. She admired him for his bravery, for the stories he could tell, for the skill with which he rode, shot, and did everything, and for the winning way he had. My father liked him for his manly character, and because he was clever and had read as well as travelled and fought. And I believe I liked him as much as my father did. There was never any opposition made, and my poor dear was married to him in our own church, and went away with him on her eighteenth birthday."

She paused for a moment.

"He was not a good man," she went on, "he was a very, very bad man. I hope God has forgiven him all the trouble and misery he brought upon us, but I find it very hard to forgive. My sister's letters were happy and bright at first; gradually I thought it was my own fancy—they seemed to lose the old joyous ring; and then they grew quite sad. In those days we did not travel about as we can now, and all we could do was to wait at home and hope. Six months after her marriage she came back to us. Oh! my poor dear, so changed, so altered. She who had been the happiest of girls and the blithest of creatures was wan and pale, with a scared and frightened look,"—Leonard rose, and went to the window, where he remained, half-hidden by the curtain.—"Such a look as an animal in a cage who had been ill-treated. She came unexpectedly and suddenly, without any letter of warning—on a cold and snowy December afternoon: she burst into passionate weeping when she fell upon my neck; and she would never tell me why she left her husband. Nor would she tell my father."

"He began to write to her. She grew faint and sick when the first letter came; she even refused at first to read it; but she yielded, and he kept on writing; and one day, she told me she had forgiven her husband, and was going back to him."

"She went. She went away from us with sad forebodings, I knew; she wrote one or two letters to us; and then—then we heard no more."

"Heard no more?"

"No; we heard nothing more of her from that day. My father made inquiries, and learned that Captain Copleston had left the army, sold out, and was gone away from the country—no one knew whither. His own family, we learned for the first time, had entirely given him up as irreclaimable, and could tell us no more. We heard nothing further, and could only conjecture that the ship in which they sailed had gone down with all on board. But why did she not write to tell us that she was going?"

"We waited and waited, hoping against hope. And then we resigned ourselves to the conviction that she was dead. The years passed on; my father died, full of years, and I was left alone in the world. And then one day last year a letter came to me from America. It was a letter dictated by my sister's husband on his death-bed—"

"He is dead then? Thank God." Was that the voice of Leonard, so hoarse, so thick with trouble?

"He implored my forgiveness, and that of his wife if she still lived. He confessed that he had let her go away—driven her away by his conduct, he said—when she was actually expecting to be confined, and that in order to begin life again without ties he had emigrated. The letter was unfinished, because death took him while he was still dictating it. Yet it brought me the comfort of knowing that he had repented."

"And then—?" I asked, because she stopped.

"Then I began again to think of my poor sister, and I advertised in two papers, asking if any one could give me tidings of her. For a long time I received no reply, but an answer came at last; it was from my nephew, that unhappy boy, who seems to have inherited all his father's vices and none of his graces."

"Poor Leonard! What a heritage!"

"It was from him that I learned how his mother, poor thing, poor thing, died in giving birth to him; he told me that he had been brought up in a rough way, among soldiers and sailors; that he knew nothing about any of his relations, that, as his letter would show me, he had little education, that he was a plumber and joiner by trade; and that by my help, if I would help him, he hoped to do well. In answer to his letter I made an appointment, and came down to meet him. I can hardly tell you what a disappointment it was to find my poor dear sister's son so rough and coarse. However, it was my duty to do what I could, and I moved down here in order to be near him, and help him to the best purpose."

She stopped and wiped away a tear.

"I have not been able to help him much as yet," she went on. "He is, indeed, the great trouble of my life. He has deceived me in everything; I find that he has no trade, or, at least that he will not work at it; he said he had a wife and young family, and I have found that he is unmarried; he said he was a total abstainer—and—oh! dear me, he has been frequently here in a dreadful state of intoxica-

tion; he said he was a churchgoer and a communicant. But these things cannot interest you."

She said this a little whistfully, as if she hoped they might.

"They do interest us very much," I said.

"After all, he is my nephew," as if she could say much more, but refrained from the respectful due to kinship.

"You have been deceived," I told her.

"You have been very grossly deceived."

"I have," she said. "But I must bear with it."

"You have been deceived, madam, in a much more important way than you think. Listen to a little story that I have to tell you."

"There were once four boys living together in the house he showed you, all under the charge of an excellent and charitable woman Mrs. Jeram to whom we shall take you. One of those boys, the best of them all, was your nephew."

"The best of them all?" she repeated bitterly.

"Then what were the others like?"

"One of them, to whom I can also take you, was named James Hex. He is now a boatswain in the Royal Navy, a very good boatswain, too, I believe, and a credit to the service. Another was—myself."

"You?"

"I, Miss Rutherford. I was placed there by my countrymen the Poles, with this Mrs. Jeram, and maintained by them out of their poverty. When one of these boys, your nephew, was eight or nine, and I a year or two younger, we were taken away from the good woman with whom we lived by a gentleman whom you shall very soon know; he adopted us and had us properly educated."

"Properly educated! But my nephew can hardly write."

"Your nephew writes as well as any other gentleman in England."

"Gentleman in England?"

"My dear lady, the man who calls himself Moses Copleston is not your nephew at all. He was the fourth of those boys of whom I told you. He is one among those who has turned out badly. He knew, no doubt, from Mrs. Jeram, all about your nephew's birth. What he told you, so far, was true. All the rest was pure invention. Did you ever, for instance, see any resemblance in him to your late sister?"

"To Lucy? Most certainly not."

"To his father?"

"Not in face. But he has his father's vices."

"So have, unfortunately, a good many men."

"But I cannot understand. He is not my nephew at all! Not my nephew? Can any man dare to be so wicked?"

"It really was, as we reflected afterwards, a claim of great daring, quite worthy to be admitted among those of historical pretenders. Moses was another Perkin Warbeck."

"Most certainly not your nephew. He is an impudent pretender. I do not ask you to accept my word only. I will give you proof that will satisfy any lawyer, if you please. He must have seen your advertisement, and knowing that the real nephew was gone away, devised the excellent scheme of lies and robbery, of which you have been the victim. Last night we wrung the truth from him; last night he came here, to this house, intending to make a last attempt at extortion, but we were here before him. Your house was guarded for you all night—by your real nephew."

She was trembling violently. She had forgotten the presence of Leonard, who stood in the window, silent.

"My nephew! My nephew? But where is he? And oh! Is he like that other? Is there more shame and wickedness?"

"No! No shame at all. Only pride and joy. He is here, Miss Rutherford. See! This is Leonard Copleston, your sister's son."

Leonard stepped before her.

"I am, indeed," he said. "I am your sister's son."

What was it, in his voice, in his manner, in his attitude, that carried my thoughts backward with a rush to the day when he stood amid the snow in the old churchyard, and cried aloud to the spirit of his dead mother lying in the pauper's corner!

And was she like her dead sister, this delicate and fragile lady who must once have been beautiful, and who now stood with hands tightly clasped, gazing with trembling wonder on the gallant young fellow before her?

"My nephew?" she cried. "Leonard—it was your father's name—you have his hair and his eyes, but you have your mother's voice. Leonard, shall you love me?"

He took her two hands in his, and drew her towards him like a lover.

I thought they would be best alone, and disappeared.

After meditation for a space among the flowers I went back again. They were still standing by the table, her hand in his. He held a miniature. I guessed of whom, and was looking on it with tearful eyes.

"Leonard," I said, "I shall take the dogcart into town, and leave you with your aunt to tell your own story. Bring her with you this very afternoon, and introduce her to the Captain. Miss Rutherford, you are pleased with this new nephew of yours?"

"Pleased?" she cried with a sob of happiness.

"Pleased?"

"He is an improvement upon the old one. Moses, indeed! As if you could have a nephew named Moses, with a drink-sodden face and a passion for pipes and beer."

She laughed. The situation had all the elements of tears, and I wanted to stave them off.

"And then there is Celia," I added.

"Celia! Who is Celia?" she added, with a little apprehension in her voice. "Are you married, my nephew, Leonard?"
 "No," he said. "But I am in love."
 "Oh!"
 "And you will like her, Aunt."
 They were strange to each other, and Leonard handled the title of relationship with awkwardness at first. It was actually the very first of those titles—there are a good many of them when you come to think of them—that he had ever been able to use.
 "Miss Rutherford must be prepared to fall in love with her," I said, to reassure her. "Everybody is in love with Celia."
 Then I left them, and went back to the tavern, where I had breakfast—nothing gives a man such an appetite as these domestic emotions, and then drove back to town.

CHAPTER XLII.

A FAMILY COUNCIL.

Leonard's promotion to family connections was a thing so startling that it almost drove away from my mind the recollection of the crisis through which all our fortunes were to pass that very day—Celia's refusal of Herr Räumler and my Polish deputation. In the breathless rush of those two days, in which were concentrated the destinies of three lives at least, one had to think of one thing at a time. Fortunately, I could give the morning to Celia. She was agitated, but not on her own account. Her father, she said, had given her his unqualified approval of what she was going to do.

"He has behaved," she said, "in the kindest way possible. He knows all about—about Leonard."

"I told him."
 "And he says he is very glad. I am to meet Herr Räumler at twelve in his office and give him my answer. But there is something behind all this which troubles me. Why is my father so sad?"

"It is nothing at all, I believe. He fancies that the German can injure his reputation in some way. Be of good heart, Cis. All will go right now."

And then I fell to telling her how Leonard had at last come into the patrimony of a family, and was no longer a foundling. This diverted her thoughts, and carried us on until twelve o'clock, when I went to the family conference which was called at that hour in Mr. Tyrrell's office. Celia remained in her own room until she was wanted.

It was a complete assemblage, gathered together to hear Celia's answer to her suitor. Nothing but the gravity of the situation warranted this publicity, so to speak, of her decision. It was an acknowledgment, on the part of her father, that more was at stake than the mere refusal of a girl to marry a man old enough to be her grandfather. Mr. Pontifex was there also with his wife. He wore the garb which he assumed on occasions of ceremony. It consisted simply of a dress-coat, with perhaps an additional fold to the very large white neckcloth which he wore about his long neck. That dress-coat, which he certainly never associated especially with the evening, bore an air of battle about it, although the wearer's face was much meeker than usual, and his upper lip longer, and therefore sadder to look at. They sat each bolt upright in two chairs side by side against the wall. The lady was present under protest. As I heard afterwards, she consented to come on the express understanding that her carriage should be kept waiting, so that at any moment, if she was offended, she might go; also, that maintenance of her will on its present terms depended on Celia's behaviour. Her husband, the principal sufferer in their family disturbances, had, I suppose, received orders to be on distant terms with everybody, as if we were all on our trial. I gathered this from the way in which he acknowledged my presence, with that sort of dignified movement of the head which the clergy reserve for pew-openers, sextons, national schoolmasters, and the like. He was present at the meeting, perhaps, to represent the virtue of Christian resignation, while his wife preferred that Christian wrath the exhibition of which is not a sin.

Mrs. Tyrrell sat on the other side of the room in a state of profound bewilderment. Things were beyond her comprehension. But she seemed to feel my arrival as a kind of relief, and immediately proposed, as a measure of conciliation, wine and cake. No one took any notice of the offer except Mr. Pontifex, who sighed and shook his head as if he should have liked some under happier circumstances.

It was quite evident that Aunt Jane thought she had been invited to witness the acceptance of the enemy's offer. There was in the carriage of her head, the settling of her lips, the rustle of her silks, the horizontality of her curls, a wrathful and combative look. And if her eyes seemed to wander, as they sometimes did, into space it was, one instinctively felt, only the absorption of her spirit in the effort to find fitting words to express her indignation when the time should arrive.

I looked at the safe. Yes, the door was slightly open; I had left it wide open. There could be no doubt that Mr. Tyrrell had found it open. Presumably, therefore, he had—what had he done? Abstracted papers! The thought was an ugly one; and yet, for what other reason had I committed an ugly act and borrowed the key? Abstracted the papers; made things safe; robbed his enemy of his weapons; that did not ring musically—as every musician

knows, evil is discord. And yet, Mr. Tyrrell did not look like—one shrinks from calling things by their right names. He bore, on the other hand, a quiet look of dignity which contrasted strangely with the restless nervousness of the last few weeks.

With him was the Captain standing with his back to the fire-place, the favourite British position, summer or winter.

All these observations were made in a moment, for, as if he had been waiting for me, Mr. Tyrrell began to address us, fidgetting his fingers among the papers on the table.

"I have asked you to come here this morning," he said. "I have asked you, Aunt Jane and Mr. Pontifex, as Celia's nearest relations, and you, Captain, as an old friend, and you, Ladislas, as her closest friend, to witness her own decision in a matter which concerns her own happiness, whatever we may have thought or said about it—and which must be left entirely to herself."

Mrs. Pontifex snorted.
 "I keep my own opinion, George Tyrrell," she said, "and I mean to keep it."

"You all know that this offer took us entirely by surprise—and especially for the reason that its rejection by Celia will most likely result in the enmity of a man who has for many years been my friend and my client."

Here Mrs. Pontifex murmured in an undertone, so that her husband and I were the only persons who heard it—"Fudge and flapdoodle."

"There was nothing against Herr Räumler. He has lived among us an irreproachable life, so far as we know."

"Old enough to be her grandfather; a foreigner; and, for all you know, a Roman Catholic."

John Pontifex lifted his head at the last word, and made a remark:

"That we should innocently connive at the marriage of an unfortunate Papist would be—ahem—in fact—a shocking state of things!"

"Of course he is not a Catholic," said Mr. Tyrrell, impatiently. "And as for his age, many girls marry elderly men and are perfectly happy. It so happens that eight or ten years ago I laid myself under an obligation—a very great obligation—to Herr Räumler. I cannot allow myself to forget the debt I owe him. At the time, when I expressed my gratitude and asked in what way I could best show it, he laughed, and said that I could give him—my little daughter. I acceded, laughing, and thought no more about the matter until he himself reminded me of it. It seems that he had not forgotten it. At the same time, he offered to take his chance; if I would give him such good offices as I could, in the way of paternal influence; if I would give him opportunities of frequently seeing my daughter; if Mrs. Tyrrell could also be got to approve—"

"Nothing could be more regular, I must say," sighed Mrs. Tyrrell, "or more becoming."

Mrs. Pontifex pulled out her pocket handkerchief and coughed. I distinctly heard the last syllables, drowned by her kerchief—"doodle."

Her husband, terrified beyond measure by this repetition of his wife's very strongest expression, shook his head slowly, and ejaculated, Heaven knows why, "Alas!"
 "I say," Mr. Tyrrell went on, mildly disregarding these interruptions, "that he very properly left the decision to Celia herself. At first I considered the situation favourably for my old friend. Here was an establishment, a certainty, an assured position. I brought pressure—not cruel or unkind pressure—but still a certain amount of pressure—to bear upon Celia in his behalf. I am sorry now that I did exercise that influence, because it has offended some here, and because I find it has made my daughter unhappy, and that—his voice broke down a little—"is a thing I cannot bear to think of."

"Yesterday, however," he went on, after a pause, during which Mrs. Pontifex did not say, "Fudge and flapdoodle," nor did her husband say, "Alas!" but looked straight before him, "Yesterday I saw Herr Räumler again; he came to tell me that he had waited two months, that Celia was now exposed to the attentions of a far younger and more attractive man in the shape of Leonard Coplestone, and that he would ask Celia herself at twelve to-day for her decision. I have this morning talked with her upon the subject. I have told her that I withdraw altogether every word I said in favour of his pretensions; I have asked her to be guided in the matter entirely by her own heart. And I invited you here, with her consent, in order that, before you all, she might tell Herr Räumler what answer she has decided to give."

"So far, George Tyrrell," said Mrs. Pontifex, "you have acted worthily, and like yourself."
 Then the Captain lifted up his voice.
 "Our friend, George Tyrrell," he began, "told me yesterday a thing which has been hitherto known only to himself and to this Mr.—Herr Räumler. It is a matter which may, or may not, do harm if generally known. And it appears that yesterday, probably in the heat of jealousy or disappointment—because we all know Celia Tyrrell's sentiments in the matter—this gentleman held out a kind of threat against Celia's father of spreading the business abroad. We can afford to laugh at such menaces; we stick to our guns, and we let the enemy blaze away. He cannot do us any real harm."

"Menaces! Threats!" cried Aunt Jane, springing to her feet, and shaking her skirts so that they "went off" in rustlings like a whole box of lucifer-matches at once. "Threats against you, George Tyrrell! Against a member of my

family? Threats? I'll let him know, if he begins that kind of thing. He shall see that I can be resolute on occasion, meek though I may be habitually and on Christian principle."

"Certainly, my dear," said John Pontifex, sadly. "You can be resolute on proper occasion."

George Tyrrell smiled—rather a wan smile.
 "It is never pleasant to have one's peace and ease disturbed by threats and misrepresentations."

"We've got you in convoy," said the Captain heartily; "and will see you safe into port There's eight bells. Now, then."

I was still thinking about the open safe. Could a man who had spoken as Tyrrell spoke, with so much genuine feeling, so much dignity, actually have in his pockets abstracted papers? Then why the undertone of melancholy? If he had nothing to fear, why did he speak or allow the Captain to speak of possible attacks? In any case, I was the real culprit, the cause and origin of the crime.

CHAPTER XLIII.

CELIA GIVES HER ANSWER.

We had not long to wait. Almost as the last clock finished its last stroke of noon we heard outside the firm and heavy step of Celia's suitor, and I am ready to confess that the heart of one guilty person in the room—if there were more than one—began to beat the faster. Mr. Tyrrell turned pale, I thought, and Mrs. Pontifex stiffened her back against the chair, and looked her most resolute. I do not know why, but John Pontifex began to tremble at the knees, the most sensitive part apparently of his organization.

Herr Räumler stood before us in some surprise.

"I did not expect," he said, "to find a *conseil de famille*." Then drawing from the solemn aspect of Mrs. Pontifex, the dejection depicted in Mrs. Tyrrell's face, and the terror of John Pontifex, a conclusion that the meeting was not favourable to his cause, he assumed an expression which meant fighting.

"I hope that Mrs. Pontifex is quite well," he said, blandly, "and the Rev. Mr. Pontifex, whom I have not heard for several Sundays."

Then he took a chair, and sat at the table.

"Now," he said to Mr. Tyrrell, with a certain brutality, "let us get to business at once."

Beside him was the Captain, leaning his hand on his stick, and looking as if he was ready with the loaded artillery of a hundred-gun man-of-war.

Mr. Tyrrell rang the bell.
 "Ask Miss Celia to be good enough to step down," he said. "Whatever was before him he stood ready to face."

The German, as if master of the situation, sat easily and quietly. He looked as if he were a mere spectator, and the business was one which concerned him not at all. And yet he must have known, from the fact of the family gathering, that his chances were small indeed. But he said nothing, only removed his blue spectacles, and gently stroked his heavy moustache with the palm of his left hand. He was dressed, I remember, in a white waistcoat, only the upper part being visible above his tightly-buttoned frock coat. He wore a flower in one buttonhole, which was then not so common as it is now, and a tiny piece of red ribbon in another. Also he wore lavender kid gloves and patent leather boots. In fact, he was dressed for the occasion. With his heavy face, his large and massive head, his full moustache, and his upright carriage, he looked far younger, in spite of his white hair, than the man who sat expectant before him. Celia entered in her quiet, unobtrusive way, kissed her great aunt, and, refusing a chair which Herr Räumler offered, took mine, which was next Aunt Jane.

"Now, Celia," said that lady, "we are all here, waiting for your decision, and as that may possibly—mind, child, I do not expect it—but it may possibly be such as John Pontifex and I cannot approve, the sooner you give it the better."
 "One moment," said Herr Räumler, rising, and pushing back his chair. "I am also deeply concerned in Miss Tyrrell's answer. May I speak first?"

He considered a moment, and then went on.

"I am now a man advanced in years. I have for twelve years and more watched the growth of a child so carefully that I have at least, perhaps prematurely, come to look upon that child as, in a sense, my own. You would laugh, Mrs. Pontifex, if I were to say that I have fallen in love with that child."

"Fudge and flapdoodle!" said the lady for a third time, so that her husband's teeth began to clatter.

"Quite so. But it is the truth. I hope—I still venture to hope—that my declining years may be cheered by the care of a young lady who, in becoming my wife, would not cease to be my much-loved and cherished daughter."
 "Man," said Aunt Jane, "talk Christian sense, not heathen rubbish. You can't marry your daughter, nor your granddaughter either. Not even in Germany, far less in this Protestant and Evangelical country!"

"I went to my old friend, George Tyrrell," Herr Räumler proceeded, regardless of the interruption, "I put the case before him. You know the rest. Celia, I have not pressed my attentions upon you. I have said no word of love to you. I know that it might be ridiculous in me to say much of what I feel in this respect. You know me well enough to trust me, I think. It was enough for me that you should know what I hoped, and it was right that you should take time to reflect. Will you be my wife?"
 She clasped my hand, and held it tight. And

she looked at her father with a little fear and doubt, while she answered,

"I cannot, Herr Räumler."

His face clouded over.

"Think," he pleaded. "I have watched over you, looking for this moment, for ten years. You shall have all that a woman can ask for. I can give you position—a far higher position than you dream of. You shall be rich, you shall be a guest of Courts, you shall lead and command—what can a woman want that I cannot give you?"

She shook her head.

"I am very sorry; you have been very kind to me always."
 "His attentions have been most marked," said her mother.

"Clara," said Aunt Jane sharply, "hold your tongue!"

"You have been so kind to me always that I venture to ask one more kindness of you. It is that you forget this passage of your life altogether, and—and—do not suffer my refusal to alter the friendly relations between my father and yourself."

"Is this scene preconcerted?" he turned to Mr. Tyrrell. "Am I invited here to make one in a dramatic representation? Are these excellent friends gathered together to laugh at the refusal of my offer?"

"No—no," cried Celia. "There is no dramatic representation. There is no preconcerted scene. Come, Aunt Jane, come, mamma; let us go; we have nothing more to do here. Herr Räumler—she held out her hand—"will you forgive me? I—I alone am to blame—if any one is to blame—in this matter. I ought to have told you three weeks ago that it was impossible. I hoped that you would see for yourself that it was impossible. I thought that you would of your own accord withdraw your offer. Will you forgive me?"

He did not take the proffered hand.

"You refuse my hand," he said, "and you ask me to take yours? Pardon me, Miss Tyrrell. We do not fight with ladies. I have, now, to do with your father."

Mrs. Pontifex—I think I have said that she was not a tall woman, being perhaps about five feet two—stepped to the table, and rapped it smartly with her knuckles.

"You have to do with Jane Pontifex," she said, "as well as with George Tyrrell. Take care. John Pontifex!"

"My dear!"

"Remain here. Watch the proceedings, and report them to me, exactly. Now, Clara and Celia, go on upstairs. You are under my protection now, my dear. And as for you, sir," she shook her finger impressively at Herr Räumler, "if it were not for your age and infirmities, I would take you by the collar and give you as good a shaking as you ever had, John Pontifex!"

"My—my—my—dear?"
 "I charge you—not to shake him by the collar."

"No, my dear, I will not," he promised, firmly.

"In moments of indignation," Aunt Jane explained to her niece, "John Pontifex is like a lion."

She stood at the door to see Celia safely out of her suitor's clutches, and then followed, closing it with a slam.

John Pontifex, the Lion-hearted, resumed his seat against the wall, and sat bolt upright with more meekness than might have been expected of one so disposed to Christian wrath.

"Now, sir," said Herr Räumler to Mr. Tyrrell, "the she-dragon is gone, and we can talk."

"I have promised, Johnny," whispered Mr. Pontifex to me, "not to shake him. By the she-dragon, I presume, he—actually—means—Mrs. Pontifex. This wickedness is, indeed, lamentable!"

"—and we can talk. Is this bravado, or is it defiance?"

"It is neither," said the Captain. "I know all the particulars of this business. It means that we are doing our duty, and are prepared for the consequences."

"Ah!" said Herr Räumler. "It is very noble of you to recommend this line of action, seeing that the consequences will not fall upon your head. You are one of the people who go about enjoining everybody, like Nelson, to do his duty because England expects it. England is a great and a fortunate country."

"You may sneer, sir," said the Captain, with dignity. "I have told you what we propose to do."

"Are you aware what the consequences may be if I act upon certain information contained in that safe, that you so boldly recommend the path of duty?"

"I believe the consequences may be unpleasant. But they will be made quite as unpleasant to yourself; they cannot produce the important effects you anticipate; and—in any case—we shall abide the consequences."

"I give you another chance, Tyrrell. Let the girl give me a favourable answer in a week—a fortnight—even a month. Send young Coplestone away—use your paternal pressure, and all may be well."

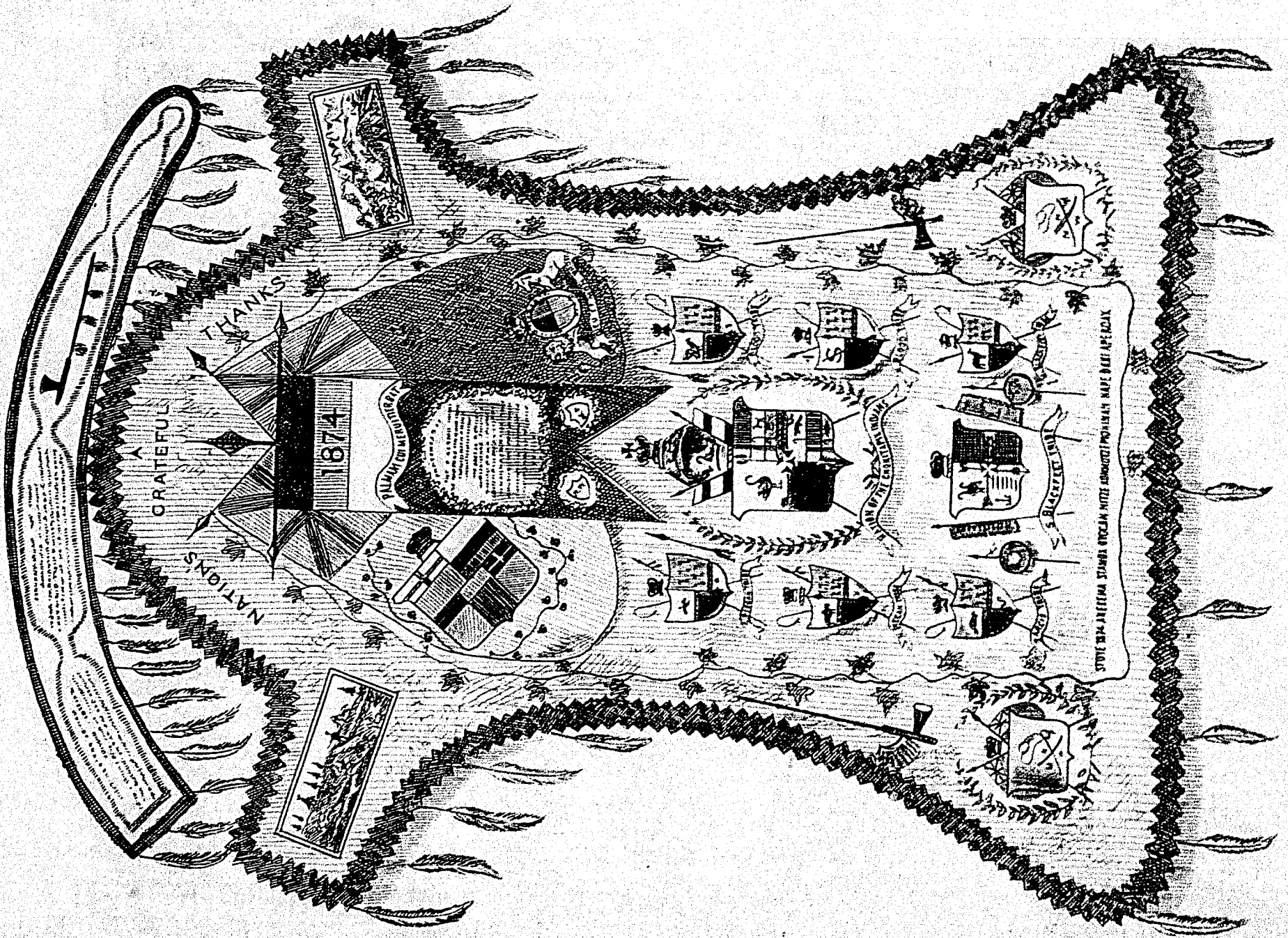
(To be continued.)

INDIGESTION.

Chronic Indigestion almost invariably affects the kidneys and bladder, producing acidity in the urine, which, on being analyzed, is found to be loaded with oxalate of lime. Individuals in this unhappy condition stand in great and urgent need of the Phosphozone. One or two or a dozen doses of Phosphozone may not cure them; but if they persevere in taking it a favorable result is inevitable. Sold by all Druggists and prepared in the Laboratory of the Proprietors, Nos. 11 and 43 St. Jean Baptiste street, Montreal.



THE CROWN OF VICTORY.



AN ILLUMINATED BUFFALO ROBE.—FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY NOTMAN & FRASER.

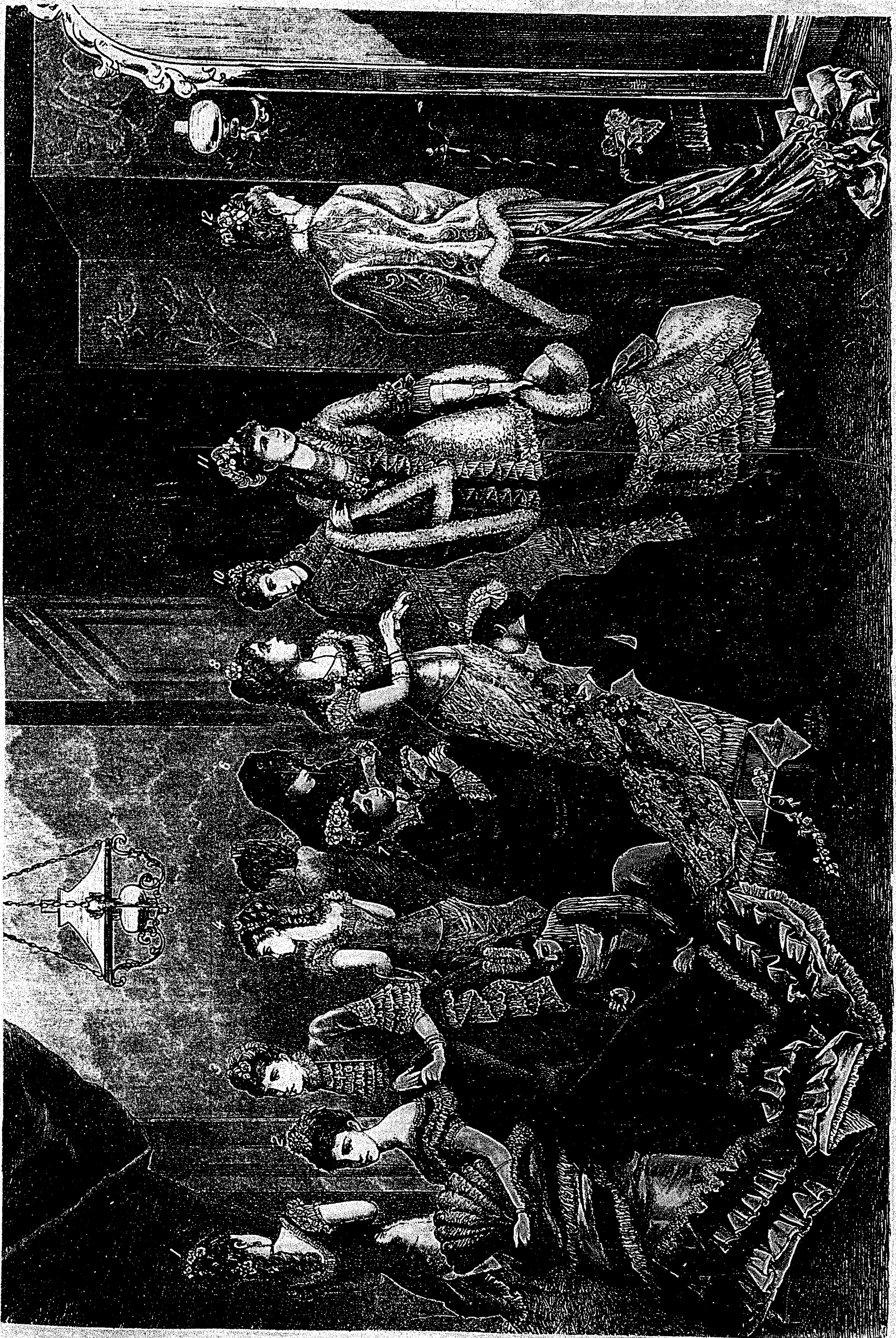


FIG. 1. PRINCESS ROBE WITH FANCY WORK. FIG. 2. PRINCESS ROBE WITH VELVET AND FAILLE. FIG. 3. PRINCESS ROBE WITH LACE TRIMMINGS. FIG. 4. LOW CUTIRASSE. FIG. 5. HALF OVERSKIRT. FIG. 6. LACE CAPOTE. FIGS. 7 AND 8. BALL AND SOCIETY COSTUMES. FIG. 9. LOW CUTIRASSE. FIG. 10. LIGHT SHAWL. FIG. 11. PRINCESS ROBE WITH CLOSE BACK. FIG. 12. PRINCESS ROBE WITH STRIPED FAILLE.

THE FASHIONS.

CLEMENCE.

(From *Théophile Gautier*.)

On thy lov'd ashes no recording tomb
Of marble weighs,
Clemence, sweet flower gathered in the bloom
Of girlhood's days.

Beneath the shadow of a hill we trace
Thy simple grave—
Pale, drooping willow-boughs with mournful grace
Above it wave.

Thy name already hath been worn away
By rain and snow
From the black wooden cross which guards the clay
That sleeps below.

By Love and Friendship thou art ne'er forgot—
With many a flower
They come to weep above the lonely spot
At twilight's hour!

Montreal.

GEO. MURRAY.

A MIDSHIPMAN'S ADVENTURES
AT THESSALONICA.

FOR THE CANADIAN ILLUSTRATED NEWS.

Sad events which are fresh in our memory, as having occurred in the town which was anciently called Thessalonica, now named by us Salonica, by the French Salonique, and by the Turks Siloniki, induce me to condense a few notes which were made during a short stay in a man-of-war, 45 years since. The town, situated at the head of a gulf of the same name, has a gradual but considerable rise from the water. Above is perched an old castle; this, with the white walls, flanked with towers, the graceful minarets, interspersed with solemn cypresses, form a pleasing variety as seen from ship board. On landing, the visitor is much disappointed, as when going on shore at Smyrna or into Constantinople. The streets are crooked, ill-paved and bad smelling. We find the walls to be the work of various races, and styles, the foundations in some places being Cyclopean, whilst the repairs and alterations are by Greeks, Romans, Venetians, and Turks. The slim minarets rise from what were once Byzantine churches, which will bear a fair comparison with those of Constantinople, especially that of St. Georges. Verd antique pillars, various coloured mantles, mosaics of delicate workmanship, and much tarnished gilding, attest their former magnificence. Though the Turks mutilate all statues and reliefs which are easily within reach, it is strange that any symbols of Christianity should be left, when the churches were turned into mosques. I doubt if our reformers would but have been more incoercive. Perhaps it was inertness on the part of the Moslem, for we noticed in one mosque crosses still decorating the capitals of the pillars and in a large mosaic representing Christ's ascension, the figure of the Saviour is partly whitewashed over, whilst those of the Virgin and Apostles are untouched. We had some trouble in gaining admission to the interior of the mosques, more so than is experienced at present, since "tipping," known as "backsheesh," is now a Turkish institution. Of course we had to take the "shoes from off our feet," ere we were allowed to enter; this is a custom which did not incommode the worshippers as they went slipshod. In the mosque of St. Sophia, we saw a beautifully carved chair, in verd antique; tradition reports that St. Paul preached from it, but then the legends of the Eastern church have generally as little foundation as those of Rome. Outside the mosque we also noticed a large rostrum of white marble in one immense block, and we marvelled how it was ever brought there; not more than half of what it was now visible; a large portion of it has been broken off, and it has sunk more than a foot into the ground; it is ornamented with figures cut in relief, but these are too much defaced to allow us to discover what they represented. In the town are three triumphal arches with reliefs and inscriptions. What interested us most were four caryatides in alto relievo, resting on a highly wrought architrave, supported by Corinthian pillars, which are built into the mud walls of a house. Resting on the figures is a beautifully proportioned cornice. Dr. Clark describes these figures as "amongst the finest Grecian sculptures which have escaped the ravages of time." They have been supposed to represent "History," "Helen" and "Ganymede." As we see them they are much mutilated, but it strikes me that they will bear no comparison, either for grace or proportion, with those of the Erechtheum at Athens. Some time after I saw them they were sent to France. Salonica has a mixed and picturesque population of Turks, Greeks, Bulgarians, Franks and Jews, the latter being very numerous; not descendants of those to whom the apostle preached, but Israelites speaking Spanish, whose forefathers were originally drawn from Spain. Their women are famed for their beauty, and justly so, if those we saw in a house where we were admitted to copy an inscription were typical of their race. There is also a sect here, renegades from the Jewish faith to that of Islam; they dress like Turks, but it is rumoured that, in secret, they retain the worship of their fathers; they intermarry and live quite isolated. Popular opinion is not in their favour. The Turks of the Negroponte, the Greeks of Athens, and the Jews of Salonica are proverbially bad. Our visit to St. Sophia might have been attended with serious consequences; we were allowed to enter without an attendant, and after seeing St. Paul's chair, I, having a headache, remained near the entrance, whilst my companion, a crack-brained North of Ireland man, visited the interior, which was rather dark. He was absent some little time, and on his return chucked a

good deal, making a great mystery of what he pretended to have seen. Had I known how he had been employed, I should have considered my life in danger, whilst wending my way to the boat, among so many armed Turks, their yataghans sharp, and the idea of slicing up a Giaour would have added zest to the operation. After we had been some time on board, my quondam companion informed me that he had lately been reading Washington Irving's "Conquest of Grenada," and that, when inside the mosque, he thought himself of the exploit of Fernando Perez, who (with his dagger) nailed a tablet to the door of a mosque, on which "Ave Maria" was inscribed, and that, noticing a tempting slab of white marble, he had drawn on it a cross rising out of a crescent. My slumbers were sadly disturbed that night, and during a still middle watch I expected every moment to hear the fearful sound of a Christian massacre; all was so calm and still, and so close were we to the shore that the Mu-zzin's cry, as it passed from minaret to minaret, was distinctly heard, and as my relief came on deck shortly after daylight, the "Allah il Allah, Allah keria," sonorously, but sweetly chanted, was wafted from the shore by the land breeze. These few sublime words impressed me more than would the sound of a fine peal of church bells. On visiting Salonica some months afterwards, the consul, Mr. Abbott, informed me that the act of desecration had made no stir. I deserved to get into trouble for keeping such company, as my Milesian friend had previously got me into a scrape when at Naples, where having met the "host," instead of lifting his hat, as is customary, he crammed it on his head, grinning at the procession, and spitting at it; the consequence was that we were glad to escape with torn garments, and crownless hats. During our stay at Salonica an incident occurred, showing how much may be effected by bold measures. I belonged to a small man-of-war, mounting a few carronades, and two long twelve pounders. It happened that our Captain invited a few of the principal Europeans on board; he had served with Sir John Gore blockading the French ports, when dashing service was of everyday occurrence. When we landed our party at night the gates were closed, and vain were our entreaties to have them opened. It was a sad business, some of the ladies had babies at home that ought to be nursed, and there were other domestic arrangements to be attended to. To add to the discomfort of the situation it rained, and our accommodation for ladies was small. D utterless it was purely through some misunderstanding that we were not allowed to enter the town, as permission to have the gates opened had been previously given. However, that might have been, our Captain was much incensed at the supposed affront, and that day warped the ship with her insignificant broadside bearing on the sea wall, and within a few yards of it. He then lauded his small detachment of marines, and accompanied by the Consul, boarded the Pasha in his divan, telling him that he had to complain of a great lack of courtesy, and that he would visit the shore with some of his officers in the evening, and should expect to have the gates opened when he wished to return to his ship. Notwithstanding our Captain's refusal of chibouques and coffee, his demand (for it could scarcely be termed a request) was complied with. Though a digression, I may relate how our bellicose commander showed his teeth with more reason. A short time afterwards we were at anchor in Port St. Nicholas of Tea, at the time Capo d'Istria was President of Greece, when a great amount of political persecution prevailed, and when people were not certain whether, after all the sacrifices made by them, they had changed for the better; as one of the Islanders rhymed it in *lingue France*, there was:

Tariffe de questa, Tariffe de quale.
Tariffe de sucre, Tariffe de sale!

There was a tax on everything. One of our boats lay alongside the jetty, when a Teate took refuge in her. A large Greek corvette lay in the harbor at the time, and one of her boats being close to ours, the officer in charge ordered his men to pull the refugee out with a boat-hook; this peremptory proceeding was reported to our captain, who sent a lieutenant with a message to the effect that unless the captive was returned by sunset he would be released by force. The corvette could have blown us out of the water, and carried the flag of brave old Canaris, who had greatly distinguished himself against the Turks. It was he who, after the terrible massacre of 30,000 Greeks by the Turks on the rich island of Scio, destroyed the Capuden Pasha's ship, that monster himself and all his crew, together with an immense amount of plunder. Canaris performed this daring feat of burning a large three-decker in open daylight—his vessel being a merchantman fitted as a fire-ship. Considering what we had to contend with, it may be imagined with how much anxiety we awaited the result. The affair ended peacefully, the prisoner was returned to us, and the honour of our flag being vindicated, he was given up to the authorities.

NOTICE TO LADIES.

The undersigned begs respectfully to inform the Ladies of the city and country that they will find at his Retail Store, 196 St. Lawrence Main Street, the choicest assortment of Ostrich and Vulture Feathers, of all shades; also, Feathers of all descriptions Repaired with the greatest care. Feathers Dyed as per sample, on shortest delay. Gloves Cleaned and Dyed Black only. J. H. LERLANC. Works: 547 Craig St.

EPHEMERIDES.

A notable event in the history of education in the Province of Quebec has just taken place. It is the establishment of a branch of Laval University in this city; or, rather, to use the official designation, it is the University of Laval at Montreal. All the Faculties are to be fully represented, and, indeed, the Professors have already been appointed. The Faculty of Theology is intrusted to the Seminary of St. Sulpice. The Faculties of Science and the Arts—the latter, according to the ancient, but now inapt designation, including Literature—is in the hands of the Jesuit Fathers. The Faculty of Medicine comprises the staff formerly attached to the Victoria College, Cobourg. The Faculty of Law is entirely new, and consists of seven of the leading French jurists of Montreal. The new system was inaugurated with unusual pomp, in the presence of all the Roman Catholic Prelates of the Province, and of the Apostolic Delegate.

A FURTHER change in the same direction is in contemplation, and will soon be carried out. This is the affiliation of all the minor French colleges—St. Hyacinthe, Joliette, L'Assomption, Nicolet, Rimouski, and others, with Laval. These colleges doubtless did much good in their day, and we are assured that they stimulated emulation, which tended to elevate the standard of instruction, but, in proportion to the population, they were too numerous, and it was not to be supposed that each one could have a first-class staff of Professors. Hereafter, while the individual colleges will continue their usual curricula, the degrees will be given only in the name of Laval University, and we presume that the examinations therefor will be conducted after the Laval requirements. This is the plan so successfully carried out in the London University, and imitated after a measure by the University of New York.

In the interests of a higher education, I can, of course, do no less than offer my compliments to those who have brought about this change. But there is one point upon which I may be allowed to express a doubt. It is concerning the expediency of conducting this *ratio studiorum* purely in French. Excepting philosophy and theology, which are to be taught exclusively in Latin, I deem it a mistake to pursue the others only in the French language. Let me not be misunderstood, however, in this delicate matter. I am a devoted admirer of the French language and literature. I have on more occasions than one borne the testimony of respectful wonder to the patriotic tenacity with which French-Canadians have adhered to their mother tongue and the customs of their ancestors. The efforts made, and successfully made, to establish a little world of letters in French Canada, have always appeared to me little less than heroic. But all this does not prevent me from holding that it is unwise to exclude English as the medium of instruction in our French institutions. The reason is obvious enough. This is not a French, but an English country. The more it grows, the more it will be English. English is the language of three-fourths of the inhabitants of the Dominion. It is the prevailing language on this continent. It is essentially the commercial language, even in Canada. The French must always be at a disadvantage if they do not master it, and they cannot master it if they are not taught it. And teaching does not consist in taking lessons in it, but in making it one of the principal vehicles of instruction. The case is very plain when applied to Law and Medicine. The young man who has pursued his course in these only in French, has little or no chance of obtaining practice in Ontario, the Maritime Provinces, or the United States. Even in Quebec he feels his deficiency. If, on the contrary, he has been taught in English, he may go anywhere to try his fortune, and his knowledge of French will be an additional point in his favour.

A GEOGRAPHICAL SOCIETY has been established in Quebec. The founder of it may be said to be the learned and indefatigable Dr. Fortin, M.P.P. for Gaspé. There can be no doubt of two things—the importance of geographical study in the Province of Quebec, to begin with, and of the general ignorance of the subject, even among those who account themselves scholars. Apart altogether from the satisfaction of enlarging our sphere of information in this respect, we are to remember that geographical inquiry, in its broadest sense, embracing, as it does, geodesic, geological, topographical, mineralogical, metallurgical and agricultural topics, must lead in time to important commercial results, and the development of our national wealth. Hence a good wish for the new society.

I WOULD like to say as much for the Historical Society. That of Quebec is "all right," but that of Montreal leaves a great deal to be desired. Indeed, its very existence is a mystery. We never hear of its monthly or annual meetings; we never read of its proceedings. And yet, as it receives a subsidy from Government, the law requires that its deliberations should be made periodically public. The Numismatic and Antiquarian Society of Montreal is doing its best to supply the void of the Historical Society, but that is not enough. Either that institution should give proper signs of life, or else be amalgamated with the Quebec Society, whose Government allowance would then be doubled with fruitful result.

A STEELE PEN.

REVIEW AND CRITICISM.

If there is one man who has contributed more than another to popularize and spread the culture of the beautiful, it is Vick, of Rochester, N.Y. Not only has he brought the cultivation of flowers to perfection, and thereby created for himself both fame and fortune, but he has put forth publications which have instructed and stimulated thousands to the same tastes. Beginning with simple catalogues, he went on to illustrated ones, and has finally culminated in an illustrated monthly magazine, than which nothing more dainty or beautiful could be expected. We heartily recommend this periodical to our readers, and the more that, from several years' relations with Mr. Vick, we can testify that in all dealings one gets entire satisfaction from him. The new magazine will open an era in floral literature, and we wish it every success.

We have received the first number of the *Canadian Spectator*, a weekly journal, published in this city, under the editorial management of Rev. Alfred J. Bray. In appearance—with its toned paper, wide double columns and peculiar type—it is, as intended, a fac-simile of the *Pall Mall Gazette*. Its aim and scope are also similar to those of that well-known organ of British public opinion. In collaboration with the editor are several of our leading writers and thinkers, and we are informed that the list of contributors will not be confined to Montreal. We are favourably impressed with the appearance of the first number, but we do not doubt that experience will suggest numerous improvements, and, at all events, we welcome with sincere pleasure this new accession to the ranks of our higher journalism.

We have no magazine in Canada specially and exclusively devoted to children. This is a want which ought to be supplied, and the only way to supply it is by taking the *St. Nicholas*, an illustrated monthly for boys and girls, published by Scribner's, of New York. It is by all odds the best publication of its kind in the world, and should be largely patronized in Canada. Each monthly number is bright with appropriate literature and art, the illustrations being simply magnificent. Among the attractions for this year is a serial story for girls by Louisa M. Alcott, entitled, "Under the Lilacs." The story is quiet and lovely in feeling, full of life, and of quaint, jolly bits of childhood. It is characteristic of Miss Alcott in her best vein; but it is not intended for young readers of vitiated taste who need, or think they need, sensational stories. The boy in the story is a character that will charm all boys fully as much as its girl readers. The new cover is by the English artist, Walter Crane, the famous designer of "The Baby's Opera" and other coloured picture books, and was engraved under his own eye.

We invite the attention of the Canadian public to *Scribner's Monthly*, the most distinctively American magazine published, which has a large circulation in England, and now, at the beginning of its eighth year, deservedly ranks among the best illustrated periodicals of the world. During the past year several papers have appeared in *Scribner's Monthly* devoted wholly or in part to Canadian subjects; among them a paper on "Canadian Sports," in the issue for August, 1877, by Dr. W. G. Beers, of Montreal, with twenty-five illustrations by Henry Sandham, of the same city. In the same number appeared an illustrated description of a trip through the Maine woods to Canada, entitled "The Babes in the Wood"; and in the October, 1877, number, a paper on "Salmon-Fishing" in the region lying near the mouth of the St. Lawrence. During the year 1878, there will appear beautifully illustrated articles on Cariboo-Hunting, Moose-Hunting, Seal-Fishing, The Thousand Islands, etc., besides a charming paper by John Burroughs, entitled, "Following the Haleyon to Canada."

The first two numbers of the new volume of *The Living Age*, bearing date of January 5th and 12th, respectively, have the following noteworthy contents: "Russian Aggression, as specially affecting Austrian-Hungary and Turkey," by Louis Kossuth, ex-Governor of Hungary, *Contemporary Review*; "Erica," a fine German serial, by Frau von Ingersleben, translated for *The Living Age*; "Humming Birds," by Alfred Russell Wallace, *Fortnightly Review*; "Doris Baraugh," a Yorkshire story, by Katharine S. Macquoid, author of "Patty," etc.; "On the Hygienic Value of Plants in Rooms and the Open Air," by Prof. Max von Pettenkofer, *Contemporary*; "Within the Precincts," a new story by Mrs. Oliphant, from advance sheets; "Florence and the Medici," by J. A. Symonds, *Fortnightly*; "Charlotte Bronte," *Cornhill*; "Heligoland," *Macmillan*; "Rugby Football," *Tatler*; "Forgetfulness," *Spectator*, etc.; together with the usual choice poetry and miscellany. In the next weekly number a new serial by William Black will be begun, from advance sheets, which promises to be his best work.

FERNSPRECHER.—The Emperor of Germany is much delighted with the telephone, which has just been introduced in the postal service in that country. After examining its working, the emperor observed that he had only one fault to find with the instrument. "What is that, sire?" asked the Postmaster-General. "It has not yet received a German name." "Call it 'fernsprecher'!" (farspeaker), suggested the scientist. "Capital!" replied his Majesty, and in future the telephone will be known in Germany as the fernsprecher.

NOTES AND QUERIES.

REPLIES TO QUERIES.

No. 8.—In reply to "Mason's" dictum:—"I wonder any member of the Order could ignore the fact of St. John the Evangelist being the Patron Saint of Masons," (F. A. A. M.) I wonder at such a statement. Freemasonry is universal—embracing in its brotherhood men of all nations and creeds—the Jew, the Turk, the Brahmin, the Buddhist, the Arab, the Persian, and others who do not believe in Christ and his Apostles, but yet fear GOD. Masonic geography embraces within its line of philanthropic affection, all the sons of men, wherever scattered, wherever dispersed—the European, the Asiatic, the American, the African, all who acknowledge the Creator of the universe as the common Father—the Father who is in Heaven. Therefore, St. John the Evangelist cannot be universally embraced by Masons as their Patron Saint. The pillars of our Masonic temples are Faith, Hope and Charity; Virtues in common with all Saints, not confined to any Creed or Clime. They may be called the Trinity of the Globe—Atlas like, they support it. "Three godlike friends—who require no patron, but desire disciples."

REV.

NOTES.

No. 12.—The changeableness of the weather naturally sends one to the Prophets and Prognosticators. Since my last communication I have hunted up the following:—

In the Highlands of Scotland these indications from the wind are said to be still observed and believed.

- "If New Year's Eve night-wind blow South It betokens warmth and growth; If West, much milk, and fish in the sea; If North, much cold and storms there will be; If East, the trees will bear much fruit; If North-East, flee it man and brute."

On New Year's Eve night (1876-77) the wind blew from the West, and a good breeze too; the past year has been noted for an abundant harvest. The Summer was tolerably warm. Mean temperature of the month of June 68°—of the month of July 71°—of the month of August 69°—of the month of September 62°—giving the mean temperature of the four months, upon which depends our harvest of corn and the fruits of the earth, 67 degrees.

On New Year's Eve night (1877-78) the wind blew from the North—From the 5th to the 9th we have had a cold term; and, while writing (Jan. 11), there is every appearance of a storm, the Barometer fully as low as 29.20.

In an ancient calendar of the Church of Rome, called Dies Euphoricus, there is an observation on the 13th day of December, "That on this day prognostications of the month were drawn for the whole year."—Proposita mensura per totum annum. The 13th day of December, 1876, it was very cloudy accompanied by a slight fall of sleet. We all know what 1877 brought forth. The 13th of December, 1877, was also very cloudy and was accompanied also by a slight fall of sleet. What manner of weather is in store for us in the "womb of Time," the "old common arbitrator" will decide.

Some say that if, on the 12th of January, the sun shines it foreshadows much wind. On the 12th days of January 1876-76 and 77, the sun shone in Montreal, but the following days of the week (reckoning seven) were not remarkable for much wind—in fact the mean velocity of the respective months, in the proportion of 12 to 11.

Others predict by St. Paul's Day (Jan. 25), saying:—"If the sun shine it betokens a good year; if it rain or snow, indifferent; if misty, it predicts great dearth; if it thunder, great winds and death of people that year." On the 25th in 1875, the sun shone and it snowed; in 1876, there was no sunshine, the day was thoroughly overcast and there was snow; in 1877 there was sunshine, but neither snow nor rain; we had a good year in 1877 as far as the harvest was concerned, but a very bad year as far as trade was concerned,—lots of bankrupts, general stagnation.

How St. Paul's Day came to have this particular knack of foretelling the good or ill fortune of the following year, is no easy matter to find out. I never heard that St. Paul, though he laboured hard, ever made the science of astrology his study. Gay, in his *Travels*, says, and, perhaps, wisely:—

"Let no such vulgar tales debate thy mind, Nor Paul nor Swinburn rule the clouds and wind." THOS. D. KING.

January 11th, 1878.

FASHION AND SOCIETY.

This column has been opened, and will be kept open every week, for the special behoof of the ladies. In it will be chronicled such incidents of fashionable life and society proceedings, especially in the Dominion, as will interest them.

We begin this week by the latest wedding in Quebec, where one of the fairest daughters of a city proverbial for its handsome ladies was united to the son of a well-known London banker. The bride was Miss Minna Greenshields Rowand, daughter of Dr. Rowand, and one of the leading belles of Quebec society, by reason of her charming graces of manner and person, and accomplishments; and the favoured recipient of her hand and affections was Mr. Ernest T. Hankey, son of a leading London banker, and

nephew of Thomson Hankey, M.P., for some years Governor, and now a Director of the Bank of England. Shortly before 11 a.m., on the 27th December, the invited guests, amongst whom were many leading citizens and their wives, made their appearance, and filed into the front pews, on either side of the centre aisle of the English Cathedral, the organ meanwhile pealing out the festive strains of Scotson Clarke's "Military March." Punctually at 11 o'clock, the bride made her appearance, leaning upon the arm of her father, and was conducted to the communion railing, where the bridegroom was already in waiting, attended by Captain Heigham as "best man," and the other groomsmen,—Captain Short, Mr. P. MacEwen and Mr. E. H. Pemberton. The bride, whose handsome appearance and graceful carriage won general admiration, was attired in rich white silk, trimmed with white silk tulle, and also with white violets and orange blossoms. She wore a handsome veil of Brussels lace, her ornaments being pearls and diamonds. The bridesmaids, who followed the bride, two and two, up the aisle, were Miss Kate Rowand, Miss M. Rowand, Miss Gilmour, and Miss L. Wotherspoon. These young ladies also wore white corded silk, and made a very beautiful appearance. Two of the bridesmaids had on white caps of soft silk, trimmed with lace, and with crimson roses and pearl beads, the caps of the other two being trimmed with blue and silver. Gold ornaments were worn by two of the bridesmaids and silver by the two others. The ceremony was performed by the Lord Bishop of Quebec, assisted by the Rector, Rev. G. V. Housman; the bride being given away by her father. The suitable hymns were very well sung during the service by the Cathedral choir, and the psalm which forms a portion of the beautiful marriage service of the Church of England, was also chaunted with very good effect. As the service commenced, the invited guests left their seats and surrounded the wedding party in the chancel, making a brilliant panorama of colour and beauty. All considered, this wedding was the prettiest that has been seen in Quebec for a long time. While the register was being signed in the vestry, and subsequently, as the wedding party entered their carriages, Mr. Bishop, organist of the Cathedral, played Mendelssohn's well known "Wedding March." At the same time, the Cathedral bells rang out their merry chiming. Immediately upon leaving the church, the party drove to the residence of the bride's father, here between forty and fifty invited guests sat down to a magnificent breakfast. The bride, on the occasion of her marriage, was the recipient of a very large number of valuable and beautiful presents. The happy couple left the city in the evening by special drawing-room car, for Montreal and Toronto. Thence they visited New York, where they were expected shortly to sail for England.

ARTISTIC.

BARTHOLOMÆ'S "Liberty Lighting the World" is nearly completed, and will be placed in the Paris Exhibition next summer. The London Academy pronounced it "a magnificent Colossus."

MEISSONIER is painting for the next Paris Salon a picture to form a pendant to the celebrated "Waterloo Charge." It is an early morning scene, and represents cuirassiers in line of battle, ready for action.

MRS. L. WOLFE, one of the wealthiest residents of Newport, has just purchased the celebrated painting, the "Holy Family," by Knauss. The price paid was \$20,000. The painting was ordered by the Empress of Russia, but declined by her on account of the breaking out of the war.

DELABILLE is at work on a painting for the Paris Exhibition, representing "Napoleon, First Consul in Egypt." The scene is just after a great victory, with the great general on horseback in the centre, General Kieber and staff, and to the right a group of prisoners in the gorgeous costumes of the East.

THE Princess de Metternich has fitted up a Pompeian boudoir at her villa. The walls and ceilings are of pale blue, the panels being occupied by nymphs and goddesses, with a border of light foliage with tritons and cupids. A curiously-wrought lamp of mother-of-pearl hangs from the ceiling, and the tables and stands are of marble, inlaid with gold and tortoise shell. The floor is of mosaic, and finally the bed is of carved ivory, overlaid with mother-of-pearl.

OUR CHESS COLUMN.

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

All communications intended for this department to be addressed to the Chess Editor, Office of CANADIAN ILLUSTRATED NEWS, MONTREAL.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

J. W. S., Montreal.—Letter and contents received. Much obliged. Solution of Problem No. 155 received. Correct.

Student, Montreal.—Solution of Problem No. 156 received. Correct.

Poor Chessplayer.—No Problem No. 254 has appeared in our Column, and your solution does not apply to No. 154. Send another postal.

T. S., St. Andrews, Manitoba.—Solution of No. 152 received. Correct.

E. H.—Solution of Problem for Young Players No. 153 received. Correct.

Sigma.—Solution of Problem 153 received. Correct.

A correspondent has written to propose a Canadian Chess Correspondence Tourney, at the same time offering to draw up a form of agreements, set of rules, &c.

We shall be willing to do all in our power to promote such an undertaking, and shall be ready to publish anything in our Column which may be likely to stimulate our players in the matter. Correspondence Tourneys are not uncommon in England at the present time, and the International Match now being carried on will lead, there can be no doubt, to a desire on the part of Chess amateurs generally to imitate on a small scale this great contest.

Mr. Bird, our Chess visitor of last winter, left New York for England on the 29th of last month. We feel sure that he will be gladly received by his numerous

friends in the old country. His visit, though a short one, was very pleasant to the chessplayers of Montreal, and we do not hesitate in saying that it was altogether productive of good to the cause of the royal game in our city.

We regret to hear of the death of Dr. Gelbfuhs, a very promising young chessplayer who took part in the Vienna Tourney of 1873.

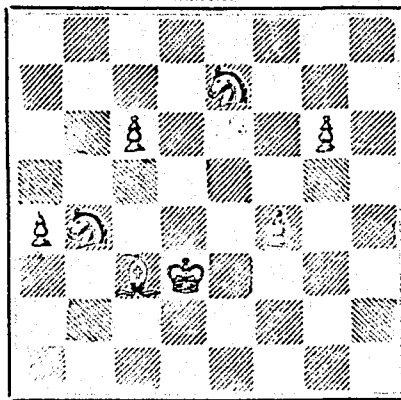
It appears that there will shortly be published in Germany a Chess work to be called the Book of the Andersen Jubilee Congress at Leipzig. From the pleasure we have derived from playing over some of the games contested during the time of this Congress, we feel sure this volume will be an excellent addition to the Chess literature of the day.

PROBLEM No. 157.

By MASTER SAUNDERS, Montreal.

(Under 12 years of age.)

BLACK.



WHITE

White to play and mate in three moves.

The Editor of the Chess Column of the Glasgow News of the Week has kindly offered, through our indefatigable correspondent, J. W. Shaw, Esq., to let us have any of the games of the International Postal Tourney, as far as they have gone, a mail in advance of their appearance in that journal.

We tender our best thanks to our contemporary, and shall be glad to avail ourselves of his courtesy.

The subjoined games, as far as they have been carried on, are two of the most interesting in this contest. They appeared lately in the Chess Column above referred to. When publishing them the Editor added the following judicious remarks:—

THE INTERNATIONAL GAMES.—We cordially invite criticism on all the games of the tourney we may publish, so far as it relates to moves already made. Of course, any allusion to coming possibilities, or any suggestions regarding future moves, will not be permitted, as the impropriety of such a course is obvious.

(From the Glasgow News of the Week, Dec. 22, 1877.)

THE INTERNATIONAL TOURNEY GAMES.

GREAT BRITAIN vs. THE UNITED STATES.

The result of the following games will be looked for with some interest:—

- Game No. 1. Rev. C. E. RANKEN (British) vs. Mr. WM. BERRY (American). 1. P to K4, 2. Kt to K B3, 3. Kt to Q B3, 4. B to Kt5, 5. P to Q4, 6. Kt takes P, 7. Castles, 8. Kt takes Kt, 9. B to Q3, 10. P to K R4, 11. P to K4, 12. P to K B4, 13. B to B4, 14. B takes P, 15. K to B sq, 16. B to Kt3, 17. Kt to K B3, 18. P to Q4, 19. Kt to B3, 20. K to B2, 21. P to K R4.
- Game No. 2. Mr. WM. BERRY (American) vs. Rev. C. E. RANKEN (British). 1. P to K4, 2. Kt to K B3, 3. B to Kt5, 4. B to R4, 5. P to Q3, 6. P to Q B3, 7. P to K R3, 8. B to Kt3, 9. Castles, 10. Kt to R3, 11. P to K4, 12. Kt to K B3, 13. P to Q4, 14. Kt takes P, 15. B to K3, 16. P to B3, 17. B to B4, 18. Castles, 19. B to K2, 20. P to K4, 21. P takes P, 22. Kt to Q B3, 23. P to Q R3, 24. Kt to K B3, 25. P to Q3, 26. Kt to B3, 27. P to K R4, 28. Castles, 29. P takes Kt, 30. Kt to K2, 31. P to K4, 32. P takes P, 33. Q to R5 (ch), 34. P to Q B3, 35. P to Q4, 36. Kt takes P, 37. Q Kt to K2 (ch), 38. Q to Q3, 39. B to K3, 40. P to Q B3, 41. Q to B2, 42. Kt to Q Kt3, 43. K Kt to Q1, 44. K to Q2, 45. Kt to K B4, 46. B takes Kt, 47. B to K3, 48. R to K sq, 49. K to B sq, 50. Q to Q sq, 51. B takes B, 52. Q takes R, 53. Q to Q sq (ch), 54. B to K2 (ch), 55. K to Q2, 56. R to R sq, Resigns.

GAME 234th.

Played two years ago at the City of London Chess Club between Messrs. Potter and Stow, the former giving the odds of a Kt.

Remove White's K Kt (Centre Gambit).

- (Mr. Potter.) 1. P to K4, 2. P to Q4, 3. B to B4, 4. Castles, 5. P to Q B3, 6. Kt takes P, 7. R to K sq (ch), 8. B to K Kt5, 9. Kt to Q2, 10. B to Kt3 (ch) (b), 11. Kt to K4, 12. P to Q B4, 13. P to B5, 14. Kt to Q6 (ch), 15. B to Q B4, 16. Kt takes Kt, 17. Q takes P, 18. P to Q Kt4, 19. B to R4 (ch), 20. B to K Kt3, 21. B takes Kt, 22. R takes R, 23. Q to K B4, 24. B to K sq, 25. Q to Kt5 (ch), 26. Q takes Kt P (ch), 27. B to B7.
- (Mr. Stow.) 1. P to K4, 2. P takes P, 3. Kt to Q B3, 4. Kt to K B3, 5. P to Q4, 6. Kt takes P, 7. Q Kt to K2 (ch), 8. P to K R3, 9. B to K3, 10. P to Q B3, 11. Q to B2, 12. Kt to Q Kt3, 13. K Kt to Q1, 14. K to Q2, 15. Kt to K B4, 16. B takes Kt, 17. B to K3, 18. R to K sq, 19. K to B sq, 20. Q to Q sq, 21. B takes B, 22. Q takes R, 23. Q to Q sq (ch), 24. B to K2 (ch), 25. K to Q2, 26. R to R sq, Resigns.

Notes by J. H. Blackburne.

- (a) Had he covered with either of the Bishops, White would have won a piece by Q to R5.
- (b) A very good move, preventing Q to Kt3 when attacked by the Kt.
- (c) Well played. At first sight it appears as if P to Kt3 would have answered the same purpose, but it is not so, as he could not afterwards have played his Q to B4.
- (d) Black has no escape. The whole of this game is beautifully played by Mr. Potter.
- (e) B to K3 was better, but he would have lost all the three pawns on his Queen's side.

SOLUTIONS.

Solution of Problem No. 155.

WHITE. BLACK.

- 1. K to K B4 Any move.
- 2. Mates accordingly.

Solution of Problem for Young Players No. 153.

WHITE. BLACK.

- 1. Q to K B6 1. B takes Q
- 2. R mates.

PROBLEMS FOR YOUNG PLAYERS NO. 154.

WHITE. BLACK.

- K to Q3 K to K4
- R to K R7 B to K2
- B to K B5 Kt to K Kt sq
- Kt to K B5 Pawns at K B3 K Kt
- Pawns at K B5, K Kt 4. Q3, and K Kt6
- 4. Q5, and Q B1

White to play and mate in three moves.

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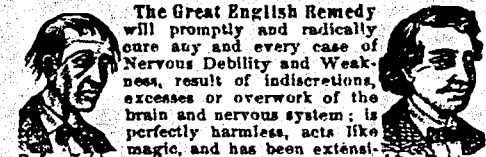
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