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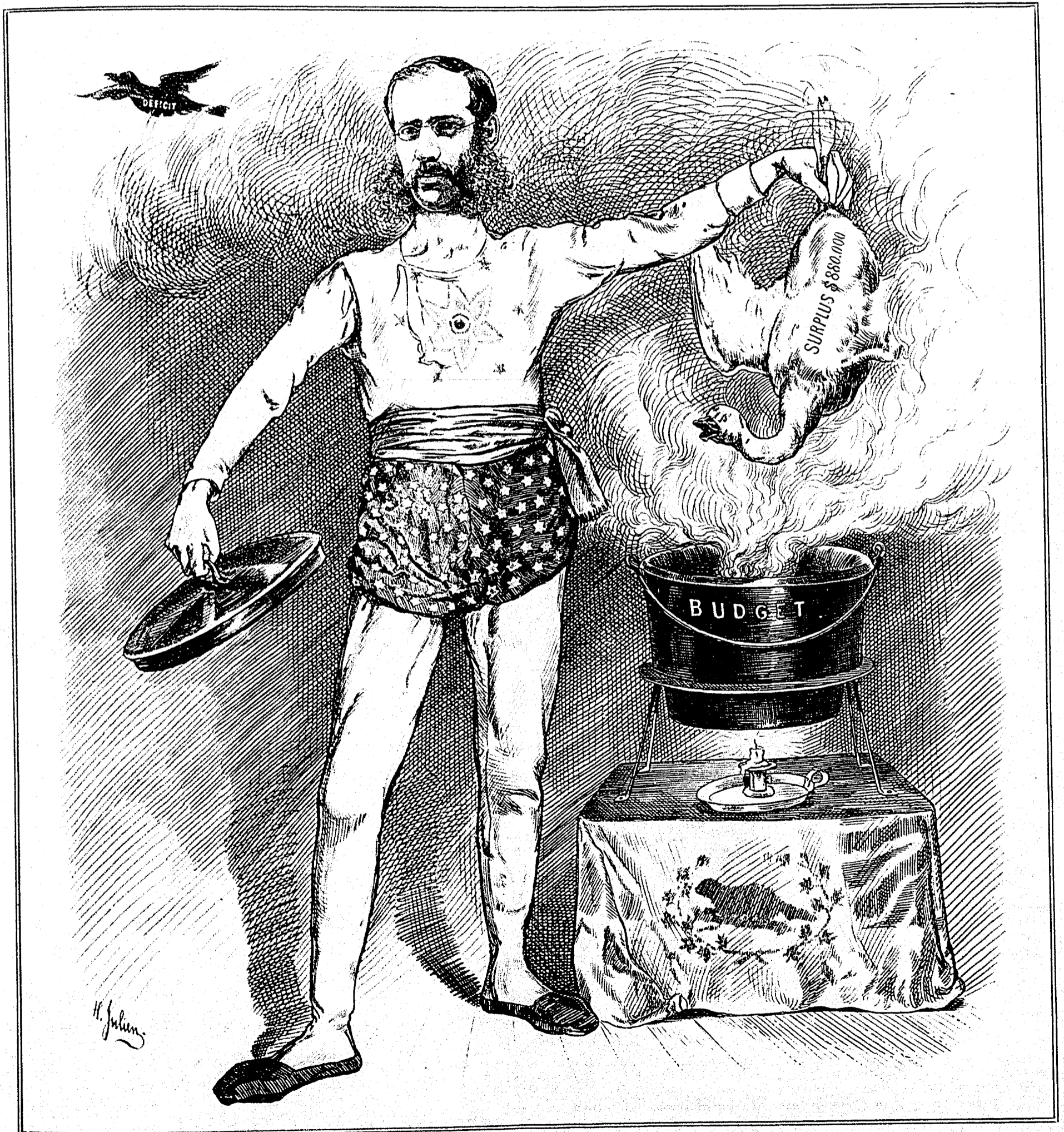
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AMERICAN Wholesale News

VOL. XI.—No. 10.

MONTREAL, SATURDAY, MARCH 6, 1875.

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GOOD COOKING.

PROFESSOR CARTWRIGHT:—You all saw, Ladies and Gentlemen, that this cauldron contained nothing but a hideous crow; now, I produce from it a fine fat goose,—the Goose that lays the golden eggs.

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

All remittances and business communications to be addressed to "The General Manager, The Burland-Desbarats Company, Montreal."

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THE NEW STORY.

In this issue we give a further liberal instalment of WILKIE COLLINS' new story,

THE LAW AND THE LADY.

This story, considered the best yet written by Mr. Collins, was begun in the CANADIAN ILLUSTRATED NEWS of Nov. 7, (Number 19).

Back numbers can be had on application.

We beg to call the attention of News Dealers throughout the country to the fact that we have secured the sole right for Canada of publishing "The Law and the Lady" in serial form.

FIRST-CLASS AGENTS WANTED

for the advertising and subscription departments of this paper. Good percentage, large and exclusive territory, given to each canvasser, who will be expected, on the other hand, to furnish security. Also for the sale of Johnson's new MAP OF THE DOMINION OF CANADA.

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CANADIAN ILLUSTRATED NEWS.

Montreal, Saturday, March 6th 1875.

THE NEW COPYRIGHT ACT.

It is to be hoped that the Bill now before Parliament on this important subject will not be passed in its present shape, nor until it shall have been thoroughly studied by a Committee of the House, and submitted to the criticism, comment, and advice of competent publishers. Any alteration of the existing law, can have no other object than to foster and encourage the printing and publishing trade of Canada, while at the same time the right of the author must be protected, and the interests of the general public be kept in view. Hitherto, the first of these three elements has been sacrificed. The primary object has been, and quite properly, to give the greatest possible freedom to the dissemination of knowledge, and hence for a long time, all manner of literature was admitted into Canada free of duty. Later, the author was protected; inducements held out to him to publish here, and a duty of five per cent levied on books. This was well, when the printing and publishing business in Canada was in its infancy. But now that printing offices are counted by hundreds, and publishing firms by scores, it is time their existence were acknowledged, and their industry protected; and here, let it be remarked, *en passant*, that the Canadian printer and publisher is paying a duty of seventeen and a half per cent on his paper and binding material, and sees the manufactured article, THE BOOK, imported at only five per cent. This already discriminates against him, to the extent of twelve and a half per cent, and favors to that extent the foreign printing trade. The protection of twelve and a half per cent, at present accruing to the British author, is no advantage to the Canadian printer, who must perforce, if he becomes the publisher of a copyright work pay the British author a royalty equivalent to the duty imposed on the American reprint. He thus remains at the same disadvantage of twelve and a half per cent, and the

public are paying twenty-five per cent on the book. The first active principle to be looked for, in the new law, must therefore be the increase and development of the printing and publishing industry of Canada. Legislators need fear no evil result to the public from a bold and effective measure in this sense; competition between printers is keen enough to prevent any rise in the price of books. Let us now analyse the principal clauses of the Bill.

All nations are admitted to copyright. This is as it should be. Some say, the United States do not reciprocate, American authors should not be allowed to copyright; we answer, on the contrary, let them copyright; but make them print and publish in Canada. We go further, we say, *make* them copyright. Discriminate against their American publishers. We proceed. The bill allows the copyright to be granted with the only condition of publication in Canada. We take no notice of the word production, as it is preceded by a fatal *or*. Neither in the 4th nor in the 9th clause, nor elsewhere, does the bill provide that the work be printed in Canada. An American author therefore can appoint a Canadian publisher, print and bind in the States, and issue or publish in Canada, and be protected from Canadian printers. Should it be alleged that the *or* is a clerical error, and that the work to be copyrighted must be produced in Canada, still the clause is insufficient. The production of ten copies would entitle an author to copyright, and then, he can bring in his American edition with flying colours and flaunt it in the face of his astonished Canadian publisher. Then again, *production* is ambiguous. Does it mean printing only, or type setting as well? Stereotype and electrotype plates are admitted free; still, there are many stereotype and electrotype foundries in Montreal, and throughout Canada.

By clause 10, any author may obtain, previous to publication in Canada, an interim copyright of three months duration. And clause 11 provides that if any other person meanwhile prints or imports the work, without the consent of the author, such other person shall be fined, &c. But what about the owner of the copyright? Oh! he can import as much as he chooses. Once he has his interim copyright, he gives his consent to an agent, who can flood the whole Dominion in a week with enough imported books to effectually stifle any Canadian desire to reprint, and should any competing bookseller, seeing the books about the country, import a case of them, Her Majesty's Customs are watching the interests of the cunning author, and collect a fine, half of which goes to him, while, if the books are confiscated by the Customs Authorities, his American publishers have received his and their profit on the invoice, and do not care a straw. The partial privilege granted by clause 15 to the Canadian printer of a work not copyrighted, is so beset with obstacles that it is worthless. Clause 22 contains the germ of a good provision, but here again, the Canadian printer is totally ignored.

We now take the liberty of suggesting a few changes to the Bill, and some additions.

Let the Copyright be conditional upon the printing and publication in Canada of every copy of the work to be circulated in the Dominion.

Every copy should give the name and residence of the Printer and Publisher, as provided by the Act of 1868.

Interim Copyright to be conditional upon immediate publication, and granted only on satisfactory evidence of good faith; as, the contract with a printer. Author not to be allowed to import copies of his work during the term of the interim copyright.

Allow Canadian Publishers to obtain temporary rights on works not copyrighted, as follows: They shall notify the author and the Minister of Agriculture of their intention to publish any particular work, not copyrighted. The Minister will also forward a copy of the notice to the author, who will have three months

delay wherein to copyright. At the end of this time, should the latter have taken no steps to secure his property in the Dominion, the Minister will grant to the Canadian Publisher a copyright of the work for two years. This will enable him to print and sell an edition, and secure him against the surprise of a foreign supply. The three months notice would apply to British authors only. One month would be sufficient notice to American authors, and only intended to put them *en demeure*, so that they would have to come and publish here, themselves, or submit to lose their sales in Canada for two years.

Foreign editions of works copyrighted in Canada to pay a duty of twenty-five per cent., this being only the protection given by the United States to their book-makers. If this duty remain entire in the coffers of the Dominion, it will be a further stimulus to authors to employ Canadian Printers, as they will reap no harvest from imported books.

In this connection, it may be observed that the American tariff of twenty-five per cent. on books, while it has built up an enormous trade, has not made of literature, in the United States, a rare or expensive luxury. No where are books more plentiful or cheaper. Then why not imitate to some extent this policy? It can be done by equalising the duties on books and on papers. Let a duty of seven and a half per cent additional be levied on all books, or reduce the duty on the raw material by seven and a half per cent. In other words, let all books, not copyrighted, be taxed twelve and a half per cent., or give us paper and binding materials at ten per cent.

The fine for infringement of copyright should not be limited to one dollar. Why it should be in any case as low as ten cents, is hard to conceive, unless it be intended to encourage law-breaking in small matters. The minimum should be \$1.00 and the maximum not less than \$5.00—as this sum would only represent one third or one fourth the value of many works which have been and may be issued in Canada. In conclusion, we hope the whole subject of copyright and its influence on the Canadian Publishing and Printing trade will now be thoroughly ventilated, and such a law framed as shall foster and develop this important industry.

THE CHIEF JUSTICESHIP.

A bill has been introduced into Parliament by the Minister of Justice to establish a Supreme Court and a Court of Exchequer for the Dominion of Canada. The Supreme Court is to be presided over by a Chief Justice; he may be appointed from the Judges of the Superior Court or from barristers or advocates of either Province of at least fifteen years standing. The Puisne Judges must be either Judges of the Superior Court or barristers of ten years standing in either Province. The Chief Justice and Judges of the Supreme Court shall be respectively Chief Justice and Judges of the Exchequer Court of Canada and shall reside at Ottawa. The Chief Justice shall rank over all the judges of the Dominion and over the Chancellor, the Puisne Judges ranking equally with the Chief Justice of the highest court in the Province, and the Chancellor of Ontario. The Supreme Court is to hold at Ottawa two sessions annually, the first beginning on the third Monday of January, and the second on the third Monday of June. It shall exercise an appellate, civil and criminal jurisdiction within and throughout the Dominion. After the organization and exercise of appellate jurisdiction of the Supreme Court, parties interested in decisions given by judges in the case of contested elections may appeal to it. The Governor, by and with the consent of his Privy Council, may direct a special case to be laid before the Supreme Court, setting forth any act or bill passed by or brought before the Parliament of Canada

or any provincial legislature. He may also refer the interpretation of the British North America Act of 1867, and any treaty with a foreign State and other matters of similar nature to the Supreme Court, obtaining a certification of that Court's opinion. The Exchequer Court shall have and possess exclusive original jurisdiction save in British Columbia and Manitoba, in all cases in which it shall be sought to enforce any law of the Dominion of Canada, relating to the revenue. Proceedings, unless otherwise provided for, shall be regulated by procedure of Her Majesty's Court of Exchequer, at Westminster, in its revenue side. Any party by complying with certain rules can appeal against a decision of the Court of Exchequer to the Supreme Court. These are the main features of the Act which has already been accepted by Parliament, and which the whole country will hail with satisfaction, as the remedy to a very urgent and serious public want. There are minor technical details to which we need not refer. We prefer adverting to another point not less important than the establishment of the Court itself. We mean the Chief Justiceship. The question has already been freely mooted in the papers. Several appointments have been suggested, all of them good, such as Messrs. RICHARD, DORION and BLAKE. But strangely enough, one name has been omitted, the most salient and distinguished of all. We take the liberty to supply the omission and to urge the appointment of SIR JOHN A. MACDONALD. Of his qualifications there are not, nor can there be two opinions. Genius, tact, thorough professional knowledge, geniality, immense experience—he has them all, beside the dazzling prestige of a national reputation. We believe the nomination would be popular all over the country, with men of every party. It would be the fit crowning of a great career, the proper reward of a lifetime devoted to the public service. If even he did not accept, which we doubt, the offer of the position would be a graceful, generous, noble act on the part of the Government. From a mere party point of view, it would strengthen and elevate the Ministry. From words which escaped SIR JOHN in the debate on the bill, we infer that he himself would have appointed Mr. DORION to that dignity, had he remained in office. Surely his opponents would not be beneath him in disinterestedness.

QUARANTINE.

The Report of the Minister of Agriculture gives us an interesting account of the Quarantine Service of the Dominion.

At the principal station at Grosse Isle, from out of the large fleet of 1,200 vessels that entered the Harbour of Quebec, carrying at least from 50,000 to 60,000 passengers and seamen, it was only necessary to retain at the Quarantine Station four ships carrying 515 passengers. The admissions to Hospital were only 62, and the deaths three. Only 7 deaths were reported at the station as having occurred at sea. These figures show an unusually healthy season, and fall far below the average of preceding years. Dr. MONTIZAMBERT, the Medical Superintendent at Grosse Isle, remarks that similar exceptional seasons have before occurred. Thus in 1859 there were but 92 admissions to hospital and no deaths. In 1860 the admissions were again 92. In 1863, 1864 and 1865, the admissions were only 44, 60 and 33 respectively. These comparatively healthy epochs, however, alternated with others less healthy. Thus the low numbers of 1859 and 1860 were followed by 341 admissions, including 103 cases of small pox in 1861, and by 367 admissions including 137 cases of typhus fever in 1862. So again, the low numbers in 1863, 1864 and 1865 were succeeded by cases of contagious disease numbering 271, 375, 424 and 494 in the four following years. It is specially worthy of remark that although the small-pox prevailed extensively this year at many of the shipping

ports of Europe, not a single vessel entered the Quarantine limits to report a single case on board. This fact, the Minister of Agriculture remarks, is to some extent owing to the very careful inspection made by Imperial Medical officers before vessels carrying emigrants are allowed to sail from ports of the United Kingdom.

At the Quarantine Station at Partridge Island, St. John, N. B., there was also remarkable immunity from sickness during the last year. From among the very large number of vessels inspected at that point, not a single case of infectious disease requiring medical attention was reported.

At the Halifax, N. S., station only 3 cases of contagious disease (small-pox) occurred. One, that of a child, proved fatal. These three cases were all that were reported from the very numerous steamers and other vessels entering the port of Halifax carrying passengers.

At Pictou, N. S., there was no infectious disease; and from the other Quarantine Stations there was nothing specially to report.

These are facts on which the whole country may be congratulated; but, as Dr. MONTIZAMBERT remarks, this healthy epoch may be followed by a sickly time another year. The fact, however, of the great bulk of the immigrants now coming to Canada being carried with the comforts afforded by the present class of splendid steamships visiting our ports, in the short space of ten or eleven days from the United Kingdom, after the careful inspection they are required to undergo before embarking, will likely save us from a repetition of those terrible scenes we had in those dreadful years after the first potato famine, known as the period of the "Irish Exodus."

THE TANNERIES SCANDAL.

The Quebec Legislature has been prorogued, but before terminating its Sessions, the Committee of Investigation into the Tanneries Land Exchange submitted its final report. As this instrument bears a historical interest, its main features are deserving of record in the columns of the CANADIAN ILLUSTRATED NEWS. The Committee was of opinion that the evidence, although to a certain degree conflicting and contradictory, establishes the fact that the Tanneries property is worth from \$60,000 to \$100,000 more than the portion of the Leduc Farm, for which it was exchanged. In the next place, the Committee declares its belief that Mr. MIDDLEMISS secured the services of Mr. DANSEREAU, on account of his personal friendship to the ex-Ministers, and his political influence as a journalist, and that Mr. DANSEREAU lent himself to the arrangement to his own personal advantage and that of Mr. MIDDLEMISS, and to the detriment of the Province. The sum of \$48,000 passed from the hands of Mr. MIDDLEMISS to those of Mr. DANSEREAU, and though the parties declare that this was a loan, the Committee is not satisfied that the transaction was such as described by them. Finally the Committee recommends that an action should be at once taken to cause the Tanneries Exchange to be annulled by the Courts.

This report is satisfactory as far as it goes, and because it gives hope that the proceedings for annulment before the Courts will lead to those further revelations which the restricted powers of the Committee could not reach. At the judicial bar, Messrs. DANSEREAU, COTTE and DUVERNAY will not enjoy the immunity which they claimed before the Committee and the House of Assembly, and legal cross-examination will probably unearth the whole mystery of the miserable transaction. But there is a point which the Committee has failed to make in its report. It should have boldly affirmed the principle that no Ministry has the right to dispose of public property by private barter of any kind. This was the initial wrong in the Tanneries exchange, and all

the Ministers were responsible for it, with the single exception of Mr. ROBERTSON who was absent in England. Not only did Messrs. OUIMET, ARCHAMBAULT and CHAPLEAU blunder therein, but Messrs. IRVINE, FORTIN and ROSS tacitly consented to it. For this they are all to blame, and the Committee should have fixed that blame. If for nothing else, outside of all charges of fraud, the late Ministry deserved public animadversion for disposing of the property in a private and practically clandestine manner.

THE PATENT OFFICE.

We learn from the Report of the Department of Agriculture which has been presented to the Senate, that the business of the Patent Office has nearly doubled within the last two years. This effect is, to a great extent, doubtless, due to the liberal law which threw open Canadian patents to foreign inventors, on the condition of manufacturing in this country. The total number of Patents issued during the year was 1,249. For these there were 528 applicants resident in Canada, 43 in England, 665 in the United States, 3 in France, 2 in Germany, 4 in Austria, 2 in Italy, 1 in Switzerland and 1 in Chili. From these facts, it appears that the applicants for Canadian patents living in the United States, were not only more numerous than those living in Canada, but were actually more than half of the whole. We further learn from the Report, that out of the 204 five-year term patents in 1869, 198 have been allowed to expire, the inventions to which they relate thus having become public property. The Model Room of the Patent Office is one of the curiosities of Ottawa. Admission to it is free, and it is daily visited by the public and consulted by engineers and mechanics for the purpose of study. We learn from the Report that the constant addition of Models is beginning to crowd the very considerable space allotted to them. We think it well to copy the following official reference to a publication which is issued from the same office as the ILLUSTRATED NEWS. "The ILLUSTRATED PATENT RECORD in connection with the MECHANICS MAGAZINE continues to be published in a creditable and satisfactory manner, and is found very useful both by the public and inventors. The arrangement which was made for its publication by Mr. Geo. E. Desbarats, of Montreal, has been transferred to the Burland-Desbarats Lithographic Co., which assumed the business of Mr. Desbarats during the year 1874." We may be permitted to say that we are glad to notice this deserved official appreciation of a most useful publication in a formal state document by a Minister of the Crown.

From the verdict of the jury, it appears that twenty-seven inmates are missing from the Beauport Asylum since the fire, seven of whom are known to have perished in the flames. The remainder probably met the same horrible fate. The question arises whether institutions of this kind should be built out in country places, where there is no adequate provision against a conflagration. This Province is erecting a new Lunatic Asylum at Longue Pointe on Montreal Island. It should be required to supply ample defence against a sudden fire.

The twenty-cent pieces are to be withdrawn from circulation. This is a good move, because these Provincial shillings are a nuisance. It is true they are comparatively few, but there are just enough to necessitate the examination of every quarter of a dollar piece received, in order to prevent mistakes. And the odd thing about them is that while they may be palmed off on you by the dozen, you can not pass them on anybody else.

MUSICAL CRITICISM.

To the Editor of the CANADIAN ILLUSTRATED NEWS.

SIR,—Under the above heading, there appeared in your last issue a letter signed "Critique." Why does the writer not sign "Critique," as he objects to foreign expressions? Of which paper is the signatory critique, as it would be beneficial to some of us whom he calls "grandiloquent, gushingly laudatory, and profoundly ignorant" critics of the Montreal press, *quorum unus*, I will proudly confess to know? We might improve by studying his "puffs," as he calls them. Your readers must first learn from my lips that I am one of those ignoramuses who does not know a dominant seventh from a minor third, but forsooth if you extend the reasoning, is a man not to judge of a picture because he himself does not even know the name of the tints that compose it? We all know the following story, which bears repetition, as it comes *à propos* here:

A young man who could play a little, was, when in society, fond of descanting on music, and whenever the conversation turned on his favourite theme, would ask: "Do you know what is the peculiar feature of the chants or melodies of semi-barbarian nations?"

No one could answer this extraordinary question, when the youth would reply: "That it turned on a diminished third!" This was told with great effect for half a dozen times, until some one ventured to ask that terrible "Why?" He was forced to confess his ignorance, and so do I. After this digression, I may say that I have written some musical criticisms for Montreal papers, that I know others who have done so, and will do my best to answer what appears at first a clever attack upon us, but which will be easily met. In the first place, let not "Critique" premise that because a man writes for a Montreal paper, he is therefore ignorant of every language but plain vernacular English. Not so; there are several among them who know two, three, or more languages, and if they do write, "*Le sabre de mon père*," instead of "The sabre of my father," "*Lieder ohne worte*," instead of "Songs without words," and "*Ah! non giunge*," instead of "Ah! don't mingle," it is not that they want to "air" their knowledge of languages; it is simply because they feel that the power expressed in these words would lose by translation, and they write thus, hoping that there are others who can appreciate their motive, and not traduce it, possibly through spiteful ignorance. With regard to the expression that the performance of an Offenbach overture kept an audience "in a trance of continuous delight," really "Critique" must be, in a way, of the class he dubs "ignorant" if he protests against it. Who can draw larger houses to-day, Offenbach or Beethoven, Lecocq or Mendelssohn? We are confining ourselves to Montreal, although we might extend our limits. Let "*La Grand Duchesse*," or "*La Fille de Madame Angot*," be played here for a single day in one house, and another house attempt to play Beethoven, what would be the result? Would "Critique" attempt it? Yes, Offenbach's music will triumph with the mass, its sparkling notes will keep them in a continuous "trance of delight," whereas daily experience in Montreal records that our citizens are not educated enough to go and listen to strictly classical music. There was once a club here, certainly a first-rate one, which was, as one of the members confessed to the writer, compelled, at the suggestion of those who had brought them here, to introduce some Offenbachian strains into their programme, although they did not wish it mentioned in the notice, as it might hurt them elsewhere. This illustrates forcibly what I say here.

It is because some of us have heard Patti, Kellogg, Nilsson, Lucca, Joachim, Ernst, Vieuxtemps, Clara Schumann, Pauer, Hallé, Ries, and twenty others, that we can judge. We have been educated to hear good music, and envy those who have not. Why, to criticize even "Critique," does he really mean to rank Sauret among the first *violons* of the day? It must be that he has not heard half a dozen others, all superior to him. Why Sauret cannot hold the candle to Mr. Listemann, of the Boston Philharmonic, who so shortly preceded him! We will not attempt to defend the "gush" over the "unpretentious young lady;" it was, we admit, silly, to say the least of it, and was duly protested against by every man with a little common sense. "Critique" seems to have been at great pains to pick out here and there a *lapsus calami*, and then to dub us all with some most uncomplimentary epithets. Yet he must know how often our hands are tied; it is not always possible for us to criticize; we must sometimes "puff" against our will; he does know it, and why consequently saddle the wrong horse? Certainly, if our knowledge were to be gauged by the poor salary he twits us with, then, as we are the worst paid men in this city, might we fairly be considered the most ignorant; but it is most certainly not we who seek to make art ridiculous, and many of us feel a fox gnawing at our very heart when we are compelled to "puff" a performance because the paper has a jobbing and advertising interest in it, although it outrages the eye as well as the ear, or because an editor or a proprietor requires tickets for himself, his wife and children, down to the smallest one, to go and listen to it or witness it.

With regard to amateur performances, it is the custom to give them a fair meed of praise as they are proverbially not criticized, much less found fault with, especially as they more fre-

quently than otherwise are given for some charitable purpose, and my experience has been, that were you to compare every amateur singer of this city to a Patti, every pianist or organist to a Thalberg or a Gretton, he would not be satisfied. They, of all people, expect a "puff," and if it is not given to them, some one writes to the papers next day and does so for them. I can put my hand on two such notices at the present moment. The greatest ignoramus would review at least his English before writing one of them wherein it is written that the choir "lacked animation" in singing something like the "*Stabat Mater*."

To resume, we may not be professional musicians, but we can feel the effects of harmony, appreciate the beauty of melody, and if we were allowed to frankly record our impressions, we should not be so amenable to many of the just animadversions of "Critique."

Your obedient servant,

A NEWSPAPER CRITIC.

HUMOUROUS.

PATRONS of husbandry—Mothers with marriageable daughters.

GILT frames do very well for paintings, but when it comes to "frame of mind" the less gilt the better.

"J. GRAY—Pack with my box five dozen quills." There is nothing remarkable about this sentence; only that it is nearly as short a one as can be constructed, and yet contains the whole alphabet.

"MADAME," said a cross tempered physician to a patient, "if women were admitted to paradise, their tongues would make it a purgatory." "And some physicians, if allowed to practise there," replied the lady, "would soon make it a desert."

A VERMONT girl was left in charge of a drug store for a few moments, and distinguished her brief stewardship by emptying the contents of a vial of sulphuric acid on her head in mistake for "golden hair fluid." She is not attending parties this winter.

A HANDSOME lady entered a dry goods house and inquired for a "bow." The polite clerk threw himself back, and remarked that he was at her service. "Yes, but I want a buff, not a green one," was the reply. The young man went on measuring goods immediately.

A CELEBRATED anatomist being asked, why with his knowledge of the human frame, he could not cure all the diseases of the body, replied, "Unfortunately, I am like a porter who is acquainted with all the streets of the city, but is ignorant of what is passing in the house."

THE following is the recommendation lately given by a lady to her departed servant:—"The bearer has been in my house a year—minus eleven months. During the time she has shown herself diligent—at the house door; frugal—in work; mindful—of herself; prompt—in excuses; friendly—towards men; faithful—to her lovers; and honest—when everything had vanished."

THE BEST THRASHING MACHINE.—A company of farmers, in America, were discussing the relative merits of rival thrashing machines, when they were astonished by the wife of the one at whose house they were exclaiming emphatically that the best thrashing machine she knew anything about was a broomstick. And the husband looked as though he believed her.

THE newest style of cheap advertising was produced lately at Terre Haute. A child of nine began to cry terribly at the corner of a street till the crowd grew larger and larger. Nothing would he say till it became larger still, when at last he called out quite loudly, so that all might hear, that they might take him home to "19, Avenue Road, at Smith, the bootmaker's, who had recently received a fresh importation of kid shoes from Paris, at from ten to fifteen dollars a pair."

"Jock," said a farmer to one of his workers, one Sunday, after the return of the latter from church, "whaur was the text to day?"—"I dinna ken," answered Jock; "I was ower lang in gaun in."—"What was the end o't them?"—"I dinna ken; I came out afore it was done."—"What did the minister say about the middle o't them?"—"I dinna ken, I am oot afore it was done."—"What did the minister say about the middle o't them?"—"I dinna ken, I am oot afore it was done," replied Jock; "I slept a't the time."

A CERTAIN Bishop in the House of Lords rose to speak, and announced that he should divide what he had to say into twelve parts, when the Duke of Wharton interrupted him, and begged he might be indulged for a few minutes, as he had a story to tell which he could only introduce at that moment. "A drunken fellow was passing by St. Paul's at night, and heard the clock slowly chiming twelve. He counted the strokes, and when it had finished looked towards the clock and said, 'Hang you! Why couldn't you give us all that at once!'" There was an end of the bishop's story.

THE American poet-laureate Smith did this as his second effusion after recovering from the measles and capped books:—"Oh! if my love offended me, and we had words together, to show her I would master her, I'd whip her with a feather! If then she, like a naughty girl, would tyranny declare it, I'd give my love a cross of pearl, and make her always bear it! If still she tried to sulk and sigh, and throw away my posies, I'd catch my darling on the sly, and smother her with roses! But should she clench her dimpled fist, or contradict her betters, I'd manacle her tiny wrists with dainty golden fetters! And if she dared her lips to pout, like many pert young misses, I'd wind my arms her waist about, and punish her with kisses!"

VARIETIES.

MR. GLADSTONE has discontinued his subscription to *Hansard's Debates*. He sent an order to that effect to the publisher on the very day on which the correspondence between him and Earl Granville appeared in the papers. This fact seems to show that he has really determined to retire permanently from the political arena.

A *mot* of M. Taine is being circulated in Paris. The conversation having turned upon the liberty of higher education. M. Taine expressed himself in favor of that liberty being accorded, though aware the clericals will alone be able to take advantage of it, at all events for the present. "One can burn oneself with petroleum," he said, "but no one has ever been drowned in holy water."

THERE are no less than seven hundred and fifty-four periodicals, either daily, weekly, monthly, or quarterly, published in Paris alone at the present moment. There are 53 of them addicted altogether to theology, 63 to law—and it must be remembered that the first law journal published in Paris appeared in 1820; before that time there was none; 61 to fashions, 69 to medical subjects, and in 1850 there were but three. A few are the organs of particular classes, as, for instance, the *Whip*, the *coachman's organ*; the *Leather*, that of the shoemakers; the *Gazette des Cordoniers*, treating entirely of dance and dancing.

OUR CANADIAN PORTRAIT GALLERY.



No. 225. HON. HECTOR FABRE, SENATOR

FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY GRENIER.

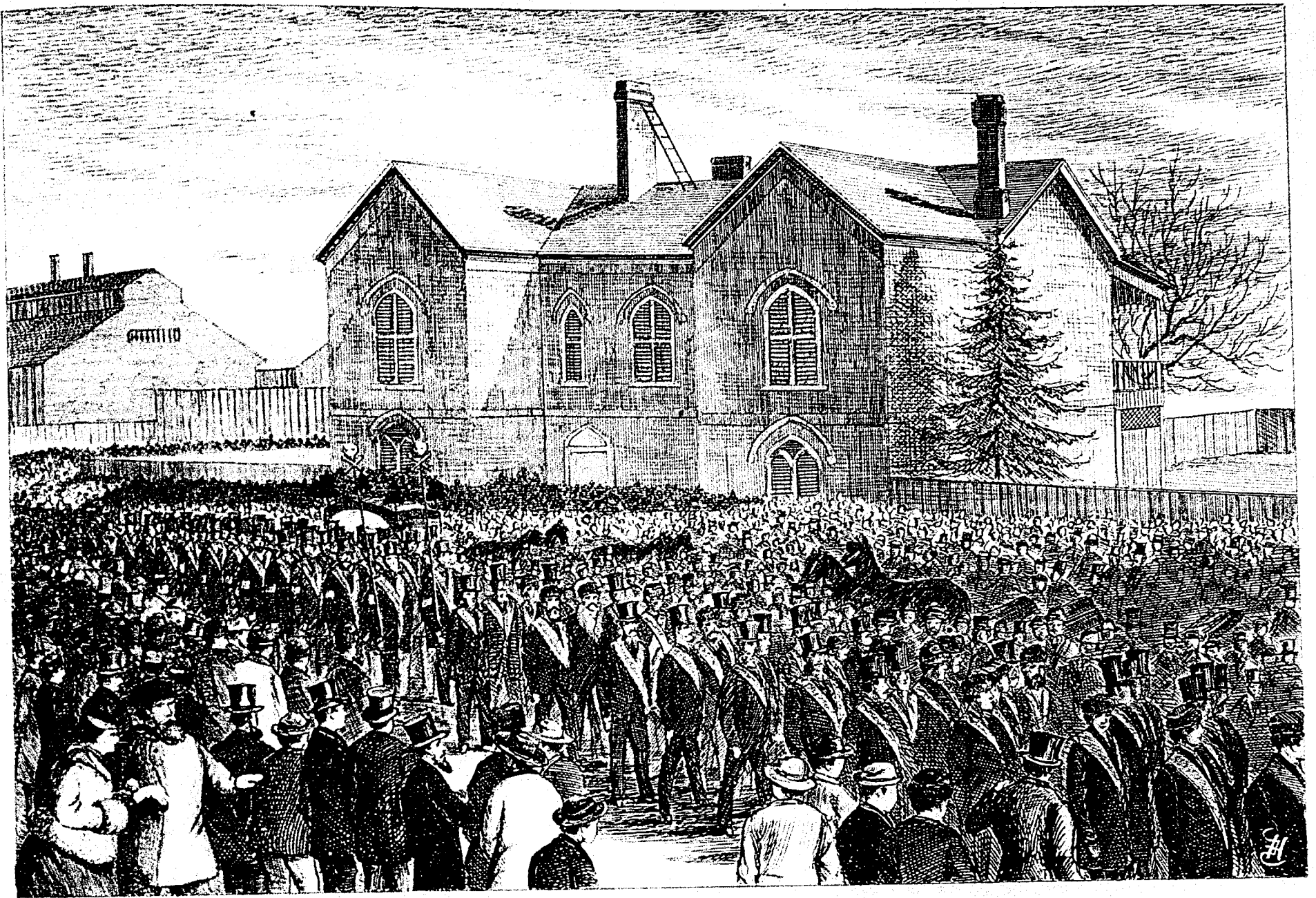


No. 226. THE LATE WM. MOLSON ESQ.

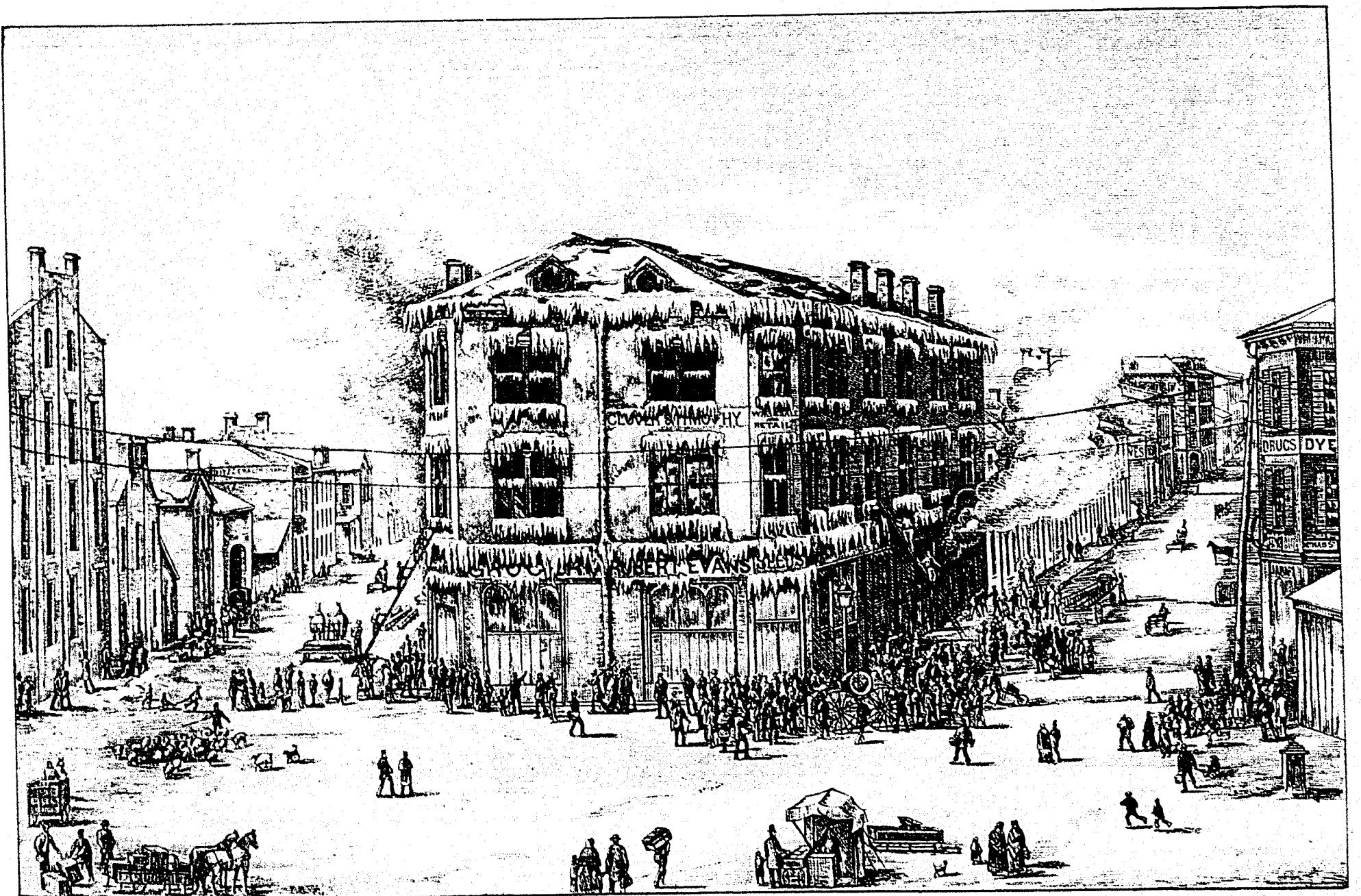
FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY NOTMAN.



THE SICK PARADE.
SIX MONTHS IN THE WILDS OF THE NORTH-WEST.



TORONTO: THE FUNERAL OF THE LATE DARCY BOULTON.—FROM A SKETCH BY F. M. BELL SMITH.



HAMILTON: SKETCH OF NICHOLSON'S BLOCK, THE MORNING AFTER THE FIRE.—BY J. G. MacKAY.

[For the CANADIAN ILLUSTRATED NEWS.]

THE ENGLISH EMIGRANT'S ADDRESS TO CANADA.

Land of the setting sun, our future home!
Toward thy shores what countless thousands roam
Over the waves, with hopes and spirits high,
To seek their fortune, 'neath thy smiling sky;
For there are riches spread on every hand,
To tempt the daring of the venturesome,
Who bring stout hearts, and willing hands to wrest
The treasures, scattered o'er thy mighty breast.

Land of the grand, the wondrous, and sublime!
Of monuments that brave the hand of Time
For they are Nature's own, and wondering man
Beholds, but may not imitate her plan:
Thy own Niagara leaping down the rocks
With roar that Heaven's own dread artillery mocks,
Nature's great masterpiece, is deemed of worth
To rank among the wonders of the earth.

Land of broad rivers, and of hoary woods,
Of fertile plains, and pathless solitudes,
Depths of the forest, that to human eyes
Have never yet revealed their mysteries.
Where never foot of hunter through the glade
Hath started those who lurk beneath its shade,
The bounding moose, without a pang of dread,
May there uphold his proudly altered head.

The timid hare her meal in peace may take
Contented, nibbling in the cedar brake;
While in the higher lying beech wood found,
The chattering squirrel, plays his pranks around:
Carefully hoards he up his nutty store,
And still unsatisfied returns for more,
While the brown partridge tremulous, and shy,
With whirring pinion seeks her perch on high.

'Tis ours! within these wilds a home to make,
'Tis ours these sleeping forests to awake,
To make their gloomy depths repeat the sound
The civilizing axe shall cast around.
Each creature that now lords it in the shade,
Shall add its quota to our growing trade,
And soon our happy homesteads shall arise
Where the dark spruce now towers to the skies.

Where the green moss now carpets 'neath our tread,
The golden corn shall yield our children bread;
The emblematic maple too, shall pour
Its sweetness, adding to our varied store.
And soon throughout the confines of the land
Schools, factories, and churches, there shall stand;
Science shall thrive, and Art shall have its place,
To shed its lustre on the coming race.

Dear to the parent isle we now forsake,
Dear by a filial tie we cannot break,
Dear to our hearts the very waves that roar,
And beat with sullen force her rocky shore.
Dear are her old historic homes, (and here
Our own loved birthplace claims the falling tear,
As yonder kingly river to the sea
Flows, so our memories Mother Land to thee!

Yet now to thee, adopted land, we turn,
For thee our hands shall strive, our bosoms burn,
The love we bear our motherland shall be
No hindrance to our loyal love for thee.
We'll leave behind us records bright of fame,
That one day those who then shall bear our name,
As viewing monuments our hands may rear,
Their cry shall be, while they our glory share,
"How honest and how brave our fathers were!"

* St. Lawrence

M. J. WISE.

[For the CANADIAN ILLUSTRATED NEWS.]

GUY'S FORTUNES AND MISFORTUNES.

BY BELLE CAMPBELL

(Continued from our last.)

II.

It was indeed as she said. The wide field was covered deep with snow, the top of which was smooth as glass. The icicles hung in thousands from the branches of the trees. The sun shone upon them brightly, making them sparkle like diamonds in gas-light. It was one of those days, of which we have quite a number during our Canadian winters, when one's whole attention is divided between admiring the fancy-like scene, and endeavouring to maintain that erect posture that nature has given to the human species. Nettie and Guy discovered that if they stepped firmly enough to break through the crust of the ice, there would be less liability of falling. Accordingly, they left a double row of tell-tale foot-steps (one a very tiny one) all across the common. They were so happy in each other's society that they laughed gleefully like children at every step, and then crunched the snow with more vigour to avenge themselves. At last the charm was broken.

"Alas! Nettie, how could I ever give you up?"

"Give me up! Oh! Guy, you are not going to leave me just when I am in such dreadful trouble," cried Nettie, unconscious at the moment that she was acting directly opposite to her intentions. She came out with the purpose of being very distant and unloving indeed, but she gave in at the first word.

"Trouble! Have you any trouble besides our mutual one?"

"Why, Guy, papa is in great danger—something is wrong with his business, I don't know what, and he not only separates us, but insists on my—my—"

"What, for heaven's sake?"

"He says he can only be saved by my marrying Ernest Hamilton."

"And he is so selfish, so inhuman—"

"Guy!"

"Forgive me, darling, I was carried away by the horror of the idea. But surely, surely, he will never insist upon this sacrifice?"

"He does insist upon it."

"And you will obey?"

"Never, never! Oh! how can you think such a thing?"

"Bless you, dear one, I didn't think it. But, Nettie, the cloud is not so black as it looks. Your father is a first-rate man of business.

Dougald told me that the idea was current that something was wrong, but such faith do your father's employees put in his management that they think there is hardly any doubt of his coming out all right in the end. Depend upon it, your father exaggerates his difficulties in order to get your consent to the union he has set his heart upon."

"Oh! do you think so? You make me so happy, dear Guy. Now there is nothing for me to do but be steadfast in my refusal of Ernest Hamilton. Do you know, Guy, he frightened me so terribly the other day!" and she shuddered at the recollection.

"Frightened you! The villain!"

"At that moment, a shadow fell across the path directly in front of them, long and narrow, and was gone in an instant. Guy did not notice, but Nettie started and clung to his arm.

"What is it love?"

"Did you not see it?"

"What?"

"A shadow right in front of us. There, there it is again!"

They both stopped and looked around, but saw nothing but the wide, snow-clad field, destitute of any human forms but their own.

"It was nothing, dear. The shadow of a tree, or some one passing along yonder fence. But what matter who it was!"

"Oh, nothing. A guilty conscience makes a cowardly heart, you know, and I should not be walking here with you. But I was going to tell you how I was frightened. Well, Mr. Hamilton called the other day and asked me to be his wife. I, of course, refused."

"Of course. Well!"

"We had rather a stormy interview. He was furious—acted perfectly wild; would you believe it, he threatened you."

"Threatened me! ha! ha! ha!"

"And me!"

"You! The coward, the unmitigated, cowardly rascal!" Guy raised his voice as he spoke, and clenched his hand.

"Hush, dear. I told you he was furious, and didn't know what he was doing. He is very hot-tempered and revengeful, and my object in telling you at all was to warn you, and I have only succeeded in making you as bad as himself. Oh, dear!"

Guy laughed.

"Poor fellow," he said. "On second thought, I don't wonder at his being wild at losing you. I should go mad."

"You goose!" said Nettie, slapping his hand with the tassel of her muff, "But promise me you will be careful."

"I promise I will never walk on the public streets without arms and a body-guard."

"Oh! Guy, I wouldn't laugh at your fears, however groundless."

"You are an angel; and I, if not quite the opposite, am a heartless wretch."

"Very well. That will do. Now I want to hear this wretch's history."

"A very wretched history it is, Nettie. But aren't you tired?"

"Tired of all this sorrow. Do you see that house away off there? That's where I'm going, and it's growing dusk, so begin at once."

"My story is not a long one, and can soon be told."

"My father is a Scotch gentleman—laird of a beautiful estate in the Highlands—in Argyshire. Ah! my home, how beautiful! I am his eldest son, but have had the misfortune to offend him past forgiveness. Consequently, he has broken the entail, made my younger brother his heir, and sent me off with merely an annuity."

"Oh! my poor Guy, how dreadful. What could you ever have done to justify such an act?"

"Nothing to justify it, Nettie, but something to excuse it. My father had a ward—a strange girl. I never liked her. She was tall, dark, and handsome, but her beauty was of that kind that repelled rather than won one's regard. Her manners were cold, and she had a way of pressing her lips together so tightly that you could hardly see them. When she was annoyed or angry, she always became pale, and her dark eyes flashed like fire. However, my father loved her dearly, and she, I believe, returned his affections. To this young lady I was destined by my father to be married, but—"

"Married! Oh! Guy."

"But feeling that she was not the wife fate had ordained for me, I declined. My father never forgave me, and as I was so unfortunate as to have inspired Barbara with an affection for me, of course she was wounded, and ever after seemed bent on injuring me in every possible way. Her influence with my father was very great, and to that influence, whether unjustly or not, I ascribe my father's act. How she ever came to care for me I don't know. I always avoided her."

"Very easily explained," said Nettie, "She couldn't help it!"

Guy squeezed the little hand on his arm and smiled, then sighed and said,

"Well, she is my brother Edgar's wife now, and mistress of Benarven House. Oh! Nettie, it's such a heavenly place. The green woods, the lovely lawns, the pretty lake, the faithful, loving cottars, my fine hunters and hounds, and the dear, dear old house—once an old castle, Nettie—mine no more!"

Nettie clasped her two little hands round his arm, and turning a tear-wet face towards him, murmured with a little sympathetic sob, "Poor Guy! Dear Guy!"

Guy shook himself savagely. "Ungrateful!" he cried, "By losing it all, have I not gained you, a thousand million times more dear? I bless

the day when I and my faithful Dougald left home."

Nettie beamed through her tears. "Tell me about Dougald," she said.

"Dougald McNab was my father's steward. He loves me dearly, good old fellow, and at the time my father disinherited me, he was melancholy, after the death of his wife, and gladly came with me. He has one daughter—rather a remarkably pretty and well-educated girl for her station, and they live in a little cottage in Brockton. He works in a certain store, for the express purpose of bringing me tidings of the proprietor's daughter."

"Oh! Guy, you are a perfect intriguer. What is his daughter's name? I must call and see her. I suppose she knew you when you were a boy."

"Her name is Flora. We played together when we were children."

"Happy Flora!"

"In spite of that great good fortune," said Guy, laughing. "I don't think Flora is happy. She seems delicate, and looks like her mother, who died young, of a rapid decline. Besides, Flora can't bear the sight of me. She runs away from me whenever I come near the house. I presume she is angry at me for being the cause of her leaving home. She has not yet found any one to compensate her for what she left behind, like I have. Whatever the reason may be, I know she has developed a great disliking for me, and from being the kindest, merriest little companion, she has become cold and strange."

Nettie looked up at him oddly. Perhaps she recognized the disease from the symptoms. She only said, "I must certainly see her. You will be my guide some day soon, won't you? Here we are, and you must go. I am going to stay all night with Alice Rose. You have seen her at our house. Isn't she nice? Mercy, it's quite dark, and I was to be there at three o'clock. What a delicious afternoon we have had. Good-by, dearest!"

"But, Nettie, when will I see you again? Your father does not know anything about me. Do you think it would make any difference if he did?"

"I think so, love. I'll tell him."

"Stay! I'll call on him to-morrow, bold as a lion, and tell him myself. Shall I?"

"Oh, do. Come to-morrow, by all means. There, I've rung, so you must go!"

He did go, leaving a very blushing young lady on the door-step, waiting to be let in. He turned after walking a few steps, and whispered,

"To-morrow, darling!" But she had gone in. To-morrow! Alas, to-morrow.

(To be continued in our next.)

NEW PUBLICATIONS.

THE LAW AND THE LADY.—Of the merits of this latest story of Mr. Wilkie Collins, we have nothing to say to our readers, as they have been able to judge of it for themselves in the columns of the CANADIAN ILLUSTRATED NEWS, where it has been appearing in serial form, by special arrangement with the author. We shall confine ourselves to a well deserved commendation of the energy of the house Hunter, Rose & Co., which has quietly gone to work to build up its share of a national literature in Canada. By judicious selections of popular works, by handsome printing, and reasonable prices, it has succeeded in creating for itself a reading community, and establishing a publishing business on a remunerative basis. In this initiative and this skilful business management, the Toronto firm deserves high praise and liberal arrangement. The work before us is altogether creditable to them and we heartily recommend it to the public.

THE BEECHER TRIAL.—We have the second and third parts of this verbatim report of the great trial. A glance at the proceedings, as thus brought together in serial form, reveals the extreme importance of this case, apart altogether from its merely sensational aspects. These volumes show conclusively the existence of a morbid aesthetic feeling in certain American communities which goes far towards explaining many of the anomalies of American social and political life. For this reason, the work is worthy of a place in the student's library and to the legal community, to whom we specially commend it, it is invaluable. The pamphlets are well printed, the matter is clearly laid out, and the price—50 cents a number—is very moderate.

PENN MONTHLY.—The number for March gives us a second paper on National Education, remarkably acute and practical. Biological Research in the United States is another of those useful and solid articles which the PENN MONTHLY has made a specialty. We shall also call attention to the contribution on the Hygiene of the Eye. Among the other papers are Charles Kingsley, the Greville Memoirs and Epochs of History. The review of the Month is full and very impartial in tone. There is no partisan bias whatever, but a fearless adherence to principle which is unfortunately very scarce in all Americans publications whether weekly or monthly.

* The Law and the Lady. By Wilkie Collins. Toronto: Hunter, Rose & Co., 12 no. 381 pp.

† Theodore Tilton against Henry Ward Beecher, &c. Published in parts during the Progress of the Trial. Mc Divitt, Campbell & Co., 111 Nassau St., N. Y. Parts II & III.

(For the CANADIAN ILLUSTRATED NEWS.)

"A MUSICAL TREAT WITH OUR AMERICAN COUSINS."

Musical festivals are common enough in England, but musical conventions lasting several days, have not as yet become popular among the lovers of music, in Canada. Why we are so far behind the Americans in working for a high standard in music is a mystery, unless it explains itself in this way, that musical students decline to put their shoulders to the wheel and work.

In reporting this convention, I can only notice the general progress that the event serves to mark, and to draw such lessons from it as concern the general musical reader.

The Fifteenth Annual Convention of the Northern New York Musical Union, recently given in Malone, was one of more than usual interest. Coming at a stated period it serves as a sort of mile stone to mark our road towards the best and highest in art. It showed that the standard of excellence in choral music has advanced very much. From all that I can learn, what would have satisfied the Union three or six years since, would not now pass the criticism of its own members. Much less would the audiences of the present Convention be pleased with such work as the Union was then able to offer, showing plainly how much the standard of performance and the stand-point of criticism have both advanced.

In combination of talent, I am safe in assuming that it far excelled any musical entertainment ever given in Northern New York, particularly, when mentioning such artists employed as Mrs. H. M. Smith of Boston, who has few superior among American sopranos; Miss May Bryant, "whom our musical readers will remember accompanied the Boston Philharmonic Club through Canada," and whose rich contralto voice and prepossessing manners made her quite a favorite. Mr. Barnabee, a fine singer and humorist of the highest order, added much to the variety of the Matinees and mirth of the Concerts.

Mrs. M. D. Shepard, as a piano accompanist, is certainly worthy of all the praise which she has achieved, in New England, and last but not least, must be named the celebrated Beethoven Quintette Club. Add to this an effective chorus of over two hundred voices, under the direction of Prof. L. O. Emerson, and something like a just opinion of the strength of the Convention may be formed by those who were not there to enjoy the music which it furnished. As an example of the material taken up for performance and the manner in which it was rendered, the Forty-Second Psalm, by Mendelssohn, is deserving of note. In actual performance, the Union showed greater precision, a more careful training, a far better understanding of the intention of the composer whose work they had in hand, and a much finer sense of expression, than one would expect.

In this, as well as in parts like the solo in the "Inflammatus," Mrs. Smith's magnificent voice was exhibited with rare purity, fully sustaining her high reputation as a singer; and as accompanists the Beethoven Quintette Club were all that could be desired. In the rendering of such pieces by the Club as (Quintette) "Adagio" Op. 81, by Beethoven, and Schumann's "Traumerei," we cannot imagine greater variety of coloring or tone creations, greater perfection and feeling than they expressed in rendering such music. In this way, we are shown how the great works of the masters may be sung and played; raising the standard for the love of good music, and not be contented with anything less. The essential lesson we may derive from all this is that as a people we ought to appreciate talent, see the value of study and patient labor, adding our aid in promoting something of the same kind in Canada; thereby, helping to put a bar to weakness, superficiality, and pretence, opening up to our students of talent a world of the beautiful from which they would never afterward willingly be shut out.

F. E. K.

PARLIAMENTARY.

MONDAY, FEB. 22.—In the Dominion Senate, the Hon. George Brown gave his long-promised explanations on the Reciprocity Treaty negotiations. The debate was adjourned.

Mr. D. A. Macdonald on moving the second reading of the bill for amending the postal regulations, gave the necessary explanations as to the provisions. After an interesting debate the motion was adjourned.

Mr. Mackenzie laid on the table papers relating to the outlawry of Louis Riel.

The House then went into Committee of Supply, and passed a number of items.

TUESDAY, FEB. 23.—In the Senate, the debate on the Reciprocity Treaty was continued.

In the House of Commons, Mr. Vail presented a partial report from the Militia Department.

Mr. Cartwright introduced a bill to amend the Bank Act.

Mr. Fournier brought in a bill to establish a Supreme Court and a Court of Exchequer for the Dominion.

The House went into Committee of Supply and finished the estimates, with the exception of items reserved.

WEDNESDAY, FEB. 24.—The expulsion of Riel was moved by the Government and carried with an overwhelming majority.

THURSDAY, FEB. 25.—There was a long and exciting debate in the Committee of Supply.

FRIDAY, FEB. 26.—A rather personal debate on emigration matters.

SATURDAY, FEB. 25.—Recess.

OUR ILLUSTRATIONS.

GREAT FIRE AT HAMILTON.

A couple of weeks ago, the large red brick building situated on the corner of York and Macnab streets, known as Nicholson's block, became a prey to the flames. The stores in this building were occupied by Messrs. Pennington & Co., dealers in paint and oils; Evans, seed merchant; R. C. Cooper, grocer, and Kerner, a saloon keeper. The Brigade was promptly on the spot, and as usual, worked with a will. It was an intensely cold night, and the water froze as it fell, coating all the firemen with a sheet of ice. The smoke caused by the paint and oils was very dense, and it was with the utmost difficulty that work could be done; besides, the only entrance that could be used to reach the seat of the fire was blocked up with boxes and other things. The firemen appreciated greatly the kindness of Mr. Cuzner, in throwing open his house to them at 4 o'clock in the morning, as the night was one of the coldest that even in this terrible cold season has occurred for some time. He also kindly provided them with hot coffee, and other refreshments. The Chairman of the Fire and Police Committee (Alderman Matthews) was on the scene of action all the time, and attended to the creature comforts of the frozen out firemen by having breakfast prepared for them at the Derby House, an excellent idea and one which should be occasionally imitated in Montreal and elsewhere. The ruined block presented a most picturesque appearance, with the sun shining on the large icicles hanging on the roof, and it will scarcely be necessary for the citizens of Hamilton to go to Niagara to see the effect produced by the spray on the trees there, with the spectacle at present to be seen in their midst.

GOOD COOKING.

Our very handsome front page cartoon needs no explanation beyond what is supplied by a careful inspection of it. Notwithstanding his own gloomy vaticinations, Mr. Cartwright has given us a fair surplus, and we are satisfied therewith, without entering too closely on the respective merits of his or Dr. Tupper's financial views.

HON. HECTOR FABRE.

The new Senator was born at Montreal, in August 1834. He performed his studies at the Seminary of that city, the College of St. Hyacinthe and that of l'Assomption. He studied law with his brother in law, the late Sir George Cartier, and was received at the Bar, after passing the usual examination. Later, he opened an office in Montreal, but did not practise long. Journalism had a special attraction for him, and after being associated with several papers in Montreal, he founded *l'Evenement*, of Quebec, which he still edits, and to which he owes his political position. Mr. Fabre is a sparkling and elegant writer, one of the few masters of the French language in Canada. He is moreover the type of the refined gentleman, popular with his opponents, as he is endeared to his friends. He has travelled much in Europe, and is in every respect an accomplished scholar.

I CONFETTI.

The carnival always reigns in Rome, with its illuminated streets, its *moccoli*, lasting three days, and the showers of flowers and bonbons, and the loud laughter, and the smiles of women and all the capricious poetry of a day of liberty in the land of the sun. Coniuck, the artist, has seized one of these scenes of the Roman Carnival. Three women, delicious in their costume of the Trastevere, from the height of the stone balcony where they are reclining, throw roses and confetti on the passers by. The confetti are sugar plums which the most valiant, if not the prettiest of the three, gathers in her apron and flings by the handful on the backs or in the faces of pedestrians. And who would refuse to receive from that charming arm a shower of the candy hail? How truly lovely she is in her sculptural beauty, dark, superb and elegant in form. Beside her, her companions appear timid and hesitant. One of them, with a sweet coquetry, drops a flower which a cavalier will pick up under the balcony. The other, with a half-smiling, half frightened movement, withdraws slightly into the back ground, to avoid a bouquet sent from below. Never was a trio more attractive, and more worthy of being admired. Launch your Confetti, and fling your spring roses, O Trasteverine, with eyes so bright! All passes, all fleets away, and you will find that the carnivals of life have their Lenten periods, as the sugar plums which you throw have their bitter kernels. Meantime, smile, love and be beloved, and make the promenaders say that you are three Graces reclining on a balcony of the Via del Popolo, in the beautiful weather of a Martedì Grasso.

THE CANADIAN PYRAMID.

Our double page speaks for itself. We wish it would circulate by the hundred thousand. No better emigration advertisement could be devised. The figures of Canada's prosperity carved on every stone have been minutely verified, and may be relied on. Mr. Cartwright is a sphinx, and may have his forebodings. But he have non Canada is destined to be great.

THE FUNERAL OF D'ARCY BOULTON, ESQ.

The obsequies of the late Mr. Boulton took place at Toronto, on the 18th inst., and were among the most imposing ever witnessed in that city. The deceased was born at Perth, Ontario, on

the 20th March, 1825. In 1847, he was called to the Bar of Upper Canada, and in 1873 created a Queen's Counsel. He had an extensive practice, and was distinguished for the earnestness with which he threw himself in the cause of his clients. He was a prominent and active member of the Orange fraternity. In 1870, he was unanimously elected Grand Master of Ontario West, and in the year following was appointed Deputy Grand Master of British America. In 1873, he formed one of an important delegation which went from this country to Glasgow for the purpose of being present at the Imperial Grand Council. The Council conferred upon him the distinguished honor of making him its President. During the past year, Mr. Robert Kerr was appointed as a Deputation to the Imperial Council, which also met in Glasgow, the result of Mr. Kerr's visit being that power was given to the Provincial Chapters of Eastern and Western Canada, to form one Grand Black Chapter for British America. A preliminary meeting was held in Belleville, for the purpose of organizing, and on that occasion, Mr. Boulton was unanimously chosen first Grand Master. His parliamentary career was brief. He contested unsuccessfully North Simcoe, in 1861, North Grey, in 1867, and Muskoka in 1872. He was returned for South Simcoe in 1873, and reelected for the same constituency at the last general election. In disposition the deceased was kind and amiable, and his courteous bearing made him a general favourite.

WILLIAM MOLSON, ESQ.

The late William Molson was one of the most prominent figures in the history of Montreal, and, indeed, his name is associated with the growth of all Canada. He died at the ripe age of 82, honored by an immense circle of friends and transmitting the bright name of a public benefactor to posterity. He accumulated vast wealth in manifold industries, but he made a noble use of it by patronising charities and education. The Montreal General Hospital and McGill College bear living and lasting tokens of his princely generosity. Mr. Molson, lived a quiet, retired life, never having had the ambition to enter on a public career.

SIX MONTHS IN THE NORTH-WEST.

The extraordinary pressure on our space today, forces us to remit a number of papers and articles, among others the narrative of adventure in the North-West. Next week, however, our readers will have a continuation of this interesting history, and a full account of our Special's comic strayal from camp, as sketched in the present issue.

MARGINALIA.

The English completely distance the rest of the world in wearing an eye-glass. It is worn only by the Englishman of a certain class, and he generally dons it as he asks a question, or on entering the room where there is anybody to see him.

Boston proposes a convention of bald men, to be held next month.

The Committee on the bill for a tunnel between France and England has elected M. Martel, President, and has asked the British Government to supply it with the documents in its possession relating to this question.

Garibaldi wore the traditional costume when he was sworn in the Italian Parliament—a red shirt, white mantle, and blue cap embroidered with gold. When he answered in a clear voice, "Giuro" ("I swear"), there was a burst of applause and cries of "bravo."

It is said that the Arctic regions, in which, we suppose, Iceland and Northern Norway may be included, will be the fashionable resort during the coming summer. Among the other notable personages who, it is expected, will venture across the charmed circle of ice and snow, is the Prince of Wales.

The "white cravat" agitation still reigns; in Paris without this tie on state occasions, no young man on entering life can expect to gain admission either into the elegant or the serious world. Under the First Empire and the Restoration, black satin was the favourite cravat; it was considered stoical and military. However, after the death of Charles X. in exile, according to the modern fashion for French Sovereigns to die, the aristocracy decreed the white cravat, and since 1837 it remains the social law of the land.

We extract this from the *Paris Journal* of Friday, the 5th February: "People are speaking in Paris just now of an Englishman, Sir Thomas Carlyle, who was created poet laureate by the Queen during the year 1874."

An English physician during a lecture to a female audience, on the use of alcoholic beverages, asserted that the "babies of London are never sober from their birth until they are weaned."

The oldest inmate of the Invalides, a veteran 92 years old, expired last month. He had taken part in all the campaigns of the Great Napoleon, who had made him a brigadier in the 9th Regiment of Hussars, and his breast was covered with medals commemorative of the brilliant victories he had taken part in. This old *grog-nard*, as Napoleon might have called him, was buried with the military honours due to the "great in war."

A Paris authority says there is nothing more difficult for a woman to do than to sit gracefully

in a carriage. The lorette lies down at full length; the strong-minded woman crosses her legs; the bourgeoisie sticks up her knees; the waiting-maid leans over the side, and the high-bred lady holds herself as she ought to do without either carelessness or stiffness, and looks as though she had been born in a carriage. Hardly the right place for such a transaction on the part of a lady mother. But accidents will happen in the best regulated carriages.

At a recent fancy dress ball a gentleman's costume is described as that of "A man of letters." This is the individual's notion of convenience for thinking and writing:—"Short breeches and velvet coat, both black. Hose of grey silk. High-heel shoes. Lace cravat. Tricorn hat."

It is thought that this Session the debates in the English Parliament will be more scantily reported by the daily press than last year, and that the after-midnight debates will stand little chance of more than a few lines. It is not because time presses, but on account of the inexorable demand of space. The tendency to curtail the debates, which has been remarked in all the daily papers, will go on increasing. Would that our Canadian papers followed this good example.

The single grain of wheat, picked up as it fell from the Prince of Wales' hand at Reading by Mr. Deller, of Newbury, five years ago, has grown to such an amount as this year to be drilled into sixteen acres of the Prince's farm at Sandringham.

Permission has been granted to the 44th Regiment to wear the Sphinx, with the word "Egypt" underneath, as a badge on their forage-caps.

DON ALFONSO, who had permitted Lhardy, the cook of Madrid, to come down to the seat of war to prepare a banquet on the occasion of his name day, has, we learn, sent away the *chef* and his assistants, declaring that he will, during the campaign, only fare like any other soldier. He has not been brought up in a bad school, and his bit of manhood was from a British school.

AN Englishman calling upon Voltaire, one day, the latter, in conversation, almost fulsomely began to praise Dr. Halley. The Englishman, with some reluctance, remarked that Dr. Halley had no very high opinion of him (Voltaire), "Ho! no matter," replied Voltaire, "we have both been mistaken."

BRELOQUES POUR DAMES.

We present our fair readers this week with some very pretty styles, quite new in this country and just ordered from Paris for their special behoof.

Please look at those velvet corsages in figures one and four, representing front and back view. Can anything be more simple and yet more elegant? This corsage, adjusted in front and closed in at the waist, is a flat basque gradually diminishing to the hips and lengthening out in a long square basque behind. A valance forming a point at the base, springs from under the arm, depends below the basque, and is garnished with fringe of pearl, as, indeed, is also the contour of the vest. A bias of faille, encased in a cordon of pearls, adorns the two fronts and the basque, as well as the lower border of the sleeve. A rich pearled passementerie covers the sleeve. The back, the angles of the front and the seam of the side are ornamented with designs or figures of pearl. The collar is turned down in faille.

And the cuirass Stella, in figures second and third! How finely modelled! How elegantly fitting! This cuirass, with flat basque, is adjusted behind by the seam of the middle and that of the sides. It is closed in front down to the waist and adorned at the neck by a little straight color. The whole of the lower contour and the rounds of the arm pits are trimmed with pearl guipure. A passementerie of pearl is disposed high in front, on the basque and on the back.

A grand visiting costume is displayed in figure the fifth. It is of gros grain faille, in purple of two shades. The skirt is trimmed in front with two high volants, the first below of the lighter shade, and the second of the darker shade. Both are plaited in great flat folds. This skirt, tight at the waist, forms behind a long flat train of the lighter shade. On this train, two high volants are detached similar to those in front of the skirt, and giving glimpses, through the space which separates them, of the light tone of the skirt.

The corsage is of the same material and tight fitting. It is variegated by a soutache of jet pearls, and covered behind by a sort of long stole equally adorned with a very rich soutache terminated by a long fringe of jet pearl and surmounted by three macarons of braid. Two false sleeves cover separately the shoulders and the arms. From them issue long pagoda sleeves largely rounded and ornamented with the same fringe as the stole. The hat is of deep purple velvet adorned with a passe of light shade and a knot of similar ribbon. A long purple plume, fastened by a dove's wing, covers a part of the hat and falls behind on the cadogan.

Our next figure, the eighth, represents a costume adopted to the drawing-room, the dining-room or the theatre. The skirt-apron and corsage are of very fine pearl-grey faille with gooseberry-green stripes. This charming stuff is quite the fashion at present. The skirt has four equal volants, superposed and so arranged as to have the green stripes forming a border. The apron is manifold in front and knotted behind a little under the basque of the corsage. The corsage has basques with slightly rounded points in front and forming double basques quite pointed behind. The

sleeves are of medium width, without any ornament in front of the corsage. The hat is the shepherdess shape of grey felt, almost white, adorned with a large knot of black velvet, fastened by a silver buckle and a plume of the color of the dress.

And now for our little girls ten years of age! I have none, my dear readers, but most of you doubtless have. Figure seven represents dress and jacket of lapis lazuli velvet, short and plain skirt plaited in great flat folds. The jacket is crossed in front. The sleeves as well as the jacket and the left side of the skirt are adorned with a band of Chantilly lace.

We have a visiting costume in figure the eighth. The dress is of verdegis silk. The skirt is set with volants. The mantilla is of slate-colored cloth rounded at the sides. The sleeve is adorned by a large flat reverse of black velvet falling very low. A double row of buttons is on the breast, and the turn-down collar is of the same material as the sleeves.

Another visiting costume in figure nine. The dress is of velvet, colored grey as the cockchafer's wing, the skirt plain, flat in front and behind, and plaited like large organ pipes. The apron is rounded in front and knotted behind by a great knot with ends falling under the basque of the corsage. The corsage is quite tight at the waist, buttoned straight in front and prolonged in a round basque on the hips, with undulations. Behind, there is a minever band bordering the edge of the skirt as well as the apron, the extremities of the end of the knot behind and, the contour of the basque. The same fur is worked upon the sleeves.

In figure ten we have a morning cap of coquettish form, with three rows of fluting and a bow in aigrette.

All these beautiful costumes are recommended to the study of the lady readers of the CANADIAN ILLUSTRATED NEWS. They are stylish without being eccentric, elegant without being costly, and not difficult to make up.

GABRIELLE.

DOMESTIC.

NOVELTY APPLE PUDDING.—One pint sweet milk, four eggs beaten to a froth, one teaspoonful of soda, a little salt, flour enough to make a stiff batter, four large apples chopped; stir well; bake in deep tins; serve hot, with butter and sugar.

BREAD PUDDING.—Boil one pint of milk, with a bit of lemon-peel; when it has boiled, take out the peel, and stir in a quarter or a pound of butter, some nutmeg and sugar; when the butter is melted, pour over it four ounces of grated bread; cover it; when cold, add three eggs well beaten; butter a dish, and pour this in just as it goes to the oven.

ONION SOUP.—Slice a couple of Spanish onions, roll them in flour, and let them take a turn or two in the saucepan, with plenty of butter. Before they begin to colour add as much water as you want soup, and pepper and salt to taste. Let the whole boil till the onions are thoroughly done; then pour the soup into the tureen over some small slices of stale bread; and a good sprinkling of grated Parmesan cheese, and serve.

SPRING SOUP.—Spring soup may be made of a knuckle of veal—allowing a quart of water to each pound—with four calves' feet, a little cold ham, or salt and cayenne, simmered slowly for several hours. Add, then, two quarts of young green peas and a pint of asparagus tops, previously boiled with the juice of spinach and other green herbs or vegetables, and a quarter of a pound of butter rolled in flour. Boil up together, and serve.

POOR AUTHOR'S PUDDING.—Flavour a quart of new milk by boiling in it for a few minutes half a stick of well bruised cinnamon, or the thin rind of a small lemon; add a few grains of salt, and three ounces of sugar, and turn the whole into a deep basin; when it is cold, stir it three well-beaten eggs, and strain the mixture into a pie-dish. Cover the top entirely with slices of bread free from crust, and half an inch thick, cut so as to join neatly, and buttered on both sides; bake the pudding in a moderate oven for half an hour, or in a Dutch oven before the fire.

RICE BISCUITS.—Mix together three pounds of wheat flour and one pound of rice flour. Put this in a pan, make a bay or hole in the middle; rub in by degrees one pound ten ounces of loaf-sugar, and half a pound of butter; make the whole into a dough, three-quarters of a pint of milk with an egg or two, dissolving first in the milk one ounce of volatile salt. Roll out the dough into a sheet about the sixth of an inch thick, cut out the biscuits with a plain round cutter, about three inches in diameter, rub over the tops with milk, and throw them into rice flour, place them on buttered tins, so as not to touch, and bake in a moderate brisk oven.

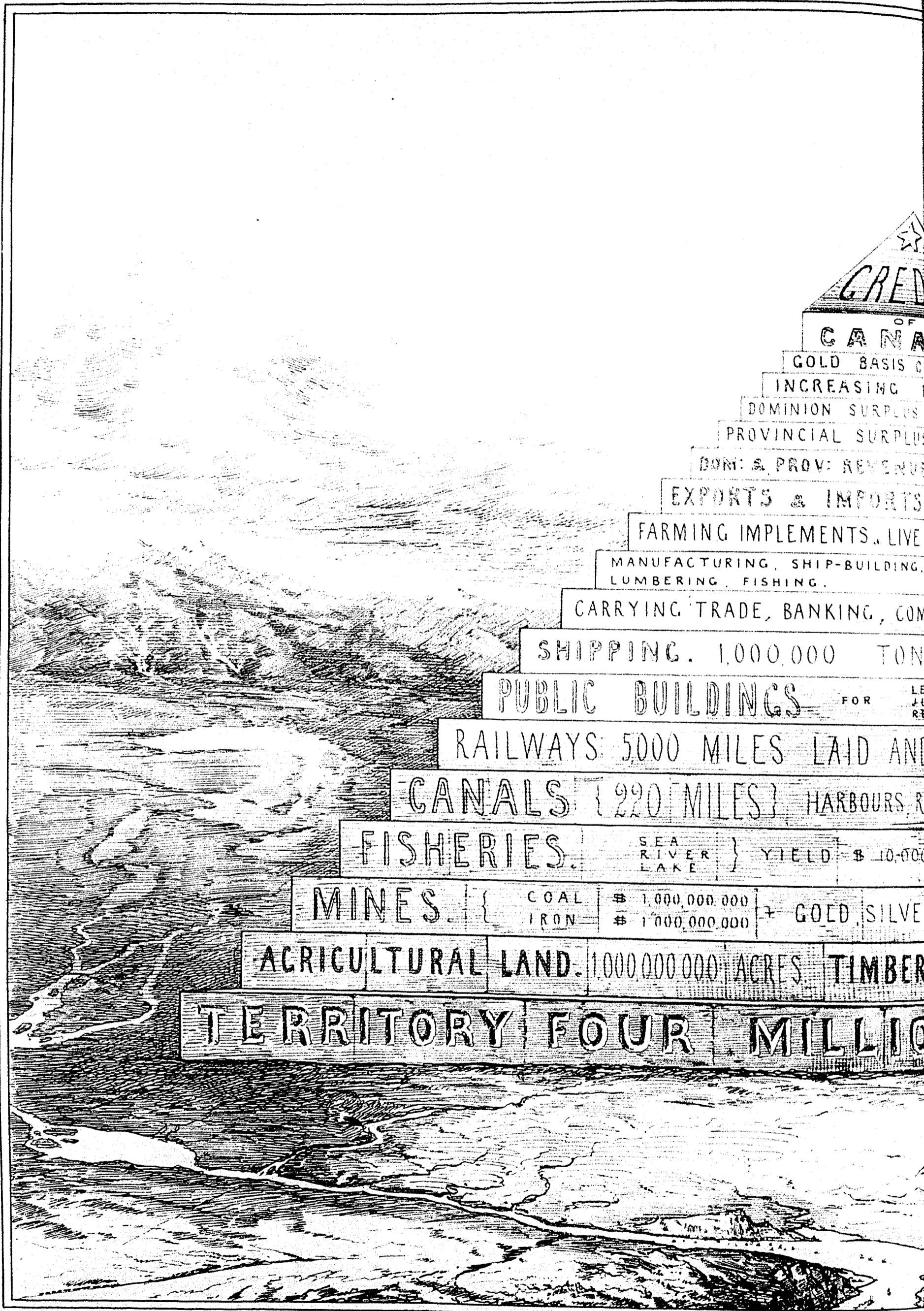
COVENTRY PUFF.—Roll out your paste in a sheet about half an inch thick, and cut it in square pieces, according to the size you intend your puffs to be; roll it out rather thin; put some raspberry jam in the centre; fold up the sides so as to form a three-cornered puff; turn it over, notch the edges with a knife, and ice them, by first washing them over with white of egg that has been whisked to a froth; then dust them well with finely powdered loaf-sugar, and with a brush sprinkle them with clean water, just sufficient to moisten the sugar. If you sprinkle them too much, they will appear as if they were not iced at all, as it washes the sugar off again.

ARTISTIC.

THE subscription in France for a monument to Auber has so far advanced that the committee have purchased a site in the cemetery of Père la Chaise.

THE death is announced in Paris of the Danish painter, Professor Daniel Herman Anton Melbye, who was the most successful artist that Scandinavia has produced since Thorwaldsen, and by sheer good fortune had risen to be the most fashionable sea-painter in Europe. Almost ignored in eclectic art-circles, he enjoyed boundless popularity, especially in France, among the wealthy and discerning furnishers of great houses.

A manufactory of paintings bearing the forged names of celebrated French artists has been discovered in Switzerland. Courbet, who appears to be the most sinned against of the painters, announces his intention of hereafter putting a private mark on his pictures that may be recognized by his friends. Very little idea is had by the general public of the extent to which the traffic in forged pictures is carried. The men engaged in it are possessed of much ability, and the imitation of the style of favourite masters is almost faultless; indeed, in some cases it is almost impossible to detect the difference between the counterfeit and the original.



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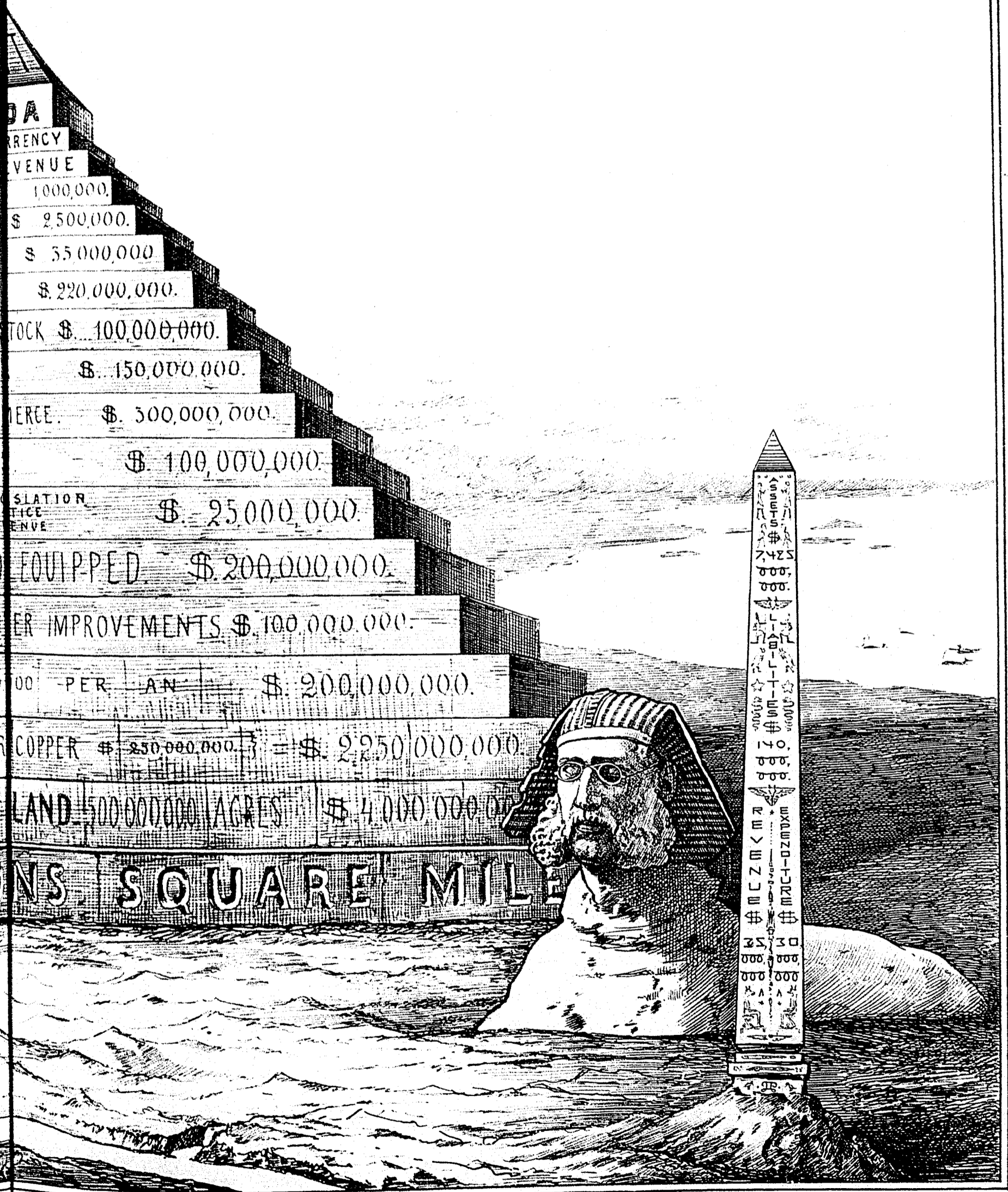
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Obelisk with hieroglyphs and symbols, including dollar signs and numbers.

CANADA'S CREDIT.

"TE DEUM LAUDAMUS."

"We praise Thee, O God; we acknowledge Thee to be the Lord," &c.—Book of Common Prayer.

To Thee, O God, we joyous raise
Our voices in a song of praise.
As Him who over all has sway,
To Thee we hearty homage pay.
With reverence all the earth to Thee,
Eternal Father, bows the knee.
All Angels, and all powers on high,
Aloud to Thee in concert cry.
Ever to Thee ascends the hymn
Of Cherubim and Seraphim,
O Holy, Holy, Holy Lord,
The God of hosts; the rays which poured
Abroad are by Thy majesty,
With brightness fill immensity.
These praise, whose whom Christ gave command
To preach His Cross in every land.
These praise, those who before made known
The coming of the Anointed One.
These praise, those who held fast the faith,
And their lives loved not to the death.
The Holy Church, in every place
Unites with heart to seek Thy face,
The Father of a majesty
Extending through infinity;
Him whom we for our Saviour own,
Thy glorious true, and only Son;
Also the Spirit who imparts
The balm of joy to bleeding hearts.
O Christ, to Thee we praises sing;
Thou who of glory art the King.
Ere time its course began to run,
Thou of the Father wast the Son.
Thou when to save man Thou didst come,
Abhorred at not the Virgin's womb.
When o'er death's bitter agony
Thou hadst obtained the victory,
A place in heav'n Thou didst provide
For all who in Thy blood confide.
Thou sittest at God's right hand on high,
Clothed with the Father's majesty.
Thou shalt return, and righteously
Shall quick and dead be judged by Thee.
Help, therefore, on Thine own bestow,
Saved by Thy blood from endless woe.
A place appoint them, Lord, we pray,
Among Thy saints in endless day.
Thy people send deliverance,
And bless Thine own inheritance;
Rule o'er them by Thy mighty power,
And lift them up for evermore.
We magnify Thee day by day,
And worship Thy great name for aye.
Help us, O Lord, that this day we
May from all sin ourselves keep free.
Thy mercy, Lord on us bestow,
Who merit nought but endless woe.
Lord cause to shine on us Thy face,
As in Thee all our trust we place.
Lord, I have trusted in Thy name,
Then let me ne'er be put to shame.

Metis, Que.

T. F.

(For the CANADIAN ILLUSTRATED NEWS.) FROM WINNIPEG TO OTTAWA IN WINTER.

III.

The traveler who performs his 220 miles of staging and freezing over the interminable prairie between "Garry" and Moorehead or Fargo, will find that the accommodations afforded by the hotels, in either place, are sufficient to make him forget even a Dakota stage drive. Fargo is on the Dakota side of the Red River, and Moorehead is on the Minnesota side. Both are places which have sprung up within the last four or five years, owing their origin chiefly to the Northern Pacific Railway, the western limit of which is now Bismarck. All of these towns possess the newspaper peculiar to the country and the climate—fierce and personal in politics, flourishing with advertisements, and "backed up" by the County printing in each case. Moorehead like Fargo is a town in the prairie with a busy population, who, in spite of great mercurial depressions, work summer and winter, keeping matters as lively as if the places were seaport towns, with arrivals every day from the out-world. On the morning of the 27th January, I left Moorehead by the day light train of the Northern Pacific Railway, and reached Brainard about 200 miles distant, about six o'clock in the evening. Three years ago, Brainard was a city of several thousand inhabitants. The pines still grow in the middle of the streets, and there is much that is "primeval still to be seen in the place where the lordly stump yet holds its own. The place has continued to go down since the first rush. It is the centre of a good lumbering region, the country tributary to it being the sections at the head waters of the Mississippi, but the land is of little account for farming. The inevitable newspaper of Brainard with "Life, Spice and Brainard forever," as its motto, does its utmost to keep up the struggle to make Brainard a second Chicago, but the work is very difficult and the success very miserable.

That portion of Minnesota through which the Northern Pacific Railway runs is wholly unfit for agricultural settlement. It is a forest of pine, spruce, tamarac and occasional oak, and to this fact is attributable the inability of the Northern Pacific Railway Company to go on with the extension of their tour westward. They have, it seems, tried various expedients to raise money enough to go on with the work of construction eastward, and although they have been subsidized by the United States Government with a magnificent land grant, they are unable to take advantage of it. The lands in their possession now available are unfortunately for them unsuitable to agricultural settlers. Their country is unquestionably rich in timber, but the lumberman with his axe divests rather than improves the country. In their embarrassment they have made a proposal to the United States Government by which they offer to transfer to the government at Washington all the land not disposed of by the Company if the former will guarantee six per cent on the bonus. It seems the United States Senate are opposed to acceding to this pro-

posal, and how the difficulty is to be overcome is a problem for the future. The inability of the St. Paul and Pacific Company to construct the 130 miles of the St. Vincent and Glyneden Branch of their line is to be regretted as much by the Canadian people as by those South of the boundary line. This inability as many erroneously suppose has not arisen from any desire of the St. Paul and Pacific Company to keep the people of Manitoba from railroad communication with the people of Minnesota and Dakota. The difficulty has arisen wholly within themselves. The contractors who undertook to construct the main line and its branches slyly their work to DeGraffe & Co., well-known railroadists in the West. Ample means were furnished by the Company to the chief contractors to go on with the St. Vincent Branch, but it seems that the first contractors were also interested in the construction of the Northern Pacific Railroad, and that some of the funds intended for the first company were applied to paying the debts of the other. The sub-contractors were thus unable to obtain upwards of \$600,000, which should have been paid to them on account of construction. The Company referred to pay Messrs. DeGraffe the \$600,000 due them on the grounds that they had already advanced the money to the chief contractor, and they did not know Mr. DeGraffe in the matter at all. DeGraffe & Co., ultimately obtained from Congress a lien on the road to the extent of the claim and they refuse to go on with any more of the work unless they are fully secured in their outlay. In the meantime, the Ottawa Government do not feel disposed to push the 65 miles of Railroad known as the Pembina Branch between Winnipeg and Pembina until this difficulty has been settled.

KANUCK.

THE SCIENCE OF HARMONY,

AND PROFESSOR E. A. ROBBINS.

It is useless to state that music is an essential part of modern education. The art is taught more or less superficially, in every school. But hitherto, harmony has been considered out of reach, too mysterious and difficult for any but professed musicians. And now, after going through a course of lessons with Prof. Robbins, we wonder at the simplicity of the science, and its adaptability to beginners, as well as to trained musicians; and we admire the mathematical symmetry and truth of a system, which can be taught and learned as rapidly, as it impresses itself indelibly on the mind. We are induced to speak, thus favorably of Prof. Robbins' system, in the hope and desire to see it introduced in all our schools, colleges, and academies.

Mr. Robbins has made the study of Harmony a specialty, for many years, and not only brings ripe scholarship to bear upon his teachings, but also a rare genius, which throws light upon every difficult point, and wins comprehension from all who come under his instruction. Coming among us, an entire stranger, (except by reputation), and unheralded, he has, within a few weeks past, in a quiet way, achieved what might in our city be called a great success, and has proved, by private lessons to a number of our musical gentlemen, and by a course of Lectures at one of our finest R. C. Schools, (Hochelaga)—that the numerous, and remarkable testimonials bestowed upon him, by the profession from cities and towns in the States, were but a just tribute to the system and its author. Mr. Robbins makes Harmony the legitimate basis for all musical development, and has at heart, as his lifework, the introduction of it into the schools as a scientific study. Being so simplified, that it may be taught, even to the children, who are but just able to read, they grow up—thoroughly educated musicians, able to harmonize pieces for four voices. Those who are already studying the piano or organ, may put the Harmony into technical practice, through his piano work—the *American Method*. We cannot too earnestly, urge upon our great Canadian schools, the importance of securing to themselves this system, which applies to all branches of practical music, and is in reality a pressing need, as well as an economic, and artistic measure. Our wealthy congregations, with their numerous schools, scattered thickly over the entire Provinces, have it in their power, (and for a mere pittance to them) to inaugurate, this present year, as a regular study, the science of music.

It is Mr. Robbins' design to spend the time necessary to visit all the principal towns and academies of the Provinces; and we are confident he will meet with a kind reception wherever he goes, and will carry with him the *God speed*—not only of "Hochelaga" which has led off in the good work,—but that as well of the other great institutions of Montreal. We hope also, late as the season is, that some of our *Lecture Committees* will arrange with the Professor for a single Lecture before he leaves us, as we are satisfied no greater attraction could be offered the musical people of this city than to hear and see the practical truths of Harmony fully illustrated in an hour's lecture.

We admit it to be difficult for musicians to believe in quick processes of learning music, or to conceive it possible for any one to illustrate clearly the principles of Harmony, in one lecture of an hour; and much less, to thoroughly teach it—in four or five lectures, or private lessons, to advanced scholars in music; nevertheless, we are prepared to assure our readers and friends, that Mr. Robbins is quite able to do it all, and that

his seemingly high prices, are indeed, very low. For example:—a smart pupil will work, by the ordinary process, a year or more, before being able to write combinations of chords—free from faults. Mr. Robbins gives a principle in a moment, whereby all faults are impossible. Again, the ability to name all the chords in every major and minor key, without any hesitation, is—ordinarily, the work of many months' hard study. By a principle, always before the mind, Mr. Robbins bestows this ability upon his pupil, in a few minutes, and thus it is, that, any one of a number of points he teaches is worth, to a musician, or a scholar, far more than the 'one hundred dollars,' charged for the course, to each private pupil. Mr. Robbins, does not charge for the time spent with a pupil, but, for time he saves them, and the information which he imparts. We must confess ourselves very much astonished, at the close of a short course of lessons, at our ability to not only name every possible chord within a given key, but also the nearest related keys, and to play them all, with modulation through the entire circle, and to harmonize the scale and bring from it a melody with three accompanying voices all in the short space of five minutes.

Chords, of which very little understanding can be gained from the old methods, and the derivation not at all given, being treated as chromatically altered chords, are, by Mr. Robbins made to take their real position in the scale, and thereby become a fixture in the mind. The same may be said of every point in the course,—which forms a perfect chain of connecting links, from the formation of the major and minor scales, to the legitimate harmonizing of a melody, for four voices.

Without pretending to develop composers, he teaches Harmony, as a Grammar; so that every one shall be qualified to understand the music which he practices; leaving the rest, very properly, to the nature and genius of each individual pupil. For he believes that the truest source of development, lies in the study and practice of the compositions of the great masters; and that time is squandered, and genius dwarfed, under the direction of mere theorists. We know that the pupils of Mr. Robbins here, as elsewhere, feel in regard to his system, as we do, and we write, not for the glorification of the man, who earns his own reward, but, in the cause of Art, for which, too much cannot be said. We shall therefore, watch the introduction of "The American Method," into our schools with much interest, persuaded that it offers a more solid basis of musical education, and a more rapid and direct means of developing native genius, than any method which has come under our observation.

Correspondence.

RECIPROCITY.

To the Editor of the CANADIAN ILLUSTRATED NEWS

DEAR SIR,—Reciprocity being rejected by the United States Senate, it may be thought by some that further discussion on the subject is unnecessary. Reciprocity is not, however, a dead issue. The question is sure to come up again. It may be our turn to reject it the next time, and public opinion requires to be ready for the event. Free Trade policy is to let the question alone at present; protectionist policy is to keep it agitated. If carried at all, Reciprocity must be introduced and passed in haste. There is no doubt, therefore, that the Free Trade party will remain quiet for a while, eagerly watching opportunities for future negotiation. Their's is a policy of surprise. Mr. Brown's mission to Washington was a surprise to the public. His party had always maintained that Canada should not be the first to open negotiations on the subject.

However, following the example of the Liberals in England, whose example they seem anxious to follow in all things, they embraced the first chance of attempting to pass a Free Trade treaty by surprise. The Ballot Act was a measure of this kind. It was a surprise to the public. People hardly knew that such a measure was contemplated before the Bill was passed. Even where Acts are good in themselves, this principle of surprise is wrong. The "peep show" and "surprise party" are both out of place in politics. Politics should be public and deliberate. Acts affecting the public should be done openly and after full deliberation. The storming parties have been repressed, but the siege has not been yet raised. The Free Traders will renew their assaults and surprises at no distant day. Protectionists, now is your time for sorties. Put the besiegers to flight. While they are unable to attack you is the time to attack them. In every age there is a liberal hobby. Free Trade is the hobby now. The leaders are a kind of enthusiasts. They have unbounded faith in their theories. They need no one to proclaim them infallible. They proclaim their own infallibility. They are men of few ideas. These ideas being once attained, they have to "step down and out," as Mr. Beecher would say. See Mr. Bright and Mr. Gladstone, for example. As soon as they cease to raise "burning questions," they lose their influence over the masses. Does it pay a nation to be agitated by "burning questions" all the time, in order that certain men may rule? The effect is obvious. The nation has little con-

fidence in such men after all. Though it allows them to storm the works, it does not give them the fort when won. They are accounted active, but not steady.

Hence, whatever credit they derive for enlarging human liberty, the preservation of liberty is intrusted to others. Mr. Vernon Harcourt, in touching on this subject, supplies us with the best definition I have heard: "parties of sensation and politics of surprise." Radicalism is its worst enemy. We have hardly any Reform government, properly called. We have Radical governments much oftener. These hold office just as long as they can stir up "burning questions" to divert public attention from other defects.

It is curious how some journals, once delighted with the prospect of Reciprocity, have changed their tune. It cannot be on account of the terms. The terms were the same at first as last. But the contempt of the American Senate, after such humiliating concessions by this country, has "raised their dander," and made them quite national. After leading the Canadian Free Trade party into so bad a trap, it seems ungrateful of the Senate to desert it at the last moment. The terms were almost as good as annexation. After this, it is doubtful if the Americans would admit us into the Union without a bonus. Says one journal: "Nothing now remains to us but to shape our own policy in our own way. Since it cannot be, in any degree, North American, it must be distinctively Canadian." This was the proper course from the first. "We cannot shift the wind," the opinions or prejudices of foreign governments, or people; but we can "shift the sail," "shape our own policy in our own way."

The "almighty dollar" is said to govern the States, but something more than dollars entered into their calculations in this case. Canada offered to become annexed in almost everything except the name; but, understanding their dignity, they agreed among themselves to forego these advantages, and thus treat Canada with contempt.

The time has not yet arrived to get good terms from the States. It may not arrive for a generation. It will be brought about by events over which we have no control. One of these events may occur at any time. Should a civil war again arise; should the South or West secede, then our friendship, our neutrality, and our trade will be appreciated. The Eastern and Northern States are threatened both by the South and West. Should splits of this kind occur, our intercourse with the Eastern States may become intimate and profitable. As the Union stands at present, there is little chance of either an honorable or profitable treaty. Grant's nomination, or election, or defeat, in the next Presidential contest, may produce tremendous results. The man who saved the Union may break it up worse than ever. If we ever get Reciprocity on a fair basis, in my opinion, it will be with the Eastern and Northwestern States as a separate nation. These States and Canada have many interests in common. They are bound together by the great lakes and the St. Lawrence. They are interested in each other as neighbours. But the other sections, namely: the South and Far-West, while filled with all the prejudices of foreigners, have no neighbourly sympathies for us at all. What sympathy have we for Mexico? Texas or California cannot have more for us. Besides, there is a great contest commencing between civilization and barbarism. The heathen Chinese will complete the degradation begun by universal suffrage and the enfranchisement of the negroes. Not all the religious, intellectual, and moral agencies in the Union can civilize the huge stream of Chinese immigration pouring into the country. The Goths did not give Italy more trouble than the Chinese may give the States. Immigration is overdone. Too much attention is paid to the quantity and too little to the quality. There is too much undesirable immigration. They invite the refuse of all countries, thinking to make themselves formidable among nations. That refuse has become formidable to themselves.

Yours truly,

W. DEWART.

Fenelon Falls.

MUSICAL AND DRAMATIC.

M. ULLMAN has engaged Madame Nilsson, at 5,000 francs a night, to give twelve operatic representations or concerts in France, in March.

CELINE MONTALAND, the French siren of the Fisk regime of opera bouffe, wears such magnificent toilets in a new piece in Paris that the *Figaro* detailed a special force to write them up.

FRAU KRUSEMAN, a celebrated actress of Holland, has been replying to her critics with a vengeance. Being identified with the "woman's emancipation" movement, she never lost sight of the fact that critics were, after all, only men.

Mlle. Berthe Girardin, who acts the *Princess Katherine* in "Henry V.," at Booth's, is one of the most charming ingenues that ever trod the boards of New York. In her acting, French art and artlessness are so daintily combined that it is hard to tell where one begins—and harder yet when she leaves off.

FRAULEIN JANOTHA, a pupil of Clara Schumann's, is a young pianist who recently so delighted the Emperor Wilhelm that he said to her, "Ask of me what you will, and it shall be granted." The artless Janottha immediately requested the advancement of her brother, who is in the army.

GRENIER, the late French comedian, owed his fatal illness to curiosity to witness the double execution in Paris. When the first head fell off he burst into fits of uncontrollable laughter, and hid behind the clergyman's carriage to avoid the second spectacle. The excitement brought on a nervous fever.

HOUSEHOLD THOUGHTS.

HAPPY are the families where the government of parents is the reign of affection, and the obedience of the children the submission of love.

POSITIVENESS is a most absurd foible. If you are in the right, it lessens your triumph; if in the wrong, it adds shame to your defeat.

AIM NOT AT POPULARITY.—Seek not the favor of the multitude; it is seldom got by honest and lawful means. But seek the testimony of the few; and number not voices, but weigh them.

HOW TO BE RESPECTED.—It is by honest labor, manly courage, and a conscience void of offence, that we assert our true dignity and prove our honesty and respectability.

THE CONSCIENCE.—Keep your conscience tender—tender as the eye that closes its lids against an atom of dust, or as that sensitive plant which you have seen shrink and shut its leaf not merely at the rude touch of the finger, but at the breath of a moth.

OUR ORDINARY LIFE.—Our habitual life is like a wall hung with pictures, which has been shone on by the suns of many years; take one of the pictures away, and it leaves a definite blank space, to which our eyes can never turn without discomfort.

SECRECY.—Talkers and fertile persons are commonly vain and credulous withal, for he that talketh what he knoweth will also talk what he knoweth not; therefore set it down that a habit of secrecy is both polite and moral.

BE EMULOUS.—Don't be content with doing what another has done—surpass it. Deserve success, and it will come. The boy was not born a man. The sun does not rise like a rocket, or go down like a bullet fired from a gun; slowly but surely it makes its rounds, and never tires.

TRUE LOVELINESS.—It is not your neat dress, your expensive shawls, or your ringed fingers that attract the attention of men of sense. They look beyond these. It is your character they study. If you are trifling and fast in your conversation, no matter if you are beautiful as an angel, you have no attraction for them. It is the true loveliness of your nature that wins and continues to retain the affections of the heart. Young ladies sadly miss it who labor the outward looks while they bestow not a thought on their minds. Fools may be won by gewgaws, and the fashionable by showy dresses; but the wise and substantial are never caught by such traps. Let modesty be your dress. Use pleasant and agreeable language, and though you may not be courted by the fop and the sap, the good and truly great will love to linger by your side.

KEEPING ACCOUNTS.—The habit of saving has a dangerous side to it, we admit, and keeping accounts certainly develops the saving instinct; yet saving money for future needs is quite a different thing to saving money through mere stinginess; and to the prudent there is a real advantage in the regular keeping of accounts which is quite worth a certain amount of small trouble, and, if not pushed to an extreme, is a valuable help to conscientious persons. Those who are methodical enough to apportion definite amounts of the various items of their expenditure, and who would be honestly distressed if the allotment, say to personal expenditure, were seriously augmented to the injury of other claims, have an easy way of ascertaining from their private record how far they are fulfilling their own intentions.

TRIFLES.—There are many little things in the household, attention to which is indispensable to health and happiness. The kind of air which circulates in a house may seem a small matter, for we cannot see the air, and not many people know anything about it; yet, if we do not provide a regular supply of pure air within our houses, we shall inevitably suffer for our neglect. A few specks of dirt may seem neither here nor there, and a closed door or window appear to make little difference; but the little dirt and the little bad air are apt to sow the seeds of ill-health, and therefore ought to be removed. The whole of the household regulations are, taken by themselves, trifles—but trifles tending to an important result.

TOYS FOR LITTLE FOLK.—The infantile grace and wise unconsciousness of children make the oldest of us young again. And the infant that peoples rags and tags with living, sentient souls, or the boy that sees a fairy-boat in his rude carving is a perfect bud of the wonderful flower that is to come. Those who destroy their fond illusions, and force into the child's hand a token of maturity, do great harm. They are like those rude florists who tear open the half-blown flower, and give us the rose without its perfume. The little girl who glorifies bits of broken crockery into the finest china service, or animates her rag-baby with a real soul, is wronged when a Sevres and a "widow" doll are put into her hands. Give the young folk the old-fashioned toys that may perish with the using and make nobody bankrupt. Let the little ones romp and tear their clothes; it is a thousand-fold better than "deportment" and fashionable attire. In spite of the unnatural repression of parents, child-nature will try to make its way. The curled darlings who mope and pine in drawing-room and parlor are prematurely unhappy, as well as prematurely old. Sorrow and disappointment come soon enough; let us keep our children young and gay while we can.

[For the CANADIAN ILLUSTRATED NEWS.]

DEATH OF THE DUKE OF RICHMOND IN 1819.

The death of Charles, fourth Duke of Richmond, in the year 1819, was a sad affair, and one of the important incidents, among the many, that are noticeable in Canadian history.

Various writers give different accounts of his death, and standard authorities make some discrepancies that impair the dependence that would otherwise be placed on their record of the circumstances.

Some locate the place of the Duke's departure from life at the confluence of the Rideau and Ottawa rivers, and others on the Ottawa River. While living witnesses know the facts, and can probably, to this day, point out the ruins of the old log cabin, on the banks of the Goodwood in which the Duke expired, the place might be more particularly designated, as being in the county of Carleton, about four miles from Richmond, and near the confluence of the Goodwood and Rideau rivers, and some sixteen miles from the confluence of the Ottawa and Rideau rivers.

Respecting the Duke's death, the following appeared in the "Gentleman Magazine," in the autumn of 1819.

It is with deep regret we record the death of Charles, fourth Duke of Richmond, and more particularly from it having been occasioned by that terrific malady, hydrophobia.

While at his summer residence, at William Henry, before he commenced his tour to the Upper Province he was bitten by a tame fox, which shortly after died of the malady.

No symptoms, however, appeared for nearly forty days after the circumstance, when his Grace having to walk thirty miles in excessive hot weather, where no road for a horse had been made, he found himself affected.

His Grace left Kingston, August 20th, and arrived at Perth the evening of the following day. On the 24th, he resumed his journey for the Richmond settlement, at the confluence of the Rideau and Ottawa rivers, and as we before intimated, proceeded on foot over a rugged country of 31 miles, accompanied by Lieutenant-Colonel Cockburn.

His Grace was much overcome by fatigue and passed a restless night. On the 25th, he arrived within three miles of Richmond, where he rested well, and walked to the settlement in the morning.

While here, he expressed considerable relief and attributed his healthy sensations to his laborious exercise.

In a few hours, however, he again complained of a returning illness, but passed the next night with so much composure that he continued his journey at 5 o'clock, on the 27th.

He had walked but three miles, when his symptoms returned with increasing violence, and he was conveyed by his attendants to a barn where he remained till 7 o'clock in the evening, when he was removed to a neighboring house, and there expired at 8 o'clock on the morning of the 28th of August.

The old settlers, at Richmond, state that the Duke and attendants proceeded in canoes, from Richmond to Bytown, by way of the Goodwood and Rideau rivers on the 20th of August, and were returning on the 28th to Richmond, when (in the evening) within four miles of the place, the Duke became violently ill, and they had to abandon the canoes, and shelter the Duke in a barn and afterwards in a cabin, while some of the party pressed on to Richmond for a physician, but the Duke died before medical aid could be obtained.

This is the only exception with any appearance of truth that I find the living witnesses take to the account given by the "Gentleman's Magazine" which they concede to be correct, except the journey on foot from Richmond, the geographical position, and the death from the fox bite. The latter probably conveys a wrong idea by a typographical error.

It would be a shame if the Richmond people who expected to be honored with the residence of the Duke at that place, allowed his Grace to walk 20 miles through the woods, when they could give him a direct conveyance by water.

If the walking story be true, then it is strange that the attendants of the Duke did not return to Richmond for aid, instead of waiting two days within three or four miles of Richmond without procuring medical assistance.

The Duke was descended from King Charles the Second, and his ancestors are prominent in history back to the days of the Conqueror. He was born in 1774, and married, in 1789, Charlotte, daughter of the Duke of Gordon, by whom he had eight or nine children. He was Lord Lieutenant of Ireland from 1807 till 1813.

Duke of Richmond in England, Duke of Aubigny in France, and Duke of Lenox in Scotland, his rank was the highest of any Governor that Canada has had at any time, and though his life may have been sacrificed in the interest of this country, there has not been set up a stone or mark of any kind to point out the place of his death, and in view of the facts I think it desirable to call some attention to this part of Canadian history for the benefit of future generations.

MILCHARTERS.

VICTOR HUGO AT HOME.

Victor Hugo is the simplest, most unaffected of men. He lives on the third floor of an un-

pretending house in the Rue Clichy, and several times a week holds evening receptions, frequented by all the leaders of the Republican party excepting M. Thiers. The ex-President was formerly an intimate of the poet, at the time when the latter kept open house for all celebrities in the Place Royale, and he is still on terms of friendship with him, though events have put an end to their mutual visiting. You ring at the door, a tidy maid-servant in black, with a white apron, answers the call, and you are shown into smartly-furnished apartments—rather parlour than drawing room—where the poet whom his numerous guests address as *Maitre* sits by the fire, smoking. His features are well known, but photography conveys no idea of their extraordinary vivacity and benevolence. His complexion is like a ripe winter apple, but his high arched forehead, only furrowed between the eyes, bears few traces of his seventy years. Although he has been heavily tried by domestic sorrows, losing his wife and two sons within three years, his air is full of serenity, and his manners towards everybody are marked by cordial, almost affectionate, warmth. He speaks willingly and much, and one can understand how it is that his house is such a favourite resort of politicians when one has heard with what unbounded hopefulness he talks of his country's prospects. *Les maladies de la France*, he says, most expressively, *ne sont pas maladies d'age, mais de croissance*; and he adds that although Republicanism may be smothered once or twice more in the present century, the sparks will smoulder under the ashes, and burst forth eventually into a flame, — *une flamme bienfaisante qui éclairera sans détruire*. He reads immensely, and his memory is exceptionally retentive. A favourite occupation of his is to buy old books by forgotten authors—he has piles of them stacked up in his library—and from them he derives curious waifs of information which at some time or other are sure to crop up in his books. The first impression conveyed by his conversation is that he possesses inaccurate knowledge of amazing extent; but gradually one discovers that facts about which he appeared credulous had been detected by him as unsound, and that he merely referred to them to show that he had studied all the bearings of a question. Whilst he is talking, his guests sit about the room discussing the last political news, and cold grog, of which there is an unlimited supply on a side table. There are several ladies present, who keep their bonnets on, and who join in political disquisitions with such aptitude, as to dispel the illusion that French women are incompetent on all questions save millinery. Ever and anon the conversation becomes general, and it then ascends to heights of abstract speculation, which recall those colloquies of the last century, when the brain of every French philosopher teemed with plans for the regeneration of the human race.

The great poet constantly alludes to France as the focus of civilization, and to English ears it may seem that he does not take quite enough account of the civilizing part which Great Britain has discharged in colonising continents, crushing slavery, and disseminating light over such empires as India. But more particularly is Victor Hugo's influence immense in keeping alive animosity towards Napoleonism. In talking of the Second Empire Victor Hugo becomes lionine. With voice vibrating, he launches words of which no translation can convey the scathing force. "On the 2nd of December," he exclaims, "France fell under a Brigand who had sprung at her throat in the dark!" and one is reminded of that fulminating prophecy which he thundered in *Napoleon le Petit* at the Empire, then in its heyday; "You are dancing, and you think you shall dance for ever! Well, they dance on the frozen Neva, and fancy that because all Nature is frost-bound, the ice under their feet is firm earth. But watch the first rays of the spring sun, and see the ice crack and give way on all sides. So shall it be with the ground under your feet when Our Spring has returned!"

LADY BLESSINGTON.

A writer in the *Chicago Tribune* says:—"Lady Blessington, like Mme. Recamier, was an acknowledged queen of Society. But now, after the dazzle and glitter of her fame has faded to a memory, it is plainly seen that not even in a remote degree was her position like Margaret Fuller's or Mme. De Stael's—a purely intellectual one. There can be little doubt that she might have exerted every influence of her apparent wealth, and every power of her intellect, and yet, had she been less favored by nature than she was with charms that catch the fancies of men, might have striven in vain for the honors she bore so well. She had a keenly perceptive intelligence, which, when it went gleaming in the fields of art and literature, never failed to espy the richest grain that would garner well, to feed after conversations. Her mind was entirely objective in its character, not in the least subjective. It laid hold upon the outer world with faculties that gathered and brought home their gain to make her intelligence brilliant but superficial, to make her conversation more descriptive, quotative, and emotionally critical, rather than dispassionately analytical and transparently profound. She had no vision of the mysteries of mind and soul that baffle and perplex the thinker's consciousness. The sight was seldom or not at all inverted. She lived to grow like a morning glory grows, to beautiful blossoms and luxuriant foliage, but with little

root into the deep soil of thought. She was wonderfully gifted in expression, both of speech and person, so that the idea which a less attractive woman, uttering in more barren phrase, would seem but a scanty addition to the conversation, came from her with all the pomp and glory of an assured triumph. She of course was never original; her ideas were the thoughts that are the world's universal own, rehabilitated in the showy Blessington livery, and sent forth to enhance the Blessington reputation. In reading her life and letters one always has the impression that she poses always for dramatic effect, even in her private correspondence; that she always wrote and talked, not from the overflow of her own nature, but pertinaciously up to the standard of social and worldly approbation. Her literary reputation was made at a time when there were fewer feminine competitors for fame than now, and was nourished upon a diet of showy Annuals such as the reading public of to-day would reject as the most insipid of literary gruel. Her tales and novels probably are never read by the present army of light-literature readers, and would not find a publisher were they hawked from one office to another all over the country. Her beauty, her mental brilliancy, her rare expressional grace, and her supreme ambition to be the bright focal point of the intellectual rays of society made her house fashionable."

HISTORY OF THE WEEK.

FEB. 23.—Sir Chas. Lyell, the celebrated geologist, died yesterday, aged 78.

The report of the Louisiana Committee will recommend the recognition of Kellogg as Governor of the State.

There was an excited debate, last night, in the French Assembly on the report of the Committee of Thirty in reference to the organization of the Senate.

The rumor is contradicted that Prince Hohenlohe is to assist Bismarck in his official labors. The latter's work, however, is to be lightened by an arrangement which will give him greater control over the Ministry.

FEB. 24.—The United States Senate, yesterday, repealed the contract of 1872, granting an additional subsidy to the Pacific Mail Steamship Company.

An additional section to the American Tariff bill has been adopted, providing for the collection of an income tax of 3 per cent on incomes of from \$3,000 to \$10,000, and 5 per cent on incomes above \$10,000.

A London telegram states that 200 laborers by the Sarmanian, and 700 more by the next steamer, will leave for Canada, after which there are to be no more free shipments, the Allan line being about to raise emigrant fares.

The majority report of the Louisiana Committee states that all that is needed in Louisiana is to withdraw the Federal troops and leave the people of that State to govern themselves.

FEB. 25.—The steamship France, from Havre, is ashore off Long Branch.

MacMahon has deputed the task of forming the new Cabinet to M. Buffet, President of the Assembly.

The Bill for the organization of the Public Powers was finally passed by the French Assembly, yesterday, by a vote of 436 to 262.

FEB. 27.—M. Buffet has declined the task of forming the new Cabinet.

Her Excellency Lady Dufferin was safely delivered of a son, yesterday morning.

The Protestant clergy of Spain have memorialized several of the European Powers to the effect that their religious liberty is threatened.

Mr. Globensky has been returned to the Dominion Parliament to represent the County of Two Mountains by a majority of 222.

LITERARY.

MR. BANCROFT is now at work upon an eleventh volume of his "History of the United States."

THE King of Burmah is going to start a newspaper. It is to be published in Burmese and English.

THE late Canon Kingsley made a special request that his body might be committed to mother earth without the grave being bricked.

THE translation of the "Æneid," on which Mr. William Morris is engaged, is line for line, and in rhymed fourteen-syllable metre.

IT is reported that Senor Castelar has arranged to write for a Belgian newspaper a series of articles upon the Spanish Republic.

TENNYSON has promised to signalise the opening of the Alexandra Palace in May with some lines which are to be set to music by Sir Michael Costa.

MRS. PROCTOR will publish the autobiography left by Proctor (Barry Cornwall) in the course of the year. As Mr. Proctor knew all the distinguished men of the present century, the book is likely to be of interest.

MR. SWINBURNE is working at his long-projected essay on the several stages of Shakspeare's work, based on a study of the progress and development of his style and metre.

Two literary dinners which are given every year have obtained some celebrity—viz., those which are given by the proprietors of the *Saturday Review* and the *Contemporary Review* to their contributors.

THE *Times* announces the death of Mr. Geo. Finlay, its correspondent at Athens. He was one of the staunchest supporters of the cause of Greek independence, and was probably the last survivor of that small band of enthusiasts who went out to Greece to join Lord Byron and the Philhellenes.

MRS. H. R. HAWES is preparing a "Golden Key" to Chaucer for the use of young people. It consists of a popular essay on Chaucer and his times, followed by versions of several of the "Canterbury Tales" and other poems, partly in free narrative, partly in the words of the poet modernized for the juvenile reader. The work is specially planned to familiarize children with the best parts of Chaucer, and will be copiously illustrated in chromo-lithography by Mrs. Hawes.

SELECTA.

ANTIQUARIAN DISCOVERY.—An editor man is very sore (the wound is too new to allow of name being mentioned) at having recently been thoroughly hoaxed. A copy of an ancient inscription was sent for insertion to a local, the original of which was professedly taken from a stone found in excavating the foundations for some new buildings in Queen Victoria street. The following note accompanied it, and, with the inscription, duly appeared:

"I enclose copy of an inscription in mediæval Latin from a stone discovered during the excavations in Queen Victoria street, where, as you doubtless are aware, there formerly stood a church, dedicated to a Saxon saint and missionary, of whom many traces and relics still exist. He is known to the monkish chroniclers by the name of Uccatus Ambulans.

Perhaps a copy might be suitable for your well-known and extensively-read paper, and some of your antiquarian readers may be able to supply a translation.

I · SABILLI · HOERES · AGO ·
· FORTIBUS · ES · EN · ARO ·
NOSCE · MARI · THERE · TRUX ·
· VOTIS · INNEM · · PES · AN · DUX ·

A metrical translation was forwarded next day, and was inserted with a note that "we knew all the time it was a hoax, and only inserted it as a joke," but those who saw Arthur just after he received the translation, say they cannot reconcile his look of agonized horror and the awful profanity of his language with his public explanation.

"Inscription on stone discovered on the site of church of St. Walker called by the monkish chroniclers, 'Uccatus Ambulans' (Hokey Walker).

"I say Billy, here's a go.
Forty buses in a row.
No, see Mary; they be trucks;
Vot is in 'em? Peas and ducks."

GARRICK'S DEBUT.—The following account of Garrick's debut is given in Percy Fitzgerald's "Romance of the English Stage": "Garrick may be said to stand alone as offering the single instance of immediate success. He had indeed made an experiment at Ipswich, but had appeared only a few times. It was at a sort of unlicensed theatre, whose rank was little above that of a music hall of our day, that a young man, of short stature, whose name was suppressed, was announced as about to make his first appearance on any stage. The night was that of the 12th of October, 1741. The audience was gathered from the parishes of the East End, with a sprinkling of private friends. The play was 'Richard the Third.' On that Monday night the performance began at six o'clock, with a few pieces of music. Then the curtain rose on, 'The Life and Death of King Richard the Third,' and after the first scene, at that nervous moment, the new actor came from the wing. Macklin always talked fondly of this glorious night—the delight he felt, the amazing surprise and wonder at the daring novelty of the whole, and yet, at the same time, the universal conviction of the audience that it was right. It was recollected, however, that when the new player came upon the scene and saw the crowded house he was disconcerted, and remained a few seconds without being able to go on. But he recovered himself. No wonder it surprised that audience—it was so new, and was all new. The surprising novelty was remarked 'that he seemed to identify himself with the part.' They were amazed at his wonderful power of feature. The stupendous passions of Richard were seen in his face before he spoke, and outstripped his words. There was a perpetual change and vivacity. One effort at last overbore all hesitation, and the delighted audience found relief for their emotions in rapturous shouts of applause. It was when he flung away the prayer-book, after dismissing the deputation—a simple and most natural action, yet marked with originality—and then the audience first seemed to discover this was true genius that was before them. When he came to the latter denouement and martial phase of the character he took the audience with him in a tempest of enthusiasm. 'What do they in the North?' was given with such electric enthusiasm and savageness as to cause a thrill to flutter around the hearers; and when he came to the effective clap-trap 'Off with his head!' his visible enjoyment of the incident was so marked that the audience burst into loud shouts of delight and approbation. What a night of delight to look back to! On the following morning he awoke, and found himself famous. His reception, said the newspaper, 'was one of the most extraordinary and great that ever was seen on such an occasion.'

"DON JUAN" AND LITHOGRAPHY.—The first performance of "Don Juan" took place in Munich in September, 1790. Mozart himself had come to direct the last rehearsal and to attend the first performance. Alois Sennefelder, afterward renowned as the inventor of lithography, was "master of theatrical requisites," and had a severe time of it in getting together the articles required for the performances. For him it was an unpleasant, dangerous evening, but it was destined to give him immortality. Frau Franziska Lebrun sang the part of Donna Elvira; she was affected to tears when she had sung an air in which she had recognized the murder of her father. Mozart pressed the hand of the still trembling woman warmly. "I thank you," he said, "that I am at last able to understand my own creation. I can die with a lighter heart, now that you have given me a pledge that my name will not be forgotten." Mozart left the theatre before the opera was finished, and locked himself up in his own room; nothing could induce him to appear again that evening. The performance over, the theatre was deserted by all except one man. Alois Sennefelder had still

OUR CANADIAN PORTRAIT GALLERY.



*Yours faithfully,
Alois Sennefelder*



THE CONFETTI: A SKETCH OF THE CARNIVAL AT ROME.

much to do. After seeing carefully around the stage, that no sparks had lighted about the theatre, he retired to his little room to stamp the theatre tickets for the following day. As he entered his room he had three things in his hand—a polished whetstone for razors, which he had purchased, a ticket stamp moistened with printer's ink, and a check on the theatre treasury for his weekly pay. He placed the check on a table, when a gust of wind took it, swept it high up in his room for a moment and then deposited it in a basin filled with water. Sennefelder took the wet paper, dried it as well as he could, and then, to make sure of it, weighted it down with the whetstone, on which he had before carelessly placed the printing stamp. Returning to his room on the following morning, he was surprised to see the letters of the stamp printed with remarkable accuracy upon the damp paper. He gazed long at the check; a sudden thought flashed through his brain; he wondered if by some such means he could not save himself the weary trouble he continually had copying the songs of the chorus. That very morning he went out and purchased a larger stone and commenced to make experiments, and, as we all know, he finally succeeded in discovering the art of printing from stone—lithography. Such was the result of the first performance of "Don Juan" in Munich. The opera was to be repeated the following evening. But a sad event interfered. Franziska Lebrun was dead. The exhaustion and excitement on the previous evening, together with the deep sorrow which had consumed her since the death of her husband, had caused the breaking of a blood vessel. She was found in the attitude of prayer before her bed—so her death surprised her. The news of her death was taken to Mozart while he was breakfasting with Hoffmann. "The angels needed one more," he said, "to sing the praise of their Creator. They have called their sister to them. Not long and they will have called a brother to them too."

Donizetti—*Appena* of a performance of Donizetti's "Favorite," *Galignani's Messenger* says—"Sad to think that the composer of such melodious music should have died mad. Following the example of many Italian musicians, his most charming pieces were prepared without being written down, as he at most limited himself to a few notes dotted down, but incomprehensible to every one else. It was only when the work was completely finished in his brain that he wrote out the score. Whole operas were thus frequently composed by him in the journeys which he made between Vienna and Rome, or Naples and Milan. Several times even it was the very work the rehearsals of which he was on his way to conduct that he composed in his manner. But such mental labor could not last, and the strain became too much for him. The first sign of mental alienation manifested itself one evening as he was walking in the Passage de l'Opera, during a performance of "Lucia." All of a sudden he stopped before a toy shop, absorbed in contemplation of a doll exhibited in the window, and his companion found it impossible to rouse him out of his reverie. At last, entering, he bought the doll, and as soon as he was in possession of it he gave every sign of the most extravagant joy, caressing it, pressing it to his heart, and refusing to lay it down. It was with the utmost difficulty he could be got away from the crowd assembled by this strange sight. He was taken home and shortly after removed to a lunatic asylum, where he died."

READING A PLAY.

A French journalist gives an amusing account of the scene at the author's "reading" of a play in the different Paris theatres. At the Odéon, there are three ways of hearing a play read. There is the way in which they hear George Sand, always with murmurs of joy and exclamations of enthusiastic admiration, inspired not only by present merit, but by memories of *Le Marquis de Villemer*. There is the way in which an everyday prose author is listened to, with calm encouragement as he reads, only at the end somebody suggests that the play would be good if the first act were altered, and somebody else that it would do if the end were changed, and somebody else that it might succeed if the middle act were wholly omitted. The third way is the way in which a young poet of modern Parnassus is received. This time the actors are no longer artists and critics, but so many fathers and mothers and brothers who press round the young man with affectionate praise. He goes away convinced that Victor Hugo's reign is over. At the Palais Royal the wittiest writer has never been able to make the players smile. They are all determined to show that every piece owes everything to their acting, and that without their funniness it would be dull stuff. At the Variétés the leading actor, Dupuis, sits near the door at every reading, and if the piece is good he congratulates the author when it is finished; but if it is bad, he glides away just before it closes, and his absence is rightly interpreted by his brethren to mean that the piece must be condemned. At the Gymnase, things, if not simpler, are more methodically regulated. Every member of the company keeps his eye on M. Derval, who keeps his eye on M. Montigny—the most critical of all the managers in Paris. If M. Montigny smiles, M. Derval smiles, and seeing M. Derval smile, every one smiles. But if M. Montigny sheds a tear, M. Derval sheds a tear, and seeing M. Derval shedding a tear, every one weeps copiously. Thus at the Gymnase the verdict is sure to be unanimous.

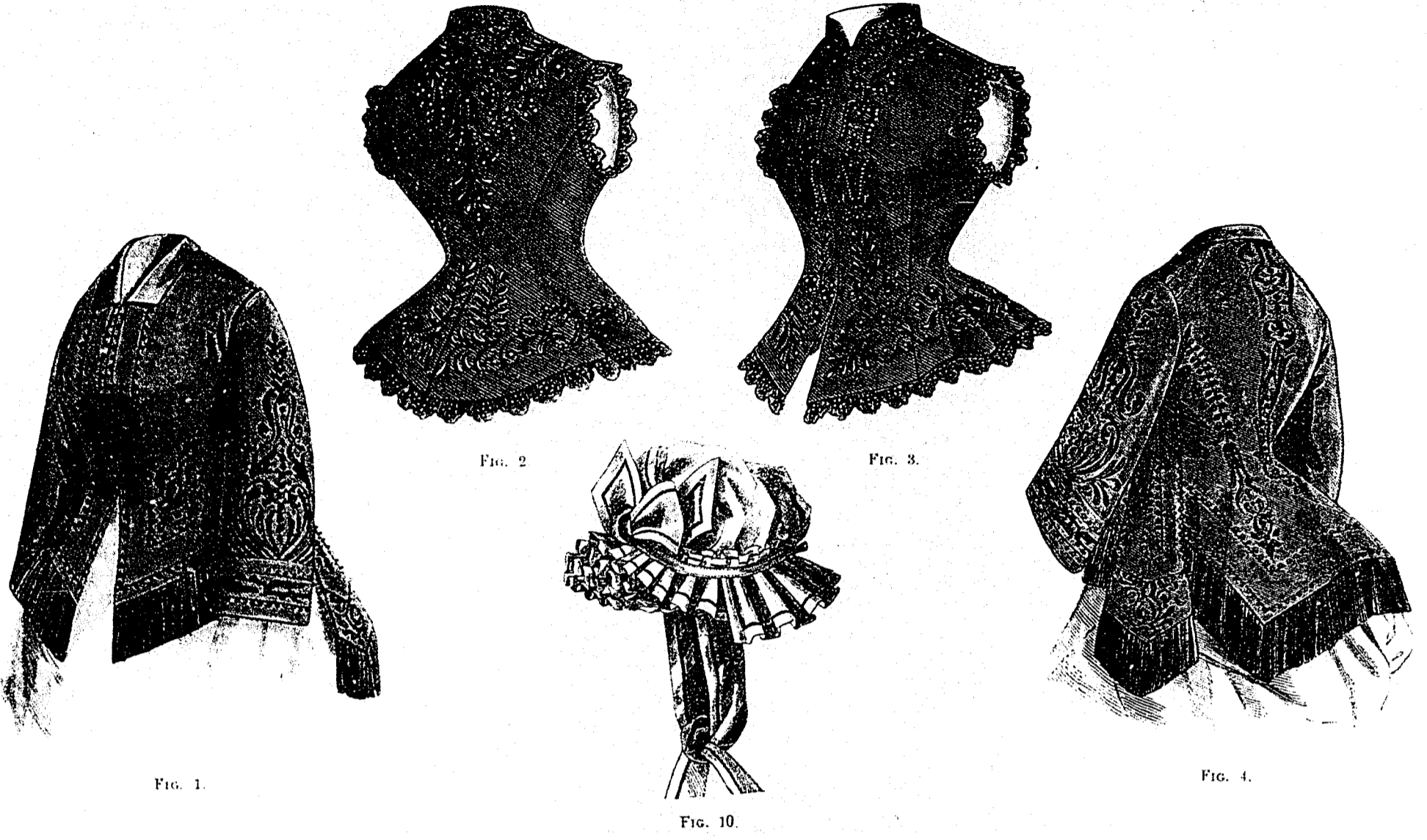


FIG. 5.

FIG. 6.

FIG. 7.

FIG. 8.

FIG. 9.

THE FASHIONS.

THE LAW AND THE LADY: A NOVEL.

By WILKIE COLLINS,

AUTHOR OF "THE WOMAN IN WHITE," "THE MOONSTONE," "THE NEW MAGDALEN," ETC.

(From Author's MS. and Advance Sheets)

[ENTERED according to Act of Parliament of Canada, in the year 1874, by WILKIE COLLINS, in the Office of the Minister of Agriculture.]

PART II.—PARADISE REGAINED.

CHAPTER XI.

MR. PLAYMORE IN A NEW CHARACTER.

For hours together, he remained in a state of utter lethargy in his chair. He showed an animal interest in his meals, and a greedy animal enjoyment of eating and drinking as much as he could get—and that was all. "This morning," the honest gardener said to me at parting, "we thought he seemed to wake up a bit. Looked about him, you know, and made queer signs with his hands. I couldn't make out what he meant; no more could the doctor. She knew, poor thing—she did. Went and got him his harp, and put his hand up to it. Lord bless you, no use! He couldn't play, no more than I can. Twanged at it anyhow, and grinned and gabbed to himself. No; he'll never come right again. Any person can see that, without the doctor to help 'em. Enjoys his meals, as I told you; and that's all. It would be the best thing that could happen, if it would please God to take him. There's no more to be said. I wish you good morning, ma'am."

He went away with the tears in his eyes; and he left me, I own it, with the tears in mine.

An hour later, there came some news which revived me. I received a telegram from Mr. Playmore, expressed in these welcome words: "Obliged to go to London by to-night's mail train. Expect me to breakfast to-morrow morning."

The appearance of the lawyer at our breakfast table duly followed the appearance of his telegram. His first words cheered me. To my infinite surprise and relief he was far from sharing the despondent view which I took of my position.

"I don't deny," he said, "that there are some serious obstacles in your way. But I should never have called here before I attend to my professional business in London, if Mr. Benjamin's notes had not produced a very strong impression on my mind. For the first time, as I think—you really have a prospect of success. For the first time, I feel justified in offering (under certain restrictions) to help you. That miserable wretch, in the collapse of his intelligence, has done what he would never have done in the possession of his sense and his cunning—he has let us see the first precious glimmerings of the light of truth."

"Are you sure it is the truth?" I asked. "In two important particulars," he answered, "I know it to be the truth. Your idea about him is the right one. His memory (as you suppose) was the least injured of his faculties, and was the last to give away, under the strain of trying to tell that story. I believe his memory to have been speaking to you (unconsciously to himself) in all that he said—from the moment when the first reference to 'the letter' escaped him, to the end."

"But what does the reference to the letter mean?" I asked. "For my part, I am entirely in the dark about it."

"So am I," he answered frankly. "The chief one among the obstacles which I mentioned just now, is the obstacle presented by that same 'letter.' The late Mrs. Eustace must have been connected with it in some way—or Dexter would never have spoken of it as 'a dagger in his heart;' Dexter would never have coupled her name with the words which describe the tearing up of the letter, and the throwing of it away. I can arrive with some certainty at this result, and I can get no farther. I have no more idea than you have of who wrote the letter, or what was written in it. If we are ever to make that discovery—probably the most important discovery of all—we must dispatch our first inquiries a distance of three thousand miles. In plain English, my dear lady, we must send to America."

This, naturally enough, took me completely by surprise. I waited eagerly to hear why we were to send to America.

"It rests with you," he proceeded, "when you hear what I have to tell you, to say whether you will go to the expense of sending a man to New York, or not. I can find the right man for the purpose; and I estimate the expense, including a telegram,—

"Never mind the expense!" I interposed, losing all patience with the eminently Scotch view of the case which put my purse in the first place of importance. "I don't care for the expense; I want to know what you have discovered."

He smiled. "She doesn't care for the expense," he said to himself, pleasantly. "How like a woman!"

I might have retorted, "He thinks of the expense, before he thinks of anything else. How like a Scotchman!" As it was, I was too anxious to be witty. I only drummed impatiently with my fingers on the table; and said, "Tell me! tell me!"

He took out the fair copy from Benjamin's note book which I had sent to him, and showed me these among Dexter's closing words:—

"What about the letter? Burn it now. No

fire in the grate. No matches in the box. House topsy-turvy. Servants all gone."

"Do you really understand what those words mean?" I asked.

"I look back into my own experience," he answered; "and I understand perfectly what the words mean."

"And can you make me understand them too?"

"Easily. In those incomprehensible sentences, Dexter's memory has correctly recalled certain facts. I have only to tell you the facts; and you will be as wise as I am. At the time of the Trial, your husband surprised and distressed me by insisting on the instant dismissal of all the household servants at Gleninch. I was instructed to pay them a quarter's wages in advance; to give them the excellent written characters with their good conduct thoroughly deserved, and to see the house clear of them at an hour's notice. Eustace's motive for this summary proceeding was much the same motive which animated his conduct towards you. 'If I am ever to return to Gleninch,' he said, 'I cannot face my honest servants, after the infamy of having stood my trial for murder.' There was his reason! Nothing that I could say to him, poor fellow, shook his resolution. I dismissed the servants accordingly. At an hour's notice, they quitted the house, leaving their work for the day all undone. The only persons placed in charge of Gleninch were persons who lived on the outskirts of the park—that is to say, the lodge-keeper and his wife and daughter. On the last day of the Trial I instructed the daughter to do her best to make the rooms tidy. She was a good girl enough; but she had no experience as a housemaid: it would never enter her head to lay the bedroom fires ready for lighting, or to replenish the empty match-boxes. Those chance words that dropped from Dexter would, no doubt, exactly describe the state of his room, when he returned to Gleninch, with the prisoner and his mother, from Edinburgh. That he tore up the mysterious letter in his bedroom, and, finding no means immediately at hand for burning it, that he threw the fragments into the empty grate, or into the waste-paper basket, seems to be the most reasonable conclusion that we can draw from what we know. In any case, he would not have much time to think about it. Everything was done in a hurry on that day. Eustace and his mother, accompanied by Dexter, left for England the same evening by the night-train. I myself locked up the house, and gave the keys to the lodge-keeper. It was understood that he was to look after the preservation of the reception-rooms on the ground floor; and his wife and daughter were to perform the same service, between them, in the rooms upstairs. On receiving your letter, I drove at once to Gleninch, to question the old woman on the subject of the bedrooms, and of Dexter's room especially. She remembered the time when the house was shut up, by associating it with the time when she was confined to her bed by an attack of sciatica. She had not crossed the lodge-door, she was sure, for at least a week, if not longer, after Gleninch had been left in charge of her husband and herself. Whatever was done in the way of keeping the bedrooms aired and tidy, during her illness, was done by her daughter. She, and she only, must have disposed of any litter which might have been lying about in Dexter's room. Not a vestige of torn paper, as I can myself certify, is to be discovered in any part of the room, now. Where did the girl find the fragments of the letter? and what did she do with them? Those are the questions, if you approve of it, which we must send three thousand miles away to ask—for this sufficient reason, that the lodge-keeper's daughter was married more than a year since, and that she is settled with her husband in business at New York. It rests with you to decide what is to be done. Don't let me mislead you with false hopes! Don't let me tempt you to throw away your money! Even if this woman does remember what she did with the torn paper, the chances, at this distance of time, are enormously against our ever recovering a single morsel of it. Be in no haste to decide. I have my work to do in the City—I can give you the whole day to think it over."

"Send the man to New York by the next steamer," I said. "There is my decision, Mr. Playmore, without keeping you waiting for it!"

He shook his head, in grave disapproval of my impetuosity. In my former interview with him, we had never once touched on the question of money. I was now, for the first time, to make acquaintance with Mr. Playmore on the purely Scotch side of his character!

"Why you don't even know what it will cost you!" he exclaimed, taking out his pocket-book with the air of a man who was equally startled and scandalised, "Wait till I tot it up," he said, "in English and American money."

"I can't wait! I want to make more discoveries!"

He took no notice of my interruption: he went on impudently with his calculations.

"The man will go second-class, and will take a return ticket. Very well. His ticket includes his food; and (being, thank God, a teetotaler) he won't waste your money in buying liquor on board. Arrived at New York, he will go to a cheap German house, where he will, as I am credibly informed, be boarded and lodged at the rate—"

By this time (my patience being completely

worn out) I had taken my cheque-book from the table-drawer; had signed my name; and had handed the blank cheque across the table to my legal adviser.

"Fill it in with whatever the man wants," I said. "And for Heaven's sake let us get back to Dexter!"

Mr. Playmore fell back in his chair, and lifted his hands and eyes to the ceiling. I was not in the least impressed by that solemn appeal to the unseen powers of arithmetic and money. I insisted positively on being fed with more information.

"Listen to this," I went on, reading from Benjamin's notes. "What did Dexter mean, when he said, 'Number Nine, Caldershaws. Ask for Dandle. You shan't have the Diary. A secret in your ear. The Diary will hang him.' How came Dexter to know what was in my husband's Diary? And what does he mean by 'Number Nine, Caldershaws,' and the rest of it? Facts again?"

"Facts again!" Mr. Playmore answered, "muddled up together, as you may say—but positive facts for all that. Caldershaws, you must know, is one of the most disreputable districts in Edinburgh. One of my clerks, whom I am in the habit of employing confidentially, volunteered to inquire for 'Dandle' at 'Number nine.' It was a ticklish business, in every way, and my man wisely took a person with him who was known in the neighbourhood. 'Number nine' turned out to be (ostensibly) a shop for the sale of rags and old iron; and 'Dandle' was suspected of trading now and then, additionally, as a receiver of stolen goods. Thanks to the influence of his companion, backed by a bank-note (which can be repaid, by the way, out of the fund for the American expenses) my clerk succeeded in making the fellow speak. Not to trouble you with needless details, the result in substance was this. A fortnight or more before the date of Mrs. Eustace's death 'Dandle' made two keys from wax models supplied to him by a new customer. The mystery observed in the matter by the agent who managed it, excited Dandle's distrust. He had the man privately watched before he delivered the keys, and he ended in discovering that his customer was—Miserrimus Dexter. Wait a little! I have not done yet. Add to this information Dexter's incomprehensible knowledge of the contents of your husband's Diary; and the product is—that the wax models sent to the old iron shop in Caldershaws were models taken by theft from the key of the Diary, and the key of the table-drawer in which it was kept. I have an idea of the revelation: that are to come, if this matter is properly followed up. Never mind going into that, at present. Dexter, I tell you again, is answerable for the late Mrs. Eustace's death. How he is answerable, I believe you are in a fair way of finding out. And, more than that, I say now, what I could not venture to say before—it is a duty towards Justice, as well as a duty towards your husband to bring the truth to light. As for the difficulties to be encountered, I don't think they need amaze you. The greatest difficulties give way in the end, when they are attacked by the united alliance of patience, resolution, and economy."

With a strong emphasis on the last words, my worthy adviser, mindful of the flight of time and the claims of business, rose to take his leave.

"One word more," I said, as he held out his hand. "Can you manage to see Miserrimus Dexter before you go back to Edinburgh? From what the gardener told me, his brother must be with him by this time. It would be a relief to me to hear the latest news of him, and to hear it from you."

"It is part of my business in London to see him," said Mr. Playmore. "But mind! I have no hope of his recovery; I only wish to satisfy myself that his brother is able and willing to take care of him. So far as we are concerned, Mrs. Eustace, that unhappy man has said his last words."

He opened the door—stopped—considered—and came back to me.

"With regard to that matter of sending the agent to America," he resumed. "I propose to have the honour of submitting to you a brief abstract—"

"Oh, Mr. Playmore!"

"A brief abstract in writing, Mrs. Eustace, of the estimated expenses of the whole proceeding. You will be good enough maturely to consider the same; making any remarks on it, tending to economy, which may suggest themselves to your mind at the time. And you will further oblige me, if you approve of the abstract, by yourself filling in the blank space on your cheque with the needful amount in words and figures. No, Madam! I really cannot justify it to my conscience to carry about my person any such loose and reckless document as a blank cheque. There's a total disregard of the first claims of prudence and economy, implied in this small slip of paper, which is nothing less than a flat contradiction of the principles that have governed my whole life. I can't submit to flat contradiction. Good morning, Mrs. Eustace—good morning."

He laid my cheque on the table with a low bow, and left me. Among the curious developments of human stupidity which occasionally present themselves to view, surely the least excusable is the stupidity which, to this day, persists in wondering why the Scotch succeed so well in life!

CHAPTER XLII.

MORE SURPRISES!

The same evening I received my "abstract" by the hands of a clerk.

It was an intensely characteristic document. My expenses were remarkably calculated downwards to shillings and even to pence; and our unfortunate messenger's instructions, in respect of his expenditure, were reduced to a nicety which must have made his life in America nothing less than a burden to him. In mercy to the man, I took the liberty, when I wrote back to Mr. Playmore, of slightly increasing the indicated amount of the figures which were to appear on the cheque. I ought to have better known the correspondent whom I had to deal with. Mr. Playmore's reply (informing me that our emissary had started on his voyage) returned a receipt in due form—and the whole of the surplus money, to the last farthing!

A few lines accompanied the "abstract," and stated the result of the lawyer's visit to Miserrimus Dexter.

There was no change for the better—there was no change at all. Mr. Dexter, the brother, had arrived at the house accompanied by a medical man accustomed to the charge of the insane. The new doctor declined to give any definite opinion on the case until he had studied it carefully with plenty of time at his disposal. It had been accordingly arranged that he should remove Miserrimus Dexter to the asylum of which he was the proprietor, as soon as the preparations for receiving the patient could be completed. The one difficulty which still remained to be met, related to the disposal of the faithful creature who had never left her master, night or day, since the catastrophe had happened. Ariel had no friends, and no money. The proprietor of the asylum could not be expected to receive her without the customary payment; and Mr. Dexter's brother "regretted to say that he was not rich enough to find the money." A forcible separation from the one human being whom she loved, and a removal in the character of a pauper to a public asylum—such was the prospect which awaited the unfortunate creature, unless some one interfered in her favour before the end of the week.

Under these sad circumstances, good Mr. Playmore—passing under the claims of economy in favour of the claims of humanity—suggested that we should privately start a Subscription, and offered to head the list liberally himself.

I must have written all these pages to very little purpose, if it is necessary for me to add that I instantly sent a letter to Mr. Dexter, the brother, undertaking to be answerable for whatever money was required, while the subscriptions were being collected, and only stipulating that when Miserrimus Dexter was removed to the asylum, Ariel should accompany him. This was readily conceded. But serious objections were raised when I further requested that she might be permitted to attend on her master in the asylum, as she had attended on him in the house. The rules of the establishment forbade it, and the universal practice in such cases forbade it, and so on, and so on. However, by dint of perseverance and persuasion, I so far carried my point as to gain a reasonable concession. During certain hours in the day, and under certain wise restrictions, Ariel was to be allowed the privilege of waiting on the Master in his room, as well as of accompanying him when he was brought out in his chair to take the air in the garden. For the honour of humanity, let me add, that the liability which I had undertaken made no very serious demands on my resources. Placed in Benjamin's charge, our subscription list prospered. Friends, and even strangers sometimes, opened their hearts and their purses when they heard Ariel's melancholy story.

The day which followed the day of Mr. Playmore's visit brought me news from Spain, in a letter from my mother-in-law. To describe what I felt, when I broke the seal, and read the first lines, is simply impossible. Let Mrs. Macellan be heard on this occasion in my place.

Thus she wrote:

"Prepare yourself, my dearest Valeria, for a delightful surprise. Eustace has justified my confidence in him. When he returns to England, he returns—if you will let him—to his wife."

"This resolution, let me hasten to assure you, has not been brought about by any persuasions of mine. It is the natural outgrowth of your husband's gratitude and your husband's love. The first words he said to me, when he was able to speak, were these: 'If I live to return to England, and if I go to Valeria, do you think she will forgive me?' We can only leave it to you, my dear, to give the answer. If you love us, answer us by return of post."

"Having now told you what he said, when I first informed him that you had been his nurse—and remember, if it seems very little, that he is still too weak to speak, except with difficulty—I shall purposely keep my letter back for a few days. My object is to give him time to think, and so frankly tell you of it, if the interval produces any change in his resolution."

"Three days have passed, and there is no change. He has but one feeling now—he longs for the day which is to unite him again to his wife."

"But there is something else connected with Eustace, that you ought to know, and that I ought to tell you."

"Greatly as time and suffering have altered him, in many respects, there is no change, Valeria, in the aversion—the horror I may even say—with which he views your idea of inquiring anew into the circumstances which attended the lamentable death of his first wife. It makes no difference to him that you are only animated by a desire to serve his interests. Has she given up that idea? Are you positively sure she has given up that idea?" Over and over again, he has put those questions to me. I have answered—what else could I do, in the miserably feeble state in which he still lies?—I have answered in such a manner as to soothe and satisfy him. I have said, 'Relieve your mind of all anxiety on that subject: Va eria has no choice but to give up the idea; the obstacles in her way have proved to be insurmountable—the obstacles have conquered her.' This, if you remember, was what I really believed would happen when you and I spoke of that painful topic; and I have heard nothing from you since which has tended to shake my opinion in the smallest degree. If I am right (as I pray God I may be) in the view that I take, you have only to confirm me in your reply, and all will be well. In the other event—that is to say, if you are still determined to persevere in your hopeless project—then make up your mind to face the result. Set Eustace's prejudices at defiance in this particular, and you lose your hold on his gratitude, his penitence, and his love—you will, in my belief, never see him again.

"I express myself strongly in your own interests, my dear, and for your own sake. When you reply write a few lines to Eustace, enclosed in your letter to me.

"As for the date of our departure, it is still impossible for me to give you any definite information. Eustace recovers very slowly: the doctor has not yet allowed him to leave his bed. And when we do travel, we must journey by easy stages. It will be at least six weeks, at the earliest, before we can hope to be back again in dear Old England.

"Affectionately yours,
"CATHERINE MACALLAN."
(To be continued.)

OUR CHESS COLUMN.

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

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

J. Henderson, Montreal.—Letter and Problem received with many thanks; the latter shall appear very shortly. Solution of Problem No. 7 correct.
O. Trempe, Montreal.—Correct solution received of Problem for Young Players No. 5.

We see it stated that the Philadelphia International Tournament will commence next year, in July. Play will continue every day except Sunday, and the time limit will be fifteen moves an hour. Each player will contest two games with every other player. This latter arrangement, although open to the charge of taking up a very considerable time, is the only one calculated to give every player an opportunity of testing his strength, where there are many competitors. Prizes to the amount of five thousand dollars are spoken of, if the attendance should be as great as is anticipated.

SOLUTIONS.

Solution of Problem No. 7.

WHITE.
1. R to B 8th (ch)
2. R to Q R 8th (ch)
3. Q to B 8th (ch)
4. Q to Q B 5th

BLACK.
1. K to R 2nd
2. K takes B
3. K to R 2nd
4. And Black being obliged to take the Q, White is stalemated.

Solution of Problem for Young Players, No. 6.

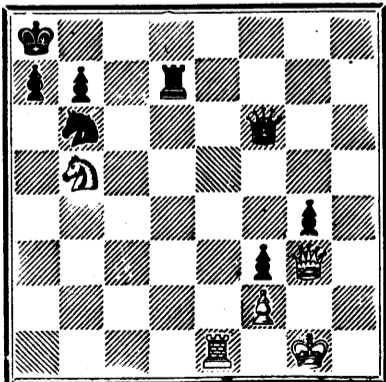
WHITE.
1. Q to Q B 7th (ch)
2. Kt to Q B 6th
3. Kt to Q 8th
4. Q to Q B 8th (ch)
5. R takes Q, Mate.

BLACK.
1. K to R sq
2. Q to Q R 5th or (A)
3. Q to Q R 3rd, or to K 2nd, or (B)
4. Q takes Q

(A)
2. Q to Q 2nd
3. K to K sq
4. R to K 2nd

(B)
3. R takes Kt
4. K to Kt 2nd

PROBLEM No. 9.
Mat Etouffé.



WHITE.
White to play and mate in six moves.

PROBLEMS FOR YOUNG PLAYERS.—No. 7.

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

BLACK.
K at K 4th
K at K R 8th
R at K R sq
R at Q 3rd
B at K 6th
Kt at Q B 4th
Pawns at K B 2nd, Q 5th, and Q Kt 3rd
White playing first, mates in six moves.

GAME 13th.
Recently played in the Tournament at Quebec.
The French Game.

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

BLACK.—Mr. A.
P to K 3rd
P to Q 4th
P takes P
B to K 3rd
K B to K 2nd
P to Q B 3rd
Q Kt to Q 2nd
K Kt to B 3rd
Castles
B takes B
R to K sq
Q B to K B 4th
Q B to K 5th
B to K B 4th
Q R to Q B sq
Q to K R 3rd
Q to Q Kt 3rd
Q to Q Kt 5th
B to K 2nd
B takes Kt
B to K Kt 5th
B to K B 4th
P to K B 3rd
Q to Q R 4th
Q to Q B 2nd
B to K B sq
H to K 5th
Q R to Q sq
P to Q Kt 3rd
K R to K 2nd
Q Kt P takes P
Q to K 4th
Q to Q B 6th
K R to Q 2nd
Q to Q Kt 6th
Q to K B 6th
B takes Q
B to K 5th
B to Q 6th
B to Q R 3rd
Q R to Q Kt sq
K R to Q Kt 2nd
B to Q Kt 4th
P to Q R 5th
P to R 4th
P takes P
B to K 2nd
Q R to Q R sq
K R to Q R 2nd
Q R to Q B sq (e)
K R takes R
K R to K 6th (ch)
K R to K 2nd
K R to Q B 2nd
Q R to Q Kt sq
R to Q B sq
Q R to Q R sq
R takes R
K to K B sq
Resigns.

- (a) A good position for the Bishop.
- (b) Giving Black a passed Pawn.
- (c) White here makes good use of his King.
- (d) Effectually preventing the advance of the passed Pawn.
- (e) A mistake, which loses the game at once.

THE SUN.

DAILY AND WEEKLY FOR 1875.

The approach of the Presidential election gives unusual importance to the events and developments of 1875. We shall endeavor to describe them fully, faithfully and fearlessly.

THE WEEKLY SUN has now attained a circulation of over eighty-five thousand copies. Its readers are found in every State and Territory, and its quality is well known to the public. We shall not only endeavor to keep it fully up to the old standard, but to improve and add to its variety and power.

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ON TUESDAY, the sixth day of April next, the undersigned will apply to the said Court for a discharge under the said Act.
Montreal, 27th February, 1875.
GEORGE E. DESBARATS, 11-10-2-112

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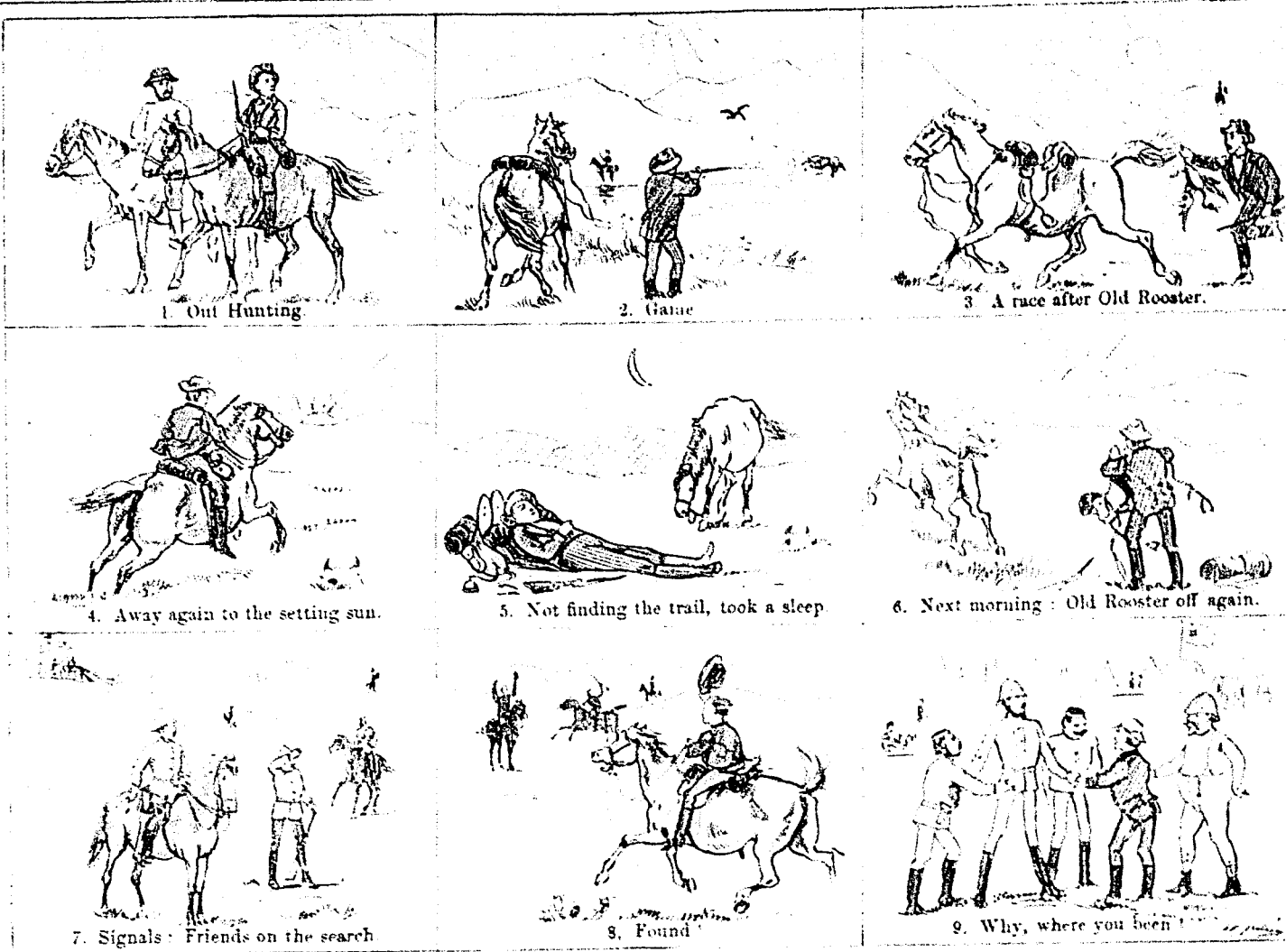
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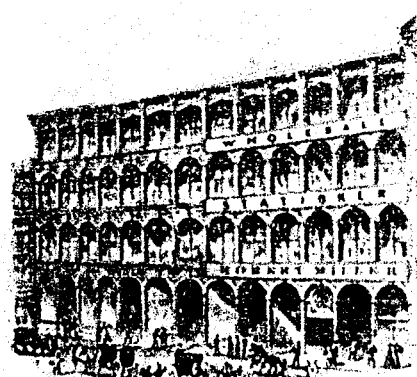
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