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Wholesale News

Vol. XIII.—No. 7.

MONTREAL, SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 12, 1876.

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As it is our desire to extend the benefit of our beautiful Chromo to as many of our friends as possible, and with the view of preventing all misunderstanding in regard to those who are entitled to it, we take the opportunity of stating once more the conditions under which it is issued.

1st. To all those who have paid up to the 31st December last, or as soon thereafter as their subscriptions could reach us.

2nd. To all new subscribers who pay their subscriptions in advance.

As many persons who receive the CANADIAN ILLUSTRATED NEWS through News-dealers, apply to us for Chromos, although they are not on our books, and wishing to enable them to get the Chromo through the same channel as they receive the paper, we are prepared to furnish the Chromo to News-dealers on the same conditions as to our regular subscribers, allowing them, of course, a commission.

Our object being to gather in all our standing accounts, our friends need not wait till they are called upon by our collectors for payment, but will oblige by sending in the respective amounts directly, when they will be at once served with the Chromo, by return mail or otherwise.

NOTICE.

We call the attention of our subscribers to the fact that we are now removing our offices and works from their present stand to our large and commodious premises on Bleury street, near Craig. Due provision has been made to prevent any interruption in the regular publication of the CANADIAN ILLUSTRATED NEWS during the interval of this change, but as some unforeseen accident to the machinery may possibly occur, we wish our friends would take notice of the circumstance and excuse any little delay that may happen. In any event, the delay will not extend beyond a day or two.

CANADIAN ILLUSTRATED NEWS.

Montreal Saturday, 12th. Feb. 1876.

AN HISTORICAL CELEBRATION.

We believe we were among the first, if not the first, to suggest the propriety of commemorating the part which Canada took in the memorable events of the Centennial year. The idea was eagerly taken up in Quebec and the celebration of the hundredth anniversary of the attack of MONTGOMERY at Pres de Ville was carried out with a degree of solemnity and aesthetic taste highly creditable to Colonel STRANGE, the Commandant at the Citadel, and all the citizens of the ancient city. But we should not, by any means, rest content with this first display of ceremonial. The example of Quebec ought to be imitated, and Montreal should not allow it to pass without adding its tribute to the memory of the heroic old times. Many of us ignore, and many others are apt to forget, that this city was in the hands of the Continental troops from November 1775 till May 1776, a period of fully six months, and that this American occupation has left more traces in our midst than we are aware of. After the capture of St. Johns, on the 31st October 1775, MONTGOMERY marched towards Laprairie de la Madeleine, and after tarrying there for a few days, crossed to Nuns Island and thence to Lachine. Finding that he was not likely to meet with any resistance, he moved his troops to Point St. Charles, where he re-

ceived a deputation of citizens who offered him terms of capitulation which he pretty well accepted, after which he advanced directly into the town and reviewed his victorious troops under the young poplars of Champ de Mars. The Governor and Commander in Chief, GEN. CARLETON, escaped from Montreal in boats a day or two before. MONTGOMERY did not tarry long in Montreal, but pushed eastward to Quebec, where he met with his untimely fate, six weeks later, under the shadow of Cape Diamond. He was succeeded in the command of the Montreal garrison by General WOOSTER who made the inhabitants suffer considerable hardship from one cause or another. In the spring of 1776 Congress sent a deputation to Montreal in order to negotiate some kind of an understanding between the Canadians and the Americans. That delegation was remarkable as consisting of such men as BENJAMIN FRANKLIN, SAMUEL CHASE, CHARLES CARROLL, of Carrollton, and they were afterwards joined by the brother of the latter, JOHN CARROLL, a Roman Catholic priest, who subsequently founded the primatial diocese of Baltimore. This distinguished delegation held its sittings in the Chateau Ramezay, the residence of the last French Governors of Canada, now used as the Jacques-Cartier School. The old Chateau, with Bonsecours Church and a few other buildings, is the sole relic which Montreal has preserved of a venerable historic period, and it too will soon fall under the axe of modern improvement. Fortunately the glorious Champ de Mars and the beautiful Place D'Armes still stand, although little has been done to maintain their secular trees in decent condition.

From this rapid summary of events, it is clear that Montreal figured largely in the events of 1775-76, and, in consequence, it appears to us that it should not let the interval pass between the present and the month of May next, without doing something to commemorate these events in a becoming manner. Many plans might be suggested and we would invite our colleagues of the daily press to take up the subject with their usual activity, pointing out what each may deem most fitting for the celebration. One simple mode would be a fancy dress entertainment at the Victoria Kink, in which all the costumes would be chosen from the wardrobes of our great grand-fathers and great grand-mothers in 1776. Besides the poetry of the entertainment, the spectacle would be a bit of acted history for the benefit of the young. We trust that our suggestion will be accepted and acted upon in some shape or other. Montreal should not lie under the imputation of indifference to the *cultus* of its historical records.

THE EASTERN QUESTION.

EMILIO CASTELAR, the celebrated Spanish statesman, in a letter to the *New York Herald*, on the subject of the political condition of Europe at the opening of the New Year, says that while the Asiatic possessions of England are at a great distance from the metropolis, the Asiatic possessions of Russia are like natural extensions of the Empire. While English domination has a character purely mercantile, which is not likely to captivate Oriental imaginations, the Russian domination has an imperial and military character in harmony with the genius of Asia. While England professes a severe and austere religion, founded on the independent judgment of the individual, but little fitted to move the peoples even of the south of Europe, Russia professes a religion Oriental in its poetical rites and wisdom, its Asiatic traditions—the only religion perhaps, that could captivate and bring to the bosom of Christianity people born in the land of mystery under the sky of miracles. Thus it is that the fears of England and Asia, in presence of the progresses of the Russian Empire, appear to him well founded. The eyes are hardly fixed on the distant horizon of Asia when the arbitrary question in Europe to-day—the question of the East—springs up sponta-

neously. The events of Europe develop themselves by circles, as it were, around a central controlling event, which becomes as a central star in the celestial economy of the heavens. From 1848 until 1853 the events of Europe were grouped around the proclamation of the Republic and the proclamation of the Empire in France. From 1853 until 1859 Europe was governed by the events arising out of the war of Piedmont and France against Austria. From 1859 until 1866 all politics gravitated between France and Prussia. To-day, since the modification of the treaty of Paris, which was the prize obtained by Russia for the humiliations suffered in the Crimea, the difficulties of Europe came back to revolve around the most dreaded question of the East. And, in tracing the question of the East, the problem already indicated in dwelling upon the social life in Russia reappears in all its vigour. With it we have also the awful question of the unity of that Slavonic race, more fruitful yet of wars and catastrophes than the unity of that German race, which only came with so much bloodshed and strife.

THE HERZEGOVINIAN QUESTION.

The note of Count ANDRASSY, Prime Minister of Austria, of which we have heard so much, in spite of all its decorum of principle and address is somewhat peremptory. It is evidently intended to convey the impression that the three Powers have a policy, and have not intervened for nothing. The reforms may be limited in scope, but will pursued even at the risk of a departure from the traditions which have hitherto obtained in dealing with Turkey. The note recapitulates the history of the efforts for pacification, particularly dwelling on the efforts of the Powers to lessen the dangers of the insurrection by restraining Serbia and Montenegro; and on the moderation of the Powers with reference to the Consular Commission at Mostar, when their delegates were instructed to disabuse the insurgents of hopes for outside aid, and to exhort them to disperse after stating their grievances. The Powers then only reserved the right to urge on the Porte those demands which appeared legitimate. The Cabinets restricted themselves to counselling the Porte as to the use of moral as well as military means. The note says unhappily the hopes of the Powers were deceived. On one side the reforms published by the Porte do not seem to have had in view the pacification of the insurgents, nor do they appear to be sufficient for that purpose. On the other side, the Turkish arms have failed to put down the insurrection. The reforms promulgated by the Porte had no special relation to the grievances of the insurgents. The note then proceeds to indicate the necessary reforms which have already been reported. The note concludes:—The Porte's previous undefined promises can only raise, not satisfy, aspirations. Turkey has failed to terminate the insurrection, which spring will renew. The conviction is general among Christians that the Bulgarians and Croats will join in the insurrection in spring. It may also be foreseen that the Servian and Montenegrin Governments will be made to resist the influence of events and public opinion. They seem to have familiarized themselves with the idea of joining in the struggle when the snow melts. The three Cabinets, therefore, think the only chance of avoiding new complications is demanding from the Porte acts clearly ameliorating the condition of the Herzegovinians, for the Christians have a deeply rooted mistrust with regard to every promise of the Porte, engendered by experience.

The Porte has despatched to its Ambassadors at the Courts of the six guaranteeing Powers, a reply to Count ANDRASSY'S note. The reply announces that in consequence of negotiations with the Ambassadors of the three northern Powers, the Porte has resolved to apply in the insurgent districts 5 leading points of AX-

DRASSY'S scheme, namely, the establishment of religious liberty; modification of the system of collecting tithes; the granting of facilities to agriculturists; application of a portion of the revenues of the insurgent Provinces to local improvements, and the appointment of a mixed commission of Mussulmans and Christians to watch the execution of these reforms.

The investigation of the loss of the *Deutschland* has been finished. The report says the wreck was owing to an error of reckoning and to the captain's disregard of the force and direction of the tide. The report praises the discipline maintained on board and the conduct of the officers. The boatmen at Harwich and elsewhere are completely exonerated from the charges of cowardice, pillaging and not rendering prompt assistance. The report also recommends that telegraphic communication be established between the lightships and the shore.

JEFFERSON DAVIS has written a long letter to the Hon. Judge LYONS, of Richmond, Va., in which he most emphatically denies the charges made against him by partisans of Mr. BLAINE in regard to the treatment of Union soldiers while confined in Andersonville prison, claiming that this is done merely for personal and party advantage; that the records, both Federal and Confederate, disprove it, and the country is full of witnesses who bear oral testimony against it, and that the effort to revive the bitter animosities of the war obstructs the progress towards a reconciliation of the sections.

According to reliable advice, the Porte is convinced that the rejection of the Austrian note would cause the overthrow of ANDRASSY'S Cabinet. The Porte does not fear military intervention as long as ANDRASSY remains in power. It will therefore accept his proposals, simply seeking to do so in a form which will not weaken the Sultan's authority in the eyes of his Mussulman subjects.

The International Committee on the construction of the submarine tunnel between France and England have terminated their labors. A complete agreement has been established on all points under consideration as well as upon the feasibility of the undertaking.

It is reported that the Cardinal Prince HONESTONE, besides settling the differences which hitherto prevented his going to Rome, will enter upon negotiations to remove the enmity between the German Government and the Roman Catholic Episcopacy.

The Government have decided to purchase a steamer for the transmission and landing of mails at Rimouski, Province of Quebec, and have instructed MR. FAYE, the general superintendent of Government railways, to invite tenders for the same.

From opinions expressed at a meeting last week there seems no reason to expect any crew from Cambridge University will go to contest either in the Collegiate Race or at the Centennial Regatta.

Advices from Montevideo states that elections for senators and deputies have passed off without disorder. Government is reorganizing the finances of the country.

VILLERSEXEL.

We call attention to our reproduction of this fine painting of de Neuville which was one of the chief attractions of the last Paris exhibition. After a bloody engagement, Villersexel was carried on the evening of the 9th January 1871 by the 15th French army corps. Intrenched in several houses, the Germans poured a murderous fire upon their enemies. The latter vainly attempted to burst open the barricaded doors, fetched from the barns and outhouses faggots and straw which they heaped up and set fire to. The fire spread rapidly and all the Germans were either killed or captured.

THE ROYAL ALBERT BRIDGE.

I.

We publish, to-day, views showing various parts of this contemplated bridge destined, when completed, to greatly excel in magnitude any similar structure which has yet been built.

The impetus which for several years past has been given to the construction of railways on the north of the St. Lawrence and Ottawa rivers; with a continuation through to the waters of Lake Huron, to tap the lake traffic of north-western States; a more immediate connection by rail of the great lumber districts of the St. Maurice and Ottawa rivers, including their numerous tributaries, with the leading markets in the United States; the geographical position of Montreal, almost on the air line; as well as other important considerations to be glanced at, demand a second bridge over the St. Lawrence at this city, in order to effect a union of those Eastern, Northern and Western roads with the great American system on the South, and secure an easy and cheap interchange of traffic.

The Victoria Bridge, while performing the most important function in this interchange of traffic, more strictly speaking accommodates but that of the St. Lawrence Valley with such through freight as it can get. It is a close corporation, in other words under the entire control of one railway company. It is not too much to say that, in a decade or two, its capacity will be tested to the utmost to accommodate the traffic of the Grand Trunk Railway alone. Even were its carrying capacity much greater, and in a position to be made use of by all railways on the same terms, the difficulty of access to it by the Quebec, Montreal, Ottawa, and Occidental Railway, coming in at the eastern end of the city would be almost insuperable.

It may be of interest to state that the point of crossing now determined on is nearly identical with the one pointed out many years ago for the Victoria Bridge, when it was proposed to pass the river by a span of then unheard of dimensions, from St. Helen's Island to a point east of the Market Place, and thence by arches northward to Gate A Barron.

The idea of that day is now being realized in the proposed Royal Albert Bridge, a fit mate for its Royal consort, a couple of miles farther up the river.

In combination with its railway traffic, it has also been thought desirable to accommodate that of ordinary character, such as city passenger cars with dummy engines, the various descriptions of vehicles, and also afford ample space for pedestrians.

As is well known, for about two months or more each year, this city is cut off entirely from the south shore, whence it derives its principal amount of market supplies, hay, &c.

During this period, prices go up and the additional money so paid would be an inconsiderable part of the amount required to meet the interest on the cost of the bridge. Ready access would be offered to the south shore night or day, the year round, at a very trifling cost, and at a most expeditious rate of speed, resulting in a few years in the growth of a large city, or "Southern Montreal."

The bridge will also give every required facility for reaching the St. Helen's Island Park, destined to be one of the most pleasant and beautiful drives or resorts.

The great length of the bridge (about three miles) permits us to give views of but some of its most salient points.

Fig. 1. Represents general elevation.
Fig. 2. " bird's eye view of that portion over the navigable channel.

Fig. 3. Represents elevation of 500 ft. span.
Fig. 4. " " " 300 "

Fig. 5. " " end elevation of 500 ft. span.
Fig. 6. " " part end elevation and part section of 500 ft. span.

Fig. 7. Represents General Plan, showing connection with the railways on the North and South shores.

The first two figures appear in our present issue; the other five will be published in a double page illustration next week.

II.

In connection with these views, the following brief description of the structure is given.

Leaving the level of the ground on the line of Sherbrooke St., it is carried as a viaduct, east of and parallel with Colborne Avenue, at a level of ninety feet above the surface of the ground, in spans varying from 150 to 200 feet each. Striking the navigable channel of the River St. Lawrence near Malson's Brewery, it passes over to St. Helen's Island with six spans.

Owing to the angle made by the axis of the bridge with the current, the piers are placed on the skew, so as to be lengthwise in line with the current, and in this manner offer the minimum of obstruction; while doing this service, however, it lengthens considerably the superstructure, as for instance in the case of the large span of five hundred feet between the masonry, measured at right angles, the length of superstructure span is increased to five hundred and fifty feet; and so proportionately with the four remaining spans of 300 feet each.

The bottom of the superstructure will be carried level from Sherbrooke St., to the centre of St. Helen's Island there meeting the natural surface of the ground. This will give a clear headway of 130 feet above summer water level in the harbour, or say 120 feet above winter level. (The latter figure is the height of the Britannia Bridge above mean tide level, determined

by the British Admiralty as a suitable elevation for navigation purposes).

Reaching St. Helen's Island, four spans of 240 feet each will carry the bridge to the height of land, where this first section of the structure will terminate.

From the south side of the Island the second section of the bridge will be carried over the navigable channel of the St. Lawrence, to the south shore by twenty-one spans of two hundred feet each, grading down with an inclination of one foot in one hundred feet. Reaching the south shore the bridge becomes again a viaduct of five additional spans of two hundred feet each, or until the superstructure has approached within such a distance of the natural surface of the ground, as to make embankment more economical; and thence proceeds with ordinary grading to a junction with the Montreal, Portland and Boston Railway, and also the Grand Trunk.

The total length of the bridge and viaduct will be fifteen thousand five hundred feet, or within a fraction of three miles; and the extreme distance covered from the point of departure from the Quebec, Montreal, Ottawa and Occidental Railway on the Mile End heights, to the junction with the line on the south side, will be five and a half miles.

A sufficient length on the natural surface of the ground on St. Helen's Island exists between the two bridges for siding purposes. Trains from opposite directions can thereby cross each other here, and so double the capacity of the bridge.

The piers to be placed in the two channels of the river will be designed on the general principle of those of the Victoria Bridge, for the purpose of allowing the ice to cut freely past.

Those in the navigable channel will be sunk in caissons, thereby obviating the use of cofferdams and other obstructions in the river, and rendering pumping unnecessary. In the south channel the water is very shallow, with a rock bottom, and very little expense will be incurred in putting in the foundations of the piers.

The abutments and piers on the land portion will be of simple design, the first probably partaking of the Egyptian style.

The iron superstructure from end to end will be composed of four independent longitudinal ribs, or open lattice girders, placed certain distances apart, and strongly connected laterally.

These ribs will be provided with the usual friction rollers on each alternate pier, to provide for expansion and contraction. Between the two inner girders, on the lower floor, will be a space of eighteen feet to accommodate two tracks for trains of city cars, to be drawn by dummy engines. Between the two inner girders and outside girders, on either side of the bridge, will be spaces of fourteen feet respectively, for ordinary cart and wagon traffic, passing in one direction on the western, and in the opposite direction on the eastern side of the bridge. Exterior to these two outside girders will be footwalks, firmly supported on brackets of iron, strongly attached to the side girders and floor beams; they will each possess a width of 8 feet and be provided with ornamental railing for the protection of pedestrians.

At a distance of fifteen feet above the lower floor will be placed a second one, strongly connected and braced with iron keelsons and gussets to the longitudinal girders; on this floor, between the two inner girders, will be placed a railway track with crossing arrangements for trains, as before stated, at St. Helen's Island. The spaces existing between the inner and outer girders will each possess the width corresponding to the carriage-ways below, and are intended for carriages and other vehicles requiring a higher rate of speed than carts or waggons. Should a second track ever be required for railway purposes, across the entire length of the river, a fifth girder can be erected on the up stream side of the bridge, and be supported by iron columns from the saddles of the ice-breakers, at a comparatively small cost.

The entire height of the bridge from the surface of the water will be two hundred and ten feet for the centre span, or two hundred and fifty feet from foundation. Carriages and carts will have access to, or departure from the bridge on the level of Sherbrooke St., and possibly at some suitable points between that street and the river, by means of incline approaches. Pedestrians or those wishing to take the city cars, will also obtain access to the bridge in this manner. A pretty close estimate of the work may be stated under the following heads:

Masonry	\$2,250,000
Iron superstructure	2,250,000
Land purchase and contingencies	500,000
Total cost of bridge	\$5,000,000

III.

Fears have been entertained that the introduction of the piers into the water would materially increase the current in the channel; that such fears are groundless will be seen from the following figures. Two lines of soundings were accurately taken, and the velocities of the current ascertained, one crossing Isle Ronde, below St. Helen's Island, the narrowest point in the channel; the second sixteen hundred feet further up the river, and crossing St. Helen's Island. The sectional area of discharge at Isle Ronde was found to be 36,670 square feet, moving with a central surface velocity of 9.2 miles per hour.

Number two, or adopted line, gives a sectional area of 51,448 feet with a central surface velocity

of 6.9 English miles per hour. If from this sectional area be deducted that required for the piers, 4,248 square feet, there will yet remain 47,200 square feet, or 10,530 square feet in excess of the entire channel at Isle Ronde. The increased velocity arising from the obstructing piers, will be 0.8 of a mile in 150 feet, or the length of the pier; making a total current for this distance of 7.7 miles per hour, or 1.5 miles less than at Isle Ronde in its present condition. The declivity generated by this obstruction will be but 5 1/2 inches in the length of the pier. From the foregoing it will be seen that the channel opposite Isle Ronde will be in reality the sticking point, and not the site selected for the Royal Albert Bridge.

But apart from all this, the slight addition to the current for so short a distance would have no appreciable effect upon the speed of an ocean or river steamer; while in the case of ships the present admirable arrangement of a steam chain-tug made use of by the Harbour Commission, will easily overcome the difficulty. The piers presenting a sharp angular sloping surface, on the up stream side, to the approaching current, will permit the water to glide past with the least possible disturbance.

The superstructure has been designed for carrying the following live load under a coefficient or factor of safety of 6; in other words, the weight of live load to be presently mentioned, including the weight of the bridge itself is but one-sixth of the ultimate strength, or actual breaking weight of the structure.

- 1st. A train made up of locomotive engines, running 30 miles per hour, equal per lined foot to..... 2,500 lbs.
- 2nd. Two trains of city cars with dummy engines loaded with passengers, going six miles an hour, say..... 2,500 "
- 3rd. Carriage ways and foot-walks, loaded at 100 lbs. per square foot..... 7,500 "

Making a total of 12,500 lbs. per running foot, or divided into the four girders will make each one carry, in addition to its own weight, about 3,100 lbs. per running foot. Many bridges have already been built carrying even greater live loads.

The following comparison is made between the two rival bridges.

ROYAL ALBERT.	VICTORIA.
1 Span 550 feet skew.	24 Spans 242 feet each.
4 " 300 " "	1 " 300 " "
4 " 240 " square	
51 " 200 " "	
4 Approaches, 400 ft. each.	
With abutments, piers, &c., making a making about 15,500 lineal feet over 7,000 lineal feet of iron superstructure, iron superstructure.	
Greatest clear height above water, 130 ft.	Greatest clear height above water, 10 ft.
Height of centre span above water, 210 ft.	Height of centre span above water, 82 ft.
Greatest depth of water, 10 feet.	Greatest depth of water, 32 feet.
Strength of current, 6.9 miles.	Strength of current, 7 miles.
Estimated cost, \$5,000,000.	Actual cost, \$6,300,000.

The Victoria Bridge required six years in its erection. It is thought the Royal Albert can be built in three.

IV.

It is proposed that the bridge be under the control of no one railway company, but be free and open to all on equal terms; that the schedule of tolls for crossing shall be determined by Directors to be appointed by the different governments and corporations interested in the work, subjected to the supervision, if required, of the Governor in Council.

That as the Dominion Government and that of the Province of Quebec, are interested in obtaining a winter outlet for the roads they are now building to the seaboard and into the neighbouring country, for the interchange of traffic, and that as many of the American lines both East and South, are also deeply interested in passing over this new air line from Montreal to Lake Huron, and eventually to Sault Ste. Marie, to join lines in the West, the government and representatives of those railways be invited to assist, by giving guarantees on Bonds to be issued.

To the city of Montreal the work will be of almost incalculable value. Some years ago, the city contributed \$1,000,000 to the M. N. C. R. In return from this she will get the railway, and the \$1,000,000, or more, returned in the Barrack property, which the city now owns. Montreal might under these circumstances give liberal aid to the bridge, which will add so largely to her prosperity and growth.

A meeting of railway men will be held in this city, this month, to consider the subject. In the meantime, application has been made to the Dominion Legislature for a charter. Mr. Chas. Legge, C. E., is the Engineer.

THE LATE JOHN A. PERKINS.

The late John Adams Perkins, Esquire, M.A., B. C. L., advocate, was born at the city of Montreal, the 27th day of September 1840. He was educated at the High School and subsequently at the University of McGill College, from which he obtained the degrees of Master of Arts and Bachelor of Civil Law, in 1860 and 1861 respectively. He was articled as a student at law to the Messrs. Laflamme, and so rapid was his progress and so great his assiduity as a student, that in 1861, when called to the Bar, he rapidly formed the nucleus of a large

and lucrative practice. In a few years he had acquired a larger clientele than ordinarily falls to old practitioners. When scarcely half a dozen years at the Bar he had given abundant proofs of his astuteness as a pleader, and received retainers as one of the counsel for the defense in the trial of the Rev. Mr. Babie and in the celebrated Connolly case, as one of the counsel for plaintiffs. Both cases terminated successfully, and his position among the first rank practitioners at the Bar was secured and maintained from 1867 until his death. His professional career was an ovation of success. He was said to be a "lucky" practitioner—but the secret of his success was the power acquired by the development of fine natural talents. He was pre-eminently a hard worker and singularly devoted to his profession. He was considered by his conferees a "born lawyer," but his industry had considerably implemented the gift of nature. He excelled in fertility of resource. A master in expedients he accepted "a tight place" with complacency, and his reassuring manner was an unfailing comfort to many a distressed client. He spoke with fluency and, as a clear and concise reasoner, he had few equals at the Bar.

He was a member of the Council of the Bar at the time of his death, and had previously for two years held the office of Syndic, the position at the Bar next to that of President. He was also Professor of Commercial Law in Victoria University while that institution maintained a faculty in this city.

In politics Mr. Perkins was a Liberal and enjoyed the confidence of his party. In 1873, at the time of the retirement of the Hon. Mr. Holton from the Local Legislature, Mr. Perkins received the nomination of the Reform association of Montreal Centre, which he declined. His name was also prominently mentioned in connection with the Chief Justiceship of Manitoba.

Of courteous and engaging manners he had a host of personal friends, not merely in Canada, but in the United States where he was well known to the profession.

The late Mr. Perkins died on the 22nd December last of typhoid fever combined with congestion of the lungs, after an illness of about three days. The suddenness of the death threw a cloud over the entire community. The Bar assembled at once and passed resolutions of condolence with the relatives of the deceased. His funeral was largely attended by the Bar and by the public generally.

We sincerely regret the sad event that has deprived the family of the deceased and the country of one who by ability and industry had won for himself a high place in our community.

THE NEW WALL OF CHINA.

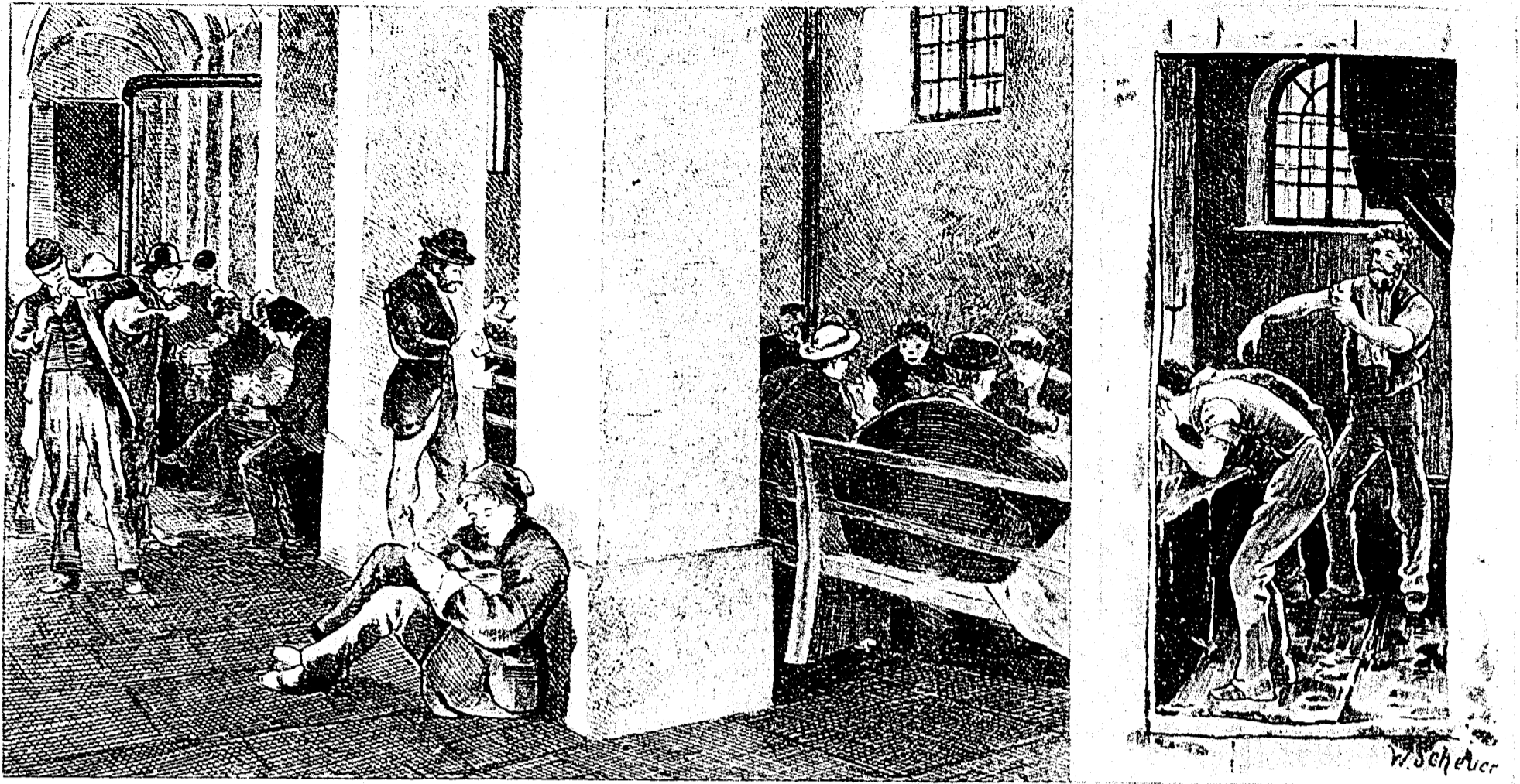
The cartoon on our front page will be accepted as a timely one. It was suggested to us by one of the principal manufacturers of this city and the Dominion. The idea is that, according to the present tariff arrangements, the Canadian manufacturer and exporter is faced in his operations by a high perpendicular wall which effectually prevents him from getting any of his goods over it, while the American manufacturer and exporter runs his goods into Canada along an easy incline. The artist has reproduced this conception with considerable spirit. The Canadian—in the traditional costume of Jean Baptiste—stands idly at the foot of the high wall, painfully aware of his inability to raise his barrel up the steep escarpment, and he looks with envy at brother Jonathan who has rolled his barrel with facility up the inclined plane and is about to dump it over into Baptiste's yard. The Canadian's *tuque*, hide boots, serge coat and other primitive trappings tell plainly of retrogressive hard times, while the American's surrounding of warehouses, trucks and piled-up goods demonstrate his prosperity at our expense. The pictorial lesson is suggestive, because so unfortunately true. This abnormal state of things has lasted long enough. Canadians have borne their burden with almost too much patience. It is to be hoped that no later than the next session of Parliament an effectual remedy will be devised.

FISHING BY MEANS OF THE SUB-MARINE LAMP.

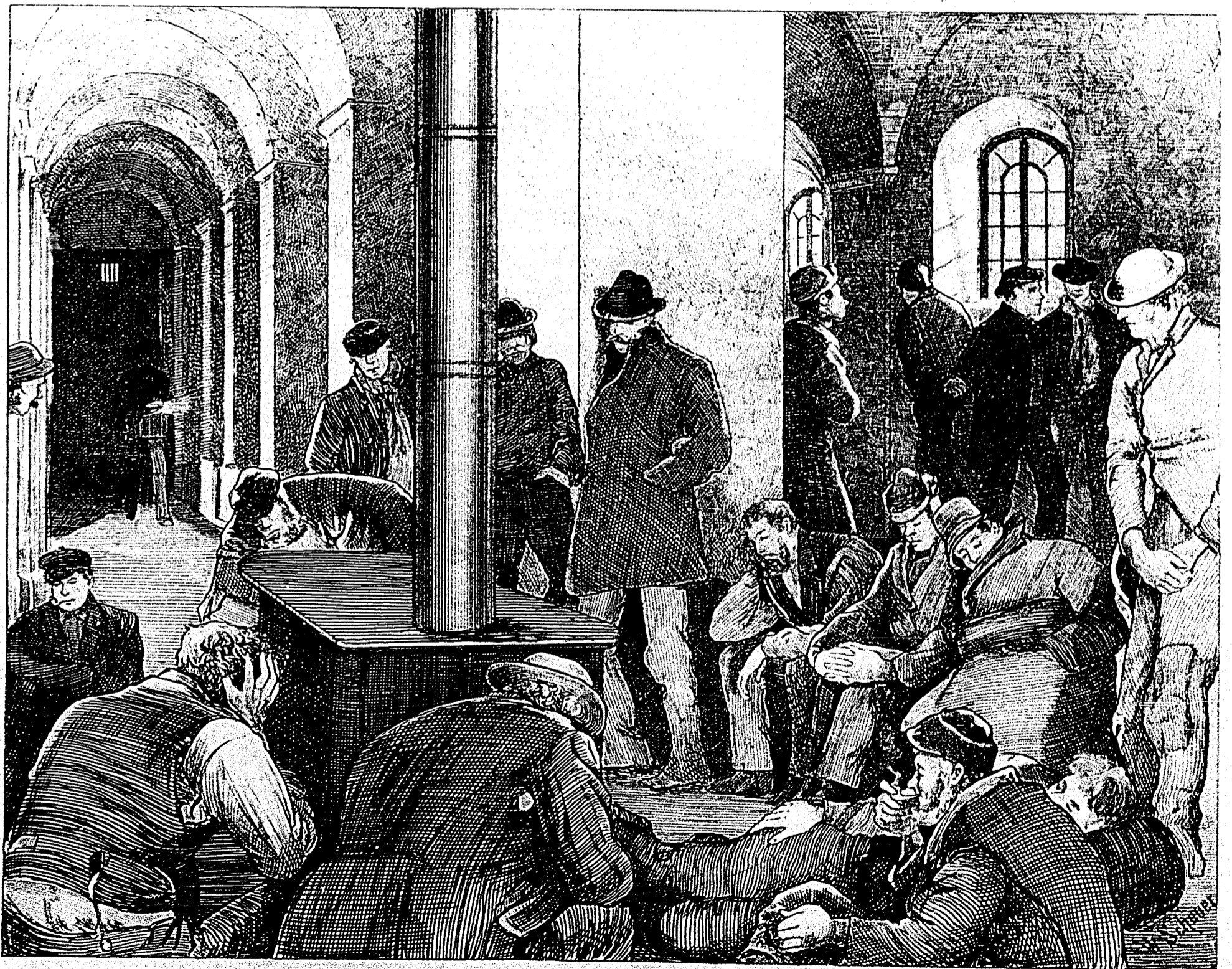
The following is the manner in which this species of fishing is carried on. The fishing boat, of ordinary shape, supports a pontoon, on which is placed a pneumatic pump serving to feed the lamp. This lamp is lowered into the sea, to a depth varying from twelve to forty five feet. The net is round and suspended by cords. It is thrown into the sea alongside of the lamp, a little downwards, so that the mouth of the net reaches the level of the lamp flame. The fish, attracted by the light, troop forward at once, and dazzled precipitate themselves against the sides of the glass which contains the light, then plunge downward. It is then that the net receives them and rises rapidly. Only six or seven fish are caught at a time, but by a frequent lowering of the net a large yield is effected in a comparatively short space.

MILITARY MASS NEAR CASTRES.

We publish this sketch as a curious representation of the perfect circles an army corps can form for special purposes. The picture deserves to be studied as a model of effective grouping.



TORONTO :—Y. M. C. A. REFUGE FOR THE DESTITUTE; DINING ROOM AND LAVATORY.—FROM A SKETCH BY W. CRUICKSHANK.



TORONTO :—Y. M. C. A. REFUGE FOR THE DESTITUTE; HALL AND DORMITORY.—FROM A SKETCH BY W. CRUICKSHANK.

OUR CANADIAN PORTRAIT GALLERY.



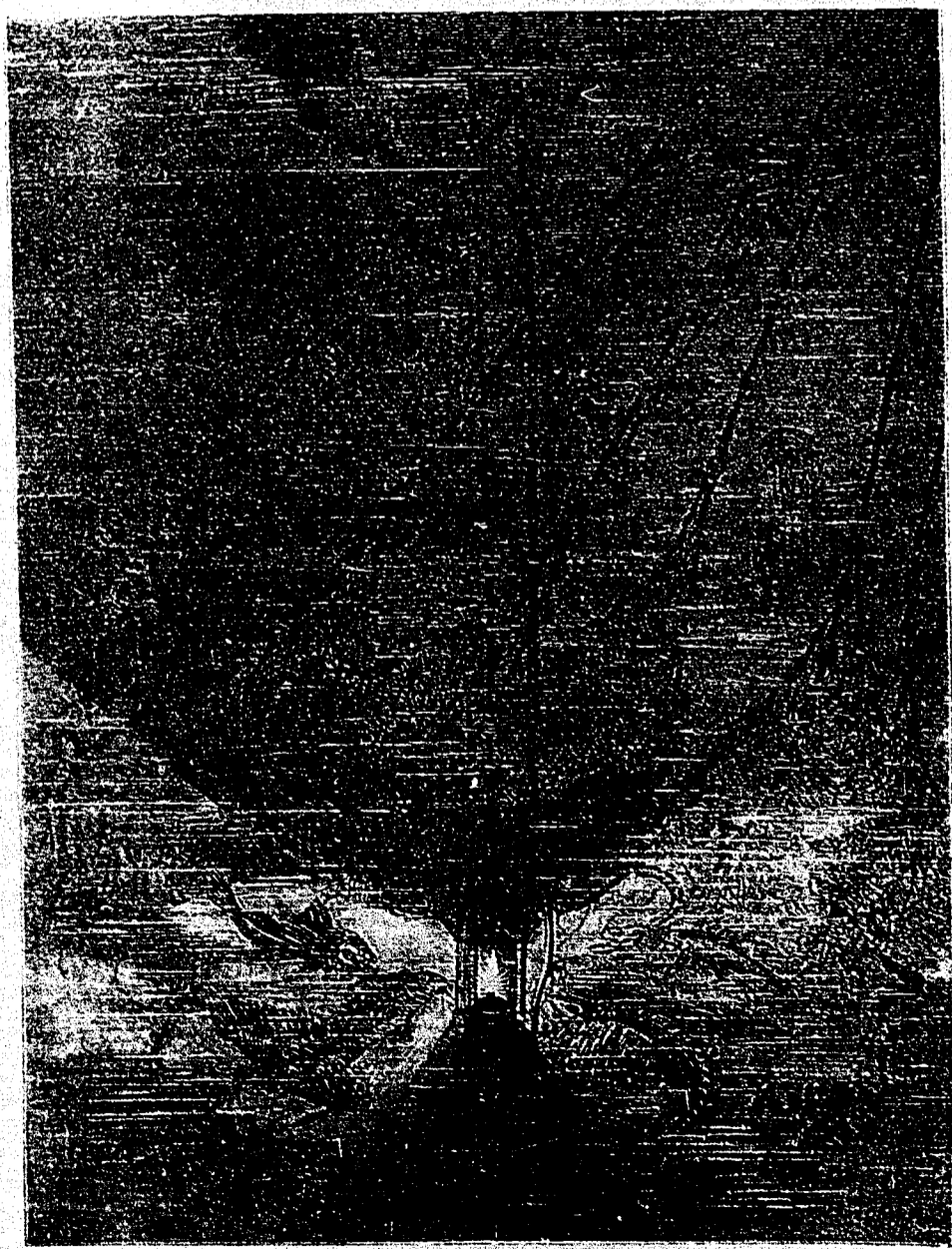
No. 269.—THE LATE JOHN A. PERKINS, Q. C.
FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY NOTMAN.



No. 270.—E. J. HEMMING, ESQ., COMMISSIONER ON THE COURT HOUSE INVESTIGATION.
FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY NOTMAN.



PARIS :—REPLACING THE STATUE OF NAPOLEON 1ST ON THE VENDOME COLUMN.



FISHING BY MEANS OF THE SUBMARINE LAMP.

(For the CANADIAN ILLUSTRATED NEWS.)

A WOMAN'S QUESTION.

(Imitation of Miss Proctor.)

Before I breathe the vows, dear Jack,
That make me yours for life,
Before the holy words are said
That make me yours for life,
Before, in fact, I quite agree,
Question your soul to-night for me.

I know your heart is all my own,
Or, so at least you say,
I've never faltered in my faith,
Not even for day;
My hope, my trust is perfect, dear,
But, do you care for Lou Devere?

A jealous thought I'd scorn to hide
Within my deepest heart,
For man and wife should never have
A hope or fear apart,
But, then you, dear, folks did say
You flirted in a desperate way.

My every hope, my every dream,
I'd sacrifice for you,
And all the blossoms of my life
Upon your path I'd strew,
The only thing I must insist
Is your forsaking clubs: and whist—

I'm not at all exacting, dear,
Ah, that you fully know,
As dear mamma so often says
I do not think of show,
For pride and pomp I do not care
But—won't we keep our coach and pair?

I'd have our love so simple, dear,
So trusting and so true,
That all your world should be in me
And all my world in you,
But, can't we live a little while
At the St Clair? 'tis all the style.

I'd break the dearest ties for you
Without a single thought,
And friends and kindred gladly leave
As every woman ought;
But dear mamma I cannot spare,
She quite expects our home to share.

Thus all my future, dearest love,
I place within your hands
To love, to honor, to obey
As Holy writ commands,
But then you know you've always said
That you'd be heart and I'd be head.

A. E. B.

BEFORE THE LIGHTS.

I am an "old stager;" and my story is of the stage, "stagey." As early as I can remember, I had a desperate longing for the stage. Not that I was a second Master Betty, or believed that I should develop into a Roscius. Neither was I stage-struck, nor desirous of "fretting my little hour" before the lights. At one time, perhaps, I would have jumped at a chance of appearing in any character, from a demon in a pantomime, with a hideous mask and nothing to say, up to the great creation of Shakespeare's Macbeth at an amateur performance. But the "desperate longing" to which I now refer was of quite another order. Stagey, it is true; but it was in the ranks of authorcraft I wished to shine. When first the desire seized me, I can well remember the insane attempts I made to interview managers of theatres, under the innocent belief that could I but once obtain admission to the sanctum sanctorum of so awful a personage—situate somewhere, I knew, in that mysterious region known to outsiders as "behind the scenes"—I could at once convince him that I was the coming genius of the age; that my piece—some farce unduly elaborated, and the big manuscript much thumbed—would make the fortune of his theatre, and (though this I did not add) of myself as well. But experience teaches, and all those pet beliefs fell through one by one, as time after time, I failed, and non-success made heavy the youthful heart that, feeling so hopefully, had commenced so ardently to write for the stage. To "write for the stage." What a great deal of sound there is in that phrase! But very little more than sound, I soon discovered. And yet I had my "first night" when, as the "author," I was called before the curtain, "before the lights," upon the stage, gained what had been my highest ambition, and made my bow to an audience. If you ask me what led me to take up such a line, I answer that I don't know. None of my family were stage people, but I remember that one of my school-companions lent me a playbook once, and described in glowing terms how he had seen it acted. And then I used to read the bills of the theatres and devour with my eyes the "programme of performance" at some especially favourite house. The great posters upon the street-boardings announcing a new piece by Mr. — had for me a very great fascination. I envied the lucky author whose name appeared there—not because he appeared, but for the honour and glory it brought him, and the name it gave him. And again, I thought of the money he must be making, and with nothing to do for it. I forgot the brain-work, the hard labour, and the intense thought necessary to produce such a piece before payment could be hoped for. "Forgot" did I say? Rather let me own that I knew nothing of them. But as I sat one night in the pit of a theatre, making one of a "first-night audience," I thought how easy it would be to write a drama which should bring my name before the public, fill the house as that house was filled that night, and make me an author, too. How I watched that piece to its conclusion, listening to the words spoken by the actors and actresses as though they were so many charmers, and I, as by the magic of their influence, bound to listen! I have done it sometimes since, but not often. The author's craft is known to me, and the "situation" worked up by him no longer thrills me. I guess it before it presents itself to me, but I can greet his work as that of a clever man,

When the curtain fell on the first night of the new piece I witnessed, I was thrilled with excitement and emotion. The female portion of the audience wiped some tears caused by the sufferings of the heroine—it is the correct thing to represent your hero or heroine as a much-abused personage—and I felt what a noble thing it was to write a piece which, like that, mingled tears and laughter. And then the author was called before the curtain to bow his acknowledgments, and how I envied him! After that I attended a great many first nights, and each one determined to make me try for a similar honour. With what pride when I had written a farce—my first—I sent it in to the manager of a theatre where I thought it would have the best chance! With what anxiety I waited for an answer! Would it come the next day or the day after? Or would it be a week? I wondered. But no; the next day passed, and the day after, and a week went by without a sign. Had it reached him? I asked myself. But it must have, I answered, for I had left it with my own hands. Two weeks, three weeks, a month, and still no answer; and then I called one night and asked to see Mr. —. My name was sent up, politely enough, and soon a message was brought down that the manager was too busy to see any one, but would I state my business? I did; I said that I had called about a farce I had sent in; and I remember how, when I mentioned with becoming modesty my "little piece," I blushed like a schoolgirl and turned my face away, so that the man might not see it. I then received a promise that the manager would write to me, but before it came I had grown apathetic; for the "hope deferred" which "makes the heart sick" had come with full force upon me. In the first eagerness of writing, however, I had not waited for one to be produced before thinking of another, and about this time I had a second farce ready. Then I addressed a note to the manager about the other, and begged an answer. Yet still I waited, and then, to cut short the story of my long waiting, when the answer did come, the post brought with it my manuscript—rejected! Undeterred I sent in the second farce, and resolved to wait patiently before I asked about that. To tell the truth, I began to find out that managers did not read pieces every day in the week, though I know now that they might do so every hour in the day if they would, so many things are sent in, so many applications by aspirants after such honours. I waited and waited till more than a month had passed, and then wrote again and again, only to find that the manuscript had been mislaid, and, that having been recently found, I was to have an answer shortly.

Here let me tell those whom this struggle for an author's *début* may interest, that it is not panned to exhibit the dark side of the picture to them. There is a bright side which is pretty well known—"success." But it is must be struggled for, and those who can enter into the fight with that forewarning which is a forearming stand the best chance. On every side, however, lie stumbling-blocks, not the least of which is the course pursued by managers of the present day, to get pieces written by well-known authors, ignoring others, to suit the peculiar talents of the respective members of their company. In two ways this seems to be bad. It affords no opportunity, or very little, for the development of any talent, and restricts the school of acting to a certain line in which an actor or actress is recognised, or has made his or her "mark." The old system, by which a company was got together for what is termed the "run of the business," is done away with. Instead, an actor is now engaged to fill a certain part in a certain piece, and when that is over he is dismissed, unless the management have had a piece written in which there is a part suited to the actor's peculiar style. All will admit that this "runs" the actor "in one groove," and gives him no opportunity for general grasp of character. There are plenty of men upon the stage who can be funny in a part written to be funny, or strong in a part written to be strong; but that should not be placed to the actor's credit: it belongs to the author; but where an actor can make, legitimately, something good out of words and actions that are nothing except in his hands, that man is an actor in the proper meaning of the word; he "grasps" his character, and proves that he does not run in the "one groove" which the stilted style of the present day leads to. In "the provinces," there are companies who act together from year's end to year's end without change, and play innumerable pieces and a variety of characters. Such companies are the "feeders" of the London stage, or would be but that the actors and actresses own it is not worth their while to come to London to play through one piece only, which may or may not give them an opportunity of displaying the talent they may possess. This is the great stumbling-block to authors and to development of the acting art in the future. Criticism may do much in this and other respects to effect a purer silvering of the "mirror held up to nature" through the stage. Kindly disposed, yet uncompromising in the exposure of immorality or tendency to impurity, critics should be, and no editor should fear actions for libel (if he have perfect confidence in his critic), where a jury is set up to judge between the purity or indecency of a piece they possibly never saw.

But to return to my narrative. The answer from the manager came at last, in the shape of a request to call at the theatre at a certain time. What was it for? I asked myself. Was my piece accepted? Would it be played, or returned to me? But this latter thought I partially ignored, though it would intrude itself, because the other rejected piece had been returned unaccompanied

by any request for my presence. So, alternating between hope and fear, the time passed, and I found myself at the appointed hour waiting at the door of the theatre once again to see the manager. "At any rate," I thought, "I shall get behind the scenes at last,"—and I did. My name having been sent in, I was presently requested to enter the, to me, mysterious nay, almost sacred, region. I was "behind the scenes." "Good heavens!" I thought, as following the man conducting me, who hastened onward into sudden darkness, while I endeavoured to follow as quickly; "good heavens! was this the gilded hall or fairy palace I had seen from the pit? Was this dark and evil-smelling place the enchanted region known as behind the scenes?" I asked myself these questions while following the man who had taken my name, and while I was being led through a forest of trees—among which, oddly enough, stood the elegant furniture of a modern drawing-room. My guide knocked at a little door in a dark corner, and the next second I found myself before a man who sat at a little table scratching long lines across a bulky manuscript. He was heavy-eyed, his face bore an expression of the greatest trouble, and he looked tired to death. It was the manager! The man who, night after night, convulsed the house with laughter—he played low comedy and whom I had pictured as the incarnation of mirth and jollity. While he went on marking the manuscript—for, of course, I did not interrupt him—I had leisure to observe the sanctum sanctorum I had at last entered. Above the mantel-shelf was a cracked looking-glass minus a frame; in one corner guns, swords, pikes, helmets, shields, and the general armour of stage soldiery; while the room generally was crowded with a heterogeneous mass of furniture. And then I looked at the manager with mingled curiosity and interest. He never spoke for five minutes, and I knew that he was a man who took life's troubles roughly, that they pressed heavily upon him. Yet this was the man who was the life and soul of the audience at night. Truly, I thought "all is not gold that glitters." When he looked up and pushed his work away from him, he passed his hand across his eyes as though he would wipe away a load of care, and then asked,

"Well, sir, and what can I do for you?"

I explained my business to him, told him my name, and mentioned that I had previously sent in a farce.

"Yes," he said, "yes; I remember; I wasted my time reading it. Not worth the light, sir."

I laughed a little and coloured a great deal. Not that I was offended; I rather liked the frank tone in which he spoke.

"Well," I asked, "and with regard to this one?"

"Humph! Better," he said, "decidedly better;" and then added, "I'll play it."

I didn't jump up and seize his hand, nor fall down on my knees to thank him, though it was the consummation of my wishes at that time. I never moved, though I know my heart did, for I felt it thumping very hard beneath my waistcoat.

"Yes," he repeated, "I'll do it, but I can't say when. As soon as I want another farce."

After that, I need scarcely say, I went home and wrote with renewed energy, and thought over "old" plots upon which to found "new" pieces. Not farces—no; I meant to aspire to something very different, for was I not an author? And so I had determined to have a big piece—in acts, as I had seen them called; for I had bought plays and studied their construction. And I would have a suffering heroine, and a fight, in which the villain was to be killed by the lover—at least that was my idea of the orthodox then. That, I thought, would bring me fame, and after that money would come.

In about three months more I was sent for again to go to the theatre. The manager had not forgotten his promise, as some of them do. It was at night then, and when once more I found myself behind the scenes, the light there was as broad as the sun at noonday. I was told that the manager would be "off" directly, and so I was left standing alone. "Off?" I thought, what is "getting off"? But not liking to ask any one, my ignorance remained unlightened. As I stood by the scenes, constantly finding myself in somebody's way, I heard the shouts of laughter from the audience, but I could not see on the stage. Some time after a policeman came close to my side and put his hand familiarly on my shoulder. I was almost inclined to resent what I thought was an insult, and did ask somewhat sharply,

"What do you want?"

In reply I heard a quiet chuckle—I had heard it many a time before, on the stage—and then the policeman said, "Ah, you don't know me;" and so he laughed again.

I knew him then. It was the manager himself, dressed for his part, and I had not known him. I found too, that he was much more humorous than when I saw him before, and I was glad. We laughed together over the joke, and he called me "green." I thought then that he had mistaken my name, but I did not contradict him.

He told me afterwards that he had sent forme to tell me that he proposed to "read" my piece on the following day, and he wished me to be present. When I left him I was very much mystified. I was certain that he had told me he had read it; and yet now he said he was going to read it on the morrow. But when the next day came—and I suppose I need scarcely say I was at the theatre—I found out that "reading" it really meant reading it *before the company*, or those members of the company required to play

in it. The manager was present—he played the first part—and several other gentlemen and ladies. One of the latter, who was called Miss Winter, attracted my attention from her exceeding beauty, and before the morning was over, I observed that she became so nervous as to scarcely know what she was doing. I was not soft-hearted, but the young lady interested me, and I took an opportunity of speaking to her. The interest was heightened by a circumstance that occurred at a rehearsal, and it was this: In the farce she had to play the part of an orphan girl, and when she came to speak the line which told the fact, I noticed a quick glance at her dress—plain black—and a sudden paling of her face. I thought she was going to faint, but I did not know the reason, and another lady took her by the hand and led her to a chair.

After about a week of rehearsal, the night when the piece was to be played had come. I was not very old, then, and though I can look on such an event now with somewhat more composure (but still anxiety and care), need I say that my excitement that evening was great? To me, it was as big a venture as any of the big pieces I had witnessed on "first nights" at other theatres. Judge, then, how I tormented myself with thoughts of something that was to happen to prevent its success—possibly even its being played at all. Would somebody break down in his part and ruin the "go" of it? But no; it was announced; it must come off. Over and over again I had contemplated the bills of the theatre placarded about the town, announcing the new farce, to which my name was appended as the author. With what pride I had first read it, and how, whenever I met with a bill in my walks through the streets, I stopped to examine it and look for my name. The advertisements, too, I carefully scanned, and the newspapers became charms to my eyes. And then, that night when the curtain rose upon the farce, and the audience welcomed the comic man (the manager) with a round of applause as he entered, the laughter he provoked, the roars from the "gods" (inhabitants of the gallery—I learnt the term afterwards), how my heart beat! And when the curtain fell and the manager, shouted for by his admirers, went forward and took me with him, shall I ever forget it? No; I think not, for it was dearer to me than any of the other receptions I have had. My wife, Mrs. —, *née* Miss Winter, could, perhaps, tell you more of it; might also tell you how I found out that she was an orphan who had come to the theatre just as the farce was put on, so accounting for the incident which aroused my interest in her; that interest which culminated in my proposing to take her from the world, so friendless to her, to the warmer world which I could make for her. The two events are almost identical. One sprang from the other, and, old as I am now, and the stage no fairy palace, enchanted or mysterious region, but only a world of high hopes and burning hearts (some true ones, some strayed from the path of the noble art), it would be as impossible for me to forget how my love grew for Ellen Winter, as it would be to forget my first appearance "before the lights."

HUMOROUS.

A New Hampshire man sends fourteen of his children to one school, and when they combine against the teacher he knows he can safely bet on the result.

As the Pittsburg murderer passed a group of newspaper reporters, on his way to the gallows, he remarked confidentially: "Give me a good send off, boys." He got it.

TAKE the world right through, and three-quarters of the humans do not earn their bread and clothes. This is what makes it so tough for the other quarter.

We have yet to learn of a sadder boy than he who invested his little all in a snow shovel, Dec. 1st, upon the promise from his father of twenty-five cents for cleaning the walks after every snow storm.

No matter how happy a man may seem, yet his life is not free from hard knocks and disappointments, just as the sublimate plate of hash is sure to have lurking in it, somewhere, a shirt button or a part of a waterfall.

"SAY, POP," said John Henry's hopeful, the other day, "wasn't it the prince of whales that swallowed Jonah?" And John patted his head, and gave him a nickel, and told him he might some day be an alderman; and then as he put on his slippers, and found a small chestnut-bur in each toe, he took that boy over his knee and wrestled with him.

No young man has a right to blow his brains out because his washerwoman does not turn over the points of his piece-dilly evenly, though he has an undoubted right to destroy her on the spot. Duty to his family demands that a turn down collar comes before death, and an approving conscience will pat him on the back for the sacrifice.

As you carried the napkin home from the party, there will be no harm in returning it clean; still strict etiquette does not oblige you to do so. The hostess should have concealed her chagrin at your breaking a prong of a silver fork in picking your teeth, no matter how valuable that article may have been. We would advise you, however, to carry a stout ice-pick to avoid such accidents in the future. One cannot be too careful at a dinner. We have known the falling of an upper set of teeth in a tureen to cast a gloom over a feast that would have otherwise been a success.

A FOND father on North Hill sent his young hopeful of four into an adjoining room to get a book. The boy came back and said it wasn't there. "Yes it is, my son," said the father. "It's on the stand." The boy went back and reported again, no book there. The father got impatient, and sent another child for the book, and in the meantime, the mother brought the book from a different room with the remark, "Here's your book, pa." It was on the mantel. The gentleman composed himself to read, and about ten minutes afterwards discovered young hopeful still standing by his chair and regarding him intently. As he raised his eyes the boy broke out solemnly, "Father, there's a lie out somewhere; and I didn't tell it." There wasn't a dry eye in the wigwam.

[For the CANADIAN ILLUSTRATED NEWS.]

A TRIPLE.

Meet me at the Church, my loved one,
Meet me at Church, my Fay;
The Clerk and the ring are ready—
We shall be one to-day.

Our life is a restless march—
Some call it a fitful dream—
It comes to us all unasked,
And goes like a rapid stream.

My mind is burdened with cares,
My heart is heavy and sad;
I long for a smile to cheer me—
For a voice to make me glad.

The few brief years we are here
May as well be happily spent,
If a loving heart be found,
If a willing hand be lent.

To aid in the march thro' life,
To help in the weary fight,
To joy when her hero conquers,
Or mourn for her fallen knight.

Then grant me thy cheerful looks,
Mild of the rosy cheek!
Thine is the hand I long for,
Thine is the love I seek.

To aid in the march thro' life,
To help in the ceaseless fray,
To joy in my honest conquests,
Or soothe in the losing day.

Then meet me at Church, my loved one,
Meet me at Church, my Fay!
The Clerk and the ring are ready;
We shall be one to-day.

Montreal, 1875.

C. D.

BRELOQUES POUR DAMES.

THE gentleman who kissed a lady's "snowy brow" caught a severe cold, and has been laid up ever since.

ONE of the most pitiable sights in this life is the spectacle of a man, who has been married but three months, wearing cotton in his ears.

A WOMAN may not have so much hair as a comet, nor so many belts as Jupiter, but she stands at the head of the mysteries of the universe.

UPON the marriage of Miss Went, of Virginia, an editor hoped that her path might be flowered, and that she might never be thrashed by her husband.

AN Ohio woman has knit one hundred and thirty tidies and given them to poor people, and now she feels that some one else ought to take hold and buy rickety chairs to hang the tidies on.

RACHELS are not entirely lost to the refinement of sentiment, for the following toast was given by one of them at a public dinner:—"The ladies—sweet briars in the garden of life."

A YOUNG lady in Tennessee, when kissed, said, "You thief you, put that right back where you got it." A Pennsylvania damsel, having submitted to the same operation, backs right up, and says, "You scamp you, do that again if you dare."

"AIN'T it pretty?" said Mrs. Henry, holding up her new bonnet. "There's some charming ideas in that, I can tell you." "Glad of it," said John. "It's just as well to have ideas somewhere about your head, you know," and he passed to catch a hair-brush on the fly.

A LAWYER once approached a pretty Quakeress, and said she looked so charming he could not help giving her a kiss. "Friend," said the Quakeress, "thee must not do it." "Oh, by heaven, I will!" "Well, friend, as thee hast sworn, thee may do it; but thee must not make a practice of it."

SEVERAL young ladies who were out "shoot-ing off" the old year, and helping to make a noise on New Year's Eve, when commended for the patriotism they evinced in thus welcoming the Centennial year, replied that they were rejoicing over the advent of leap year, and didn't care a cent about the Centennial.

A Danbury couple have a nice little daughter some five summers old. A lady visitor observed to the mother, "What a pretty child you have. She must be a great comfort to you." "She is, indeed," said the fond mother. "When I'm mad at John I don't have to speak to him. She calls him to his meals, and tells him to get the coal and other things that I want. She's real handy."

THERE'S nothing to exceed the diabolical satisfaction a man will take in announcing to his wife, after he has got his shirt on, that there is a button missing; and the keen delight he feels in seeing her dance around the room after a needle and thread while she listens to a lecture on infernal capriciousness, approaches ecstasy. But look out when she gets that button on, bites the thread off with a snap and commences—"There now—"

OF all women, she is most to be pitied, who has a hesitating admirer, who boggles about popping the question. He is worse than a bold one. How perfectly satisfactory was the conduct of that brave old Puritan who rode up to the door of the house of the girl of his choice, and having desired her to be called out to him, said, without circumlocution, "Rachel, the Lord hath sent me to marry thee!" when the girl answered with equal promptitude and devoutness, "The Lord's will be done!"

"MARY," said a Union street mother to her pretty daughter, the other night; "what were you and that young man staying out on the steps so long for?" "We were only watching the stars shoot, mother," replied Mary. "What was that noise like kissing I heard?" continued

her mother, sternly. "I don't know what it was," replied Mary, innocently, "unless it was the nails in the sidewalk snapping with the frost. You know they snap real loud sometimes, mother." Her mother said nothing, and tried to remember if nails ever snapped when she was a girl.

COMMISSIONER HEMMING.

Edward John Hemming, D.C.L., District Magistrate for the districts of Arthabaska and St. Francis, whose portrait we this week present to our readers, was born the 30th August, 1823, being the third son of the late Henry Keene Hemming, formerly of London, England, by Sophia Wingman, his wife. He is, moreover, a great nephew of Captain Thomas Hemming, an officer in Wolfe's army at the time of the taking of Quebec, brother of George Wingman Hemming, Q. C., of Lincoln's Inn, a senior wrangler and late fellow of St. John's College, Cambridge, and cousin of the Hon. Judge Dunkin. Educated at the Clapham Grammar School under the Revd. Chas. Pritchard, he made, on leaving school, several voyages to India and China as a midshipman. On leaving the sea, he turned his attention to farming and competed successfully for the prize open to the whole world, offered by the Royal Agricultural Society of England, at the time of the great Exhibition in 1851, for the best Essay on Agricultural Chemistry. He came to Montreal the same year and entered as a law-student in the office of Messrs. Bethune and Dunkin. He then entered McGill College in 1855, took first honours in both Civil and Criminal Law with the degree of B.C.L., and afterwards took that of D.C.L., in course. He was twice elected President of the Law Students' Society, joined the Montreal Light Infantry, from which he retired on leaving limits in 1858 with the rank of Captain in the Active Force, unattached. He was called to the Bar in May, 1855, when he married Sophia Louisa, eldest daughter of the late Thomas Robinson, Esq., of London, England. He compiled the Digest Index to the Laws of Canada from 1776 to 1857, under the direction of G. W. Wicksteed, Q. C., Law Clerk, preparatory to the consolidation of the Statutes. He removed from Montreal to the district of Arthabaska, in 1858, on the occasion of his father settling in that district, near Drummondville, in the County of Drummond, where he has ever since practised his profession. In 1867, he was elected to represent the Counties of Drummond and Arthabaska in the Quebec Legislative Assembly, succeeding to the late Eric Dorion (l'Enfant Terrible), and defeating his brother Wilfrid, now Justice Dorion. He was the promoter and President of the Richelieu, Drummond and Arthabaska Railway, now forming part of the South-Eastern Railway. He was defeated in 1871 by Mr. Wilfrid Laurier, and shortly afterwards was elected Warden of the County of Drummond, which office he resigned in February, 1873, on accepting that of District Magistrate. For some years he was President of the Agricultural Society No. 1 for the County of Drummond. In December last, he was appointed Sole Commissioner for the Lieutenant-Governor of the Province of Quebec to enquire into the management and working of the offices of the Prothonotary, Clerk of the Court, Sheriff, Clerk of the Crown, Clerk of the Peace, and Police Magistrate for the district of Montreal, which enquiry he is at present holding, bringing thereto the benefit of a practical and searching mind.

Mr. Hemming has been elected delegate to both the Diocesan and Provincial Synods of the Anglican Church, ever since their first session to the present time.

SHELLEY'S DEATH.

It will be remembered that a short time ago a story was put in circulation to the effect that an old sailor, dying, had confessed that the drowning of the poet Shelley was due to pirates—of whom the sailor was one—who attacked the boat in which Shelley was, under the impression that the wealthy English "Mildred" Byron was in it. A captain in the Italian navy, who is residing at Spezzia, has investigated the story, and finds it to have had no basis in truth. The captain is a friend of Professor de Gubernatis—a sufficient voucher for his trustworthiness. He has sifted the reports current in Spezzia, and interrogated the civil and ecclesiastical authorities, and asserts that no one in the town knows anything whatever about the old sailor or the strange confession he is said to have made on his death-bed. The captain in his letter to Professor de Gubernatis, continues: "But for Miss Trelawny we should never have heard of this extraordinary event, or its fantastic details. People here feel sure that the whole is a mystification practised on some poetic imagination excited by Disraeli's 'Venetia,' and put it down to some wag of a sailor who (there are several of them in the bay) had known and served the illustrious but restless English poets. One in particular is mentioned, who is very clever at retailing fables on a subject that interests English people, and who has pretty well made a business of it. It would be wronging our priests to suppose them capable of betraying the secrets of the confessional. One of two hypotheses is possible: either the confession was made with a view to reparation, under the pressure of remorse, and it was the priest's duty to give it all possible publicity and to make a deposition before the courts; or it was a case of a penitent who wanted to confess all his sins in order to present himself unstained before the throne of God; and you know as well as I do, sir, that no priest, without con-

promising his authority and position, would betray the secrets of the confessional. This remark has been made to me in various forms by all the civil authorities and the priests to whom I have spoken, and till I learn to the contrary I shall feel convinced that Miss Trelawny has been deceived. Let her give us the name of the person who supplied her with the news, and on the part of the authorities I can promise that no search, no pains will be spared to establish the historical truth of the story which has excited the curiosity of the English public." Professor de Gubernatis also believes the whole story to be a hoax.

THE SHAUGHRAUN.

Last week was quite the gala week of the season, the presence of His Excellency the Governor-General at the Academy of Music lending an additional interest to this already favorite place of amusement. We say additional attraction, as the opportunity afforded us of seeing Mr. McDowell, for the first time, in his impersonation of "Conn, the Shaughraun," in the well-known play of that name, was in itself attraction great enough to draw crowded houses. We watched this piece with interest, as up to the present time though witnessing with pleasure the acting of Mr. McDowell, yet that pleasure has been mingled with a feeling of disappointment. As a manager he has worked hard and successfully, but that work has so occupied him that he has been unable to bestow the time and study necessary for the proper rendition of such parts as "Hector Placide" in *Led Astray*, "George D'Alroy" in *Caste*, or even those he fulfilled in the extravaganzas of *Panthonas* and *The Field of the Cloth of Gold*; to all of which he is able to do more justice than he did. As "Conn," however, he showed himself his best; carefully studied, he played exceedingly well, and made the piece his own throughout. The support he received was good, but might have been better; as "Robert Flolliott" Mr. F. O. Smith lacks the ability to portray the beauties of the character. He does his best, however, is well up in his lines, but it is beyond his power, he cannot do justice to the part. This gentleman is not an actor and we are afraid will never be one; there is always a strain in all he does, showing he is not at home in the characters he is called on to delineate. We say this with feelings of kindness. He is young and willing to learn and we should recommend him to go back and work his way up again to the position he at present occupies; with time and study he may yet be an actor, but as we said before, we doubt it. Of Neil Warner it is unnecessary to write much; he is an actor of long experience, and in whatever parts he handles he gives the utmost satisfaction. We must congratulate Mr. McDowell on the acquisition he has made in the person of Mr. Warner who is a host in himself. Mr. Morris still retains his hold on the good will of his audiences; as "Harvey Duff" he played well, but as "Eccles" in *Caste*, he did not come up to our idea of the part, it being to our minds rather too much of the drunkard. There is, however, no doubt of the fact that Mr. Morris is an actor, and one who at no distant date will rank high in his line of the profession. Mr. Loveday is a gentleman we see too little of. He acts well and does credit to every part entrusted to him. As "Father Dolan" he had not much to do, but that little he made the most of. Miss Fanny Reeves is as great a favorite as ever, and has shown us several excellent pieces of acting in *Caste*, *Allice*, and *The Shaughraun*. In the first she played "Polly Eccles" with a degree of vivacity and spirit that was very pleasing, but she omitted several points in themselves trifles which nevertheless are considerable adjuncts to making the part a success. In *Allice*, she fairly made "a hit," dealing with her difficult part in a style that fairly surprised us. In the scene when she is brought in dead and placed on the sofa, the immobility of her features, and her corpse-like attitude were very effective. In the *Shaughraun* too she was very pleasing, but we must give Miss Reeves a word of advice. Her voice is very pleasant to listen to, but she does not enunciate her words with sufficient clearness and strength to be heard throughout the building. If in this she would imitate Miss Weaver she would give much greater satisfaction. Miss Clara Fisher, young and sweet voiced, charms her hearers on her every appearance. In the extravaganza she is the life of them, and continues to receive the well-merited applause of her more than pleased hearers. We would like to hear her in a *rolé* above mere extravaganza, and have reason to believe it will not be long before we shall be satisfied. Her voice is very sweet and in the operatic selections in which we have heard her were so well pleased that we ask for more. Miss Weaver improves on acquaintance; the more we see of her the more we like her. She is young at her profession and knows it, which is a strong point in her favour; she has talent, and with time, we doubt not, will make a very good actress. She is apt, however, to "ratt" on occasions, a fault she should remedy as soon as possible, Miss Victoria Cameron retains her high place in her profession, playing all her parts with care and ability, but she is not lucky in the pieces chosen, having had but few in which she can fully display her powers. We hope, yet, to see her in a part in which she will have full scope for her abilities. In Mr. J. Benison Green, Mr. McDowell has a treasure of a business manager. Never yet, in Montreal, have the arrangements of a theatre in front of the curtain been better carried out. Every one who attends the Academy can bear witness to his management in the easy and quiet manner in which tickets can be ob-

tained; in the courtesy of the ushers and in the absence of all disturbance. Not even when the house has been the most crowded has there been the slightest difficulty or trouble which has not been immediately and quietly remedied, generally without the audience having become aware that any hitch had occurred. The comfort of the audience is carefully studied, and none but a business manager can tell how hard and difficult a thing it is to satisfy the demands of an impatient crowd whose requirements are so varied and so hard to satisfy and yet please all. An umbrella and cloak-room has been established in the corridor by Mr. A. Bean, who also hires out opera-glasses at a trifling cost. The season continues successful, and we doubt not will be concluded so even to the satisfaction of Mr. McDowell.

REPLACING THE STATUE OF NAPOLEON ON THE VENDOME COLUMN.

The restoration of the Vendome column, destroyed during the Commune, was concluded, on the 27th last December, by the ascension and location on its summit of the statue of Napoleon I. It is the former statue representing Napoleon as a Roman emperor. When brought to the foot of the column, the statue was set on a wooden stand supported by two strong sheaves of cordage which were hooked to tacking. A windlass on the top of the scaffolding, worked by a dozen men, sufficed to raise this enormous mass which weighed four or five thousand pounds. The ascension, commenced about four in the afternoon, was finished at eight, when the workmen attached the statue to the level of the platform, and postponed its final installation till the following day. The column now presents its former appearance.

HARD TIMES IN TORONTO.

In another part of this issue will be found two sketches in the Y. M. C. A. "Refuge," Toronto, incidental to the hard times. The old goal has been fitted up in a rude fashion, and tolerably well heated for the accommodation of homeless people. It is supported by contribution; the work of the inmates at present being only sufficient to keep them from rusting. Three meals a day are allowed, and although rather ugly looking, the merits of the cook and baker are amply appreciated by one hundred and three hungry men. The appearance of the place, not to speak of the hard boards and woollen bolsters which do service for beds, might bring on an attack of ague to a man of extreme sensibility, but the majority of the men domiciled here have been lying too long on the "bed of rocks" to be very tender with regard to appearances. The men are nearly all of the labouring or general utility class. The tradesman from whatever cause is a rare bird.

LITERARY.

In his recent work on "Angola and the River Congo," J. J. Monteiro sweepingly asserts the total failure of missionary work in Africa.

The veteran statesman, Lord Stratford de Redcliffe, has found time to produce an original play—"Alfred the Great in Athelney."

VICTOR HUGO is about to publish a volume of verse entitled "Les Justes Colères," which is a continuation of "L'Année Terrible."

MADAME ARABELLA GODDARD, who speaks five languages, is writing a book of her travels all round the world, which she will publish on her return to England.

THE poems of Ebenezer Elliott, "The Corn-Law Rhymer," are to be issued in a new edition, and will be followed by his "Life and Correspondence," both are edited by his son, Rev. E. Elliot, of Antigua.

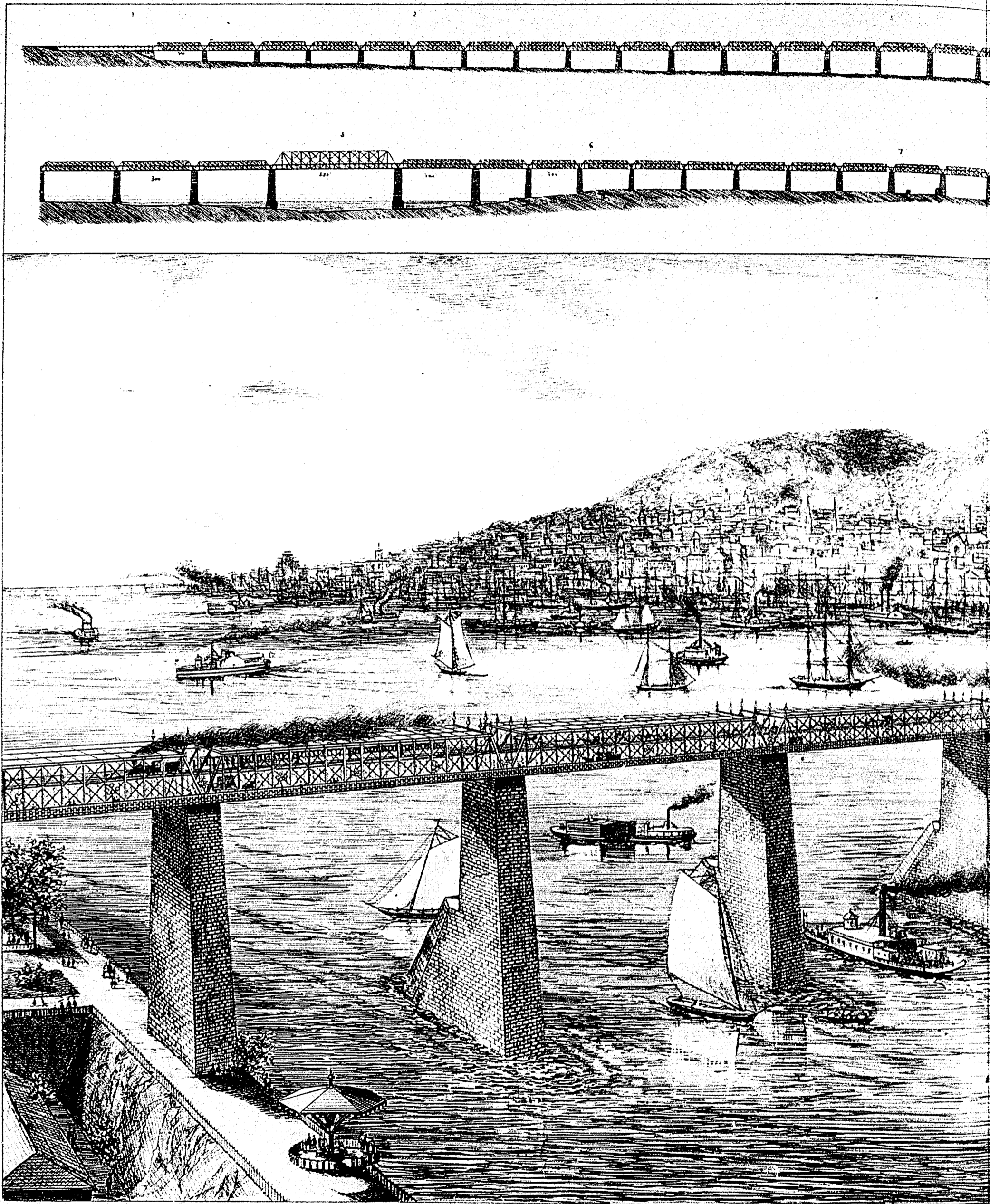
THE Chicago *Inter-Ocean*, says that there is an old threadbare, snuff-colored, thin-necked, spindle-shanked, pepper-and-salt, weazen, rum-drinking fossil, hidden away somewhere in Washington, who has written more Congressional speeches than all the members of the present House put together.

M. STANISLAS GUYARD, one of the most rising Orientalists in France, has just completed a work on the "Arabic Prosody," in which he has completely analysed the principles of the metrical system, and shown how it may be expressed by a simple musical notation. The book will appear shortly, either in France or England.

AUGUSTA J. EVANS, the author of "Beulah," "Macaria," "St. Elmo," "Yashiti," and "Infelicia," is about forty years of age, and the wife of a rich man who lives at Mobile, Ala. She is said by those who know her to be one of the best educated women in America. An admiring correspondent says: "It is just as natural for her to write of classic shades and quote foreign languages as it is for her to write at all. Within eight years her publisher has paid \$100,000 as her share of the profits arising from the sale of her books."

The *Publisher's Circular* shows that there have been 3,577 new books published in Great Britain during the year 1875. The different branches of literature represented by the new publications are: Theology, 536; educational, 270; juvenile works, 188; fiction, 334; law, 68; political and social economy, trade and commerce, 68; arts, sciences and illustrated works, 437; voyages and travels, 227; history and biography, 267; poetry and the drama, 222; year books and serials in volumes, 245; medicine and surgery, 65; belles lettres and essays, 120; miscellaneous, 172.

GEORGE ELIOT'S new novel is called "Daniel Deronda." It opens in a German gambling saloon, whence the scene is transferred to an English country place in Wessex. The portrait of an English girl, Gwendolen Harleth, is first given, and there are indications that this character will be the chief subject of the novelist's psychological study. The hints given of her nature, as that of one of the Lamia women, a cold, strong blonde, of passionless beauty, promise one of George Eliot's most remarkable analyses of human temperament. The hero is introduced abruptly as being attracted to her face, so that the novel begins at once. The first book is chiefly devoted to Miss Harleth; the second is called "Meeting Streams."



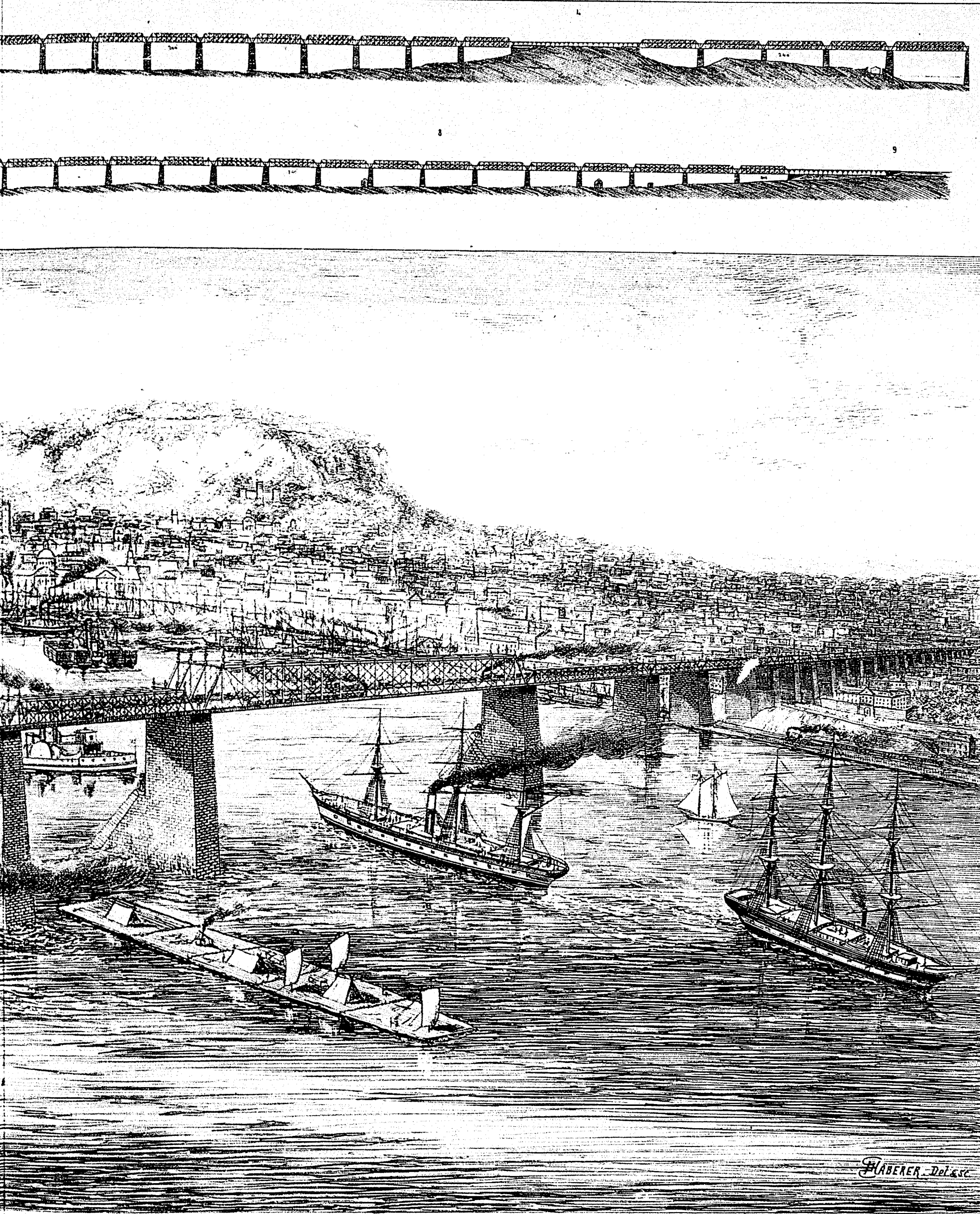
CANADIAN ILLUSTRATED NEWS, 12TH FEBRUARY, 1876.

MONTREAL: BIRDS EYE VIEW, AND GENERAL

ROYAL ALBERT

REFERENCES TO PLAN OF ELEVATION:—1. Terminus at St. Lambert; 2. Longueuil and St. Lambert's Road; 3. St. Lawrence River, South Channel; 4.

DIMENSIONS: Total length between Termini: 15,500 feet.
Height of same over summer level of St. Lawrence: 150 feet.



GENERAL ELEVATION OF THE PROPOSED

ALBERT BRIDGE.

St. Helen's Island; 5. St. Lawrence River, Main Channel; 6. St. Mary Street; 7. St. Catherine Street; 8. Ontario Street; 9. Terminus at Sherbrooke Street.

Length of Span over Main Channel: 550 feet.

130 feet. Total number of Spans: 61.

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OUR CENTENNIAL STORY.

THE BASTONNAIS.

A TALE OF THE AMERICAN INVASION OF CANADA IN 1775-76.

By JOHN LESPERANCE.

BOOK I.

THE GATHERING OF THE STORM.

XVIII.

RODERICK HARDINGE.

It was a little before nine o'clock when Hardinge entered his quarters at the barracks. He had passed through an eventful day, and he felt weary. The interview which he had just held with M. Belmont was, however, so absolutely the object of his pre-occupation that he appeared nowise disposed to seek the rest required by his exhausted physical powers. Mechanically divesting himself of his civilian costume and assuming the undress uniform of his rank, he moved absently about his little room, muttering to himself, humming fragments of song, and occasionally breaking out into low laughter. Arnold and his rebel crew were clean forgotten, the military events through which he had passed, during the preceding few days, were blotted from his mind, and the coming and going of the troops in the courtyard below completely escaped his attention. It has been said, and with easily assignable cause, that the soldier on the eve of battle is more sensitive to the softer passions of the heart and the oblivion of all else which these passions induce, than any other mortal. Such was the case with Roderick on this evening. He keenly appreciated the extent of the dangers which he had experienced, and the importance of the victory which he had won within the last hour. What to him would have been the glory of arms, the fame of patriotic service, if he had lost Pauline? And—if the whole truth must be told—would the country itself have been worth saving without her?

Roderick Hardinge was seven and twenty years of age. He was a Scotchman by birth, but the best part of his life had been spent in Canada. His father was an officer in Fraser's famous Highland regiment whose history is so intimately associated with the conquest of New France. After the battle of the Plains of Abraham, in which it took a leading part, his regiment was quartered in the city of Quebec for some time, and when it finally disbanded, most of its members, officers as well as men, settled in the country, having obtained from the Imperial Government large tracts of land in the Gulf region. This colony has made its mark in the history of Canada, and to the present day the Scotch families of Murray Bay rank among the most distinguished in the public annals of the Province. While retaining many of the best characteristics of their origin, they have thoroughly identified themselves with their new home, and by intermarriage with the French natives, have almost completely lost the use of the English language.

Roderick's father imitated the example of many of his brother officers, and in the autumn of 1760, a few weeks after the capitulation of Vaudreuil at Montreal, and the definitive establishment of British power in Canada, he resigned his position in the army and settled on a fine domain in Montmagny, a short distance from Quebec, on the south shore of the St. Lawrence. Thither he summoned his family from Scotland. Roderick, his only son, was twelve years of age when he landed in Canada, and thus grew up as a child of the soil. He never left the country afterwards, and, on the death of his parents, he succeeded to the paternal estates which he greatly improved and cultivated with considerable success. Much of his leisure time was spent in the city of Quebec where his position, wealth and accomplishments procured him admission into the most select circles of the small but exclusive capital. From the circumstances of the times, the French language was almost more familiar to him than the English, and the reader will have readily understood that most of the conversations which we have represented him as holding were carried on in that language. This was more particularly the case in his intercourse with Pauline and her father, neither of whom spoke a word of English.

When the first news of the invasion of Canada by the Continentals reached his ears, he immediately abandoned his estates to the care of his old servant Donald, and buckling on his father's sword, rode in haste to Quebec, and enrolled himself in the service. The remnants of Fraser's Highlanders, with other recruits, were formed into a regiment, called the Royal Emigrants, under Colonel Allan MacLean, and we should naturally have expected that Roderick would have joined it, but for some reason or other, he did not do so. He took a regular commission in a regiment of Quebec militia, commanded by Colonel Caldwell. It was in this capacity that he performed the notable services which we have recorded in the preceding chapters.

Roderick Hardinge was tall, robust, athletic and active. He was very fond of field sports. He had made many a tramp on snow-shoes with the

coureurs des bois far into the heart of the wilderness. He had often wandered for months with some of the young Hurons of Lorette in quest of the deer and the bison. He was a magnificent horseman as his ride to Three Rivers has proven.

His education had not been neglected, and his good natural parts were well cultivated by the instruction of his father and the best tuition which the learned French ecclesiastics of Quebec could impart. He was very fair complexioned, with flossy hair and flaxen beard. As a man is usually ruled by contrast, this was probably the reason why he loved the dark-tressed, brown-eyed Pauline. He was ten years her senior, and had known her from her childhood, but his florid air and perfect health made him look much younger, and, as the two walked together, there appeared no undue disparity of age.

Roderick had just fastened the last button of his fatigue jacket when there was a call at the door and Donald entered the room. After a few words of hearty greeting, he informed his master that his reconnoitering of the rebels was over and that they would speak for themselves the next day. He stated that he had just come from the Chateau, where he had conveyed that intelligence to the Lieutenant-Governor. Hardinge thanked him for his diligence and fidelity, and as a first recompense, in answer to an inquiry of Donald, ordered him not to return to the farm but to remain in the city to take part in its defence. While the country was in danger the Montmagny estate might take care of itself.

XIX.

THE FRIGHTENED DOVES.

Pauline had few or no misgivings. Her little being was all heart, and her mind could not grasp the significance of the political events which passed before her eyes and on which her future more or less depended. For her, loyalty to France consisted simply in reverence and obedience towards her father. For her, fealty to the King did not extend much beyond love for his handsome, manly representative, Roderick Hardinge. Happy woman that need not walk beyond the beautiful round of the affections. Noble woman whose heroism is purely of the heart, not of the head. There are many species of martyrdom, but that of mere love is the grandest in the concentration of its own singleness.

After Roderick's departure, Pauline felt the need of being alone for a brief period in order to go over quietly in her own conscience all the varied pathetic scenes of that evening. It was not a process of analysis. Her mind was incapable of that. It was merely a quiet rehearsal of all the facts, that their vividness might be made more vivid and their effect brought home more tenderly to her heart. For a long hour she sat on the foot of her bed, now weeping, now smiling, now tossing her lovely head backwards, then burying her sweet face in her hands. At times a shadow would flit over the delicate features, but it would soon be replaced by a glow of serenity, until finally her whole demeanor settled into an air of prayerful content. Her hands joined upon her knee, her brow was bent, and her lips murmured words of gratitude. Beautiful Pauline! Sitting there with inclined body and her whole being divided between her love on the earth and her duty to heaven, she was the true type of the loveable woman.

It was eleven o'clock at the small ivory clock over the mantel, when a scratch was heard at the door. What was Pauline's surprise, on answering the call, to see little Blanche step into the room.

"Why, my little wood flower, what could have brought you here to-night?" she exclaimed.

The child sidled up to her godmother and did not answer at first, but there was that in her eye which at once led to suspicion that everything was not right. Her very presence there at such an hour was the indication of an unusual event, for Pauline knew that Blanche had never passed a night out of Batoche's cabin.

"Are you alone, my dear?" she asked.

"Ohno, godmother. Grand father is with me."

"Where?"

"Down stairs."

"And is any one with him?"

"Yes, M. Belmont is with him. He came to see M. Belmont."

These words somewhat reassured Pauline. She knew that Batoche seldom, if ever, came to the city, but probably the circumstances of the time forced him to do so this night, and he had carried his granddaughter with him in case he should have to tarry too long. She therefore proceeded to unfasten the child's hood and cloak.

"Come to the fire," she said, "and warm yourself while I get you some cakes and sweets from my cupboard."

As she said this, she noticed the same peculiar look in the eyes of the little girl.

"Tell me, Blanche, what is the matter?" she asked.

"I don't know, godmother, except that I must spend the night with you."

"Spend the night with me? Well, that is right. I will take good care of you, my dear. But are you sure of what you say? Who told you so?"

"M. Belmont himself."

"My father sent you up to me?"

"Yes, and he said I must remain with you until he and grandfather called for me."

"And they are both downstairs?"

The child's face put on that strange look again, as she answered:

"They were there just now, but—"

A great fear fell on the heart of poor Pauline. She knew instinctively that something was amiss.

"Come down with me, Blanche," she whispered, taking the child by the hand and leading her, on tip-toe, to the lower rooms. There was silence in the passage. The lights in the parlor were extinguished. The sitting apartment behind was deserted. Her father's cap and great coat were gone from their hooks in the hall. She went to the maid's room and found the girl fast asleep, in consequence of which there was no information to be obtained from that quarter.

She went to the front door and looked out upon the street. She could easily distinguish the footprints of men in the snow on the steps, and the trace of a carriage's runners describing a sharp curve from the edge of the sidewalk.

"They are gone," she murmured.

And folding Blanche in her embrace, she returned to her chamber.

"Don't cry, little godmother," said Blanche, throwing her arms around Pauline's neck.

"Grandfather told me he would come for me before dawn."

Just then the muffled tread of soldiers was heard along the street, and low words of command reached the listening ears of Pauline. She understood that something momentous was going on. She closed her shutters tight, drew down the heavy curtains of her windows, mended the fire on the hearth, and crouching there, on low seats, like two frightened doves, she and Blanche awaited the coming of the dawn.

XX.

THE SPECTRAL ARMY.

After leaving the banquet hall, the Lieutenant Governor immediately set about acting upon the important intelligence which he had received from Donald. Now that the long suspense was over, and that the threatened invasion of the Bastonnais had become a reality, he felt himself imbued with the energy demanded by the occasion. Some of the ancient chroniclers, Sanguinet more particularly, have accused Mr. Cramahé of remissness in preparing for the defence of Quebec, but the researches we have made in the composition of the present work, convince us that the charge is only partially true. He acted slowly in the earlier stages of the campaign because he shared the general disbelief in the seriousness of the Continental attack. Montgomery's movement from the west he had no pressing reasons to dread, inasmuch as that officer was confronted in the Montreal district by the Governor General and Commander-in-Chief, Guy Carleton himself. Carleton had nearly emptied Quebec of regular troops for his army, and as long as he employed them in keeping back Montgomery, Cramahé had really little or no responsibility to bear. Arnold's march from the east, through the forests of Maine, was known to be aimed directly at Quebec, but the Canadians of that day, who understood all the hardships and perils of winter in the primeval woods, had no idea that Arnold's column would ever reach its destination. And, as we shall see, in the next book, when describing the principal episodes of this heroic march, there was every good reason for the skepticism.

But when at length, after many contradictory rumors and much false information which would have bewildered any commander, Cramahé learned from the intercepted letters of Arnold, and from the volunteer reconnoitering of such faithful men as Donald, that the Continental army was really approaching Quebec, it is due to the memory of a worthy officer, even in these pages of romance, to say that he acted with judgment and activity in making all the preliminary preparations necessary to protect Quebec, until the arrival of Governor Carleton, and reinforcements of regular troops.

After leaving the banquet hall, he put on his uniform and wrapping himself closely in his military cloak, he resolved upon making a personal inspection of all the defensive posts of the city. He first repaired to the barracks in Cathedral square where he had a brief conference with the principal officers. He next visited every gate and the approaches to the citadel where he was pleased to find that the sentries were unusually alert, and quite alive to the exigencies of the situation, without precisely knowing what it was. The Lieutenant Governor then walked down into the darkness of Lower Town and wandered a long time in silence along the dark bank of the St. Lawrence.

About three o'clock in the morning a sleigh drew up at the door of a large square house in a retired street. Two men issued from it, one middle-aged, erect and dressed in rather costly furs; the other old, thin, and arrayed like an Indian hunter, with a large fox-skin cap on his head. As they stepped across the footpath from the sleigh to the front steps of the mansion, a tall muffled figure stalked slowly on the other side of the street.

"It is the Governor," whispered the younger

man to his companion. "I know his stature and carriage! Let us enter."

"I wonder what Belmont is doing out at this unseasonable hour," muttered the tall man in the folds of his cloak. And he walked on, while the door of the mansion closed with a thud upon the two sleighmen.

It was five o'clock on the morning of the 10th November 1775. The first faint light of the morning was touching the tops of the far mountains. The air was frosty, with indications of snow.

Two men stood at an angle of the ramparts, on the highest point of the citadel of Quebec. They were looking eastward.

"See, Lieutenant," said one pointing his gloved hand across the river.

"Ay, there they are, Your Excellency, issuing from the woods and ascending the hill," replied the other.

"They are on the hill, swarming up in hundreds," rejoined the Governor.

Cramahé pressed the hand of Hardinge, and the two descended rapidly but silently into the city. On their way, they heard the confused mutter of the streets:

"The Bastonnais have come!"

Yes, there they were. Arnold's men stood like a spectral army on the Heights of Levis.

END OF BOOK THE FIRST.

THE PRINCESS BEATRICE.

At this time twelve months ago currency was obtained for a story ament the choice of a husband for Princess Beatrice in the person of the late Emperor Napoleon's son and heir, through the correspondence of an Ohio journal. Of that alleged matrimonial arrangement nothing was heard by the persons most intimately concerned, or by those who should have been familiar with the plan, until the story was reproduced from America. The youngest daughter of the Queen is still unfettered, and without suitors. And thus, it is stated, she proposes to continue, unless she is left wholly at liberty to choose for herself, or circumstances conspire to produce a change of mind on the subject. *On dit*—but I do not pretend "they" are above the grade of Her Majesty's personal attendants—that the Princess takes exceedingly practical views of the future; that she notices with unaffected scorn the puerile excuses of the starveling princes for making the British taxpayer sustain the burden of their indolence and their vices; that she is moved by feelings of pity and contempt when she observes the desperate pinching of the Marquis of Lorne and the Princess Louise to make ends meet, and yet preserve high status in society; and that rather than become a victim to any similar arrangement, dispensing with status she will marry a tradesman! Is this any way probable? I cannot say that it is, and I hand you the gossip as it comes to me, for so much as it may be worth. But the remark may be made, *en passant*, that the Princess might do much worse. Marriage with a tradesman of the millionaire class she would be at all likely to know anything about would surround her with a far purer atmosphere and associations freer from carking care than she could find in circles usually affected by persons of the blood royal, and she might well sigh for the opportunity which the law denies her in the absence of the sovereign's explicit consent. Meanwhile, as no knight-errant comes from beyond the seas to woo her after the manner pursued in such exalted spheres, the lady accepts the situation with the happy indifference which best becomes her.

AFFECTING SCENE IN A DEAF MUTE SCHOOL.

A beautiful incident is related to us which occurred only a few days ago in the Home School to teach mutes articulation and lip-reading at Mystic River. Miss P., an interesting graduate of one of the oldest institutions for the education of deaf mutes, having a desire to learn to speak and to read the lips of her speaking friends, was recommended by her old principal to try Mr. Whipple's school, and she entered it last term. She made rapid progress, and was much aided by the natural alphabet, the invention of her teacher. This alphabet curiously suggests sounds, or the right position of the organs to utter sound, as well as form; and whenever a mute pupil can read and write it, he or she can generally give any of the forty sounds of our difficult language with great precision and discrimination, and often with remarkable correctness. This young lady, filled with enthusiasm at every step, mastered the alphabet with little difficulty, and one day came to her teacher with something written on her slate, which she asked him to correct, her mind being agitated with emotion. It proved to be the Lord's Prayer, put in the language of articulation. Perceiving her agitation the teacher could scarce retain his own tears as he corrected a few unimportant errors of pronunciation, and delicately returned it. The next morning the young lady came exultingly to her teacher, exclaiming: "I prayed last night for the first time with my voice;" and neither of them could restrain their emotions. He ventured to ask her if she had ever prayed before. "Oh, yes; I have thought my prayers, but I never spoke them before." "My lips shall praise Thee, O God;" "Attend to the voice of my supplications, O Lord." The earnestness and satisfaction of the devout mute who had now realized one of the bright dreams of her life admitted of no question, and called for no reproof, if she was something of a literalist in her interpretation.

(For the CANADIAN ILLUSTRATED NEWS.)

EPIGRAM.

FROM PIRON.

As Cupid, one fine day, was here and there
In search of am'rous victims gaily frisking,
He spied my love, and cried: "A face so fair
As that deserves preserving!" Quickly whisking
From out his quiver enamel, paint and brush
To copy it, he still could make no start
For want of canvas. Reckless, in a rush
Of haste, he substituted my poor head!

A. W. GUNDRY.

CANADIAN ANTIQUITIES.

We have frequently had occasion to urge both the desirability and the necessity of preserving from oblivion or utter destruction the many historic antiquities with which the old Province of Quebec still teems. We refer casually to the subject in an editorial article of the current number. The present Centennial year appears a most propitious one for the revival of interest in this direction, and we trust that every inducement will be held out to our antiquarian and historical students to prosecute their researches with renewed activity. The Historical and Literary Society of Quebec has been labouring in this patriotic field for years, publishing periodically works of sterling interest relating to our early history. Its last volume consists of the publication of four valuable manuscripts one of which is an account of the memorable events of 1759, and the other the diary of Hugh Finlay during the siege of Quebec by the Americans in 1776-76. This diary, with the memoir of Charles Sanguinet, is simply indispensable to the student for an inner view of the state of the Province and of the ancient capital during the "Bastonnais" invasion. We cannot too warmly recommend to public attention and to public patronage the labours of the Quebec Historical and Literary Society, and we repeat what we stated some months ago, that it would be desirable that the transactions and minutes of meetings of the Society were published in the Montreal and Toronto papers as well as in those of Quebec. Too much publicity cannot be given to these proceedings, and we trust that the officers of the Society will be pleased to consider our suggestion.

In Montreal the absorption of commerce stands very much in the way of any devotion to the study of Canadian Antiquities, and hence the importance of encouraging the few who do persevere in the pursuit. Perhaps chief among these is the Numismatic and Antiquarian Society of Montreal which is quietly pressing its way into public recognition. The Society publishes a handsome and interesting quarterly entitled the CANADIAN ANTIQUARIAN AND NUMISMATIC JOURNAL which we are glad to see has already reached the third number of its fourth volume. The January number now lying before us is a very creditable pamphlet indeed, and if more prominently put before our citizens would, we are confident, meet with generous support. We would suggest to the Society that they should take immediate steps towards obtaining increased publicity, and we are sure, judging from ourselves, that their brethren of the press throughout all the Provinces would give them a helping hand.

The present number contains two papers by that most indefatigable of our archaeologists, Mr. J. M. Lemoine—one on the Destruction by Fire of the Old Recollet Convent, and the other on Champlain's Tomb. There is considerable information to be gleaned from a sketch written by Mrs. Jameson in 1837 on the great Manitoulin. Mr. R. W. McLachlan has a paper on the Medals of the War of 1812 accompanied by a beautiful coloured illustration of the two sides of the Medal, the ribbon, and three clasps, bearing severally the honored names of Chateaugay, Fort Detroit and Chrysler's Farm. The paper contains a clipping from the Montreal Herald of Sept. 12th, 1812, (the first year of its publication, and this reminds us that we must congratulate our excellent contemporary on the splendid new dress it has donned within the past few days), describing the scene in Montreal on the arrival of the American General Hull and a part of his captured army. Mr. Benjamin Sulte contributes a chapter on the Boucher and Varennes families. The number concludes with an account of the capture of Montreal by the Americans under Montgomery in 1775. A large portion of the sketch reads curiously like that of Lossing in his Field Book of the Revolution. We repeat that the CANADIAN ANTIQUARIAN is a journal worthy of general and generous patronage.

CITY POLICE CARBINE.

The carbine and angular bayonet furnished to the City Police by R. H. Kilby, 348 St. Paul street, is manufactured by the Whitney Arms Co., weighs 8 lbs., is strong, simple in action, and is furnished with ammunition capable of shooting with accuracy at a long range. The tumbler has three notches: The first is a safety notch, the second is half cock, and the third, full cock. This, in an eminent degree, diminishes the chances of accidental discharges, to which those arms are subject where the hammer has to be raised to full-cock before the cartridge can be inserted in the barrel, thus necessitating the hammer being lowered after closing the breech, an operation never unaccompanied with danger when in the hands of a person who has not yet perfect control of his nerves.

THE GLEANER.

PROF. O. C. MARSH, of Yale, has procured about 2,500 volumes of Japanese literature for the library of the college.

By a late decree of the Russian Senate women will hereafter be allowed to become barristers-at-law after due examination.

THERE are 21,255 Baptist churches in the United States, with 13,117 ministers, and a total membership of 1,815,000.

THERE are 3,000 white men in Florida who have not voted since the downfall of the Confederacy—enough to insure a Democratic triumph at every election.

UPWARD of 300 children are suffocated in bed annually in the central district of Middlesex, England. Seven-tenths of those suffocations occur on Sunday mornings.

CROQUET is rapidly giving way to roller skating in London, and the ladies' newspapers are publishing concise rules to promote gracefulness of movement and proficiency in the sport.

PROF. TOURY, of Baltimore, bought samples of the kerosene sold in the stores, and found by experiment that more than half of the stuff was very dangerous, giving off inflammable vapor at a very low temperature.

IN Germany 1,520 out of every 10,000 of the population are under school instruction; in Great Britain, 1,400; in France, 1,160; in Belgium, 1,140; in Austria and Hungary, 840; and in Russia, 150.

THE Women's Dress Association of England are turning their attention to the costumes of servants, whose prevailing love of finery is to be taken in hand, and awards of money are to be offered as encouragement to female servants to dress more suitably to their station in life.

THE London Standard says that several foreign powers are directing their attention to the practicability of establishing telegraph stations in mid-ocean, by which messages can be sent from any part of the sea along the line of the cable to the terminal points on shore, and vice versa.

THEY have been trying transfusion of blood again in France with partial success. In Sweden the art of transferring blood from a living person to one dying or even supposed to be dead has been carried to such perfection that the Swedish doctors boast they can restore a man to life an hour after he has been hanged.

PROF. RUDOLPH says that he has found out that the sun is a white, hot mass, 856,000 miles in diameter, having a surrounding ocean of burning gas 50,000 miles deep, with tongues of flame darting upward 50,000 miles, and volcanic forces that hurl luminous matter to the height of 160,000 miles.

NEARLY a century ago Old Port Royal disappeared beneath the waves in an earthquake, and now, in calm and clear weather, you may look down into fifteen fathoms of water and see submerged houses, towers, and churches, with sharks swimming quietly in and out of the open windows of their bellries.

"IT is coming to be understood," says the New England Journal of Education, "that the attempt to crowd the full contents of our elaborate textbooks into the memory of the pupils is equivalent to teaching the dictionary, in course, as a training for an orator." In other words, that "cramming," as an experiment, is a total failure.

"DRINK Pure, or Taste Not," says an advertisement. Something in that. The first step to temperance reform will be to prevent the adulteration of intoxicating liquors. If men will drown reason and run the risk of crime, let them guzzle down madness in the least pernicious form, and we shall have fewer modern atrocities and more old-fashioned, high-toned immorality.

THE Home Secretary of England has just revised two sentences of notable severity passed in Salford and Oxford. In one case Sir John Mantell sentenced a man to three months' imprisonment with hard labor for being found asleep in the street. In the other a boy had been doomed to five years' imprisonment for stealing a pair of boots and a penknife. The first sentence was remitted, and the second commuted to six months.

MUCH dissatisfaction is expressed in Massachusetts with the working of the common school system in that State. This dissatisfaction finds vent in newspaper articles and public addresses. The results of the system now in use are said to be in no sense commensurate with the amount of money expended and a reorganization is called for. The Rev. Dr. Peabody, Prof. Everett, and Mr. Frank W. Bird are among the opponents of the present system. It is suggested that less money be spent on school-houses and more money be devoted to the employment of better teachers.

"THE Company of St. George" is to be the title of the associated body under whose auspices Mr. Ruskin's model village of Arcadia is to be originated, directed and sustained. The memorandum of association declares the object of the company to be the institution and practice of wholesome laws of agricultural life and economy, and the instruction of the agricultural labourer in science, art, and literature, so far as they are "properly connected with agriculture." The profits are to be applied first, to the development of the company's land, and, secondly, to "the physical, moral, intellectual, social, and religious improvement" of those who reside upon it.

CAPTAIN WEBB writes in Cassell's Family Magazine:—"It is the duty of every parent to

insist on his sons learning to swim. Now, to teach a very young child to swim, the best place of all is a large puddle in the sands at low tide. The child, like a puppy, will begin by paddling. If you throw a cork into the water, you will see the puppy run in up to its depth, and give a short bark; and the chances are, especially if there is a grown-up dog that can swim to set him an example, that in a day or two he will take his plunge of his own accord, and very proud he will be of his first success; only here again, don't overdo it; as soon as the puppy has been in, walk away and call him, and he will be the more anxious to go into the water another time. The principle is somewhat similar to Sam Weller's letter—'She'll wish there vos more, and there's the great art o' letter writin'.' Now, pity your child like your puppy; entice him in, and if you can get some older child who can swim to go in with him, all the better, but let the child do just as he likes. Perhaps the first day he will be afraid to go into the water deeper than his knees. Here again a little artifice may be employed. Get two children to play at splashing one another—they will enjoy the fun, and gradually getting excited, will very likely venture in deeper and deeper."

HEARTH AND HOME.

WOMAN'S POSITION.—Ninety-nine of every hundred young women are destitute of an independent income adequate to their comfortable support; they must work or marry for a living. But in industry, woman's sphere is exceedingly circumscribed, and her reward, as compared with the recompense of masculine effort, very inadequate. Except as household drudges, it is very difficult for seven single women out of eight to earn a comfortable, independent livelihood in any country, and it is much worse in some. Hence false marriages, which lead to so much misery.

GOOD ADVICE FOR THE YOUNG.—Avoid all boastings and exaggerations, backbiting, abuse, and evil speaking; slang phrases and oaths in conversation; depreciate no man's qualities, and accept hospitalities of the humblest kind in a hearty and appreciative manner; avoid giving offence, and if you do offend, have the manliness to apologize; infuse as much elegance as possible into your thoughts as well as your actions; and, as you avoid vulgarities you will increase the enjoyment of life, and grow in the respect of others.

DUTIES OF A MOTHER.—She should be firm, gentle, kind, always ready to attend to her child. She should never laugh at him—at what he does that is cunning—never allow him to think of his looks, except to be neat and clean in all his habits. She should teach him to obey a look—to respect those older than himself; she should never make a command without seeing that it is performed in the right manner. Never speak of the child's faults or foibles, or repeat his remarks before him. It is a sure way to spoil a child. Never reprove a child when excited, nor let your tone of voice be raised when correcting. Strive to inspire love, not dread—respect, not fear. Remember you are training and educating a soul for eternity. Teach your children to wait upon themselves, to put away a thing when done with it. But do not forget that you were once a child.

FRIENDS.—There are friends who are friends only for the hour, friends for the noontide and the flood; they have no real rooting, as you discover if your horizon gets clouded over and foul weather comes in place of fair, if your rushing water run dry and your goodly vessels are stranded on the beach. These are the parasites of life, the clinging growths which twine round the stronger trees and, may be, strangle them before they die. And there are the real friends, who, if you get into trouble, stick closer to you than a brother, and who only need to be tested to show that they are of pure gold all through. But this kind is apt to be a little stiff and stately when things go well with you, and you feel rather hard that you must be in sorrow or distress before you can get the starch taken out of them, and would rather they were more familiar now, if less devoted then—content to discount the chances of the future for the advantage and pleasure of the present.

A PERMANENT HOME.—To have a home which a man has himself reared or purchased—a home which he has improved or beautified—a home indeed, which, with honest pride and natural love, he calls his own—is an additional security for any man's virtue. Such a home he leaves with regret; to it he gladly returns. There he finds innocent and satisfying pleasures. There his wife and little ones are happy and safe; and there all his best affections take root and grow. To such a pair, as time advances, the abode of their early and middle life, whence they have, perhaps, all departed, becomes constantly more dear; for it is now a scene of precious memories—the undisturbed declining years! And say—what lapse of time, what varied experience of prosperity, or sorrow, can ever efface the good impression made by such a home on the tender heart of childhood! To the tempted youth, to the wanderer from virtue, to the sad victim of misfortune, such remembrance has often proved a strengthening monitor, or a healing balm. Nor can this kindly influence wholly fail so long as the dear objects of that familiar scene retain a place in memory, connected, as they irreparably are, with thoughts of a father's counsels, a mother's tenderness, a sister's purity, and a brother's love.

MUSICAL AND DRAMATIC.

BOXES in the new London Opera House have been sold for £10,000 each, the owner to receive five per cent. interest if the profits allow, and to have the use of it during Italian opera seasons only.

A Neapolitan named Florino has opened a subscription paper to procure funds for a monument to Bellini, the composer. He heads the list with a subscription of 1,000 francs.

A NEW opera, by Ivar Hallstrom, "The Betrothed of the Gnome," the libretto based on a Norwegian legend, has met with such success at Stockholm, that the work will be produced in Munich.

AT the play of "Henry V." in Chicago, when the King was solemnly bestowing the regal kiss on the new-made Queen, a hoodlum in the gallery audibly ejaculated, "Yum-yum-yum!" And everybody laughed.

WILLIAM HENRY NORTON, who died recently in Boston, was an actor of such versatility that he assumed characters in comedy and tragedy with equal success. He was also an expert photographer, and conducted a gallery in Boston while acting regularly, and also owned a boot and shoe store.

A poor ballet girl recently met a terrible death at the Alexandra Opera House, Sheffield, in the presence of a thronged house. She represented some "fairie queen," and was suspended in a basket of flowers, which caught fire through the stage lights, ignited her highly combustible drapery, and mortally injured her before the panic-stricken and distracted audience.

PRINCE POMPEO BELGIOJOSO has recently died at Milan. He was the friend of Bellini, Donizetti, Pacini, Rossini, and most of the Italian *maestri*. He had a superb bass voice, and often sang in public at concerts given for benevolent purposes. It was for his voice that Rossini wrote the bass portion of the *Stabat*. Prince Pompeo Belgiojoso was related to the celebrated Princess Christina Belgiojoso.

TAMBERLIK, the tenor, relates an adventure which occurred to him among Mexican brigands in the neighbourhood of Vera Cruz. The brigands captured him together with \$40,000 which he had in his pocket, but, upon persuading him to sing for them, were so well pleased with his performance, that they not only restored him his money and liberty, but paid him \$2,000 for his performance.

It may be interesting to many to learn that "Pausanias, the Spartan, an unfinished romance by the late Lord Lytton," is in the press. It is edited by the present Lord, who has written a long preface. A mail steamer was wrecked some time ago on the voyage from Lisbon; but her mails were soon fished up, and among them were the proof sheets of "Pausanias." They had dried when they reached London into a solid mass, and the printers had to bake them before the sheets could be parted.

THE capital raised by Mr. Mapleson among his friends in London for the new opera house is very large. The privilege accorded to the subscribers will be as follows:—For the sum of £10,000 (\$50,000 in gold), a box in the grand tier, and five per cent per annum; for £8,000, i. e., \$40,000, a pit tier box, and five per cent per annum; for £6,000 and £4,000 respectively, a first tier, and a second tier box, and of course the five per cent. The privilege for £2,000 (\$10,000) is a stall, and for £1,000, one dress circle seat, with the exceptional right granted to the director, that if any one of the subscribers should give him annoyance, he can, by simply giving three months' notice, and returning the invested money, get rid of him.

A very interesting document appears in the *Concordia*. It is the fac-simile of a letter addressed by George Frederic Handel, the great composer, to Mr. Coleman, Envoy at the Court of the Grand Duke of Tuscany, at Florence, asking him, in the name of the English Court, to find some Italian singers for the London Opera. It is written in French, and dated 19-30 June, 1730. Handel tells Coleman that he had re-engaged his *contralto*, but wants another *soprano*, and depends upon him (Coleman) to get one who does not object to play in the parts of both men and women. Besides this *soprano*, Handel asks for *un homme et une femme* for the next season. This is one of the few very letters of Handel in existence. Only two have been sold in the present century.

THE London *Pictorial World* says that the story of Cinderella is not the invention of some imaginative genius, but that it is founded on fact. It cites Strabo as its authority. The story is as follows: One day a lady named Rhodopis was bathing in the Nile, and the wind carried one of her sandals and laid it at the feet of the King of Egypt, who was holding a court of justice in the open air not far away. His curiosity was excited by the singularity of the event and the elegance of the sandal, and he offered a reward for the discovery of the owner. Rhodopis claimed it, and it was found to fit her exactly. She was very beautiful and the king married her. She is remembered in history as the "Rosy Cheeked Queen" of Egypt, and she lived two thousand years before the Christian era.

H. J. BYRON, the London dramatic author and manager, says that a theatre in that city with which he was connected made a hit with a play, and every night more people applied for the best seats—called stalls there—than could be accommodated. The manager disliked to see money turned away, the more so as the dress circle was only partly filled. It was in vain, however, that the applicants for stalls at six shillings were invited to dress circle seats at three shillings—the difference in price repelled them. At length the manager made the rates alike, and thereafter readily sold the seats at six shillings that could find no buyers at three. New York managers had a similar experience, until the same scale of prices was adopted in most establishments for orchestra and dress circle seats; and now the best of the latter sell quickest.

ARTISTIC.

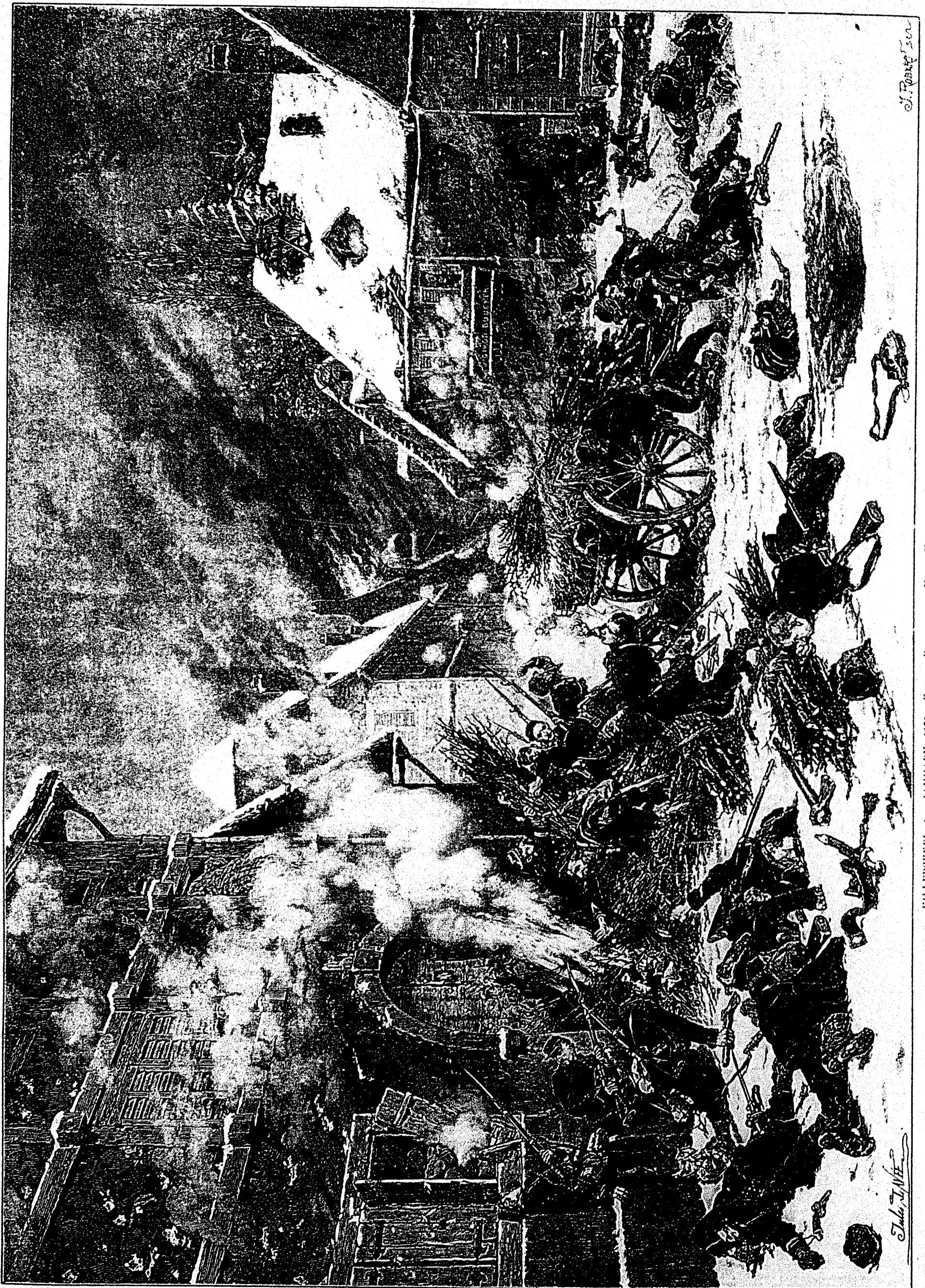
MISS THOMPSON has been offered and has accepted £3,000 for the copyright of her new picture of the Balaklava Charge.

MACMILLAN will shortly issue a series of illustrations to Shakespeare's plays, engraved on steel, from designs by several distinguished German artists.

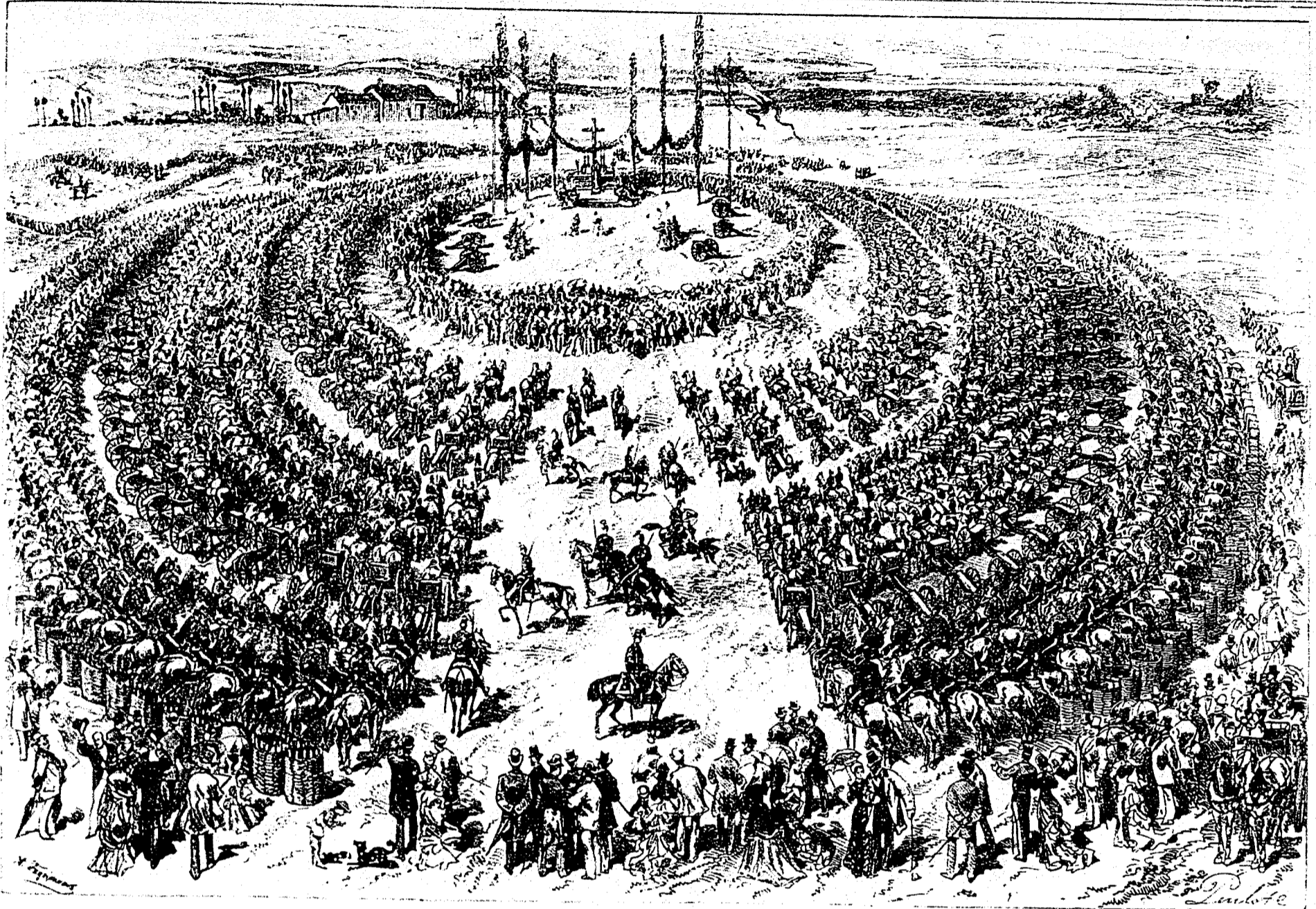
THE discovery is said to have been made at Olympia of the Venus Victorious in white marble, by Paionios, which was presented to the Temple there by the inhabitants of Nopartos.

AMONG the treasures lately brought to light at Pompeii is a silver altar, on which were deposited two silver cups and spoons, the latter of which are precisely similar in form to those now in use.

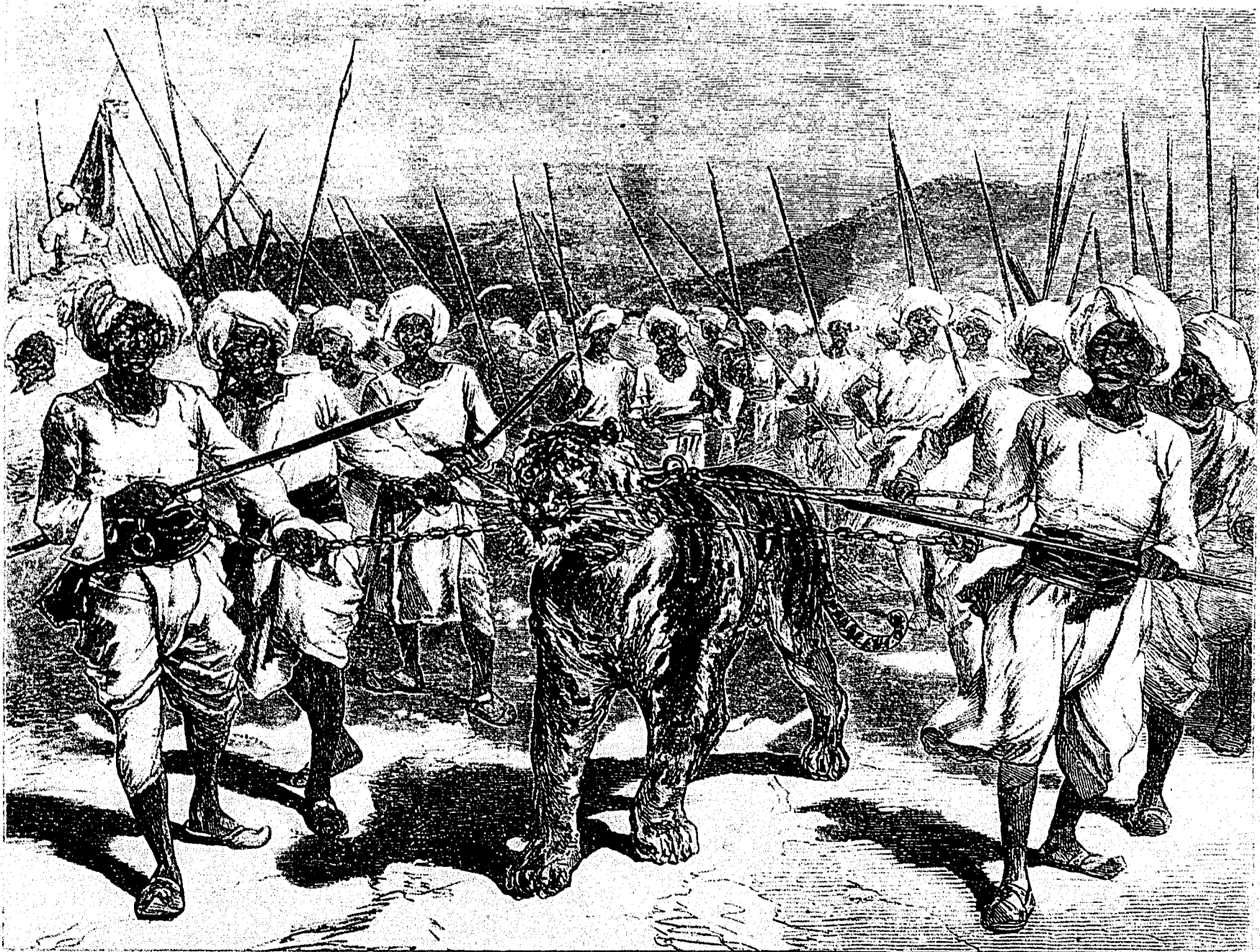
THE Prix de Sevres is to be awarded this year to the best design for the vases to be placed on the mantelpieces of the foyer of the Grand Opera. Competitors must furnish one single design for the form, and two compositions for the decoration, one of "Music," the other of "Dancing."



VILLERSEXEL, 6th JANUARY, 1871.—FROM A PAINTING BY M. DE NEUVILLE; PARIS-SALON 1875



MILITARY MASS AT THE CAMP NEAR CASTRES, FRANCE.



THE PRINCE OF WALES IN INDIA: CAPTIVE TIGER BROUGHT BEFORE HIS ROYAL HIGHNESS, AT BARODA.

LOOKING BACK.

BY LOUISE CHANDLER MOULTON.

I may live long, but some old days
Of dear, deep joy akin to pain—
Some suns that set on woodland ways
Will never rise for me again:

O love, still throbs your living heart—
You have not crossed death's sullen tide,
A deeper deep holds us apart:
We were more near if you had died—

Dead leaves are in those woodland ways—
Bold are the lips that used to kiss;
'Twere idle to recall those days,
Or sigh for all that vanished bliss!

LONGFELLOW'S RESIDENCE

Few private houses in the United States are so well known as the residence of Henry Wadsworth Longfellow, so often has it been described by affectionate antiquarians and enthusiastic pilgrims. It is not only the home of our most celebrated poet, it also surpasses in historic interest any building in New England, with the sole exception of Faneuil Hall. Its age, as compared with other Cambridge houses, is not great. It was built in 1759, by Colonel John Vassall, a firm loyalist, who fled to England, in 1775, his property in Cambridge and Boston having been confiscated. Its next occupant was Colonel John Glover, a bold little Marblehead soldier, who quartered some of his troops in the spacious structure. When Washington rode into Cambridge, on Sunday, June 2, 1775, he was greatly pleased with the appearance of the house, and having had it cleaned, he established himself therein during the same month. Martha Washington arrived at the house in December, and Washington remained in it till April of the following year. The south-east room on the first floor Washington took for his study, in which the councils of war were all held during the stay of the commander-in-chief in Cambridge. He slept just overhead, always retiring at nine o'clock. The spacious room behind the study, which Mr. Longfellow now uses for his library, was occupied by Washington's military family, as a rule a pretty large one. A general's "military family," in English parlance, comprised his whole staff. Washington was not averse to a certain amount of official splendour, and was luckily rich enough to carry out his whim in the matter of making his assistants a part of his ordinary household. Trumbull, the artist, complained rather sarcastically that he, for one, could not keep his head up in the magnificent society of the house. "I now found myself," he averred, "in the family of one of the most distinguished men of the age, surrounded at his table by the principal officers of the army, and in constant intercourse with them. It was further my duty to receive company and do the honours of the house to many of the first people of the country." But Washington was thrifty and frugal personally, and his generous maintenance at his own cost of a sort of court was of great service to the colonial cause. The owners of the house after the Revolution were Nathaniel Tracy (whom Washington visited for an hour in 1789), Thomas Russell, and Dr. Andrew Craigie. Talleyrand and Lafayette slept in it, and in 1833, Jared Sparks commenced to keep house within its historic rooms. Everett, and Worcester, the lexicographer, also occupied it for a time, and Mr. Longfellow took up his abode in it in 1837. At first he merely rented a room, establishing himself in Washington's south-east bed-chamber. Here he wrote "Hyperion," and "Voices of the Night." In the dwelling, in one room and another, almost all his books, save the two which date from his Bowdoin Professorship, have been produced. Longfellow had not long been an occupant of the house before he bought it. Its timbers are perfectly sound. The lawn in front is neatly kept; and across the street there stretches a green meadow as far as the banks of the Charles, bought by the poet to preserve his view. Mr. Longfellow himself, as he draws near seventy, is a fine picture of beautiful manhood. It has been remarked by his friends that his health has much improved since he delivered his poem, "Morituri Salutamus," at the fiftieth anniversary of his graduation. And all Cambridge, down to coal-heavers and hod-carriers, revere him for his benignity, and revere him, not only as a poet, but as a kind and gentle man.

NUTRITIVE FOOD.

In 1868 Liebig invented a new soup for children, now universally known as "Liebig's food for infants." Wheat flour or powdered malt is transformed into dextrine or diastase, at the proper temperature, while milk and some potash carbonate are added. The principle is to produce a food as much as possible similar in composition and action to woman's milk. This exquisite mode of preparing food for infants (which I have employed for years with the most perfect success) would be a much more suitable lesson for schools of cookery than the preparation of offal into the semblance of savor. The problem

of feeding the young and the poor physiologically is not easy, but it is simple if considered from the scientific point of view. The bulk of the food of the lower classes must always be bread; it is perfectly idle to believe that this can be altered. Peas, beans, and other like leguminous plants, however rich in albumen, can never compete with bread; first, because they require steeping in water and boiling for hours; next, they become hard so early, and then are indigestible, while at all times they are not so easy to be digested as bread. But bread is not so good a food as meat; here chemistry comes in, and, as Leibig says, shows that bread soaked in broth made from extract of meat is as good food as the best meat diet. In this, as a practical proposition, I fully agree. A man who is physiologically fed, though without regard to much taste in the food, may be in the best possible physical condition and vigorous. He has the privilege of the animal, which is contented with and thrives upon things which have no prominent taste and require no spice. The fowl can taste nothing of the corn it eats, yet how eagerly does it eat it? It knows its nutritive value as a matter of inner consciousness. Thus when our populations will use more meat extract and perhaps a little less tea and more Liebig's food for their children they will increase their strength, health, and vitality, and will find out for themselves that the greatest good of life is health, and that no artifices of small cookery will be worth having, which are, as they must be, unable to maintain the body in vigor.

THE "UNSOLVED PROBLEMS" OF THE LIFE OF SHAKESPEARE.

Professor John S. Hart inaugurated a course of lectures of the National School of Elocution and Oratory in Philadelphia lately with the subject of "Shakespeare—Unsolved Problems in His Life and Character," in which he gave a full description of all the authorized portraits of Shakespeare, exhibiting the very best photographs of him in existence. He also discussed two or three doubtful points in his life, particularly the date of his birth, the circumstances of his marriage, and his domestic relations. Then, after speaking of his external appearance and the external condition of his life, he illustrated his inner life by an exposition of his sonnets, showing what his true history was—quoting from the love-story to show his friendships, his many joys and sorrows as a man. In his dramas his self disappears. Professor Hart had intended to close with an exposition of how far his genius was known and recognized by his contemporaries, but the exhibition of the photographs consumed so much time that he summed up by showing the results of his careful examination had been to show that Shakespeare was as well known in his day as Longfellow or Tenyson in ours; that sixty-five editions of his works were published during his lifetime, and that the records of the libraries show that he was quoted from to an astonishing extent. But when the Puritans came into power the stage was suppressed, and then, when the drama was revived, the French and then the romantic gained supremacy; so that a century and a half had not elapsed before Shakespeare began to reappear, and we in this age are coming back to appreciate him as he was appreciated when he lived. That he was unrecognized then is the purest fiction. Gazing upon his picture, as taken from the German death-mask, the mind portrays him best in the language of Hamlet when addressing the portrait of his father:

See what a grace was seated on his brow;
Hyperion's curls, the front of Jove himself;
An eye like Mars, to threaten and command;
A station like the herald Mercury,
New-lighted on a heaven-kissing hill;
A combination and a form, indeed,
Where every god did seem to set his seal
To give the world assurance of a man.

THE BARODA TIGER BEFORE THE PRINCE OF WALES.

At Baroda the animals of the Guicowar's menagerie were passed in review before the Prince of Wales. The menagerie is little more than an open shed, into which there is free access from the street, and the correspondent of the Daily News tells us that when entering carelessly, in ignorance of the arrangements, he recoiled with considerable precipitation as a huge tiger made a spring at him to the end of his chain, just as a watch-dog dashes at an intruding vagrant. Close by was a nameless Katywar lion, in another shed were two fierce tigers, while in a strong small cage, lashed down and chained, was a fourth tiger, of whom the native keeper remarked in broken English, "A very bad brute." To return to the procession of animals, two or three carriages, drawn by different kinds of deer, first appeared. Then came attendants with innumerable birds and cages, and lastly, the latest caught tiger. This animal, as savage and fierce as could well be imagined, growling all the time, was led by ten men, five on either side, holding ropes fastened to a leather band which surrounded the tiger's body. It was thus rendered incapable of mischief, though the correspondent of The Times tells us that at one time he struck out viciously with his fore legs, and nearly laid hold of one of the attendants. In case of accident, however, numerous spearmen hovered round, ready to strike the moment his attempts to escape should prove successful.

OUR CHESS COLUMN.

Solutions to Problems sent in by Correspondents will be duly acknowledged

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

TO CORRESPONDENTS

H. A. C. F., Montreal.—Solution of Problem No. 55, received. Correct. Also, Problems for insertion in the Chess Column. Many thanks.

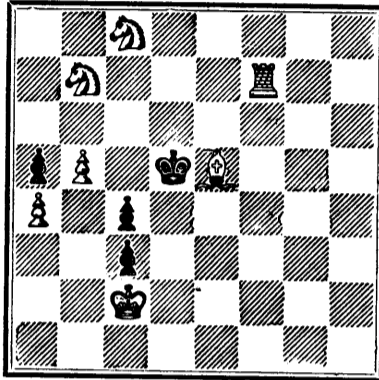
M. J. M., Quebec.—Solution of Problem No. 55 received. Correct.

Student, Montreal.—Solution of Problem No. 54 received. Also, solution of Problem No. 55. Both correct.

We give to day, in our Chess Column, another game of the match in New York, between Messrs. Bird and Mason. This contest appears to be attracting much notice in the neighbouring States.

We feel sure that the Chess players of all the Clubs in Canada must, also, feel a lively interest in all that relates to Mr. Bird's Chess doings during his sojourn on this Continent. The question has been asked by a gentleman in Montreal, whether it would be possible to induce the great English player to visit some of the Clubs of the Dominion. United action on the part of the Clubs at present existing amongst us would be likely to lead to such an event. Might not the Canadian Chess Association move in the matter?

PROBLEM No. 58. By JAMES PIERCE, M.A., BLACK.



WHITE White to move and mate in three moves.

GAME 73RD.

Played recently at New York in the match between Messrs. Bird and Mason.

PETROFF'S DEFENCE.

- WHITE.—(Mr. Mason.) 1. P to K 4th 2. K Kt to B 3rd 3. Kt takes P 4. Kt to K B 3rd 5. P to Q 4th 6. B to Q 3rd 7. Castles 8. P to Q B 4th 9. P takes P 10. Q Kt to B 3rd 11. B to K 4th 12. Q to K 2nd 13. P takes Kt 14. B to Q B 2nd 15. Q to Q 3rd 16. Q B to B 4th 17. KR to K sq 18. B to K 5th 19. R takes B 20. Q to Q 2nd 21. Q to KR 6th 22. Kt to K Kt 5th 23. Q to KR 3rd 24. Kt to K B 3rd 25. Q R to K sq 26. Kt takes R 27. R to K 3rd 28. P to K B 4th 29. R to K B 3rd 30. Kt takes Kt P 31. Kt to K 5th 32. R to K Kt 3rd 33. R takes Q (ch) 34. Q to Kt 4th (ch) 35. P to KR 4th 36. K to R 2nd 37. Q to Q B 8th (ch) 38. B to Q Kt 3rd 39. Q takes Kt 40. Q takes K B P 41. Q to Kt 8th (ch)
- BLACK.—(Mr. Bird.) P to K 4th K Kt to B 3rd P to Q 3rd Kt takes P P to Q 4th Q B to Kt 5th B to K 2nd Castles Kt to K B 3rd Kt takes P B to K 3rd Kt takes Q Kt P to Q B 3rd Q Kt to Q 2nd P to K Kt 3rd Kt to Q Kt 3rd B to K B 3rd B takes B B to Q B 5th B to Q 4th Q to K B 3rd Q to K Kt 2nd P to KR 3rd Q R to K sq R takes R R to K sq B takes R P Kt to Q 4th P to K B 3rd (a) B to Q B 5th P takes K P takes B P K takes R K to R sq R to K 8th (ch) Kt to K 6th B to K Kt sq Kt to Kt 5th (ch) B takes B R to K 3rd Resigns.

NOTE.

(a) If Mr. Bird had no better resource than this, resigning at once would have been better.

GAME 74TH.

(From Gossip's Chess Manual) Between Messrs Gossip and Hoffer. (Allgaier Gambit.)

- WHITE.—(Mr. Gossip.) 1. P to K 4th 2. P to K B 4th 3. Kt to K B 3rd 4. P to KR 4th 5. Kt to K 5th 6. P to Q 4th 7. P takes P 8. Kt to Q B 3rd 9. Q B takes P 10. B to Q B 4th 11. B takes B 12. Castles 13. Q to K 2nd 14. R takes B 15. B takes P (ch) 16. B takes R (dis. ch) 17. Q to Q B 4th 18. Q to B 7th (ch) 19. B to B 6th (ch)
- BLACK.—(Herr Hoffer.) P to K 4th P takes P P to K Kt 4th P to K Kt 5th B to K Kt 2nd P to Q 4th Q takes P Q to QR 4th Kt to K 2nd B takes Kt R to Kt sq B to K B 4th Q Kt to Q B 3rd Q Kt takes P K to B sq K Kt takes R K to K 2nd K to Q sq Resigns.

SOLUTIONS.

Solution of Problem No. 56.

- WHITE. 1. Kt to K 8th 2. R to QR 5th 3. Kt to Q 6th, mate.
- BLACK. 1. K to K 5th 2. Any move.
- 1. P or B moves 2. K to K 3rd (A) (B)
- 2. K to Q B 3rd
- 2. K to K 5th
- 1. K to K 4th 2. K moves.
- Solution of Problem for Young Players No. 55.
- WHITE. 1. Q takes K Kt P (ch) 2. R to K 7th (ch) 3. R takes B (ch) 4. Kt to K 7th, mate.
- BLACK. 1. B takes Q 2. B covers 3. K to K Kt sq

PROBLEMS FOR YOUNG PLAYERS.

No. 56.

A position occurring in actual play.

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

White to play and mate in three moves.

DIED SUDDENLY OF HEART DISEASE.

How common is the announcement. Thousands are suddenly swept into eternity by this fatal malady. This disease generally has its origin in impure blood filled with irritating, poisonous materials, which, circulating through the heart, irritates its delicate tissues. Though the irritation may at first be only slight, producing a little palpitation or irregular action, or dull, heavy or sharp darting pains, yet by and by the disease becomes firmly seated, and inflammation, or hypertrophy, or thickening of the lining membrane or of the valves, is produced. How wise to give early attention to a case of this kind. Unnatural throbbing or pain in the region of the heart should admonish one that all is not right, and if you would preserve it from further disease, you must help it to beat rightly by the use of such a remedy as will remove the cause of the trouble. Use Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery before the disease has become too seated, and it will, by its great blood purifying and wonderful regulating properties, effect a certain cure. It contains medicinal properties which act specifically upon the tissues of the heart, bringing about a healthy action. Sold by all first-class druggists.

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DOMESTIC.

WINTER RULES.—Never go to bed with cold or damp feet. In going into a colder air, keep the mouth resolutely closed, that by compelling the air to pass circuitously through the nose and head, it may become warmed before it reaches the lungs, and thus prevent those sudden shocks and sudden chills which frequently end in pleurisy, pneumonia, and other serious forms of disease. Never sleep with the head in the draft of an open door or window. Let more covering be on the lower limbs than on the body. Have an extra covering within easy reach, in case of a sudden and great change of weather during the night. Never stand still a moment out of doors, especially at street corners, after having walked even a short distance. Never ride near an open window of a vehicle for a single half minute, especially if it has been preceded by a walk.

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

PRESERVATION OF THE HAIR.—When the hair grows scanty, naturally, the following lotion may be used three or four times a week, in the morning:—Eau-de-Cologne, two ounces; tincture of cantharides, two ounces; oil of rosemary and oil of lavender, of each, ten drops.—When the hair has become thin from illness, use the following receipt: Mix equal parts of olive oil and spirits of rosemary, and a few drops of oil of nutmeg, and anoint the head very sparingly before going to bed.—When actual baldness is commencing, use the following pomade: Macerate a drachm of powdered cantharides in an ounce of spirits of wine. Shake it well during a fortnight, and then filter. Take ten parts of this tincture, and rub it with ninety parts of cold lard. Add a little essence of bergamot, or any other scent. Rub this pomade well into the head night and morning. In ninety-nine cases out of a hundred, this application, if continued, will restore the hair.—When the hair, after being naturally luxuriant, begins to grow thin, without actually coming out in particles, use the following receipt: Take of extract of yellow Peruvian bark, fifteen grains; extract of rhatany root, eight grains; extract of burdock root and oil of nutmeg (fixed), of each, two drachms; camphor of spirits dissolved with spirits of wine, fifteen grains; beef marrow, two ounces; best olive oil, one ounce; citron juice, half a drachm; aromatic essential oil, as much as sufficient to render it fragrant; mix. shake into an ointment. Two drachms of bergamot and a few drops of otto of roses would suffice. This is to be used every morning.

OUR PAPER.

Every Canadian who can by any possibility afford it should become a subscriber for Canada's Illustrated Paper, the News. Great improvements have been made in it within a year past, and it is now such a journal as Canadians may justly feel proud of. In a recent issue a new Canadian "Centennial Story" is commenced. "The Bastonian," a tale of the American Invasion of Canada in 1775-76. This promises to be a most interesting historical tale, and should be extensively read.—Meaford Monitor.

THE "NEWS."

The Canadian Illustrated News for January 22nd, is an interesting number. It contains sketches of the Prince of Wales in India, the portraits of the Judges of the Ontario Court of Error and Appeal, and numerous other engravings. On page 60 are a number of sketches of the Indian reserve, which are of especial interest to the people of this section. There are very well executed views of the Six Nations' Council House, the tomb of Brant, the old Mohawk church, (the first church in Upper Canada, erected by Brant in 1785), etc.—Brant Union.

MANY PEOPLE THINK that if they have a slight cold or cough, the best thing they can do is to do nothing, but simply let it wear off. It is the indulgence in this fearfully erroneous idea that makes the dread scourge of Consumption so frightfully common—so common, that it is estimated that war is as nothing, and pestilence a bagatelle compared to it. Never neglect a cold till too late, but use Wingate's Pulmonic Troches, which give immediate relief. Sold everywhere for 25 cents. 13-1-52

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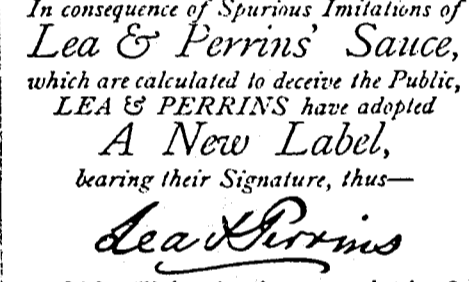
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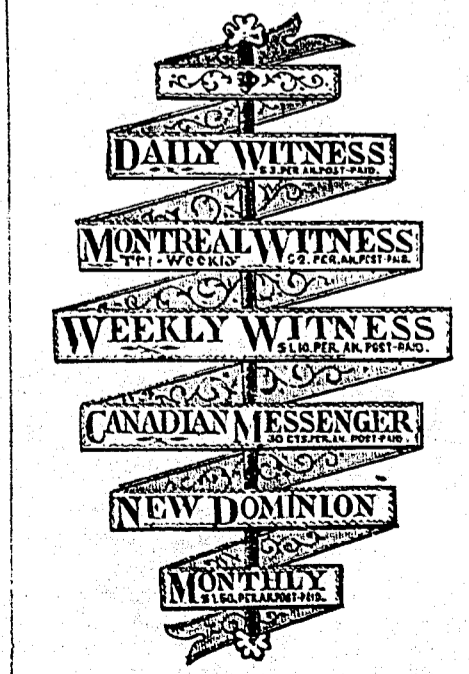
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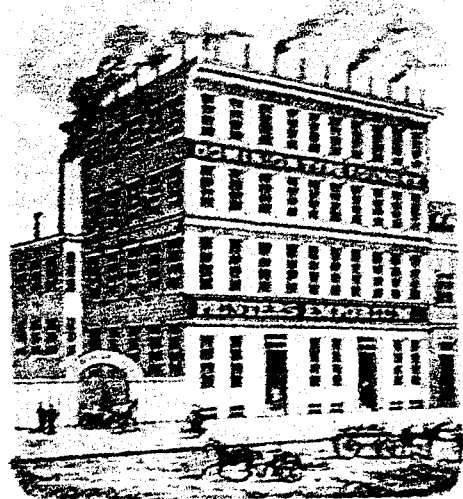
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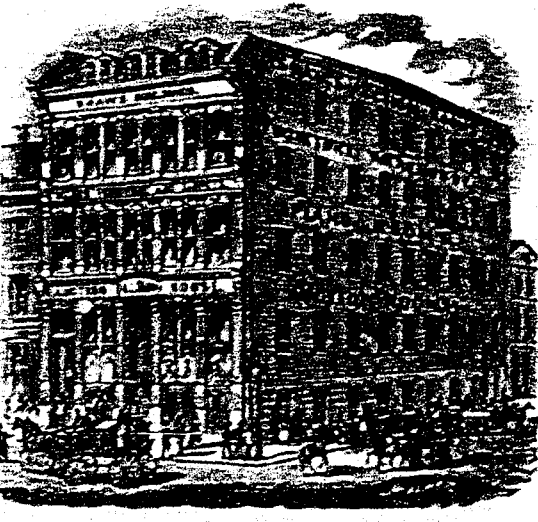
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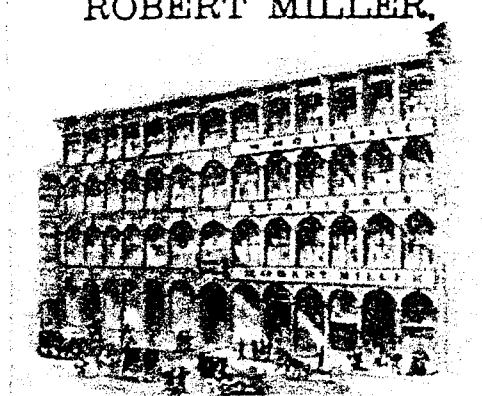
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