

## Technical and Bibliographic Notes / Notes techniques et bibliographiques

Canadiana.org has attempted to obtain the best copy available for scanning. Features of this copy which may be bibliographically unique, which may alter any of the images in the reproduction, or which may significantly change the usual method of scanning are checked below.

Canadiana.org a numérisé le meilleur exemplaire qu'il lui a été possible de se procurer. Les détails de cet exemplaire qui sont peut-être uniques du point de vue bibliographique, qui peuvent modifier une image reproduite, ou qui peuvent exiger une modification dans la méthode normale de numérisation sont indiqués ci-dessous.

- Coloured covers /  
Couverture de couleur
- Covers damaged /  
Couverture endommagée
- Covers restored and/or laminated /  
Couverture restaurée et/ou pelliculée
- Cover title missing /  
Le titre de couverture manque
- Coloured maps /  
Cartes géographiques en couleur
- Coloured ink (i.e. other than blue or black) /  
Encre de couleur (i.e. autre que bleue ou noire)
- Coloured plates and/or illustrations /  
Planches et/ou illustrations en couleur
- Bound with other material /  
Relié avec d'autres documents
- Only edition available /  
Seule édition disponible
- Tight binding may cause shadows or distortion  
along interior margin / La reliure serrée peut  
causer de l'ombre ou de la distorsion le long de la  
marge intérieure.
- Additional comments /  
Commentaires supplémentaires:

Continuous pagination.

- Coloured pages / Pages de couleur
- Pages damaged / Pages endommagées
- Pages restored and/or laminated /  
Pages restaurées et/ou pelliculées
- Pages discoloured, stained or foxed/  
Pages décolorées, tachetées ou piquées
- Pages detached / Pages détachées
- Showthrough / Transparence
- Quality of print varies /  
Qualité inégale de l'impression
- Includes supplementary materials /  
Comprend du matériel supplémentaire
- Blank leaves added during restorations may  
appear within the text. Whenever possible, these  
have been omitted from scanning / Il se peut que  
certaines pages blanches ajoutées lors d'une  
restauration apparaissent dans le texte, mais,  
lorsque cela était possible, ces pages n'ont pas  
été numérisées.

# GRAND MAR Wholesale News

Vol. XI.—No. 2.

MONTREAL, SATURDAY, JANUARY 9, 1875.

SINGLE COPIES, TEN CENTS.  
\$4 PER YEAR IN ADVANCE.



HON. L. RUGGLES CHURCH.

OUR CANADIAN PORTRAIT GALLERY No. 212.

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

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

All correspondence of the Papers, literary contributions, and sketches to be addressed to "The Editor, The Burland-Desbarats Company, Montreal."

When an answer is required stamps for return postage must be enclosed.

One or two good reliable carriers required—Apply to the MANAGER, BURLAND-DESBARATS COMPANY.

City subscribers are requested to report at once to this office, either personally or by postal card, any irregularity in the delivery of their papers.

### THE NEW STORY.

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

### THE LAW AND THE LADY.

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

Back numbers can be had on application.

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

### FIRST-CLASS AGENTS WANTED

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

Apply to THE GENERAL MANAGER, The Burland-Desbarats Company, Montreal.

## CANADIAN ILLUSTRATED NEWS.

Montreal, Saturday, Jan. 9th, 1875.

### OUR CHESS COLUMN.

We are happy to be able to announce that, beginning with this number, the CANADIAN ILLUSTRATED NEWS will add to its other features and claims to popularity a Chess Column, which it is intended shall be both instructive and interesting, as well as authoritative in all matters pertaining to the royal game. Canada has a reputation for the skill of her players, and the large number of her amateurs. These we respectfully invite to help us in maintaining our Chess Column up to the highest standard. Their confidence in our endeavour will be enhanced when we inform them that Principal W. H. HICKS, a conscientious votary of the game, and among the very best players in America, will preside over the editing of all our chess matter. Original games, problems, and solutions will form a conspicuous feature of his labours.

### CENTENNIAL AT PHILADELPHIA.

It may now be definitely announced that both Great Britain and the Dominion of Canada will be represented at the approaching Centennial Exhibition to be held at Philadelphia. Special Commissioners will be appointed by the Dominion Government, also by the Imperial Government, and our neighbours across the frontier will set apart for both countries the very best spaces in the Exhibition—namely, those immediately next to their own. We are not in a position yet to announce the manner in which the proposed representation is to be made, but we believe it has had the careful consideration of the Government. We do not see ourselves any other way than representation by Provinces, by the aid of the Dominion subvention.

The historical fact of the representation of Great Britain and Canada at the approaching Centennial in the United States is, *per se*, at least a very remarkable one,

not to say the most remarkable one of which we have any record. The Centennial is to celebrate the victory of the now United States in their struggle with King GEORGE, and the downfall of the British power in all the wide territory over which the Stars and Stripes now float. And yet Great Britain is going to join in that celebration, and her affectionate and loyal daughter Canada is going with her! The policy, moreover, has been deliberately decided on, and the action will be taken after mature reflection. The consideration which has moved both policy and action may at least be said to be magnanimous. Great Britain will acknowledge by her act that the forcible separation from her of the old thirteen colonies was well; and she will declare that she has no feeling ranking in her heart for the defeat which she sustained at the hands of her children in the last century. Her act also will be a sign that she is great, for it is only the great that can afford to be magnanimous.

It cannot be doubted that there will be many declarations of international goodwill at the coming celebration, and some of them will be real. But no manifestation of this kind can alter the sentiment of a whole people. And on one side it cannot be doubted there will be loud shouts of triumph. It was well remarked by Mr. GOLDWIN SMITH some time ago, that in the school-books of the United States there is very widely spread a bitter leaven against England based on the events of the war for independence; and lessons of this kind learned in infancy, influence manhood—sometimes consciously and sometimes unconsciously. Mr. SMITH's remark, although well made, was not original. It has been before made by more than one observer.

It is always a bad policy to nurse hatreds. It is always best to bury them. And, therefore, we rejoice that, after looking the facts fully in the face, Great Britain and Canada are going to join in the Centennial.

This is the age of mechanics, and mechanical science is at least positive. It also does good to mankind. Many people may, and, we believe will be, the better for the great Exhibition which is about to be held. We say great Exhibition, for there cannot be a doubt that prodigious efforts will be put forth to make it so. And we think there cannot be a doubt but that they will be successful.

We hope that the necessary steps will be taken to have Canada adequately represented, in order to prove not only to our neighbours, but the whole world that a young nation may make quite as much progress without a war of revolution as with one or after one. It is the energy of the people of the United States, and their great natural resources, that have caused the great accumulation of material prosperity, not the stimulus of their institutions, as the orators love to allege; just as we see the same causes and the same effects in Canada.

We shall simply add to these remarks that in so far as the independence of the United States is concerned, it would have come any way. The seed was sown in the first charter granted by the king to the colonists, and all the set of causes which led to the war were merely pretexts. No one can study the facts of history and avoid this conclusion.

### ALFONSO XII.

The disruption of the Spanish republic and the proclamation of the Prince of the Asturias as monarch in Madrid is a source of surprise in one way, but no matter of astonishment in another. It was only a few weeks ago, that we called attention to the probabilities of an Alfonsist restoration as perhaps the only possible solution of the problem engendered by the Spanish civil war, but we had no idea that the consummation was to be so early, or that the New Year's gift of the Spanish nation was to be a new Bourbon Prince. It is, of course, impossible, from our present knowledge to divine the causes which have

led to this sudden change. A despatch announced that General Martinez Campos had pronounced with two battalions in favor of Don Alfonso, and had marched upon the *chef-lieu*, in the province of Valencia. Whether the Valencia pronunciamento was the prelude to similar uprisings throughout the other garrison towns and in the armies of the North and Centre, we have no means of saying. Perhaps it was intended only as the preliminary movement prepared by the government at Madrid to test the public feeling on the subject. We apprehend that a monarchical restoration was regarded as the only means of getting out of the inextricable position into which the affairs of the country were involved. To continue the war in Cuba, to give the finishing stroke to the Carlists, to ensure domestic tranquility throughout the provinces, the Spanish government required money. Money could not be had by internal taxation, because the taxes were already ruinous. Neither could it be raised by a national loan, first, because the country was hopelessly divided into parties, and secondly, because the country had no confidence in the stability of existing institutions. A foreign loan and a large one was therefore imperative. It could be raised only on the security of a recognized government. The European countries seem disposed to recognize only a monarchy. Hence the necessity of joining on Don Alfonso, the Prince of the Asturias.

ALFONSO the Twelfth, son of the Queen Isabella II, was born on the 28th of November, in the year 1857. He has consequently passed the seventeenth year of his age. He was baptized Alfonso Francisco d'Asisi, Fernando, Pio, Juan Maria dela Concepcion, Gregorio. His Holiness the Pope was one of the sponsors (by proxy), and honored Isabella and her family by permitting the infant to have his own name, John Mary. The young Prince has been educated in a very careful and liberal manner, in strict accordance with the discipline of the Catholic Church and the healthful progressive ideas of the day. He is robust in person, of active habits and has enjoyed a good training under military instructors, French and English. The Prince of the Asturias is younger than the Prince Imperial of France by a year and eight months; but it has been intimated by English juveniles in the Woolwich Academy, who have known both of the young men, that one is a fair match for the other. The two Princes are, however, very excellent friends. The young Prince was banished from Spain with his mother in September 1868.

It is useless to descant on the probable consequences of this remarkable change in the Spanish situation, but one natural result may be referred to. The event may have a marked effect on the condition of things in France. The French people—especially the Bonapartist fraction—will draw the conclusion that if a youth of seventeen can mount the Spanish throne and govern it with the assistance of a regent, there is no reason why the Prince Imperial should not succeed to his father's place without waiting for the expiration of Marshal MacMahon's Septennate. A simple idea of the kind may go a great way towards influencing the popular mind, and there is no doubt that such energetic agents as ROUHER and the Duc de PADOUE will carry it out as far as they dare. Furthermore, the change in Spain leaves France the only republic in Europe, always excepting Switzerland, and her difficulties as such will increase almost to the proportions of an anomaly.

### BRITISH COLUMBIA.

In a late issue, we gave some interesting and satisfactory intelligence concerning the basis of compromise between the Dominion Government and the Province of British Columbia. The information which we thus early gave our readers has, we are pleased to know, been subsequently confirmed, and the probabilities are that the Pacific Province will now enter heartily into its work as an active member of the confederacy.

While the controversy was still unsettled, many of our newspapers and a few of our public men, were so ill-advised as to belittle the Province of British Columbia, evidently through ignorance of its vast natural resources, and of its great geographical importance as an integral portion of the Dominion. It is true that the Province is as yet only sparsely settled, but it is a splendid field for immigration and the access to it is easy. The climate is represented as unsurpassed for salubrity and mildness, and the soil is capable of growing not only all the cereals, but also all the fruit for which California is famous. In extent of territory, British Columbia is the largest Province of the Dominion, its area embracing 213,000 English square miles. Its trade, though not extensive, is quite commensurate with its population, and it is constantly growing, as may be seen by the following statement of its imports and exports for the past three years:

Years.	Imports.	Exports.
1872	\$1,767,068	\$1,912,107
1873	2,076,476	1,792,347
1874	2,047,586	2,120,694
Total	\$5,891,120	\$5,825,148

A special source of riches, the full extent of which has not yet been discovered, is its abundant supply of coal. There is authority for stating that the exports of this valuable article in 1873 amounted to \$180,963, and the indications are that there will always be large drafts upon its resources in this respect, not only for manufacturing uses, but also to supply in great part the want of the San Francisco and China steamers.

Its trade in lumber is only nascent, but its wealth in this respect is simply incalculable. The timber interest which has so long been almost the mainstay of Canada, will still retain all its influence if British Columbia is properly cared for.

During the past year, the foreign trade of British Columbia included shipments to Honolulu, China, Mexico, Cuba and Peru, and it is easy to forecast the business along the Pacific coast and through the South Seas which will thus be furnished the Dominion when once the Pacific Railway is built.

In agriculture, the Province is gradually making progress, as the following figures show:

1873—Flour . . . . .	\$119,400
Wheat . . . . .	200,046
Other grains . . . . .	23,031
Cattle . . . . .	67,409
Horses . . . . .	39,588
Sheep . . . . .	16,010

The Americans are fully alive to the importance of British Columbia, if some of our own people are disposed to make light of it. The *New York Herald* significantly says: "A country with a growing commerce like this contiguous to our own country is certainly worth our regard; and if there be any manifestation of a disposition on the part of its inhabitants to part company with uncongenial or unsympathetic, because too remote, friends, in order to draw nearer to us, it is certainly good policy, if only upon considerations of self-interest, to cultivate it."

### CANADIAN AND AMERICAN POSTAGE.

Cheap postage may be set down as perhaps the chief politico-social reform of the age. The benefits which have accrued therefrom are simply incalculable, and that they may be almost indefinitely increased is proved from the new convention which has just been agreed upon between Canada and the United States. On and after February next, either written or printed correspondence from either country is to be delivered free of extra charge, and a common rate of postage to be paid precisely as if both countries were under the same government. Each country is also to retain all the money it collects on postage, as it has been discovered that the difference between the amounts of the accounts of the two countries is really very trifling. The

United States government calculates upon losing not more than about \$20,000 a year by the new arrangement, and justly regards the loss as not worth mentioning along side of the great advantages to be derived from the increased facilities. Both Postmaster JEWELL, and Deputy-Postmaster GRIFFIN deserve the greatest credit for the prompt and practical settling of the details of the Convention. The principal clauses are the following:

First—The unification of the postal systems of the two countries in respect to correspondence exchanged between them, each country to forward and deliver, free of charge, correspondence of all kinds, written and printed, received from the other, which correspondence must in all cases be prepaid at the established domestic rates of the country of origin.

Second—Each country will transmit the domestic mails of the other in closed pouches through its territory, free of charge, by its ordinary mail routes.

Third—No accounts shall be kept between the Post-office Departments of the two countries in regard to international correspondence of any kind exchanged between them, each department retaining to its exclusive use all the postage it collects on mail matter sent to the other for delivery.

Fourth—It is understood to be the desire and intention of our respective Post-office Departments that the provisions of this agreement shall extend to an international money order exchange as soon as practicable.

Fifth—The provisions of this agreement, as far as it relates to the rate of letter postage, will be carried into effect on the 1st of February, 1875.

Sixth—All provisions of the existing Postal Convention inconsistent with this arrangement are hereby abrogated.

Seventh—Formal articles embodying the provisions of this agreement shall be prepared for execution as soon as possible.

#### INCREASE OF INSANITY.

According to the last census, there were in the Dominion of Canada 9,423 persons of un-sound mind, and in the Province of Quebec alone there were 3,300. These figures are sufficiently startling in view of the total of our population, and they have very naturally occupied the attention of specialists on the subject. In the December number of the *Canada Medical and Surgical Journal*, Dr. HOWARD has a second paper in which he enters largely into a consideration of the matter. He first sounds a note of warning in regard to the singular fact that the old and effete law respecting insanity still exists without amendment. That law is to be found in the 11 and 15 Vic. cap. 83, and by its provisions "any person who is a lunatic, or dangerously mad, shall by warrant of any two or more justices of the peace, be apprehended and kept safely locked up in some secure place within the District or County where such City, Town, Village, Township, Parish, or place lies, as such justices, under their hands and seals, direct and appoint." Dr. HOWARD emphatically states that this unwieldy process, "this inhuman treatment" of persons suffering from mental disease, is almost always followed by confirmed insanity. He holds that shutting up insane persons in the cell of a common gaol, and feeding them for weeks on skilly, is neither a reasonable nor a scientific mode of treatment, but the reverse, and is certain to be followed by confirmed madness, which gradually lapses into imbecility. The remedy which he suggests is an immediate alteration of the present law. He suggests that all those who suffer from acute insanity should be removed without delay to an insane hospital, there to remain a reasonable time, when, if, in the opinion of the medical officer, their case becomes hopeless, they should be removed to a proper asylum. Of course, this might be at the outset an expensive undertaking, but in the end it would be a great saving. Such practical

ideas, coming from the source which we have cited, ought to receive immediate attention from the authorities.

We wish we had the space to summarise the practical and professional considerations upon which the Doctor enters, with the double view of explaining the increase of insanity, and of devising means for its gradual repression. His remarks, however, about the training of children are worth a few lines of note. He establishes two facts: Firstly, that where children are of such different physical and mental organizations, there can be no general system of either physical or mental education applicable to all—in fact, that what is good and wholesome to one is death to the other. Secondly, as in all schools there is a general system of education, the only classification becomes the ages of the scholars, and it must of necessity follow that our present system of education is injurious to the physical and mental growth of the scholars, and consequently that we have so many of our youth of both sexes growing up weak in body and weak in mind, and that there is such a terrible increase of insanity. "There is no doubt that teachers are much to blame for this state of things; but then parents are much more blameable. In infantile life mothers as a rule leave their children too much to the care of servants, because they are either too lazy or too *fine* to take care of them themselves—in fact, because it is not fashionable. The last thing a child should feel at night is its mother's kiss, and it should go to sleep in looking at the mother's loving eyes; but instead of this the child is left to the tender mercy of a servant, who frightens it to sleep that she may have a chat with John, while the fashionable mother is gone off to hear that dear man Mr. Balderdash, lecturing upon the Physiology of Man, or some other equally interesting ology. Then, as the children grow up, they are packed off to boarding-schools—*firstly*, to get them out of the way; *secondly*, because it is fashionable; *thirdly*, because the pride and ignorance of the parents are so great, that they fancy because they have money their children must have brains, and must be educated to the highest standard. So children are sacrificed to the laziness, pride, and ignorance of the parents."

Such practical advice coming from professionals, ought not to be confined to strictly scientific journals, but should be spread before the public in popular papers.

When everybody has had his word in regard to the vexed question of amnesty, it is curious to learn what LOUIS RIEL thinks of the matter. After an almost total silence of many months, we find him suddenly turning up at Worcester, Mass., and there delivering himself of his sentiments to a meeting of his French-Canadian countrymen. Mr. RIEL is by no means complimentary either to the late government or to the present administration. The following is a translation of that portion of his speech which relates to amnesty: "I am grateful for the sympathy which you have just expressed towards me and towards my noble companion, AMBROISE LEPINE. These sympathies will penetrate into his dungeon and will console him. Amnesty we will soon have. It approaches. It is not with a good grace that the Orangemen grant it. The force of circumstances snatches it from their fanaticism. Promised four years ago, Sir JOHN A. MACDONALD made a buckler of it against the fury of the Grits, and ALEX. MACKENZIE has sheltered himself therewith against the attacks of the Tories. When JOHN A. MACDONALD was in power, MACKENZIE drove him so that he could not grant amnesty, and now that the latter is in power, the great chief of the Orangemen is trying to prevent him from fulfilling the promises which he himself (Sir John) made. But justice will triumph over oppression. The clanking of the chains which bind Lopine and Naud has aroused the sympathies of all French-Can-

nadians and of all Catholics. The day is passed when those are strung up who defend their hearths and their liberties. Amnesty will be accorded." It must be allowed that M. RIEL handles the subject without gloves, but is it not true that his rough logic paints the situation pretty accurately? Both the great parties of the state have made capital out of all this Manitoba business to a degree which is creditable to neither. And if the appearances are not deceptive, the question is still doing service in certain quarters, for the furtherance of elections.

It is some satisfaction to know that if Canadians do not make as much of their eminent writers and thinkers as they should do, our American neighbours compensate for this neglect by merited tribute and homage. Dr. Dawson is an example. The lectures of that distinguished geologist, on the relations of science and the Bible, before the students of the Union Theological Seminary of New York, are attracting the most marked attention. They are universally praised for their candour of statement, their lucidity of argument and their grace of language. As an opponent of DARWIN the Americans are prepared to raise Dr. Dawson to the high rank of successor to the late lamented AGASSIZ, an honour of which all Canadians ought to feel proud. In his discourse upon the antiquity of man, it is stated as a strong point that he does not regard the evidence that the highest created intelligence belongs to a remote era in the history of our planet, as at all conclusive. He is also said to have made a capital point when he showed that if the lacustrine dwellers were held to be identical with men now living, this was destructive of the theory of development. We trust, with several of our American contemporaries, that Dr. Dawson will publish his lectures.

#### A MARKET OF FORTY MILLIONS.

To the Editor of the CANADIAN ILLUSTRATED NEWS.

Sir:—The above quotation is one of the cunningly devised fallacies of Free Traders in behalf of Reciprocity. It would be to the States, in many respects, a market of four millions, but never to Canada "a market of forty." In proportion to the population, the Americans are our customers to a limited extent, but our competitors to a large extent. The same rule holds good regarding their trade with England; while becoming less valuable customers, they are becoming more formidable competitors.

As shown by Mr. Mathews, in his able work on "Imperial Federation," the imports of the States, from England, have been decreasing ever since their independence. While colonists they imported English goods to the amount of £1 per head per annum; immediately after independence, the rate declined to 16s. per head per annum; and in 1861, it was no more than 8s. 9d. per head per annum. This change was effected by the adoption of a protectionist policy after separation. American manufacturers have now, not only excluded English goods, in a great measure, from their markets, but are supplying Canada with many articles formerly imported from England. Had the American Manufacturers not been protected thus they could never have attained this position. Protection has made them the most formidable rivals England has, or is likely to have, in the future. It is only by accepting a theory without examining the facts, that a person can arrive at a different conclusion from the above.

To the States bordering on Lake Ontario and the St. Lawrence, our exports may be considerable, but to the *great majority of the forty millions*, we would never sell an article; for the simple reason that they produce, and manufacture the same kind of commodities as we do. What do the Southern States want from Canada? They don't want our manufactures because they can be supplied more cheaply and conveniently by the intervening States. It is not possible that they can become great customers of ours.

They don't want our lumber. There is more and better lumber in the Southern States than there is in Quebec or Ontario. It is distance, absence of railways, canals and navigable rivers, which prevent the Eastern States from getting Southern lumber now. The unsettled state of the country is retarding the construction of railways and canals. The rivers run in the wrong direction for this purpose. However, prosperous or populous the country may become, Canadian lumber will not be required in the Southern States. The South was settled like no other portion of North America. An English nobleman was the ideal of every southern planter.

Twenty thousand acres of a forest, with two or three thousand acres of a cleared farm was the

style. A planter's farm was like a small village. Pass one and you, usually, travel through miles of unbroken forest before coming to another human habitation. The Southern States will have plenty of timber long after Quebec or Ontario has a stick to export. Thus we see no market in the South for Canadian lumber; neither is there any in the West; parts of Ontario import lumber from the States; and about one-half of the lumber made in Michigan, finds a market in New York.

Thus we see this "market of forty millions" dwindle down to the partial supply of a narrow strip of country, south of Lake Ontario and the St. Lawrence. The privilege is entirely overrated by the advocates of Reciprocity. It is not worth the Fisheries by any means. Persons who forget that the Americans are our competitors, in a much greater degree than our customers, fall into many mistakes. As a market for our wheat, this part of the argument is easily disposed of. Much of the wheat exported to the States, does Canada an ultimate injury.

For example, it is ground with their dark wheat, and the flour thus made comes into competition with our wheat and flour in the English market. Were they not to get our wheat for this purpose, their wheat would be unfit for export, or have to be exported at a reduced rate. The Americans produce much more wheat than they consume, and imports from this country simply swell their exports in precisely the same ratio. If my competitor orders an article from me, for a person who is occasionally my customer as well as his, I am no better off than if he had allowed the customer to have come to me directly for the article himself. In fact, I am worse off; persons who buy to sell again are accustomed to a margin called trade discount. Selling direct to the consumer is like buying direct from the manufacturer; these are the transactions in which there is most profit. England is our chief customer for wheat, and seeing this, direct exports secure the largest ultimate profit.

To place our commerce on a profitable and durable basis, we must resort to direct trade by outlets of our own. The proposed Reciprocity Treaty would be an entangling alliance, which might lead to very undesirable results. With Canada, Free Trade is the fore runner of annexation. It is said that the treaty of 1854 did not lead to this. There was a good reason for it. The South succeeded in time to check the demand and prevent the catastrophe. Another secession might not occur, at the proper time, to save us from similar danger.

The termination of a treaty is a delicate question, when the notice proceeds from the weaker party. Had Canada been obliged to give the notice in 1864, in the temper of the American people at that time, it might have led to hostilities. Here then is the danger. If a treaty is objectionable to the States they can withdraw, at its expiration, without ceremony or fear. On the other hand, if it is objectionable to us, withdrawing may be made an excuse for retaliatory measures of some kind. A small nation like Canada must not reject overtures from a large one like the States.

Belligerent imaginations might make it a pretext for forcible annexation. But, say the Free Traders, England would not allow any such proceeding. My answer is this: if the treaty is adopted before its expiration, England will have little reason to care what becomes of this country. For all practical purposes, Canada will be to England, a separate, or part of a separate nation. Had there been no secession of the South, no war, no war debt or termination of the treaty of 1854, British influence and British manufactures would be nearly extinct here by this time.

The proposed treaty meets with about as much opposition in the States as Canada. This is accepted, by Free Traders, as a proof that the treaty is advantageous to us. It is no proof at all. The treaty might be a positive injury to both countries. If A says to B, do my work and I will do yours, the proposition, if carried into effect, might result in large loss to both. This is just my view of the treaty. It might be injurious to both countries in many ways. Hence the opposition from both sides.

Yours truly,

Fenelon Falls.

W. DUWART.

#### HYGIENIC.

The best time to eat fruit is half an hour before breakfast.

If feeling cold before going to bed, exercise; do not roast over a fire.

Always keep the feet warm, and thus avoid colds. To this end, never sit in damp shoes or wear foot coverings fitting and pressing closely.

A full bath should not be taken less than three hours after a meal. Never drink cold water before bathing. Do not take a cold bath when tired.

Keep a box of powdered starch on the washstand, and after washing, rub a pinch over the hands. It will prevent chapping.

Living and sleeping in a room in which the sun never enters is a slow form of suicide. A sun bath is the most refreshing and life-giving bath that can possibly be taken.

The object of brushing the teeth is to remove the destructive particles of food which by their decomposition generate decay. To neutralize the acid resulting from this chemical change is the object of dentifrice. A stiff brush should be used after every meal, and a thread of silk floss or india rubber passed through between the teeth to remove particles of food. Rinsing the mouth in lime water neutralizes the acid.

BARON ADOLPH.

A ROMANCE OF LOVE, ROBBERY AND REPENTANCE.

I.

Young Taschenmacher belonged to one of the wealthiest and most respectable families of Cologne. At an early age, he went to Paris and was received in the Foselt family as the child of the house. The Foselts are a large manufacturing firm who have branch establishments in Germany and England. In course of time, Taschenmacher became cashier of the Paris house. With a liberal salary, a handsome person, a perfect knowledge of French, and refined manners, he naturally drifted into the current of gay Parisian life. He attended theatres, race courses, gambling tables. At the Jardin Mabille, he met and fell in love with a fair girl named Marguerite Chauvain. This was the turning point in his career of fashionable dissipation. He rented a lovely cottage for Marguerite, at Auteuil, on the outskirts of Paris. It was a fairy spot embosomed in flowers. He furnished it with costly taste and art. To meet the increased expense, he took to gambling more heavily. At first, he was very fortunate and his mode of life was splendid. Working hard at his desk all day in soiled clothes, he drove about at nights in the livery of a prince. At Auteuil, he passed for the Baron Adolph.

II

A crisis came, as it always does come in such cases. The cards turned against him. Unwilling to retrench his expenses, he took to helping himself from his master's safe. At first only moderately, and with the intention of repaying. Then more recklessly, until the day of balancing the books arrived. Then he lost his head, grew desperate, plunged his arm into the till, drew from it a large sum, buttoned up his coat, hailed



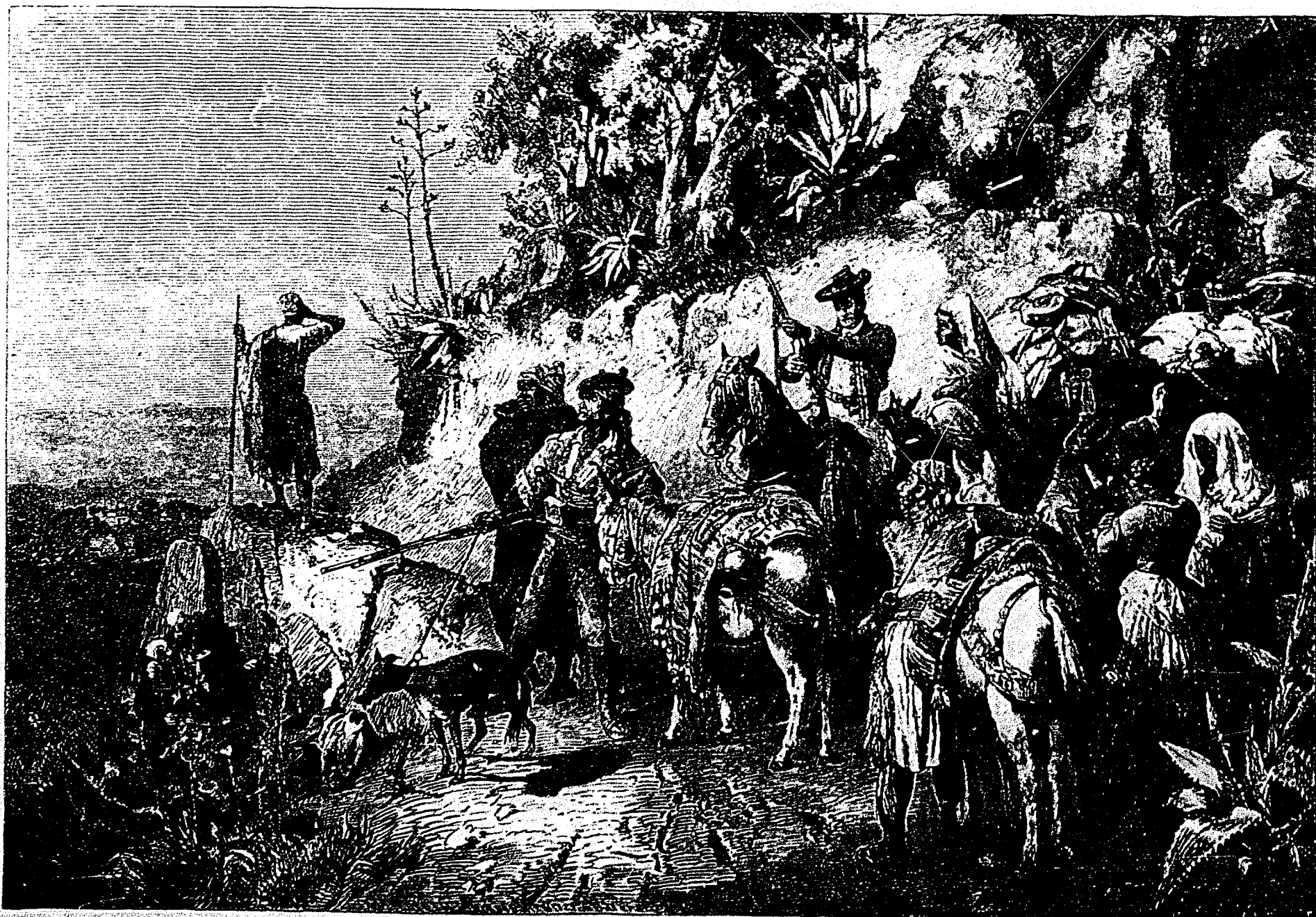
BARON ADOLPH—TASCHEMACHER

a cab, drove to the station du Nord, and off for London. An examination of the accounts, showed that he was a defaulter to the tune of 400,000 francs. Tracked to London, he fled to Liverpool. There he telegraphed Marguerite to join him. She started, but reached Liverpool just in time to see the *Prussian* steaming down the Mersey with her lover on board. Then she returned to Paris. Meanwhile the cable flashed its message, the signalment was given, and when the *Prussian* touched at Father Point, Emile Bureau, of the Quebec Detective Force, stepped on board with the pilot. He recognized his man who now gave his name as Kollich, brought him safely to Quebec and lodged him in goal.

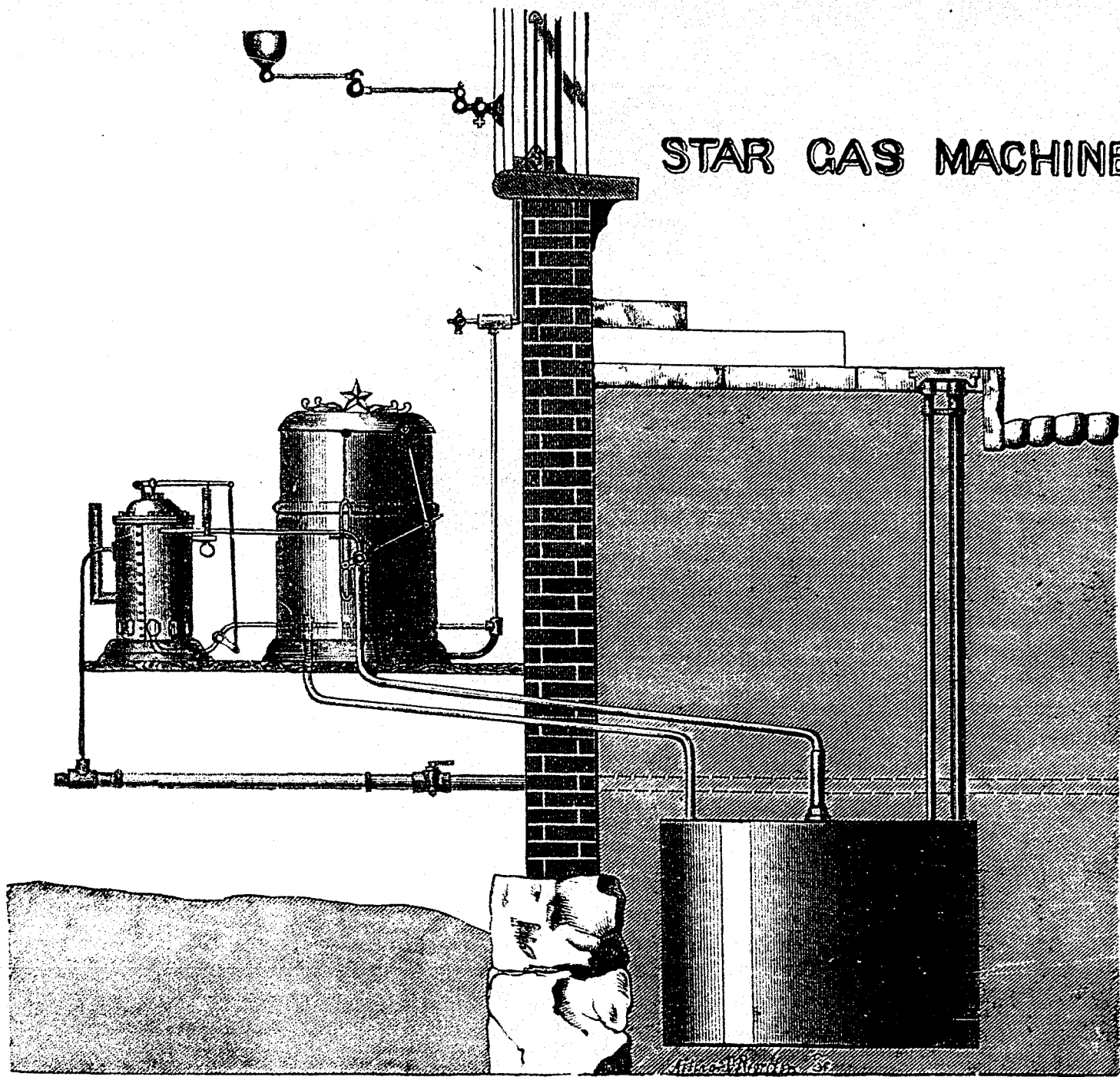
III

The trial for extradition soon take place. Members of the Foselt firm came over from Bradford and Paris. The particulars of the case need not be detailed. Lawyers got hold of it and made a mess of it as usual. They are still quarrelling about it in the newspapers. The upshot, however, was that Taschenmacher was released, there being a flaw in the indictment. What did he do? Remain in the land of liberty? Not he. In his prison, he had had time to reflect. His better nature prevailed. He resolved on repairing the wrong he had done both to his patrons and to Marguerite Chauvain. Immediately, on leaving the prison of Quebec, he went direct to New York and sailed in the first steamer for France. There he will be arrested on arrival, but it is said that by restoring the money and setting the books of the firm in order he will not be further molested. If his repentance is sincere, as it appears to be, this may be regarded as a fit conclusion to an unfortunate youthful escapade.

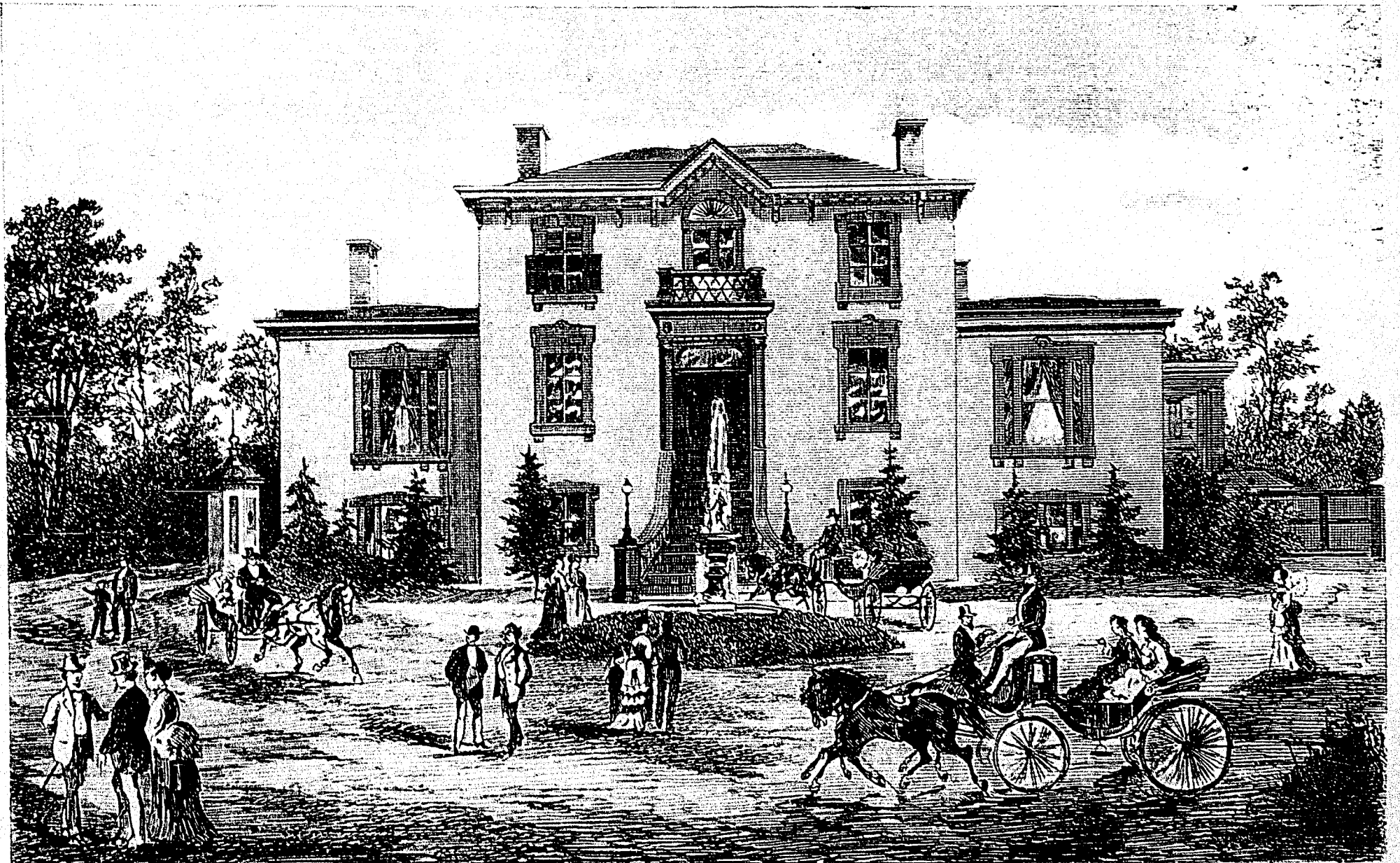
J. L.



SPANISH SMUGGLERS.



THE STAR GAS MACHINE OF THE CANADIAN GAS LIGHTING COMPANY



SOUVENIR—HON. JUSTICE COURSOLO'S RESIDENCE.

## "DE MORTUIS!"

## AN APPEAL FOR A CREMATION CEMETERY.

"Bury me with the men," were the last words of one of the purest officers ever known among British soldiers!—*Daily Paper.*

## I.

Side by side to the battle we strode  
Facing our death like men!  
Waving his sword the old Colonel rode  
Straight to the tiger's den.  
Whispered words in a bated breath  
Troubled the ranks that mourn;  
Where shall we lie? if the "Sergeant Death"  
Summons a Hope forlorn?  
We saw the plume of the Colonel wave.  
And heard him muttering then,  
"Put me to rest in a soldier's grave,  
Bury me there with the men!"

## II.

"I have a mother whose heart will break,  
Dear Home," the Ensign said.  
He checked his sob for the Regiment's sake,  
But I saw his lips had bled!  
"Among the grasses I'd like to lie.  
I've played there half my life?  
Bear me to her—on her breast to die,  
Take me to children—wife!"  
But still we followed the Colonel's crest,  
Who still kept muttering then,  
"A soldier's grave is the place for rest,  
Bury me deep with the men!"

## III.

"Colonel, speak! is it cross or stone  
Will mark where the Regiment bled?  
Bitter it were to be left alone,  
Forgotten with England's dead;  
Sad it were to be hidden away  
Where never a tear will fall.  
How many here, at the close of day,  
Will answer the bugle's call?  
We cheered the voice of our Colonel brave,  
Who answered pluckily then,  
"Old England's trust is the soldier's grave,  
Bury me here with the men!"

CLEMENT W. SCOTT.

[For the CANADIAN ILLUSTRATED NEWS.]

## WHO STOLE THE DIAMONDS?

By Mrs. LEPROHON.

(Concluded from our last.)

Ah, what was that? In the solemn stillness of the night every sound was strangely audible, especially in my then nervous excited state, and a creaking of the stairs, a cautious footfall approaching the door again brought out the dew of terror on my forehead. Yes the step drew nearer, my hearing had not played me false; I saw the door knob on which my terrified gaze was strainingly fixed, slowly turn, the door was pushed back overturning, it seemed without effort, the impromptu barricade I had erected against it, and the wretched butler again presented himself. On seeing me awake, the man started, perhaps he had expected to find me asleep; or, it may have been that the poker which I had unconsciously grasped on the first approach of the footsteps and still held threateningly poised in my hand, alarmed him. After a moment he stammered forth with considerable hesitation that "Martha had sent him to ask if I wanted anything and to stir up the fire at the same time." Ah, he wanted to get possession of my weapon did he? I, whose very hand was shaking with terror was not defenceless enough yet for him.

"I want nothing! Be off!" I sternly ejaculated, whilst the culprit considerably discomfited slowly withdrew.

"The coward!" I mentally exclaimed. "He would rather rob and murder me in my sleep. Ah, he came for that. Poor Martha sent him indeed! Perhaps she is already lying dead down stairs."

After this last event the drawing-room became intolerable to me, and I again revolved in my mind what place could afford me a safe shelter. The thought of my father's office here occurred to me. It was easily reached being on the same flat with the room in which I then was, and had only one door, so that I could securely lock myself in. I felt convinced the butler had not overheard my father mention his intention of locking my diamonds in the safe, and would consequently confine himself to plundering the sideboard. I hastened at once to the office fortunately reaching it unobserved. Neither gas nor taper were lit but a smouldering grate fire diffused enough light and heat through the room to make it comfortable. A low couch stood at the far side of the hearth in deep shadow, and effectually protected from any possible draft by a light screen placed in front of it. Noiselessly locking the door lest mine enemy should be lurking any where in the vicinity, I stole over to the couch and threw myself on it with something like relief, covering my chilled form with a soft tiger skin that lay on a chair near me.

Exhaustion arising from pain, fear, and want of rest finally threw me into a sleep soon disturbed by a dream natural enough after the late terrors I had undergone. It seemed to me that I had sought refuge from the man who had already caused me so much waking terror, down in the wine cellar, bearing with me all the while the diamonds which he was determined to obtain at any price. I had fled from him, from story to story, closely pursued, and unable to get out of his path till I had reached this last spot—the lowest and loneliest in the house. Hastily I had barred and bolted the heavy oaken door, and then sunk down fainting and breathless on the damp earth floor. The bolts and bars were of immense strength and knowing this, my ter-

ror began to diminish. My heart to beat less rapidly. My fortress seemed impregnable at least for a few hours, and when my friends should return they would never rest especially loyal loving Harry, till I would be found. All would come well at last, so I endeavoured to forget the thick darkness, the chill dampness of the ground, the eerie loneliness of my dreary hiding place. Suddenly a faint grating sound struck on my ear, chilling my very marrow with fear. Monotonous, continual, passionless, it went on, whilst I slowly studied, then finally divined its awful meaning. My pursuer was slowly and surely sawing an opening through the door, around the principal bolt, and in a few moments more I should be entirely, hopelessly at his mercy. The agony of the moment awoke me and as I mechanically wiped the large drops of perspiration from my forehead a new thrill of horror ran through my already quivering frame. I was fully awake now, in full possession of all my faculties, and yet, merciful Heaven! that strange unaccountable noise went on, nearer louder—more terribly distinct than it had sounded in my dream. What did it—what could it mean? With lightning like rapidity the whole truth flashed upon me. The sound proceeded from the window where some miscreant—probably the treacherous butler—was cutting out the pane, preparatory to putting in his hand, raising the window bolt and springing into the room. Was there any escape possible? The door was at the far end of the apartment, unlocking it would always take a certain amount of time, crossing to it before the lace curtained window would instantly reveal my presence and bring on me a foe driven desperate by fear of detection. During the second I was hesitating a crash of glass told that the outer works were taken—another moment and the enemy was within the citadel. Scarcely daring to breathe, I lay there motionless as if carved in stone, fearing that the loud tumultuous beating of my heart would reveal my presence. I understood it all. The burglar had taken the ladder that usually rested at the end at the stable and placed it against the window. Of course he was a member of our household else our fierce watch dog would long ere this have given wrathful notice of his approach.

As I have mentioned the room received light only from the coal fire smouldering dimly in the grate, and that light was not sufficiently strong to pierce the huge shadow that hung over the sofa I occupied. Could I remain perfectly still without giving any tokens of my presence I might hope to escape, but stifled cough, or slightest motion would ensure my doom. From my position I could dimly see a tall dark figure, the face covered with some black tissue, bending over my father's safe which stood near the window. This domestic robber was not obliged to force the lock, or to use gunpowder as had been laughingly suggested that evening, but merely drawing a key from his vest pocket he quietly opened the safe, first depositing a short iron bar on the chair beside him. Recalling the fears that had haunted me during the early part of the evening I could not help thinking how light and childish they were compared with those of the present moment—a pale shadow of the agony of terror that oppressed me now. Expediently the mid-night marauder pursued his work, sweeping jewels and gold, into a small leather bag he had brought with him, whilst I watched him without a feeling of regret—hoping only that he would quickly finish his task and then depart. Just as he thrust in the diamonds, my costly gift of the morning, the covering over his face annoying him, he pushed it impatiently aside, and I saw, not the butler, not some stern featured midnight robber, but merciful Providence! my lover.

Yes it was indeed him though the hard dark expression on his face was one such as I had never seen there yet, and which warned me that this man who had so often whispered love and devotion in my ear, would have struck me down with that fearful bar, had he discovered my presence, with as little compunction as he would have kicked a spaniel out of his path.

Among the articles he took from safe was an ivory miniature of myself which my poor father had had painted a year previous, the frame of which was gold, studded with jewels.

"Can I not have even this without the sickly faced original?" he muttered, vainly endeavouring to tear the likeness from the frame. "Ah if it were Carrie Willis now with her bright eyes and rose leaf cheeks the case would be different! How the little vixen blazed up when I ventured on a soft word to her in the green-house to night. Well I must take the other girl as I have to do this miniature—for the sake of the setting."

I knew him now thoroughly and no chance of future self-deception remained. Ah! what a mighty effort it cost me to suppress the moan of anguish that rose to my white lips. In what a flood of bitterness my soul was steeped! I whom the morning sun had smiled on a bright happy woman, finding life a chalice of bliss, had just seen that golden cup dashed from my grasp and myself flung down as it were into a gulf of utter despair. I had so loved this man—had been as proud of his beauty, and grace, his mental gifts as most women are of their own! I who had prized the wealth to which I was heir only that I might bestow it on him; who scarcely added a ribbon to my toilet, a flower to my hair without an ulterior thought as to whether it would please him; who would have worked—toiled—begged for him, must have suffered strangely to find my love thus ridiculed, thrown back on myself.

My situation was one of the deepest peril and after the first shock of surprise I fully realized its terrors. Only a light low screen stood between me and him, and any involuntary movement on my part—the sudden blazing up of the smouldering fire—a chance close glance in my direction would reveal my presence and entail on me swift destruction. Life at the moment had for me nothing worth living for, but, I recoiled from the thought of a violent death dealt by a murderer's hand. Indistinctly yet softly the midnight chimes of the church bells stole on my ear through the broken casement, telling the old angel-taught legend: "Glory be to God on high and peace on earth to men"; and my heart went up in voiceless fervent prayer to Him who alone could grant me help. My supplications seemed directly answered when a moment later Mr. Severton closed the iron chest now rifled of its valuables, and got out on the ladder, drawing the window to behind him. I waited a moment lest he should be lingering outside, and when re-assured by the utter silence prevailing, rose—closed the door behind me and sought my own room.

I will not dwell on the paroxysm of anguish through which I passed, an anguish so intolerable that had it not been for the gentle voice of religion reminding me of duties, parents, friends that had such powerful claims on my life, madness must have overtaken me. Finally I rose, divested myself of the gay evening dress which I had put on with such bright hopes and happy feelings, and sought my couch so as to avoid exciting the curiosity of my friends on their return. Later, when they all arrived, my mother stole softly into my room, and seeing me lying motionless, with closed eyes, imprinted a kiss on my cheek and withdrew, leaving me sure of peace till morning. How I dreaded joining the family at breakfast—the discovery of the robbery—the meeting with my lover. Still, when the usual hour came round, I resolved to brave the dreaded ordeal at once, knowing that it must come sooner or later. I found the family assembled in the sitting room, but instead of the jesting repartees and gay animated talk that generally reigned in their midst, an unusual silence and constraint prevailed. On my entrance every eye was sympathizingly bent on me till my heart questioned with a bound of fear: "How much did they really know?"

"I fear, poor Alice, you have passed a wretched night, to judge by your pale worn face," softly observed my mother.

I merely bowed in reply.

"Your neuralgia must have rendered you insensible to all other things and it was a direct mercy from Heaven that it did so," interposed Aunt Willis with a mysterious shake of her head.

"You suffered greatly, poor Alice, whispered cousin Carrie laying her soft cheek lovingly against mine. Your poor hands are hot as fire." Remembering my unjust suspicions of her loyalty I gently returned her caress with a feeling of inward remorse. A short silence followed interrupted by Aunt Willis who loftily exclaimed:

"You may remember, my dear child, my having hinted yesterday evening at the necessity of carefully putting away those valuable jewels of yours lest they should be stolen. Well, I grieve to say that my prediction as all predictions of mine generally are has been fulfilled."

Notwithstanding her expressions of regret a gleam of triumph shone in the speaker's cold gray eyes which must have been noted by my mother, for the latter retorted with an asperity most unusual to her; "All your prophecies have not come true for you picked out the new butler as the probable thief, and Mr. Sommers who is innocent."

"Of course, Mr. Sommers will say so were it only for the sake of contradicting me. Men are always jealous of the superior acuteness of women. Still, the identity of the robber is but a secondary consideration—the loss itself is the first, so my dear niece, accept my sincerest sympathies on the loss not only of your magnificent diamonds, but of many other valuable heir-looms destined to be yours later."

Again I merely bowed in reply then faintly asked: "Where was my father?"

"Gone to give notice of the robbery at the police office. Severton went with him."

A tremor ran through me at the name, but, Aunt Willis, the speaker, without perceiving my emotion continued: "You may be proud of your lover, Alice. So prompt, so energetic, so self-possessed, and then so full of tender anxiety for you, so anxious as to how you had passed the night, and whether the nocturnal robber had in any manner disturbed or alarmed you. And how devoted to yourself! Last night he danced very little and that only with elderly ladies, spending great part of his time moping in the conservatory, where indeed I caught him once, apparently just waking up from a nap."

Yes Mr. Severton was undoubtedly clever. Whilst supposed to be moping in the conservatory at Mrs. Cart's, he had in reality got out of it by the back window which I remembered well, hastened to our house with the key which he had previously secured,—my poor father's hiding places were all known to him—and accomplished his purpose.

Then he had returned to the house of festivity, and re-entered by the same way in which he had come forth without his absence having been observed.

After a pause Aunt Willis resumed: It was merciful indeed you knew nothing of what was going on. Certainly you had enough to endure from neuralgia without having terror added to

your sufferings. The butler, when cross examined this morning, told us that when he last went up to look at the drawing room fire, just before you left that apartment, he found you looking so wild and strange from pain, that he scarcely knew your face. Ah, here come the gentlemen!

Calm, sympathetic, gentle, Harry Severton entered, approach the sofa on the arm of which my aching head was pillowed, and taking my reluctant hand whispered: "My darling, I have been miserably anxious about you!"

How I longed to bring this intolerable acting to an end—to turn on him and plainly say I knew the entire truth, but the time for this had not yet arrived, so pettishly withdrawing my hand—I begged to be left alone.

"Pray what success have you had Mr. Severton?" questioned my mother.

"Very little as yet madam, but, we have good hopes for later."

Unable to bear more I here made my escape to my room. An hour after my father entered and seating himself beside the bed on which I lay in speechless tearless misery, said; gently, taking my hot hand in his:

"Alice, my child, is it physical suffering, or regret for the loss of your diamonds that is afflicting you thus? If the latter, I promise that should your own not be found, I will replace them—do anything rather than see you look as you are looking to day."

"Then father I will tell you the favor I would crane from your kindness. The very thought of this robbery is unbearable to me, and I would entreat of you to let the matter rest instead of dragging it and us before the public?"

"A singular request, my child, a very singular request;" and the speaker earnestly scrutinized my agitated countenance. "However, in your present, strangely excited, nervous state, I suppose it must be granted, at least to some extent. I doubt not later you may be able to impart some information that may put me on the path of discovery. I will not talk any longer with you now. It seems to agitate you too much."

He then took leave and I quickly rose, bolted the door and sat down to my writing desk.

My epistle was to Mr. Severton and briefly told him that I had been in the office the night previous and had recognized the robber. I addressed him no reproach whatever, but informed him I would keep silence on the one sole condition that he should leave Canada within a week, never to return to it; adding that to enable him to do so, as well as to make his way in the new country to which he might bend his steps, I would not ask for the restitution of the jewels, taking on myself to give them to him. I warned him to seek no further interview as nothing would induce me to grant one; concluding by plainly assuring him that his safety lay in immediate flight, as if any servant of the house or other innocent person were taken upon suspicion, I would deem myself bound in conscience to come forward and reveal the true culprit, however averse I might be to such a measure.

This letter I put in my breast to be sent or given on the first favorable opportunity, and then lay down again. Shortly after the family physician entered with my mother. He felt my pulse—laid his hand on my burning forehead and prescribed a couple days of absolute quiet, a recommendation for which I felt most devoutly thankful. He had not left me a half hour when a restless desire to know if anything new had transpired with regard to the robbery led me to leave my room. In the passage I found myself face to face with Harry Severton.

"Dear Alice," he said eagerly advancing towards me, though with a certain anxiety in his look, prompted perhaps by the expression of my own face, "I have been walking up and down here an age in the hope of seeing you."

I looked him fully, fairly in the face as we stood confronting each other, then without a word handed him the letter and left him. Three days later he sailed for Australia, leaving on his room table a letter for my father in which he told him he abandoned Canada in consequence of my rejection of his suit, and referring him for all farther information to myself. This missive exposed me to a perfect fire of interrogations on all sides, accompanied more or less liberally with reproaches; for his departure was attributed to a lover's quarrel attended with iron obduracy on my part. I maintained a stolid silence, broken only in favor of my father: when he questioned me earnestly on the subject. I replied by winding my arms round his neck and imploring him with a burst of tears to seek no farther explanations. He looked searchingly sorrowfully in my face and slowly rejoined: "Whatever be the mystery thus concealed from me, I feel assured my Alice has nothing to reproach herself with."

Influenced by my tearful entreaties and perhaps by some secret misgivings which he concealed from me, he quietly dropped all farther attempts at discovering either jewels or robber; and our household soon fell back into its usual groove of quiet cheerfulness. Nothing on the surface showed that the rose tints and sunshine had gone out of my life.

Time sped on. Cousin Carrie married, but, I did not, though offers were not wanting; and Carrie's children play around my knee, and even as I write, climb on my lap and lovingly press their soft cheeks to mine.

Years afterwards, a traveller, an old friend of ours, arrived from Australia, and spoke to us of Harry Severton. The latter had entered into business immediately on his arrival in that

country, had married well, prospered, and died after a few days' illness, just when earth seemed fairest to him. I listened to this in silence and gave no outward sign that the man just spoken of had once been dear to me as life itself. My days are tranquil—I may truly say—happy years pass leaving no deeper traces behind them than a ripple on a sunset lake—the chief epoch marking their course being the return of Christmas. Then as I hearken to the midnight church chimes, thought goes back to that Christmas night when I lay listening to them in such sore terror and anguish of spirit. It was long after my dear mother had been called to her reward above, and some short time subsequent to the intelligence given us concerning my whilom lover's death that I related that eventful episode in my life to my father. He tenderly pressed me to him, merely saying: "Just as I thought, Alice. From my first interview with yourself after the robbery, I instinctively guessed who stole the diamonds!"

**COURRIER DES DAMES.**

**DO NOT MARRY TOO YOUNG.**—The commonly received maxim that men should marry young is very good so far; but they should not marry too young. It is both unseemly that a youth should be addressed by the reverential name of father, and unfavourable to his progress in life that he should too soon be burdened with the cares of a family. It is positively painful, and this because in some measure unnatural, to see the sober demeanour which marriage somehow or other invariably produces, encroaching upon a face where the gaiety and even the frivolity proper to youth ought still to reign without dispute. It is still more distressing to see a mind of some saliency and considerable promise arrested in its career, and, by the necessity of filling a number of young mouths, fixed down to some toil hardly worthy of it, without the hope of ever again venturing its powers in fields beyond its present range. We decidedly think, with all due respect for the views which argue the expediency of an early marriage, that no one ought to venture upon that step till some at least of the first difficulties of life are over, and some assurance has been gained of the possibility of answering all the pecuniary demands which this condition can be expected to lead to.

**HEALTH DEPENDENT ON COOKERY.**—So say the promoters of the schools of cookery, and they are undoubtedly right. Cooking is both an art and a science. For its progress as an art we are not greatly concerned, although the medical profession would undoubtedly suffer in pocket should fine-art cookery go out of fashion. "Elegant" dishes are generally whited sepulchres, and the forerunners of blue pills and other disagreeable correctives. We hope then that these schools will busy themselves mainly in imparting a knowledge of the scientific principles of cooking, and will teach their cooks that the quality par excellence which all food should have is wholesomeness. Those unfortunate people who spend their days in dark offices, chambers, or consulting-rooms, and keep their noses everlastingly upon their respective grindstones, seldom know that good digestion which should wait on appetite. Hitherto their dinners have not been so skillfully prepared as to demand the least possible effort from a jaded stomach; but let us hope that the national disgrace of indigestion will no longer dim the brightness of our hospitality, and the number of patent medicines which are sold so largely in this country as aids to digestion will undergo a rapid diminution.

**A GOOD HOUSEWIFE.**—A good housewife is one the first blessings in the economy of life. Men put a great value upon the qualifications of their partners after marriage, however they may weigh with them before, and there is nothing which tends more to mar the felicities of married life than recklessness or want of knowledge of the new housekeeper of the duties which belong to her station. Men admire beauty, order, and system in everything, and men admire good fare. If these are found in their dwellings, and are seasoned with good nature and good sense, men will find their chief enjoyment at home—they will love their home and their partners, and strive to reciprocate the kind offices of duty and affection. Mothers who study the welfare of their daughters will not fail to instruct them in the qualifications of married life, and daughters who appreciate the value of these qualifications will not fail to acquire them.

**COURTESY AT HOME.**—Does the once fascinating Eva, now careless and untidy in her dress when there is only Tom to please, imagine, as with angry words about trifles she taxes her husband's patience, that human affection can withstand all shocks, or love and respect never be destroyed? And does Tom remember the rules laid in court-ship days, as "company being absent," he leisurely smokes his cigar in the cosy parlours, and labours under the delusion that carpets were woven for spittoons? It is manifestly unknown to him, that mantel-pieces were not intended for footstools. neither were boot-jacks originally designed for parlour ornaments. He is disposed to forget that loud yawning is not considered essential to good breeding; and that magnanimously to surrender a favourite newspaper or magazine to some relative is a cardinal virtue. What a pity it is that courtesy is so often ignored at home!

**HOW WOMAN HEADED THE TABLE.**—A writer says: "In Elizabethan England, when gallimaufreys had given way to the substantial fare of our later cookery, it was the custom at private

dinners to place the principal joints and masses of meat at the upper end of the table, above the salt, so that the chief guests could see clearly the choicest cuts before the inferior folk below the joint of honor were served. Fashion having thus decided that the 'carving should be done on the table,' the ladies were invited to the top of the table not out of gallantry, but in order that they should do the work which could no longer be executed conveniently by professional carvers. It may cost the reader a struggle to admit that our ancestors had no more chivalric purpose in view when they promoted woman to her proper place at the festal board. But there is no doubt as to the fact. The new ordering of places was the result of masculine selfishness and insolence rather than masculine gallantry. Just as in mediæval society the lady of the house rendered service to her guests by discharging the functions of a gentle serving woman, in preparing dishes for their enjoyment, and even in bringing them to table with her own hands, so in Elizabethan life she went up to the top of her table, and seated herself among the first guests in order that she might serve them as a carver. At the same time, the number of 'great pieces' requiring several carvers she brought other ministering ladies to the upper end of the table where the grand joints were exhibited. Having been thus called to the top of the table for her lord's convenience instead of her own dignity the mistress of the house soon made it a point of honour to occupy the place, which had in the first instance been conceded to her as a servant rather than as principal lady. Ere long, with her characteristic cleverness in making the best of things and stating her own case in the way most agreeable to her self-love, she regarded her carver's stool as a throne of state and affected to preside over the company, though the terms of her commission only authorized her to help them to food."

**THE FINGERS.**—The *Pall Mall Gazette* says: The ring-finger, though the weakest in the hand possesses its peculiar honour and dignity, as ladies will allow. Indeed, it has been held to be typical of their sex. An old writer describes the human hand as representing the life of the universe. The thumb stands for the deity, without which the hand is powerless. The forefinger is likened to the angelic creation, the middle finger to man, the ring-finger to woman, and the little finger to the animal kingdom. These similes, if not very felicitous, are sufficiently quaint. In many other ways the hand has been supposed to be emblematic. This symbolism has penetrated to the nursery. A nurse will make a child put its two palms together, knitting them by closing the two middle fingers. In this position the child is told to separate the two thumbs, which it does with ease, and thereupon is told that 'brother and sister may part.' It is next asked to separate the forefingers, which also it easily does, and is informed that 'father and son may part.' Then it is required to separate the two little fingers, and upon nothing this is told that 'mother and daughter may part.' It is now told to try and separate the two ring-fingers. This, as the middle fingers are locked together, it cannot possibly do, and is thereupon told that 'wife and husband can not part.'

**THE LATEST IN BONNETS.**—A Paris correspondent says: "It is rarely that a month, or even a week, elapses without some new bonnet being tried if not adopted. The latest fancy in this region of fashion is called the 'Sphinx,' and resembles in some degree the head-dress we see on the statue of the sphinx. It is made of black gauze, and is spangled with gold. The strings, which fall at the back, are arranged at each side so as to imitate the ears of the sphinx. It is extremely original, but too eccentric to be adopted by ladies of society. A very favourite hat is one composed entirely of birds' feathers. The body of the bird forms the crown, and the two wings are worn on each side, standing straight up as if the bird were flying. In some instances, the head and tail are added, and the bird in its entirety is merely placed on a bonnet crown. You will, I think, see this 'bird' bonnet very much in spring. For the moment, fur may be substituted for feathers. I have already seen several fur hats."

**A COSMOPOLITAN CLUB.**—A new club, the Verulam, is announced in London. The object of the undertaking is to gather together the representatives of art, science, and literature both at home and abroad. The club house is in St. James street. It is intended to hold at the club occasional reunions and conversaciones, to which will be invited men of distinction from all parts of the world during the season at the club house, under the management of the entertainment committee. The committee includes several well-known names in the military, artistic, scientific, and literary world.

**HON. LEVI RUGGLES CHURCH.**

Hon. LEVI RUGGLES CHURCH was born at Aylmer, Province of Quebec, on 26th May, 1836, where his father practiced medicine. He was educated at Victoria College, Coburg, graduated in medicine both in Albany, N. Y., and McGill College, Montreal, in which latter place he gained the Primary Final and Thesis Prizes, and acted as House Apothecary at the General Hospital in this city, during the years 1856-7. He studied law under Henry Stuart, Q.C., and Edward Carter, Q.C., and was admitted to practice as an advocate and attorney in 1859. He commenced the practice of this profession in his native town where he has continued till the present time enjoying the esteem of his fellow citizens

and what is better doing a very lucrative business. He was appointed Crown Prosecutor in 1869 for the District of Ottawa, which appointment he still retains. He sat in the Provincial Parliament for the County of Ottawa from 1867 till 1871 and did not offer himself for re-election on the dissolution of the House, but continued in the practice of his profession till he was called to form part of the present ministry as Attorney General when he was returned by acclamation as member for Pontiac. He was married in London, England, in September, 1859, to the daughter of William Bell, the well-known barrister.

In his profession he was associated with Judge Drummond and E. Carter, Q.C., in the Beaugard murder case as Junior Counsel for the defense of the prisoner.

In Parliament he was ever known as an active member attending close to his duties both in the House and on committees, and during the whole of one session sat as acting chairman of the Private Bills Committee in which capacity he rendered good service. He is the only member of his family not practicing as a Physician, his father, uncle, two brothers, and two cousins, all being doctors. Since his return to the House during the present Session, he has succeeded in gaining the respect and esteem not only of the members on both sides of the House, English as well as French, but also of all who know him. He is at present engaged as Chairman of the Special Committee to enquire into the Tanneries transaction, a position he occupies with credit to himself and to the satisfaction of his conferees on the Committee, and in which he appears desirous of obtaining the fullest information with regard to that unfortunate affair. As Attorney General he as yet has had but little opportunity to distinguish himself, but judging from the past there can be no doubt, that the interests of the Province will be carefully attended to while he occupies his present distinguished position.

**OUR ILLUSTRATIONS.**

**NATIONAL CLUB HOUSE, Toronto.**—This building is situated on Bay St., a few doors south of King St., and commanding a view of it, the ground floor is reached by a flight of stone steps and the heavy walls in front are coped with stone and surrounded with a handsome wire railing, on each side of the steps leading to the front door are placed two handsome Iron Lamp posts, and Lamps.

The building is erected with white bricks with stone dressing, and is thirty seven feet front, by eighty feet deep, and four storeys high, including basement, the storeys being very lofty an imposing elevation is gained on Bay St.

The basement storey is divided into kitchen, butler's pantry, store rooms, wine cellar, private dining room, and coal vaults, &c.

The ground floor contains reading room, dining room, and butlers pantry, main and private stairs.

The first floor contains drawing room, secretary's room, and large billiard room, lighted from the top.

The second floor contains card room, store room, and servants apartment.

The front elevation is very effective in appearance, and original in designs, the Bay windows running the whole height of the building is finished with a tower and flag staff.

The interior will be furnished in first class style, the ceilings of the dining room and billiard room will be handsomely painted and the floor laid with Oak and Walnut. The building will be heated and ventilated in the most thorough manners.

The club entrance fee is \$20, and the annual subscription for Toronto members is \$15, and for members outside of Toronto \$15. It is proposed to raise the fees as soon as the membership shall amount to 300, which number will be reached in a very short time, judging by the present number of applications.

**ALSACE IN MOURNING.**—French art since the war has been largely inspired by the circumstances of that sad episode. The representative of Alsace in the attitude of mourning is a beautiful specimen of drawing and the expression, as well as the pose, are full of melancholy significance.

**THE CANADA BIRCH.**—No tree in our forests is more picturesque than the birch and none can be put to more varieties of use. It may be said that it is associated with the history of the country. The wampum of the aborigines and the canoe of the voyageur have given the birch tree an interest which poetry and romance will ever keep alive.

The complimentary dinner to Mr. Joly, M.P.P. and leader of the Quebec Opposition, took place at the St. Lawrence Hall on the 29 ult. The Hon. Mr. Holton occupied the chair. On his left sat the Hon. A. Mackenzie, Hon. E. G. Penny, Hon. Mr. Starnes, F. G. Marchand, M.P.P. Mayor Bernard, L. E. Boyer, and at a late hour B. Devlin. To the right of the chairman sat Mr. Joly, Hon. Mr. Huntington, Messrs. Bachand Laflamme, Jetté, F. Mackenzie, Langelier, and Hon. Mr. Laframboise. The general company numbered about two hundred, and after justice had been done to the repast, the usual loyal toasts were proposed and drunk with all the honors. Our illustration represents Mr. Joly in the act of making the speech of the evening. The persons sitting beside him at the principal table will be easily recognized. The event is one which is thoroughly honorable to the able and urbane leader of the Opposition in Quebec.

**JUDGE COURSOL'S RESIDENCE.**—One of the finest and most interesting residences in Montreal is that of Mr. Justice Coursol, at the head of St. Antoine Street. It has been the scene of many a noted act of hospitality, and its lordly receptions of distinguished strangers and high Canadian officials, during Mr. Coursol's popular mayoralty, have given it a reputation all over the country. We might dilate further upon its record were it not that it is introduced in the present issue mainly to illustrate the new lighting apparatus with which it is furnished.

**STAR GAS MACHINE.**—Our engraving represents a sectional elevation of a building, and adjacent ground, with a Star Gas Machine of 200 light capacity put up complete, with all necessary appendages. This drawing being made to a scale it will be seen that the apparatus (placed on a shelf bracketed in the basement or cellar) occupies a very small space, considering the large number of lights which it supplies. The oil tank is placed six feet under the ground outside of the building, consequently below the level of the machine in the basement. The vaporization of Oil in exact and invariable proportions to the quantity of air entering, is effected directly in the tank, by means of an ingeniously constructed device; so arranged, that whatever be the amount of Oil, the Vapor can never be surcharged with air under any pressure, resulting in the small and imperfect flame, so frequently observed in other gas machines using Naptha. The thorough obviation of this difficulty is a very essential feature of the Star Gas Machine.

In every Gasoline Machine effecting evaporation, by means of cold air, it is impossible to supply the same number of lights in winter as in summer, or for any length of time even in summer, (in some machines the decrease is as much as 80 per cent.) for the following simple reason. Without heat no vaporization can take place. Rapid and continued evaporation produces intense cold. Vaporization makes heat latent, and the latent heat must be supplied by sensible heat, from without, to enable a subsequent vaporization—which otherwise would not take place, or, if it could be forced, would result in a lump of Ice,—not in Gas. In the summer this latent heat, is to a certain extent supplied by the radiated solar heat, stored up in the ground and the air, but in winter this source is very insufficient. Contrary to other Machines, the Oil Tanks for the Star Gas Machines are so constructed as to keep the oil unaffected by atmospheric changes of temperature.

As Gasoline at a temperature of 32o evaporates far less than at temperatures above 70o, and cannot (without freezing itself and surroundings,) absorb from the equally cold atmosphere enough of heat to increase the evaporation to the standard of these higher degrees of temperature; it necessarily follows that such Gas Machines can not and do not supply the same number of lights in winter as in summer; or even at less varying degrees of atmospheric heat.

**Advantages of the Star Gas Machine.**—1st. The Star Gas Machine combines in the smallest compass, the greatest cheapness and efficacy as compared with other Gasoline Machines in existence.

2nd. It will use every drop of oil, leaving no residue, and will make gas of heavier oils (less volatile carbons) than can be used in other machines.

3rd. It is absolutely safe and automatic in its action, has no weights or ropes to run it, and requires no winding up.

4th. It is provided with a small heating tank or generator under ground, which is automatically fed from the large storage tank, thus keeping the gravity of the oil in the generator at the same grade—and insuring a uniformity of light obtained in no other existing machine.

5th. It will supply the same number of lights in winter as in summer.

6th. It will make a better light than any Pneumatic Gas Machine in use.

7th. It will not increase the cost of insurance.

8th. It will stand the climate of Canada as well as Coal Gas.

9th. There is no Gas in the machine proper. The Gas is all made in the tanks, underground, and enters the house, through the service pipe direct.

**HUMOUROUS.**

"I go through my work," as the needle said to the idle boy.—"But not till you're pushed hard" as the idle boy said to the needle.

THAT farmer understood human nature who said: "If you want to keep your boy at home, don't bear too hard on the grindstone when he turns the crank."

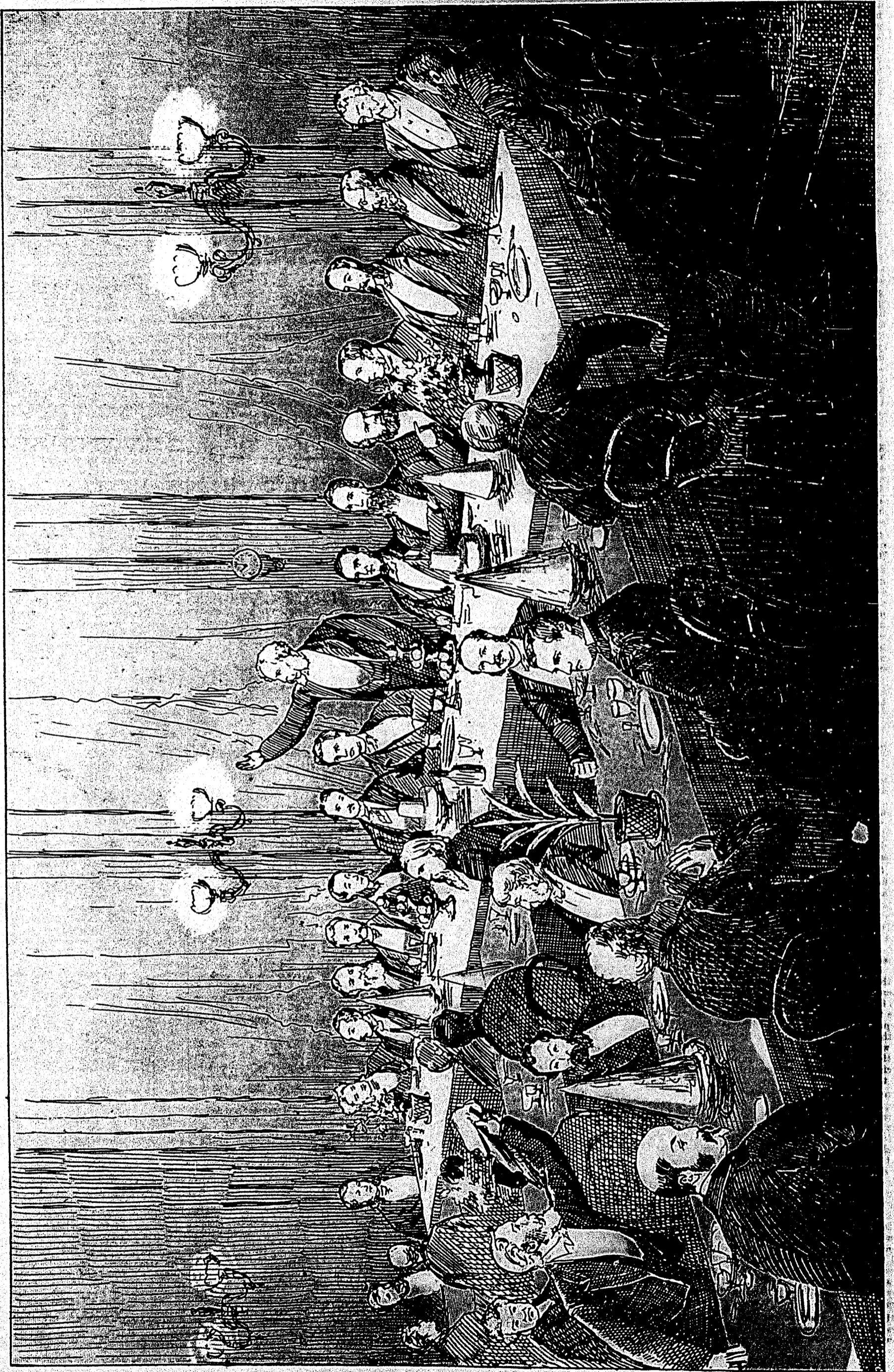
At a printers' festival lately, the following toast was offered:—"Woman—second only to the Press in the dissemination of news!" The ladies are yet undecided whether to regard this as a compliment or otherwise.

ONE of the meanest feelings in this world comes to an unattached man when he rescues a beautiful young lady from drowning, and learns that she is to be married in three weeks to a fellow with leg-o'-mutton whiskers.

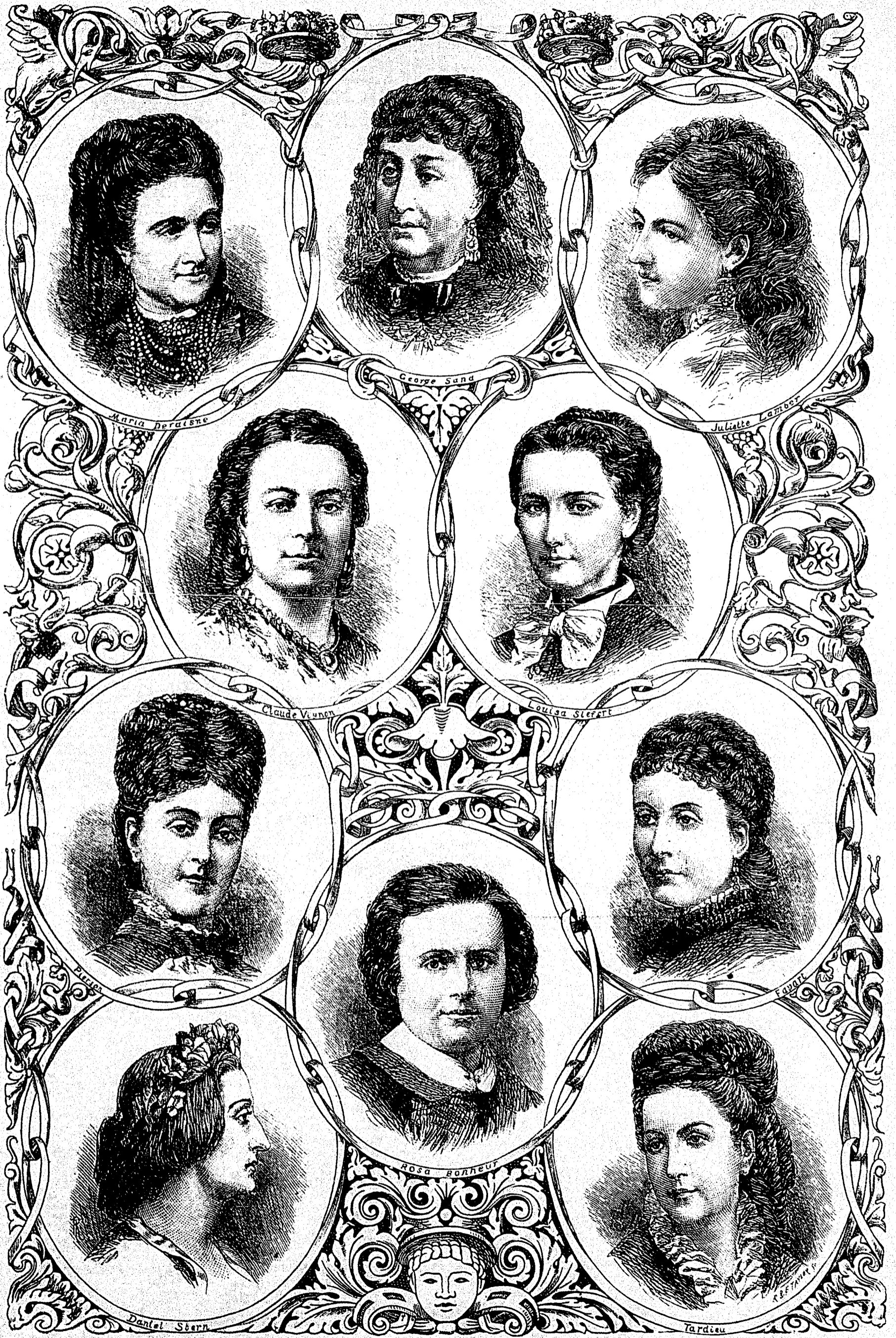
A PROSY old fellow was lecturing his friends on domestic behaviour, and boastingly said, "I've been married thirty years, and have never given my wife one cross word."—"That's because you never dared to, uncle," said a little nephew; "if you had, aunty would have made you jump!"—Silence fell upon the circle.

"JOHN," said a clergyman to his man, "you should become a teetotaler; you have been drinking again to-day."—"Do you ever take a drop yourself, minister?"—"Yes, John; but you must look at your circumstances and mine.—"Verra true, sir," says John; "but can you tell me how the streets of Jerusalem were kept so clean?"—"No, John, I cannot tell you that."—"Well, sir, it was just because every one kept his ain deer clean."





MONTREAL. — BANQUET TO H. G. JOLY. M. P. LEADER OF THE QUEBEC OPPOSITION.



CELEBRATED FRENCH LADIES OF THE DAY.

(For the CANADIAN ILLUSTRATED NEWS.)

**ELLA.**

"Length of days in thy right hand; and in thy left hand riches and honour. May thy ways be the ways of pleasantness and all thy paths be peace."—Proverbs iii. 16, 17.

**I.**

Fair be this day  
As the lilies of May,  
And as sweet and as soft its returning;  
For Summers fifteen  
To-day Ella hath seen  
Lending Life's path a truer discerning.

**II.**

Morning of maiden-prime—  
Sun-rise of woman-time!  
Dawning serenely in blessings, to-day;  
Down far thro' coming years  
Thine the task in joy and tears  
With the good to rejoice,—for the erring to pray.

**III.**

Gentle, like Autumn wind,  
Calm, like the Saviour kind,  
Flow fondly in gladness thy young days of pleasure.  
No cloud chill thy heart,  
Nought but joy hold a part,  
So fair may thy life fill its measure!

**IV.**

Tempters the soul may smart,  
Play well thy rugged part,  
The wiles of the world put a frown on;  
Round the graces of Beauty  
Twine the garland of Duty  
Over all laying 'Piety's Crown on.

J.-V. WRIGHT.

Montreal, January 1st 1875.

(For the CANADIAN ILLUSTRATED NEWS.)

**ALSACE IN MOURNING.**

A FRENCH REMINISCENCE OF CHRISTMAS.

**I.**

A few leagues from Strasburg, within a rifle shot of Saverne, is hidden, like a nest in moss, a house of simple appearance, but pleasant to the eye. As to its landscape, with its winding paths, its fertile fields, and its boundless horizon, it reminds one of Switzerland or the Tyrol. It is the Schlittenbach.

On the night of the 24th December, 1869, this landscape was covered with snow and the profile of the country house detached itself therefrom. This dwelling, the abode of a man of wealth, position and refinement was lighted up with fires of joy. Before the hearth sat the master and his young wife. Near them were three little children, the eldest of whom swung on his father's knee.

On the table, a gigantic cedar, illumined by a hundred little candles, and bearing on its branches all manner of sweets and playthings, displayed its ephemeral glories.

And the master breaking the silence, said to his young wife:

"Don't you find this pleasanter than at Paris?"

"We will come here every year," was the reply. "Alas! . . . ."

"Father," asked the eldest boy, "who is this Hans Trapp that the servant has been speaking about?"

"An ugly old man with soiled beard and peaked hat who carries off naughty children."

"Ah! papa, don't let him come in. I will always be good," and the young one clung closer to his father.

"And what is this Christmas night?"

"It is the festival of little children."

"And have they all got a fine tree like this one, with toys and sweets?"

"No, my child," answered the mother, "but those who have share with those who have not. It is also the feast of charity."

Saying which, the mother rose, opened the door, and admitted a troop of village children.

**II.**

A year later, and at the same hour, a man sat in the low hall, in front of a widow's fire which was slowly going out. Dark thoughts chased each other on that man's brow.

Outside, as on the preceding year, the snow had fallen thickly, but it was trampled by hoofs, muddy, and in places, bloodstained. No lights anywhere, not even in the old church, which the enemy had converted into a stable.

Suddenly, children burst into the room and the eldest throwing himself into the man's arms, said:

"Father, will not Christmas come this year?"

"No, my child."

"Oh! what a pity, and shall we not have a cedar, as last year?"

"There are no more cedars. The enemy has cut them all down."

"And playthings, papa? Shall we not have playthings this year?"

"Playthings!" exclaimed the man, rising suddenly, and lightning flashed through his eyes.

At the same time, he plunged his hand into his pocket and drew it forth filled with cartridges and balls.

"Playthings! Yes, here are some."

Then he stretched out his arm, seized a gun that hung over the chimney piece and charged it.

"Ah! father, father," cried the child in terror, with eyes fixed and frightened air.

"What?"

"Look!"

And the child pointed with his finger to the window where a sinister head had just appeared, whose eyes plunged wildly into the interior.

"Father, it is Hans Trapp! why did you let him come. We have all been good and . . . ."

The child had not finished speaking when a

formidable report was heard. The ball pierced the pane, and the strange head disappeared. The dull sound of a falling body was heard outside.

"I have killed Hans Trapp," said the father quietly. After which, he went out, picked up the corpse, dragged it to the well, and threw it in. When he returned to the room, he held in his hand a Prussian helmet.

"Hans Trapp's hat," cried the boy joyously.

"Yes . . . . and it is the seventh," muttered the father in a low voice.

And to this day, when the man is asked why, spite of his hatred of the conqueror, he persists in remaining in France, he answers:

"It is to restore her some day to France. I AM KEEPING HER!"

L.

**LITERATURE AND ART.**

MME. ESSHOFF is about to give a series of concerts in St. Petersburg.

M. BERTRAND, has been elected perpetual secretary of the Paris Academy of Science.

MR. H. SAMPSON, who has been for nearly a year the acting editor of *Fun*, has been appointed to the editorial chair.

M. DARJOU, well known formerly as a caricaturist, and of late years as a charming landscape painter, has just died in Paris, at the age of 42.

LORD LYTTON is engaged upon an important work in the nature of a romance in verse, or lengthy love-poem.

BRET HARTE is indefatigable. He has a volume of poems in the press, a novel nearly ready, and a volume of fugitive pieces.

MR. GLADSTONE is reported to be preparing a Homeric Dictionary, which he believes will take him two hard years to complete.

LIEUT.-COL. PAGET has compiled a history of the Punjab frontier force, which will shortly be published.

MR. ALEXANDER AGASSIZ has started on an expedition of several months' duration to South America, with the object of exploring and investigating the natural history of Lake Titicaca.

MME. JERICHAU, the celebrated Danish artist, has been making a professional tour in the East. At Smyrna she was engaged in painting some of the Smyrniote Jewesses in their rich costumes.

VICTOR HUGO has completed the second part of his novel "Quatre-vingt-treize." It will be entitled "La Guerre Etrangère." The first volume will appear early in January.

MR. JACQUOT, statuary, recently died in Paris, aged 80. He was the senior of the Professors in the Schools of Design, had obtained the Prix de Rome, and resided for some time at the Villa Medici.

THE DUKE OF NORTHUMBERLAND has opened his large and important collection of family papers, preserved at Sion House Isleworth, to the inspection of the Historical MSS. Commissioners.

DR. PAUL GOLDSCHMIDT, a graduate of Göttingen University, and a pupil of Benfey and A. Weber, has been appointed by the Ceylon Government to collect and edit rock inscriptions, and to report upon the ruined cities of Ceylon.

DR. DETHIER, director of the Art Museum at Constantinople, has recently delivered an interesting lecture on the inscription discovered by Mr. Calvert at Hissarlik after Professor Schliemann left the scene of his Trojan excavations.

ELIHU BURRITT, now in his 63rd year, is about to visit London, whither he has sent forward the manuscript of a "Sanskrit Grammar and Reading Lessons" which will shortly be published.

M. C. FELU, the armless painter of Antwerp, is now copying some pictures in the South Kensington Museum. The facility with which he manages his brush with the right foot, while holding his palette with his left, is marvellous.

THE GERMAN EMPEROR has conferred on Mr. Samuel Birch, of the British Museum, the Order of the Crown, second class, in recognition of Dr. Birch's presidency of the late International Congress of Orientalists.

M. F. REISET, Director of the National Museums of France, writes to the *Times* of Dec. 3, to contradict the statements of Mr. Hodgson to the effect that Veronese's famous picture of the "Marriage of Cana," in the Louvre had been ruined by the restorer.

DR. BOYD, preaching on behalf of the hospitals of Devonshire, in Exeter recently, calculated that the loss to the workpeople engaged in the woollen manufactures, the cotton trade, and the bricklaying trade alone by "Idle Monday," amounted to £7,300,000 per annum.

LADY FRANKLIN still holds to her offer of a reward of £2000 for the recovery of the official records of her husband's expedition, and she is also prepared to remunerate anyone who may succeed in recovering them for any outlay to which his research may subject him.

MR. M'KIE, of Kilmarnock, intends to issue a Concordance to the works of Robert Burns. The same publisher has in preparation a second edition of his "Kilmarnock Popular Edition of Burns," revised and added to by the editor, William Scott Douglas.

M. CLERMONT GANNEAU has returned from Palestine, the year of leave granted him by the French Foreign Office having expired. He brings with him a cast of the "Head of Hadrian," with a quantity of notes, sketches, and inscriptions,

which will be published by the Palestine Exploration Fund.

THE LATE M. GUIZOT commenced an action against the Empress Eugenie to force her to receive back a sum of money which the late Emperor had advanced to his son Guillaume. The austere Orleansist died before the case could be tried; and now, according to a *Daily News* telegram, the family, repudiating his chivalric scruples, have dropped the action.

M. JULES SIMON presided recently over a preliminary meeting of the Elementary Education Society to deliberate on a course of studies for female teachers. The society dates its operations from the year 1815, and has ever since advocated the training of women teachers. After the speech of M. Simon no less than 1200 ladies had their names inscribed on the books of the society's institution.

MESSRS APPLETON and Co. have received a superb gold medal from the Pope, as a token of his admiration for their great publication "Picturesque America," a copy of which work has been sent to his Holiness. The Pontiff ordered Cardinal Antonelli to send these gentlemen this magnificent gift in his name. It represents on the one side the portrait of the Pontiff, and on the other the interior of the Basilica of Santa Maria Maggiore, and is pronounced by connoisseurs to be a masterpiece of its kind.

THE COUNTESS DU BARRY, in imitation of Mme. de Pompadour, had, the *Athenaeum* says, formed a library of books, neatly bound in morocco, with her arms gilt on the sides. At her death, by the guillotine, her books were confiscated, and about 400 of them are still in the Municipal Library of Versailles. The rest were lost or stolen. A complete list of them has been found in the Arsenal Library, and is now printed, with Introduction and Notes, by M. Paul Lacroix.

It has been stated that the artists of the opera at Vienna were lately forbidden to interrupt the action of the performance by coming forward to salute the public when recalled or loudly applauded. The interdiction is no idle word. The first infraction of the official ordinance was committed the other night by the singer Müller, who in his exultation at the success which he obtained in an air of *Fra Diavolo*, stepped forward to make his obeissance at the front of the stage. On his return to the green-room he underwent a rigorous recall to the regulations in the shape of a fine of three per cent. on his monthly salary, or 45 florins.

MR. DEZOUCHÉ, our enterprising musical publisher and patron of art, announces that he has made arrangements with the Boston Philharmonic Club, without exception the finest combination of Solo talent in America, and recently leading Solo performers in the celebrated Theodore Thomas Orchestra, for two Grand Concerts, in Mechanics' Hall, on Thursday and Friday, January 7th and 8th. The personal of the Club consists of Messrs. Bernard Listemann, Fritz Listemann, and Emil Gramm, all violin soloists and late members of the Thomas Orchestra; Adolf Belz, French Horn Soloist; Adolf Hartdegen, Violoncello Soloist; Eugene Weiner, Flute Soloist. They will be assisted by Miss May A. Bryant, Contralto, who has already won golden opinions.

**PAULINE LUCCA'S MOUTH.**

Being "admitted to view" a new picture is a sufficiently ordinary experience, but it is rather singular to read of Dr. Friedrich Fieber, of Vienna, obtaining a view of the interior of Mme. Pauline Lucca's mouth while she was singing. Prepared for the inspection with his laryngoscope in hand, mirror strapped to his forehead, and the whole elegant paraphernalia of the modern instrument, Dr. Fieber was "struck with the spaciousness and symmetry of the hollow" of her mouth, as well as with the vigour with which every tone produced raised the "sail" of the palate. He found that one of the tonsils had been removed, but this loss seems to have entailed no consequences as regards her voice, the sound waves of which are superlatively strong in so favourable a space. It also appears that the strings of her larynx are remarkable, being "pure snow white," and possessing none of the bluish tinge which is common among women. They are shorter than among other vocalists, but stronger in proportion, and "amply provided with muscle." For the future, perhaps, it will be highly desirable for parents, before investing time and money in singing lessons for their daughters, to obtain the services of some eminent laryngoscopists, to tell them frankly whether the organs to be employed in that sweet art are sufficiently perfect, the mouth spacious enough, and the larynx strings so white and strong as to give promise of "sound waves" which may afford pleasure to mankind, and not cause, as too often happens, the wretchedness of every unhappy listener compelled to hear and applaud the little feeble squeaks raised in our drawing-rooms of an evening by the Misses Mewling and Squeals kindly accompanied on the pianoforte by the well-known artiste, Miss Shockingstrum.

**VARIETIES.**

MARSHAL MACMAHON has decided that the military medal should be taken away from those of the sailors or naval officers who give themselves up to drunkenness.

THE PAPAL money was to have been called in after the first of January; it was called out to do duty pending the great scarcity of the precious metals, when France was making up her milliards.

LADY WENTWORTH, wife of the son of Lady Lovelace, Byron's Ada, is a fair woman with brown hair and a girlish contour of face. She was a very Psyche of girls, and she is yet so beautiful that her appearance in public is the signal for a rush.

MISS BRADDON looks like the principal of a girl's school or a spinster aunt. She is tall and rather angular, past forty, wears her dark and gray-streaked hair cut short, and has coarse lines about the mouth and a deep furrow between the eyes.

MR. CUNLIFFE OWEN, who will probably be the Superintendent of the English Department at the Centennial Exhibition, says it has always been his experience that opposition to such an exposition comes from the people of the country by whom it is held.

MR. CUNLIFFE OWEN, director of South Kensington will be selected as Superintendent of the English division of the Centennial Exhibition at Philadelphia. Mr. Owen was happy in the same class of work at the Vienna Exhibition.

THE statement that the picture of the "Marriage of Cana," by Paul Veronese, in the Louvre, has been entirely ruined by a "restoring" process is denied by the Director of the National Museums, who says that the work is in a "surprising state of preservation."

LYONS is to be fortified by the erection of forts at intervals of about six miles from the walls of the city, in such a manner as to command the surrounding country, while the heights of Bron are to be surmounted with ramparts. A citadel is to be erected on the summit called the Mont d'Or.

MISS DE MONTFORD, who has been doing mesmerizing extraordinary in Massachusetts, is "exposed" by a quartet of indignant young men of Westfield who were hired to do what she told them at a public performance. Miss de Montford neglected to pay them.

MRS. MINNIE MYRTLE MILLER, wife of Joaquin, is going to write a play and act in it. She says: "The climax of the first act will be my marriage to Joaquin; the second will end with a tableau showing his departure, and myself standing on that lonely rock watching the receding ship."

MISS THOMPSON, the painter of the "Roll Call," is at present engaged upon a very elaborate picture of a military character, entitled "The 25th at Quatre Bras," which is expected to be ready for the forthcoming exhibition at the Royal Academy. A younger sister of the artist has completed a volume of poems which will shortly be published.

A METHOD of producing an exact imitation of marble has been discovered. The most intricate veining and gradations of colour can be produced, the veins not being merely on the surface, but running through the material. It can be manufactured cheaply, and its plasticity enables the manufacturer to mould it into intricate designs, and the polished surface can easily be kept clean. The invention bids fair to make its way to general acceptance in the many objects for which it is fitted.

A GOOD judge of beauty advocates the adoption of the old Greek tunic as the morning dress at home for ladies. He is eloquent in dilating on the resultant effects both on health and beauty. The Spartan virgin's tunic, though it was open at the side from belt to hem (thus, in truth, "strutted the proud Hermione," whose modesty none dared impugn); or the tunic of Diana, girdled both at waist and loins in unimpeding folds, the tunic of her who was—

chaste of spirit utterly  
untaught, yet so even from her infancy—  
any of these would be a perfect morning costume for girls. And if they could wear sandals, too, so that their feet might have the same action as their hands, their steps would be agile enough.

IN ENGLAND, recently, Prof. White, a champion swimmer, consented to drown himself in order that his theory of resuscitation might be tested for the benefit of the London Humane Society, who were present to witness the experiment. After laying down certain rules for holding a drowning man in the water he plunged into the river and remained long enough under water to be partially drowned. His son dived after him and brought him to the surface in an apparently lifeless condition, adhering strictly to the principles laid down by his parent. The breathless body was then turned over to the Humane Society's officers and put through the course of treatment recommended. The Society had the satisfaction of seeing Mr. White revive, and in a short time return to the water without apparent unpleasant consequences, thus proving the theory by the illustration at the risk of death.

**DOMESTIC.**

FRIED COD FISH.—Cut the middle of the tail of the fish into slices about an inch thick, season with pepper and salt, flour them well, and fry on both sides; drain them on a sieve before the fire, and serve with crisp parsley round them. This is a better way of dressing the thin part of the fish than boiling it; and as it is cheap, it makes thus an economical as well as a good dish.

TO STEW OYSTERS.—After carefully opening them, lay them in a stewpan, and pour their own liquor (strained) on them, and heat slowly. When just commencing to simmer, lift them out with a slice and take off the beards; add to the liquor some good cream, a seasoning of pounded mace and cayenne, and a little salt, and when it boils, stir in some butter mixed with flour. Continue to stir the sauce until these last are blended with it, then put in the oysters, and let them remain by the side of the fire until they are very hot. Serve them garnished with pale fried sippets. A little lemon-juice may be stirred quickly into the stew just as it is taken from the fire.

THE PROPER METHOD.—The Turks make coffee as we do chocolate. The coffee, finely powdered, is drunk with the infusion. In this way all the stimulating qualities of the infusion are secured, with the full aroma and all the nutritious elements of the berry. To those unaccustomed to use Oriental Coffee, the limpid infusion may seem to be preferred. As a stimulating drink it is undoubtedly preferable; but the good qualities of coffee are not exhausted with the infusion; and, as a matter of economy, it may be worth while to sacrifice limpidity for nutrition. Besides, as one becomes accustomed to thick chocolate and learns to like it more than the clear infusion of the cocoa-bean, so, it is claimed, the taste for thick coffee may be acquired, with a corresponding improvement in the beverage.

HOW TO CHOOSE MUTTON.—Good mutton is always finely-grained, short-legged and plump; the lean of a dark hue, and the fat white. Mutton, to be good, should be five years old; but it is very seldom kept till that age, on account of the expense it would entail. The loin and legs are the best joints. The haunch consists of the leg and the part of the loin adjoining it; the saddle is the two loins together, it is the undivided back of the sheep; these two last are always roasted. The shoulder can be either roasted or boiled. But for a dinner-party it should be boned, rolled, and filled with forcemeat. The best end of the neck is very good boiled or roasted; the scrag end is only fit for making broth. You can have outlets from the loin, or the best end of the neck. Mutton kidneys are dressed in several ways. The heads are boiled like calf's head, but they require a good deal of care to be taken in the cleaning and washing of them. The trotters make the most excellent dish stewed with rich melted butter; they require a deal of cooking. The leg and loin can be cured like a ham. Onion sauce should be served with the shoulder when roasted.

THE LAW AND THE LADY: A NOVEL.

BY WILKIE COLLINS,

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

(From Author's MS. and Advance Sheets)

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

PART II.—PARADISE REGAINED.

CHAPTER XXVI.

MORE OF MY OBSTINACY.

Ariel was down stairs in the shadowy hall, half asleep, half awake, waiting to see the visitors clear of the house.

The footman had thoughtfully lit the carriage lamps. Carrying one of them to serve as a lantern, he lighted us over the wilds of the brick-

“Well!” said my mother-in-law, when we were comfortably seated in the carriage again. “You have seen Miserrimus Dexter; and I hope you are satisfied? I will do him the justice to declare that I never, in all my experience, saw him more completely crazy than he was to-night. What do you say?”

“I don’t presume to dispute your opinion,” I answered. “But, speaking for myself, I am not quite sure that he is mad.”

“Not mad!” cried Mrs. Macallan, “after those frantic performances in his chair? Not mad, after the exhibition he made of his unfortunate cousin? Not mad, after the song that he sang in your honour, and the falling asleep by way of conclusion? Oh, Valeria! Valeria! Well, said the wisdom of our ancestors—there are some so blind as those who won’t see!”

“Pardon me, dear Mrs. Macallan—I saw every thing that you mention; and I never felt more surprised, or more confounded, in my life. But now I have recovered from my amazement, and can think over it quietly. I must still venture to doubt whether this strange man is really mad, in the true meaning of the word. It seems to me that he openly expresses—I admit in a very reckless and boisterous way—thoughts and feelings which most of us are ashamed of as weakness, and which we keep to ourselves accordingly. I confess I have often fancied myself transformed into some other person, and have felt a certain pleasure in seeing myself in my new character. One of our first amusements as children (if we have any imagination at all) is to get out of our own characters, and to try the characters of other personages as a change—to be fairies, to be queens, to be anything in short but what we really are. Mr. Dexter lets out the secret, just as the children do—and if that is madness, he is certainly mad. But I noticed that when his imagination cooled down he became Miserrimus Dexter again—he no more believed himself, than we believed him, to be Napoleon or Shakspeare. Besides, some allowance is surely to be made for the solitary, sedentary life that he leads. I am not learned enough to trace the influence of that life in making him what he is. But I think I can see the result in an over-excited imagination; and I fancy I can trace his exhibiting his power over the poor cousin, and his singing of that wonderful song, to no more formidable cause than inward self-conceit. I hope the confession will not lower me seriously in your good opinion—but I must say I have enjoyed my visit; and, worse still, Miserrimus Dexter really interests me!”

“Does this learned discourse on Dexter mean that you are going to see him again?” asked Mrs. Macallan. “I don’t know how I may feel about it to-morrow morning,” I said. “But my impulse at this moment is decidedly to see him again. I had a little talk with him, while you were away at the other end of the room; and I believe he really can be of use to me—”

“Of use to you, in what?” interposed my mother-in-law.

“In the one object which I have in view—the object, dear Mrs. Macallan, which I regret to say you do not approve.”

“And you are going to take him into your confidence? to open your whole mind to such a man as the man we have just left?”

“Yes—if I think of it to-morrow, as I think of it to-night. I dare say it is a risk; but I must run risks. I know I am not prudent; but prudence won’t help a woman in my position, with my end to gain.”

“Mrs. Macallan made no further remonstrance, in words. She opened a capacious pocket in front of the carriage, and took from it a box of matches and a railway reading-lamp.

“You provoke me,” said the old lady, “into showing you what your husband thinks of this new whim of yours. I have got his letter with me—his last letter from Spain. You shall judge for yourself, you poor deluded young creature, whether my son is worthy of the sacrifice, the useless and hopeless sacrifice, which you are bent on making of yourself, for his sake. Strike a light!”

I willingly obeyed her. Ever since she had informed me of Eustace’s departure to Spain, I had been eager for more news of him—for something to sustain my spirits, after so much

that had disappointed and depressed me. Thus far, I did not even know whether my husband thought of me sometimes in his self-imposed exile. As to his regretting already the rash act which had separated us, it was still too soon to begin hoping for that.

The lamp having been lit, and fixed in its place between the two front windows of the carriage, Mrs. Macallan produced her son’s letter. There is no folly like the folly of love. It cost me a hard struggle to restrain myself from kissing the paper on which the dear hand had rested.

“There!” said my mother-in-law. “Begin on the second page; the page devoted to you. Read straight down to the last line at the bottom—and, in God’s name, come back to your senses, child, before it is too late!”

I followed my instructions, and read these words:

“Can I trust myself to write of Valeria? I must write of her! Tell me how she is, how she looks, what she is doing. I am always thinking of her. Not a day passes but I mourn the loss of her. Oh, if she had only been contented to let matters rest as they were! Oh, if she had never discovered the miserable truth!

“She spoke of reading the Trial, when I saw her last. Has she persisted in doing so? I believe—I say this seriously, mother—I believe the shame and the horror of it would have been the death of me, if I had met her face to face, when she first knew of the ignominy that I have suffered, of the infamous suspicion of which I have been publicly made the subject. Think of those pure eyes looking at a man who has been accused (and never wholly observed) of the foulest and the vilest of all murders—and then think of what that man must feel, if he has any heart and any sense of shame left in him. I sicken as I write of it.

“Does she still meditate that hopeless project—the offspring, poor angel, of her artless unthinking generosity? Does she still fancy that it is in her power to assert my innocence before the world? Oh, mother (if she does) use your utmost influence to make her give up the idea. Spare her the humiliation, the disappointment, the insult perhaps, to which she may innocently expose herself. For her sake, for my sake, leave no means untried to attain this righteous, this merciful end.

“I send her no message—I dare not do it. Say nothing, when you see her, which can recall me to her memory. On the contrary, help her to forget me as soon as possible. The kindest thing I can do—the one atonement I can make to her—is to drop out of her life.”

With those wretched words it ended. I handed his letter back to his mother in silence. She said but little, on her side.

“If this doesn’t discourage you,” she remarked, slowly folding up the letter, “nothing will. Let us leave it there, and say no more.”

I made no answer—I was crying behind my veil. My domestic prospect looked so dreary; my unfortunate husband was so hopelessly misguided, so pitifully wrong! The one chance for both of us, and the one consolation for poor me, was to hold to my desperate resolution more firmly than ever. If I had wanted anything to confirm me in this view, and to arm me against the remonstrances of every one of my friends, Eustace’s letter would have proved more than sufficient to answer the purpose. At least, he had not forgotten me; he thought of me, and he mourned the loss of me, every day of his life. That was encouragement enough—for the present. “If Ariel calls for me in the pony-chaise to-morrow,” I thought to myself, “with Ariel I go.”

Mrs. Macallan set me down at Benjamin’s door.

I mentioned to her, at parting—I stood sufficiently in awe of her to put it off till the last moment—that Miserrimus Dexter had arranged to send his cousin and his pony-chaise to her residence, on the next day; and I inquired thereupon whether my mother-in-law would permit me to call at her house to wait for the appearance of the cousin, or whether she would prefer sending the chaise on to Benjamin’s cottage. I fully expected an explosion of anger to follow this bold avowal of my plans for the next day. The old lady agreeably surprised me. She proved that she had really taken a liking to me; she kept her temper.

“If you persist in going back to Dexter, you certainly shall not go to him from my door,” she said. “But I hope you will not persist. I hope you will wake a wiser woman to-morrow morning.”

The morning came. A little before noon, the arrival of the pony-chaise was announced at the door, and a letter was brought in to me from Mrs. Macallan.

“I have no right to control your movements,” my mother-in-law wrote. “I send the chaise to Mr. Benjamin’s house; and I sincerely trust that you will not take your place in it. I wish I could persuade you, Valeria, how truly I am your friend. I have been thinking about you anxiously in the wakeful hours of the night. How anxiously, you will understand, when I tell you that I now reproach myself for not having done more than I did to prevent your unhappy marriage. And yet, what more I could have done I don’t really know. My son admitted to me that he was courting you under an assumed name—but he never told me what the name was, or who you were, or where your friends lived. Perhaps I ought to have taken measures to find this out. Perhaps if I had succeeded I

ought to have interfered and enlightened you, even at the sad sacrifice of making an enemy of my own son. I honestly thought I did my duty in expressing my disapproval, and in refusing to be present at the marriage. Was I too easily satisfied? It is too late to ask. Why do I trouble you with an old woman’s vain misgivings and regrets? My child, if you come to any harm, I shall feel (indirectly) responsible for it. It is this uneasy state of mind which sets me writing, with nothing to say that can interest you. Don’t go to Dexter! The fear has been pursuing me all night that your going to Dexter will end badly. Write him an excuse, Valeria! I firmly believe you will repent it if you return to that house.”

Was ever a woman more plainly warned, more carefully advised, than I? And yet, warning and advice were both thrown away on me!

Let me say for myself that I was really touched by the kindness of my mother-in-law’s letter—though I was not shaken by it in the smallest degree. As long as I lived, moved, and thought, my one purpose now was to make Miserrimus Dexter confide to me his ideas on the subject of Mrs. Eustace Macallan’s death. To those ideas I looked as my guiding stars along the dark way on which I was going. I wrote back to Mrs. Macallan, as I really felt, gratefully and penitently. And then I went out to the chaise.

CHAPTER XXVII.

MR. DEXTER AT HOME.

I found all the idle boys in the neighbourhood collected round the pony-chaise, expressing, in the occult language of slang, their high enjoyment and appreciation of the appearance of “Ariel” in her man’s jacket and hat. The pony was flattered—he felt the influence of the popular uproar. His driver sat, whip in hand, magnificently impenetrable to jokes and jests that were flying round her. I said “Good morning,” on getting into the chaise. Ariel only said “Gee up!”—and started the pony.

I made up my mind to perform the journey to the distant northern suburb in silence. It was evidently useless for me to attempt to speak; and experience informed me that I need not expect to hear a word fall from the lips of my companion. Experience, however, is not always infallible. After driving for half-an-hour in stolid silence, Ariel astounded me by suddenly bursting into speech.

“Do you know what we are coming to?” she asked, keeping her eyes straight between the pony’s ears.

“No,” I answered. “I don’t know the road. What are we coming to?”

“We are coming to a canal.”

“Well?”

“Well! I have half a mind to upset you in the canal.”

This formidable announcement appeared to me to require some explanation. I took the liberty of asking for it.

“Why should you upset me?” I inquired.

“Because I hate you,” was the cool and candid reply.

“What have I done to offend you?” I asked next.

“What do you want with The Master? Ariel asked, in her turn.

“Do you mean Mr. Dexter?”

“Yes.”

“I want to have some talk with Mr. Dexter.”

“You don’t! You want to take my place. You want to brush his hair and oil his beard, instead of me. You wretch!”

I now began to understand. The idea which Miserrimus Dexter had jestingly put into her head, in exhibiting her to us on the previous night, had been ripening slowly in that dull brain, and had found its way outwards into words, about fifteen hours afterwards, under the irritating influence of my presence!

“I don’t want to touch his hair or his beard,” I said. “I leave that entirely to you.”

She looked round at me; her fat face flashing her dull eyes dilating, with the unaccustomed effort to express herself in speech, and to understand what was said to her in return.

“Say that again,” she burst out. “And say it slower this time.”

I said it again, and I said it slower.

“Swear it!” she cried, getting more and more excited.

I preserved my gravity (the canal was just visible in the distance), and swore it.

“Are you satisfied now?” I asked.

There was no answer. Her last resources of speech were exhausted. The strange creature looked back again straight between the pony’s ears; emitted hoarsely a grunt of relief; and never more looked at me, never more spoke to me, for the rest of the journey. We drove past the banks of the canal; and I escaped immersion. We rattled, in our jingling little vehicle, through the streets and across the waste patches of ground, which I dimly remembered in the darkness, and which looked more squallid and more hideous than ever in the broad daylight. The chaise turned down a lane, too narrow for the passage of any larger vehicle, and stopped at a wall and a gate that were new objects to me. Opening the gate with her key, and leading the pony, Ariel introduced me to the back garden and yard of Miserrimus Dexter’s rotten and rambling old house. The pony walked off

independently to his stable, with the chaise behind him. My silent companion led me through a bleak and barren kitchen, and along a stone passage. Opening a door at the end, she admitted me to the back of the hall into which Mrs. Macallan and I had penetrated by the front entrance to the house. Here, Ariel lifted a whistle which hung round her neck, and blew the shrill trilling notes, with the sound of which I was already familiar as the means of communication between Miserrimus Dexter and his slave. The whistling over, the slave’s unwilling lips struggled into speech, for the last time.

“Wait till you hear The Master’s whistle,” she said. “Then go upstairs.”

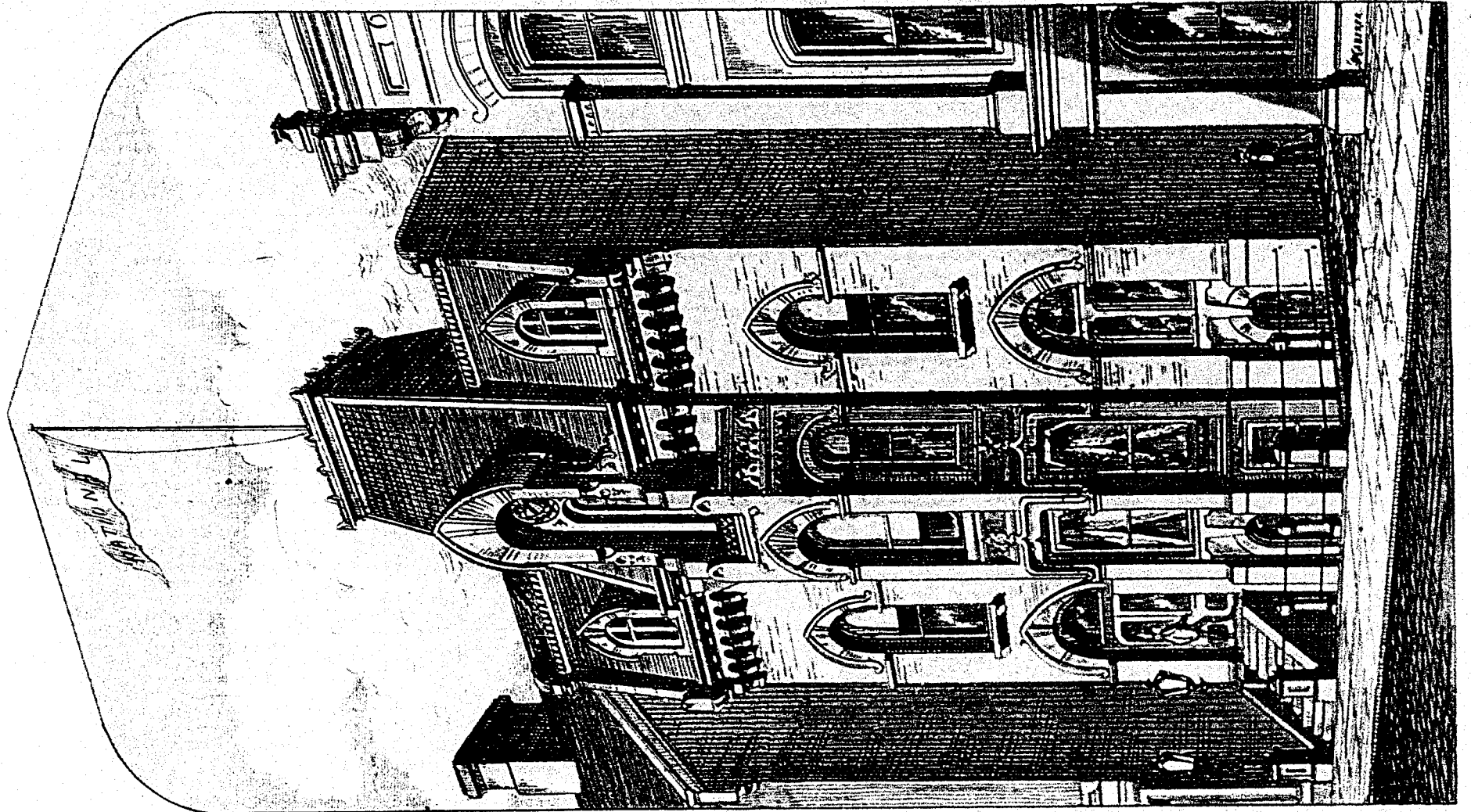
So! I was to be whistled for like a dog. And worse still, there was no help for it but to submit like a dog. Had Ariel any excuse to make? Nothing of the sort! She turned her shapeless back on me, and vanished into the kitchen region of the house.

After waiting for a minute or two, and hearing no signal from the floor above, I advanced into the broader and brighter part of the hall, to look by daylight at the pictures which I had only imperfectly discovered in the darkness of the night. A painted inscription in many colours, just under the cornice of the ceiling, informed me that the works on the walls were the production of the all-accomplished Dexter himself. Not satisfied with being poet and composer, he was painter as well. On one wall the subjects were described as “Illustrations of the Passions;” on the other, as “Episodes in the Life of the Wandering Jew.” Chance spectators like myself were gravely warned, by means of the inscription, to view the pictures as efforts of pure imagination. “Persons who look for mere Nature in works of Art” (the inscription announced) “are persons to whom Mr. Dexter does not address himself with the brush. He relies entirely on his imagination. Nature puts him out.”

Taking due care to dismiss all ideas of Nature from my mind, to begin with, I looked at the pictures which represented the Passions, first.

Little as I knew critically of Art, I could see that Miserrimus Dexter knew still less of the rules of drawing, colour, and composition. His pictures were, in the strictest meaning of that expressive word—Dubs. The diseased and riotous delight of the painter in representing Horrors was (with certain exceptions to be hereafter mentioned) the one remarkable quality that I could discover in the series of his works.

The first of the Passion-pictures illustrated Revenge. A corpse, in fancy costume, lay on the bank of a foaming river, under the shade of a giant tree. An infuriated man, also in fancy costume, stood astride over the dead body, with his sword lifted to the lowering sky, and watched, with a horrid expression of delight, the blood of the man whom he had just killed, dripping slowly in a procession of big red drops down the broad blade of his weapon. The next picture illustrated Cruelty, in many compartments. In one, I saw a disembowelled horse savagely spurred on by his rider at a ball fight. In another, an aged philosopher was dissecting a living cat, and gloating over his work. In a third, two Pagans politely congratulated each other on the torture of two saints; one saint was roasting on a gridiron; the other, hung up to a tree by his heels, had been just skinned, and was not quite dead yet. Feeling no great desire, after these specimens, to look at any more of the illustrated Passions, I turned to the opposite wall to be instructed in the career of the Wandering Jew. Here, a second inscription informed me that the painter considered the Dying Dutchman to be no other than the Wandering Jew, pursuing his interminable journey by sea. The marine adventures of this mysterious personage were the adventures chosen for representation by Dexter’s brush. The first picture showed me a harbour on a rocky coast. A vessel was at anchor, with the helmsman singing on the deck. The sea in the offing was black and rolling; thunder-clouds lay low on the horizon split by broad flashes of lightning. In the glare of the lightning, heaving and pitching, appeared the misty form of the Phantom Ship approaching the shore. In this work, badly as it was painted, there were really signs of a powerful imagination, and even of a poetical feeling for the supernatural. The next picture showed the Phantom Ship, moored (to the horror and astonishment of the helmsman) behind the earthly vessel in the harbour. The Jew had stepped on shore. His boat was on the beach. His crew—little men with stony white faces, dressed in funeral black—sat in silent rows on the seats of the boat, with their oars in their lean long hands. The Jew, also in black, stood with his eyes and hands raised imploringly to the thunderous heaven. The wild creatures of land and sea—the tiger, the rhinoceros, the crocodile; the sea-serpent, the shark, and the devil-fish, surrounded the accursed Wanderer in a my-tic circle, daunted and fascinated at the sight of him. The lightning was gone. The sky and sea had darkened to a great black blank. A faint and lurid light lit the scene, falling downward from a torch, brandished by an avenging Spirit that hovered over the Jew on outspread vulture-wings. Wild as the picture might be in its conception, there was a suggestive power in it which I confess strongly impressed me. The mysterious silence in the house, and my strange position at the moment, no doubt had their effect on my mind. While I was still looking at the ghastly compo-



TORONTO — REFORM CLUB HOUSE



ALSACE IN MOURNING



THE CANADA BIRCH.

sition before me, the shrill trilling sound of the whistle upstairs burst on the stillness. For the moment, my nerves were so completely upset, that I started with a cry of alarm. I felt a momentary impulse to open the door, and run out. The idea of trusting myself alone with the man who had painted those frightful pictures, actually terrified me; I was obliged to sit down on one of the hall chairs. Some minutes passed before my mind recovered its balance, and I began to feel like my own ordinary self again. The whistle sounded impatiently for the second time. I rose, and ascended the broad flight of stairs which led to the first story. To draw back at the point which I had now reached would have utterly degraded me in my own estimation. Still, my heart did certainly beat faster than usual, as I approached the door of the circular ante-room, and I honestly acknowledge that I saw my own imprudence, just then, in a singularly vivid light.

There was a glass over the mantel-piece in the ante-room. I lingered for a moment (nervous as I was) to see how I looked in the glass.

The hanging tapestry over the inner door had been left partially drawn aside. Softly as I moved, the dog's ear of Miserrimus Dexter caught the sound of my dress on the floor. The fine tenor voice, which I had last heard singing, called to me softly.

"Is that Mrs. Valeria? Please don't wait there. Come in!"

I entered the inner room. The wheeled chair advanced to meet me, so slowly and so softly that I hardly knew it again. Miserrimus Dexter languidly held out his hand. His head inclined pensively to one side; his large blue eyes looked at me piteously. Not a vestige seemed to be left of the raging, shouting creature of my first visit, who was Napoleon at one moment and Shakspeare at another. Mr. Dexter of the morning was a mild, thoughtful melancholy man, who only recalled Mr. Dexter of the night by the inveterate oddity of his dress. His jacket, on this occasion, was of pink quilted silk. The coverlid which hid his deformity matched the jacket in pale sea-green satin; and, to complete these strange vagaries of costume, his wrists were actually adorned with massive bracelets of gold formed on the severely simple models which have descended to us from ancient times!

"How good of you to cheer and charm me by coming here!" he said, in his most mournful and most musical tones. "I have dressed, expressly to receive you, in the prettiest clothes I have. Don't be surprised. Except in this ignoble and material nineteenth century, men have always worn precious stuffs and beautiful colours as well as women. A hundred years ago, a gentleman in pink silk was a gentleman properly dressed. Fifteen hundred years ago, the patricians of the classic times wore bracelets exactly like mine. I despise the brutish contempt for beauty and the mean dread of expense which degrade a gentleman's costume to black cloth, and limit a gentleman's ornaments to a finger ring, in the age I live in. I like to be bright and beautiful especially when brightness and beauty come to see me. You don't know how precious your society is to me. This is one of my melancholy days. Tears rise unbidden to my eyes. I sigh and sorrow over myself; I languish for pity. Just think of what I am! A poor solitary creature, cursed with a frightful deformity. How pitiable! how dreadful! My affectionate heart—wasted. My extraordinary talents—useless or misapplied. Sad! sad! sad! Please pity me."

"His eyes were positively filled with tears—tears of compassion for himself! He looked at me and spoke to me with the wailing querulous entreaty of a sick child wanting to be nursed. I was utterly at a loss what to do. It was perfectly ridiculous—but I was never more embarrassed in my life."

"Please pity me!" he repeated. "Don't be cruel. I only ask a little thing. Pretty Mrs. Valeria, say you pity me!"

I said I pitied him—and I felt that I blushed as I did it.

"Thank you said Miserrimus Dexter humbly. "It does me good. Go a little farther. Pat my hand."

I tried to restrain myself; but the sense of the absurdity of this last petition (quite gravely addressed to me, remember!) was too strong to be controlled. I burst out laughing.

Miserrimus Dexter looked at me with a blank astonishment which only increased my merriment. Had I offended him? Apparently not. Recovering his astonishment, he laid his head luxuriously on the back of his chair, with the expression of a man who was listening critically to a performance of some sort. When I had quite exhausted myself, he raised his head, and clapped his shapely white hands, and honoured me with an "encore."

"Do it again," he said, still in the same childish way. "Merry Mrs. Valeria, you have a musical laugh—I have a musical ear. Do it again."

I was serious enough by this time. "I am ashamed of myself, Mr. Dexter," I said. "Pray forgive me."

He made no answer to this; I doubt if he heard me. His variable temper appeared to be in course of undergoing some new change. He sat looking at my dress (as I supposed) with a steady and anxious attention, gravely forming his own conclusions, steadfastly pursuing his own train of thought.

"Mrs. Valeria," he burst out suddenly, "you are not comfortable in that chair."

"Pardon me," I replied; "I am quite comfortable."

"Pardon me," he rejoined. "There is a chair of Indian basket-work, at that end of the room, which is much better suited to you. Will you accept my apologies, if I am rude enough to allow you to fetch it for yourself? I have a reason."

He had a reason! What new piece of eccentricity was he about to exhibit? I rose, and fetched the chair: it was light enough to be

quite easily carried. As I returned to him, I noticed that his eyes were still strangely employed in what seemed to be the closest scrutiny of my dress. And stranger still, the result of this appeared to be, partly to interest and partly to distress him.

I placed the chair near him, and was about to take my seat in it, when he sent me back again on another errand, to the end of the room.

"Oblige me indescribably," he said. "There is a handscreen hanging on the wall, which matches the chair. We are rather near the fire here. You may find the screen useful. Once more forgive me for letting you fetch it for yourself. Once more, let me assure you that I have a reason."

Here was his "reason," reiterated, emphatically reiterated, for the second time. Curiosity made me as completely the obedient servant of his caprices as Ariel herself. I fetched the hand-screen. Returning with it, I met his eyes still fixed with the same incomprehensible attention on my perfectly plain and unpretending dress, and still expressing the same curious mixture of interest and regret.

"Thank you a thousand times," he said. "You have (quite innocently) wrung my heart. But you have not the less done me an inestimable kindness. Will you promise not to be offended with me, if I confess the truth?"

He was approaching his explanation! I never gave a promise more readily in my life.

"I have rudely allowed you to fetch your chair and your screen for yourself," he went on. "My motive will seem a very strange one, I am afraid. Did you observe that I noticed you very attentively—too attentively, perhaps?"

"Yes," I said. "I thought you were noticing my dress."

He shook his head, and sighed bitterly. "Not your dress," he said. "And not your face. Your dress is dark. Your face is still strange to me. Dear Mrs. Valeria, I wanted to see you walk."

To see me walk! What did he mean? Where was that erratic mind of his wandering to now? "You have a rare accomplishment for an Englishwoman," he resumed—"you walk well. She walked well. I couldn't resist the temptation of seeing her again, in seeing you. It was her movement, her sweet simple unsoiled grace (not yours) when you walked to the end of the room and returned to me. You raised her from the dead when you fetched the chair and the screen. Pardon me for making use of you; the idea was innocent, the motive was sacred. You have distressed, and delighted me. My heart bleeds—and thanks you."

He paused for a moment: he let his head droop on his breast—then suddenly raised it again.

"Surely we were talking about her last night?" he said. "What did I say? what did you say? My memory is confused; I half remember, half forget. Please remind me. You're not offended with me—are you?"

I might have been offended with another man. Not with him. I was far too anxious to find my way into his confidence—now that he had touched of his own accord on the subject of Eustace's first wife—to be offended with Miserrimus Dexter.

"We were speaking," I answered, "of Mrs. Eustace Macellan's death; and we were saying to one another—"

He interrupted me, leaning forward eagerly in his chair.

"Yes! yes!" he exclaimed. "And I was wondering what interest you could have in penetrating the mystery of her death. Tell me! Confide in me! I am dying to know!"

"Not even you have a stronger interest in that subject than the interest that I feel," I said. "The happiness of my whole life to come depends on my clearing up the mystery of her death."

"Good God!—why?" he cried. "Stop! I am exciting myself. I mustn't do that. I must have all my wits about me; I mustn't wander. The thing is too serious. Wait a minute!"

An elegant little basket was hooked on to one of the arms of his chair. He opened it, and drew out a strip of embroidery partially finished with the necessary materials for working, all complete. We looked at each other across the embroidery. He noticed my surprise.

"Women," he said, "wisely compose their minds, and help themselves to think quietly, by doing needlework. Why are men such fools as to deny themselves the same admirable resource—the simple soothing occupation which keeps the nerves steady and leaves the mind calm and free? As a man, I follow the women's wise example. Mrs. Valeria, permit me to compose myself."

Gravely arranging his embroidery, this extraordinary being began to work with the patient and nimble dexterity of an accomplished needlewoman.

"Now," said Miserrimus Dexter, "if you are ready, I am. You talk—I work. Please begin."

I obeyed him, and began.

#### CHAPTER XXVIII.

##### IN THE DARK.

With such a man as Miserrimus Dexter, and with such a purpose as I had in view, no self-confidences were possible. I must either risk the most unreserved acknowledgment of the interests that I really had at stake, or I must make the best excuse that occurred to me for abandoning my contemplated experiment at the last moment. In my present critical situation no such refuge as a middle course lay before me, even if I had been inclined to take it. As things were I ran all risks, and plunged headlong into my own affairs at starting.

"Thus far you know little or nothing about me, Mr. Dexter," I said. "You are, as I believe, quite unaware that my husband and I are not living together at the present time?"

"Is it necessary to mention your husband?"

he asked coldly, without looking up from his embroidery, and without pausing in his work.

"It is absolutely necessary," I answered.

"I can explain myself to you in no other way."

He bent his head, and sighed resignedly.

"You and your husband are not living together at the present time," he resumed. "Does that mean that Eustace has left you?"

"He has left me, and has gone abroad."

"Without any necessity for it?"

"Without the least necessity."

"Has he appointed no time for his return to you?"

"If he perseveres in his present resolution, Mr. Dexter, Eustace will never return to me."

For the first time he raised his head from his embroidery, with a sudden appearance of interest.

"Is the quarrel so serious as that?" he asked. "Are you free of each other, pretty Mrs. Valeria, by common consent of both parties?"

The tone in which he put the question was not at all to my liking. The look he fixed on me was a look which unpleasantly suggested that I had trusted myself alone with him, and that he might end in taking advantage of it. I reminded him quietly, by my manner more than by my words, of the respect which he owed to me.

"You are entirely mistaken," I said. "There is no anger—there is not even a misunderstanding between us. Our parting has cost bitter sorrow, Mr. Dexter, to him and to me."

He submitted to be set right with ironical resignation. "I am all attention," he said, threading his needle. "Pray go on; I won't interrupt you again." Acting on this invitation, I told him the truth about my husband and myself quite unreservedly, taking care, however, at the same time to put Eustace's motives in the best light that they would bear. Miserrimus Dexter dropped his embroidery on his lap, and laughed softly to himself, with an implied enjoyment of my poor little narrative, which set every nerve in me on edge as I looked at him.

"I see nothing to laugh at," I said, sharply. His beautiful blue eyes rested on me with a look of innocent surprise.

"Nothing to laugh at," he repeated, "in such an exhibition of human folly as you have just described!" His expression suddenly changed, his face darkened and hardened very strangely. "Stop!" he cried, before I could answer him. "There can be only one reason for your taking it as seriously as you do. Mrs. Valeria, you are fond of your husband."

"Fond of him isn't strong enough to express it," I retorted. "I love him with my whole heart."

Miserrimus Dexter stroked his magnificent beard, and contemptively repeated my words. "You love him with your whole heart—do you know why?"

"Because I can't help it," I answered doggedly.

He smiled satirically, and went on with his embroidery. "Curious," he said to himself, "Eustace's first wife loved him, too. There are some men whom the women all like, and there are other men whom the women never care for. Without the least reason for it in either case. The one man is just as good as the other; just as handsome, as agreeable, as honourable, and as high in rank as the other. And yet, for Number One they will go through fire and water, and for Number Two they won't so much as turn their heads to look at him. Why? They don't know themselves, as Mrs. Valeria has just said. Is there a physical reason for it? Is there some potent magnetic emanation from Number one which Number Two doesn't possess? I must investigate this when I have the time, and I find myself in the humour." Having so far settled the question to his own entire satisfaction he looked up at me again. "I am still in the dark about you and your motives," he said. "I am still as far as ever from understanding what your interest is in investigating that hideous tragedy at Glenloch. Clever Mrs. Valeria, please take me by the hand, and lead me into the light. You're not offended with me, are you? Make it up, and I will give you this pretty piece of embroidery when I have done it. I am only a poor solitary deformed wretch, with a quaint turn of mind—I mean no harm. Forgive me—indulge me—enlighten me!"

(To be continued.)

#### LOST IN THE BUSH.

A NARRATIVE FOR CHILDREN.

A story comes to us by the Australian mail which will fill many mother's eyes with tears, and touch the sterner hearts of all those true men who love little children and are tender to them. The colony was ringing with it when the steamer came away, to the temporary forgetfulness of gold fields and railways, of general elections, and the fight between Victoria and New South Wales about the River Murray. Years hence, probably, it will get into a ballad, and be "sung or said" to the tiny Australians generations to come, like the "Children in the Wood" to their small cousins at home. Antiquaries are afraid to pronounce how old that famous nursery story is; but what do the little ones care about antiquity and dates? Haven't they Robin Redbreast hopping about the garden and the window-sill all the winter—a palpable witness to the narrative? Doesn't he chirp out, as plainly as a bird can, that "it's all true, every word of it?" and isn't he plainly of opinion, by his bold black eye and the saucy cock of his brown tail, that "it's murder to kill a robin," and that nobody with a conscience will touch him ever since he chanted, with his musical throat, that funeral service over the little

people in the wood, and "covered them with leaves?" The wicked uncle, and the brother and sister, and the ruffians, and the kind birds have become part of the pretty religion of the nurseries which "loves man, and bird, and beast," and only through much tribulation with grammars, and many disillusiones, enter into the reluctant belief that there are bad people in the world besides "giants." Our Australian story has indeed no "Robin Redbreast." If birds bore any part in it, they must have been the grass parakeet, or blue bird, or the "settler's clock," or the "bell bird"—something outlandish to our own nurseries. But it is the old, old pathos of children's suffering, and children's tender truth and courage towards each other; with a happier ending, too, than the English ballad, which is a capital thing; for, although the conduct of Robin Redbreast was highly laudable, we never yet met the audience of wet faces that was consoled by that "respectable funeral." They can't see why "the one that was of milder mood" didn't go through with his penitence, and, after "slaying the other there," bring the twins out of the blackberry-bushes, and then everybody, except the "wicked uncle," would have "lived happily ever after." Well, that's exactly how the Australian story does end, and so we tell it with the greater pleasure.

Its heroes are three little people—two brothers and a sister—of whom the eldest boy was nine, and the youngest five, the girl being seven years of age. They were the children of a carpenter named Duff, who worked at a sheep station near a place called Horsham. In Australia small hands can help; so these three babes used to be sent after brushwood for brooms and fires. They had gone dozens of times, and had come back safely; but this once, when their mother sent them, they wandered into the bush, and missed their way, and at night there were their little cots empty, and their little plates of supper getting cold, but no children. "Lost in the bush!" Think what that means for an Australian mother—when vigorous men have sometimes wandered but a hundred yards from the track in those labyrinths of gum-trees and wattles, and gone hopelessly forward and backward, and backward and forward, till they have laid themselves down to die. Of course there was a search for them, all night, all day, all the next night and day, many nights and many days and every hour of the weary time stealing the hope slowly out of the poor hearts of the father and mother. At last they did what ought to have been done before—they called the instinct of the savage to help them find at least the corpses of the wanderers. Nobody can explain that instinct; everybody who has hunted or travelled with wild tribes has witnessed it. The face of the ground to them, is like the leaf of a book to us—they read it. One of these Australian blacks will tell you if a kangaroo has crossed a creek, by the displacement of a pebble: blind-fold him, and bring him into the thicket of the eucalyptuses, he will point to his "gunya" miles away; it is the sixth sense of races brought up in a life that could not exist on five. The blacks soon found the trail of the poor little three; and to find one end, for them, was to be sure of the other. "They would be dead, alas!" but it was something to have their pretty bodies away from the grey crows, the buzzards, and the dingoes. So father, and mother and friends, on the eighth day after the loss, followed the native trackers step by step. "Here little one tired—look, sit down!" says one black bloodhound; and presently another grunts, "Big one carry—see, travel in dark—tumble into this bush." Farther on still, the keenest of the pack finds the mark where "little one put down, too tired"—and thus they search every nook, corner, bush, and thicket, until at last they are rewarded. The little one's are found, not laying asleep in each others arms and the robbers covering them with leaves, but in the hut of a bushman, who had kindly cared for them.

#### HISTORY OF THE WEEK.

Sir John Macdonald has been re-elected for Kingston by a majority of seventeen.

Lieut.-General Sheridan and staff has left Chicago for New Orleans.

The annual convention of the Teachers' Association of Nova Scotia is now being held at Halifax.

An important Postal Convention has been agreed to between the United States and Canada, under which correspondence from one country to the other will pass at the ordinary rate fixed for domestic letters.

A London despatch says the proposed reduction of wages of the miners in the collieries in South Wales and Monmouthshire, went into effect on January 1st, the employers having declined to submit the question to arbitration. A strike is anticipated. Over 8,000 men are employed in the mines.

The Duke of Montrose is dead.

The Spanish Ambassador at Paris has resigned.

M. Ledru Rollin, a distinguished French politician, is dead.

The announcement of the death of Marshal Espartero was premature.

The Carlist leaders, Dorregary, Alvarez, and others, have entered Catalonia.

An ice bridge formed again at Cape Rouge on Wednesday night, and still holds.

The Grand Jury to-day declined to find a true bill against ex-Governor Warmouth.

18,359 tons of shipping has been added during the past year to the vessels registered at Halifax.

Sixty thousand colliers in South Wales have struck work in consequence of a reduction in their wages.

Queen Victoria dispensed her usual New Year's bounties of beef, coal and breadstuffs at Windsor Castle yesterday.

The London Free Press was enlarged yesterday morning to thirty-six columns, the size of the Metropolitan papers.

Captain-General Concha has issued a proclamation announcing the accession of Prince Alfonso to the Spanish crown.

The St. Lawrence river at Cape Vincent, N. Y., is covered with ice, and the crossing to Kingston is now made in ice boats.

The planers, riveters and boiler-makers at Hull have struck work on account of a reduction of ten per cent. in their wages.

The inauguration of Gov. Tilden took place at the Capital, Albany, on the 1st, and was witnessed by a more than ordinary large concourse of citizens.

THE ACCESSION OF ALFONSO XII.

A telegraph despatch received in Paris from Madrid, under date of the 31 ult says that Prince Alfonso, son of ex-Queen Isabella, has been proclaimed King of Spain, and is recognised by all the forces comprising the armies of the North and Center.

THE KING'S ACCESSION ANNOUNCED BY THE MADRID MINISTRY.

The Spanish Minister of the Interior has sent the following despatch to the Governors of the provinces:

Alfonso the Twelfth has been unanimously proclaimed King by the nation, army and Ministry. A regency has been formed under the Presidency of Canovas De Castillo, without a portfolio.

CARLISM DEAD.

The Alfonsists consider that Carlism has received a death blow.

OF THE SEAT OF GOVERNMENT.

Alfonso did not pass through Paris, but has gone to Spain direct. He will disembark either at Cadix or Valencia.

THE TROOPS IN THE FIELD.

General Martinez Campos has entered Valencia at the head of the troops that were sent to oppose him when he pronounced for Alfonso.

The Carlist leaders Dorregary, Alvarez and others have entered Catalonia.

WHAT THE KING SAID TO AN ENGLISH INTERVIEWER.

LONDON, Jan. 1—5:30 A.M.

The Times correspondent from Paris telegraphs to that paper that he has had an interview with Alfonso, who is in that city. He stated that he was ready to start for Spain, but it was necessary for him to await a dispatch, which is expected today (Friday). He had expected the news of his proclamation.

HIS MOTHER WILL REMAIN IN PARIS.

He concluded as follows: "I am not the king of a party. My Ministry will be composed of men of all shades.

CARLIST LEADERS SURRENDERING.

PARIS, Jan. 1.—Dispatches from Spain say it is rumored that the Carlist General Dorregary has laid down his arms, and the other prominent Carlists are about to submit to King Alfonso.

RESIGNATION OF THE SPANISH MINISTER AT PARIS.

The Spanish Ambassador at Paris has resigned.

BLOOD IN BARCELONA APPREHENDED.

Disturbances are apprehended in Barcelona.

THE ARMY AND NAVY.

MADRID, Jan. 1.—The Spanish army and navy yesterday everywhere accepted Don Alfonso as King. Marshal Serrano has quietly transferred the command of the armies to Gen. Laezna.

CONGRATULATIONS FROM DE MONTPENSIRE AND ORLEANS PRINCES.

Duke de Montpensier and the Orleans Princes have congratulated Don Alfonso upon his accession to the Spanish Throne.

PROCLAMATION BY CAPT. GENERAL CONCHA.

HAVANA, Jan. 1.—Capt. General Concha has issued a proclamation announcing the accession of Prince Alfonso to the Spanish Crown.

ALFONSO ON THE DUTIES OF HIS NEW POSITION. LONDON, Jan. 1.—In his interview with the Paris correspondent of the London Times Don Alfonso said: "Liberal Constitutionalist as I am, I know well that it is not a matter of pleasure to be King of Spain at this moment, but I shall try to understand my duty and do it."

SERRANO OVERTHROWN BY DE RIVERA.

A special dispatch from Madrid to the London Times says: "Gen. De Rivera some time since informed Marshal Serrano that he intended to have Alfonso proclaimed King, and persisted in this intention despite offers of Serrano to him of the most elevated positions in his gift, including that of Captain-General of Cuba. Marshal Serrano was unable to supersede De Rivera, as he alone had the disposal of the military forces in Madrid."

ALFONSO KING OF SPAIN.

His ministry announced—the new sovereign in making the Pope's blessing—ex-queen Isabella congratulated by Primo de Rivera

PARIS, Dec. 31.—Prince Alfonso, son of ex-Queen Isabella, has been proclaimed King of Spain, and is recognized by all the forces comprising the armies of the North and Centre. The Spanish Consul at Bourg Madame, Department of Puy-de-Dome, has notified the Sub-Prefect of Bayonne, that Donna Bianca, wife of Don Alfonso, brother of Don Carlos, has crossed the frontier into Spain, and proceeded toward Pregel.

Ex-Queen Isabella has received the following despatches:

All the towns have responded enthusiastically to the proclamation.

(Signed) PRIMO DE RIVERA, Captain-General of Madrid.

We pray your Majesty to transmit the news to your son. We congratulate you on this grand triumph, achieved without bloodshed.

This telegram is signed by Gen. Primo de Rivera and Canovas De Castillo.

Isabella, in response to the despatch of Gen. Primo de Rivera, sent the following telegram:

The King proceeds to Spain immediately.

Alfonso, has telegraphed to the Pope asking his blessing, and promising that he will, like his ancestors, defend the rights of the Holy See.

King Alfonso's Ministry is announced as follows:

- Castro, Minister of Foreign Affairs. Cardenas, Minister of Justice. Jovellar, Minister of War. Salaveria, Minister of Finance. Molina, Minister of Marine. Robledo, Minister of the Interior. Orovisio, Minister of Commerce. Ayala, Minister of the Colonies.

OUR CHESS COLUMN.

The great interest taken in chess at the present time has induced us to devote a portion of our space again to matter which we trust, may be acceptable to lovers of the noble game.

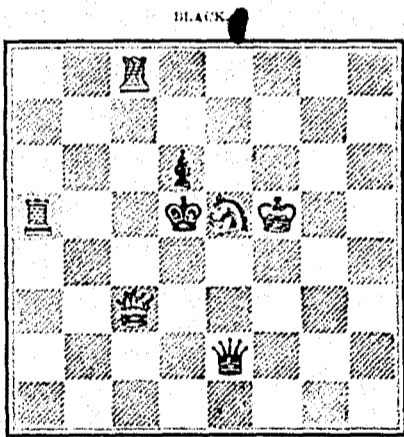
The games inserted will, as far as possible, be chosen from contests between players of Canadian clubs, and problems, and positions of interest from all available sources, will not be neglected.

We are happy to see that a club has been established among the students of the Harvard University, and the number of clubs recently formed in many places, both in England and the United States, gives evidence that a game, which not many years ago was only known to a few, is becoming so popular that we may soon expect to find it a favourite among all classes of the community.

The establishment of the Canadian Chess Association in 1872, and the Annual Meetings held since, have contributed greatly to promote a love of chess in the Dominion, and we anticipate that at the next meeting at Ottawa, in August 1875, when the usual tournament will take place, a large number of players will enter their names as combatants. We shall be glad to do our part in presenting chess matter which may be of interest to all classes of players, and shall be happy at all times to receive information from any of our correspondents. A Telegraphic match between Montreal and Seaford is spoken of, and we shall not fail to give our readers all the news of respecting it which we may be able to obtain.

PROBLEM No. 1.

From an old treatise on chess.



White to Checkmate in two moves.

One of the games in the late telegraphic match between Quebec and Montreal.

(Board B.)

(Irregular opening.)

Table with columns for Montreal (White (Mr. H.)) and Quebec (Black (Mr. C.)). It lists 32 moves for both sides in a chess game, including piece notations like P to Q4, K to B3, etc.

(a.) A bad move leading to difficulties. (b.) A good move. (c.) Well played. (d.) The winning move.

HUTCHISON & STEELE, ARCHITECTS, valuers of Real Estate, Buildings, &c., 245 St. James St. A. C. HUTCHISON. A. D. STEELE. 10-25-52-71

J. V. MORGAN, 75 ST. JAMES STREET. Agent for the SILICATED CARBON FILTER COMPANY, also the PATENT PLUMBAGO CRUCIBLE COMPANY, BATHERSEA, LONDON. 10-25-52-65

PARLOR BOOT & SHOE STORE, 375 Notre-Dame Street, One door East of John Aitken & Co.

Have always on hand a choice selection of LADIES WHITE GOODS, in Satin, Kid and Jean. 10-25-52-61 E. & A. FERRY.

THE COOK'S FRIEND

BAKING POWDER

Has become a Household Word in the land, and is a HOUSEHOLD NECESSITY

In every family where Economy and Health are studied.

It is used for raising all kinds of Bread, Rolls, Pancakes, Griddle Cakes, &c., &c., and a small quantity used in Pie Crust, Puddings, &c., will save half the usual shortening, and make the food more digestible.

THE COOK'S FRIEND

SAVES TIME. IT SAVES TEMPER. IT SAVES MONEY.

For sale by storekeepers throughout the Dominion, and wholesale by the manufacturer.

W. D. McLAREN, Union Bldg. 10-14-50-5. 55 College Street.

THE FAIRBANKS' PLATFORM SCALE

Stands side by side with the mower, the reaper, and the cotton gin, as tributary to the material progress of the world. 10-25-52-68

DOMINION TELEGRAPH INSTITUTE

Was re-opened for the Winter on 12th inst. with Day and Night Classes. Ladies and Gentlemen wishing to qualify themselves as Telegraph Operators will please apply personally or by letter, to 75 St. James Street, Montreal. In consequence of so many New Lines of Railway being opened there will be a large demand for Operators in the Spring. 10-21-52-34.

PUBLIC NOTICE

[S HEREBY GIVEN that the SELECT COMMITTEE OF THE LEGISLATIVE ASSEMBLY appointed to inquire into the facts connected with the Exchange of Government Property at the Tanneries will continue their sittings at the Committee Room, No. 63 ST. GABRIEL STREET, Montreal, on MONDAY, the 29th day of DECEMBER instant, at 10 o'clock A.M. and thereafter from day to day. All persons who have any Evidence or Information to give relating to the Subject Matters of the Enquiry are requested to communicate with the Chairman or any member of the Committee; or with Mr. Ritchie, Q. C.; or Mr. Loranger, Advocate, or with the undersigned.

By order of the Committee, CHS. P. LINDSAY, Clerk to Committee. Montreal, 23rd December, 1874. 11-1-52-78

NEW ATTRACTIONS

FOR CHRISTMAS & NEW YEARS.

CROWDS OF PEOPLE are attracted all through the day to the Window of 299 NOTRE DAME ST., in which is to be seen an entire New Stock of Novelties, consisting of Magic Lanterns and Slides, (a very fine assorted importation,) Mechanical Toys, Children's Toys, and Fancy Goods of every description. Also, a Choice Selection of Opera Glasses, Telescopes, Microscopes, and Gold and Silver Spectacles to suit all Sights.

A variety of New, Elegant Photographs just received from LONDON, PARIS and NEW YORK. G. J. HUBBARD, 299 NOTRE DAME STREET. N. B.—Every article suitable for CHRISTMAS and NEW YEAR'S Presents can be found here. Montreal, December 15, 1874. 10-23-52-52

\$500 PER MONTH TO LIVE MEN. SEND \$5 for Agents, outfit which will sell for \$10 or money refunded. A. D. CABLE, 108 Craig Street, Montreal. 10-21-52-50.

JAMES MATTINSON.

(late of the Firm of Charles Garth & Co.)

PLUMBER, STEAM & GAS FITTER,

BRASS & IRON FINISHER, Machinist and Manufacturer of Steam Pumps, &c.

579 CORNER CRAIG, NEAR COTTE ST., MONTREAL.

All work personally superintended, and executed with despatch on the most reasonable terms. N. B.—Duplicate pieces of the Baxter Engine kept on hand. 10-18-52-27.

CHRISTMAS GIFTS 1874.

FANCY INKSTANDS, in Cutglass, Bronze, Walnut &c., &c. Writing Cases, Writing Desks, Portfolios, &c., &c., in Morocco, Russia and Calf Leathers. Gold Pen and Pencil Cases, Penholders, Gold Pens, &c., &c. Card Cases, in fine Russia and Calf Leathers. Fancy Stationery, in Boxes, Portfolios, Pocket-books, Wallets, &c., in great variety. Cabinet and Stationery Cases, and Desks, in Oak and Walnut.

MORTON PHILLIPS & BULMER, (Successors to Robt. Graham, Established 1829.) STATIONERS, &c., 375 Notre-Dame Street, Montreal. 10-21-52-77

IMPERIAL

FIRE INSURANCE COMPANY, OF LONDON, Established 1803.

Capital and Reserved Fund, £2,020,000.

GENERAL AGENTS FOR CANADA: RINTOUL BROS., No. 24 St. Sacramento Street, Montreal. CHAS. D. HANSON, Inspector. 10-22-52-49

SCOTTISH IMPERIAL INSURANCE COMPANY.

CAPITAL, - - - £1,000,000.

HEAD OFFICE FOR THE DOMINION: No. 9 St. Sacramento Street, Montreal. H. J. JOHNSTON, General Agent. ISAAC C. GILMORE, Agent, Toronto. McKENZIE & OSBORNE, Agents, Hamilton. 10-21-52-41.

\$77 A WEEK to Male and Female Agents in their locality. Costs NOTHING to try it. Particulars FREE. P. O. VICKERY & CO., Augusta, Maine. 10-21-52-36.

THE

BURLAND-DESBARATS

Lithographic, Printing & Publishing

COMPANY

wish to direct public attention to the unequalled facilities they possess in the ARTISTIC, TYPOGRAPHICAL, and PRINTING Departments of their Works, for the production of every kind of

JOB PRINTING.

They employ a large staff of Artists, Engravers, Transfers, Type Setters, Lithographic and Type Printers, besides many assistants; numbering in all over

ONE HUNDRED AND TWENTY.

The Establishment is one of the largest in America and perhaps the most complete, containing:

- Seven Steam Lithographic Presses. Twenty-five Hand Lithographic Presses. Three large Cylinder Steam Presses. Four Gordon and other Type Job Presses. Three Label Cutting Machines. One Heavy Gullotine Paper Cutter. A Powerful Hydraulic Press. Stone Grinding Machines; Ink Mills. A complete Stereotyping Apparatus. The most modern and perfect Electrotyping Apparatus, covered by several Patents. A complete out-door Photographic Equipment, including the Patent Camera, which gives perfect views of Buildings, &c., besides the finest Set of Lenses and Cameras for copying purposes in America. An immense stock of Lithographic Stones of all sizes, over 60,000 lbs. weight. A large stock of Papers, Cards, &c., of every quality and description, and every kind of Tool, Implement and Material used in the Business.

With these appliances, and the skilled labour and competent direction it commands, THE BURLAND-DESBARATS COMPANY is prepared to execute every class of printing required by

- BANKS; as: Cheques, Drafts, Bills of Exchange. COMPANIES; as: Policies, Bonds, Debentures. MERCHANTS; as: Price Lists, Bill Heads, Letter Heads, Business and Show Cards. BREWERS AND DRUGGISTS; as: Beer Labels, Drug and Perfume Labels, &c. LAWYERS AND NOTARIES; as: Facsimiles, and Forms of all kinds. PRINTERS; as: Stereotype and Electrotype Plates, Engravings, Maps, Music, &c., &c., &c. ARCHITECTS AND SURVEYORS; as: Plans, Diagrams, Details, Views, &c. Facsimiles of old Books, Manuscript, Engravings, Maps, Plans, &c., produced at the shortest notice.

Chromos in the Highest Style of Art.

We invite orders from all parts of the Dominion and are even prepared to send our products to the United States. All who favor us will acknowledge that we surpass all competitors in

Elegance of Workmanship; Moderation in Prices; Promptness in Execution. THE BURLAND-DESBARATS COMPANY, 115 St. Francois Xavier St., and 311 to 319 St. Antoine St. MONTREAL.



**\$5 to \$20 PER DAY.**—Agents Wanted! All classes of working people, of either sex, young or old, make more money at work for us in their spare moments, or all the time, than at anything else. Particulars free. Post card to States costs but two cents. Address J. STINSON & CO., Portland, Maine. 10-17-32-20.

**North British & Mercantile INSURANCE COMPANY.**

ESTABLISHED 1808.  
Head Office for Canada:  
No. 72 ST. FRANCOIS XAVIER STREET,  
MONTREAL.  
**FIRE DEPARTMENT.**  
Insurances effected on all classes of Risks.  
LOSSES PROMPTLY PAID.  
**LIFE DEPARTMENT.**  
Ninety per Cent of Profits Divided among Policies of Participating Scale.

MANAGING DIRECTORS AND GENERAL AGENTS:  
D. L. MACDOUGALL and THEOS. DAVIDSON.  
WM. EWING, INSPECTOR.  
G. H. ROBERTSON and P. R. FAUTEUX.  
SUB-AGTS. FOR MONTREAL.  
Agents in all the Principal Cities and Towns. 10-20-32-21

**R. C. JAMIESON & CO.,**  
MANUFACTURERS OF  
**Varnishes & Japans,**  
IMPORTERS OF  
**Oils, Paints, Colors, Spts. of Turpentine, &c.,**  
3 Corn Exchange, 6 St. John St., MONTREAL.  
10-19-13-25.

**DR. HAYWARD'S NEW DISCOVERY.**  
(PATENTED 1872).  
**ENGLAND, FRANCE & BELGIUM.**  
*The Treatment and Mode of Cure.*  
How to use it successfully  
With safety and certainty in all cases of decay of the  
nerve structures, loss of vital power, weakness, low  
spirits, dependency, languor, exhaustion, muscular  
debility, loss of strength, appetite, indigestion,  
and functional ailments from various excesses, &c., &c.

**Without Medicine.**  
**THE NEW CODE**  
RE-ANIMATES and REVIVES the failing functions of life, and thus imparts ENERGY and FRESH VITALITY to the EXHAUSTED and DEBILITATED Constitution, and may fairly be termed,

**THE FOUNTAIN OF HEALTH.**  
**THE LOCAL and NERVINE TREATMENT.**  
Imparts tone and vigour to the nervous system, and possesses highly re-animating properties, its influence on the secretion and functions is speedily manifested, and in all cases of debility, nervousness, depression, palpitation of the heart, trembling of the limbs, pains in the back, &c., resulting from over-taxed energies of body or mind, &c.  
Full Printed Instructions, with Pamphlet and Diagrams for invalids, post Free, 25 cents.  
(FROM SOLE INVENTOR AND PATENTEE.)  
DR. HAYWARD, M.B.C.S., L.S.A., 14 York Street, Portman Square, London, W.  
For Qualifications, vide "Medical Register."  
10-17-13-14.

**AMERICAN WATCHES**  
Illustrated catalogues containing price list giving full information  
*How to Choose a Good Watch*  
Price 10 cents. Address,  
S. P. KLEISER,  
P. O. Box 1022, Toronto.  
No. 34 Union Block, Toronto Street, Toronto.  
10-14-33-7.

THE FOLLOWING IS AN  
**EXTRACT FROM A LETTER**  
dated 15th May, 1872, from an old inhabitant of Horningsham, near Warrminster, Wilts:—  
"I must also beg to say that your Pills are an excellent medicine for me, and I certainly do enjoy good health, sound sleep, and a good appetite; this is owing to taking your Pills. I am 72 years old."  
"Remaining, Gentlemen, yours very respectfully,  
L. S."  
To the Proprietors of  
**NORTON'S CAMOMILE PILLS, London.**  
10-14-19-22-8.

**GRAY'S SYRUP OF RED SPRUCE GUM.**  
For Coughs, Hoarseness, Loss of Voice, Bronchial and Throat Affections, &c. Balsamic, Soothing, Expecto- rant, and Tonic. A bona-fide Syrup of Red Spruce Gum, of delicious flavor and scientifically prepared. Taken after each dose of Cod Liver Oil, it will be found very service- able in stopping the distressing Cough of Consumptive patients.  
**PRICE, 25 CENTS PER BOTTLE.**  
For sale by all Druggists and Country Store-keepers in the Dominion.  
**HENRY R. GRAY, Chemist,**  
MONTREAL,  
Sole Manufacturer.  
(Trade Mark secured for United States and Canada.)

**ITALIAN WAREHOUSE**  
**FINE WINES.**  
PUBLIC AND PRIVATE DINNERS AND ENTERTAINMENTS OF ALL KINDS  
SUPPLIED WITH THE  
**CHOICEST WINES AND OTHER REQUISITES**  
ON THE SHORTEST NOTICE.

All the popular Brands now in Stock, and all orders given this month will be filled at wholesale prices.  
11-1-2-76-02. MCGIBBON & BAIRD.

**The Royal Canadian Insurance Company.**  
**FIRE AND MARINE.**  
**CAPITAL SUBSCRIBED, - - \$6,000,000,**  
Having Over Two Thousand Stockholders.  
Available Funds to meet Claims exceed Seven Hundred Thousand Dollars.

Insure all Classes of Risks against Fire at moderate rates, which will be paid immediately on the loss being established.  
**MARINE BRANCH**  
This Company issue Policies on Inland Hulls and Inland Cargoes on terms as favorable as any First-Class Company. Open Policies issued on Special Terms. Losses adjusted equitably and Paid Promptly.  
**DIRECTORS:**—HON. JOHN YOUNG, PRESIDENT. J. F. SINCENNES, VICE-PRESIDENT.  
ANDREW ROBERTSON. J. R. THIBAudeau L. A. BOYER, M.P. JOHN OSTELL,  
W. F. KAY. M. C. MULLARKY, ANDREW WILSON  
GENERAL MANAGER, ALFRED PERRY. SECRETARY, ARTHUR GAGNON.  
MANAGER MARINE DEPARTMENT, CHAS. G. FORTIER.  
**BANKERS:**—BANK OF MONTREAL. LA BANQUE DU PEUPLE.  
Montreal, December 14th, 1871. 10-20-32-21

**Commercial Union Assurance Company.**  
HEAD OFFICE, 19 & 20 CORNHILL, LONDON.  
**Capital, \$12,500,000.** FUNDS IN HAND AND INVESTED, OVER \$5,000,000  
UNCALLED CAPITAL 11,000,000.  
BRANCH OFFICE FOR EASTERN CANADA—UNION BUILDINGS, 43 ST. FRANCOIS-XAVIER ST., MONTREAL.  
**FIRE DEPARTMENT.** Insurance granted upon Dwelling Houses and Mercantile Risks, including Mills and Manufactories and their contents, at reasonable rates.  
**LIFE DEPARTMENT.** Terms liberal—Rates moderate—Security perfect—Bonus large, having heretofore averaged over 25 per cent. of the Premiums paid.  
10-19-52-28. **FRED. COLE, General Agent for Eastern Canada.**

**Provincial Insurance Company of Canada,**  
HEAD OFFICE, TORONTO, Ont.  
**FIRE AND MARINE,** Endeavours to deserve confidence by a PROMPT AND JUST SETTLEMENT OF FAIR CLAIMS.  
MONTREAL OFFICE: 160 ST. PETER STREET, COR. NOTRE-DAME  
10-19-52-29 **T. J. EVANS, AGENT.**

**A NON-TARIFF COMPANY.**  
**FIRST CLASS DIRECTORY. UNDOUBTED SECURITY.**  
**THE STADACONA**  
**FIRE INSURANCE COMPANY**

**CAPITAL: \$5,000,000**  
(Under Charter.)  
**OFFICE: 15, PLACE D'ARMES, MONTREAL.**  
**C. O. PERRAULT, Secretary and Agent.**  
PRESIDENT, J. B. RENAUD, Esq. VICE-PRESIDENT, HON. J. SHARPLES  
HON. E. CHINIC, Senator; P. B. CASGRAIN, Esq., M. P.; JOHN HOSS, Esq.; ALEX. LEMOINE, Esq.; JOHN LANE, Esq.; CIMICE TETU, Esq.; J. G. ROSE, Esq.  
Secretary and Manager, CRAWFORD LINDSAY, Esq.  
LOCAL BOARD:—THOS. WORKMAN, Esq.; MAURICE CUVILLIER, Esq.; THOMAS TIFFIN, Esq.; AMABLE JOUIN, JR., Esq.; GEO. D. FERRIER, Esq.

THIS COMPANY having secured a Licence to carry on business in the Dominion, is now ready to receive applications, and offers to the public a reliable protection against Loss and Damage by Fire, on terms as favorable as the character of the property insured will justify.  
**NON-TARIFF RATES OF PREMIUM OFFERED.**  
Patronage Solicited for a Home Insurance.—Liberal and Prompt Settlement of Claims.  
**TEMPORARY OFFICES, 60 ST. JAMES STREET.**  
10-25-2-70-04

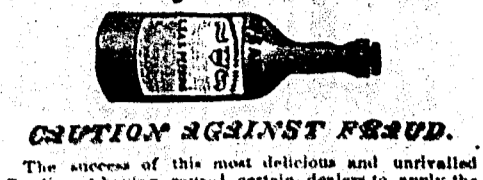
**JOSEPH LUCKWELL, BUILDER & JOINER.**  
35, ST. ANTOINE STREET, MONTREAL. 10-20-32-32.

**DOMINION METAL WORKS, (ESTABLISHED 1823.)**  
**CHARLES GARTH & CO.**  
MANUFACTURERS AND IMPORTERS OF  
**Plumbers, Engineers, Steamfitters, Brass, Copper & Iron Work, Gasfittings, &c.**  
OFFICE AND MANUFACTORY:  
536 TO 542 CRAIG STREET, MONTREAL. 10-19-13-26.

**GRAVEL ROOFING.**  
**R. ALEXANDER, 805 CRAIG STREET, MONTREAL.**  
02-10-21-32-38.

**CINGALESE HAIR RENEWER.**  
MONEY SAVED. NONE EQUAL TO THE "CINGALESE."  
PRICE, ONLY 75 CENTS, OR THREE BOTTLES FOR \$2.  
For sale by druggists everywhere.  
Sole Proprietor, J. GARDNER, Chemist,  
457 Notre-Dame Street, Montreal.  
Ask for CINGALESE HAIR RENEWER  
10-25-52-62

**LEA & PERRIN'S CELEBRATED WORCESTERSHIRE SAUCE.**  
DECLARED BY CONNOISSEURS TO BE  
**The only Good Sauce.**

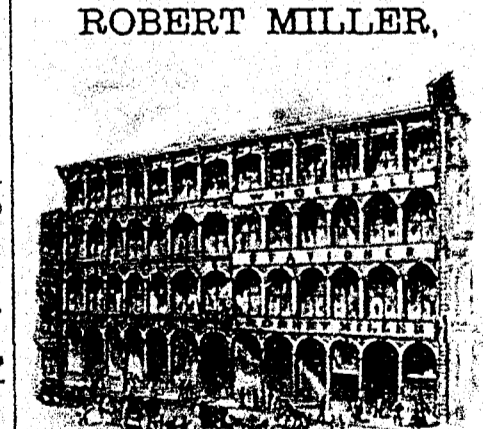


**CAUTION AGAINST FRAUD.**  
The success of this most delicious and unrivalled Condiment having caused certain dealers to apply the name of "Worcestershire Sauce" to their own inferior compounds, the public is hereby informed that the only way to secure the genuine is to  
**ASK FOR LEA & PERRIN'S SAUCE.**  
and to see that their names are upon the wrapper, label, stopper, and bottle.  
Some of the foreign markets having been supplied with a spurious Worcestershire Sauce, upon the wrapper and labels of which the name Lea & Perrin's have been forged, and to give notice that they have furnished their correspondents with power of attorney to take instant proceedings against Manufacturers and Vendors of such, or any other imitations by which their right may be infringed.  
**Ask for LEA & PERRIN'S Sauce, and see Name on Wrapper, Label, Bottle and Stopper.**  
Wholesale and for Export by the Proprietors, Worcester; Cross and Blackwell, London, &c., &c., and by Grocers and Others universally.  
To be obtained of J. M. DOUGLAS & CO., and LEQUHART & CO., Montreal. 10-14-31-6.

**Excelsior Do Your Own Printing**  
Portable \$9 Press for cards, labels, envelopes etc. Larger sizes for large work  
Business Men do their printing and advertising, save money and increase trade. Amateur Printing, delight- ful pastime for spare hours. BOYS have great fun and make money fast at printing. Send two stamps for full catalogue prices type etc. to the Mfrs  
**Printing Presses**  
KELSEY & CO. Meriden, Conn.  
02-10-21-32-37.

**TO PRINTERS.**  
The undersigned offers for sale the following Ma- chines:  
ONE IMPERIAL HOE WASHINGTON HAND PRESS;  
ONE SUPER ROYAL IMPROVED DITTO;  
ONE GORDON JOB PRESS, POOLSCAP SIZE;  
THREE HAND LITHOGRAPHIC PRINTING PRESSES;  
ONE HAND PAPER CUTTING MACHINE;  
THREE WANZER SEWING MACHINES.  
The above will be sold cheap for cash or its equiva- lent.  
Apply to the General Manager of  
**THE BURLAND-DESBARATS CO., MONTREAL.**

**WANTED**  
Several active energetic young men to canvass for the  
**"Canadian Illustrated News,"**  
AND FOR THE  
**"MECHANICS' MAGAZINE."**  
Good and exclusive territory will be given to each, and a liberal commission.  
Apply to the General Manager of  
**THE BURLAND-DESBARATS CO.,**  
115 St. Francois Xavier Street, or 319 St. Antoine St., MONTREAL.



**ROBERT MILLER,**  
Publisher, Book-binder, Manufacturing and  
**WHOLESALE STATIONER.**  
IMPORTER OF  
Wall Papers, Window Shades and  
**SCHOOL BOOKS,**  
397 NOTRE DAME STREET, MONTREAL.  
10-19-26-04-30.  
Printed and Published by the BURLAND-DES- BARATS LITHOGRAPHIC AND PUBLISHING COM- PANY, MONTREAL.

**WHITESIDE'S PATENT SPRING BED!**