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Vol. XV.—No. 8.

MONTREAL, SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 24, 1877.



THE SPEECH FROM THE THRONE.

"She's long enough, aint she, Johnny?"
"Aye, aye. All length and no breadth, like a tape-worm?"
"Never mind, she'll go down nicely all the same."

The CANADIAN ILLUSTRATED NEWS is pullished by THE BURLAND-DESBARATS LITHO-GRAPHIC AND PUBLISHING COMPANY on the following conditions :- \$4.00 per annum in advance, \$4.50 if not paid strictly in advance, \$3.00 for elergymen, school-teachers and postmasters in advance.

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CANADIAN ILLUSTRATED NEWS

is that he will procure us ONE additional subscriber. This can be easily done, and it will go far towards increasing the efficiency of the journal. We are doing our best to put forth a paper creditable to the country, and our friends should make it a point to assist us. Remember that the Dominion should support at least one illustrated paper. Remember too that the "News" is the only purely literary paper in the country. We invite our friends to examine carefully the present number of the paper and judge for themselves of our efforts in their behalf.

CANADIAN ILLUSTRATED NEWS.

Montreal, Saturday, Feb. 24th, 1877.

JUSTICE TO CANADIAN AUTHORS.

Several years ago, there was published in this city a dramatic poem, of ambitious character, entitled "Saul." It fell dead upon the public. A few congenial critics, men employed on the press for the most part, discerned its beauties and gave it such praise as they could in the columns under their control. But the great body of readers remained incurious of the book, and the gifted author was allowed to plod on in his career, without the encouragement of pecuniary remuneration or the solace of merited fame. After a long interval, a copy of the book having strayed across the Atlantic, fell into the hands of no less a man than NATHANIEL HAWTHORNE, who was so struck with its genius that he brought it to the notice of a literary friend, and thus an extended and appreciative review of it appeared in a British periodical. Then all at once Canadians woke up to the consciousness that they had a great poet among them, and for a time CHARLES HEAVYSEGE rose to the prominence of a public man. But it was only for a time. Gradually he was suffered to fall back into the shadow, and he died with the sad feeling that he was comparatively unknown among his own people. A thoughtful writer in the Canadian Monthly—we believe — lately suggested that a monument should be erected to his memory, and that that monument should consist of a complete library edition of his works. But the suggestion has met with no echo.

About two years ago, Mr. S. C. WATSON, a writer well-known in the narrow circle of cultured journalism, published "The Legend of the Roses" and other poems. Its appearance was certainly noticed at the time, but not with that heartiness which its merits deserved. We have not strain. The Government had been severely ourselves had the pleasure of seeing the criticised for the attempt to make the work, but from extracts in a late number steamer available, and failure was preof Belford's Magazine, we feel justified in dicted; but time had removed all that,

work would never have met its due unless it had been reviewed as it deserved in an American journal. It required this extrinsic sanction to obtain recognition among ourselves.

We suppose that the day will come also in this way for Mr. JOHN READE, as it came for Heavysege and Watson. How few of our people, even among those who pretend to literary accomplishment, are aware of the existence of the "Prophecy of Merlin" from the pen of Mr. READS. We had occasion some months ago to say, and we now repeat that, if that work had been published in London or New York, it would have set its author alongside of the BUCHANANS, the ROSSETTIS, the AL-DRICHES and the BAYARD TAYLORS.

needs a stimulant from within. Its provincialism is a bane and a reproach. While platitude should never be encouraged because it is of native growth, mediocrity might be treated with indulgence, and where there is real excellence, it should be acclaimed precisely because it is Cana-

THE "NORTHERN LIGHT." We take credit to ourselves for hav-

ing done our best towards bringing the merits of the steamer Northern Light before the public. We gave pictoral views of her when she was built, with full description, and to-day, we present her again as she appears battling with the ice-floes of the Straits of Northumberland. Our object all along has been to make the artistic resources of the Canadian Illus-TRATED NEWS subservient to the wants and resources of the country, and as the winter navigation of our rivers and arms of the sea is a subject of national importance, we have given unusual prominence to this scheme of an effectual ice-boat. We are glad to see that Parliament has busied itself with the matter, and that the opinions of prominent members from Prince Edward Island and elsewhere are on the whole, favourable to this new solution of the problem of winter navigation. In the House on last Friday, Mr. Perry declared that the Northern Light was doing good service and he was satisfied that she is not a fraud. She made ten trips through the ice, from eight inches to two feet thick, in three hours and a half. Hon. J. C. Pope did not look upon the boat as a great success as an ice-breaker. Through some ice, however, she would do well. She drew too much water, and if she got caught at certain points would be destroyed. Mismanagement gave the boat a worse name than she deserved. He referred to her first, second, and third attempts to get out of Charlottetown in seven inches of water. He was then satisfied that her shape was wrong for breaking fixed ice. She should have an overhanging stern like the Newfoundland scalers, whereas she could with very great difficulty run upon the ice. Though there was boat service this winter, the mails had not been carried by her via Cape Tormertine, but had gone by ice boats. The route to Georgetown was about forty miles, while by Cape Tormentine it was only seven on account of board ice lieved that the vessel could not break solid ice, but had far surpassed their expectations in other respects. He spoke favourably of her shape and held that the boat was as strong and durable for working among drift ice as she was admirable. But for smooth and fixed ice she was not so good. Mr. McIntyre spoke from personal experience about the vessel. She would go straight through six inches of ice without stopping. On one occasion she had been lifted by the ice clean out of the water, and had it been any other boat. there is little doubt that she would have been wrecked. Hon. Mr. Smith was gratified that his hon friends had spoken in this

of money in herconstruction. He was aware that few of the inhabitants of the Island had not much experience in winter navigation, but was gratified to find that the people had appreciated the effort made in their behalf.

THE HANSARD.

We confess that we could never appreciate the motives which led to the supression of the Hansard at the close of the last session of Parliament. There was a certain by play about the incident which appeared frivolous, not to say mysterious. We were, therefore, not surprised to find that, at the very opening of the present session, steps were readily taken, at the initiative The truth it that the Canadian mind of Sir John A. Macdonald, to revise this mode of official report. Mr. HOLTON withdrew his objections, and the committee came to a satisfactory agreement with the stenographers of the Gallery. Messrs. RICHARDSON and BRADLEY, who assume the contract, have no superiors as shorthand writers, while they have full training in all the varied branches of journalism. They have associated to themselves three able colleagues, and we may now look for an accurate and intelligent report of the whole proceedings of the session.

The advantages of the Hansard are manifest. The bound volumes of last year, and of the year before last, are the best available political histories of the country, free from that insidious coloring and from those unfair amplifications or retrenchments which are found in the reports of partisan papers. When properly indexed, as we trust they will be, the future volumes will prove the best of references for the political or historical

We apprehend that the work of condensation is the most important which the editor of the Hansard will have to set before himself. Fully one half of the debates are of only transient moment, and more than two-thirds of the speeches are worthy of only brief record. Repetitions form the staple of most Parliamentary discourses, and these should be rigorously eliminated, while the conversations across the House, which are often full of significance, should as far as possible be preserved. We believe that hereafter the Hansard will become a permanent institution, and it rests with the present management to give it that character which shall win for it the confidence both of the House and of the public.

WE invite attention to our portrait of Albani on another page, as also to the accompanying history of this great artist, which is the fullest and most authentic that has yet appeared in English. But Ontario now vies with Quebec in the production of a cantatrice. Miss Elisa CELLINI, who recently made her debut in Italy as a prima donna, awakening enthusiasm, is a Miss Forsyth of Fort Eric, at which place she was born.

We have lost all hope of a fair decision in the case of the Presidential election. The commission is ruled purely by party spirit, and the five Judges of the Supreme miles, and the boat would be much safer Court are as blinded by it as are their Congressional colleagues. good to the Republic.

> THE Legislatures of no less than four Provinces-Ontario, Nova Scotia, New Brunswick and Manitoba-are in session simultaneously with the Dominion Parliament. This is rather too much of a good thing, and increases the telegraph bills of the newspapers to an undue extent.

> In anticipation of changes in the tariff, merchants in our large cities are actively engaged removing dutiable goods from bond, and the usual increase in Customs' receipts preceding a Budget speech is observed.

THE Times' Roman correspondent states that it has been resolved that any Cardinal may be elected Pope at the death of Pius giving it the highest character. Yet this and he held that there had been no waste IX, irrespective of nationality. This

would be an innovation, as it was always required that the Pope should be an Italian.

Edhem Pasha has been requested by the Sultan to appoint another Grand Vizier. Mahmoud Damad, brother-in-law of the Sultan, is the probable successor, with a policy aiming at the abrogation of the Constitution.

THE Russian army is making energetic preparations to cross the Pruth. A Pera despatch announces that M. Ristics, Servian Envoy, has arrived, and will have an audience with the Sultan this week.

A TREATY of peace, between the Porte, Montenegro and Servia, will be signed next week, with the acquicavance of.

OUR ILLUSTRATIONS.

ALBANL - A lengthy and authentic memoir of this great Canadian artist will be found alongside of her portrait.

THE NORTHERN LIGHT IN THE ICE FLORS. For particulars in connection with this sketch, the reader is referred to the descriptive matter accompanying the engraving.

CHARITY AND MILITARY COURAGE. As the object of the NEWs has always been to give representations of contemporaneous art, we have introduced these two magnificent statues, musterpieces of their kind, which obtained the highest prize at the French Exhibition of last year.

PLAN OF THE HOUSE OF COMMONS. - This little sketch will be found highly useful to our readers, as enabling them to know the sect which every member occupies during the pre-sent session. We are indebted for the plan to our enterprising contemporary the Ottawa

THE U. S. ELECTORAL COMMISSION. have already given our readers several views of this historic tribunal, in whose hands the fate of the American nation may be said to rest. Today we show the Commission sitting in the Supreme Court Room of the Capital listening to the great lawyer Dudley Field, on the Democratic merits of the Florida case.

NEW YORK POLICE COURT. A characteristic scene of real life in the great American city, or a bleak Monday morning, when the transpared mistreants of the purlicus are emplied out of the police court into the inhospitable streets. Cold, dirty, balf asleep or still stupefied with bul liquor, they look dismally about them, before gathering up their senses preparatory to another day of riot and another night in the cells,

MILITARY COSTUMES !- The French Museum of Artillery ranks among the most ancient and complete in Europe. For historical and artistic purposes it is invaluable. Our sketch repassents the hall which contains specimens of all the military costumes of the country from the days of Charlemagne to those of Louis XIV. They are to form a special feature at the approaching Exhibition of 1878.

OPERA BALL IN PARIS. -- Our sketch represents the first of the four great Open balls given this winter, before Lent, in the Paris Grand Opera House. There were six thousand costurned visitors on the floor and the spectacle is represented as singularly magnificent. Johann Strauss came all the way from Vienna to conduct the orchestra, alternately with the French waltz composer, Olivier Metra. The Viennese master is seen in the sketch towering over his musicians with his violin-

THE SPEECH FROM THE THYONE. - Our cartoon, this week, is illustrative of an anecdote which comes to us from Ottawa. In the lobby of the House, the Premier and the leader of the Opposition met, after the reading of the Speech by the Governor General.

"Well, Sir John," said the former, "the speech is longenough, is it not?"
"Yes," was the reply, "but it has no breadth."

Sir John was joking as usual, being v that there is quite enough in the Speech, and to spare, to keep Parliament busy till Easter.

THE IMPERIAL DURBAR AT DELIG. - Delhi, the capital of the great Mogul dynasty, and the city with which natives and Europeans alike associate the term Indian Empire, was appropriately chosen for the ceremony of proclaiming Her Majesty's assumption of the Imperial title. Nothing was spared to make the cere-mony as complete and as imposing as possible. All the native princes and chiefs were invited to take part, and the principal officials of the Presidencies were requested to attend. An immense canvas city gradually rose around Delhi, until an extent of seven or eight miles was covered with the camps of the variousmagnates and their retinues. These camps of themselves were of considerable size, that of the Viceroy being, of course, the largest, the Nizam of Hyderabad, the Maharajah of Mysore, and the young Guicowar of Baroda following close after. All the comps were formed in the shape of the letter T, the perpendicular line representing the main road, with tents on each side, and the horizontal line a similar, but smaller street. At the point of intersection there was a square

with flowers and a flagstaff, facing which was the principal tent of the camp. Of the Viceroy's camp itself there is little in particular to say, save that in lay in a line with the flagstaff tower on the ridge. Its main street, about fifty or sixty feet wide, consisted of tents for the members of Council and the Vicercy's guests. Facing the flagstaff was the Durbar tent, where Lord Lytton received the various chiefs, and held his receptions. Guns and piles of shot were placed at intervals, and round the encampment were situated the camps of the various Lieutenant-Governors and the Commanders-in-Chief. The plain on which the ceremony was held was about three miles distant from the Viceroy's camp. There a species of amphitheatre had been formed facing a dais and throne, whence the proclamation was made. On Saturday, December 23, Lord Lytton inaugurated the Assemblage by entering Delhi in a grand procession in which all the higher officials and numerous native chiefs took part. The famed Jumma Musjidthat unguificent mosque of Shah Jehan, whence a splendid view of Delhi is obtained, was tilled with distinguished European and native spec tators, including the Yarkund, Nepaulese, and Siamese Ambassadors. The motley costumes of the crowd are said to have afforded a most brilliant spectacle. The most gorgeous feature of the pageant was Major Barnes, the Chief Herald (selected, it is said, because he is the tallest officer in India), who, together with six native and six European attendant trumpeters, immediately preceded the Viceroy. The latter, together with Lady Lytton, was mounted upon a magnificent tusker a gold or regal umbrella being held over their heads. Immediately fol-lowing were Lord Lytton's two little daughters, on a smaller elephant. Next came a long cavalcade of Licutenant-Governors, various regiments of troops, and finally a crowd of chiefs, mounted on elephants painted every conceivable line—one, coloured a bright indigo, attracting especial attention. The procession was two hours and three-quarters on its way from the railway station to the Viceroy's encampment.

GALLERY SKETCHES.

I.

THE OPENING NEW MEMBERS MINISTERIAL REPORTS --- CAVCHON--- SIR JOHN --- PROS-PECTS OF THE GOVERNMENT-THE LENGTH OF THE SESSION- THE GALLERY.

OTTAWA, Feb. 16. The opening of the session was quiet, if not dull. The very length of the Speech from the Throne made menotonous reading, and when the members of the House returned to their hall, they seemed as if they had had enough for that day. The introduction and swearing in of new members, usually an interesting event when the number is large—as was the case this year—took place in a perfunctory manner, the cheering being scant and the cross-fire of jokes very slack indeed. Of these new arrivals the head of T. N. Gibbs pleased me. It bears refinement and distinction. Pope, of Prince Edward, for a man of his reputation, was a disappointment, and his first speech hardly removed the feeling. Macarthy, of Cardwell, who stepped in quietly to a back seat, a few slight and unostentations, but days later, is there is a certain alertness about him which may yet strike out in the friction of debate. The new Scatcherd gives a facial reminder of the old man, and he is regarded as quite an acquisition.

There has been much changing of seats, as you will see from the plan of the House which I send you for publication this week. Casey, the smacking Ministerial whip, has crossed the floor, and now sits diagonally behind the Premier, within speaking distance. Masson has come forward to the prominent Opposition chair formerly occupied by John Hillyard Cameron. Both sides of the chamber are well filled, and when all the members are present, the room

looks cosy and comfortable.

The Ministers appear confident and strong. As they come up with their big reports (figuratively, of course) and lay them down on the table with a bang, there is a toss of the head indicating relief, and a sly glance across the floor which means, "Beat that if you can." Certainly there has been praiseworthy expedition in this respect, and an example has been set which will have to be followed hereafter. In the easy-going times of the old Government

you will remember, the Departmental reports dropped in as they listed, few and far between.

We have had few incidents as yet. The Address was a commendable formality. Guthrie, the mover, is a good, fluent, assured speaker. The speech of Bechard, the seconder, was about as heavy us his own averdupois. Sir John, in his reply, toyed with airy nothings, as he knows so well how to do, and the Premier, having nothing to good him, rounded off the debate

with suavity.

The sparring in connection with the explanation of Ministerial changes was fine fun. Mackenzie said as little as he possibly could, rightly imitating the examples given by his predecessor when in a similar fix. Pope, P. E. I., in the opinion of many, would have done better to postpone his revelations, but he is an old politician and may be supposed to know his own business. Masson was immense. He kept his temper better than usual, showing thereby that he is improving in tactics. His onslaught on Cauchon had this rare quality, that it pleased the Right almost more than it did the Left. It was not the cheers that one minded so much, but the nods, winks and hand-telegraphing across the

floor. Cauchon sat immoveable as a monolith amid it all. He might have reminded one of Goldsmith's "tall cliff," only that associating him with anything so poetical was too much of a joke. Some pitied the man. He does not deserve, and, what is more, he does not want pity. Some said he was silent because he was so dumb founded as to be utterly unable to reply. Let these people be disabused. Cauchon knows exactly when and how to strike. He is not speaker, but a writer. He wields a terrible pen. He will answer Masson in the Journal de Quebre. He cares nothing for the Montreal district. Quebec is his field and he is master there through the agency of his paper. So long as he retains his grip in the ancient capital, he knows that he is safe. People overlook this and underestimate this strange man. They exaggerate his defects and undervalue his qualities. I have the notion that Cauchon is a very strong man, and the secret of his power appears to me to lie in this, that he holds in his hand the key to a series of intrigues and com-plications, which cannot be broken up by thers without disaster to certain parties and influences that now look very serene and secure. The wreck might ruin him, but it would ruin many others besides. The admission of this man to the Ministry is a mystery, and so long as others are forced to keep up this mystery, he is invulnerable. It would be best to stop blackguarding Cauchon, and, instead, to make the nost of him.

They had also better stop blackguarding Sir John. I speak the sentiment of every decent man in Ottawa, irrespective of creed or party, when I declare that the charges, and the no less cruel insinuations made against him in connection with the Secret Service surplus, were a disgrace to those who made them. And they are not politic either. The reaction inevitably comes, and the victim stands better to-day in the sympathy of neutrals-who are only waiting a chance to turn-than he did a week ago. As the matter has died out, however, it is not necessary to dwell further upon it, and I have reason to know that there is no disposition to revive it.

What do I think of the prospects? After the closest calculation the Government can count on a majority of forty. This is a serried Macedonian phalanx which will stand firm any how and every way. British Columbia is certainly lost. Prince Edward Island cannot be relied upon. The Nova Scotia delegation is demoralized. I apprehend no defection from the Ministerial ranks in any tariff controversy that may come up, because the Opposition are as much divided on that crucial question as are the Ministerialists, and any losses from the latter quarter would be pretty well counterbalanced by gains from the former. One thing is clear—the Government, on the score of prestige, should not lose many more constituencies. Before these lines are in print, the contest in Kamouraska will be decided, and the result will be apt to exert considerable influence on the dubious or malcontents here. Pelletier, although he leads the Senate, is away from his seat, electioneering. His personal and family influence is strong in the county. Roy, the Conservative candidate, is a surveyor of good professional standing and considerable popularity, but he is not ambitious. He had to be dragged away from the bush to run for the Provincial Legislature where he now

There is no way of forecasting as yet the length of the session. I know that the Government want to get through before Easter, and have cut their work accordingly. It is to be hoped they will succeed, seven weeks being quite enough for ordinary legislation such as is contemplated this year. There are others, how-ever, who predict that the session will last three mouths. Of course, there are currents and counter-currents in Parliamentary business, as in natural water-courses, which either are not foreseen, or cannot be resisted.

A gap has been made in the Gallery by the resurrection of the Hansard, five of our best reporters having left to engage in that work, but the representation of newspapers is still very fair, and in point of ability inferior to no pre ceding session. The journalists are on a familiar footing with the members of the House, and it is easy for them to gain all the information they want. To these reporters and correspondents the country is indebted for fully one-half of the advantages of the Parliamentary session.

REVIEW AND CRITICISM.

In other columns of the present issue a paper on the Literary Standing of the Dominion re-fers in proper terms of commendation to the young publishing firms that are vising in the principal cities of the country. We take plea-sure in adding to the list, with special welcome, the firm of Loyell, Adam, Wesson & Co. come, the firm of Lovell, Adam, Wesson & Co. This firm opens with strong guarantees, both professional and financial. Mr. John Lovell is universally known as perhaps the pioneer publisher of Canada. Mr. Adam has equal reputation throughout the Western Province, as allied to the house of Adam, Stevenson & Co. Mr. Wesson, a son-in-law of Mr. Lovell and son of Mr. Wesson, of Arms manufacturing fame, brings Mr. Wesson, of Arms manufacturing fame, brings both his experience and fortune into the business. The advantage of the firm is that they have branches in Montreal and New York, thus opening relations with both Canada and the United States which must prove favorable to themselves and commodious to American as well as Canadian authors. For all these reasons we congratulate the new firm on their flatter-

ing prospects, and on the works which they have already published. The first of these, belonging to the Lake Champlain series, is the Suadow OF THE SWORD, a novel by Robert Buchanan. The book is neatly and correctly printed and well bound. The name of the author will go far to recommend it to numerous readers, and there is no doubt that it contains many high literary qualities. But it must be some fault of ours if we cannot join other critics in pronouncing it a superior work. For us its main fault is that it is rhapsodical, a prose poem with un-warranted tension. It lacks repose and sim-plicity. The subject belongs to the heroic days of the great Napoleon which, although removed from us by barely half a century, have already entered into the domain of the legend, but the defect is precisely that the author does not transport us into the spirit of his subject. Of course, there are fine pages, as might be expected from Mr. Buchanan, and doubtless the work will meet with general favor on that account.

Another work published in a Canadian edition, by Lovell, Adam, Wesson & Co., is SIDONIE, a translation, and a good one, from the French of Alphonse Daudet. Of this work we may resume our judgment in one word-it is a masterpiece. Only 262 pages in length, slight in texture, simple in treatment, unambitious in aim, it bears throughout the stamp of genius and carries the reader along in sympathy. "Fromont Jeune et Risler Aine,"--the author's title of the book-was the French literary event of last year. No wonder it was crowned by the Academy, no wonder it has reached its sixtieth thousand in the original, and fourth thousand in the translation. We are certain that it will sell rapidly in Canada by means of this Montreal edition. The work was lately dramatized in Paris, and the success of the play was commensurate with the success of the book.

THE FREE LANCE.

The Tories expected a Roy-al victory in Kamouraska.

There is love lost between the Premier and British Columbia. Amor De Cosmos has se-

The Globe has changed its color. It now goes in for orange. Quite proper. Oranges are

The President of the Council is disinfecting himself. He uses a smelling bottle during the debates.

During the whole of Masson's great speech, last week, the tassel of Cauchon's velvet cap rested solemnly on his nose.

At a restaurant.

"Will you have pigs' feet ! sir," asked the

"Thank you. I have some."

The scavengers and blow-flies generally have been at Sir John again. But the grand old Knight can still lift up his arms and exclaim: These hands are clean !'

> The days of cheer are spent, It is the time of Lent. It is the time of Lent.
> We must perforce restrain
> From joining pleasure's train,
> And ne'er do naught amiss.
> Excepting only this—
> A Kiss!

At the Rink after the masquerade on Shrove

Tuesday night: "The finest show of the season."

"Yes, and the richest dresses."

"Who were the most picturesque costume?" Who?"

" Besserer, representing the CANADIAN LLUS-TRATED NEWS.

An impetuous fellow broke into a physician's office, and thus rattled off his symptoms :

"Doctor, it's very queer. I work like an ox, I perspire like a horse, I have the appetite of a wolf, and yet I am as sick as a dog." The physician listened and smiled.

the address. The veterinary surgeon lives next

It was after dinner. He was lounging in slippers, dressing-gown and smoking cap. Susan, fetch me a cigar!"

The housekeeper produced a weed. He lit it, sent off a few whiffs and made a wry face.

"Where did you get this, Susan ?"
"Out of the box with the green paper, sir."

"Stupid, that is the box set apart for my On Twelfth Night the gentlemen had parcel-

led their cake, and the King had been pro-claimed. It was the turn of the ladies for the Queenship. All the segments were distributed.
"I have the bean!" exclaimed a fair widow, laughingly. Show it," said the King.

She opened her lips and produced-a snowy

false tooth.

A literary friend, the Dean and favorite among

Shakespeare. Last week, Rev. James Carmichael gave one of his eloquent lectures on the Poet of the Melodies, and a wit proposed that our friend should stand at the door to shake hands with every body who went in. If he had done so, he would have pumped in a much larger audience that even the Rev. Lecturer

He hadn't come home for several days. A friend met him on St. James street.

"Hello!"

"How well you seem to be?"
"I am well."

"You look respectable."

"So respectable that one hardly knows how

to speak to you."
"Well, I feel so respectable that I am almost

afraid to speak to myself." It is always hazardous to attack a wit.

Exit Vennor. If you have tears prepare to shed them now.

They say it is only quacks. That edit almanacks, But Heary W. V. Has this gift of prophecy—

He saw he was a "goner." And to save his honor, He gracefully retires Before the critic's fires.

Domville, of New Brunswick, is a terrible fellow. He made thirty-six attacks, the other night, on the Brydges of the Intercolonial. That is enough to stop traffic on the road for the rest of the winter.

LACLEDE.

PARLIAMENTARY.

THURSDAY, PER. 8.—Opening of the Session. Speech from the Throne. Introduction of new members. Report of the Department of Public Works and of the Librarian of Parliament laid on the table.

FRIDAY, FEB. 9 .- Address voted without division.

SATURDAY, FEB. 10,-Recess.

MONDAY, FEB. 12.—Reports of various Departments reduced. Explanations of changes in the Ministry

TUESDAY, FEB. 13 .- Hansard reestablished. Contract given to Messrs. Richardson and Bradley, who will have the assistance of Messrs. Postgate. Horton and Boyle. There is no doubt that the work will be well done. Routine in both Houses.

ASH WEDNESDAY, PEB. 14.-Recers.

THURSDAY, PER. 15.—Sir John A. Maedonald gave satisfactory explanations concerning the surplus of \$25,000, handed over by him from the Secret Service Fund.

PRIDAY, FEB. 16 .- Routine. SATURDAY, FEB. 17 .- Recess.

HYGIENIC.

HERE is a receipt for a nutritious drink for either invalids or giants:— Beat up a new laid egg, pour on it half-a-pint of boiling milk, sweeten to taste, and flavor with lemon-peel, nutmeg, or vanilla. Serve cold in a glass.

THE use of chloroform in dentistry is said, by the Medical Record, to be always dangerous. "No sur-geon," says the writer, "cares to assume the respon-sibility of giving chloroform unless he knows that the stbility of giving enforcem times he knows that the stomach of the patient is empty, that the circulatory ap-paratus is in good condition, and the lungs free from disease. A previous inquiry into these conditions is as-much a part of the administration of any anaesthetic as is the placing of the napkin to the nose.

DR. L. B. PALMER of New York has been both L. B. FALMER of Jew Tork has overled to conclude, from a series of experiments, that the decay of the teeth is not, as is generally supposed, due to acids, but to alkalies. With the latter he reproduced decay of the teeth as it is seen in the month, but was unable to do so with acids. With the assistance of an electric current, acids simply acted on and destroyed the whole of the engage. whole of the enamel.

Is we remove air from an ordinary room, other air will flow in from some source to supply its place. If it finds no proper entrance, it will come in from or through drains or sewers and soil-pipes, or down dirty flues of chimneys, or from the cellar up through floors and carries bringing the data with it. If the author the chimneys, or from the cellar up through floors and car-pets, bringing the dust with it. If the cellar-floor is not made impervious, or nearly so, by coatings of concrete or asphalte, air may be drawn directly from the ground under the house; and it is easy to see that this source of supply, contaminated in various ways, may furnish a very unhealthy atmosphere. From one place or another the new air "has got to come," and it behaves us to re-gulate its source and quality.

HUMOROUS.

It will be time for violets in less than two onths. We simply mention it so people won't be taken a surprise when they come.

MR. BEECHER says a million dollars is a very poem. We desire to state that this article of poem will be accepted if we have to crowd out advertisements to make room for it.

FASHION NOTES.

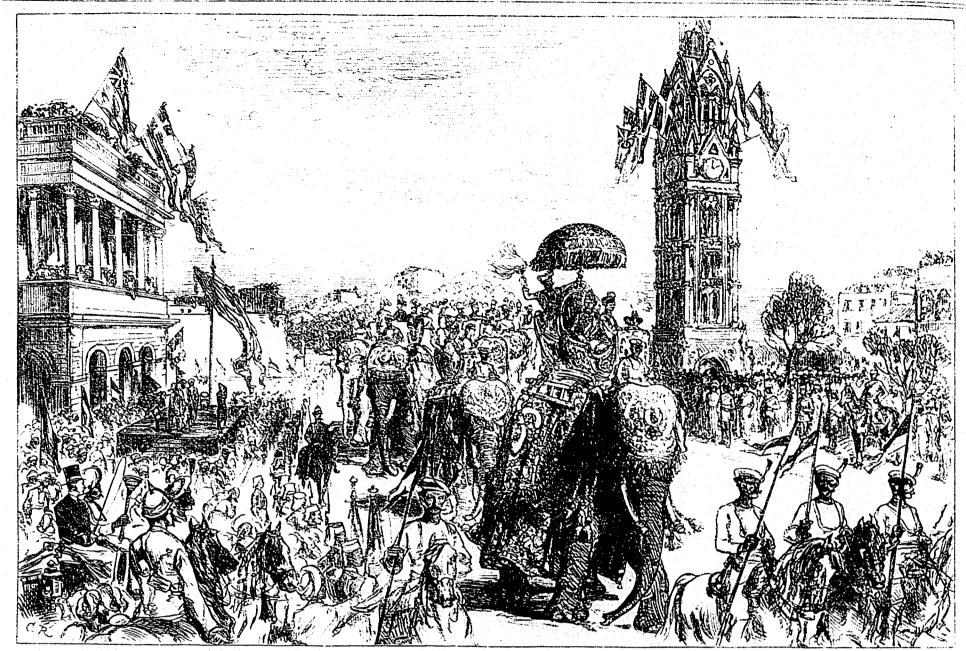
GRAY is to be the fashionable color for spring.

COSTUME balls of a curious kind are in vogue in Paris-ordinary dress, but a fanoy head dress. The men thus arrayed look even greater "guys" than the

A NEW style of stationery exhibits a coloured rebus instead of the usual monogram, and this, after a little study, is found to read, "I expect a reply from

THE new winter stockings are worsted with silk, and the stripes go across the leg and back again, like a chess-board, for which the wearer may utilize them during railway travelling, &c.

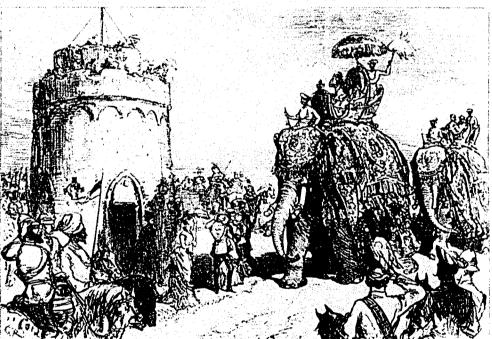
THE newest fan has a black chalk etching on pale pink silk, the mounting is of smoke poarl, with two incrustations of coral pink pearl between the sticks, so that a rosy flash shall play from the hand when the fan is in motion. With a little mechanical contrivance it might be made to fling out jets of pearl powder so as to subdue the otherwise too bright rosy, or rather, appropriate title.



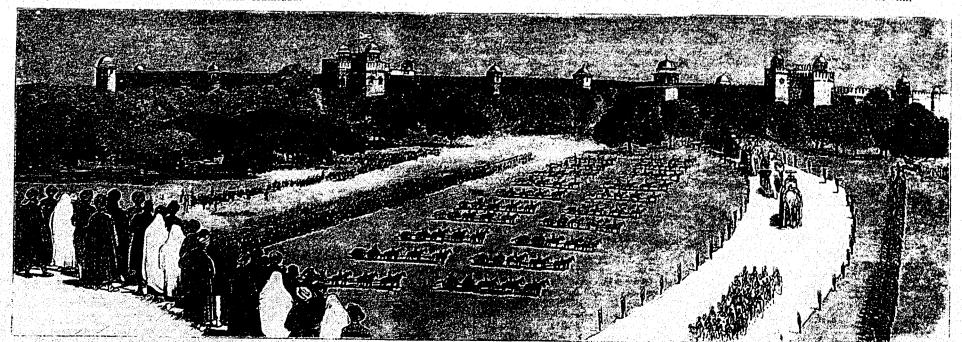
STATE ENTRY OF THE VICEROY INTO DELHI.



THE IMPERIAL HERALDS.



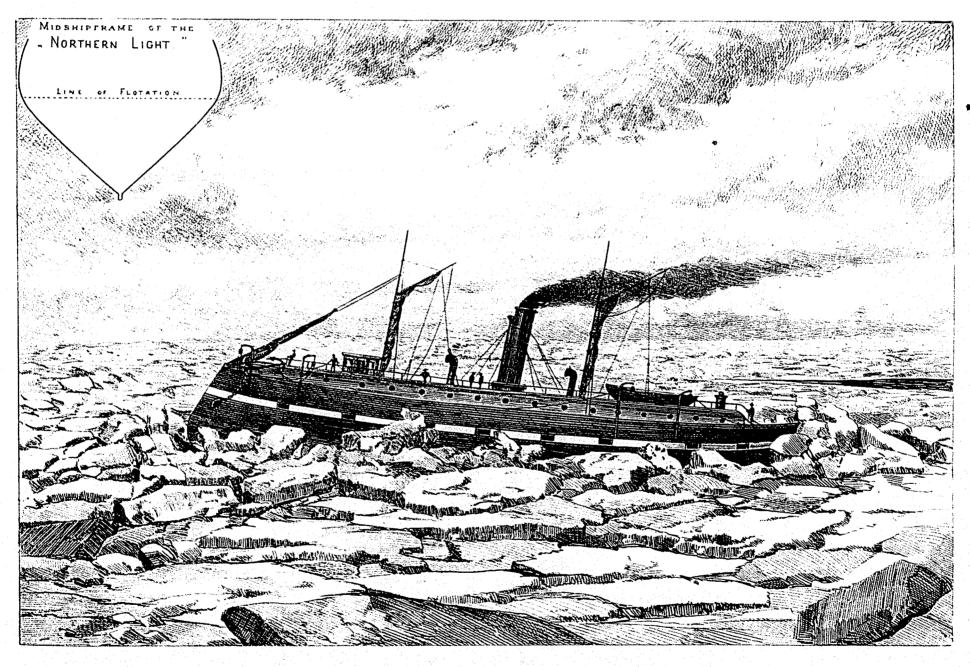
LORD LYTTON, VICEROY OF INDIA, PASSING THE FLAGSTAFF TOWER



THE IMPERIAL DURBAR AT DELHI FOR PROCLAIMING VICTORIA EMPRESS OF INDIA.

and the second s		Entrance:			
Flyns Prasy	Borden Fisct Flesher	N McKay C Macelougali Sinclair St Jean			
Daoust Dawson J Ryan D McCa Campbell Short Cunningham H Came		Cockburn Brooks Bain T McKay Hagar WA Thomson B Wallace Nortis G McLood W H Gibbs Section of Briggs			
J C Pope McIntyre Blackburn Hon Robi Benoit Pettes McInaaca W McDo		Colby Devlin Goudge Yeo Power Gork Revocal			
Donahue Rall Biggar Gibso		J Young Oliver Brown Lewis Pres Prop W Kerr Ctristic			
Guthbert Montplaisir McCraney Langie Greenway Rouleau Blanchet S-McDor	nnell Gibbs, Hon Haggart Palmer	A G Jones Jl. McDougatt Seriver Giller G			
	ipson McK Wright Rochester Masson	Cauchon Forbes C Burpe Devoker D A Smith H H Cook Cheval Mackenzic Huntington Brouse Decosmos Applehy Shibley Bernier			
P White McQuade Ferguson Parro Bunster Monteith McMillan SSP	att John White Plumb Sir John	Blake Mills Dymord De St George Poullot Galbraith Lajoie Cartwright Burpe Ganatyre Delorme Taschereau Kirk Bannatyre			
Gaudel Hacteau Dewdney T McGri Pinsonneault Ginou Roscoe Coatig	o ax soft	Comin Vail Ryma! Georgean Frechette Barron Robillard			
		Siesker.			
Reporter's Gallery (above)					

OTTAWA: PLAN OF THE HOUSE OF COMMONS.



THE NORTHERN LIGHT NIPPED IN THE ICE-FLOES OF THE STRAITS OF NORTHUMBERLAND.

WINTER NAVIGATION.

THE NORTHERN LIGHT. - The difficulties which this vessel had to contend with, and the dangers attending the winter navigation of the Northumberland Straits are not generally known,

denly closed, and seizing the ship with inexorable grasp, first wheeled her round like a feather, when the battle began, the ice endeavouring to crush the ship to atoms, and the ship thwarting the ice by lifting as the pressure increased, till the forefoot was lifted clean out of the water, high lighe of the Northern Light that saved her sunk, while the Northern Light crosses these Northumberland Straits are not generally known, and as the success of the enterprise is looked upon with a great deal of interest, we propose now and then to give such information concerning the ups and downs as may be interesting. On the 27th of January last, while attempting to pass between two floes, they sud-

grip every one has been crushed to atoms, and sunk, while the Northern Light crosses these

TO THE SOUTH.

The world has misjudged, mistrusted, maligned you, And should be quick to make honest amonds: Let us, then, speak of you just as we find you, Humbly and heartily, cousins and friends? Let us remember your wrongs and your trials, Standered and plundered, and crushed to the dust. Irmining adversity's bitterest vials Patient in courage and strong in good trust.

You fought for Liberty—rather than Slavery!
Well might you wish to be quit of that ill.
But you were sold to political knavery
Mesh'd by diplomacy's spider-like skill;
And you rejoice to see slavery banished.
While the free servant works well as before;
Confident, though many fortunes have vanished.
Soon to recover all—rich as of yore!

Doubtless there had been some hardships and cruelties. Cases exceptional, evil and rare. But to tell truth—and truly the jewel "its—Kindliness ruled—as a rule—ev"rywhere!
Servants—if slaves—were your wealth and inheritance, Born with your children and grown on your ground. And it was quite as much int rest as merit hence.
Still to make friends of dependents all round.

Ves, it is slander to say you oppress'd them. Does a man squander the prize of his pelf! Was it not often that he who possess'd them Rather was owned by his servants himself! Caring for all, as in bealth, so in sicknesses, He was their father, their patriarch chief, Age's infirmities, infancy's weaknesses. Leaning on him for repose and relief.

When you went forth in your pluck and your bravery, Selling for freedom both fortunes and lives. Where was that prophesied outburst of slavery. Wronking revenge on your children and wives? Nowhere! You left all to servile safe keeping.

And this was faithful and true to your trust: Master and servant thus mutually reaping Double reward of the good and the just!

tienerous Southerners! I, who address you, Shared with too many belief in your sins;
But I recant it—thus—let me confess you—
Knewledge is victor and everywhere wins;
For I have seen, I have heard, and am sure of it.
You have been slandered and suffering long. Paying all slavery cost, and the cure of it.
And the Great World shall repent of its wrong:

Charleston, Feb. S. 1877. MARTIN F. TUPPER.

The Literary Standing of the Dominion. (*)

Different men have different ways of testing the progress of a country. My test is the progress of its literature. The deduction is easily made. Where there is an active commerce, there is a free circulation of money; where money is plentiful, a surplus is devoted to edueation. Education creates a demand for books and the different forms of reading, and to meet this demand publishers eagerly come forward, backed by a host of writers in the divers walks of letters. In a financial crisis the book-trade is the first to suffer. In an era of financial prosperity literature always flour-

Tried by this standard, there can be no question that Canada is rapidly progressing. Twenty years ago, as I am informed, elementary schools were scanty; colleges and academies were few, and making only faint beginnings; special courses were unknown, and the people had little to read beyond newspapers and political pamphlets. Now, all this is changed. The common school system is established everywhere with results that obtain even European commendation; there are colleges and universities mounted on a fair footing; a spirit of inquiry pervades all classes, and the consequence is that Canada is fast laying the foundation of a literature of her own. This is a matter for congra tulation Science, letters and the arts are the triple crown of a people. Dr. Johnson has said that "the chief glory of a nation lies in its authors."

In reviewing the links of this literary progress, I begin with the French language. tinction is due to its priority of age in Canada, as well as to the exceptional obstacles it has had to contend with. Indeed, considering the position of the Franco-Canadian population, which has been nothing less than a political and social struggle for upwards of a hundred years, it is a marvel that they have preserved the French language in anything like its native purity. Yet the feat has been accomplished. There are writers in the Province of Quebec whose style is up to the highest Parisian stand-Among those I may mention M. Faucher de St. Maurice, whose account of his adven tures in Mexico under Maximilian was so perfect that its Canadian authorship was publicly denied. I shall further instance Carle-Tom, the late chroniqueur; M. Hector Fabre, who has mastered the difficult art of causeries; and M. Chauveau, whose revues mensuelles, in the Education Journal, were models of French

Within the past few years, Franco-Canadian writers have boldly attempted every branch of composition, and in each, several names have acquired lasting reputation.

Garneau's History of Canada is a work of high aim, solid, learned, and written in that severe style which recalls the manner of Guizot, Barante and DeGerlache. There may be different opinions about its impartiality, but its literary excellence is beyond cavil. Garneau was followed in the same sphere by the Abbé

(') Paper read at the regular meeting of the Kuklos Club of Montreal, Saturday, February 17th.

Ferland, whose untimely death left unfinished what promised to be the most complete of the histories of New France. M. Benjamin Sulce has commenced the publication of the history of Three Rivers from the foundation of that an cient city down to the present day. The first series gives promise of an important work. M. Joseph Tassé has also issued several instalments of a book entitled Les Canadiens de L'Ouest, being the biographies of the adventurous men who founded so many towns in the Mississippi Valley, from Milwaukie to Mobile, and explored all the Far West, from Fort York to Walla Walla. M. Tasse is sometimes inaccurate in his information, but his work is in its nature interesting, and his easy style is well suited to the legendary character of his heroes. Other writers have taken up the lighter scraps of Canadian history, such as local traditions, antiquarian curiosities, monographs of distinguished men. Particularly successful among Canadiens, and M. J. M. LeMoine, a gentleman equally at home in the English language, and whose Maple Leaves are quite commendable for their sketchiness. One writer has written the parliamentary annals of the country from the beginning of the century till the Union, in 1840, and another has continued the chronicle to the period of Confederation, in 1867. Mr. L. O. David has lately contributed a very able volume of biography.

No country, from its peculiarities, presents a fairer field for fiction than does Lower Canada, and its writers have not been slow to improve their opportunity. Several of these novels are sure to live. M. Chanveau's Charles Guérin is a description of social manners; M. Gérin-Lajoie's Jean Rivard is a gossipy account of pioneer life in the Townships; M. DeBoucherville's Une de Perduc Deux de Trouvées draws some of its materials from the rebellion of 1837-38, and contains an elaborate narrative of the battle of St. Denis. M. Bourassa's Jacques et Marie is a brilliant episode of the expulsion of French families from Nova Scotia by the British, another "Evangeline" hardly less touch ing than the story of Longfellow. M. Marmette, a young writer of Quebec, has lately put forth two historical novels, illustrative of the more ancient days of the Province. One is François de Bienville; the other, L'Intendant Biget. And, as I write, there is announced still another romance from the pen of M. Legendre, a young author of the Pontmartin school, who is remarkable for the purity and finish of

Of all the departments of literature, verse i notoriously the most beset by mediocrities and the most ardnous even for genuine talent. Yet, here too, I find five names of French-Canadians who have achieved a merited popularity. are Cremazie, a Quebecer, standing at the head; Frechette, of Levis, author of Mes Loisies; Lemay, of Lotbiniere, the poet inureate of Laval University; Sulte, of Three Rivers, author of Les Laucentiennes; and Chapman, author, of Les Quebecquoises. I have read the works o' these with a view to criticism, and they all struck me as giving indications of the highest culture. enthusiastic gentleman, whose opinion I asked on the subject, told me that Cremazie was the Lamartine: Fréchette, the Hugo; Lemay, the Laprade; and Sulte, the Beranger, of Canada. Surely while he was at it, he might as well have

christened Chapman the Canadian Coppee. There is nothing like a good periodical to waken up young writers. In a new country, more especially where there must necessarily be plenty of latent talent, all it wants is half a chance to produce itself. This opportunity has often been afforded French-Canadian authors. Formerly it was Les Soirées Canadiennes; now it is La Rerue Canadienne. The latter is a monthly magazine published at Montreal, and already advanced in its thirteenth year. It has formed a galaxy of fine writers in history, philosophy, criticism, and the lighter works of the imagination. Conspicuous among these are MM. DeBellefeuille, Royal, DeMontigny, Dunn, Routhier, Tessier and Trudel.

Another service which this magazine has rendered is the publication of ancient manuscripts and official documents relating to the early history of the country. In this way, for the trifling sum of a yearly subscription, the reader may be made acquainted with valuable archives

otherwise almost inaccessible. The French population of Canada may be set down, in round numbers, at a million. Of this number, taking the usual average of ten per cent., not more than 100,000 can be said to be educated, and of the latter--according to an other estimate—only a fourth, or 25,000, form what is called the reading public. Now, in view of these figures, the literary activity of French-Canadians is a very noticeable fact; and, perhaps, when we come to compare it with the literary movement of other nationalities, we shall be forced to own that the former have proudly and successfully held their own against all rivals. A good word, then, for the French-Canadian literature.

11.

We all remember how long it took American writers to attain the honour of literary citizenship in England. It required no less than the genius of Irving to break down the barrier of exclusion. American national literature may be said to date from The Sketch Book, and now the popular authors of the United States are as much read in Britain as they are at home.

Canadian literature had precisely the same

obstacle to meet, or rather its task was still more difficult, for it had to fight its way into the neighbouring Republic as well as into the mother country. But it, too, has succeeded in partially accomplishing the double triumph. And, singularly enough, it owes the recognition to its

poets. I make no doubt that here, as elsewhere, there has been a prodigious amount of ophemeral verse, which, if collected, would make a most grotesque selection, it being the amiable weakness of every young man conscious of his own talent, to imagine that he must first court public favour in the language of song. But setting these versifiers aside, I find the names of five true Canadian poets.

The first of these, who attracted attention on both sides of the Atlantic, is Charles Heavy-sege. His works are not the pleasantest reading, and they are far from being faultless, but they have the great merit of originality, which, in this age of parrots, is a quality that must Next comes John condone many deficiencies. Reade, the Tennyson of Canada, whose Good Night to his sweetheart is as genuine a bit of inspiration as can be found in any poet, ancient or modern. Charles Mair reminds one of Swinburne. His lyricism is of a lofty flight, and his eye for the picturesque, as exhibited in Canadian Nature, is that of a born artist. Surely this writer is not going to spend the rest of his days selling wet and dry groceries under the stockades of Fort Garry. Such trade may pay him better than verse, but, after all, cannot fame be allied with fortune! Charles Sangster and Isidore Ascher stand well on the list of minor poets, and like all authors of their class, there are passages or detached pieces of their works which are so good that if in each case it were possible, as it is not, to raise the rest of the book to the same level, these poets would stand on the very pinnacle of excellence. Inequality is more common in verse than in any other department of literature. S. C. Watson has won acceptance in his Legend of the Roses, and must take rank immediately after Mr. Reade.

For some reason that I cannot determine, Canadian works of fiction have been neither numerons nor of the highest class, though I will not be surprised if the next important publication announced to the country proves to be a splendid

The series of Madame Leprohon is chiefly devoted to the delineation of social manners at or before the time of the Conquest. Of these The Manor House of De Villerai appears to me the best. That work, with Autoinche De Mirecourt and Ada Dimmore, certainly place the authoress at the head of Canadian novelists.

Mrs. Moodie has more individuality. Apart from their literary merit, her Ranghing it in the Bush and Life in the Clearings have a force of realism about them which accounts for their re-putation both in England and the United States. Mrs. Noel's best works are The Secret of Stanley Hall and The Merchant's Secret.

In the domain of history, I find a multiplicity of pamphlets, short notices, and partial narratives, but critical research of any extent seems to have been left to the transactions of the Historical Societies. I am not surprised at this. being aware that the pursuit of history requires much time, involves considerable expenditure for the purposes of investigation, and, in these days of superficial reading, is less patronized by the public than it ought to be. There is, however, a good translation of Garneau's History by Bell; and Christie's History of Lower Canada is the only one which we have in English that is at all based on official documents and precess justificatives. Croil, Canniff, Coffin may be consulted with advantage, but the history of Canada from the British stand-point has yet to be written. So have the histories of each of the Provinces. Old Judge Haliburton's work on Nova Scotia was very well fifty years ago, but no one would care to read it to-day, even if it were reprinted.

My attention has been called to a very singular fact, observable, I believe, nowhere outside of Canada. It is that most of the young literary men of the country, both French and English, are, or have been, in the civil service, In most cases these youths, discouraged by the prospect of living by their pens, have sought an honorable refuge and a good salary in some Government office. I have been assured that in some cases, where a young writer, daubling in politics—as they generally do here—has annoy-ed the authorities by his attacks, means have been adopted of silencing him with an official nos jeunes talents, said a gentleman to me lately. But be the reason what it will, it is certain that such well-known writers as Morgan, Todd, Taylor, Futvoye, Taché, Lajoie, Gélinas, Mackintosh, Parent, and many others, are residents of Ottawa. Fortunately, the leisure which they enjoy, and their free access to the large Parliamentary library, give these gentlemen the op-portunity, which they might not otherwise find, of prosecuting their literary studies. So far from any objection being made to this arrangement, I think it speaks well for the country that it thus encourages men of letters.

In the natural sciences the record of Canada is decidedly good. The geological survey has been thoroughly made, and it has brought out a number of eminent men. Sir William Logan and Mr. Selwyn are as well known on the continent of Europe as they are here. Their works are not confined to reports of observa-

their company must be placed the names of Hinds, Nicholson, Bell, Billings, and White-aves. Principal Dawson deserves a niche all to himself.

I cannot digress into a notice of the educational institutions of Ontario and Quebec; but the great scholars who are connected with some of these, and who would be the boast of any country in which they might reside, cannot be passed by in silence. Such men as Ryerson, DeSola, McCaul, Wilson, Raymond, Verreau, and Chandonnet may be styled the guardians of Canadian letters,

I am not sufficiently acquainted with the details of the literary movement in the Maritime Provinces, to enter into an account of it, but I know that owing to the compact government which both Nova Scotia and New Brunswick have long enjoyed, popular education has met met with high degree of encouragement. I know further that the names of Howe, the two Haliburtons, Gidrey, Boyd, Hamilton, Griffin, Stewart and Summichrast are worthy to be placed by the side of the celebrities of the Dominion, and that with these they present a galaxy to which all Canadians can point with

111.

These signs of progress in both the English and French languages are very satisfactory, but if Canada aims to have a literature of her own at least, to a certain extent - something more is required. She must be self-sufficing in the way of publishing facilities, and as to "specialities" in both science and letters, these must be edited here and not imported from England on the

Now it is in this double respect that I note the advance which Canada has made within the past three or four years. The firms of Lovell and of Dawson have long been favourably known for their spirit of enterprise and their fine workmanship. Several of the Toronto print-ing houses have likewise had renown. But these establishments are at present no longer restricted to mere printer's work. They have become important publishing centres. To say nothing of the school-books and other volumes put forth by the first-named firm, I shall instance The Dominion Directory, which, considering all the circumstances of its production. was a colossal work, creditable both to its authors and the country. The Complete Works of Chance plain, published by M. Desbarats, at an entlay of \$12,000, was an undertaking worthy of Trubner or Plon.

The copyright law of 1868, though by me means perfect in all its provisions, has proved of great benefit to the country, and publishers have taken advantage of it to inaugurate a series of home publications. The Canadian houses have already taken a start in the matter, and their reprints of popular works of both English and American writers prove, perhaps better than anything else, how much Canadians have learned to rely upon themselves. The time is not far distant when there will be Canadian editions of most standard authors, as well printed and sold at least as cheap as those imported from abroad.

It was long believed that literary weeklies and pictorial papers could not be produced in Canada. But several have lately sprung into existence and are flourishing. Untario and Quebec have each a weekly of the kind, made up of light reading of every description, and shile both appear equal to American papers of the same standard, their moral tone is healthier, and they really deserve the appellation of family papers. With regard to an illustrated paper, the Dominion can point to its own, now nearly in the eighth year of its existence, as not inferior to the best pictorials of London, Paris, Berlin, or New York. Nay, to Canada belongs the honour of having first brought out the process of reproducing pictures directly from photographs, without the intermediary of wood en-graving. This new method is destined with time to operate important changes in the pic-torial art, the chief of which will be to place the copies of the finest pictures within reach of the most modest purse.

From weekly publications the natural trensition is to monthly ones. It is a long step to take, but the country has taken it. Nothing strikes me as better illustrating the progress about which I write, than the fact that the Canadian people are prepared for and demand monthly magazines of their own. It is only yesterday that a gentleman who had witnessed the inauguration of Confederation in 1867, an who has since been away, asked me how the "new nation" had been getting on in his abnew nation—had been getting on in his ar-sence. For my answer, I pointed to the first number of a monthly periodical which had just been laid on my table. "I am satisfied," said my friend, "five years ago such a publication would have been impossible."

Besides literary magazines there are specia organs devoted to professional and technical studies. Agriculture and Horticulture have several in the different Provinces. There are at least two, to my knowledge, for the Natural Sciences, I have counted four Medical Journals, one Journal of Dentistry, two Law Reviews, and

wo Journals of Education.

This brief sketch would not be complete without a word respecting the newspapers of the Dominion. They are not only a special department of literature in themselves, but they are the means of fostering and propagating a taste tions, but they contain important discoveries for literature among the masses. The number which have enlarged the range of science. In of Canadian newspapers, including, for reference, those of the colonies not yet united to the Dominion, reaches the handsome total of 510. The distribution is as follows:

British Columbia..... 10 Manitoba..... 4

These papers present a fair average of ability and enterprise, and as to dignity of tone, they are not below the standard of the foreign press. They are not however so remunerative as they ought to be, owing to want of common understanding as to business management. Ontario has its Press Association, but that is not enough. There should be a Dominion Press Association to regulate the rates of advertise ments, the vital question of pre-payment, a uniform system of telegraphic reports, and other canally important matters.

Canada has now only to continue the good work which she has begun. If she is destinedas there is reason for believing-to become a great and prosperous nation, it rests with her to take a distinct place in the world of letters.

JOHN LESPERANCE.

EPHEMERIDES.

Some weeks ago there was an impressive funeral service in Paris. The Church of the Madeleine was draped in deep mourning, and on the portal hung a long black valance bearing a large letter T in white. Notable among the mourners were ladies and gentlemen belonging to the dramatic profession, and one of the principal Italian tenors, bearing up his veiled wife, daughter of the deceased, led the procession. The last honors were being paid to Tamburini, the greatest buritone of modern times, and the best representative of Mozart's Don Giovanni. Near the coffin stood a handsome white-haired, whiter bearded man, who was the attraction of all eyes. It was the Count Mario di Candia, the prince of tenors, and the colleague of Tamburini for thirty years. Who can tell the memories that trooped to the mind of the great artist as he walked beside the remains of his old friend?

Baron Rossetti has just died in France. In the French army the Rossetti Lancers are as legendary as were the dragoons of Nausouty or the bussars of Juniac. All sorts of anecdotes are related of this stern old soldier. Once he was ordered out, with his battalion of cuirassiers, to put down a mob in a provincial town. On reaching the scene of disorder, Rossetti dis-mounted, advanced alone toward the rioters, and prevailed upon them to disperse. He had succeeded, and was about to withdraw, when a practical joker crept up behind and administered to him a vigorous kick under the tree. Of course, the crowd laughed, took courage, and finally shouted its applause. Rossetti, perfectly calm, called out one of his Alsatian cuirassiers upon whose fidelity he could depend.

"Schmit."

"Here, Captain."
"Draw your sabre."

"Yes, Captain." "You will remain on horseback under this tree until 1 return."
"Yes, Captain."

"If this scoundrel stirs, you will kill him like a dog."
"Yes, Captain."

Rossetti vaulted into the saddle, gave the order, and in a formidable gallop the squadron swept the rabble from the thoroughfare. Then Rossetti went off quietly to dinner, sipped his coffee, and afterwards spent the evening with a friendly family.

The next morning, at roll call, he noticed with everybody else, that Schmit, the cuirassier, did not answer to his name. Remembering everything, he hurried to the tree. There he found the soldier still erect in his saddle, and the boor on the branch begging to be let off. Rossetti burst out laughing, and sent back the horseman to quarters

"Come down," he shouted to the man. "But-Captain."

"Come down, or I will climb up after you."

The man came down.
"Here," said Rossetti, Care ten francs for your night's lodging. Now, which do you prefer-that I should deliver you to the police, or return your kick?"

"I prefer the kick," said the man trembling. The Captain stretched out his prodigious boot, but softly and without anger, and said: "Take this. We are quits."

I had the pleasure to be present at the weekly meeting of the Kuklos Club, of this city, on last Saturday. Although the nucleus of the association consists of the members of the press, there is also a large affiliation of professional gentlemen, artists, and men of letters generally. The meeting was very enjoyable. The President, who had just returned from a holiday, was full of anecdotes about men and things at the Capital. The handsome, twin not only meet expenses, but will pay a good danymedes were in full bloom, and did their vidend on the outlay. They are considered service royally. A paper was read on the Lit-most effective weapon against intemperance.

erary Standing of the Dominion, which led to a very interesting conversation. Set debates are not entertained in the Club. feature of the evening was the visit of M. Cattani and his nephew, the Palestine Commissioners to the Centennial. They came in from dinner at the Mayor's. Their picturesque costume—red fez, scarlet tunic, striped sash, and baggy pantaloon—were brought into relief by baggy pantaloon-were brought into relief by the books and pictures of the room, while it formed a contrast to the monotonous black clothes of the members. One of them smoked the long chibouk, and when Mr. Tremblay had proposed their health in a felicitous French speech, the same answered by singing his thanks in the Arabic fashion. It was a quaint, nasal plain-chant, repeated later on when the two bade good-night. The only western language which these two Orientals speak is French, pronounced with a strong Italian accent.

am happy to be able to announce to my friends that THE BASTONNAIS has appeared in two elegant and cheap editions—one in paper, the other in cloth. Both reflect the highest credit on the publishing house of Belford Bros., Toronto. While this work addresses itself to all Canadians, throughout the country, it belongs especially to the readers of the CANADIAN ILLUSTRATED NEWS, for whose behoof it was written. The author trusts that, as the story was well received by the readers of the News, when it appeared serially, they will now further manifest their interest by procuring it as published in permanent form. It is a conscientious attempt to illustrate one of the most thrilling and important events in Canadian annals by the grace of romance; and as such, may be said to possess the double interest of a history and a novel. It is a volume quite appropriate for a prize in schools and colleges, there being nothing sensational, or otherwise objectionable in it, and from this point of view it commends itself to the Boards of Education in the different Provinces. A fair occasion is hereby offered to show that the people of the Dominion are prepared to encourage a new contribution to the literature of their country.

A. STEELE PENN.

THE GLEANER.

SEALING-WAX has disappeared from French official usages.

THE late George Dawson said he hated theology and botany, but loved religion and flowers.

As old but still valuable Massachusetts statute has been discovered, which prohibits the extension of credit to students in colleges. The penalty is a fine of twice the amount of the

A Bosron scheme, likely to be put into operation, is to provide practical schools in mechanics. Machine shops are to be established in which instructions may be supplemented with work.

CREMATION is done for. A chemist has discovered a process by which the human body may be reduced to a delightful perfume at a ridiculously small cost, and in an inconceivably short

It is expected that the coming London season will be very gay,, as it is said to be the inten-tion of the Queen to spend two or three days of each week after Easter at Buckingham Palace. She has not done this since the death of the Prince Consort.

A STRIKE of curates will be something new, but it is a contingency not absolutely impro-bable. An agitation is going on among the curates in the dioceses of Rochester and Manchester with the object of increasing their minimum stipend to £100 a year.

WE are to have paper boots. Japan has imported them into England. Except by their lightness, they cannot be distinguished from leather. They are said to be waterproof, and to wear well. Will the French army authorities adopt them after the experiences of 1870!

ABDUL KERIMPACHA, the ostensible Generale at Nisch, did not direct the operations. The real General there was the Englishman, Si Arthur Kemball, with six English officers under him. Tehernaieff, through his glass, distinctly saw Sir Arthur Kemball during the battle in a white dress and a veil.

At the commencement of a meal the ancient placed themselves on the cushions, washed their hands, and then began to eat. When the eating was ended they again washed their hands. During the eating they were not in the habit of drinking anything.

THE following bon mot is attributed to a person of the highest birth. On being asked what he thought of Lord , who always appears clothed in the height of fashion, however extravagant that fashion may be, his Royal Highness is reported to have said, "To my mind he dresses not wisely but too swell."

THE experiment tried in Liverpool of opening cheap coffee houses for the sale of cocoa, coffee tea and bread, to counteract the influence of the grog shops, is proving very successful. Eighteen have already been established, and though most of the sales are for only half a penny, they not only meet expenses, but will pay a good dividend on the outlay. They are considered a

MY VALENTINE.

Go forth, my little Valentine; Go wing thy flight a thousand miles. O'er frozen stream, through dark defiles. Till basking 'neath her gentle smiles, You view the face I miss;

Go forth, my little Valentine, And take to her,—I fondly crave, Not as the tribute of a slave; But for the dear, good words she gave,— A loving brother's kiss.

Montreal, 14th February, 1877. BARRY DANE.

VARIETIES.

GREAT MINDS UNBENT. - When Petavius was employed in his Dogmata Theologica, work of the most profound erudition, he made it a point to twirl his chair for five minutes at the end of every second hour. Spinoza would unbend his mind by setting spiders to fight each other, watching their combats with hearty laughter. Descartes and Barclay, the author of the Argenis, like many other learned men, devoted their leisure to horticulture, as Macready employed his in agriculture. Cardinal de Richelieu amused himself with exercise of a violent character, and occasionally, for the sake of emulation, would call into requisition the offices of his servant for the purpose of ascertaining who could jump the higher. The French Chancellor D'Aguesseau indulged in the questionable relaxation of changing his study, as we find him saying, "Change of study is my only relaxation.'

A GREAT DISCOVERY .- A numismatic discovery unparalleled in extent has been made near Verona. Two large amphoræ have been found containing no less than two quintals, or about 600 English pounds weight of coins of the Emperor of Galicanus and his successors within the hundred years following his reign.
The number of coins is estimated at between 50,000 and 55,000. Of those of the Emperor Probus there are more than 4,000. The majority are of bronze, but there are some of silver and others of bronze silvered (subwratw). They are all in the finest state of preservation, and, with the exception of those of Galienus, which are a little worn, they are so fresh from the Mint as to make it evident they were never put into circulation. The discovery has been considered of sufficient importance for the Minister of Pub-lic Instruction to despatch Signor Pigorini specially to Verona to report upon it. All the finest examples are to be placed in the Museum of Verona, and the remainder either exchanged in sets with other museums or sold, as may be decided upon.

A PARISIAN ANECDOTE. -At a fair given for the benefit of the poor at one of the Paris theatres, a pretty actress presided over one of the stands, when a Russian Prince, who chanced to be present, banteringly asked her how much she would take for a kiss. She glanced at him rather sternly, and replied that she would not kiss any man but her betrothed. The Prince passed on; but returned to the stand a quarter of an hour afterwards, and said, rather thoughtfully, to the young actress, "Will you permit me to ask you another question, mademoiselle?"

" With pleasure, sir "Have you a betrothed?"

She eyed him a moment in surprise, and then said, with a blush and a smile, "No, sir."
"Would you like to have one?" who said

"That depends on circumstances," she said,

laughing.
"Well, then, would you take me?"
"That has his card.

So saying, he handed her his card. She was greatly surprised, and finally stammered that she would give him an answer next day. On the following morning he called at her house the reply was in the affirmative, and to-day mademoiselle is a Princess and a happy wife.

SHARESPERE AND THE BIBLE.—Shakespere frequently reminds one of the Bible, and, when a passage comes to mind the origin of which uncertain, a common impression is that it must belong either to the Bible or to the great poet. No other author excites this feeling in an equal degree. There are some curious parallel passages which show that the "Bard of Avon" was familiar with the Scriptures, and drew from them many of his ideas. Shakespere: "Rude am I in my speech" (Othello, act. i. sc. 3). Bible: "Though I be rude in speech" (2 Co. xi. 6). Shakespere: "Show his eyes and grieve his heart" (Macbeth, act iv. sc. 1). Bible; "To consume thine eyes and to grieve thine heart" (1 Sam, ii. 33). Shakespere: "Life's but a walking shadow" (Macbeth, act v. sc. 5). Bible: "Man walketh in a vain show" (Ps. xxxix. 6). Shakespere: "We'll die with harness on our back" (Macbeth, act v. sc. 5). Bible: "Nicanor lay dead in his harness" (2 Mac. xv. 28). Shakespere: "Woe to that land that is governed by a child" (Richard III., act ii. sc. 3). Bible: "Woe to thee, O land, when thy king is a child" (Eccl. x. 16). Many similar parallel passages are to be found. Many similar parallel passages are to be found. and, for an admirable paraphrase of Luke xxi. 25, 26, see Troilus and Cressida, act i. sc. 3.

RULERS OF CHRISTENDOM .- There are at the present moment 36 reigning Sovereigns in Christendom, from the Queen of England, to whom 237,000,000 of human beings owe allegiance, to the Prince of Monaco, whom 5,741 subjects acknowledge as their liege lord. Of these princes, 10 are nominally Roman Catholics -namely, the Emperors of Austria and Brazil, agents for Canada.

the Kings of Italy, Spain, Portugal, Belgium, Bavaria, Saxony, the Princes of Lichtenstein and Monaco. At least three of these monarchs, however, are very far from being on friendly terms with the Popc, the King of Italy actually lying under sentence of excommunication; while the King of Saxony, himself a Catholic, while the King of Saxony, himself a Cathole, rules over a population almost exclusively Protestant. Of the remaining 26 princes, two belong to the Greek Church, though the Czar and the King of the Hellenes belong to different branches of it. The other 24 are Protestant, 16 being called Lutherans, four-including the German Emperor—belonging to the "Evangelical" Confession, three to the "Reformed" Church, and one being the "supreme head on carth" of the Church The Church Church The Church T earth" of the Church of England. But the vast majority of Queen Victoria's subjects—139,-000,000-are neither Protestant nor Catholics, but Hindoos, while the Mohammedans, 40,-000,000 in number, are themselves more numerous than the Protestants of all denominations in

MENTAL WORK .- There is as much danger of hurting the brain by idleness as by overwork, according to Dr. Farquharson's theory, as he gives it in *The Popular Science Monthly*. He argues that intellectual power is lessened by the listlessness in which the well-to-do classes generally spend their lives. Under such conditions the brain gradually loses its health, and although equal to the demands of a routine existence, is unable to withstand the strain of sudden emergency. So, when a load of work is unexpectedly thrown on it in its unprepared state, the worst consequences of what may be called overwork show themselves. Similarly, a man accustomed to sedentary pursuits is liable to be physically injured by taking suddenly to violent exercise. As to the amount of mental work that may safely be done. Dr. Farquharson says: "So long as a brain worker is able to sleep well, eat well, and to take a fair proportion of out-door exercise, it may safely be said that it is not necessary to impose any special limits on the actual amount of hours he devotes to his labors. But when what is generally known as worry steps in to complicate matters, when cares connected with family arrangements, or with those numerous personal details which we can seldom escape, intervene; or when the daily occupation of life is in itself a fertile source of anxiety, then we find one or other of these three safeguards broken drown."

DOMESTIC.

SALAD OF GREENS.—Wash the greens well and take off the outside leaves. The them in small bundles and boil in plenty of fast-boiling satted water, drain them in front of the fire, and serve hot or cold, neatly arranged on a dish with a mixture of three parts oil, one of vinegar, and pepper and salt to taste, poured over them.

GREENS.—Pick them and trim them neatly, tie them up with a string, and boil them in plenty of fast boiling salted water; when done turn them out on a sieve, cover them with a cloth, and put them in the meat screen to keep hot till thoroughly drained. Remove the string, and lay them neatly on the dish, serve with white sauce (sauce blanche) in a boat.

MEATS .- When meats are boiling on a grid-MEATS.—When meats are boiling on a grid-iron over not coal, the sudden heat applied sears the out-side, which shuts in the juices, and the rapid application of heat soon cooks the meat through, if in moderately thin pieces. It is then tender, juicy and palatable. Those who never broil their fresh meat, fish, or poultry. nose wno never broil their fresh meat, fish, or poultry, do not know the excellence of a properly-cooked dish of animal food.

BOILED LEG OF MUTTON .- Take a small leg BOILED LEG OF MUTTON.—Take a shall leg of mutton, trim it carefully, break and turn in the shank bone, and put it into a sancepan with a couple of carrots, two or three turnips, a couple of bay leaves, and two or three springs of pursley, some whole pepper and salt, quant. suff. Pour in sufficient boiling water to well cover the joint, and set it to boil slowly for one and a half to two hours according to size; serve garnished with the carrots and turnips, and caper sance in a bont

LITERARY.

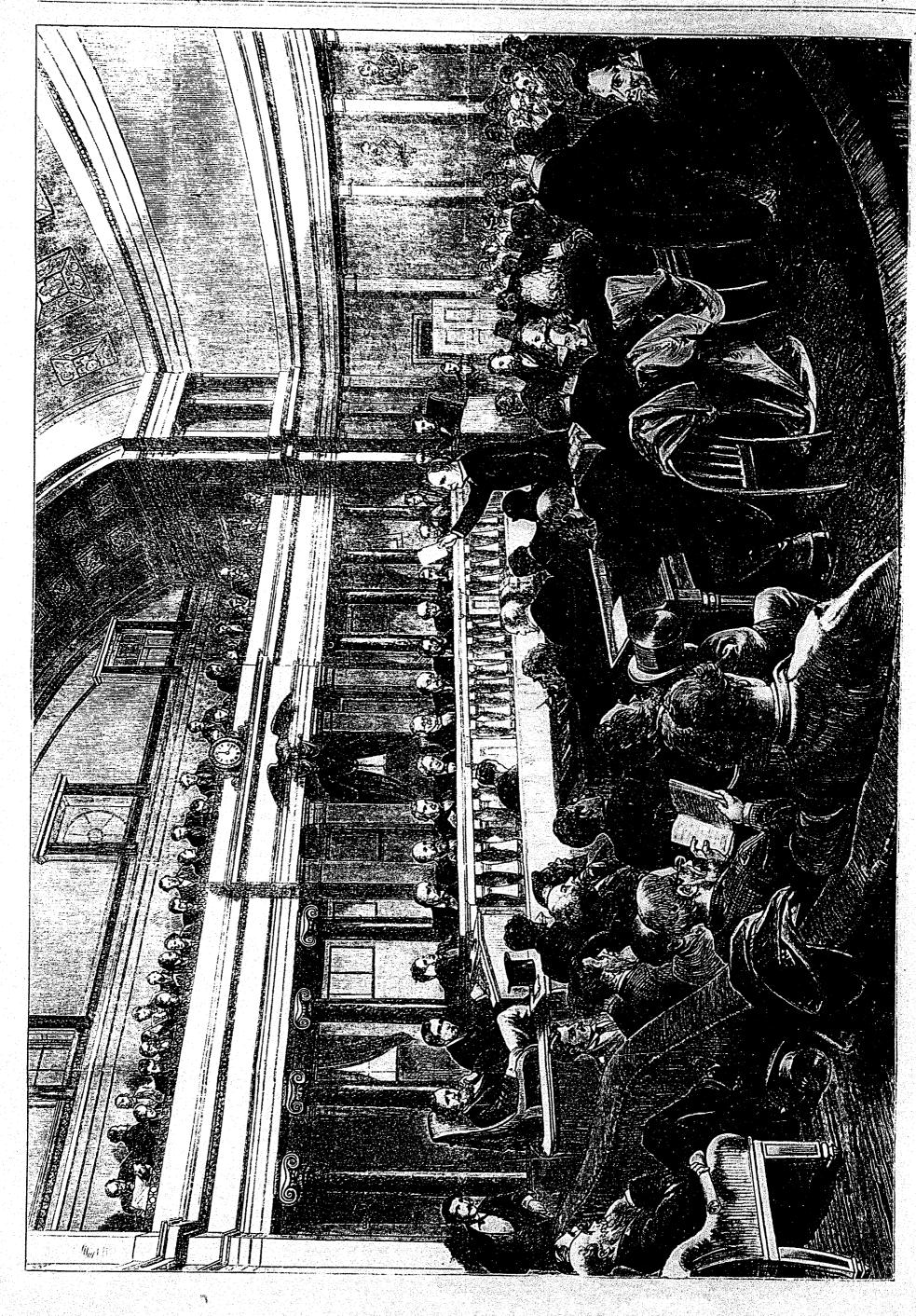
THE number of periodical publications in Italy now amounts to 1,126, of which 387 appear daily.

Mr. Robert Buchanan's new poem, "Balder the Beautiful," now in the press, deals with the beautiful god of northern mythology, but from a completely different point of view from that assumed by any who have adopted this theme, from Matthew Arnold to Ohlenschlager.

Buloz, editor of the Paris Revue des Deux Monder, sunk his whole capital three times before he could make his paper pay. Now its 5,030-frame shares pay, it is said, an annual dividend of nearly 5,000 frames. pay, it is said, no administration to the composition of over 375,000 francs, and 20,000 copies were printed of each

THE library of the Conservatoire de Musique n Paris has just made the important purchase of 200 full orchestral partitions of Italian composers. This is a most valuable acquisition, as in Italy only a limited number of copies are published. Among twenty-two of Rossini's works are some written by the great master in his early youth. There are seventeen operas of Donizetti, and the other principal works are by Beltini, Farinelli, Pasini, and one by Cherubini.

"No need of having a gray hair in your as those who use Luby's Parisian Hair Renewer say, for it is without doubt the most appropriate hair dressing that can be used, and an indispensable article for the toilet table. When using this preparation you require neither oil nor pomatum, and from the balsamic pro-perties it contains, it strengthens the growth of the hair, removes all dandruff and leaves the scalp clean and healthy. It can be had at the Medical Hall and from all chemists in large bottles 50 cents each. DEVINS & BOLTON, Druggists, Montreal, have been appointed sole



ALBANI.

AUTHENTIC SKETCH OF HER LIFE.

The Americans have claimed this charming artist as their own. They have assigned to several of their cities the honor of her birth place-Albany, Troy and Saratoga. They have made her mother to be a Scotch woman. They have attributed her musical education to their own teachers. When the Canadians asserted their right to call the PRIMA DONNA a country-woman of theirs, they have been laughed at. We have had occasion, in the columns of the

CANADIAN ILLUSTRATED News, to give some of the correct facts in the life of this distinguished young lady, but our statements were not accepted by our contemporaries across the border. We are, therefore, pleased to find that, at length, Albani's own people have taken the matter in hand. We have received from Quebec an ele-gant pamphlet, giving an augant pamphlet, giving an authentic account of her history from the pen of one who is authorized to speak, and who ranks high in French Canadian literature. We think we are doing a service to the public, as well as to the cause of art, by briefly analyzing this work in our columns.

EMMA LAJEUNESSE was born at Chambly, Province of Quebec, in 1848. She was christ ened later, at Plattsburg, N. Y. Her father, Joseph Lajeunesse, was first a student of medicine, and afterwards professor of music, in which art he display-ed considerable ability and an elevated taste. Emma is the eldest of two other children, one of whom is in orders, at the Montreal Seminary, Madame Lajennesse, nec Mélina Mignault, was the first teacher of her daughter. At the age of four, the child began her prac-tice on the piano, but she was by no means assiduous in her exercise therein, being fonder of the noise and amusements of her age. She was far from being a docile pupil, as she was giddy, irascible and difficult to manage. Towards the year manage. Towards the year 1853, M. Lajeunesse came to settle in Moutreal. He occupied a house in St. Charles Borromée street, where he taught music and went about repairing and tuning pianos. The profession was not a lucrative one, and mi. hardship was increased by the death of his wife. His only hope was then centred on his young daughter, whose musical education he set about conducting in carnest. M. Lajeunesse adored his child, but when there was question of her musical studies, he was ex-tremely severe. The days of little Emma were well filled. She practiced six hours a day regularly, two or three hours on the piano, an hour or two on the harp, and an hour, morning and evening, at singing.
Her father was then her sole instructor. The character of the child did not bend with a sheeling artistic core. absolute case to this artistic servitude. She often rebelled against, or tried to rebel against it. One day, when her father absented himself for a considerable time, the child had taken advantage of the circumstance to amuse herself with one of her young companions. During the course of the game, she bruised a finger in the frame of a door. She was obliged to hide her pain and suffer in pa-tionce. But a few days after, the torture proved so great, that she found it impossible to play

the harp. She sat near the instrument and began to read. The father was naturally astonished. "Come," said he, "this is no time for reading, you must work."
"I cannot work."

" What ?"

"It hurts my finger to play."

"Show me your hands."
She did no such thing, but she hid her hands in her apron. Her father got angry and insisted. The girl grew stubborn, in her turn, and transported with anger, she seized the harp and ran her fingers over its strings, while the pain shat-tered her nerves. Unfortunately, the finger caught in one of the strings, and the nail was

Albani: Par Napoléon Legoudre. Avec autographe et portrait. Québoc: Coté & Civ. 16 ma, pp. 72. Price 25 cents.

it. She was a long time recovering from her swoon, and her health was seriously compro-mised. But she gradually rallied, and resumed mised. But she gradually rallied, and resumed ner studies. One of the things upon which M. Lajeunesse insisted was that his daughter should read music at first sight. She had an extraordinary aptitude in that direction. Her musical memory was likewise prodigious. Often, in her walks, after hearing a piece of military music, she would return to her piano and repeat it from beginning to any without a simple walks.

torn off. Emma fell upon the floor and her father had just time to prevent the heavy instrument from falling upon her head and crushing it. She was a long time recovering from her swoon, and her health was seriously comprosited. But the gradually railing and resumed. solved-upon a higher artistic culture.

11.

In 1864, M. Lajeunesse started with his family for Albany. There Emma found a protector in Bishop Conroy. He obtained for her a teacher's employment in the Convent of that city, with the position of organist and first soprano, in St. Joseph's Church. She kept the organ, however, only one year, finding the labor too severe for

"Duprez has not exaggerated. There is a fortune in that little throat."

Under this great master, she passed several ears in serious, difficult, uninterrupted study. Finally, overcoming her repugnance for the stage and her natural timidity, she appeared at the Opera House of Messina, in 1870, as Amina in La Somnambula, and under her present nom de guerre, Albani. The Manager of the Malta Opera House was in the audience, and before the beginning of the second act, had made her sign an engagement to sing for him, during the next fall.

At Malta, her success was as decided as it had been at Messina. English officers garri-

sound there, many of whom had previously been in Ca-nada, were loud in their applause of the little Canadian nightingale. Her renown reached England, and Mr. Gye, of the Royal Italian Opera, engaged her for the next season. She was to have appeared in 1871, but offer averaged. peared in 1871, but after several rehearsals, the English im-presario judged that her nerves were not sufficiently strong to confront the critical audiences of the great metropolis. He postponed her debut till the following year, and Albani returned to study under her old master Lamberti. In 1871-72, Lamberti made her sing in the Theatre of La Pergola, Flor-ence. He wrote thus to the director:

"I send you the most accomplished musician, and the most

perfect singer, in regard to style, that ever went forth from my study."

The public of La Pergola recognized that the master had not deceived him, and the palco scenico was strewn with flowers, at every appearance of Albani.

On the 2nd April, 1872, Albani may be said to have regularly opened her career, as Amina, before a London audience. She was received with enthusiasm by her hearers, and with the highest favor by the critics. She followed this incritics. She followed this initial success by Marta, Gilda, in Rigoletto, and Linda di Chamouni. In October of the same year, she presented herself at the Théatre Italien, Paris. Before the most fastidious, if not the most critical audience in the world, she received her the world, she renewed her triumphs in the same series of lyric characters. The pamphlet before us gives lengthy extracts from the leading French papers which are full of most discriminating praise. With the sanction of London and Paris, the tion of London and Paris, the future of Albani was secured. In April, 1873, she returned again to London, adding to her repertory, the roles of the Countess, in Le Nozze di Figuro, and Elvira, in I Paritani. During that season, she sang on alternate nights with Parti. on alternate nights with Patti, and it is only justice to say that she shared the public favor with that popular artist. In Octo-ber, 1873, she went to St. Pe-tersburgh, where her singing was not only a success, but an ovation. The enthusiam of the Russians was unbounded. After another season at London, during the past summer, Albani crossed the Atlantic, and stepped upon the boards of the Academy of Music, New York, the 21st October, 18:4. Her achievements there are fresh in the recollection of our readers. She, and she alone, saved Strakosch from failure, in his operatic management.
It is to be hoped that Canada

will not be forgotten by her brilliant daughter, and that when she returns from Europe, all the principal cities of the Dominion may be privileged to hear this ad-

mirable artist. Of our countrywoman, the Paris correspon-

dent of the N. Y. Herald says :-'The success of Albani at the Italiens is one of those events which are unfortunately becoming rare on the operatic stage. It has given her the prestige which she required, and has at once placed her at the top of her profession, with the exception of Adelina Patti, who is, properly speaking, a musical phenomenon. Albani is speaking, a musical phenomenon. Albani is acknowledged by the Parisians to be the first in Europe to-day. The enthusiasm exhibited at her performances is extraordinary, and reminds one of the best days of the Italiens. The first night that she appeared the receipts were only \$1000, the second they rose to \$2,600, and to-morrow they will reach the maximum of \$3,200."



art, her father went with her through the prin- | her delicate health. After several years spent | cipal towns and villages in the environs of Montreal, giving concerts. She played on the piano, the harp and the harmonium. He accompanied on the violin. In all his programmes, he invited the public to offer the young pianist a piece to play prima vista. She always passed through such perilous tests with credit. She made her debut as a singer in Montreal, at the age of eight; and even at that early age, the quality of her voice presaged her future eminence. On the 12th of September, 1862, she appeared at the Mechanics' Hall, under the patronage of Sir Fenwick Williams and staff, Lieut. Colonel Coursol and Hon. C. S. Rodier, Mayor of the City. Her triumph was complete. In the same year, however, she retired to the Convent of the Sacred Heart, at Sault-au-Récol-

in the capital of New York, M. Lajennesse by his own savings and those of his daughter, and with the aid of a grand public concert, found means to undertake a voyage to Europe. Emma was further assisted in this resolve by the generosity of the Baroness Lafitte. On arriving in Paris, she placed horself under the direction of Duprez, the famous tenor. He, at once, divined her extraordinary gitts.

"Your nerves are not solid enough for the piano," said he, "especially as it is played now-a-days. You were born a nightingale; follow the instincts of your race. A oblesse oblige."

After two years spent with Duprez, she went to Milan by his recommendation. Her professor

to Milan by his recommendation. Her professor there was the celebrated Lamberti. After examining her, he exclaimed:

SWEET EYES.

TO MISS A. A. L. S.

Sweet eyes! they haunt me in my dreams; They cause me oft to sigh and start; Sweet eyes! sweet! whose becauteous beams Pierce through my soul and thrill my heart! By sunshine and by sweet starlight I'm haunted by those eyes so bright,

Where'er I turn at dusky even.
Mine eyes light on a form so foir;
Whene'er I look on the bright heaven.
Those bustrous eyes are shining there:—
The very breezes, in their sighs.
Seem whispering "Sweet eyes! Sweet eyes!"

O, bright, blue eyes! I cannot speak—My days and nights are pass'd in dreams O, sparkling eyes! my heart will break. Or melt beneath your glorious beams. My soul will waste itself in sighs. Beneath your thrilling rays, sweet eyes!

HAROLD.

Toronte, February, 1877.



RHODA BROUGHTON.

AUTHOR OF " Cometh up as a Flower, " "Red as a Rose is the," etc.

PART I.

CHAPTER XVII.

down rises gayly with a springy beling of youth and prosperity at her heart, walks with childish enjoyment on the thick, soft carpet, revels in the plentiful hot water; and, in utter jollity of mind, makes faces at herself in the glass, wherein eyes, nose, and mouth, are faithfully rendered, undisturbed by any perverting crack. She has put on her gown now—her hot black gown-all her gowns are hot and heavy and black.

"I look as if I had been dipped in the ink bottle up to my neck," she says, discontentedly. As she speaks her eyes fall on Anthony's roses blooming in a china bowl upon her dressing table. She takes them out one by one. She takes the one yellow rose which she herself had plucked overnight in order to insult her admirer, and fastens it in the breast of her gown. While so occupied a gong sounds. "In any house I have ever visited," she says to herself, "there have always been two, sometimes three, gongs. The first means nothing; the second means prayers; the third means breakfast; I will wait for the third."

In pursuance of this resolve she sits down on the window-seat (alas! that window-seats are so nearly extinct !), and, resting her elbows on the sill, takes her face in both hands, and leans out in leisurely enjoyment of the new morning's well-scented splendors. But by-and-by, as no second gong either sounds or appears to have any intention of sounding, and as many clocks with voices small and big, slow and fast, announce to her from different parts of the house that it is ten o'clock, she rises and goes down stairs.

There is no one in the large sitting-hall but Anthony, who, lounging in an oak chair, whence he commands a full view of the staircase, is looking up every minute from his Times with quick, impatient eyes "gray as glasss."
When, at length, Joan comes stepping sedately down, her little pointed shoes cautiously clacking against the low, slippery steps, and one small milk-white hand sliding down the old black banister, he hastily throws away his

paper, and comes eagerly to meet her.
"You will never be 'healthy, wealthy, and wise,'" he says. "Do you know that it is ten o'clock; not by my watch" (laughing), "but by Greenwich time? I began to be afraid that you had gone back to Portland Villa. How are you? Shall we come to breakfast?

"Had we not better wait for Mrs. Wolfersuggests Joan, hanging back.

"We should have to wait some time" (laughing again). "She never appears before one

"My father breakfasts in his own room," re plies Anthony, rather shortly, beginning to look a little restive. There is no help for it. "Fate is against

me," she says to herself, and so, without further objection, follows him into the dining-room. "We have dined together," says Anthony,

presently, neglecting his grill and leaning meditatively on his elbow, "and we have lunched together."
"Yes, we have lunched together" reading Yes, we have lunched together," replies

Joan, shuddering a little at the recollection. "But," continues Anthony, "this is the first time that we have ever breakfasted together.

"Now how shall we lay out our day ?" cries the young man, by and by, when, breakfast being at length, to Joan's relief, ended, they stand again together in the hall. "You have absolutely nothing to do; I have absolutely nothing to do; let us enjoy ourselves."

The jollity of his tone is catching; Joan's

eyes sparkle with a temperate hilarity.
"Shall we! by all means!" "But how !" continues Anthony, reflectively. "I know a good many things that you do not

like, but very few that you do. You like the sea! shall we have a boat and go out dredging!"
"Certainly not."

"Shall we ride!"

"Too hot."

"Shall we go into the kitchen-garden and eat plums ?"

At once?" (lifting her eyebrows). "We should never come out again alive.'

"I have it!" says Anthony, with an air of inspiration. "There is a lake up among the hills that you have never seen-that I think you have never seen. I will drive you up there in my T-eart; we will fish all day, and come back in the cool of the evening. I will go and tell them to put up some luncheon at once."

He is half-way to the door, when her eager

voice overtakes and stops him.
"Impossible! quite impossible!"
"Why impossible!"

"I had rather make no plans until I see Mrs. Wolferstan.

"Then you will waste half the day. You might just as well be back at Portland Villa!" She looks up with a softly conciliating smile. 'Shall I go back !"

But Colonel Wolferstan has his plan a very great deal too much at heart to be diverted from it by a smile.

"We should catch nothing!" pursues Joan, persuasively, looking out through the open windows at the absolute turquoise of the heavens. "Look at the sky! and there has been no rain for weeks!"

"Who wants to catch anything!" asks the

young man, laughing petulantly; "of course we should not. I never caught anything there in my life! I do not believe that there is anything to catch; but we should get well away from everybody for the whole day. You have no conception of the loneliness of the place; not a soul ever goes there-we might perhaps see a heron or a carrion-crow.

"It would be hardly worth while going such a long way to see only one carrion-crow, would says Joan with a fine smile.

He makes a gesture of impatience. "You will not, then?"

"Not to-day!" tempering her refusal by the blue sweetness of her eyes

'That is your last word?"

"My last word." He disappears. She watches him with serenity, feeling sure that the door will shortly open to readmit him. But in this she is mistaken, for time passes, but he does not return. She watches the hands creep round the clock's face, and the pendulums tiresomely swinging. In solitude the hours pass: a peaceful, harmonious solitude indeed, soothed by sweet smells and the sight of pretty things. As he said, she well be back at Portland Villa.

All the clocks, even the slowest, have struck one, and there is yet no sign of her hostess, when Anthony at length reappears.

"I hope it will not inconvenience you," he says, in a rather formal voice, walking over to the window nearest him, "but I am afraid I must pull down all the blinds; my mother can-

not bear a strong light. Do you mind?"
"Not in the least!" replies Joan with alacrity, rising and obligingly helping in the sacrilegious task of shutting out all the warm, rainbow-tinted outside glories, and reducing the apartment to a uniform pink gloom.

"There is no accounting for tastes, is there?" says the young man, dryly, when their task is completed; then, in a rather hesitating tone, "Would you mind—do you think you could manage to let her imagine that you liked it?"

Having said this he rather hastily goes away Shortly afterwards Mrs. Wolferstan ap-Rome was not built in a day, nor is pears. Mrs. Wolferstan built in an hour; but now, at length, with every ravage repaired and every breach made good, she enters

"I am so glad to see that you do not share Anthony's mania for a glace!" she says, looking round with satisfaction on the rosy, false twilight; "that, like me, you enjoy a subdued light!" Joan smiles involuntarily. "As for Anthony," continues his mother, "he would Anthony," continues his mother, "he would live in a glass house if he could; he sleeps with his bed facing the window, and all the clock."

"And your fether?" in a rather troubled thing?"

for it is the course of conduct that she herself always pursues; but, mindful of Colonel Wolferstan's request, she holds her peace.

"You will not mind my saying so, dear," continues Mrs. Wolferstan a moment later, while her blistered eyes take in the wintry blackness of her young guest's tout-ensemble, "but your gown-nothing could be nicer, I am

sure—but is it not a little warm?"
"Frightfully!" answers Joan, laughing,

"but it is the coolest I have. All my clothes are adapted for a polar winter!"

"Would you be angry" (putting her head slightly on one side) "if I were to offer to lend you one of my little morning wrappers-like this?" (holding out for inspection the airy fabrie of her cobwebby peignoir); "they are the comfort of my life; I lies in them. We are as nearly as possible the same height, I should say" (leading the young girl before a pier-"We must be measured, and not unlike in figure either !"

Joan is silent.

"When I married," says her companion, moving away from the glass again, "I could span my waist with my two hands—so!"

"Could you really?" says Joan smiling.

should find some difficulty in doing that

As she speaks she puts her hands on her waist, and joining the finger-tips at the back, laughs to see the very considerable space that parts from each other her small thumbs.

"I believe it was an unusual case," says Mrs. Wolferstan modestly. "Of course, they said I laced tight; the fact was, that I were no corset

"No?"
"Well" (with a sigh), "I am afraid I must not let you make me idle !-letters, you know, and our post goes out early. So sorry to leave con alone! you do not mind! No! That is like me-nothing 1 enjoy so much as my own society !-- 'never less' alone than when alone.' I am like that. Well, an revoir ! till luncheon-

Nodding and smiling she disappears, and Joan is alone again.

These, then, are all the thanks that she gets for her wasted morning, all the pay that rewards her sacrifice to the conventionalities. Unable to read by the poor modicum of light left, and afraid to pull up the blinds, she creeps behind one of them, and, kneeling on the floor, lays her book on the window-sill, and begins to read While so occupied ske hears the door-handle again turn, and, peeping out from her retreat, ees Authony looking uncertainly in-half of his body in the strong, white sunlight from the

hall, half in a rose-pink bath. He really must not be allowed to go away

again.
"You look so old and pink!" she cries out, gayly.

The remark decides him, for he comes in and

shuts the door. "The same to you," he answers, advancing toward her; "you will find that we mostly look pink here-nous autres! it is a little way we have. Mother not down yet?

"She came in here about a quarter of an hour ago.

"And went away again ?" "Almost immediately."

A malicious smile curves the young man's handsome lips, even more than nature has done it for him; lightens also in his clear, steelcolored eyes.

"This is the way in which the Goddess Ydgrun, or Mother Grundy, mostly rewards her votaries, and you see that you might just as well have been obliging, after all."

"Yes, I own it.

"And, when I next exert myself to make a

little plan-"
"I will hasten to meet it!" answers Joan,

her blue eyes dancing,
"Come into the garden," says Anthony; "we will seal our reconciliation with plums."

CHAPTER XVIII.

"You will be back in good time, Anthony you will not be late? says Mrs. Wolferstan. "Does the toesin of the dinner-gong ever fail to find us in our accustomed places?" asks

Anthony, impatiently.
"The dinner-gong! I must ask you to return long before then! Lalage's train arrives at

"Après! well" (in a tone at once fretful and imperative), "I must request that you are back in time to receive her; she will quite expect it. Do you think " (with a little dry laugh) " that

I imagine she is coming to visit me I They have escaped at last; but it is not the same thing as if they had got away ten minutes

In a dead, stupid silence, they take their way to the green-wood depths. A great stretch of sun-roasted gardens intervenes between them and their refuge. He has unfurled a large green sun-shade, which he holds over her head.

They have reached the wood. The sun-shade is no louger needed. As soon as its connecting influence is withdrawn, they insensibly walk a little farther from each other. They have passed along the winding walk and reached the well-known retired seat; no ornamental chair with writhed legs, but a simple log of wood, over which the mosses have bountifully spread themselves. Side by side they sit, still word-less. High above them the Scotch firs lay their grave, dark heads together, and keep out the sun; at their feet is the veined and patterned ivy; around them a great spread of brambles, with the arch of their mighty crimson stalks and the plenty of their berries; a tangle of greenery, just touched here and there into early fire by the impatient finger of autumn. "Lalage!" "5.50!"

These phrases are buzzing and dinning in Joan's ears, drowning the trumpeting of the loud gnats and the twitter of the happy finches. At last she speaks, without preface, abruptly: "Who is Lalage?"

He does not answer for a moment. He is plucking sour little wild-strawberries, and eating them; then he speaks in a slow, dreamy

"Lalage is-Lalage !" "She has a surname, I suppose?"

"I suppose she has !" (absently).

"Suppose !" "What am I saying I" cries the young man, rousing himself, "Of course she has! Beau-

champ-that is her name! Lalage Beauchamp. L. B .- I ought to know her initials" (making a face as he throws away his last tart straw. berry).
"Beauchamp! oh t"

"Lalage, Lalage!" repeats Anthony, slowly and draggingly, "did you ever hear such a and draggingly, "did you ever hear name to give a sober Christian woman?

She makes no comment. Her tongue seems

tied up with a tight, uncomfortable string.
"Will you hear the tale of Lalage?" asks Authory, presently, stretching out his hand to gather a bit of overblown crimesbill, with its little pink stalks and long, sharp noses. know that you will never be easy until you hear it : and, as for me, you know that I always have a diseased pleasure in relating to you anything that tells to my own disadvantage. Shall I ! "Yes.

She adds nothing to this short affirmative. "Well, then—please attend—this is really worth listening to. The last time 1 saw her at least, to speak to-I was weeping copionsly. and following her round the room on my knees -there!" He is not looking at her; he is looking away from her, perhaps purposely, and she blesses him for it. For the moment she feels that her face has passed beyond her control, and that she has as little power over its muscles as she has over those of his. "Have I quite taken your breath away !" he asks, still without turning his head toward her, but peeping surreptitiously at her out of the corner of

one anxious eye.

"Rather "she answers, speaking as one that pants a little from being carried too quickly through the air, or suddenly plunged into the sea; then making an effort over herself: "You

were quite young, perhaps! —a boy "

He shakes his head. "I wish I could conscientiously say that I was in petticouts; but I am atraid that I was quite as big as I am now. I were her majesty's uniform; I had cut all my teeth; I was twenty-two years of age. No! there were no palliating circumstances."

"Followed her round the room on your

knees," says Joan, repeating his former words in a stupid parrot tone, and without the faintest sense of that ludicrousness in the situation which would have struck her so keenly had the case been that of any one else; "and-and-what was she doing ?

"She was laughing immoderately," replies Anthony, a sort of mirth curling the corners of his own handsome lips at the recollection. "How she laughed ' and begging me to get up and not make such a fool of myself."

"And did not that cure you?" in a breathless tone.

"Cure me! bless your heart, no! I went on sobbing; you might have heard me from Thames to Tweed. Mine was no silent affliction, I can assure you."

Joan's eyes are fastened upon the broad sheet of big yellow St. John's-worts that help to floor bravely the wood,
"Did you know that she was coming to-day?"

asks the girl, absently picking a strawberry-leaf and closely looking with unseeing eyes at its notched edge.

* Until two days ago I had not an idea of it. It is a kind surprise that my mother has contrived for me.'

"And now," says Joan, gallantly striving to speak in a tone of gay and indifferent friendliness as one that relishes a good jest, and to keep wholly out of her face and voice the dull, flat pain that has taken its scat at her heart -- "and now I suppose that at \$.50 your agony will re-

commence "Will it?" cries the young man, expressively; "on the contrary, I live in hopes of seeing a successor or two vivisected. I have invited a couple of men with on express view to that object. No! no!" (shaking his head with a cheerful gravity): "she will not try that again."

CHAPTER XIX.

In the atmosphere of thick darkness with which Mrs. Wolferstan surrounds herself it is always difficult - more especially to one coming in straight from the universal glare of day -- to listinguish one thing or person from another. It is, therefore, not quite instantaneously that Joan makes out which of the two sitting figures is the new arrival. A moment, however, cides it. It must be the stranger who, at their entry, rises with briskness, and comes to meet them, stretching out her hands, and crying in a tone of joy and relief:

you are here at last been as long in coming as the millennium. How are you, Anthony? What a long time it is since we have met !-- four-five years ? it seems like a hundred!"

"Perhaps it is," answers Anthony, readily taking in his both the offered hands, and speak-ing in a tone and with a laugh in which even Joan's jealous cars fail to detect the smallest grain of fevered unreality or effort. "If it is, we have both worn pretty well, have not we?"

"It is impossible here to see how we have worn?' answers the girl, glancing round discontentedly at the tinted dusk .- "Mrs. Wolferstan, I may pull up one of the blinds, may not 1? Why do you keep the room so dark—are your eyes weak?"

Without waiting for answer or permission, she touches the blind-cord, and up springs the red blind, and in flows the golden alternoon light, that has been only waiting outside for the small-

est encouragement to pour in its liberal flood. "Ah, that is better!" cries Lalage, cheer-

light laugh; "do you? Yes, we have worn pretty well."

For the first few seconds after the upward rush of the blind, an irresistible feeling of fear and repugnance has hindered Joan from looking at her rival. She looks away just in time to catch a glimpse of Mrs. Wolferstan's white-muslin tail

vanishing through the door.
"Why has Mrs. Wolferstan disappeared?" asks Laisge, releasing the young man from her scrutiny, and advancing again into the room. "Because I pulled up the blind I -not really !-why, we were all groping !

"She dislikes a strong light," says Anthony, apologetically, stepping out of the window as he speaks, and lighting a cigar as an excuse for not

re-entering. "Rather hard that a whole household should be sacrificed on the altar of one complexion, is not it?" cries Lalage, as soon as he is out of car-shot. "I have no notion of such selfishness. I shall make a point of keeping that blind—yes, and one of the others too—up during the whole

of my stay !" Joan laughs a little disbelievingly. "Will

you?"
"Do you suppose that you and I comprise the whole party ?" asks Lalage, lowering her voice a hittle, and stepping confidentially nearer.
"Heaven forbid! There must be some one else coming. I abhor a family party!"
"It seems a capital house!" she continues

presently, casting a quick and appraising eye round; "are all the reception-rooms as good as this! Better?—bravo! I had no idea that it was this stamp of place at all; Anthony never gave me a hint of it."

Joan smiles sardonically.

"Ale! there is Authory again " cries the other, walking quickly back to the window, and beginning to nod her head and smile; "he pretends that he does not see me, but I know better. Dear old Tony! how well he looks! he has filled out since the days I used to know him; those big-baned, gawky boys make the best men after all, do not they?"

"I suppose that no one but me calls him Tony !" says the girl, turning her head over her shoulder to ask the question; "no t-d thought so. Tony Lumpkin I used to call him! How angry it made him !

Though it would not seem that such a toilet

as Joan's dead black gown, and live white roses - would take a very long time in making, yet she is quite the last of the guests to make her appearance; entering, indeed, at the same moment as the butler, who announces dinner. It is therefore not till all are scated, drawing off gloves, and making the vital decision between Julienne and Risque, that she is able to master the details of the party. How different the table looks! so greatly elongated! and how far off Anthony! Old Mr. Wolferstan, his wheeled chair and his austère valet, have disappeared relegated to an upper chamber. Lalage turns her eyes slowly round the table, examining each face in turn. How familiar they all are, or rather used to be to her! With a feeling of incredulity, she involun-

tarily glances again at distant Anthony. He is saying some little gay civil thing to the old woman on his right hand-a real old woman who does not disdain to be an old woman, but wears a realcap with strings. Finding out by the magnetism which always tells a person, when he is steadily regarded, that his love's fair eyes are upon him, he breaks off in the middle of a sentence to turn his head, and send her down the long table a smile-small enough to travel unnoticed past the intervening guests—large enough to warm her chill heart. She books quickly back against the grenadier. Is it possible? And if the cases had been reversed, if chance had established her aunt and cousins, and consequently herself, at the big guardsman's gates, instead of at Anthony's, would she have loved him instead

Is it such a mere matter of accident?
"Must I always love the man who is nearest she asks herself, with a feeling of shocked self-contempt; a moment's reflection, however, reinstates her in her self-esteem.

Had they been left to themselves, the guards man would have chosen Joan and the attaché Lalage; whereas now the guardsman has Lalage and the attacké Joan. The attacké does not care for Joan, and the guardsman does not like Lalage. When the end of dinner frees them from their enforced bonds, the true bent of their plies Lalage, vaguely. "But you do not mean dispositions will be seen. Soon seen now; for to say that you are going really? Yes? That the ladies have been ten minutes in the drawing-room, and thank God the days of long postconal drinking are over and gone.

Five minutes more will probably bring them ; but for the moment they are not come. There is no sound to be heard but the low hum of women's voices, the thin, dry croak of the old ones, and the round, liquid babble of the young. the latter, indeed, two are contributing nothing to the conversation. One is asleep, and

the other, though wide awake, is dumb. The sleeping one is Lalage. Immediately on coming into the drawing-room, she has thrown herself into the most comfortable chair in the room-a chair exclusively consecrated to Mrs. Wolferstan's use, and in which it is a point of honor that no one else shall ever sit. It is a honor that no one else shall ever sit. long, low fauteuil of peculiar construction, and its position, by a careful arrangement of shaded light above and around it, combines in the highest possible degree the becoming and the luxu-

"I am afraid that I have taken your chair, have not I?" says Lalage, in a drowsy voice, without offering to move, as she sees Mrs. Wolferstan hover about with wistful and meaning looks, like a bird round its robbed nest; "I am so sorry! you do not mind? no!—well, then, I will not make you uncomfortable by moving, it is certainly very well stuffed; please wake me

if I fall asleep!"
"I am glad that you like it!" says the other with a stinted smile; "it was quite my own idea. I took a good deal of pains about it; Howard himself took 'ny directions, but'' (with a little dry laugh) " we all know that my tastes are in many ways rather peculiar; most people-and I fancy you -- would prefer one of these others !

Thank you, no!" replies Lalage, closing her eyes, and speaking in a voice on which coming slumber is arready beginning to tell; "this exactly fits the nape of my neck!"

There is no more to be said, and Mrs. Wolf-erstan retires discomfited, only to fall into the clutches of the old lady whom Anthony took in to dinner; who, for the punishment of her sins, happens to have been at school with her, and now proceeds to burn her on a slow fire of reminiscences and dates. Joan has placed herself in a little nooky recess by an open window, her body almost hidden by the low droop of an ample curtain, and her cheek swept by the softness of the night wind. It is so soft, it feels like feathers blowing against her face.

CHAPTER XX.

The night is gone, and another day is come. young, clear, and shining; a brand-new coin fresh from God's mint. There are only six now left to Joan of her visit-only six-and then the deluge,

Of this day, however, not very much has as yet gone not more than half the morning at

"How long have you been here?" asks Lalage, abruptly.

"A week—a week yesterday."
"By yourself all the time? No other visitor !"
"No other."

"A whole week of undiluted Mrs. Wolfercries Lalage, raising her eyebrows and spreading out her prosperous white hands. Are you sure that you are really quite alive But ah! of course there were alleviating circumstances!"

Joan looks straight ahead of her, and tries to believe that the flush which she is aware is very considerable when seen in full face may be hardly perceptible in profile. They have reached the shady domain of a great beech-tree.

Under his protection they sit down and paut, "In a week," says Lalage, reflectively, "you must have gone pretty well through her autobiography; you have heard, no doubt, of the time when she could compass her own waist

with her finger and thumb?'
Joan smiles reluctantly "Yes."

'And of the bootmaker who borrowed her old shoe to exhibit in a glass case in his shop-

And of-"

But Joan interrupts her. "Stay!" she says, laying her gentle hand on the other's lawny sleeve. "You make me laugh against my will; it is dishonest to eat a person's bread, and then ridicule her!"

"Pooh!" cries Lalage airily; "it is not her bread—it is Anthony's; at least that is the way lalways look at it. Whose-so-ever it is, it is very good bread; I never wish to eat better marrow-patties than those were last night, she adds, thoughtfully. A moment later, looking up discontentedly at the not quite impervious bough-roof above her head: How much one feels the sun, even here! I shall be as freekled as a turkey's egg-you cannot conceive how I freckle! " Do you?"

"Oh, if some good Samaritan would but fetch me a parasol—an umbrella—anything—trom the house! O Miss Dering" (in a wheedling tone), "if you would but run across the ss-it is not more than a hundred yardsand fetch me one! I will do as much for you when I am as slight as you are."

"I will go with pleasure," says Joan, rising with good-natured alacrity; "where shall I find it!

is right. And while you are about it you may as well bring me a hat too the one with the brigade ribbon-oh! and gloves-a pean de Suède pair" (stroking the satiny back of her own hand). "There could not be a deeper depth of degradation than freekled hands, could

there? Joan is away ten good minutes. Firstly, Miss Beauchamp's maid is not forthcoming; then the hat with the brigade ribbon has mislaid itself; then she forgets the peau de Suede gloves, and has to go back for them; but at length, obediently laden with all that she has been bidden to fetch, she returns to the beech-

tree seat. It is empty-Lalage has disappeared. Not quite disappeared, either; for, as she casts her eyes round the landscape, Joan sees her late companion slowly vanishing down one of the garden-alleys in the direction of the wood. By her side is a male form which she has no diffi-culty in recognizing. Indeed, when one is in-

terested in a person, it is singular by how small and distant a portion of him one can swear to his identity. She sits down on the deserted seat and leans her hot head against

the cool and smooth beech-bark.
"It is beginning!" she says to herself; "it is beginning !'

She has come hurriedly, and the sun was strong and cruel. She puts up her hand to her then passes her fingers over her eyes, which have suddenly grown risty. They are on the edge of the wood-skirts now. In a moment they will have plunged into it, and be lost to sight. But how is this? They have stopped. For a moment they speak together, then the man looks back ; not only looks back, but turns Not content with quickly walking, he is running over the grass toward her. In a few moments he is beside her.

"You have come to fetch these?" she says, holding up the hat and gloves in one hand, and the parasol in the other, and lifting patient eyes, quite dry now, to his face. "I am sorry that I was so slow, but two or three things hin-dered me! will you tell her?"
"Tell whom?" asks Authony, eyeing the

properties offered to his notice with a somewhat puzzled air; "oh! I see!" (a light dawning on his intelligence and dashing in a rather angry smile over his face); "she has been making

you an errand-boy! how like her!"
"Her errand-girl, you mean!" says Joan, with a little laugh and shrug; "I did not mind! what does it matter! it is all in the

day's work!"
"It is not in your day's work!" returns
Wolferstan trenchantly; "I will not have you made anybody's errand-boy, or errand-girl either! it you run on any more errands you and I shall quarrel, do you hear!"

There is such a tone of authority and appropriation in his voice that her heart gives one great joy-leap, but she answers coolly and

"I fear, then, that our peace will be of short duration, for I foresee that before ten minutes are over she will send me in again for a neckerchief, or a footstool, or a book; and I am so weak-minded that I shall certainly go! the-by, had not you better take these to her at once?" (making a fresh tender of hat, gloves, and sun-shade); "she is waiting!"

"Let her wait!" replied Wolferstan, gruffly.

He has sat down; and, having plucked a low, drooping little beech-bough, is fanning the flushed bronze of his face with it. is fanning

"You did not come on purpose to fetch them, then?" says Joan, with an unavoidable streak of satisfaction in her voice, as she idly thrusts her fingers into Lalage's too roomy

"To fetch these?-certainly not! I came to fetch you!"

"To fetch me?"

"Yes, you. "What ?" she says, coloring slightly, "have you never heard that 'two is company and three is trumpery?' '

He laughs.

"In this case the sentiment is as fals: as the rhyme; in this case 'three is company and two is trumpery!"

She looks at him with a small, fine smile.

"Are you afraid of a relapse? do you want me to take care of you?"

"That is exactly what I do want!" he answers, gravely; and for once his eyes confirm the utterance of his lips; "you have taken the words out of my mouth; but I am not at all afficial of a release, thush you." afraid of a relapse, thank you!"

CHAPTER XXL

Now Miss Dering is on her homeward road. The fourteen days are over-behind her instead The carriage-horses are drawing her of before. back as cheerfully as they brought her. In her cars still ring her hostess's chill-toned, farewell words :

"So glad to have made your acquaintance I hope we shall have the pleasure of seeing you here again some day.'

Some day! That is substantial food for a hungry heart, is not it? Before her mind's eye she still sees the tepid civility of Mrs. Wolferstan's good-by smile. She has reached the gate of Portland Villa.

"You were not asked to stay, I suppose?" savs Bell.

Joan opens her blue eyes.

"To stay! how do you mean! I staid a fortnight. "I mean for good, of course!" rejoins her

cousin, still laughing, and with a playful em-phasis on the two important words. "Anthony did not ask you to stay !"

"Pooh! pooh!" cries Mrs. Moberley, chidingly; "do not put notions into the girl's head! it did not require spectacles to see which way the colonel was looking.—I never made out her name, Joan; that stout girl with a fresh color-dear me I she was stout !- she beat you, Bell !"

"She looked one of the Upper Ten all the same!" replies Bell; "after all, you cannot mistake them!"

"I hope you will not take it unkind of us," says Mrs. Moberley, presently, "if we leave you all alone the first night of your coming home; but, to tell the truth, we have been engaged for a week past to go on a little jaunt to-

night!"
"It is at a place five miles the other side of Helmsley I" explains Diana.

"The Simpsons have offered mother a seat in their fly !" cries Bell.

Joan gives a great sigh of relief. The textlike proverb which nine out of every ten people imagine to inhabit the Bible, "God tempers the wind to the shorn lamb," recurs vividly to her mind. If in a whole long evening of solitude, common-sense, reflection, and strict self-schooling, she cannot get the better of the past, and offer a brave front to the future, she must be a poor creature indeed.

They are gone now. Mrs. Moberley has joggled heavily away in the Simpsons' fly, and the girls have bumped and rattled smartly off in the as yet empty omnibus. Joan has done her duty by them all to the last; she has fastened on Mrs. Moberley's cap so straight and firm that no ordinary slumber can unseat it; she has dressed Diana's crisp hair, and discouraged the reappearance in it of the bird-ofparadise; she has wisely left Arabella wholly alone, and allowed her to effloresce, unremonstrated with, into copious blue beads, pink flowers, and red fruit. She has kissed them all—Diana twice—and hoped they would enjoy themselves, and sweetly thanked them for their kind wish that she were about to accompany

CHAPTER XXII. -

The heavy dews of late summer fall round her; they moisten the soft silk of her hair, and the fabric of her gown. A bat—voiceless, elfin creature—circles fearlessly round her, crediting her with no more life than the stone against which she leans, when suddenly, in a moment, he is disabused, for she has sprung to her feet, scattering like dead leaves the three solid dogs who had been making a mattress of her. After

all, her ears are sharper than theirs.
It is not yet ten o'clock, so the dawn cannot yet be coming, nor have the stars multiplied their shafts of light, and yet—to Joan's eyes how light it has suddenly grown? For has not her sun risen?

Wolferstan is beside her. Even in this dark place she can see the happy flashing of his

young and passionate eyes.
"You are not gone to Scotland?" she cries,

"How do you know that?" he asks, with a low laugh of young content; "how do you know that I am not an optical delusion! It is almost too dark to see you; but I hear that you are breathing quickly! Are you frightened! Will you make sure that I am real!"

As he speaks, he stretches out his right hand

to her, but she does not take it.
"Why have you come back?" she asks, in the same sudden voice, and with the same short,

"I have not come back!" he answers, laughing, "because I never went; I never meant to go; you told me I was going, and I was too polite to contradict you; I have been in London all day-I could not get away before. No, I have not gone to Scotland-why should I!"

She laughs nervously, and her eyes avoid

meeting the dusk, fond shining of his.
"Why do people go to Scotland?—to shoot grouse, to catch salmon, to stalk deer!"

He shrugs his broad shoulders, and stretches out his hands with a gesture of abnegation.
"I renounce them all!"

"And Miss Beauchamp?" says Joan, speaking with pursed lips, and a little stiff tone; "has she not gone, either?"

"Of course she has gone?" he eries, giving a petulant stamp; "why will you persist in always bracketing us together? I shall repent of having told you that episode of my infancy, if you will persist in so continually and basely throwing it in my teeth."

(To be continued.)

MUSICAL AND DRAMATIC.

MONTALAND has grown so fat that she can't AUJAC, the famous Barbe Bleuc, has com-

pletely lost his voice, and is poor. GABEL, the furny Gendarme of "Geneviève de Brabaut," has gone to the dogs through drink.

A DRAMATIC adapter says "what the public wants is not so much 'ability' as 'adaptability."

THE sweet and tuneful Irma is stone blind in Paris, and is supported by the husband she once supported. AIMEE owns a large quantity of valuable

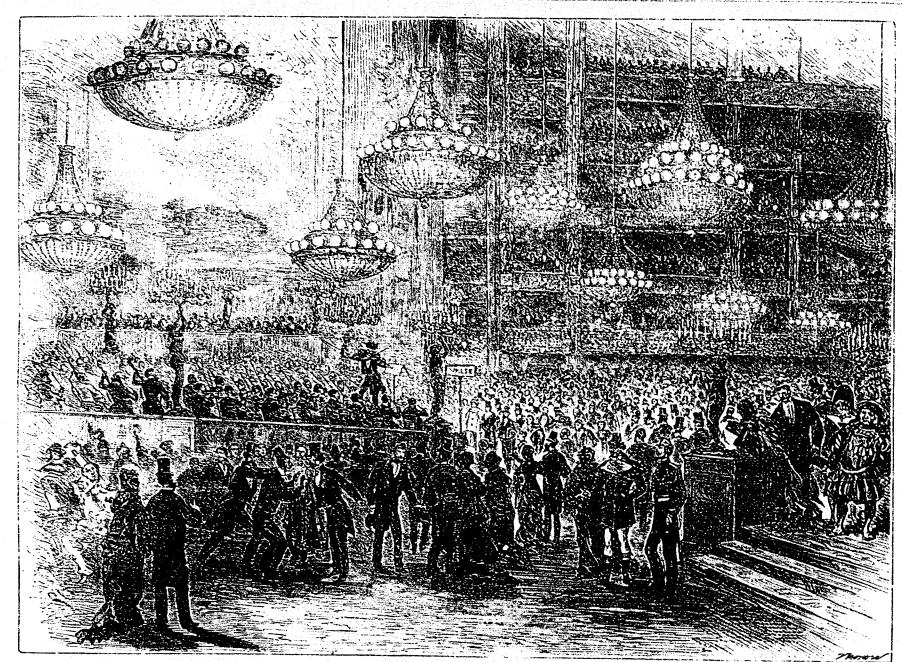
diamonds, having bought them in Brazil as an invest-ment; but the *Dramatic News* says that she usually wears imitations on the stage to avoid risk of loss. M. Victor Masse is not resting on the laurels

of Paul et Vergione; he is terminating a grand opera, La Nuit de Cléapatre, the words by M. Jules Burbier, and is occupied with a rearrangement of Les Saisons, a work much admired by connoisseurs, and which is to be shortly revived. JOHANN STRAUSS has two brothers who, like

dollarn Straits has two orderers war, inchimself, cultivate music. Although loss renowned, they have nevertheless written some charming pieces. The valse of the "Myrtes," by one, Edouard, is worthy of being compared with the best of Johann's. The other, Joseph, excels in his polkus.

ONE day last week as I was coming from the Lyceum, where I had just been witnessing Booth's Hamlet, I got into a car with a rustic young lady and her swain, who had been present at the same perform-

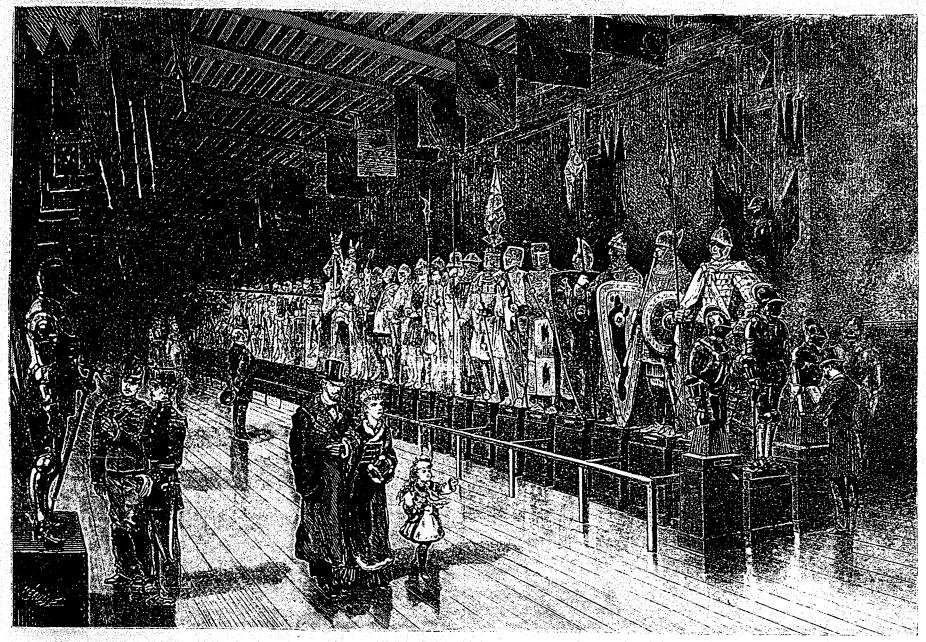
ance.
"O William!" said she, "it was perfectly lovely, but so sad. I think it was an awful shame to drown Ophelia and kill Hamlet. They ought to have been married."
The swain heaved a sigh, drew closer to his love, and said: "I ain't great on tragedy, but I guess that's how I'd a fixed it."



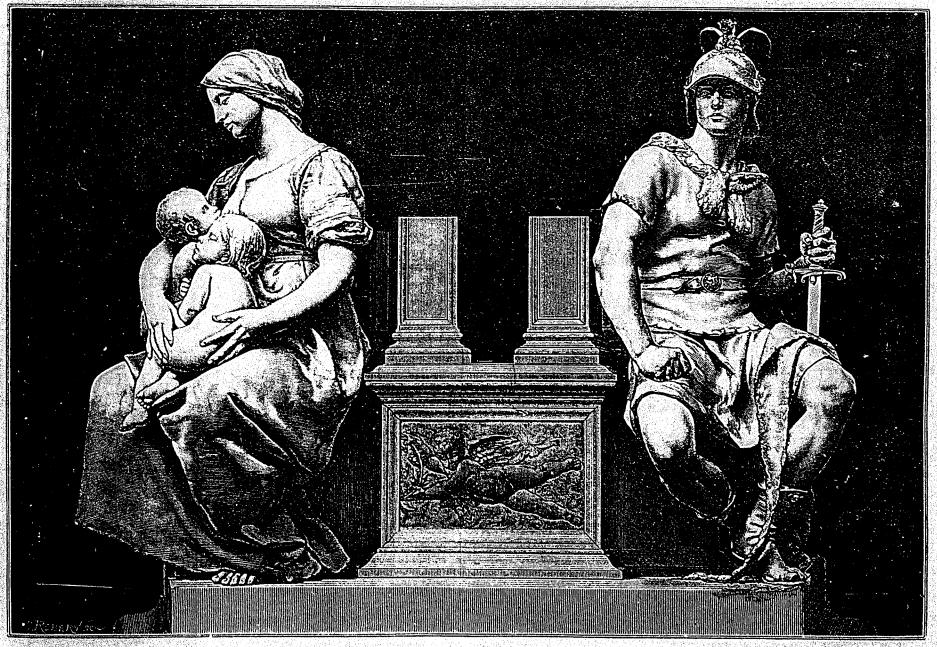
PARIS :-- MASKED BALL AT THE GRAND OPERA. STRAUSS LEADING THE ORCHESTRA



NEW YORK: -EARLY MORNING AT A POLICE STATION.



PARIS:-MUSEUM OF ARTILLERY, MILITARY COSTUMES FROM CHARLEMAGNE TO LOUIS XIV.



CHARITY AND MILITARY COURAGE.—STATUES BY PAUL DUBOIS IN THE FRENCH SALON OF 1876.

HEARTH AND HOME.

TRAINING A CHILD.—It is astonishing how the nature and disposition of a child may be altered by early tuition. Let a child be always with its nurses, even under the guidance of a mother, regularly brought up as children usually are, it will continue to be a child, and even childish after childhood is gone. But take the same child, put it by degrees in situations of peril, requiring thought and observation beyond its years; accustom it to nightly vigils, and to watching, and to hold its tongue, and it is astonishing how the mind of that child, however much its body may sleep, will develop itself so as to meet the demand upon it.

THE FALSE BALANCE.—Alas! what narrow ereatures we are, after all! How distinctly we can see the "mote" in other eyes, so imperceptible in our own. How easily we can settle the question of duty for a tried, tempted, disconraged fellow-creature, and what a large margin we allow for our own weaknesses and follies. How seldom do we reflect that, placed in the same circumstances, we might be even more reprehensible than they whom we so un-charitably condemn. God help us all—what if He should so unsparingly and unrelentingly measure our motives and lives? What if our unworthiness were the measure of His daily favours and recognition? May the thought stifle on our lips the harsh judgment, and prompt the extended hand of succour to the tempted and discouraged!

HUMILITY .- He that means to build lastingly must lay his foundation low; as in moory ground, they erect their houses upon piles driven into the ground, so when we have to do with men that are insincere, our conversation would be unsound and tottering if it were not founded upon the graces of humility, which, by reason of their slenderness, pierce deep and remain firm. The proud man, like the early shoots of a new-felled coppier, thrusts out full of say, green in leaves, and fresh in colour, but bruises and breaks with every wind, is nipped with every little cold, and, being top-heavy, is wholly unfit for use. Whereas the humble man retains it in the root, can abide the winter-killing blasts, the ruffling concussions of the wind, and can endure far more than that which does appear so flourishing.

THE RING FINGER .- How often are we asked the reason for the ring being usually placed upon the fourth finger. The ring-finger is more or less protected by the other fingers, and it owes to this circumstance a comparative immunity from injury, as well, probably, as the privilege of being selected to bear the ring in matrimony. The left hand is chosen for a similar reason; a ring placed upon it being less likely to be damaged than it would be upon the right hand. The ancients, however, are said to have selected it from a notion that the ring finger is connected with the heart by means of some particular nerve or vessel, which renders it more favourable for the reception and transmission of sympathetic impressions, the left hand being selected because it lies nearer to the heart; but of course the anatomist finds no structure to account for this impression.

Who is a Gentleman :- A gentleman is a person not merely acquainted with certain forms and etiquette of life, but easy and selfpossessed in society, able to speak and act and move in the world without awkwardness, and free from habits which are vulgar and in bad taste. A gentleman is something beyond this -that which lies at the root of every Christian virtue. It is the thoughtful desire of doing in every instance what others should do unto him. He is constantly thinking, not, indeed, how he may give pleasure to others for the mere sense of pleasing, but how he may avoid hurting their feelings. When he is in society, he scrupu-lously ascertains the position and relations of every one with whom he comes in contact, that he may give to each his due honor, his proper position. He studies how he may avoid touching in conversation on any subject which may call up a disagreeable or offensive association. A gentleman never alludes to, never even appears conscious of, any defect, bodily deformity, inferiority of talent, of rank, of reputation in the person in whose society he is placed-never makes a display of his own power or rank, or advantage—such as is implied in habits, or tricks, or inclinations, which may be offen to others.

BURLESQUE.

How to compose one's self for a lon-TRAIT.—A photographer gives the following directions to his customers: "When a lady sitting for a picture would compose her mouth to a bland and serene character she should, just upon entering the room, say Besom, and keep the expression into which the mouth subsides until the desired effect in the camera is evident. If, on the other hand, she wishes to assume a distinguished and somewhat noble hearing, not suggestive of sweetness, she should Brush,' the result of which is infallible. say, 'Frush, the result of which is infantible. If she wishes to make her mouth look small she must say 'Flip,' but if the mouth be already too small and needs enlarging, she must say 'Cabbage.' If she wishes to look mournful, she must say 'Kerchunk: if resigned, she must forcibly ejaculate 'S'cat.'"

A TELLING SPEECH .-- If there is any honor in politics it is reaped by the man who stands up before his fellowmen and makes a telling speech

on facts, omitting all slurs, falsehoods and malicious statements. But no one ever heard such speeches. Stump-speakers make what they call "glorious efforts," and during the last days of the campaign, after a man of national reputatian had spread himself in a grand and thrilling speech in a Michigan city, one of the first advices the ruch much the study had band to see the mirers to rush up with extended hand was an old man with a long nose and a very red face.

"Glory! glory! but I never heard anything like it!" he exclaimed.

"I am glad if my humble efforts pleased you," was the modest reply of the orator.
"Please me! Why, I never heard anything

like it! When they dropped each other's hand the

old man lowered his voice, winked mysteriously with his left eye, and whispered:

"I'm true blue, cap'n, and I won't betray you! I've got a book in the house with that same speech in, but mum is the word with

HENCE THOSE TEARS. - He left her and stepped out to see a friend between acts.
Why, Edward," said she, when he returned,
there are tears in your eyes."

"Yes, pet," replied he, solemuly, "I suppose there are—I saw such a sad sight when I was out."

"You did-what was it ?" inquired she. "Such a sad sight," continued he, keeping his face away that she might not smell his breath. "I discovered a young man whom I have known for years drinking whiskey."

You did? "Yes, standing right in plain sight before me, partaking deeply and carelessly of the dreadful intoxicating glass."

There was a little pause, when the young lady "Edward, was he standing right in front of

"Yes, pet," was the reply.

There was another pause, when the young lady asked again:

"Edward, don't most of the fashionable saloon counters have great nice mirrors right the walls behind them?"

E-Iward flushed a little and looked quizzical, as he replied that he "believed" they did. And there he permitted the subject to drop.

BRELOQUES POUR DAMES.

THE great value of arithmetic is to add up the number of one's lovers and dresses.

A Missouri judge has decided that a woman is not an "old maid" till she is thirty-five.

A FRENCH paragraphist says: "I like a girl before she gets womanish and a woman before she gets girlish."

It is estimated that the number of ladies who cannot pass a mirror without glancing into it averages twelve to the dozen.

A PHILADELPHIA broker courted a young lady for six years, and was too bashful to ask for her hand until her brother horsewhipped him into it.

A young man in the country wrote to his city cousin, "I've grown a cabbage head six feet in circumference."—" Who is your hatter?" wrote back the city youth.

EVERY young man needs to learn how to drive a horse with one hand. If he can't do this, he might as well give up sleigh riding with the girls.

JESSIE clooking in a milliner's window)-Don't you think they are very pretty pretty?" Lizzie (whose thoughts are on the other side of the street)—" Very, especially the one with the long, black side whiskers."

A MOTHER's love never changes. When a young man in Europe wrote home to his mother in St. Louis that he was about to go from Nancy to Ems, she exclaimed in a transport that the dear boy hadn't altered a bit, but was now, she knew, as fond of the girls as ever.

HE was praising her beautiful hair, and begging for one tipy curl, when her little brother said "O, my!" 'taint nothin' nothin' now. You just ought to have seen how long it hangs down when she hangs on the side of the table to comb it." Then they laughed, and she called her brother a cute little angel, and when the young man was going away and heard that boy yelling, he thought the lad was taken suddenly and dangerous ill.

A young lady was overheard telling a friend the other evening that she was "dreadfully put out," because her pa had rented a pew in the third row from the pulpit, and she couldn't see the fashions worth a cent without twisting her neck off almost. "There's no pleasure in going to church any more," she says.

Three maidens went sailing out into the world.
Out into the world of a ball-room door;
Each thought if her hair was most gracefully curled,
And their mothers stood watching them out from the

For men must work, that women may keet The length of their revels, lest ever they weep.
And their fond mamma be scowling.

Three fathers sat up by their ledgers so blank, And they conned their accounts with their heads low And they added their bills and their checks on the bank

And read the dread roll of the day's wrecks in town; But men must work, lest the women should week— Though lonely his lot and troubles deep, The pattern papu's not growling.

Three hankrupts were posted in merciless print
In the morning Gazetle, as the panic went down;
And their daughters went duly from frenzy to faint,
For the tragedy thrilled the fills of the town;
For men may work, yet the wamen will weep,
And the seconer they're married, the sooner to sleep, And defy the manima and her secwling,

CHILDREN'S COLUMN.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

F. G. B., Montreal.—Your six solutions very clever. G. G., Quebec.—Answers to Conundrums Nos. 23 and 24, correct.
L. B., St. Monique St.—Answers to Charades Nos. 1 and 2 correct; also to Riddle No. 18.

MAGGIR S.—Answers to Conundrums Nos. 16, 17, 23, and to Charades Nos. 1, 2, 3, correct.

MINNIK D., Waterloo, Out.—Answers to Conundrums Nos. 12, 19, 20, 23, and Charades Nos. 1 and 2, correct.

As an agreeable variety and for the sake of a little in tellectual stimulant we give our young friends, to day, the following fifty questions, each to be answered by the name of a well-known author. The guessing of these questions will form a pleasant evening entertainment. As the exercise is rather difficult, we append the answers below, but they should not be consulted until each question is fairly worked out.

What a rough man said to his son when he wished him to eat properly.
 Is a lion's house dug in the side of a hill where there is no water.
 Pilgrims and flatterers have knell low to kiss him.

Makes and mends for first-class customers. Represents the dwelling of civilized men. Is a kind of linen.

6. Is a kind of linen.
7. Is worn on the head.
8. A name that means such fiery things I can't describe their pains and stings.
9. Belongs to a monastery.
10. Not one of the four points of the compass, but inclining towards one of them.

ining towards one of them.

11. Is what an oyster heap is like to be.

12. Ls a chain of hills containing a dark treasure.

13. Always youthful as you see; but between you and the he was never much of a chicken.

14. An American manufacturing town.

15. Humpbacked but not deformed.

16. An integral oal.

Humphacket but not determed.
An internal pain.
Value of a word.
A ten-foster whose name begins with fifty.
A brighter and smarter than the other one.
A worker in precious metals.
A very vital part of the body.
A lady's garment.
A small talk and a heavy weight.
A roofs and a disease.

A prefix and a disease.

A prent and a message.
 Comes from a pig.
 A disagreeable fellow to have on one's foot.
 A sick place of worship.
 A mean dog.
 An official dreaded by the students of English universities.

30. His middle name is suggestive of an Indian or a

30. His middle name is suggestive of an Indian or a Hortentol.

31. A manufactured metal.

32. A game and a male of the human species.

33. An answer to "Which is the greater poet, William Shakespeare or Martin F. Tuppert"

34. Meat! What are you doing?

35. Is very fast indeed.

36. A barrier built by an edible.

37. To sgitate a weapon.

38. Red as an apple, black as night, a heavenly sight, or a perfect fright.

39. A domestic worker.

40. A slang exclamation.

41. Pack away sclosely, never scatter, and doing so you'll soon get at her.

42. A young domestic unimal.

43. One that is more than a sandy shore.

44. A fraction in currency and the prevailing fashion.

45. Mamma is in perfect health, my child; and thus he named a poet mild.

46. A girl's name and a male relation.

47. Take heavy field-piece, nothing louth.

48. Put an edible grain 'twixt an and and a bee, and a much-loved poet you'll see.

49. A common domestic animal and what it can never do.

50. Each living head in time, 'tis said, will turn to him though he be dead.

ANSWERS.

27. Voltaire. 28. Curtis. 28. Prostor. 1. Chaucer.

Dryden:
Dryden:
Pope:
Taylor:
Holmes:

Hood. Burns.

Burns.
Abbott.
Southey.
Shelley.
Coleridge.
Young.
Lowell.
Campbell.
Akenside.
Wordsworth.
Lowell.

18. Longfellow. 19. Whittier. 20. Goldsmith. 21. Harte.

22. Spenser. 23. Chatterton.

24. Ritchie.

170. Prostor.
20. Makepeace Thackerny (Walter Savage Landor.)
31. Lacke (Steele).
32. Tennyson.
33. Willis.

34. Browning. . Browning...
. Swift,
. Cornwali.
. Shakespeare.
. Nightingale.
. Cooper (Cook).
. Dickens (Shaw).

Beecher Stowe.

Beecher 50)we.
Lamb.
Moore (Rescher)
Cardinal Richelieu.
Motherwell.
Addison.
Canon Kingstey.

47. Canon Kingsley. 48. Bryant. 49. Muhibach (Cowper). 50. Gray.

SOLUTIONS.

CONUNDRUMS.

Because they are clad in armour.

1. Because one is wan and the other is wane (wain);
2. Because it is a food's top (full stop).
4. Because it's a done John (dungeon).
5. One is a mantilla and the other a woman tiller,
6. One seizes the watch and the other watches the

Because it is nothing to (wh) eat

. Because it is nothing to (wh) eat.
. Because he is nothing without (t) ruffles.
. Because he fritters away his time (thyme).
. R U C D (Are you seedy !)
. Because it is always under a parent's eye;
. Whiskey.
. Mrs. And-er-son.
. When it lies at the bottom of a well.
. Because he lives by spouting.
. Onartz.

21. Because he wants the brush.

1. Carpet. 2. Neck-tie. 3. Rhone,

at muturity.

Because they have their next world (necks twirled)

ir. Because the more you lick it the faster it goes 19. For divers reasons, 20r Because it's the beginning of sneezing.

22. Because it takes four knights to play a gaine.

33. Because he is licked and put in the corner to make 24. To let you pass through.

25. Because she ought to be settled when she arrives

CHARADES

n distribution con

ARTISTIC.

A PIECE of Gobelins tapestry has just been sold in Paris for the fabulous sum of \$20,000.

A STATUE is to be erected at Lons-le-Saulnier, in France, to Rouget de Lisle, the author and composer of the "Marselliaise."

THE new collecting rage in England is for books dates—crests, arms, and other devices inserted by passessors in their books. The book plates of celebrities are those most prized.

GEROME'S picture of "The Sword Dance" has just arrived at the New York Custom House, and a favored few, having had a glimpse, go into ecstacies over it. It represents a Turkish girl executing the dance which gives the painting its name.

Miss Thomeson, painter of "The Roll Call," is at work on her new picture "Inkermann." A friend who saw her, brush in band, the other day, found her putting in a Russian, and she had a stalwart and rather nurderous booking policeman as her model. Every figure in all her pictures is a portrait, and the army and the police force are strongly represented in her battle pieces.

THE remains of a Roman house, with part of the heating arrangements, were receasily discovered near Mengen, in Wurtemberg. In the mosaic flooring of the principal room was depicted a Medusa head, completely preserved. Rennants of frescoed walls were found. North of Mengen, near Ennetach, many coins and re-mains of Roman buildings, and a finely executed but headless statuette of Mercury were brought to light.

THE Marquis Conyngham has parted with his historical burean, inlaid with celebrated Sevres plaques, for the sum of £20,000. £16,000 was offered by Baron Lionel de Rothschild, but it was eventually bought for £20,000 by some foreign connoisseurs. The burean was a present from George III. to his levelship's grandmother (not Miss Denison), and is considered unique and priceless. The Marquis should be ashamed of himself for selling it.

A WONDERFUL new invention is whispered A WONDERFYL new invention is with spered about in artistic circles. It is said that by a clever arrangement of photography and lithography, and by means of a new process, a picture can be copied from the original, that by tint, and almost brushmark by brushmark, and that when the copy is completed you cannot tell which is the original and which the spurious one. In proof of this statement copies of drawings upon wood are being circulated with the graining of the wood almost precisely like the original. precisely like the original.

A LONG time ago efforts were made by General A LONG time ago efforts were made by Ceneral Alexander to induce the British Government to supply the funds for bringing home the Egyptian obelish called Ulcopatra's needle. Somehow the money is now forth coming, and the obelish will be discatomized from the sand. No special engineering difficulty is apprehended The proposal is to place it in a wooden case, and let a steamer tow it home. Much of course depends upon fine weather. It it should be successfully towed up the Thames there is a splendid site for this 3,0 0-years alm memorial at the point where the Embankineat is joined by Northumberiand avenue.

OUR CHESS COLUMN.

To Solidions to Problems sent in by Correspondents will be duly acknowledged

all communications intended for this department to be addressed Chess Editor, Office of Canadian Hills. TRATED NEWS, Montreal.

TO TORRESPONDENTS

J.W.S., Montreal.—Correct solution of Problem No. 107 received. Much pleased to hear your favourable opinion of Mr. Murphy's Problem, You are not the only one who has spoken in high terms of it.
F., Montreal.—Correct solution of Problem No. 198-

J.A. Montreal. Score of game received. It shall to ceive attention shortly.

. The subdoined item which we copy from the Montreal Guertle will give fuller particulars of the Chess Tournament at the Montreal Chess Club, on Saturday, the 10th list, than those we were able to insert in our last

Column.

"CHESS.—Last Saturday Mr. Bird, in his fixal simple taneous match, echipsed all his former, efforts, thus maintaining the celebrity he has achieved in the chess world. No fewer than twenty-five games were contested by him, out of which he won twenty-one, drew two and lost two, the winners being Saunders and Ascher; the drawn games with Hicks and Henderson, Mr. Bird, in bidding adiou to Canada, will carry with him the kindilest and best wishes of the Montreal Chess Club, the members of which thoroughly appreciate the brilliant grains and urbane qualities that distinguished their guest."

Mr. Bird left Montreal on Wednesday, the 14th host and before his departure he expressed in very feeling terms his sense of the kindness which he had experienced during his stay in our Province. The results which we may expect to follow his visit might be easily enumerated, but our space compels us to leave the consideration of these to sense future time.

We have this week inserted in our Column another of We have his week inserted in our Column another of Mr. Bird's games with noted players of the Chess world. We do this at the suggestion of a correspondent, and at the same time we feel that many in Canada will be glad to have an opportunity of seeing what the great player was able to achieve under circumstances which called for the best exhibition of his talents.

> PROBLEM No. 110. (From Land and Water.) By PAUL TAYLOR.

> > BLACK

d w

White to play and mate in two moves

GAME 158TH.

Played at the Vienna Tournament in 1873, between Messis. Bird and Rosenthal.

(From Bird's " Chess Masterpieces.") (Irregular Opening.)

Black .- (Mr. Rosenthal.)

P to K 3 P to K B 4 P to Q B 4 Kt to K B 3 P to Q Kt 3 B to Q Kt 2 B to K 2

Kt to Q B 3 Castles Q to K sq Kt to Q sq Kt to K B 2

Kt to Kt 5

Rt to Rt 5 Q R to Q sq Kt to K R 3 Q to K Rt 3 Q to K sq P to Q3 P takes Rt P takes P

Q to Q 2 B to K B 3 R takes B (a)

Kt to K Kt 2

C to K Kt 2 Q to K B sq Kt to K sq K to Kt 2 Kt to Q 3 Kt to K Kt sq Kt to K 2 P takes P R to K 9

Kt from K 2 to K B 4 K to R sq K to K Kt 2 R to K Kt 2 R to Q 2 from Q sq K to Kt sq P to K R 3

R from Q 2 to K 2 K to R 2

K to R 2 Rt to Q Kt 4 R takes R Kt from Kt 4 to Q 5 Q to B 2 Q takes P Q to B 2

Q to Q 4 K takes R K to 203 K to K 3

Quo K B sq

Bto Q B 7 or Kt 4 &c

K takes Q

R to B 2

WHITE .- (Mr. Bird.) 1. P to K B 4 2. P to K 3 3. Kt to K B 3 4. P to Q Kt 3 5. B to Q Kt 2

5. B to Q Kt 2
6. Q Kt to R3
7. P to Q B 4
8. B to K 2
9. Castles
10. Kt to Q B 2
11. P to Q 3
12. Q to Q 2
13. Q R to K sq
14. B to Q sq
15. K to B sq
16. K to Kt sq
17. P to K B 3
18. Q to K B 2
19. Kt to K B 3
20. B to K B 3
21. B takes B

20. B to K B 3
21. B takes B
22. R to Q sq
22. Pinkes P
24. B to Q R 6
25. B takes B
26. P to Q 5
26. P to Q 5
26. P to K 2 (6)
36. K to K 3 (6)
37. K to Q B 3
32. Q to K K 4
33. K to Q B 3
35. K R to K 8
36. R to K 8
37. P to K K 4
38. K to K 6
40. Q to K 8
41. K to K 6
40. Q to K 8
41. K to K 6
42. K to K 8
42. K to K 8
43. K to K 6
44. K to K 6
45. K to K 6
46. K to K 6
47. K to K 6
48. K to K 6
49. K to K 6
49. K to K 6
40. K to K 6
40. K to K 6
40. K to K 6
41. K to K 6
42. K to Q B 6

42. Kt to Q B 6

42. Kt to Q D 0 43. Q R 50 K 8q 45. Kt to K 5 46. Kt takes P 47. B to K R 5 48. Q to Q 3 49. R takes R 50 K & R 9 50, K to R 2 51, R to K 7

51. R to K 7
52. R to K 5
53. R to K 7
54. R to K 7
55. R takes R (ch)
55. Kr to K 5
56. B to K Kt4
57. Q to Q R 0
58. Q to Q R 4 (f)
59. Q to Q 7
69. Q takes Q R P and wins.

NOTES.

(a) Better to have taken with Kt.
(b) Lost move, enabling White to gain time by pushing to Pawu, which, it is evident, cannot be taken.

ici The best move.

di Much better than taking the Kt. White requires (c) The game at this point is very well contested.
 (f) The Queen appears to have been played to the

best advantage.

SOLUTIONS istution of Problem No. 108

WHITE.

1. B to K Kt 4

3. Q to R-3 (ch) 4. Kt to B 2 mate

. B to K 2 Kt to B 5 (ch)

4. U to R 2 (mate)

B to K 6 (best) Kt to K 2 or Q 5 Kt takes Kt

Solution of Problem for Young Players, No. 106. WHITE. BLACK:

1. II to K Kt sq ". II to K Kt 6 3. II to K Kt 7 (ch) 4. Il mates at K 7

PROBLEMS FOR YOUNG PLAYERS NO. 107. WHITE.

Rat K B 7 Bat K B 6 Ktat K B 5 Pawn at K B 3

White to play, and mate in four moves.

D. R. A. PROUDFOOT, OCULIST AND AURIST.
Artificial Eyes inserted, Residence, 37 Beaver
15-8-52-210

Province of Quebec, 1 District of Montreal, 5

SUPERIOR COURT.

Kat K B5

MARGARET ANN SIMPSON, of the City and District of Montreal, wife of Hugh Gervan, of the same place, Trader, duly authorised desire in Justice, Plaintiff.

HUGH GERVAN, of the same place, Defendant. An action for separation as to property has been insti-tuted in this cause.

Montreal, 19th February, 1877.

1. E. BOWIE.

Atty. for Plaintiff.

WANTED! NALESMEN at a salary of 81200 a year to travel and set I goods to Derileus. NO PEDDIANG. Hotel and traveling expenses paid. Address, Monitor Manupacturing Co., Chedinati, Ohio.

\$55 to \$77 a Week to Agents, \$10 Outht FREE.

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ISSUE OF GOVERNMENT FIVE PER CENT STOCK.

NOTICE

Is hereby given that the Government of the Dominion

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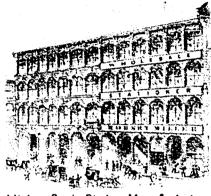
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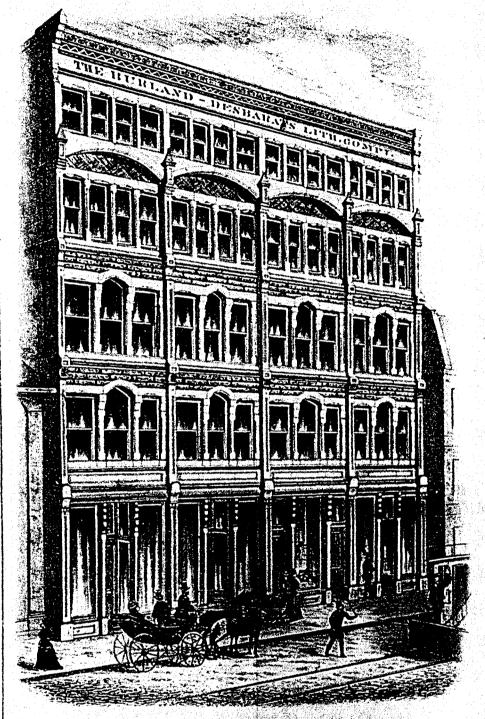


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