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Illustrated News

Vol. X.—No. 21.

MONTREAL, SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 21, 1874.

SINGLE COPIES, TEN CENTS.
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THE SEASONS.—BY W. SCHERER.

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

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THE NEW STORY.

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

THE LAW AND THE LADY.

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

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We call the attention of News Dealers, &c.

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

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

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

CANADIAN ILLUSTRATED NEWS.

Montreal, Saturday, Nov. 21st, 1874.

TO OUR SUBSCRIBERS.

We are compelled, to make a few remarks on a very vulgar topic. We do so all the more reluctantly, that we address more particularly, among others, some old supporters (!) of this journal. We are glad to see their names on our subscription lists. We are anxious to see them as well in our cash book. We are in a positive age. Support means money. We are doing all we can at present to improve the "CANADIAN ILLUSTRATED NEWS," and we intend further and constant improvement. We claim that we have a right to the cordial support of the country. We see a large number of respectable names on our lists. This is one part of the support; it is patronage. We now merely ask all our friends who know that they are indebted to this paper, to pay their dues. Gentlemen, do it as a matter of honor. Please do not wait to be dunned and bored for the money part of your support. But just examine your wrapper. We mean the slip of paper that envelopes the NEWS you receive each week. You will thereon see figures indicating the date to which you have paid. Some will see that they are in arrears; others, that they have done their duty, and paid us in advance. Now we do not intend to recur to this subject again. We are certain that our new subscribers are *en règle*, for we take their money and their names together, and we have no right to annoy them with calls for money. So once for all, we solemnly state that the subscription is now payable in advance, and that all names will be at once expunged from our lists, when the pay is in arrear. If therefore the figures referred to shew a past date, please pay up at once. Our new subscribers, on the other hand, and others who have paid in advance, are requested to notice on what date their subscriptions expire, and to kindly remit when the time comes, without putting us to the expense and labour of making and sending accounts, notices, &c. We ask a willing, ready, liberal support. The press from

one end to the other of the Dominion, has declared that this enterprise is a national one, worthy of encouragement and deserving success. We ask for a practical endorsement to the above.

TO THE BUSINESS COMMUNITY.

Permit us to call your attention to the advantages of publicity offered by the CANADIAN ILLUSTRATED NEWS to Advertisers, especially Merchants, Manufacturers, Hotel-Keepers, Railway and Steamship Companies, Professional men, and others, desirous of reaching the best classes of the community in every part of the Dominion. It has other points to recommend it besides its large and wide-spread circulation. In the first place, it is a family paper, taken home, read from beginning to end, and kept on the parlor table throughout the week, and then put by, and finally bound; not, as befalls the daily paper, torn up, after a rapid perusal of telegraphic news. The children con over the pictures, read the stories and the funny column, and finally meander among the advertisements and call their parent's attention to those that suit them. The ladies peruse it from end to end, dwelling especially on the fashions and the ladies' column, then naturally turn to the advertising pages to know where to buy the materials for that dress, or the ingredients for that *Poulingue à la Czarevitch*. The men read the leading articles, the stories, the paragraphs, study the cartoons and other pictures, night after night, and while sipping their *hot stuff*, or enjoying their Havana, pore over the advertisements, and make up their mind to go next day and buy that fur coat, that hall-stove, or that superexcellent sherry. Then again, the limited space reserved to advertisements being less than one-fifth of the paper, secures to each advertisement greater attention, whilst most papers devote one-half or two-thirds of their available space to advertisements, which are mostly doomed to oblivion in the great mass. Also, the very low price charged, being much less than several weekly newspapers in Canada, and far lower than any Illustrated Paper in the United States, where the prices are from ten to forty times higher than ours, without an equivalent difference in circulation. And finally, remember that, while serving your own interests, by advertising in the CANADIAN ILLUSTRATED NEWS, you contribute to the support and improvement of this national enterprise, and consequently to the work of progress and education effected by the spread of art and literature.

POLITICAL CAUCUSES.

Up to a few years ago, the nomination of candidates for a Parliamentary seat was a primitive and very simple procedure in Canada. Any man who really had, or fancied he had, some claims upon a constituency, put forth his pretensions in the shape of an address, and thus stood forward as the champion and standard-bearer of his party. In old times, available or representative men being few and far between, especially in rural counties where residence was required, no further ceremony was demanded in the choice of candidates. On other occasions, the process was slightly varied by the principal citizens of a place signing a petition by which they called upon one of their leading men to present himself for Parliamentary honors. The favored individual either was or was not surprised, as the case might be, at the flattering testimonial, but he generally accepted and was forthwith installed as a candidate. Nothing more was done until nomination day, when his candidature was duly moved and seconded at a public meeting of the electors.

In the course of time, however, as the number of aspirants increased, and the difficulty of a choice was enhanced by the claims of ambitious rivalry, other more elaborate modes of nomination crept into vogue. At first it was the off-hand whip system of England. Then it degenerated into something akin to the more artful caucus system of the Americans. A com-

paratively few men in the large cities took the interests of their party, throughout a wide section of a Province, into their own hands. They constituted themselves the custodians of the solidarity of their party, whose triumph they pretended to make general and uniform. With this end in view, they foisted their own nominees on a distant constituency, without any consultation of, or regard for, the wishes of the electors. The electors might remonstrate, and we have frequent examples where they did remonstrate, but they generally had to submit in the interests of their party. So long as such nominations were of really available men, the mischief was trifling enough, and perhaps counterbalanced by a certain homogeneity of party action, but the practice at length degenerated, as such practices will, into palpable abuse, and the records show that many of these men were nominated only for their money, or their faculty of intrigue. The evil grew at last, of late years, to such proportions that people began to fear the worse results of the American caucus, and they have now resolved to rid themselves of this species of tyranny.

In several instances which have lately come to light, the mass of electors have protested against clandestine nominations. They have urged that, as the elections lie in their hands, and are dependent solely on their efforts to carry them through, they should have a free voice in the selection of the men who are destined to represent their interests in Parliament. They demand that the convention system be introduced here, that a public meeting be held, and that all the voters of their party, or such as may choose to attend, shall, after proper debate, and by a show of hands, decide upon their candidate. This is certainly a manly bit of reform, and there is more in it than might appear on the surface. It points to a lively interest in public affairs in the minds of the electors, proves that they appreciate the responsibilities of the franchise, and denotes that they are resolved upon choosing the best among the good men in their party, quite apart from the vulgar and narrow plea of availability. The reform has, furthermore, an equalizing and democratic tendency, in the best sense of that word. It places the working man and the labourer, who has a vote, on the same level with the wealthy elector. It forces the candidate to consult the interests of all, instead of the interested wishes of a class. Montreal has set a good example in this respect which will, no doubt, be imitated throughout the country.

THE IMMIGRATION CONFERENCE.

The Immigration Conference which has just been held at Ottawa is by far the most important domestic event of the month; and it is specially so from the result which, we learn, has been arrived at. We understand that His Excellency the GOVERNOR-GENERAL signified his appreciation of the meeting by personally calling to converse with the members at one of their sittings—but he was not, of course, present during their deliberations. Four Provinces were represented, namely, Ontario, Quebec, New Brunswick, and Nova Scotia—Ontario by the Hon. Mr. CROOKS, Quebec by the Hon. J. G. ROBERTSON and the Hon. Mr. MALHOT, New Brunswick by the Hon. Mr. STEVENSON, and Nova Scotia by the Hon. Mr. ANNAND and the Hon. Mr. SMITH. The Minister of Agriculture, who is also the Minister for Immigration, the Premier, and several others of the Dominion Ministers, were also present. The distant Provinces of Manitoba and British Columbia were not represented; and this we learn arose from the fact of the Conference having been convened at the request of the Provinces, in order to take immediate action on questions in which the Provinces represented were more immediately concerned. We have said that the result arrived at was specially important; and it is no less, we are credibly informed, than a resolution on the part of the Provinces represented to give up independent action, with which they are vested by the Confederate Act, on

the subject of promoting immigration from abroad, and to vest the entire control in the Dominion Minister of Immigration at Ottawa, who will exercise it by instructions through the Agent-General in London. The worse than waste of strength arising from divided councils, not to say conflicts, which have arisen within the last two years, from the presence of Dominion and divers Provincial agents in the same locality, has, in fact, rendered the resolution which has been arrived at by the Conference not only desirable but a necessity. The Provinces in the past have been very averse to give up their independent action; and they only do so after experience has taught them that divided action yields bitter fruits. Henceforward only one front, and that a Canadian, not a sectional one, will be presented to the people of the United Kingdom and Europe. The different provinces have stipulated for the right to make their several wants known if special circumstances render this advisable by their own agents, but a Canadian tone will be preserved by the exercise of Dominion control.

There is a further point of great importance to those interested in Canadian investments, and that is the representation of Provincial interests, as such, in London. For this purpose it is provided that the several Provinces shall each have sub-agents and office accommodation in the Dominion offices in London. But these sub-agents will be placed under the supervision of the chief officer of the Dominion Government. The Provinces have further agreed to supply the London office with all their statutes, printed public documents, and maps, since confederation. These, together with the Dominion statutes, and all printed documents and maps, will be carefully classified in the library and reading-room of the new London offices. The principal Canadian newspapers will also be kept on file. And the whole will be always open for the benefit of any Canadians who may visit England, or others who may desire to obtain information respecting Canada.

We understand that the Provinces will pay the salaries of the sub-agents they will place in the London offices, and also contribute a portion towards the increased expenses to the Dominion arising from the new arrangements. But the expenses will be much less to each Province than they would have been under the old divided system. And the expenses, in any event, are not at all a consideration to be set against the increased efficiency of action.

We, of course, understand that a conference of this nature has neither executive nor legislative powers; and that before its decisions can have effect they must be ratified by the Dominion and several Provincial Governments. It may, however, be taken for granted that a meeting of this nature, composed of important members of all the Governments concerned, would scarcely commit themselves to a series of important resolutions without knowing that they would receive the necessary final sanction.

The Dominion has no interest abroad which begins to approach in importance the proper making known of the advantages which it offers as a field for immigration, and the supplying in an authentic form the information required by those who desire to make investments in the Dominion.

OUR MILITIA.

It is a matter of congratulation that the militia movement is reviving throughout the Dominion. The circumstance is the more gratifying that the revival is not made, as formerly, under the stress of sudden and unforeseen necessity, but from a settled conviction of patriotic duty. While peace reigns within our borders, and while there is no reason to apprehend that it will be disturbed for years to come, if ever, the people have, nevertheless, reached the conclusion that we must have some sort of military organization to provide for any contingency that may arise. A standing army is out of the question for the present,

but a militia force is always available, and hence the advisability of raising it to a proper standard and maintaining it there. The Government has nobly seconded the general feeling, and deserves credit for many energetic improvements during the past few months. The establishment of a military college was a wise preliminary move, as it began the work of organization at its base. Now that Kingston has been chosen as the seat of this institution, it is to be hoped that it will be opened with the least possible delay. The report of Colonel FLETCHER on the model cadet school of West Point has already been forwarded to the Imperial authorities. The English papers have recognized that we could follow no better pattern, and probably by next spring we shall have a staff of competent professors and instructors to inaugurate the classes. The Government is said to have gone a step further in this direction. It has promised to provide uniforms and arms to such colleges and high schools as may desire to introduce the military drill, thus making them suffragans to the central establishment at Kingston. The project is a very good one indeed, and will work wonders towards stimulating young men in the career of arms. This system is pursued in Germany, England, France and the United States, and everywhere with the best results.

The nomination of a Major-General of Militia has likewise given a healthy impulse to our volunteer movement. Gen. SELBY SMYTH has been in the country only a few weeks, and yet he has already traversed the Provinces of Ontario and Quebec, inspecting the different corps and making himself acquainted with their condition. He seems to be doing his work in a thoroughly business manner. He has no vain praise to shower on our young soldiers, thus deluding them, as has so often been the case, into that deceptive esteem of themselves which leads to presumption and consequent inertness. As he said at the review on the Champ de Mars, last Saturday: "I will not say that you are perfect soldiers. If I did, you would not believe me." But he points out their defects, encourages their good spirit, and explains to them how much they have yet to do before reaching the true military standard.

But there is a factor in this new reform which must not be lost sight of. Volunteers cannot do everything themselves. Neither will merely theoretic public opinion sustain them. They must be supported by those who employ the majority of them. It has been a standing complaint that young men, occupied in the different branches of trade, have not been allowed the leisure to attend to their military duties. Their patrons have preferred their own interests to that of the service. There is reason to hope that there will be some improvement in this respect. No employer need fear that he will lose anything by allowing one or two of his men a half-Saturday to attend his drill. It is demonstrable that there is ample compensation, in every line of business, for any such patriotic favours.

CANADIAN JOURNALISM.

Perhaps the most salient and palpable test whereby a stranger can judge of the standing of any community or country, is that of its newspapers. The tone of the journal indicates the prevailing spirit of the people, the quality of the articles denotes the capacity of their representative writers, and the advertising columns show the energy and enterprise of their business men. Tried by this criterion, Canada stands very well indeed. Both the number and character of its papers are quite up to the average standard of other countries, while the support which they receive testifies that the inhabitants are a reading people. The total of newspapers throughout the Dominion, according to the latest calculation, reaches the handsome figure of five hundred and fifty. This fact is more significant than appears at first sight. It proves that Canadians read as much proportionally as do the Americans. The

number of American newspapers is not more than five thousand five hundred—it was just 4,887 in 1871. Distributed among a population of 40,000,000, it gives precisely the same ratio as our 550 papers divided among a population of 4,000 people. We have not seen this striking circumstance mentioned anywhere as yet, and we call attention to it as a subject of pride to our countrymen, and an answer to our American neighbours with whom it is too fashionable to call Canadians an ignorant and backward race.

As to character, Canadian journals can also easily hold their own with their American rivals. Our country papers are as well printed, as well edited, and as well patronized as the same class of papers in the United States. It is true that in both cases, they are often rather commercial ventures than anything else, being established principally for advertisements. In Canada, as in the United States, as soon as half a dozen stores are opened in a settlement, some enterprising individual founds a newspaper to secure their patronage. Most country editors tell us that their papers, as such, do not pay, for their circulation averages only a few hundreds, and rural subscribers cannot be persuaded to pay in advance. But their job-work pays—their cards, posters, bill-heads, circulars, advertisements and miscellaneous printing. In the cities, the standard of journalism is high and most of our large towns can legitimately boast of their organs of public opinion. In the matter of mere news-gathering, we are doubtless far behind our American contemporaries, but it is a question whether that particular department has not been overdone by them, to the detriment of good taste and the almost constant violation of the sanctities of private life. With the majority of readers in the United States, it is the reporter, not the editor, who is the ruling spirit of a newspaper. They expect their journal to give them all the attainable news as early as possible, and with full details. In their morbid thirst they do not object to a little prematureness or imagination on the part of the writer. And the reporter is usually quite equal to his task. Not only do the editors think nothing of fabricating correspondence from every quarter of the globe, but the reporters ferret out and work up paragraphs of every conceivable nature into forms so alluring that one is inveigled into reading them, although he feels that he is losing his time in doing so. Indeed, it is a pity to see how much splendid writing is wasted on such perishable stuff. Yet special qualifications are required for the work. The reporter must be always sharp-eyed, quick-eared, alert and audacious. He must have a rapid pen, a brilliant imagination, and a reserve fund of humour to draw on whenever, as so often happens, the ludicrous in the scenes to be depicted, elbows the pathetic. Unfortunately, the reporter goes further than this, and often becomes dangerous because unscrupulous. He is satisfied if he can create a sensation, no matter at what cost.

From such abuses, the Canadian press is happily free, and even at the price of occasional dulness, its habitual reserve is commendable. With regard to personalities, also, in the heat of political discussion, a marked reform has taken place, under the guidance of the leading papers, and the probabilities are that shortly, we shall be able to conduct a political campaign and canvass the merits of our public men, without stooping to ribaldry and billingsgate.

BISMARCK AND ARNIM.

The latest intelligence from Germany is that Count Von ARNIM has been subjected to a second arrest in his own domicile. The cause of this unusual severity is still said to be connected with the abstraction of official papers from the archives of the Parisian embassy, but the general opinion

is that there must be a deeper reason, reaching far beyond any technical misconduct of the Count. Neither will the alleged personal hostility heretofore existing between Von BISMARCK and Von ARNIM explain the harsh treatment of the latter. Well-informed correspondence from Berlin points to serious complications in the German chancellery, of which the Von ARNIM case is the initial episode. This would appear to be nothing less than the removal of Von BISMARCK from the direction of affairs. That Von ARNIM should have been singled out for persecution by his great antagonist is explained by the former's bold, uncompromising character, his strong personal following, and the powerful influence of his family. It is also openly stated that the Empress AUGUSTA, the Prince IMPERIAL and the Princess IMPERIAL who detest Von BISMARCK, view with no unfavourable eye the beginning of a movement which may ultimately lead to his downfall. Whether the movement will succeed is another question.

Representative men are not so easily put down. Prince Von BISMARCK SCHONHAUSEN is one of these. However his enemies may rail, he is the greatest man that Germany can boast of since the days of FREDERICK. If Prussia is a first-class power to day, she owes it to Von BISMARCK. He rules the Emperor at his will, uses the army at his will, makes the former write his proclamations, makes the latter fight his battles where and when he wants them. It is his genius that sways the cabinet of Berlin; it was his spirit that brooded over the red field of Sadowa and rode triumphant in the tempest of Sedan. He has that energy and pluck which enter largely into the ideal of all greatness. He has that desperate courage which "makes one a majority." But with all these qualities, he lacks the art of acquiring that popularity which is based on real liking. He is imperious, over-bearing, violent, absolute and vindictive. His policy is regarded as unscrupulous, ungenerous and uncompromising. No friend of freedom can love him. He has trampled not only on the liberties of his own people, but has stripped his feeble neighbors of their autonomy. He is a feudal lord. He has scant sympathies with constitutional government. He is an old Norse baron, stubborn and unrelenting, *der mann von blut und eisen*—the man of blood and iron—as his countrymen call him. His enemies, while they acknowledge the debt which the Vaterland owes him, affirm that he has survived his usefulness, that he is fast undoing all that he did, by his terrorism and absolutism, and they even go the lengths of charging him with fits of mania. The old Kaiser's health is very precarious, and he may drop off at any moment. The object of Von BISMARCK'S adversaries is to have him out of the way, before the advent to the throne of the Prince IMPERIAL. If the case of Count Von ARNIM really has the significance here attributed to it, it assumes exceptional importance and the issue of it may be regarded as pregnant with serious results to Germany and Europe.

THE STATE OF ITALY.

The latest news from the Italian peninsula is of a satisfactory nature. Only a few months ago, there was a Parliamentary dead-lock, arising chiefly out of the low and almost bankrupt condition of the exchequer, but Signor SELLA, the Minister of Finance, after infinite pains and the display of consummate ability, submitted a hopeful scheme for a budget, and threw himself upon the goodwill of the country for support. The result of the general elections, just received by telegraph, indicates a powerful majority in favour of the ministry, notwithstanding the most strenuous efforts on the part of the several branches of the Opposition to break down their policy. The triumph of the MINGHETTI-SELLA Administration, under present circumstances, will be regarded by everyone acquainted with Italian affairs as perhaps the most important event since the occupation of Rome in 1870. It will

probably aid in putting the finishing touch to those reforms which the genius of CAVOUR, TAPARELLI-D'AZEGLIO, RICASOLI, RATAZZI, and MENABREA inaugurated, and the patriotism of VICTOR EMMANUEL has been endeavouring to carry out for the good of fair Italy.

It has been a gigantic task to accomplish the amalgamation of heterogeneous elements into one nationality. New organic laws had to be made to suit the exigencies of so many different peoples; radical proprietary transformations had to be operated in the face of vested rights and old traditional customs, and, in some instances, the odious *lex talionis* had to be mercilessly enforced. It were not true to say that all these changes have been conducted wisely, but, considering all the circumstances, the Italian people are to be congratulated on the progress they have made in constitutional government.

No nation ever excited so much sympathy as Italy. None has ever been more petted, caressed, and encouraged by foreign peoples. She was so unfortunate, that her neighbours helped her. When Lombardy was wrested from Austria, it was the genius of MACMAHON at Magenta and of NAPOLEON at Solferino which annexed that province to Sardinia. Seven years later, the province of Venetia was restored to Italy, but this was owing entirely to Prussia and the retrocession of France. GARIBALDI took the kingdom of the Two Sicilies, with the money, the secret military aid and the moral influence of England, as the history of the descent on Palermo and the memorable siege of Gaeta abundantly prove.

But Italy has been grateful, by showing herself worthy of such friendly intervention. She has laboured hard to retrieve herself and reform her abuses. When CAVOUR exclaimed: "*L'Italia farà da se*," he uttered a cry of proud independence revealing a consciousness of national strength, and affirming a purpose of thorough national regeneration. The promise has been kept, Italy has taken good care of herself, and now that she is entirely free from foreign domination, bids fair to recover all her ancient glory and European influence. From the present Administration, just emphatically endorsed by the people, we may hope for a completion of the work of Italian unity and stability.

WOMAN'S RIGHTS.

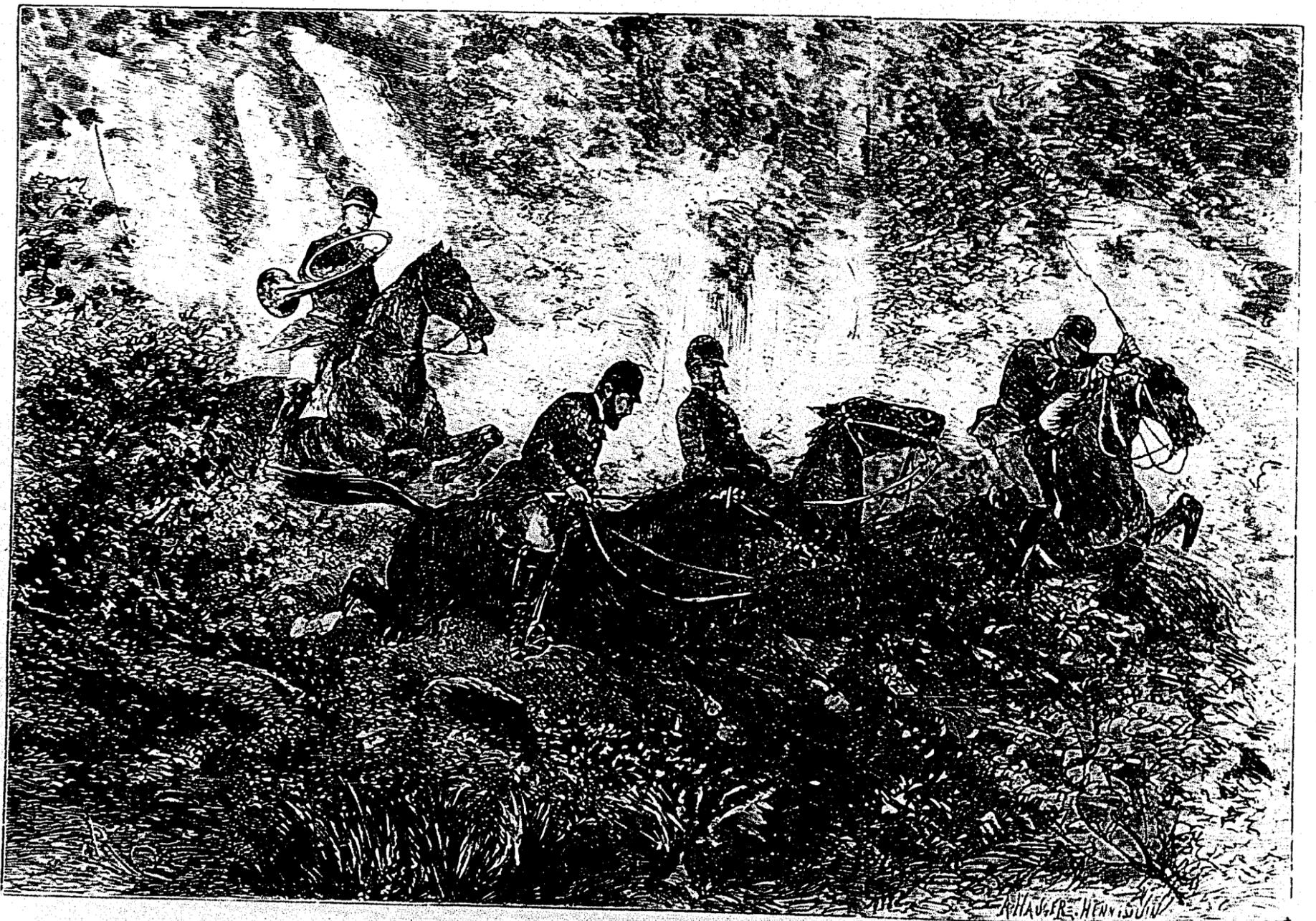
The question of woman's rights is again coming up to the surface. It is going to be openly advocated in the Congress of the United States, and it is being introduced with more or less success in several State Legislatures. In Wisconsin, the law is now that women shall enjoy the same elective rights and privileges with men. In England, a strong and very positive kind of petition in behalf of female rights is being signed extensively for ultimate presentation to Parliament. Female applications for degrees in several of the learned professions, medicine particularly, are more numerous than ever, and women in England, as well as in America, address public audiences on this and other subjects. That a very large proportion of women takes active interest in the movement we do not believe, but the comparatively small number that does is very energetic about it.

Spite of us, it is hardly possible to treat this subject seriously. The idea of women mingling in public affairs—in municipal and national elections—shoulder to shoulder with rough men in the boisterous politics of the day—eligible to high offices where iron characters are tested—and exercising professions which necessarily banish all maiden mawkishness, is so novel, so contrary to all notion of feminine sweetness, modesty, and delicacy, that we are apt to be hilarious over it, even when most gravely advocated. It need not, however, be a matter of sheer jest.

Woman is essentially a domestic creature. Her natural place is the fireside. Where she is not called by an inward voice to cloistral celibacy, or doomed by circum-



COUCOU. FROM A PAINTING BY DE JONGH.



PRINCE OF WALES HUNTING IN THE FOREST OF CHANTILLY.

THE MERCHANTS' EXCHANGE REFRESHMENT ROOMS.

What Englishman has not heard of Dolly's? What citizen of Montreal does not remember its homonym, on St. James Street? The small, cleanly room always hidden in a half-light by the curtained windows, the faintest odor of the kitchen floating in the atmosphere and tickling the sense, the carpeted settees at right angles, the marble table, and looking down serenely upon all, the florid picture of Father Dolly, looking like Jack Falstaff, less the obstreperousness, or like Uncle Toby, quietly telling his stories to Tristram and Corporal Trim. One year ago last May, the old landmark was swept away by the retirement of its proprietor, Mr. Privett, and the substitution of a tailoring and furnishing shop. There were many regrets expressed thereat, and it was generally felt that a model institution of its class had passed away. Whenever Mr. Privett, then suffering from ill-health, was met by his friends, the first question was—when would he open again? For a long time that gentleman remained undecided, but, at length recovering his health, and in response to the invitation of his numerous friends, he resolved upon resuming his business.

The place chosen by him was Hospital Street, between St. François Xavier and St. John. There he found a large and commodious building suited to his purpose. His aim was to establish a restaurant of the first class, right in the heart of the mercantile community. His further object was to found in this city one of those quiet, high-toned, and genteel resorts such as the English Exchanges, where men of business may meet together, consult on their affairs, read the papers, and make themselves at home, without being disturbed. They are always welcome to his place, whether they take anything to eat or not. The rooms are for their use, and they are expected to frequent them without fear of intrusion. The bar with Mr. Privett is a secondary consideration. He means it principally as an appendage to his restaurant. His reputation for the purity and excellence of his wines and liquors is only equalled by his fame as a caterer. Many a hungry man has gone out of his way to get a chop at Privett's, where it is done according to Charlotte Bronte's severest rules. The service is prompt and cleanly, and with Mr. and Mrs. Privett superintending the arrangements, every customer may feel as comfortable as at home. Such houses are beneficial in many senses, and we greet the inauguration of the Merchants' Exchange Refreshment Rooms.

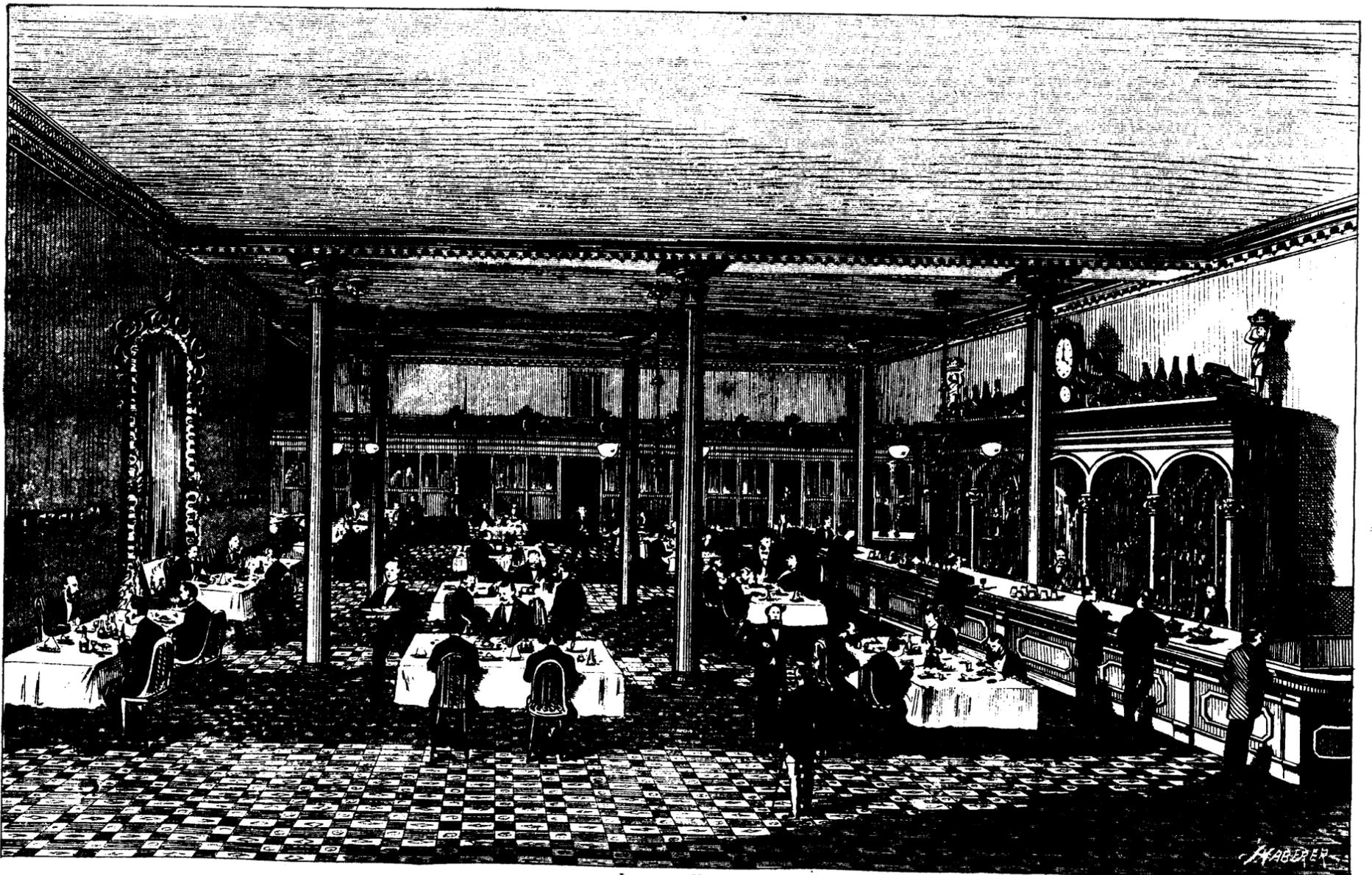


EXTERIOR VIEW.

THE GREATEST PICTURE IN THE WORLD.

The late Charles Sumner, a consummate connoisseur, was of opinion that the "Marriage Feast of Canaan" was the greatest picture ever painted, and M. Thiers, another authority in art, to whom Sumner spoke about it, said that it was the greatest of its kind. Artists will, therefore, be concerned to hear what the fate of this picture now is. A correspondent of the London Times says: "In passing through Paris I noticed two ruins of which I have seen no mention. I allude to two pictures in the Louvre. One is a Murillo—but let that pass, the world can, perhaps, spare a Murillo or two—the other is, alas! the celebrated 'Marriage of Cana,' by Paul Veronese. It is utterly ruined; it is no exaggeration to say that the beauty of the picture is gone. I asked of a student in the gallery what had happened, and he replied with the usual readiness and precision of diction of a Frenchman that the persons who had the charge of the preservation of pictures had caused it to be restored. The 'Marriage of Cana' stood alone among pictures; its enormous size enabled the painter to employ harmoniously all the resources of his palette; every note of the painter's gamut was struck; it contained, so to speak, a symphony in every key. Of colour in its highest sense there is now nothing left; instead of it the painter's eye is struck by the crude aspect of familiar pigments. What was once of a lovely blue is now of an earthy green; the white draperies, the clouds, and the architecture, which used to be suggestive of the hues of opal, of silver, and of the pearl, now remind one of ashes and sand. 'Quid color albus erat nunc est contrarius albo.' And, as though the painter had intended to point out the completeness of the miracle of Cana, most of the wedding guests are depicted with vermilion noses. In fact, in the process of restoration the painting has been ruthlessly rubbed down to its first coat. Masterpieces were never many in number; some have perished utterly, of others only a few shattered fragments remain; it is more than sad—it is exasperating to see the work which time, fire, or the sword will ultimately accomplish—forestalled by the meddlesomeness of that restless zeal which does not fear to tread upon any ground."

Pictures of such value as the masterpiece of Veronese should be guarded with scrupulousness, as they are the property not only of one nation, but of the world. A few years ago two pictures of Ruben's were well nigh effaced at Antwerp, but happily chemical means were found to restore them to their original brilliancy of colour.



INTERIOR VIEW.

MERCHANTS' EXCHANGE REFRESHMENT ROOMS.
H. T. PRIVETT, PROPRIETOR, HOSPITAL STREET, MONTREAL.

stances to sacrifice herself and toil in a life of singleness, the human end of woman in this world is marriage. All her early training tends that way, her heart is fashioned and prepared for it. Why, for instance, do girls never learn trades? Why are they not apprenticed out like boys? Because they *feel* that, after a few years, they must leave that work and settle down to domestic duties. They understand that such trade or profession is not an aim; that they are not to be attached to it for life. Woman stops at her marriage. It is a turn in her existence. It fixes her destiny. For man marriage is a stepping-stone. It gives a colour to his destiny. It is a potent incentive to action. But he does not stop at it. He goes on working and aspiring, completing what he began in early life, gathering where he sowed. Man goes out into the world, labours in it, takes his share in its great operations and returns home to rest and gather strength. Woman remains at home, moves up and down the stairs, circulates through its rooms. Her resting-place is there. Her great task is in home shadows and stillness, where, as in a sanctuary, she prepares for the mighty world-work the little children of whom she is the mother.

These may be very primitive views, but they are conclusive on the subject. The moment you take woman out of her sphere, you disturb the social economy without corresponding advantage, political or otherwise. No female can mix in the bustle of public life, without in great measure changing her nature. She must necessarily become bold and independent. We wonder what compensation our new philosophers expect for the total or even partial loss of female reserve, modesty, and shyness—the flowers of the hearth, and the best things this bad world can boast of.

THE HISTORY OF THE WEEK.

The principal Canadian event of last week was the opening of the Ontario Legislature, on the 12th inst. The Speech of the Lieut. GOVERNOR referred to the prosperity of the country, not only during the last year, but during the past four years, and an earnest desire for its continuance was expressed. Allusion was made to the financial crisis in the United States and the depression of trade that still exists in that country, a condition of things which we have fortunately escaped. Last session a measure was brought before the House for the purpose of lowering the franchise. Reference was made to this measure, and a promise given that the bill shall come into operation on the first of January next, so that the next elections may be held under the reduced franchise. Allusion was made to the Ottawa Immigration conference of representatives from the different Provinces for the purpose of organizing a better system of immigration. A promise was made that a more compact system will be devised, and that the Dominion and Provincial Governments will work in conjunction under a system by which it is anticipated Ontario will reap a great advantage, and that people will not object to a large expenditure which will result in obtaining an increased population. Reference was made to the development of the back country which has gone on so rapidly of late; and forms full justification for the expenditure of money in this direction. His Honour announced that the moneys granted under the Municipal Loan Fund Act have been properly applied in every case, and resulted in great good to the several municipalities. According to the provisions of the British North America Act, basing the calculations upon the census of 1871, Ontario is entitled to six additional seats, and allusion was made to them, and a measure promised for the readjustment of constituencies. A promise was made that the public accounts will be submitted without delay and at an early date; and as no measure of particular public importance will be submitted, His Honour has reason to believe that the members will be able to return home at an early day, and that before he meets them again on a similar occasion to the present, a new election will have been held, in accordance with the constitution. An expression of thankfulness to Almighty God for the mercies enjoyed, and a prayer for His blessing on the deliberations of the members concluded the Address.

The Manitoba trials have concluded with a *nolle prosequi* in the case of LAGIMODIERE.

An absurd rumour concerning the death of the Queen was circulated for a few hours, but promptly denied and a dispatch announcing Her Majesty's perfect health and departure from Balmoral for the South. The election for Lord Rector of the University of Edinburgh was held on the 14th and resulted in the choice of the Earl of DERBY, who received 770 votes against 583 for the Right Hon. PLAYFAIR. The controversy between GLADSTONE and Archbishop MANNING excites profound interest. GLADSTONE has issued a pamphlet entitled "the Vatican Decrees," which centres on

the proposition that obedience to the Pope is incompatible with civil allegiance. Dr. Manning denies this *in toto*.

The Solicitor of the U. S. Treasury formally demanded of the Treasurer of the Union Pacific Railroad Company 5 per cent of the net earnings of the road from November, 1869, to October 31st, 1874, making \$1,046,056, to be paid within the next 60 days. The directors are greatly surprised at this action of the Government, which seems to indicate the rejection of the Commissioner's reports.

K. WONG KI CHUN, one of the commissioners appointed by the Chinese Government to superintend the education of Chinese youths in the United States, called upon the President to pay his respects. He has recently placed thirty Chinese youths at Harvard College, and is now travelling over the country, though not in an official capacity.

The Von ARNIM case still absorbs public attention throughout Germany.

The Metropolitan Court of Berlin, on the 9th inst. passed a vote sanctioning the motion of the public prosecutor, that Count Von ARNIM be brought before the court on the charge of removing official documents. This process is equivalent to committal for trial in English procedure. The act of accusation was delivered to Von ARNIM. Three weeks must elapse between the trial. The Moderate newspapers insist upon an explanation by the Government.

There is nothing of salient importance from France except a rumour that President McMAHON has summoned M. DUFAURE to the Cabinet. It is inferred, if the report is true, that the Ministry will be modified in the direction of the Left Centre before the meeting of the Assembly. Furthermore the Council General of the Seine has rejected the proposition recommending the National Assembly to pass a bill granting amnesty for political offences.

From Spain the news still points to the decline of the Carlist cause. The siege of Irun has been abandoned. Don ALPHONSO, brother of Don DON CARLOS, has left the army, and the Prince himself is said to be on the eve of abandoning the war. The Republican Generals LAZARNA and LOMA with the main body of their troops, marched to San Sebastian, after leaving reinforcements in Irun and fortifying San Marcial. So great, however, is the discontent in the Republican army that the victory before Irun was rendered almost abortive by the withdrawal of large numbers of troops before their commanders were able to follow it up with a heavier blow at the insurgents.

There are reports of a formidable conspiracy in Russia and the latest is that 3,000 persons, including many ladies, have been arrested. A commission has been appointed to investigate the conspiracy, the exact object of which is still unknown. Several persons of exalted rank are said to be implicated. A vast amount of money seems to have been at the disposal of the conspirators. Arrests since the discovery of the plot have been numerous. A perfect reign of terror is said to exist in St. Petersburg. It was proposed that the police should search every house in the city in a single night.

[For the Canadian Illustrated News.]

EXPERIENCES OF "A COMMERCIAL TRAVELLER."

BY "ONE OF THEM."

ANGUS, Nov. 7.

Owen Sound is a gathering point, a sort of rendezvous for "Commercial men." Get there on Saturday night, and you are sure to find a goodly number of your brethren congregated to "put in" their Sunday, and a very pleasant time we generally have. There will be some who *never* fraternize with their brother commercial, but the social and major part of the company care little whether they do or not. They are allowed to remain, as it were, under the ban of a species of self-ostracism.

Our amusements on the occasion of such social reunions are, I can conscientiously say, as rational as those of any other class of men who meet under similar circumstances. In the morning we are all—to a man—late for breakfast, but that is nothing, as we make it a point, individually and as a body, to be on good terms with everyone connected with the eating department, from the cook to the young ladies who condescend to wait on us at table. Such being the case, we find no difficulty in having our wants catered to, and while the edibles are undergoing their various stages of preparation, we sit at one table and indulge in a little mutual chaff and banter. When the breakfast is set before us, the waiting girls come in for a perfect volley of jokes, while constant subjecting to this style of attack has rendered them adepts at reply, and the cross-fire grows really interesting.

Breakfast over, an adjournment is made to some sitting-room, where, in the full enjoyment of a good cigar, anything and everything is discussed. Music we sometimes have, especially if there happens to be a "fancy-goods man" in the company, as his samples abound in a variety of small portable musical instruments, none of them, in themselves, very harmonious, but which furnish the material for a sort of improvised concert. His stock of mouth organs, jewsharps, tin whistles, trumpets, toy drums, concertinas, and other like abominations, is in great demand. The performance commences with a doleful solo on the mouth organ by the fancy-goods man him-

self, for a daily practice, absolutely necessary in the sale of those articles, has rendered him quite an expert on the instrument, and he is able to grind out a tune on a moment's notice, (in fact he will tell you that mouth-organs won't sell unless you can practically demonstrate their capabilities to a customer). The solo completed, he begins again, and the key-note struck, all join in. A hardware man, who bears a striking resemblance to an itinerant preacher—so sleek and modest in his appearance—toots a mournful accompaniment on the tin flute, while his next neighbour breaks in with an occasional and startling blare on the tin trumpet. The jewsharp twangs, and all and every one contributes to the questionable harmony. The fun and noise are at their highest pitch, when the door opens, and the landlord's remonstrating face looks in. "Now, gentlemen, please don't make such a noise; it's Sunday, you know, and the other guests in the house don't like it."

"Yes, landlord," replies our spokesman, "but we're playing sacred music," a reply that evokes the remark from the landlord that "if that was sacred music, Heaven protect him from secular music."

However, a lull has now occurred in the performance, and the presence of the landlord suggests itself as a favourable opportunity to "have something," long protracted blowing having rendered us all somewhat dry. The "something" having been sent up, the music is resumed, only in a somewhat moderated key, while an occasional pause in each individual's performance—not provided for by the composer—marks the point where he breaks off to refresh his blowing powers with a draught from his glass or a puff from his cigar.

Dinner-time arrives, and a good dinner is something all travellers, commercial or uncommercial, can appreciate. We in Canada know little of English commercial customs, and I can safely say that their style of dining would never become popular in Canada, any more than any other English and exclusive custom attempted to be engrafted here. We generally get together at one table and give ample evidence of our ability to enjoy ourselves, without the presence of a President or a Vice-President, as even the old country conventional "pint-of-wine," a pernicious custom it seems to me, would be more honoured in the breach than the observance. Old country travellers, who condescend "to waste their sweetness on the desert air" of Canada, are, like the great majority of old-country people, very dictatorial, and regard Canadians and their customs with a haughty and ignorant superciliousness that is really amusing. "We do these things differently in England," they will tell you, and let you understand by their lofty air that the difference consists in a vast superiority to the way they are done in this barbarous, God-forsaken country. English commercials, as a rule, come out here determined to teach, not to learn, and they have to pass through a great deal of humiliation, and suffer a great many heart-burnings before they will acknowledge their need of adopting the customs of the country when they adopt the country.

But this digression, which I trust may be instrumental in making the average Imported Commercial a little more modest in his demeanor to his Canadian brethren, has carried me away from Owen Sound and our Sunday dinner there. Owen Sound and dinner are both very interesting subjects, and it will not do, for any commercial to slight either of them. Well, we had our dinner, and a very good one it was.

After dinner, many and various are the occupations we betake ourselves to; some have writing to do, others have it but don't do it, enjoying instead a stolen afternoon nap, while yet again others hire a team and drive into the country, which here abounds in romantic, picturesque scenery. Some of our number will spend the afternoon at the house of a customer, for the merchants of Owen Sound never lose an opportunity of showing friendliness and hospitality to "the wandering tribe." A quiet afternoon so spent is very welcome to the jaded commercial, tired as he is of the everlasting trade jangle he listens to and is compelled, day after day, to use himself. I know I get to detest the set terms of trade, and often wonder why business matters can't be discussed and business done by means of a pleasanter language than the jargon used in trade. At all events, we are all of us glad enough to escape from the thralldom of business and spend a few pleasant hours with a friendly customer who can forget his shop. Such relaxations are always welcome. Perhaps, too, we'll stop to tea, and perhaps we'll go to church, and perhaps we'll see some young lady home after church; the last "perhaps" is very likely, for commercial travellers are not callous to the charms of feminine society. Some folks say they are even partial to the ladies, at times even bordering on gallantry.

Sunday, like all things, must have an end, even in Owen Sound, and this particular Sunday did not differ from others in this respect, so at the end of a long and pleasant day I found myself on the road to bed, having previously left strict injunctions with "Archie," the indispensable and ubiquitous Archie, to be called for the narrow gauge in the morning. The "narrow gauge" is the Toronto, Grey & Bruce Railway, sometimes known as the Wheelbarrow Road, and very nearly approaching the geometrical definition of a line "length without breadth." As it is a pretty long road, and a very crooked one, I won't pursue its wanderings now, but with a sincere hope that Archie won't forget to call me in the morning, I now bid my readers good-night.

WAYFARER.

OUR ILLUSTRATIONS.

THE GYPSEY GIRL.—This is not the Arline of Balfe's Opera, whom Devilshoof stole from her cradle in the Bohemian castle, and brought up among the nomads of the Tyrol. Neither is it the Esmeralda of Victor Hugo; the frail dancing girl whom Frolo loved and for whom Quasimodo died. But it is the genuine Gitana or Spanish Gypsy, as described by Calderon and freshly reproduced by George Eliot. The fringed shawl on the head, serving as a bournous, the short brown hair tossed like a stormy sunset, the gauds in the ear-lobes, the triple coil of necklace and bracelet, the jewelled hand and the flowery robe thrown over the right shoulder, proclaim the type; while the deck of cards turned to the hearts, the short pipe and the torn shift over the bronze roundness of the right shoulder reveal the tramp and the sorceress. The eyes and the mouth are beautiful. The nose is strong and heavy, while the pose of the left hand is perfect in drawing. It is a type utterly unknown in Canada.

COO-COO.—The old old game in which Baby has always the best of it. She always catches us, we are never paying attention, and, of course, we are always surprised when she chirups coo-coo. In every language, this same word is used, because it is the language of nature, the carol of a bird. Baby is indeed a bird, fluttering from post to pillar, from curtain to door corner and crying coo-coo, while her heart leaps with joy, her hands are clapped with triumph, and laughter bubbles on her rosy lips. And often in after life, the bird-call coo-coo, sounding faintly through our memory, brings us back to the happiest early days of life.

THE SEASONS.—The front page of the present issue is decked with a picture thus entitled, from the pencil of our artist. A rehearsal of the circling seasons is appropriate at this time, when the year verges to its close, and every one is more or less inclined to sum up his experiences of the same. In certain parts of Canada, spring is so dubious a season, so rapid a transition from the ice of winter to the burning sun of summer, that many of our inhabitants may be said to know very little about it. Hence they will probably be pleased to see what it looks like in a picture at least. The Canadian summer is an equally deceptive season. Tourists who come here from the South in quest of coolness find themselves very much mistaken, as our solstitial and canicular periods are just as sultry as in Louisiana. Autumn is our finest season. No where does the Indian summer display more of its glories, and no country presents more enjoyable sport in wood and on water than does ours in the Fall. The less said about winters the better. They are much too long and generally too severe. It is remarkable that while other climates have changed in this respect, ours is precisely what it was in the days of Champlain.

THE PRINCE OF WALES AT CHANTILLY.—About three weeks ago, His Royal Highness the Prince of Wales went to France, on a visit to the Duke of LaRoche-foucauld-Bisaccia, lately ambassador at the Court of St. James. His stay was made the occasion of a round of sporting festivities of the greatest magnificence. At Rambouillet, Esclimont, and Chantilly, the property of the Duke d'Aumale, and other seats of the old noblesse, he was received with high honours and entertained as befitted his rank. We have selected a scene in the Chantilly forest.

An eyewitness of these stag hunts reports that an old stag charged so vigorously down an avenue that the Duc d'Aumale and the Comte de Paris were fain to throw themselves rapidly in a thicket to get out of his way. None of the Orleans Princesses appeared on horseback. The only lady of the household who followed the hunt was Mdlle. Clinchamp, maid of honour to the Duchesse de Chartres; but the Prince's Sagan, Madame Erlanger, and Madame St. Didier rode their horses, and the Duchesses Ayen and Tremoille and the Countesses Aigle and Behague were in carriages. After returning from the hunting, the Prince of Wales attended a private dinner of twelve covers at the Jockey Club. The "butcher's bill" at Marly, where the Prince shot with Marshal de MacMahon, was 8 deer, 207 pheasants, 65 hares, 77 rabbits and 27 partridges. These fell to eight guns in four hours.

PERSONALS.

Hon. WILLIAM McDUGALL is spoken of as the Conservative Candidate for Toronto Centre, in case Mr. Wilkes, the present member, should be unseated. Mr. McDougall has just returned from Europe with his family.

Senator MALHOTRIE died on the 10 inst at his residence, Point du Lac, after an illness of fifteen days. The representation of the Senatorial Division of Lavalliere thus becomes vacant. The deceased gentleman was born in 1808, at Vercheres, was Seigneur of that County, represented the Shawinigan Division in the Legislative Council of the Province of Canada, and was called to the Dominion Senate by Royal Proclamation at the time of Confederation.

Mr. J. S. ROSS, who was nominated by the conservatives of Dundas as their candidate for the Provincial Legislature, declined to stand.

Mr. D. GUTHRIE, of Guelph, was the choice of the Centre Wellington Reformers to oppose Dr. ORTON, should he offer again for election to the Commons.

Hon. James McDONALD, former member for Pictou, N. S., has been invited to stand for Victoria, the seat vacated by Hon. William Ross, late Minister of Militia.

M. C. CAMERON has been unanimously renominated as the Reform Candidate for South Huron. Delegates met at Brucefield on the 10th, and besides pledging Mr. CAMERON their undivided support, they determined that he should not bear one cent of the expense of the election contest.

Hon. Mr. GARNEAU, of the Quebec Cabinet, entertained his colleagues at dinner in Quebec.

Hon. Mr. CAUCHON went to Ottawa a few days ago, on business, as is surmised, connected with the Quebec Harbor Commission.

Major General SELBY SMYTH has been on an official tour in Quebec where he inspected all the forces and was well received.

A petition against the return of Mr. GOUDGE, Ministerialist, of Hants, N. S., has been quashed.

Mr. THOS. BROSSIT, of Beauharnois, advocate, has been appointed collector of tolls on the Beauharnois Canal, *vice* ELLIS, superannuated.

Dr. Amable BEAUPRE, of Ste. Elizabeth, the candidate who was defeated at the last Joliette election, is again running against the unseated member, Mr. Geo. BABY.

The Centre Wellington election case was brought to a conclusion by Chief Justice HAGARTY delivering a very lengthy judgment to the effect that several acts of bribery had been committed; that if the evidence of CAMPBELL were to be believed, Dr. ORTON had been guilty of personal bribery, but as this evidence was open to doubt, he would simply declare the election voided through bribery of agents, and that the respondent pay petitioner's costs.

DR. FERGUSON has been unseated for North Leeds and Grenville. Bribery by agents.

North Simcoe election trial concluded. H. H. COOK confessed by his counsel to bribery by agents, and the election was voided.

Mr. Stephen WHITE has accepted the nomination as candidate for the Local Legislature of Ontario, to represent the county of Kent in the Reform interest.

Count VON ARNIM has been arrested a second time.

Count VON BEUST, the Austro-Hungarian Minister in London, has been recalled to Vienna.

Mr. Daniel HASKELL, the veteran editor of the *Boston Transcript*, died at the Revere House on the 12th, of pneumonia. Mr. Haskell had been connected with the *Transcript* for more than 20 years.

Hon. Mr. VAIL, the newly appointed Minister of Militia, held a sort of levee on reaching Ottawa. He had all the clerks of the Militia Department before him, for the purpose of making their acquaintance personally.

Mr. LIGHT, C.E., late government engineer on the Intercolonial Railway, has been appointed government engineer for the North Shore and Northern Colonization Railways.

The Countess of DUFFERIN had an At Home at Rideau Hall on the 13th, attended by a good many members of the Civil Service.

Mr. COFFIN, Receiver General, is in Nova Scotia, and will not return to Ottawa until January.

The LIQUOR-GOVERNOR of Ontario gave a ball on the 13th, which was largely and fashionably attended. Many of the members of the Local House were present.

VIGNAUX is the winner of the billiard tournament and champion of America at the three-ball game played in N. Y. Immediately after the game was finished, a communication from Joseph DIXON was read challenging the winner of the tournament to play him a match game for the championship and \$4,000.

DR. KENEALY has not yet been disbarred, but has been summoned by the Benchers to appear on the 26 inst., and show cause why he should not be so treated.

The Marquis of SALISBURY and Dean STANLEY have been nominated as candidates for the Rectorship of St. Andrew's University.

Don ALPHONSO issued an address to his troops before he quitted Spain. He says his departure is caused by a royal order depriving him of his command in Catalonia. He awaits the time when his services will again be useful to the cause. Don CARLOS approves of his withdrawal.

The Episcopal Convention of Kentucky have elected Thos. H. DUDLEY, D. D., of Baltimore, to succeed Bishop CUMMINS.

At a meeting of the Directorate of the North Shore Railway, E. BEAUDET, was elected Director, in the room of John BURSTALL, resigned.

Hon. Mr. CHAPLEAU, on his return from Manitoba, is to be married to the daughter of Lieut. Col. KING, of Sherbrooke. As a wedding present his friends will give him a table-box worth over \$1000 and a complete tea service of solid silver, valued at \$650.

Hon. Mr. BURPEE has left for St. John, N. B., and will return in a fortnight.

John P. ROBLIN, Registrar of Deeds, for Picton, died on 12th inst. Here represented the county of Prince Edward, from 1830 to 1836 in the old Upper Canada Parliament and in the Canada Parliament from 1840 to 1847.

Ricciotti GARIBALDI, major-general in the Italian Auxiliary Army, was married lately at St. James's Church, Piccadilly, to Miss Harriett Constance Hopercraft, of Oak Lawn, Anierley.

COURRIER DES DAMES.

On opening the columns of the NEWS to special subjects of interest to our lady readers, we may take occasion to remark that we have decided upon presenting them every week with a page of fashions, carefully selected and of the latest style. These fashions come to us first-hand from London and Paris. They are not reproductions of American fashion plates, but are sent directly to ourselves and will appear simultaneously, if not sometimes ahead, of our American colleagues. In choosing the fashion plates of each week, our design will be to select what is most seasonable and suitable. Instead of crowding the page with an array of meaningless or useless articles, we shall present styles and patterns of the most tasty and adaptable character. Appropriate letter-press description will appear in each number, giving all the indications necessary for the reproduction of the articles displayed.

In the present number, we give a variety of basques or paletots for late autumn wear. There are two species of close-fitting basques, three shawl-basques, and one mantle basque which will specially recommend itself by its beautiful pattern. We call attention to the shawl-basque with fur trimmings, as peculiarly adapted to this climate. The material may be of the heaviest pilot or beaver, and the only direction with regard to the trimming is that the fur be dark, as white would appear too light for very heavy material. This, however, is left to each one's taste, as we have seen in this country, the heaviest mantles and paletots garnished with downy white ermine.

Attention is also directed to the two specimens of vest, the straight-fitting and overlapping. For outside wear, in this climate, and especially in the case of weak-chests, they are very useful. Their construction is simple. The material may be knitting of any kind desirable.

WHY CHILDREN DIE.—The reason why children die is because they are not taken care of. From the day of their birth they are stuffed with food, choked with physic, suffocated with hot rooms, steamed with bed clothes. So much for indoors. When permitted to breathe a breath of air once a week in summer, and once or twice during the cold months, only the nose is permitted to peer into daylight. A little later they are sent out with no clothes at all, as to the parts of the body which need most protection. Bare legs, bare arms, necks, girted middles, with an inverted umbrella to collect the air and chill the other parts of the body. A stout, strong man goes out on a cold day with gloves and overcoat, woollen stockings, and thick double-soled boots. The same day a child of three years old, an infant in flesh and blood, and bone and constitution, goes out with soles as thin as paper, cotton socks, legs uncovered to the knees, neck bare; and exposure which would disable the nurse, kill the mother in a fortnight, and make the father an invalid for weeks. And why? To harden them to a mode of dress which they are never expected to practice. To accustom them to exposure, which a dozen years later would be considered down-right foolery. To rear children thus for the slaughter pen, and then lay it to Heaven, is too bad.

GROWING UP.—One great difficulty with all young men is that they are impatient, and want somebody to lift them into a high position at once; for they are not aware that this, in nine cases out of ten, would prove to be a serious calamity. It is only those who climb the ladder that know the strength of every round. A rapid ascent is often followed by a similar descent, and as knowledge can only be obtained in small quantities at a time, it is better to be content with things as they are than fret at circumstances. We would call the attention of every young man to one significant fact, and that is, ninety-nine in every hundred of our successful men began at the very bottom of the ladder. No matter where you look in sciences, politics, literature, or agriculture, the great men of the nation have gained their present position by their own personal industry. Poverty, therefore to a young man, is one of the chief elements of success; for in his strife to supply the immediate demands of nature, he gains strength of both body and mind, until his own power is a marvel even to himself.

ANXIOUS PARENTS AND DISCONTENTED CHILDREN.—Many parents complain that they have difficulty in keeping their boys and girls at home at evenings, and multitudes of boys and girls complain that their homes are made so disagreeable that they feel constrained to find companionship and enjoyment elsewhere. All parties are anxious to have a remedy suggested for this uncomfortable state of things. The remedy must be applied, in the first instance, by the parents, and perhaps it is difficult to suggest one which they will adopt. They must remember the days of their youth, and what was necessary to their comfort and enjoyment when they were boys and girls, and young men and young women. Having cleared their memories on these points, they should next try to make home what in their young days they wanted home to be. Young people, in order to be contented, must be interested in something, and they can take an interest in only such matters as are interesting to them. A boy of eighteen cannot feel, think or act like a man of forty-five. Nor can a girl of eighteen find her enjoyment in such things as content the man of forty. Just how any particular home is to be made attractive to any particular circle of young people, it is impossible to say. But the general principle to be kept in view is that the young people must have an atmosphere of general affection thrown around them, and be permitted to indulge their youthful tastes in every way consonant with reason and their own well-being.

IS IT UNLADY-LIKE TO COOK?—Pye-Chevasse ridicules the notion of it being unladylike to be occupied with cookery and other household duties—he even says that they are necessary to health. In one of his popular works he says: "It might be said that the wife is not the proper person to cook her husband's dinner. True; but a wife should see and know that the cook does her duty, and if she did perchance understand how the dinner ought to be cooked, I have yet to learn that the husband would for such knowledge think any the worse of her. A grazing farmer is three or four years in bringing a beast to perfection fit for human food. Is it not a sin, after so much time and pains, for an idiot of a cook, in the course of one short hour or two, to ruin by vile cookery a joint of such meat? Is it not time, then, that a wife herself should know how a joint of meat ought to be cooked, and thus be able to give instructions accordingly?"

BEAUTY.—Without expression the most perfect features are not beautiful. It may be said that the eyes sway the destiny of the face, for if their expression be not beautiful the most exquisitely modelled other features, the most classical mould of the head, and the purest Grecian oval of general facial outline, are but as doves clustering in the fascination of hideous snakes. On the other hand, a beautiful eye raises the plainest face to a higher rank of beauty than mere symmetry can ever attain. The greatest and most loved women of history were often indebted solely to the beautiful expression of their eyes for their nameless power of fascinating all who beheld them. And to make the eyes thus beautiful it is only necessary to throw into them that light of the soul which emanates from the gentler emotions and purest thoughts. All violent passions abuse the eye—all unworthy thoughts mar its clearness.

WHY EARS SHOULD NOT BE BOXED.—There are several things very commonly done which are extremely injurious to the ear, and ought to be carefully avoided. And first, children's ears ought never to be boxed. The passage of the ear is closed by a thin membrane, especially adapted, so that it is influenced by every impulse of the air, and with nothing but the air to support it internally. What, then, can be more likely to injure this membrane, than a sudden and forcible compression of the air in front of it? If any one designed to break or overstretch the membrane, he could scarcely devise a more efficient means than to bring the hand suddenly and forcibly down upon the passage of the ear, thus driving the air violently before it, with no possibility of its escape but by the membrane giving way. Many children are made deaf by boxes on the ears in this way.

DOLLS AND TOYS.—What becomes of all the toys? Their fate seems to be as great a mystery as that of the pins. The doll can boast a respectable antiquity, for it was not unknown to the children of Pompeii, yet it is doubtful whether there exists a specimen of this toy more than a century old. In several of Gilray's caricatures we find representations of dolls; there is one also in a picture by Hogarth; but, as a rule, artists seldom cared to introduce the toy into their works, although it is indelibly associated with thoughts of infancy and girlhood. Not many years ago, at the sale of an old maiden lady's effects, one of the lots included a couple of dolls which had been made seventy years previously, and since preserved with almost loving care, but for what reason none but their deceased owner knew. They had waxen heads, with curls of real hair, and were dressed in the fashion of the period. There was a roar of laughter when the auctioneer's assistant held them up to the gaze of the crowd of Jews, furniture dealers, and hangers-on, and at first no purchaser could be found. At last they were knocked down with a batch of sundries for a shilling. When new they must have cost at least a guinea each. But there are fashions in dolls as in everything else, and the fantastically-attired dolls which pleased little girls seventy or eighty years ago have no attractions for children of the present time. They are too unfashionable. It is curious to note how dolls reflect, as it were, the prevailing taste in costume. A collection of these toys would form a microcosm of fashion, from the days of powdered hair and satin slippers to the time of gigantic chignons and high-heeled boots.

A FORTUNE WITH PENNIES.

There is a man in New York who is amassing a fortune by buying and selling pennies, two and three cent pieces, and five cent nickles. Every day he rides to the newspaper and other offices in a buggy, and buys the coin which has been taken in from the newsboys and the customers. For the pennies and two-cent pieces he pays ninety-seven cents a hundred, and for the three and five-cent nickles he gives ninety-nine cents for a dollars worth. The sellers are glad to dispose of the coins at this discount. The man then rides to about the only tradesmen in the city who desire a quantity of pennies—the pawnbrokers—and to them he sells them at par, taking their notes for three months in payment. The pawnbrokers who have shops among the poor classes say that they need small denominations of fractional currency or coin, as many of their loans do not exceed ten or fifteen cents. Many poor persons pawn their articles of wearing apparel or trinkets only when driven to do so by the want of a single meal of food, and such are not particular as to the denomination of the money they receive. The pawnbrokers give their notes without interest, thereby gaining the use of the money for three months.

MUSICAL AND DRAMATIC.

It is stated that an American, named Heywood, a man of twenty-five, is singing as a soprano, at Berlin. The Journals affirm that his voice is natural, not induced.

The monument in honour of Francis S. Key, author of the Star Spangled Banner, will cost \$150,000. It will be of bronze, and located in one of the parks in San Francisco.

Ambrose Thomas is writing a new opera, to be called "Francesca di Rimini," and his ballet of "Cupid and Psyche" is to be turned into a grand opera, with Cupid as tenor.

Mme. Ristori has recently saved the life of a political prisoner in Chili, by the name of Meunoz. He was sentenced to be shot, but, through her intercession, he was pardoned.

Jenny Lind, now Mme. Goldschmidt, has been singing again, not exactly in public, but before a number of the English Earl of Leven's tenants, at Glenferness House, who had been invited to hear her.

Mme. Pauline Lucca has brought the "Goldenberg," near Schirmensee, on the Lake of Zurich, where she proposes living quietly after having made a farewell tour through the largest capitals of Europe.

It is reported that over a hundred workmen engaged in building the Paris Opera House have, at one time or another, lost their lives, mostly from being jostled from the narrow scaffolding which surrounded the whole interior of the immense edifice.

Herr Franz Schott, the well-known music-publisher, who died last May in Milan, has bequeathed to that city, in houses and cash, about three hundred thousand florins. The interest from this sum is to be expended on a conservatory of music, the elementary communal schools, and the opera.

A young daughter of Mme. Jennie Van Zandt, who is engaged with the Kellogg Opera Company, shows, it is said, most extraordinary musical talent, and has just been the recipient of very flattering offers from Mr. Mapleson, of London, and also from Carl Rosa. She is only fourteen years of age.

The Theatre Royal, Montreal, had an excellent patronage last week, during the engagement of the Weatherly Bouffe Troupe. The support from Mr. Lindley's company was very creditable, including Mr. Lindley himself, whose talents as a low Comedian are well known. This week, Marietta Ravell is filling a very successful engagement in the pantomime and emotional dramas which are her speciality.

The Belgian paper, *Le Guide Musical*, has some notes from a Belgian musical *littérateur* who is travelling in Italy. Writing from Milan, he says music there is Italian, but nothing else. Creative genius is conspicuously absent, and new operas file off one after another, without leaving a song behind. Of "Salvatore Rosa," the new work by Gomez, he says: "It is an incredible piece of feebleness, of which I shall attempt no analysis."

Although the glory of the operatic ballet has long departed from the world, some old *habitués* of the opera when choreography was at its zenith, may care to hear of the present condition of some of those Queens of the Dance whom they used so readily to applaud. Carlotta Grisi bathes in the Lake of Geneva, Fanny Elssler, become Princess, reigns over a villa near Vienna, Rosati is the mistress of a chateau at Milan, Cerito decorates the facade of her house in the Champs Elysees with geraniums, and Taglioni gives lessons in London.

Italian Opera has reached this year its 38th birthday. It was in 1494 that three young Florentines, anxious to restore the ancient Grecian lyric style of declamation, persuaded the poet Rinucci to compose a drama on the subject of Daphne, and the composer Peri to set the words to music. This opera was produced in the palace of Count Corsi, with a meagre orchestra of four violins, a cithra, a harp, and violoncello, while the work itself consisted of a series of recitatives—no airs whatever—and was considered by a great critic of the day—Rucellai—to be highly monotonous and uninteresting.

Long runs have certainly become established facts in Paris. Thus, a short time since, "Les Deux Orphelins" was given at the Theatre du Chateaux for the two hundred and third time; "Mignon," at the Opera Comique, for the three hundred and thirty-sixth; "Les Huguenots," at the Grand Opera, for the five hundred and forty-first; "Orphée aux Enfers," at the Gaite, for the seven hundred and eighty-second; and, finally, "Le Pied de Mouton" at the Theatre de la Porte St. Martin, for the twelve hundred and tenth!

LITERARY.

There will be a reissue of *Chambers's Encyclopedia* at an early date.

Captain Mayne Reid is reported to be very dangerously ill at his residence in London, and little hopes are entertained of his recovery.

Mr. Kinglake's fifth volume of the "History of the Crimean War," which deals principally with the battle of Inkerman, has, it is stated, been sent to press.

The author of "The Gentle Life" has in the press a new volume of Essays, entitled "The Better Self." It will be published during the winter season.

We are very glad to hear that the Early French Text Society, so long hoped for as the mate of the Early English one, is at last in process of formation.

The Swiss inhabitants of the United States, having a subscription to erect a monument to Agassiz, the sum required is 300,000 dolrs., of which half has already been subscribed.

An English version is shortly to be published of "A Soul After Death," by the late J. L. Heiberg, poet-laureate to the King of Denmark. The translation is from the pen of Mr. Jacob Ivanovitch.

M. Jousserandot, Professor in the University of Geneva has just finished the translation of an Arab poem, which describes the life and manners of the children of the Desert.

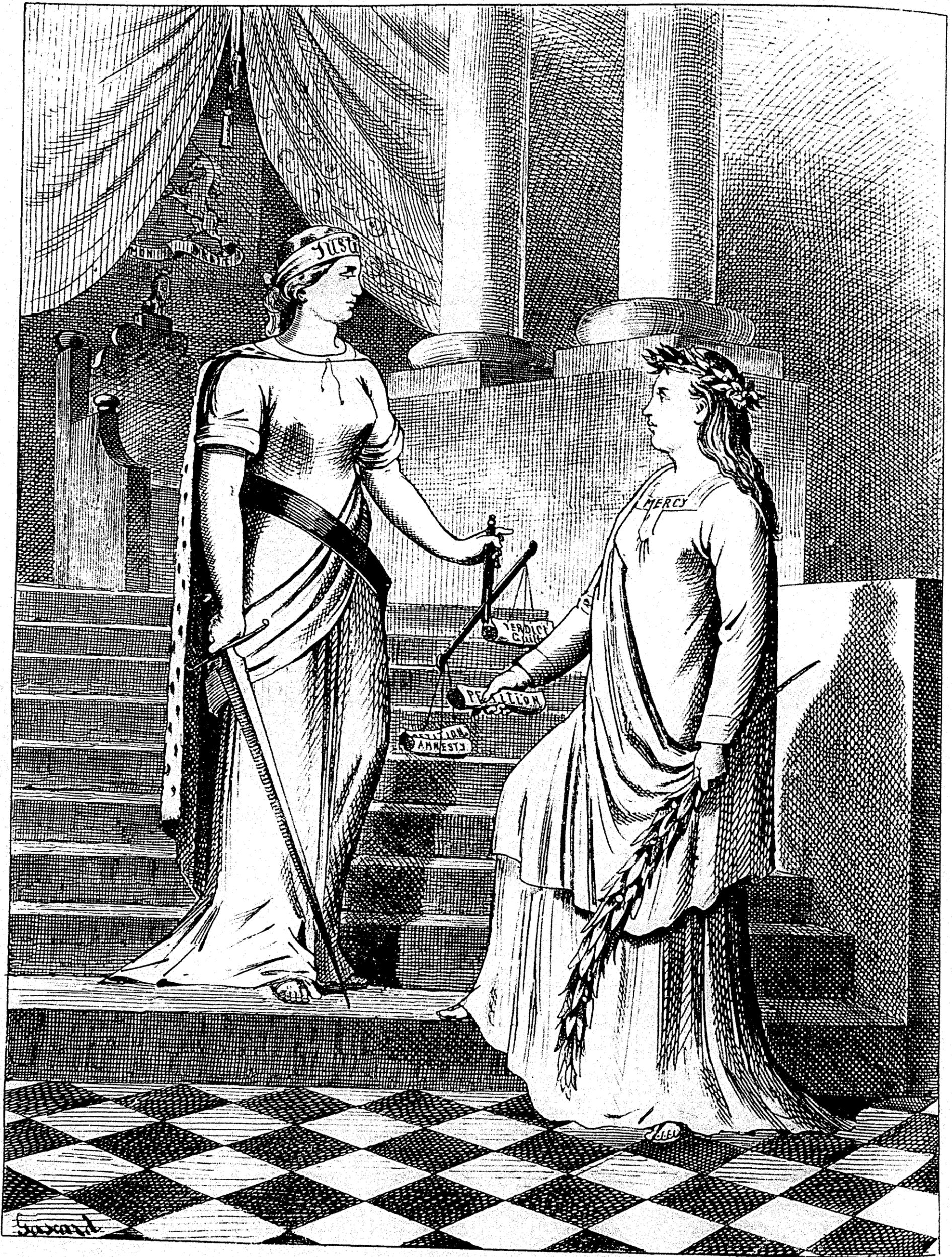
It is said that a well-known Shakespearean scholar of Montreal has prepared an exhaustive volume on the theory of the Baconian authorship of Shakespeare's plays, and will publish it for the holidays.

Dr. James A. H. Murray has "Fitts the First" of his parallel four-text edition of "Thomas off Erseidounne" in revise for the Early English Text Society. As ill-luck would have it, lines 109.16 exist only in the partially-burnt Cotton, so that four of these lines are without their heads.

Mr. Gladstone is going to reprint the Homeric papers which he contributed to the *Contemporary Review*. The title of the volume will be "Homer and Egypt: A contribution towards determining the place of Homer in Chronology." Reprinted from the *Contemporary Review*, and enlarged.

The remains of Calderon, the great dramatic poet of Spain, have been transferred, with great ceremony, from the Church of San Francisco, in Madrid, to the cemetery of St. Nicholas. In the evening, the National Theatre played "Life is a Dream," the most celebrated work of the deceased.

The tariff of payment for French novelists of thirty years since is curious to look back upon. Alexandre Dumas was paid 100l. for every sixty words, Frederic Soulié got 1s. a line, while Balzac received three centimes a word. Some journalists, however, murmured loudly at the length of Balzac's descriptions, and one paper decided that "M. de Balzac could not be allowed to put in more than thirty nails to each of the chairs he was pleased to describe."



THE LEPINE VERDICT: MERCY PLEADING WITH JUSTICE

"And earthly Power doth then show likest God's,
When Mercy seasons Justice."

MERCY. VENICE.



THE GYPSEY GIRL. - FROM A PAINTING BY G. BASTAG.

NEW BOOKS.

MOON FOLK.* The well-known firm of Dawson Brothers, of this city, while it is always amply supplied with the choicest of new publications, as soon as they are published, makes it a rule to increase and diversify its stock on the approach of the holiday season of Christmas and New Year. At that time, as we shall have occasion to show later, its shelves are brilliant with all the pleasant books which can please the fancy of the young and imaginative. As a foretaste of the good things coming, we announce to day the appearance of **MOON FOLK**, a dainty volume by Jane Austen, which contains a true account of the home of the fairy tales. All the familiar old legends of our childhood are found rehearsed therein, from "The Man in the Moon" to "Sinbad the Sailor," and from "Sir Lancelot du Lac" to "Robinson Crusoe." Cinderella's crystal slipper glistens once more, the "Sleeping Beauty" displays her charms in the glade, the "Beauty and the Beast" present their grotesque contrasts and the towers of Camelot peer dimly in the misty distance. All these stories are connected by a thread of dialogue which preserves their unity and enhances their interest. The pencil of Linton has caught the charm of the legends and his profuse illustrations constitute one half the value of the book which we heartily commend to our young friends of both sexes.

ARTILLERY RETROSPECT.† We are indebted to the author for a copy of this useful pamphlet. He is known for his efforts to improve and solidify our volunteer organization, especially in the artillery arm, which is his own specialty, and the present work, the substance of two lectures delivered before the Literary and Historical Society of Quebec, is another step in the same direction. Colonel Strange goes through the whole Artillery history of the Franco-German war and the second siege of Paris. He illustrates his matter by copious diagrams and tables. In the second part, he has a number of very useful suggestions to the Militia of the Dominion which testify both to his knowledge and to his patriotism. With regard more especially to the training of the scientific Corps, Engineers and Artillery, he says: "To acquire a practical knowledge of the mounted branch of the latter, the most difficult arm of the service, a permanent instructional Field-Battery is necessary for each Provincial Gunnery School, as well as for the Military College; while the General Order of 20th October, 1871, providing for a Gunnery School at New Brunswick, might well be put in force, as well as the conversion of the permanent battery at Winnipeg, Manitoba, into a Field-Battery of Instruction, available for active service in the event of the police ceasing to perform artillery duty, or being more than five or six hundred miles distant from the point where their services might be required. As Canada swarms with skilled riflemen, who, in emergency, under trained officers, would soon acquire all they want to make them excellent infantry—viz., discipline,—it is manifest that the largest portion of these permanent nuclei should be Artillery (Field and Garrison), with a smaller proportion of Cavalry, as well as a small corps of Engineers and Artificers at each fortress to execute petty repairs, on the "stitch-in-time" principle. We want no military "loafers" around our cities. The Prussian army is a national school, such as we are not likely to have in Canada; but, in these days, a soldier who is not kept furnished by instructing others is apt to rust. The officers and non-commissioned officers of these corps must be permanent instructors of their own men, of the Militia, and of such lads not necessarily belonging to the Militia, who might advantageously be admitted (especially during the winter season) for short courses of drill, duty and discipline, during that period between leaving school and entering business."

ELECTRIC TREATMENT OF DISEASE.‡ Without asserting that electricity will cure each and every disease, the author of the present treatise, who has sent us a copy of his work, believes it to be capable of bringing a greater number of diseases to a favorable issue than any other single remedy external or internal, which practice and science combined have yet made known to medical men. He cites a number of renowned practitioners who have used electricity in the cure of diseases—such as Sir Robert Christison, Pereira, Golding Bird, and Lionel Beale. Dr. Hayward believes further that medical electricity would be much more extensively employed had some special instrument been earlier devised for administering it continuously and effectively. More than one belt like apparatus has been constructed with these ends in view. He states he tried them all and with no proportionate degree of success, when circumstances induced him to imagine, and after much consideration enabled him to construct, an electric belt of such increased power and diversified functions, that in most cases of application it responded to his highest hopes. The Doctor gives an interesting historical survey of electrical discovery, with a general sketch of vital electricity, while the bulk of his work is devoted to special electrical therapeutics.

* Moon Folk, by Jane G. Austin. Illustrated by W. J. Linton. G. P. Putnam's Sons, New York. Dawson Brothers Montreal. 12mo. cloth. pp. 208.

† Artillery Retrospect of the last Great War, 1870; with its lessons for Canadians, by Lieut.-Col. T. Bland Strange, Dominion Inspector of Artillery. Middleton & Dawson, Quebec. 8o. pp. 95.

‡ Electro-Therapia; or, the Electric Treatment of Diseases: Being a general exposition of Medico-Electric Science, &c. By J. R. S. Hayward, M. R. C. S., &c., &c. 16mo. Paper. Pp. 90. The City Publishing Co., London.

"WIDOWED ERE WEDDED."

She looked for his coming with grief-laden sighs.
She waited and watched through the long Summer day;
But only dull vacancy greeted her eyes—
The one whom she longed for still lingered away.

The roses that grew by her window hung low.
The dewdrops lay heavy among their sweet leaves:
The air had no sound save the river's sweet flow.
And the young swallows' twittering under the eaves.

And still as she waited she saw the red run
Call in his bright glory and sink to his rest:
She heard voices murmur and feet swiftly run.
And a pain like a sword-thrust struck sharp through her breast.

Then up the white path of the garden they bore
The form of the one whom she waited for—dead!
She saw the red wound that the bright curls hung o'er.
And knew the sad truth ere a word had been said.

Cut off in the time of his manhood's fresh prime,
In the bloom of his vigour and beauty laid low.
He rests; but for her is that desolate pain
Such as only the heart of a woman may know.

SUSANNA J.

[For the CANADIAN ILLUSTRATED NEWS.]

IN PACE.

A LEGEND OF THE CATACOMBS.

BY JOHN LESPERANCE.

I.

"Good morrow, Quintus; thou art up betimes!"

"Aye, 'tis a great holiday, remember, and I have risen, like a loyal Roman, to take my stand beside the capitol and see the Imperial pageant. The Emperor and his train halted for the night in the plain yonder. His triumph will be magnificent."

"Yes, Quintus, and well deserved. *Io triumphe*. But what have we here?" And the two friends looked up to a large scroll hung on one of the pillars of the imperial edifice.

"*Divus Marcus Antoninus Aurelius Imperator!* Why, a new decree against the Christians, I declare."

"The Emperor wishes to grace his triumph by other captives than those taken in Illyria and Thrace, I ween."

"An *aureus* is awarded for every Christian, man, woman, or child, who will be seized and duly convicted. Merry sport this, eh, my Lentulus? What say you to a hunt after Christian flesh till the trumpet herald the steep ascent of the Capitoline?"

"Agreed, Quintus. An *aureus* is no small matter, I tell thee, in these war times, and may serve a poor fellow like me a good turn in quaffing draughts of Chio or native Falernian. '*O Bucche, quo me rapis!*'"

The two friends locked arms and sauntered along the street.

II.

The morning light was just tipping the crests of the Seven Hills. Imperial Rome was yet asleep. Silence reigned in her gardens and public places. Her thoroughfares were deserted.

Lentulus and Quintus walked along the square, when suddenly across their path a hooded figure passed and entered a by-street.

"Look, Quintus, at the slender girl! Did'st thou see her face?"

"No, Lentulus, it is veiled."

"What a lovely form and queenly carriage! She must be beautiful."

"Who can she be?"

"And what doing?"

"Alone, too, at such an early hour."

"A daughter of the people, belike, on some household errand."

"No plebeian she, Lentulus, for look at the jewelled sandal half hidden under her stole."

"Perhaps a waif of the Suburra."

"Nay, too modest for that."

"Who then?—let us follow."

"Ha, ha! I have it—'tis Euphrosyne, the pride of Consular Vossius, a Christian and heing to Christian rites. The *aureus* is mine," hissed Quintus to his friend, and, darting from his side, he hurried down the street. The hooded figure disappeared around an angle and he followed.

As for Lentulus, he seemed stupefied at what he had heard, and walked away in another direction, shaking his head mournfully.

The sunset was gilding the tops of the Seven Hills. Rome was awaking from her slumbers. Her avenues were filling with the plebs, and out on the Campagna resounded the bray of trumpets from the camps of the Divine Emperor.

III.

The tapers on the altar were lighted, and a few vases of flowers set about the tabernacle of worship. A troop of virgins knelt around the holy table. The door of the chancel opened, and the venerable Pacificus entered, accompanied by white-robed acolytes. He performed the sacred mysteries, blessed his little flock, and when about partaking with them of the eucharist, spoke thus in a low but impressive voice:—

"Let us thank our Master, my daughters, that once more He has strengthened us with His sacraments. The day of tribulation is at hand, the decree of persecution has been launched, and this may be the last time we shall meet on earth.

Eat ye, therefore, the bread of the strong and drink of the cup of salvation. Put your trust in the crucified Spouse of your hearts, and whatever may betide, conserve your souls in peace.

In pace servabitur animas vestras." He said these words and administered the sacred rites.

The lights on the altar were extinguished, the flowers removed from their vases, the incense had melted away, and the troop of virgins had glided out of the holy house. Only the venerable Pacificus remained, bowed before the shrine. Suddenly he felt the hem of his garment gently touched, and a hooded figure stood beside him. The old man smiled paternally as he recognised one of his little flock who had just partaken of the mysteries.

"What wouldst thou have, my daughter?"

"I would make an offering to my Spouse before I go, father, for I feel that I am about to depart hence, never to return."

The pastor looked up to heaven, as though he understood the meaning of the girl's presentiment.

"See in the picture yonder," said she, "how my Saviour sits by the well, weary and footsore. I would give him these jewelled sandals wherewithal to go his ways more lightly."

And stooping, she slipped them from her feet, and set them before the picture.

"God bless thee, daughter," whispered the priest benignly; and added, "go in peace. *Vade in pace.*"

A loud knock at the door, a shuffling of feet in the vestibule, a violent crash, and through the broken portal rushed forward a stalwart man.

"Aye, aye, 'tis she. I recognise those sandals," he cried, and darted up the aisle into the chancel.

"Down with thee, old dotard," he exclaimed, as he grasped the aged priest by his long white beard and dragged him to the pave. Then laying his hand on the shoulder of the girl,

"Come with me, pretty Christian. Come, Euphrosyne," said he, with a look of sensual triumph. And Quintus led forth Euphrosyne out into the city, barefoot on the stony streets.

IV.

Euphrosyne, the daughter of Vossius, stood alone in her high prison cell.

Leaning her white arms on the iron bars, she looked down upon the great city, arrayed in holiday dress. She saw its marble colonnades and decorated fountains, the palaces of the Senators and the temples of the gods; the triumphal arches wreathed with flowers, and the wide streets lined with emblematic bays in honour of the Emperor.

Euphrosyne mused. She, the descendant of a noble Roman house, illustrious for its deeds in mail and toga; descended, too, by her mother, of Attic heroes, of him who, in the ancient days, had hurled the tyrant from his throne—Aristogiton, whose avenging blade a grateful people trimmed with sprigs of myrtle. *En murtoiu kladi*. She, a hopeless captive now, soon to be the by-word of the populace, the disgrace of her family, the victim of the wild beasts. Yes, but even thus, nobler far, O reader, in her own eyes and in ours, than all the mighty lords and brilliant dames who had shed imperishable glory on her line. She raised her eyes to the heavens, now radiant with the sunshine, and prayed—prayed for comfort in her loneliness, courage in her pains, and perseverance in her final struggle on the sands of the amphitheatre.

"O Soterion!" she sweetly moaned, "through all let me preserve my soul in peace. *In pace, in idipsium!*"

The sound of footfalls is heard along the narrow corridor. The door of her cell is opened, and her aged father advances to meet her. An antique Roman he, but his tall form is bent, his proud step falters, and his grand, massive brow is clouded in sorrow. Thou hast come upon a hopeless errand, O Conscript Father! Thy will, accustomed to obedience, will be gently but firmly resisted, and not all thy power and consular authority will obtain what this feeble child cannot and will not grant. Abandon her faith—desert the service of her Lord! O! not even for thy venerable white hairs or the memory of a buried mother will she do that. Renounce the troth of her spiritual bridal? Never. The daughter wept in her father's arms. And when at length he rose to depart, did he curse her in his stoicism as a Brutus or a Cato would have done? No, but glancing on her, he said:

"I, too, am a Christian."

V.

One trial never comes alone. Scarcely had Vossius left the cell of his daughter, than another visitor intruded himself upon the privacy of the persecuted girl. He was muffled in a chlamys, but she recognised in him the dastard Roman who had, that morning, seized her and consigned her to the dungeon. She turned her calm blue eyes full upon his face, and Quintus could not withstand the look. There was no reproach, no hate, no revenge in it, but it smote him as if these three had been concentrated full upon him. She stood in the embrasure of a window; he, with his body half averted, withdrew a little to the shadow of the wall.

"Euphrosyne," he said at length, with hesitation.

The child drooped her eyes and listened.

"Knowest thou me?"

"I do, O Quintus," she murmured.

"I am thy persecutor."

"Nay, my benefactor," with a sweet smile.

"Not so, not so! I have wronged thee grievously, and I would repair the injury."

"There is no need, O Quintus."

"I would rescue thee from thy doom, my beautiful one. There is one means. Accept my troth and thou art free!"

She smiled a melancholy smile and said:

"My heart is plighted, Quintus,"

"To whom?"

"To God!"

O! She was divinely beautiful, as she stood there, half turned to the light, her lovely eyes fixed brightly on heaven through the prison bars, and her white hands folded prayerfully on her bosom. A feeling of awe fell upon Quintus as he gazed on the ecstatic, transfigured girl, and he stole silently from the room, leaving her in her rapture. As he crept along the corridor, he paused a moment, and striking his forehead with his palm, he exclaimed:

"I, too, am a Christian!"

VI.

The sun had not yet reached his noon on the same eventful day, when Euphrosyne had been duly interrogated and condemned. There is no need to rehearse the details of those scenes, common to most martyrs. Suffice it to say that the feeble, timid girl faced her judges with unflinching resolution, preferring death to apostasy. The strength and courage of the Martyr of Calvary, poured into the hearts of twelve millions of Christian athletes, in presence of the wheel and the faggot, the sword and the cauldron, inspired Euphrosyne in the supreme hour of her trial, when spurning at her feet titles, rank, wealth, and happiness, renouncing by a heroic effort the ties of home and family, she chose Christ and Him crucified as her portion for evermore. Aye, and thou hast chosen the better part, O daughter of Consuls, which shall not be wrested from thee for ever.

All eyes were fixed upon the angelic child, and a murmur of pity ran through that pagan crowd when the sentence of death was pronounced against her. Ardent as they all were for the ghastly shows of the circus, and athirst for Christian blood, they compassionated their tender victim, and with the old instinctive Roman respect for aristocracy, so life in those imperial times, grieved that an *ingenua*, a high-born child of fortune, should perish in the indiscriminate slaughter of Christian dogs.

They led her forth from the Prætor's hall to the amphitheatre, where fifty thousand enlightened Quirites were to assist at the games decreed as a part of his triumph by their Divine Emperor.

VII.

The immense Colosseum was densely filled. Tier upon tier of patricians, knights, and plebeians sat expectant of their favourite spectacle. High above them, on his ivory throne with golden bosses, towered their imperial master, Marcus Antoninus Aurelius. Joy beamed upon every countenance, for it was a day of national rejoicing; and were not these hated Christians to be delivered to the beasts?

Suddenly the trumpet sounds! Every eye is turned toward the tent where the victims of the show are confined. The curtain is drawn and the games begin. One by one, or in pairs, the Christian heroes come, and from the fangs of lion and tiger meet the blessed death of Christ's own martyrs. The sight of blood and the ardour of the combat, instead of satiating, only whetted the morbid curiosity of that ignoble rabble, and when Euphrosyne appeared, there was a perfect frenzy of excitement. They shouted, they applauded; some rose to their feet, and others bent forward in their eagerness to lose no part of the scene.

Calm and beautiful she stood on the sand in the midst of the arena. Unconscious of the crowd around her and her eye turned to heaven, her hands crossed upon her heart, her feet scarce touching the ground, she seemed, in her seraphic ardour, about to soar from earth. Strange sensations smote many a pagan heart that day, and new light poured in upon the darkness of their sins at the ravishing spectacle. The cage doors swing on their hinges, and a wild cow leaps into the arena. Her jaws are dripping with foam, her eye is on fire, she switches her tail, paws up the red sand, and bellows ferociously, till finally, catching sight of her victim, she bends her head forward and rushes madly upon her. Lo! a commotion is heard in an upper tier. A man springs forth therefrom, crying:

"Euphrosyne, let me die with thee! I, too, am a Christian!"

The savage brute tosses them in air with a furious lurch. They fall heavily—Euphrosyne clasped in the arms of Quintus—both dead.

O Master, accept the sacrifice!

VIII.

The day is ended. Darkness falls on the Seven Hills. Rome, intoxicated with pleasure and excitement, has sunk to sleep again. Sleep on, O imperial city, inhuman in thy pride, but they will watch who fear thee not, nor thy Numidian beasts. Grave and low, mellowed by the distance, comes from subterranean deeps, the chant of human voices, and tapers cast their yellow light on the moist walls of the hidden tombs. The white robes of youthful acolytes flash along the way, and the metal censers gleam. The venerable Pacificus blesses the new-made graves, and kneeling, prays to her whom he had called his daughter, *filioia*, as well as to him who had repaired his treachery by Christian martyrdom. An old man kneels beside him, with a calm, benignant face, his hands resting on the damp sod and his lips moving inarticulately. It is Vossius, now a Christian father, who asks of his martyr child to obtain for him the grace of perseverance in the creed. The procession retires: the lights grow dim—then fade. Silence reigns in those lowly cells. But Vossius carries still, and with a sharp stylus engraves upon the tomb:

EUPHROSYNÉ

IN PACE!

CORRESPONDENCE.

MR. GOLDWIN SMITH ON INDEPENDENCE.

To the Editor of the CANADIAN ILLUSTRATED NEWS.

SIR,—The controversy between Mr. Goldwin Smith and the *Toronto Globe* waxes very warm. Agreeing heartily with the *Globe* in what it says, one may regret all the more the somewhat intemperate manner of saying it. Politically Mr. Smith has always seemed to me a fidgety, discontented man—one who has never found his right place—with strong prejudices which he has often mistaken for philosophical insight. He has little patience of thought, though he has a certain patience of expression bred of careful cultivation. He has arrived at certain results in political science, as it were, *per saltum*. But he has not made good his footing. He enforces his views by a nervous and eloquent English, admirably fitted to lead those captive who may be enslaved by rhetoric. Years ago, when he was an Oxford professor, he jumped to the conclusion, after what must have been a superficial study of the subject, that the larger Colonies were certain, sooner or later, to grow so large, with so many great interests opposed to connection, as to render their separation from the mother country and absolute independence simply inevitable—a God, to which he was quite ready to bow; and that Canada, because of its proximity to the United States, the teachings it must draw thence, was soonest likely to cut the colonial tie, and because of the dangers which threatened it, and its difficulty of defence, be a continual source of weakness and embarrassment to the Mother country. These reasons, he held, should make its independence a matter not of regret but of great satisfaction to the British people and Government. His studies in history had taught him that nations who had founded colonies had, as a rule, lost them. Disregarding the difference in time and circumstance and training, as well as of physical means newly discovered for bringing distant people more nearly together, he applied this rule to us. And so well did he write up his case that, for a time, he well-nigh persuaded the people of England that his views were sound. Some, like certain writers for the *Times*, needed nothing to convince them; others of their kind, lovers of ease, tired of the cares of empire, and cosmopolitans who cared nothing for any glory save that of the individual, or any greatness which did not place self on a pinnacle without too much trouble, needed little persuasion. Two other classes furnished him with converts, who for a time gave in their adhesion to the new creed. First, there were earnest and benevolent men who would fain, by any and every means, lighten the burdens on the British tax-payer, and devote all their energies to the improvement of the condition of the poorer and more ignorant of their countrymen in the British Islands. Concentrating their views on this most excellent object, they did not believe they had time or thought or money to give to colonies or their defences. Secondly, there were the men of the purely shop-keeping spirit, who, liking free-trade immensely for themselves, protested vehemently against any tax levied on British productions sent into the colonies. They had, indeed, granted self-government to the larger dependencies, but this was a sort of self-government they had not bargained for. Thus it happened that in the beginning of the last decade Mr. Goldwin Smith, writing from Oxford, found so many ears inclined to listen to his teachings on colonial topics. In many circles the defenders of the colonies and upholders of connection could scarce gain a hearing. Distorted facts and rhetorical fallacies were poured out upon them in a deluge. But the great heart of England was sound, and its reason has since been disabused. Mr. Smith's views have no longer the vogue or the credit which they obtained some fifteen years ago. He came out to America on the ebb-tide of his credit as a colonial reformer, who sought to reform colonies out of existence. A man with his antecedents, however honest, earnest, or eloquent, is scarcely one to be accepted as a leader by loyal men in Canada. His judgment, at least, is to be distrusted; his political instincts seem to be utterly wrong. But of his American and Canadian career I must speak upon another occasion.

Yours, &c.,
BRITISH CANADIAN.

THE LORD MAYOR'S ROBE.

A London correspondent says: "At State banquets the Lord Mayor wears an 'entertaining robe, richly embroidered with gold.' A new robe in 1867 cost 160 guineas. The collar is of pure gold, composed of a series of links, each formed of a letter S, a united York or Lancaster or Henry VII. rose, and a massive knot. The ends of the chain are joined by a portcullis, from the points of which, suspended by a ring of diamonds, hangs the jewel. The entire collar contains twenty-eight S's, fourteen roses, and thirteen knots, and measures sixty-four inches. The jewel contains in the centre the city arms, cut in cameo of a delicate blue on an olive ground. Surrounding this a border of bright blue, edged with white and gold, bearing the city motto, 'Domine dirige nos,' in gold letters. The whole is encircled with a costly border of gold S's, alternating with rosettes of diamonds set in silver. The jewel is suspended from the collar by a portcullis; but when worn without the collar is suspended by a broad, blue ribbon. The investiture is by a massive gold chain, and when the Lord Mayor is re-elected, by two chains."

[For the Canadian Illustrated News.]

MOTHER-IN-LAW AT LAST.

Since I last referred to this subject our domestic relations have glided along very smoothly. We have had our little "ups" and "downs," but in the main, every thing has moved along very equably and pleasantly, under my most masterly system of marital discipline. Clara has gradually subsided into that calm, pensive and subdued state of mind which is so charming in gentle woman, and so satisfactory to men. She has none of that rebellious spirit, that is so apt to characterize the young wife—none of that provoking superciliousness which so many wives exhibit, and which, if not promptly checked, and effectually subdued, will rise between a husband and his happiness all his life time. She is tame, and gentle, and dove-like; in fact, my system has worked most admirably.

For the past few months I have been contemplating matters in a self-satisfied and glorious sort of way. After the cares of the day are over, I can go back to my "haven of rest"—my home, with perfect assurance. No nettlesome "nagging"—no troublesome curiosity—no meddling interference in my concerns. I light my cigar after a six o'clock dinner—read my evening paper, while Clara, gentle as the summer breeze, sits quietly and meekly attending to her own cares and concerns, a most perfect specimen of womanly submission. All the result of my most stupendous system.

So events were gliding on, when the circumstance I am about to relate occurred. I went home to dinner as usual one week from to-day. It seems like an age! On my way from the office to my house, I felt a sort of oppressive feeling—a lurking apprehension that something dreadful was about to happen. The air seemed heavy. Nature wore an ominous look, and my ordinarily quiet breast was perturbed and agitated. I drew near my dwelling with dire forebodings. I know not why, but my heart beat heavily. I put my hand upon the latch, and I almost felt like turning back. I entered and I noticed that Bridget's face—which was the first I encountered, wore a flushed and eager expression, which confirmed my strange fears. I entered the parlor.

Instantly Clara sprang up from her seat in a nervous and somewhat confused manner, and rushed up to me, and said, pointing to a familiar face,—Oh! how familiar; it had haunted me in my dreams!—which beamed upon me from another corner of the room:

"Mamma has come to make us a visit, Joel. Aren't you glad?"

Notwithstanding that I really pitied my wife and never dreamed of giving her a shadow of blame, I was hardly equal to such a square lie. So I waived the question, and advanced to my mother-in-law, and extending my hand cordially said:

"Ah! Mrs. Hector! Gad, this is quite a surprise. How do you do?"

"Well Joel," she said with a mournful sigh. "I am only about half middling. I am not well these time, Joel. I begin to feel the infirmities of age."

"Dear, dear," I said sympathetically, "I dare say you do—in the nature of things, you must."

"Yes, Joel, I must, I know it. I bow to the will of Providence. But, how are you Joel? I hope you take care of yourself, and dear Clara, poor Clara! She was always weakly, she needs very careful attention."

This was a point I had my own thoughts upon and I did not feel like discussing them with a mother-in-law. So I said nothing.

I must here make a few observations on the general subject of the mother-in-law. Now, be it known that I am entirely opposed to the whole species. My observation has long since convinced me that their introduction into the household of young married people is almost invariably fraught with mischief, misunderstanding and misery. A man of sufficient and proper strength of mind may easily come to manage with ease and success a wife, if the contest is single-handed. But, when a mother-in-law comes on the carpet, his game is up. There is no more hope. A firm combination is formed in the household dead against him. It is unanimously voted that he is a mere "brute," and he is treated accordingly. The poor disappointed husband, seeing the power and authority slipping gradually through his hands, perchance makes a stand and undertakes to fight the battle for his rights and immunities. But the odds are overwhelming against him. Ten thousand means of torture are instantly devised. He soon gives up in despair. The old mother-in-law is implacable and soon makes the young wife her pliant tool. The whole community of old women gabble in their chorus, and affirm that you must do as you are told and be good and submissive, and leave everything to folks "as knows what ought to be done." Once things are reduced to this condition, let any poor unfortunate husband bid adieu to all hopes of tranquil domestic felicity. His life is a failure.

Now I admit that there are some mothers-in-law who are scarcely as bad as I have pictured the class, and, perhaps, if I was blessed with the possession of one of these mild types of the genus, I might be induced to be reasonable on the point; but I wish to be understood in mitigation of my confessedly spiteful temper toward the party in question, that mine is perfectly horrid. She is one of the mournful, whining, complaining, unthankful and hysterical class. She is never happy, but approaches nearest to this condition when she is the most supremely miserable. She is intensely religious, and her religion consists in a devout feeling that everybody on earth should

be perpetually solemn and wretched, and that hereafter it would be a great injustice if they escaped an eternity of torture. Holding these views she is intensely Evangelical and excruciatingly orthodox.

Being literally such a person as described, it cannot be wondered if a man who loves peace, and is determined to be master in his own establishment, should object to any lengthened visits from such a party. I began quietly to revolve what had best be done.

This was the first visit. I had taken great pains to remove Clara as far as possible from the maternal roof. She had proposed a six week's visit a year ago last spring, and I settled the matter very effectually in the manner described in one of my former articles, and nothing more had been said. On the present occasion the old lady had started off on her own account, failing to get any hints from Clara that her presence was required. Here she was, and the question for me to decide was, "what shall I do with her?"

Now mark the effect and the advantages of my system. At the very outset Clara was with me. She felt embarrassed, and did not know what to do. Under these circumstances it was not in my heart to blame her. Conscious of my own strong point in having my wife on the right side, I resolved to let things go on for a few days and see how they would work. I simply let my mother-in-law severely alone, treating her, of course, with becoming dignity and respect.

Left thus to herself, she tried her hand at her appropriate work. She tried to convince Clara that she had too much "care;" but Clara told me all she had said about it before we went to sleep that night, and laughed over it like a little witch. She next tried to wrong Bridget; but our excellent domestic intimated decisively that she was "well able to look after her own concerns." She next assailed me, and complained mournfully that I was not religious enough, that I did not attend prayer-meetings enough and did not have family prayers; but I simply admitted the whole case, and promised to give the matter my earnest and attentive consideration. She then looked about her for some congenial old gossip, with whom she could fraternize, and with whose assistance she could stir up some mischief, and sow some discord and strife. But unfortunately Clara had not a single specimen of this class among her visiting acquaintance. It is a part of my system that young wives should not be contaminated by contact or intercourse with these most damnable old vixens who are the curse of every community, and the blight and pest of many an otherwise happy home.

Under these discouraging circumstances, the poor old lady could not find a gleam of consolation. Clara was devotedly kind and attentive and spared nothing to minister to her happiness and enjoyment. I was most severely polite. But this was not what she wanted. She wanted a good square row—she wanted to make some mischief—to get things into all kinds of disorder—to regulate everything to her own liking—to get everybody about her miserably miserable—to sow sedition and plant contention. If she could have seen any prospect of accomplishing these noble aims, she would have been happy, and we should have been favoured with her presence for several months.

As it was she soon got tired. She found no opportunities for plying her occupation. She quickly became discontented and uneasy, and on the morning of the sixth day, she announced her intention of returning home. We could not coax her to remain, and sure enough, this morning I had the pleasure of sending a cab to convey her and her trunks to the station, and away she went mournful and melancholy.

I am so happy—so delighted—that, 'Gad I cannot help writing this little notice of the event this very evening. It is not only a happy riddance, but the circumstances have proved a condition of things in my establishment that is most intensely gratifying.

As I write, Clara come darting into the room as cheerful as—herself. She takes a glance over my shoulder and discovers what I have been writing about. She laughs, and calls me "awful;" but, with that charming inconsistency peculiar to the sex, she tells me in the greatest confidence, with her voice almost to a whisper, that "Mamma did come for a six weeks visit."

Ha! ha! I throw down my pen, and laugh for ten minutes. It is one of the richest things out.

THE HOUSEKEEPER.

To Fry Oysters.—Make a batter of flour, milk, and eggs; season slightly; dip the oysters into it, and fry a fine yellow brown. A few breadcrumbs is an improvement.

Ontario Cake.—Take a pint and a half (or three large breakfast cups) of sifted flour, and the same quantity of powdered white sugar, and half a pint of milk; half a cup of the best fresh butter, and the grated yellow rind and juice of a large lemon. Have ready four well-beaten eggs, and two table-spoonfuls of strong fresh yeast. Cut up the butter into the pan of flour. Add the milk and sugar gradually, and then the beaten egg, and then the lemon; next the yeast. Stir the whole very well, and set it to rise in a buttered pan. Place it near the fire, and cover it with a clean flannel or a double cloth. When it has risen and is quite light, and is cracked all over the surface, transfer it to a square baking pan, put it immediately into the oven, and bake it well. When cool, either ice it or sift white sugar over it, and cut it into squares. Or you may bake it in a round loaf, or in small round cakes.

Boiled Fowls with Onion Sauce.—Place a couple of fowls trussed for boiling, with an onion and a piece of butter inside each, into a saucepan with sufficient water and 3oz of butter, a couple of carrots, a bundle of sweet herbs (parsley, thyme, and celery), whole pepper and salt to taste; let them boil slowly till done—about one hour. Serve with the sauce over them, and a circle of Brussels sprouts, plainly boiled in salted water round them.

Onion Sauce.—Parboil some onions a few minutes, mince them roughly and put them into a saucepan, with plenty of butter, a pinch of sugar and pepper and salt to taste; let them cook slowly, so that they do not take colour, and add a table-spoonful of flour. When they are quite tender pass them through a hair sieve. Dilute the onion pulp with sufficient milk to make the sauce of the desired consistency; add a table-spoonful of Parmesan cheese, stir well, make it hot, and serve.

Muffins.—Strain into a pan a pint of warm milk and a quarter of a pint of thick small beer yeast, add sufficient flour to make it into a batter; cover it over, and let it stand in a warm place until it has risen; add a quarter of a pint of warm milk and an ounce of butter rubbed in some flour quite fine; mix them well together, then add sufficient flour to make it into dough; cover it over, and let it stand for half an hour; then work it up again, and break it into small pieces, roll them into a round form, and cover them for a quarter of an hour. Next begin baking: when laid on the iron, watch them carefully, and when one side changes colour, turn the other. Be careful that the iron does not get too hot.

SCIENTIFIC.

The ground that is strewn with fallen leaves becomes a nursery of morbid influences. The delightful odour that fallen leaves diffuse in woods suggests their harmfulness; but on the roads and walks, where the leaves are hourly crushed and the dropping rain helps to make a paste of them, they are, without doubt, pestiferous nuisances, which should be removed as quickly as possible.

Boldo is a tree found in Chili, of a height of five or six feet, isolated on mountainous regions, with yellow blossom and a verdant foliage. Its bark, leaves, and blossom possess marked aromatic odour, resembling a mixture of turpentine and camphor. The leaves contain largely an essential oil. It contains an alkaloid which is already called "boldine." Its properties are chiefly as a stimulant to digestion and having a marked action on the liver. Its action was discovered rather accidentally—thus: Some sheep which were liver-diseased were confined in an enclosure which happened to have been recently repaired with boldo twigs. The animals ate the leaves and shoots, and were observed to recover speedily.

Dr. Lawson has been able to determine the time of the day when the greatest and least number of deaths occur. He finds that deaths from chronic diseases are more numerous between the hours of eight and ten in the morning than at any other time of the day, while they are fewest between the hours of eight and ten in the evening. In the case of acute diseases, such as continued fevers, pneumonia, &c., a different result has been obtained. Following up what had been pointed out by other authorities, Dr. Lawson shows that the largest number of deaths from this class of diseases takes place either in the early morning, when the powers of life are at their lowest, or in the afternoon, when acute disease is most active.

M. Silberman shows the average height of the male and female population of France, taken in a certain position which he names the "geometric," is 1.600040 metres, or 2 metres if in the same position the hands are comfortably extended over the head. Two individuals laid lengthwise, with fingers touching, would thus measure 4 metres, and this he terms the base of the harmonic proportions of the human race. Thus the harmonic base is four times 1 metre, just as the meridian is four times 10,000,000 metres, and the relation of the two integers is as 1 to 10,000,000. From these considerations he draws proof of the equality of the sexes, as they exhibit woman not as a complement to the male portion of the race, but as constituting normally and by right half of the human family. Mr. Silberman arrives at the conclusion, as the result of his various investigations and studies, that the average height of the human race has remained unchanged since the Chaldean epoch 4,000 years ago.

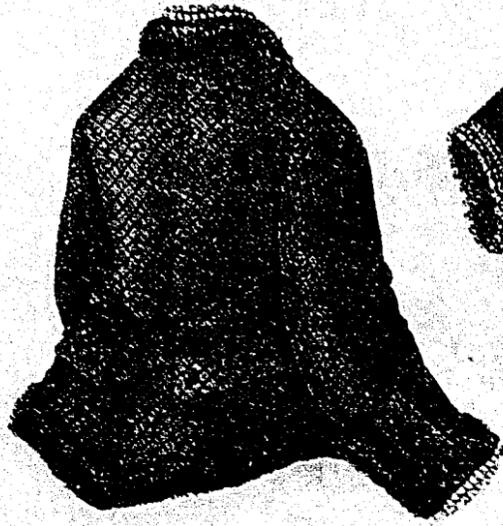
VARIETIES.

It is generally believed in Masonic circles that H.R.H. the Prince of Wales, immediately after his installation as Grand Master of the Freemasons of England, will be created a member of the Supreme Grand Council, 33rd degree, of which he is already the patron, on the understood resignation in his favour of the Sovereign Grand Commander, the Earl of Carnarvon. Thus his Royal Highness will hold in his own person (there being only two other similar instances, namely, the late Duke of Leinster, G.M. of Ireland, and H.I.H. the Prince Rhodocanakis of Scio, G.M. of Greece), both the Grand-Mastership and the Sovereign Grand Commandership, offices in all other cases dissociated, being distinct, and, in a Masonic point of view, somewhat antagonistic to each other. And it may be observed that, whereas the election of a Masonic Grand Master is annual, that of a Sovereign Grand Commander is for life, subject only to voluntary resignation.

The late Alexandre Dumas is said to have left behind him an unpublished romance of the most thrilling interest. The work is the dowry of a little girl in whom the novelist felt a great interest, and, as dying poor, he could give her no money, he bequeathed her the romance, reckoning that after his death its value would be trebled and would provide his protégée with a handsome dot.

- SYMPTOMS OF MAIDENLY CELIBACY.—When a woman begins to have a little dog trotting after her—that's a symptom.
- When a woman begins to drink her tea without sugar—that's a symptom.
- When a woman begins to read love-stories in bed—that's a symptom.
- When a woman gives a sigh on hearing of a wedding—that's a symptom.
- When a woman begins to refuse to tell her age—that's a symptom.
- When a woman begins to say that she's refused nunny an offer—that's a symptom.
- When a woman begins to talk about rheumatism in her knees and elbows—that's a symptom.
- When a woman begins to find fault with her looking-glass, and says it doesn't show her features right—that's a symptom.
- When a woman begins to talk about cold draughts, and stops up the crevices in the doors and windows—that's a symptom.
- When a woman begins to change her shoes every time she comes into the house after a walk—that's a symptom.
- When a woman begins to have a cat at her elbow at meal times, and gives it sweetened milk—that's a symptom.
- When a woman begins to say that a servant has no business with a sweetheart—that's a symptom.
- When a woman begins to say what a dreadful set of creatures men are, and that she wouldn't be bothered with one of them—that's a symptom.

Alexandre Dumas père, when he gave a dinner party to commercial notabilities, had a singular way of deciding the time for the inferior wine to be produced. He enjoined his servants to put the best wine on the table at the beginning of the meal, while the guests' heads were clear; "then," said he, "watch the conversation, and directly you hear any single one of the company say, 'I who am an honest man,' you may be quite sure that all their heads have gone astray, and you can serve up any rubbish you choose."



1. CLOSE-FITTING BASQUE WITH BACK POCKETS.



2. VEST STRAIGHT-FITTING.



3. OVERLAPPING VEST.



4. CLOSE-FITTING BASQUE WITH WIDE SLEEVES. FRONT VIEW.



5. CLOSE-FITTING BASQUE WITH WIDE SLEEVES. BACK VIEW.



6. CLOSE-FITTING BASQUE WITH BACK POCKETS.



8. MANTE-BASQUE.



7. SHAWL-BASQUE WITH LACE AND PEARL BORDER.



9. SHAWL-BASQUE WITH FUR TRIMMING.



10. SHAWL-BASQUE WITH CORD AND FEATHER TRIMMING.

THE LAW AND THE LADY: A NOVEL.

By WILKIE COLLINS.

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

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

Part I.—Paradise Lost

CHAPTER IX.

THE DEFEAT OF THE MAJOR.

The servant returned to us, bringing with him a tiny bottle of champagne, and a plate-full of delicate little sugared biscuits.

"I have had this wine bottled expressly for the ladies," said the Major. "The biscuits come to me direct from Paris. As a favour to me you must take some refreshment. And then—" he stopped, and looked at me very attentively. "And then," he resumed, "shall I go to my young prima-donna upstairs, and leave you here alone?"

It was impossible to hint more delicately, at the one request which I now had in my mind to make to him. I took his hand and pressed it gratefully.

"The tranquillity of my whole life to come, is at stake," I said. "When I am left here by myself, does your generous sympathy permit me to examine everything in the room?"

He signed to me to drink the champagne, and to eat a biscuit, before he gave his answer.

"This is serious," he said. "I wish you to be in perfect possession of yourself. Restore your strength—and then I will speak to you."

I did as he bade me. In a minute from the time when I drank it, the delicious sparkling wine had begun to revivify me.

"Is it your express wish," he resumed, "that I should leave you here by yourself, to search the room?"

"It is my express wish," I answered.

"I take a heavy responsibility on myself in granting your request. But I grant it for all that, because I sincerely believe—as you believe—that the tranquillity of your life to come depends on your discovering the truth." Saying those words, he took two keys from his pocket.

"You will naturally feel a suspicion," he went on, "of any locked doors that you may find here. The only locked places in the room are the doors of the cupboards under the long bookcase, and the door of the Italian cabinet in that corner. The small key opens the bookcase cupboards; the long key opens the cabinet door."

With that explanation, he laid the keys before me on the table.

"Thus far," he said, "I have rigidly respected the promise which I made to your husband. I shall continue to be faithful to my promise, whatever may be the result of your examination of the room. I am bound in honour not to assist you, by word or deed. I am not even at liberty to offer you the slightest hint. Is that understood?"

"Certainly!"

"Very good. I have now a last word of warning to give you—and then I have done. If you do by any chance succeed in laying your hand on the clue, remember this—the discovery which follows will be a terrible one. If you have any doubt about your capacity to sustain a shock which will strike you to the soul, for God's sake give up the idea of finding out your husband's secret, at once and for ever!"

"I thank you for your warning, Major. I must face the consequences of making the discovery, whatever they may be."

"You are positively resolved?"

"Positively."

"Very well. Take any time you please. The house, and every person in it, is at your disposal. Ring the bell once, if you want the man servant. Ring twice if you wish the housemaid to wait on you. From time to time, I shall just look in myself to see how you are going on. I am responsible for your comfort and security, you know, while you honour me by remaining under my roof."

He lifted my hand to his lips, and fixed a last attentive look on me.

"I hope I am not running too great a risk," he said—more to himself than to me. "The women have led me into many a rash action, in my time. Have you led me, I wonder, into the rashest action of all?"

With those ominous last words he bowed gravely, and left me alone in the room.

CHAPTER X.

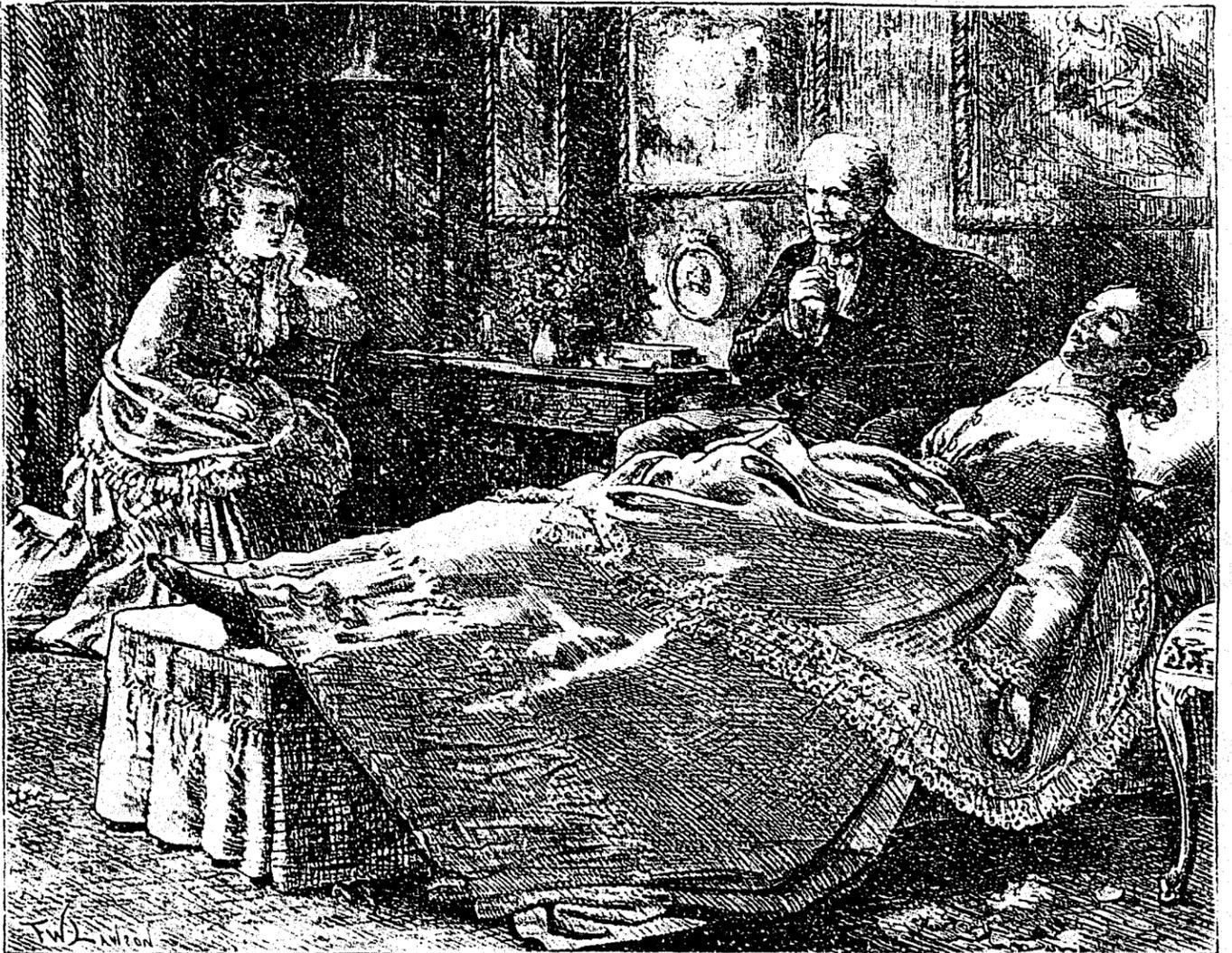
THE SEARCH.

The fire burning in the grate was not a very large one; and the outer air (as I had noticed on my way to the house) had something of a wintry sharpness in it, that day.

Still, my first feeling when Major Fitz-David left me, was a feeling of heat and oppression—with its natural result, a difficulty in breathing freely. The nervous agitation of the time was, I suppose, answerable for these sensations. I took off my bonnet and mantle and gloves, and opened the window for a little while. Nothing was to be seen outside but a paved courtyard (with a skylight in the middle), closed at the farther end by the wall of the Major's stables. A few minutes at the window cooled and refreshed me. I shut it down again, and took my first step on the way to discovery. In other words, I began my first examination of the four walls round me, and of all that they enclosed.



"It's tremendously interesting," she went on. "I've read it twice over—I have. Mind you, I believe he did it, after all."



"I faintly opened my eyes and looked round me."

I was amazed at my own calmness. My interview with Major Fitz-David had, perhaps, exhausted my capacity for feeling any strong emotion—for the time at least. It was a relief to me to be alone; it was a relief to me to begin the search. Those were my only sensations, so far.

The shape of the room was oblong. Of the two shorter walls, one contained the door in grooves which I have already mentioned as

communicating with the front room. The other was almost entirely occupied by the broad window which looked out on the courtyard.

Taking the doorway wall first, what was there, in the shape of furniture, on either side of it? There was a card-table on either side. Above each card-table stood a magnificent china bowl, placed on a gilt and carved bracket fixed to the wall.

I opened the card-tables. The drawers be-

neath contained nothing but cards, and the usual counters and markers. With the exception of one pack, the cards in both tables were still wrapped in their paper covers exactly as they had come from the shop. I examined the loose pack, card by card. No writing—no mark of any kind—was visible on any one of them. Assisted by a library ladder which stood against the bookcase, I looked next into the two china bowls. Both were perfectly empty. Was there

anything more to examine on that side of the room? In the two corners there were two little chairs of inlaid wood, with red silk cushions. I turned them up, and looked under the cushions; and still I made no discoveries. When I had put the chairs back in their places, my search on one side of the room was complete. So far, I had found nothing.

I crossed to the opposite wall—the wall which contained the window.

The window (occupying, as I have said, almost the entire length and height of the wall) was divided into three compartments, and was adorned at either extremity by handsome curtains of dark red velvet. The ample, heavy folds of the velvet, left just room at the two corners of the wall, for two little upright cabinets in buhl; containing rows of drawers, and supporting two fine bronze reproductions (reduced in size) of the Venus Milo and the Venus Callipyge. I had Major Fitz-David's permission to do just what I pleased. I opened the six drawers in each cabinet, and examined their contents without hesitation.

Beginning with the cabinet in the right hand corner, my investigations were soon completed. All the six drawers were alike occupied by a collection of fossils, which (judging by the curious paper inscriptions fixed on some of them) were associated with a past period of the Major's life when he had speculated, not very successfully, in mines. After satisfying myself that the drawers contained nothing but the fossils and their inscriptions, I turned to the cabinet in the left hand corner next.

Here, a variety of objects was revealed to view; and the examination accordingly occupied a much longer time.

The top drawer contained a complete collection of carpenter's tools in miniature; relics probably of the far distant time when the Major was a boy, and when parents or friends had made him a present of a set of toy-tools. The second drawer was filled with toys of another sort—presents made to Major Fitz-David by his fair friends. Embroidered braces, smart smoking-caps, quaint pincushions, gorgeous slippers, glittering purses, all bore witness to the popularity of the friend of the women. The contents of the third drawer were of a less interesting sort: the entire space was filled with old account books, ranging over a period of many years. After looking into each book, and opening and shaking it uselessly, in search of any loose papers which might be hidden between the leaves, I came to the fourth drawer, and found more relics of past pecuniary transactions in the shape of receipted bills, neatly tied together and each inscribed at the back. Among the bills, I found nearly a dozen loose papers, all equally unimportant. The fifth drawer was in sad confusion. I took out first a loose bundle of ornamental cards, each containing the list of dishes at past banquets given, or attended, by the Major, in London and Paris—next, a box full of delicately tinted quill pens (evidently a lady's gift)—next a quantity of old invitation cards—next, some dog-eared French plays and books of the opera—next, a pocket cork-screw, a bundle of cigarettes, and a bunch of rusty keys—lastly, a passport, a set of luggage-labels, a broken silver snuff-box two cigar-cases, and a torn map of Rome. "Nothing anywhere to interest me," I thought, as I closed the fifth, and opened the sixth, and last, drawer.

The sixth drawer was at once a surprise and a disappointment. It literally contained nothing but the fragments of a broken vase.

I was sitting, at the time, opposite to the cabinet, in a low chair. In the momentary irritation caused by my discovery of the emptiness of the last drawer, I had just lifted my foot to push it back into its place—when the door communicating with the hall opened; and Major-Fitz-David stood before me.

His eyes, after first meeting mine, travelled downwards to my foot. The instant he noticed the open drawer, I saw a change in his face. It was only for a moment; but, in that moment he looked at me with a sudden suspicion and surprise—looked as if he had caught me with my hand on the clue.

CHAPTER X.

THE SEARCH.

"Pray don't let me disturb you," said Major Fitz-David. "I have only come here to ask you a question."

"What is it, Major?"

"Have you met with any letters of mine, in the course of your investigations?"

"I have found none yet," I answered. "If I do discover any letters, I shall of course not take the liberty of examining them."

"I wanted to speak to you about that," he rejoined. "It only struck me a moment since, upstairs, that my letters might embarrass you. In your place, I should feel some distrust of anything which I was not at liberty to examine. I think I can set this matter right, however, with very little trouble to either of us. It is no violation of any promises or pledges on my part, if I simply tell you that my letters will not assist the discovery which you are trying to make. You can safely pass them over as objects that are not worth examining from your point of view. You understand me, I am sure?"

"I am much obliged to you Major—I quite understand."

"Are you feeling any fatigue?"

"None whatever—thank you."

"And you still hope to succeed? You are not beginning to be discouraged already?"

"I am not in the least discouraged. With your kind leave I mean to persevere for some time yet."

I had not closed the drawer of the cabinet, while we were talking; and I glanced carelessly as I answered him, at the fragments of the broken vase. By this time he had got his feelings under perfect command. He too glanced at the fragments of the vase, with an appear-

ance of perfect indifference. I remembered the look of suspicion and surprise that had escaped him on entering the room; and I thought his indifference a little over-acted.

"That doesn't look very encouraging," he said with a smile, pointing to the shattered pieces of china in the drawer.

"Appearances are not always to be trusted," I replied. "The wisest thing I can do, in my present situation, is to suspect everything—even down to a broken vase."

I looked hard at him as I spoke. He changed the subject.

"Does the music upstairs annoy you?" he asked.

"Not in the least, Major."

"It will soon be over now. The singing-master is going; and the Italian master has just arrived. I am sparing no pains to make my young prima-donna a most accomplished person. In learning to sing, she must also learn the language which is especially the language of music. I shall perfect her in the accent when I take her to Italy. It is the height of my ambition to have her mistaken for an Italian when she sings in public. Is there anything I can do, before I leave you again? May I send you some more champagne? Please say Yes!"

"A thousand thanks, Major. No more champagne for the present."

He turned at the door, to kiss his hand to me at parting. At the same moment, I saw his eyes wander slyly towards the book-case. It was only for an instant. I had barely detected him before he was out of the room.

Left by myself again, I looked at the book-case—looked at it attentively for the first time.

It was a handsome piece of furniture in ancient carved oak; and it stood against the wall which ran parallel with the hall of the house. Excepting the space occupied, in the upper corner of the room, by the second door which opened into the hall, the bookcase filled the whole length of the wall down to the window. The top was ornamented by vases, candelabra, and statuettes, in pairs, placed in a row. Looking along the row, I noticed a vacant space on the top of the bookcase, at the extremity of it which was nearest to the window. The opposite extremity, nearest to the door, was occupied by a handsome painted vase of a very peculiar pattern. Where was the corresponding vase, which ought to have been placed at the corresponding extremity of the bookcase? I returned to the open sixth drawer of the cabinet, and looked in again. There was no mistaking the pattern on the fragments, when I examined them now. The vase which had been broken stood in the place now vacant on the top of the bookcase, at the end nearest to the window.

Making this discovery, I took out the fragments down to the smallest morsel of the shattered china, and examined them carefully one after another.

I was too ignorant of the subject to be able to estimate the value of the vase, or the antiquity of the vase—or even to know whether it was of British or of foreign manufacture. The ground was of a delicate cream-colour. The ornaments traced on this were wreaths of flowers and cupids, surrounding a medallion on either side of the vase. Upon the space within one of the medallions was painted with exquisite delicacy a woman's head; representing a nymph, or a goddess, or perhaps a portrait of some celebrated person—I was not learned enough to say which. The other medallion enclosed the head of a man, also treated in the classical style. Reclining shepherds and shepherdesses, in Watteau costume, with their dogs and their sheep, formed the adornments of the pedestal. Such had the vase been in the days of its prosperity, when it stood on the top of the bookcase. By what accident had it become broken? And why had Major Fitz-David's face changed when he found that I had discovered the remains of his shattered work of Art in the cabinet drawer? The remains left those serious questions unanswered—the remains told me absolutely nothing. And yet, if my own observation of the Major was to be trusted, the way to the clue of which I was in search, lay—directly or indirectly—through the broken vase!

It was useless to pursue the question, knowing no more than I knew now. I returned to the bookcase.

Thus far, I had assumed (without any sufficient reason) that the clue in which I was in search, must necessarily reveal itself through a written paper of some sort. It now occurred to me—after the movement which I had detected on the part of the Major—that the clue might quite as probably present itself in the form of a book.

I looked along the lower rows of shelves; standing just near enough to them to read the titles on the back of the volumes. I saw Voltaire in red morocco; Shakespeare in blue; Walter Scott in green; the History of England in brown; the Annual Register in yellow calf. There I paused, wearied and discouraged already by the long rows of volumes. How (I thought to myself) am I to examine all these books? And what am I to look for, even if I do examine them all?

Major Fitz-David had spoken of a terrible misfortune which had darkened my husband's past life. In what possible way could any trace of that misfortune, or any suggestive hint of something it, exist in the archives of the Annual Register or in the pages of Voltaire? The bare idea of such a thing seemed absurd. The mere attempt to make a serious examination in this direction was surely a wanton waste of time?

And yet, the major had certainly stolen a look at the bookcase. And again, the broken vase had once stood on the bookcase. Did these circumstances justify me in connecting the vase and the bookcase as twin landmarks on the way that led to discovery? The question was not an easy one to decide, on the spur of the moment.

I looked up at the higher shelves.

Here, the collection of books exhibited a greater variety. The volumes were smaller, and were not so carefully arranged as on the lower shelves. Some were bound in cloth; some were only protected by paper covers. One or two had fallen, and lay flat on the shelves. Here and there I saw empty spaces from which books had been removed and not replaced. In short, there was no discouraging uniformity in these higher regions of the bookcase. The untidy top shelves looked suggestive of some lucky accident which might unexpectedly lead the way to success. I decided, if I did examine the bookcase at all, to begin at the top.

Where was the library ladder?

I had left it against the partition wall which divided the back from the room in front. Looking that way, I necessarily looked also towards the door that ran in grooves—the imperfectly-closed door through which I had heard Major Fitz-David question his servant on the subject of my personal appearance, when I first entered the house. No one had moved this door, during the time of my visit. Everybody entering or leaving the room, had used the other door which led into the hall.

At the moment when I looked round, something stirred in the front room. The movement let the light in suddenly through the small open space left by the partially-closed door. Had somebody been watching me through the chink? I stepped softly to the door, and pushed it back until it was wide open. There was the Major, discovered in the front room. I saw it in his face—he had been watching me at the bookcase.

His hat was in his hand. He was evidently going out; and he dexterously took advantage of that circumstance to give a plausible reason for being so near the door.

"I hope I didn't frighten you," he said.

"You startled me a little, Major."

"I am so sorry, and so ashamed. I was just going to open the door, and tell you that I am obliged to go out. I have received a pressing message from a lady. A charming person—I should so like you to know her. She is in sad trouble, poor thing. Little bills, you know, and nasty tradespeople who want their money, and a husband—you both have the same carriage of the head. I shall not be more than half-an-hour gone. Can I do anything for you? You are looking fatigued. Pray let me send for some more champagne. No? Promise to ring when you want it. That's right. *Au revoir*, my charming friend—*au revoir*!"

I pulled the door to again the moment his back was turned, and sat down for a while to compose myself.

He had been watching me at the bookcase! The man who was in my husband's confidence, the man who knew where the clue was to be found, had been watching me at the bookcase! There was no doubt of it now. Major Fitz-David had shown me the hiding-place of the secret, in spite of himself.

I looked with indifference at the other pieces of furniture, ranged against the fourth wall, which I had not examined yet. I surveyed, without the slightest feeling of curiosity, all the little elegant trifles scattered on the tables and on the chimney-piece, each one of which might have been an object of suspicion to me under other circumstances. Even the water-colour drawings failed to interest me, in my present state of mind. I observed languidly that they were most of them portraits of ladies—fair idols, no doubt, of the Major's facile adoration—and I cared to notice no more. My business in that room (I was certain of it now) began and ended with the bookcase. I left my seat to fetch the library ladder, determining to begin the work of investigation on the top shelves.

On my way to the ladder I passed one of the tables, and saw the keys lying on it which Major Fitz-David had left at my disposal.

The smaller of the two keys instantly reminded me of the cupboards under the bookcase. I had strangely overlooked these. A vague distrust of the locked doors, a vague doubt of what they might be hiding from me, stole into my mind. I left the ladder in its place against the wall, and set myself to examine the contents of the cupboards first.

The cupboards were three in number. As I opened the first of them the singing upstairs ceased. For a moment there was something almost oppressive in the sudden change from noise to silence. I suppose my nerves must have been over-wrought. The next sound in the house, nothing more remarkable than the creaking of a man's boots, descending the stairs, made me shudder all over. The man was no doubt the singing-master, going away after giving his lesson. I heard the house-door close on him, and started at the familiar sound as if it was something terrible which I had never heard before. Then there was silence again. I roused myself as well as I could, and began my examination of the first cupboard.

It was divided into two compartments.

The top compartment contained nothing but boxes of cigars, ranged in rows on another. The under compartment was devoted to a collection of shells. They were all huddled together anyhow, the Major evidently setting a far higher value on his cigars than on his shells. I searched this lower compartment carefully for any object interesting to me which might be hidden in it. Nothing was to be found in it besides the shells.

As I opened the second cupboard it struck me that the light was beginning to fail.

I looked at the window. It was hardly evening yet. The darkening of the light was produced by gathering clouds. Rain-drops pattered against the glass, the autumn wind whistled mournfully in the corners of the courtyard. I mended the fire before I renewed my search. My nerves were at fault again, I suppose. I shivered when I went back to the bookcase. My hands trembled; I wondered what was the matter with me.

The second cupboard revealed, in the upper division of it, some really beautiful cameos, not mounted, but laid on cotton wool in neat cardboard trays. In one corner, half hidden under one of the trays, there peeped out the white leaves of a little manuscript. I pounced on it eagerly, only to meet with a new disappointment. The manuscript proved to be a descriptive catalogue of the cameos, nothing more.

Turning to the lower division of the cupboard I found more costly curiosities, in the shape of ivory carvings from Japan, and specimens of rare silk from China. I began to feel weary of disinterring the Major's treasures. The longer I searched the farther I seemed to remove myself from the one object that I had it at heart to attain. After closing the door of the second cupboard, I almost doubted whether it would be worth my while to proceed farther, and open the third and last door.

A little reflection convinced me that it would be as well, now that I had begun my examination of the lower regions of the bookcase, to go on with it to the end. I opened the last cupboard.

On the upper shelf there appeared, in solitary grandeur, one object only—a gorgeously-bound book.

It was of a larger size than usual, judging of it by comparison with the dimensions of modern volumes. The binding was of blue velvet, with clasps of silver worked in beautiful arabesque patterns, and with a lock of the same precious metal to protect the book from prying eyes. When I took it up I found that the lock was not closed.

Had I any right to take advantage of this accident, and open the book? I have put the question since to some of my friends of both sexes. The women all agree that I was perfectly justified, considering the serious interests that I had at stake, in taking any advantage of any book in the Major's house. The men differ from this view, and declare that I ought to have put back the volume in blue velvet unopened, carefully guarding myself from after-temptation to look at it again, by locking the cupboard door. I dare say the men are right.

Being a woman, however, I opened the book, without a moment's hesitation.

The leaves were of the finest vellum, with tastefully-designed illuminations all round them. And what did these highly-ornamental pages contain? To my unutterable amazement and disgust, they contained locks of hair, let neatly into the centre of each page, with inscriptions beneath, which proved them to be love-tokens from various ladies, who had touched the Major's susceptible heart at different periods of his life. The inscriptions were written in other languages than English, but they appeared to be all equally devoted to the same curious purposes, namely, to reminding the Major of the dates at which his various attachments had come to an untimely end. Thus, the first page exhibited a lock of the light flaxen hair, with these lines beneath: "My adored Madeline. Eternal constancy. Alas, July 22nd, 1839!" The next page was adorned by a darker shade of hair, with a French inscription under it: "Clémence. Idole de mon âme. Toujours fidèle. Hélas, 2me Avril, 1840." A lock of red hair followed, with a lamentation in Latin under it, a note being attached to the date of dissolution of partnership, in this case stating that the lady was descended from the ancient Romans, and therefore mourned appropriately in Latin by her devoted Fitz-David. More shades of hair, and more inscriptions followed, until I was weary of looking at them. I put down the book disgusted with the creatures who had assisted in filling it, and then took it up again by an afterthought. Thus far I had thoroughly searched everything that had presented itself to my notice. Agreeable or not agreeable, it was plainly of no serious importance to my own interests to go on as I had begun, and thoroughly to search the book.

I turned over the pages until I came to the first blank leaf. Seeing that they were all blank leaves from this place to the end, I lifted the volume by the back, and, as a last measure of precaution, shook it so as to dislodge any loose papers or cards which might have escaped my notice between the leaves.

This time my patience was rewarded by a discovery which indescribably irritated and distressed me.

A small photograph, mounted on a card, fell out of the book. A first glance showed me that it represented the portraits of two persons.

One of the persons I recognized as my husband.

The other person was a woman.

Her face was entirely unknown to me. She was not young. The picture represented her seated on a chair, with my husband standing behind, and bending over her, holding one of her hands in his. The woman's face was hard-featured and ugly, with the marking lines of strong passions and resolute self-will plainly written on it. Still, ugly as she was, I felt a pang of jealousy as I noticed the familiarly-affectionate action by which the artist (with the permission of his sitters, of course) had connected the two figures in a group. Eustace had briefly told me, in the days of our courtship, that he had more than once fancied himself to be in love before he met with me. Could this very unattractive woman have been one of the early objects of his admiration? Had she been near enough and dear enough to him to be photographed with her hand in his? I looked and looked at the portraits, until I could endure them no longer. Women are strange creatures; mysteries even to themselves. I threw the photograph from me into a corner of the cupboard. I was savagely angry with my husband; I hated—yes, hated with all my heart and soul!—the woman who had got his hand in hers; the unknown woman with the self-willed hard-featured face.

All this time the lower shelf of the cupboard was still waiting to be looked over.

I knelt down to examine it, eager to clear my mind, if I could, of the degrading jealousy that had got possession of me.

Unfortunately, the lower shelf contained nothing but relics of the Major's military life; comprising his sword and pistols, his epaulettes, his sash, and other minor accoutrements. None of these objects excited the slightest interest in me. My eyes wandered back to the upper shelf; and, like the fool I was (there is no milder word that can fully describe me at that moment), I took the photograph out again, and enraged myself uselessly by another look at it. This time I observed, what I had not noticed before, that there were some lines of writing (in a woman's hand) at the back of the portraits. The lines ran thus:

"To Major Fitz-David, with two vases. From his friends, S. and E. M."

Was one of those two vases the vase that had been broken? And was the change that I had noticed in Major Fitz-David's face produced by some past association in connection with it, which in some way affected me? It might or might not be so. I was little disposed to indulge in speculation on this topic, while the far more serious question of the initials confronted me on the back of the photograph.

"S. and E. M.?" Those last two letters might stand for the initials of my husband's name—his true name—Eustace Macallan. In this case, the first letter ("S."), in all probability, indicated her name. What right had she to associate herself with him in that manner? I considered a little, my memory exerted itself, I suddenly called to mind that Eustace had sisters. He had spoken of them more than once, in the time before our marriage. Had I been mad enough to torture myself with jealousy of my husband's sister? It might well be so; "S." might stand for his sister's Christian name. I felt heartily ashamed of myself as this new view of the matter dawned on me. What a wrong I had done to them both in my thoughts! I turned the photograph sadly and penitently, to examine the portraits again with a kinder and truer appreciation of them.

I naturally looked now for a family likeness between the two faces. There was no family likeness; on the contrary, they were as unlike each other in form and expression as faces could be. Was she his sister after all? I looked at her hands, as represented in the portrait. Her right hand was clasped by Eustace; her left hand lay on her lap. On the third finger, distinctly visible, there was a wedding-ring. Were any of my husband's sisters married? I had myself asked him the question when he mentioned them to me; and I perfectly remembered that he had replied in the negative.

Was it possible that my first jealous instinct had led me to the right conclusion after all? If it had, what did the association of the three initial letters mean? What did the wedding-ring mean? Good Heavens! was I looking at the portrait of a rival in my husband's affections, and was that rival his wife?

I threw the photograph from me with a cry of horror. For one terrible moment I felt as if my reason was giving way. I don't know what would have happened, or what I should have done next, if my love for Eustace had not taken the uppermost place among the contending emotions that tortured me. That faithful love steadied my brain. That faithful love roused the reviving influence of my better and nobler sense. Was the man whom I had enshrined in my heart of hearts capable of such base wickedness as the bare idea of his marriage to another woman implied? No! Mine was the baseness, mine the wickedness, in having even for a moment thought of it.

I picked up the detestable photograph from the floor, and put it back in the book. I hastily closed the cupboard door, fetched the library ladder, and set it against the bookcase. My one idea, now, was the idea of taking refuge in employment of any sort from my own thoughts. I felt the hateful suspicion that had degraded me coming back again in spite of my efforts to repel it. The books! the books! my only hope was to absorb myself, body and soul, in the books.

I had one foot on the ladder when I heard the door of the room open, the door which communicated with the hall.

I looked round, expecting to see the Major. I saw instead the Major's future prima donna standing just inside the door, with her round eyes steadily fixed on me.

"I can stand a good deal," the girl began coolly; "but I can't stand *this* any longer."

"What is it that you can't stand any longer?" asked.

"If you have been here a minute, you have been here two good hours," she went on. "All by yourself in the Major's study. I am of a jealous disposition, I am. And I want to know what it means." She advanced a few steps nearer to me, with a heightening colour and a threatening look. "Is he going to bring you out on the stage?" she asked sharply.

"Certainly not."

"He ain't in love with you, is he?" Under other circumstances, I might have told her to leave the room. In my position, at that critical moment, the mere presence of a human creature was a positive relief to me. Even this girl, with her coarse questions and her uncultivated manners, was a welcome intruder on my solitude; she offered me a refuge from myself.

"Your question is not very civilly put," I said. "However, I excuse you. You are probably not aware that I am a married woman."

"What has that got to do with it?" she retorted. "Married or single, it's all one to the Major. That brazen-faced hussy who calls herself Lady Clarinda is married, and she sends him nose-gays three times a week! Not that I care, mind you, about the old fool. But I've lost my situation at the railway, and I've got my own interests to look after, and I don't know what may happen if I let other women come

between him and me. That's where the shoe pinches—don't you see? I'm not easy in my mind when I see him leaving you mistress here to do just what you like. No offence! I speak out, I do. I want to know what you are about, all by yourself, in this room? How did you pick up with the Major? I never heard him speak of you before to-day."

Under all the surface selfishness and coarseness of this strange girl there was a certain frankness and freedom which pleaded in her favour, to my mind at any rate. I answered frankly and freely on my side.

"Major Fitz-David is an old friend of my husband's," I said; "and he is kind to me for my husband's sake. He has given me permission to look in this room."

I stopped, at a loss how to describe my employment in terms which should tell her nothing, and which should at the same time successfully set her distrust of me at rest.

"To look about in this room—for what?" she asked. Her eyes fell on the library ladder, beside which I was still standing. "For a book?" she resumed.

"Yes," I said, taking the hint. "For a book." "Haven't you found it yet?"

"No." She looked hard at me; undisguisedly considering with herself whether I was, or was not, speaking the truth.

"You seem to be a good sort," she said, making up her mind at last. "There's nothing stuck up about you. I'll help you if I can. I have rummaged among the books here over and over again, and I know more about them than you do. What book do you want?"

As she put that awkward question, she noticed for the first time Lady Clarinda's nose-gay lying on the side table where the Major had left it. Instantly forgetting where and my book, this curious girl pounced like a fury on the flowers, and actually trampled them under her feet!

"There!" she cried, "If I had Lady Clarinda here, I'd serve her in the same way."

"What will the Major say?" I asked.

"What do I care? Do you suppose I'm afraid of him? Only last week I broke one of his fine gimcracks up there, and all through Lady Clarinda and her flowers!"

She pointed to the top of the bookcase—to the empty space on it, close by the window. My heart gave a sudden bound, as my eyes took the direction indicated by her finger. She had broken the vase! Was the way to discovery about to reveal itself to me, through this girl? Not a word would pass my lips; I could only look at her.

"Yes!" she said. "The thing stood here. He knows how I late her flowers, and he put her nose-gay in the vase out of my way. There was a woman's face painted on the china; and he told me it was the living image of her face. It was no more like her than I am. I was in such a rage that I up with the book I was reading at the time, and shied it at the painted face. Over the vase went, bless your heart—crash to the floor. Stop a bit! I wonder whether *that's* the book you have been looking after? Are you like me? Do you like reading Trials?"

Trials? Had I heard her aright? Yes: she had said, Trials.

I answered by an affirmative motion of my head. I was still speechless. The girl sauntered in her cool way to the fireplace, and taking up the tongs, returned with them to the bookcase.

"Here's where the book fell," she said—"in the space between the bookcase and the wall. I'll have it out in no time."

I waited without moving a muscle, without uttering a word.

She approached me, with the tongs in one hand, and with a plainly-bound volume in the other.

"Is that the book?" she said. "Open it, and see."

I took the book from her.

"It's tremendously interesting," she went on. "I've read it twice over—I have. Mind you, I believe he did it after all."

Did it? Did what? What was she talking about? I tried to put the question to her. I struggled—quite vainly—to say only those words: "What are you talking about?"

She seemed to lose all patience with me. She snatched the book out of my hand, and opened it before me on the table by which we were standing side by side.

"I declare you're as help-eas-as-a-baby!" she said contemptuously. "There! Is that the book?"

I read the first lines on the title-page:—

A COMPLETE REPORT OF

THE TRIAL OF

EUSTACE MACALLAN.

I stopped, and looked up at her. She started back from me with a scream of terror. I looked down again at the title-page, and read the next lines:—

FOR THE ALLEGED POISONING

OF

HIS WIFE.

There, God's mercy remembered me. There, the black blank of a swoon swallowed me up.

CHAPTER XI.

THE RETURN TO LIFE.

My first remembrance, when I began to recover my senses, was the remembrance of Pain-agonising pain, as if every nerve in my body was being twisted and torn out of me. My whole being writhed and quivered under the dumb and recalcitrant protest of Nature against the effort to recall me to life. I would have given worlds to be able to cry out—to entreat the unseen creatures about me to give me back to death. How long that speechless agony held me, I never

knew. In a longer or a shorter time there stole over me slowly, a sleepy sense of relief. I heard my own laboured breathing, I felt my hands moving feebly and mechanically like the hands of a baby. I faintly opened my eyes, and looked round me—as if I had passed through the ordeal of death, and had awakened to new senses, in a new world.

The first person I saw, was a man—a stranger. He moved quietly out of my sight; beckoning, as he disappeared, to some other person in the room.

Slowly and unwillingly, the other person advanced to the sofa on which I lay. A faint cry of joy escaped me; I tried to hold out my feeble hands. The other person who was approaching me was my husband!

I looked at him eagerly. He never looked at me in return. With his eyes on the ground, with a strange appearance of confusion and distress in his face, he too moved away out of my sight. The unknown man whom I had first noticed, followed him out of the room. I called after him faintly, "Eustace!" He never answered; he never returned. With an effort I moved my head on the pillow, so as to look round on the other side of the sofa. Another familiar face appeared before me as if in a dream. My good old Benjamin was sitting watching me, with the tears in his eyes.

He rose and took my hand silently, in his simple kindly way.

"Where is Eustace?" I asked. "Why has he gone away and left me?"

(To be continued.)

Amusement.

THEATRE ROYAL.

THURSDAY, FRIDAY AND SATURDAY, November 19th, 20th & 21st.

MELLE. MARIETTA RAVEL ARTISTE FRANCAISE.

MONDAY, NOVEMBER 23rd, FIRST APPEARANCE OF

JOHN JACK & ANNIE FIRMIN.

NOTICE.—Seats can be secured at Prince's Music Store. 10-20-26-33.

NOTICE

Is Hereby Given that a Dividend of

FOUR PER CENT. (4 PER CENT.)

ON THE PAID-UP CAPITAL OF THE

JACQUES-CARTIER BANK,

has been declared for the current six months, and will be payable at the Banking House, Place d'Armes, on and after the 1st DECEMBER next. The Transfer Books will be closed from the 16th to the 30th November inclusively.

By order of the Board, H. COTTE, Cashier. 10-21-2-42.

29th October.

LIFE ASSOCIATION OF SCOTLAND.

THIRTY-SIXTH YEAR.

DIVISION OF PROFITS.

The List of Policies for 1874, in Class B, will be made up on 5th December next, and all persons entering before that date will be entitled to a full year's Bonus more than later entrants.

HEAD OFFICE FOR CANADA: MONTREAL—99 St. James Street.

Directors: DAVID TORRANCE, Esq., (D. Torrance & Co.) GEO. MOFFATT, Esq., (Gillespie, Moffatt & Co.) PETER REDPATH, Esq., (J. Redpath & Son.) J. H. R. MOLSON, Esq., (J. H. R. Molson & Bros.) J. G. MACKENZIE, Esq., (J. G. MacKenzie & Co.) MEDICAL OFFICER—R. Palmer Howard, Esq., M. D.

Every information on the subject of Life Assurance, either for Whole of Life, for Short Periods, or Endowments, can be obtained at any of the Agencies throughout the Dominion, or from the Secretary at Montreal.

RICHARD BULL, Secretary. 10-21-2-43.

Montreal, Nov. 1874.

DOMINION TELEGRAPH INSTITUTE

Was re-opened for the Winter on 12th inst. with Day and Night Classes. Ladies and Gentlemen wishing to qualify themselves as Telegraph Operators will please apply personally or by letter, to 75 St. James Street, Montreal.

In consequence of so many New Lines of Railway being opened there will be a large demand for Operators in the Spring. 10-21-8-34.

THE BURLAND-DESBARATS Lithographic, Printing & Publishing COMPANY

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

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

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

- Seven Steam Lithographic Presses.
- Twenty-five Hand Lithographic Presses.
- Three large Cylinder Steam Presses.
- Four Gordon and other Type Job Presses.
- Three Label Cutting Machines.
- One Heavy Guillotine Paper Cutter.
- A Powerful Hydraulic Press.
- Stone Grinding Machines; Ink Mills.
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- The most modern and perfect Electrotyping Apparatus, covered by several Patents.
- A complete out-door Photographic Equipment, including the Patent Camera, which gives perfect views of Buildings, &c., besides the finest Set of Lenses and Cameras for copying purposes in America.
- An immense stock of Lithographic Stones of all sizes, over 60,000 lbs. weight.
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- MERCHANTS; as: Price Lists, Bill Heads, Letter Heads, Business and Show Cards.
- BREWERS AND DRUGGISTS; as: Beer Labels, Drug and Perfume Labels, &c.
- LAWYERS AND NOTARIES; as: Factums, and Forms of all kinds.
- PRINTERS; as: Stereotype and Electrotype Plates, Engravings, Maps, Music, &c., &c.
- ARCHITECTS AND SURVEYORS; as: Plans, Diagrams, Details, Views, &c.
- Facsimiles of old Books, Manuscript, Engravings, Maps, Plans, &c., produced at the shortest notice.

Chromos in the Highest Style of Art.

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

Elegance of Workmanship; Moderation in Prices; Promptness in Execution.

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Insurances effected on all classes of Risks.
LOSSES PROMPTLY PAID.

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Ninety per Cent of Profits Divided among Policies of Participating Scale.

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MANUFACTURERS OF
Varnishes & Japans,
IMPORTERS OF
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10-19-13-25.

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OFFICE AND MANUFACTORY:
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It expands the chest, affords free and thorough respiration, and promotes health, by giving tone and vigour to the vital organs. The best and most perfect brace made. Retail price of Men's, \$1.75; Ladies' \$1.50. Send to any address, post paid, on receipt of money. Send chest measure. For sale by all first-class dealers, and at the office of the Cleveland Shoulder-Brace Co., Cleveland, O.
10-17-8-19.


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CELEBRATED
WORCESTERSHIRE SAUCE.
DECLARED BY CONNOISSEURS, TO BE
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CAUTION AGAINST FRAUD.
The success of this most delicious and unrivalled Condiment having caused certain dealers to apply the name of "Worcestershire Sauce" to their own inferior compounds, the public is hereby informed that the only way to secure the genuine is to
ASK FOR LEA & PERRIN'S SAUCE.

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Some of the foreign markets having been supplied with a spurious Worcestershire Sauce, upon the wrapper and labels of which the name Lea & Perrin's have been forged L. and P. give notice that they have furnished their correspondents with power of attorney to take instant proceedings against Manufacturers and Vendors of such, or any other imitations by which their right may be infringed.

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Wholesale and for Export by the Proprietors, Worcester: Cross and Blackwell, London, &c., &c.; and by Grocers and Oilmen universally.
To be obtained of J. M. DOUGLAS & CO., and VEQUHART & CO., Montreal.
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CAPITAL SUBSCRIBED, - - \$4,000,000,
Having Nearly Two Thousand Stockholders.

Available Funds to meet Claims exceed Seven Hundred Thousand Dollars.
Insure all Classes of Risks against Fire at moderate rates, which will be paid immediately on the Loss being established.

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10-20-52-22

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UNCALLED CAPITAL 11,000,000.
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It is used for rising all kinds of Bread, Rolls, Pancakes, Griddle Cakes, &c., &c., and a small quantity used in Pie Crust, Puddings, &c., will save half the usual shortening, and make the food more digestible.
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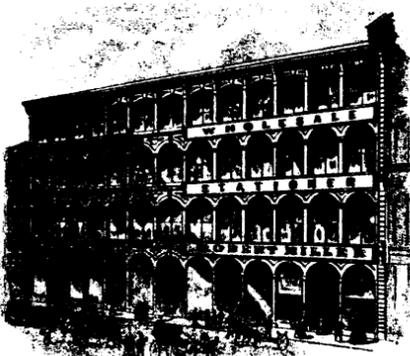
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