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CANADIAN

Illustrated Weekly



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1877.

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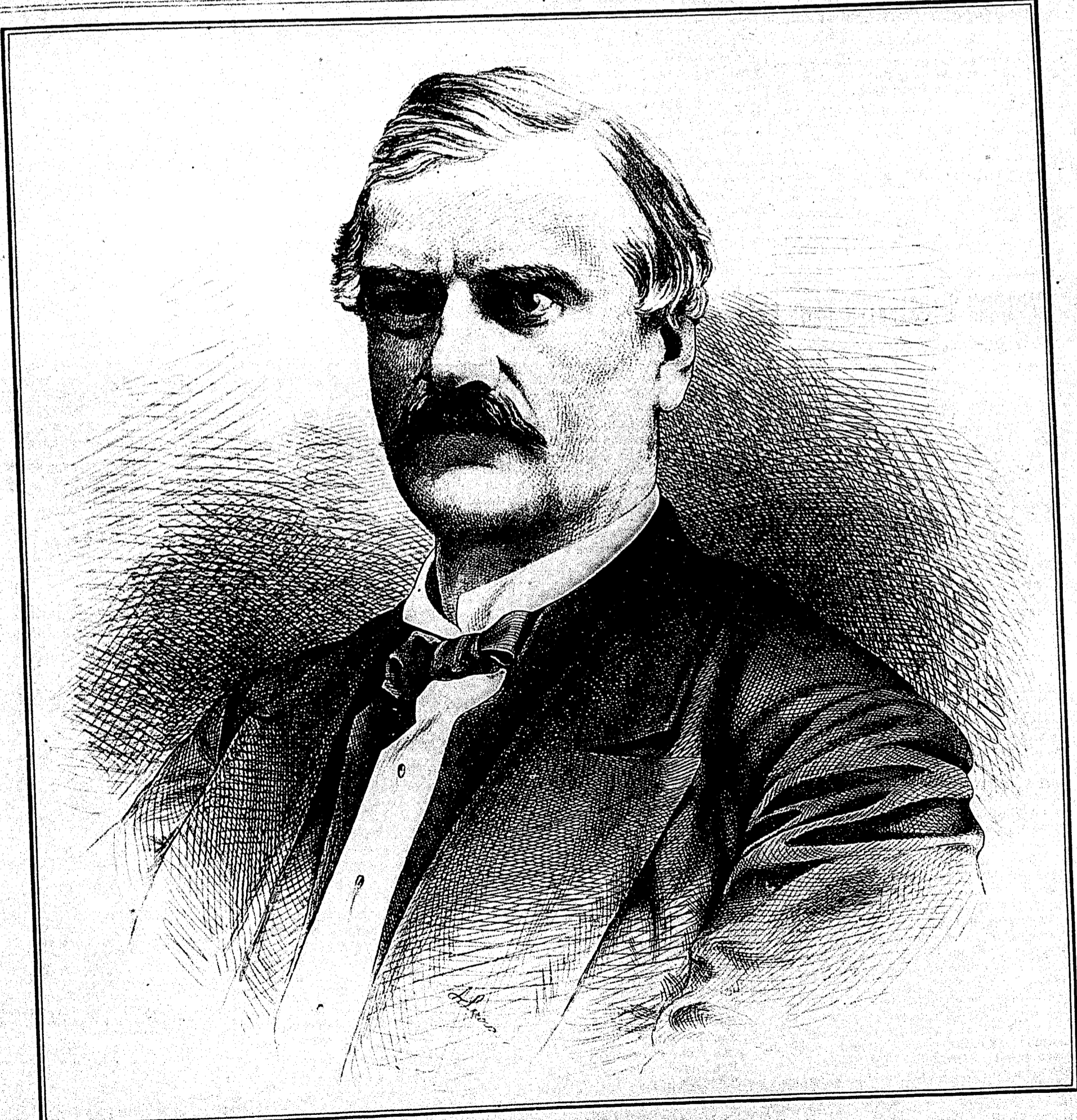
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HIS HONOR LUC LETELLIER DE ST. JUST,
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CANADIAN ILLUSTRATED NEWS.

Montreal, Saturday, January 6th, 1877.

FRENCH REPATRIATION.

The Vice-Consul of France at Montreal has lately gone on a mission to Ottawa for the purpose of inducing Government to furnish French immigrants in this city with the means of returning to their country. The grounds for the petition are, in the first place, that these people were grossly deceived with false promises by Dominion agents in Paris and other parts of France; and, in the second place, that since their arrival here they have met with every discouragement both from the French Canadian population and the clergy who regard them as infidels and communists. The alleged consequence is that they are utterly out of work, have no prospect of employment, and stand in face of the present severe winter without any resource whatever.

The motive of the Vice-Consul, Mr. PERRAULT, in acting as he has done, is worthy of respect, and the philanthropy which he displays is additional proof, if any were needed, of his fitness for the position which he occupies. On the other hand, it must look ungracious to resist any application for relief to a number of men, women and children who are really in want of many of the necessaries of life, and whose prospects are as cheerless as their present destitution is deplorable. But spite of our regard for the Vice-Consul, and our sympathy for the suffering immigrants, we feel bound to say that, in our opinion, the Government should use very great deliberation before they embark upon the scheme submitted to them.

The principle of repatriation is a false one in almost every respect. There is just a shadow of excuse for the money expended in inducing our French Canadians to return from the United States to their native villages, though our feeling about this policy is one rather of toleration than of approbation. But the idea of our Government, and through them the taxpayers of the country, being called upon to disburse their money to send back

men who came here of their own accord, and for their own personal behoof, strikes us as fallacious indeed. In the first place, such action would be setting a bad precedent. If Frenchmen, who are dissatisfied here, may be repatriated, why not Englishmen, Irishmen, Scotchmen, Welshmen, Icelanders and Mennonites? Where is the line to be drawn? In the next place, that course would be a stultification of our immigration policy, a confession of our unfitness for colonization, and the effect in Europe would be very grave. Furthermore, we have been told that some of these malcontents have threatened the Consul or Vice-Consul with assassination if he did not procure their repatriation. If this is true, it becomes a question whether such people deserve the extraordinary consideration which is demanded for them.

If our immigration agents in Paris and elsewhere have deceived these people, let the Government punish the dishonest officials who do us infinite harm abroad. Let them also compensate the disappointment of the immigrants by grants of land or other favors within the limits of Canada. This would be legitimate, would entail no unusual expense, and would aid our general work of colonization. If finally the people must go back at all cost, we would suggest that the French Government themselves should be called upon to bear their share of the expense, just as Canada does in the matter of French Canadians in the United States. At all events, we believe we represent a wide-spread feeling when we urge upon the Government to act in this matter with great caution and deliberation.

THE ACROPOLIS OF MYCENÆ.

The excavations of Dr. SCHLIEMANN on the site of the Acropolis or citadel of Mycenæ, may be ranked as among the most remarkable and interesting scientific labours of the age. Mycenæ was the capital of Argos, famous forever in the song of Homer, as the home of the Atridae—AGAMEMNON, the king of men, and MENELAUS, the injured husband of HELEN—and the scene of the tragic murder wrought by the knife of the voluptuous CLYTEMNESTRA amid the orgies of a royal banquet. And the vengeance of ORESTES was wreaked there, as we are told in Euripides. Mycenæ was perched high on a rock in a nook of Argos, and surrounded by hills. This is the Homeric description. PAUSANIAS tells us of its strong walls, of the two Assyrian lions supporting the pillar above the gateway, of the tombs of ATREUS and those who returned with AGAMEMNON out of Ilion, "for Ægistheus, having gathered them together at a feast, slew them every one." These and other treasures the old city of the Peloponnesus kept, when Dr. SCHLIEMANN suddenly came upon them, and almost at the first stroke of the spade, made discoveries of the most interesting character. At latest advices, he had opened five tombs. In the smallest of them he found the bones of a man and a woman, covered by at least five kilogrammes of ornaments of pure gold, with the most wonderful archaic impressed ornaments. Even the smallest leaf is covered with them. Ear-rings and ornaments represent an altar with two birds. One ear-ring represents HERCULES slaying the lion. There were found two sceptres with wonderfully chiselled crystal handles and many large gold and bronze vessels. In another tomb Dr. SCHLIEMANN found a beautifully ornamented gold cup, and four large bronze vessels. This tomb is the largest, and will probably yield much more treasure. He has now the firmest conviction that these are the tombs which, as PAUSANIAS writes, belong, according to the accredited tradition, to ATREUS, AGAMEMNON, CASSANDRA, EURYMEDON. By nearly every mail we may look out for something fresh from the explorations of Mycenæ, and as it is the province of a journal like ours to note such incidents, we shall faithfully chronicle the discoveries as they are made known to us.

IN THE Province of Quebec, we are not much troubled with thin ice, but in southern sections both of Ontario and the Maritime Provinces, they have frequent acquaintance with its dangers to skating parties. In Toronto a Humane Society has been formed which will make its commencement by the distribution of medals for the rescue of lives from drowning, but it may not be generally recognized that three or more young men could at any time form an active or organized society, by submitting to training in the simple ladder and pole exercise for delivering those who are immersed through broken ice. If they will add to this acquisition the knowledge and practice of the restorative methods for persons apparently drowned, they would have a Humane Society upon the London plan working with efficiency. If it be urged that amateur work would be insufficient on account of business engagements, we can only say that it might be joined with the recreation of skating, and that the numbers of the club might be increased so as always to have some on duty on the very few days when the ice is shaky. The weak places in the ice should, it is well to add, be always indicated by bushes or danger boards as a warning to heedless skaters.

THE following deserves notice at the present time:—A thoroughly practical, efficient and inexpensive method for rapidly and effectually extinguishing fires has been invented by Mr. JULIUS HALL, London, England. In applying the invention to large buildings, such as theatres, warehouses, stores, &c., Mr. HALL provides around the ceiling of each room, or warehouse, a cornice of two inch piping, the lower part of which is perforated with two or more rows of holes to allow the water when pumped in to be distributed into the warehouse or room in the form of rain. At any convenient part on the outside of the building, a metal box is fixed incased in an iron bed having two or more junctions, for the purpose of affixing the engine-hose; from this box vertical pipes are fixed, having taps; the other end of the vertical pipe is fixed to the cornice. On a fire breaking out on any one floor, the engine-hose is fixed to the junction, the proper taps turned on, and the water is then forced up the vertical pipe, and falls from the cornice. The invention is equally applicable to ships, and deserves general public attention.

A GREAT difficulty is experienced in Montreal from the lack of proper means to regulate the supply of water in dwellings. The following brief account of an improved metre may therefore prove timely in its suggestions. It is so constructed as not to become choked by sediment or other impurities passing in through the supply pipe. In the case is placed a tank, which is divided into two equal compartments, and balanced upon pivots. When the tank is tilted, the head of a valve stem strikes upon a stop attached to the bottom of the case to allow the water in the compartment to flow out. When the tank is tilted, the water flows into the upper compartment of the tank until that compartment overbalances the other and reverses the tank. This opens the valve of the full compartment, and allows the water contained in it to flow out, while the other compartment receives water. By this construction, exactly the same quantity of water must flow into each compartment each time to tilt it, and, by registering the number of times the tank tilts, the exact amount of water that has passed through the metre is ascertained.

A CANADIAN in England writes to state that Canadian wares are not properly marked. He thinks that canned meats, fish, &c.; ought to be well advertised as from the Dominion of Canada. He gives this example: "I have noticed lobster tins labelled Halifax, N. S. These things

are sent into inland towns and villages (but all with local marks), both in England and the continent. Now not one in a hundred would know any more about where Halifax, N. S., was, than if it were in the moon, except that it is always supposed that such things come from the United States, and they get all the credit. Every package should have 'Dominion of Canada,' in big letters, on it. It would be one of the best advertisements we could have, and I do hope that our manufacturers will look at this from a national standpoint." This is a subject upon which we have several times called attention as one of great importance.

WE are obliged to differ from our correspondent, who gave in our last such a complete description of the Sayabec Station of the Intercolonial Railway, in the opinion he sets forth that the Notice Boards for level crossings should be discussed because they are invisible on a dark night. We consider that the lettering should be in black and white so as to be as visible as possible, and in addition, for all nights when the moon does not appear, a proper signal light should be attached to the Notice Board, of the same kind as is used upon the railway itself. Let us also add that gates, even without watchmen for sparsely peopled districts, would be a considerable point gained, both as regards keeping cattle off the line and checking the course of vehicles on arriving at the crossing.

OUR columns recently contained an historical sketch of the beautiful residence of our Lieut.-Governors at Spencer Wood. It is among the advance sheets of a new series of papers on Canadian history on which our contributor, the author of "Quebec Past and Present" is engaged and which are intended to appear next spring—a fresh bouquet of "Maple Leaves." We add another specimen in this day's issue, but of a totally different complexion. In fact MOUNT LELAC is a spicy *résumé* of Canadian history, during one of its most stormy phases.

THE project for a Shakespeare memorial in Stratford-on-Avon has taken the shape of a theatre, the corner-stone of which will be laid on the 23rd of April next. It is proposed, if sufficient funds can be procured, to make this a model theatre, with a permanent stock company paid from the fund or by the town, and independent of popular favour. By this means it is expected there can be secured a company of the best actors animated by a common spirit, each willing to take a subordinate part if necessary; each being more desirous to revive a good drama and style of acting than to create a sensation.

THE proposed museum for Colonial and Indian productions in London is a most hopeful sign of the times, and will help to prove to British capitalists that there are some safe investments for their superabundant means outside the limits of the British Islands.

ROUND THE DOMINION.

THE Quebec Legislative Assembly was prorogued on the 28th ult.

THE manufacture of starch from potatoes is a growing industry in New Brunswick.

THE Dominion Parliament is summoned to meet on the 8th of February for the despatch of business.

UPWARDS of four thousand barrels of Canadian apples were sold in the Liverpool wholesale markets on the 29th of November.

THE City Council of Toronto have appointed a committee to take steps for preparing for the reception of the Governor-General on his forthcoming visit to that city.

IT is reported that the difficulty between the locomotive engineers and the management of the Grand Trunk Railway has been arranged, the engineers of all three grades accepting \$2.75 per day.

THIRTEEN children lost their lives on Christmas night during a fire in a convent near Joliette, Que. A panic seized on the community and their pupils, and the result was a holocaust. All the missing children were under fourteen years of age.

THE FREE LANCE.

The Water Department are having great fun suing householders for waste of water. The revenue is looking up in consequence. But what will it be when the milkmen are hauled up?

The straight line is the shortest in morals as well as in geometry.

Every other man you meet wears a new ulster. When you learn the price and hint at its cheapness, he looks solemn and deigns to call your attention to the fact that he paid "wholesale price" for it.

A good story. An Englishman in a French restaurant got along very well till he reached the mushrooms. The French word for it he could not manage, so he took pencil and paper and drew a large fungus.

"I understand, *parfaitement*," said the waiter. And he returned a moment after with a huge umbrella.

The revival of the volunteer movement throughout the country, which is the source of such general satisfaction, shows conclusively that the present management of the Militia Department is of much a-Vail.

Venno predicts snow in January. And will there be rain in April?

Since the appointment of M. Letellier de St. Just to the Lieutenant-Governorship of Quebec, M. Cauchon wears his famous velvet cap over the left ear instead of the right, and the oscillations of that big tassel are bodeful of coming wrath.

The President of the Board of Harbor Commissioners can easily be spared to go to Sydney for the next three months. The port will take care of itself during that time.

Senator Fabre is the coming man. His proud motto is, *Ego fortunam mea faber*.

The Cabinet vacancy is said to be an apple of discord in the Quebec Ministerial ranks. Has M. Cauchon lost his cunning? What he doesn't know about splitting pippins is not worth learning. William Tell was a baby to him.

An effectual way of cutting short election contestations is to do as the judges did in Bonaventure—disqualify both petitioner and respondent.

Alderman Stephens is under Bouds never to Forget the letter "S."

Venno has some terrible revelations in store about next Summer. But he considerably forbears for the present.

Members of the Quebec Legislature compelled to stay over during the holidays, complain that they had a "dry" Christmas. That was because they had not received their sessional allowance.

The Conservative Club of this city has made a beginning. Its house is not yet built, but its arms are engraved. I saw them in the *Witress*. A shield surmounted by a liberty cap, supported by crossed snowshoes and moccasins, emblems of Canada's progress (through the snow) and a legend with these words, *Tuque Blue*, which, being interpreted, means *Thou art a Blue*.

It may be some comfort to distressed Canadian exhibitors, whose goods are still lying on the floor of the Centennial buildings, at Fairmount Park, to learn that the glass cases which contained these goods have been all safely returned to Ottawa. The thanks of the whole country are due to the secretary, M. Perrault, for this prompt attention to the public property.

She handed him her album, gilt-edged, cream-leaved, and asked him to write her some verses. He blushed, hemmed and suddenly remembered that he must hurry off down town. Next evening he came back, but the album was not produced. He managed, however, to sidle up to it, and turned the leaves absently, when, of course, she couldn't do otherwise than ask him again to indite something. He seized a pen, and in a fit of inspiration, dashed down these *impromptu* lines, obtained from a friend an hour before, and carefully learned by rote:

The albums of ladies are much like their hearts— In this couplet I purpose to show it— It is vain to resist their seductions and arts. You are caught before you half know it. It is therefore the best to acknowledge this state, And gracefully bow to the same. Depose in their hearts the links of your fate. And inscribe in their albums your name.

Such genius deserves its reward. I hope before long to write an epithalamium.

LACLEDÉ

OUR ILLUSTRATIONS.

THE SCHILLER STATUE IN VIENNA.—Although Schiller was not an Austrian, his genius is appreciated by the refined Viennese and they have just erected a statue to his memory, a sketch of which appears on another page. The Emperor Francis Joseph was present at the ceremony. The monument occupies the centre of our drawing; the general public are on the right and left; in the background are grouped students

bearing flags, and in the foreground is the Kaiser with his suite. The monument is of bronze, and the poet is represented standing in the attitude of reverie. The pedestal is marble, bearing four figures which symbolize the four ages of life.

HON. LUC LETELLIER DE ST. JUST.—Although this honorable gentleman has already appeared in our Canadian Portrait Gallery, we have much pleasure in repeating his picture to-day, in connection with his recent appointment to the Lieutenant-Governorship of the Province of Quebec. The nomination is one which has been received with satisfaction on all sides—by his friends, as the reward of long and faithful service in the interests of his country and party; by his opponents, as a tribute to private worth, political honesty, and earnest endeavor to be just towards all. The new Lieutenant-Governor is the son of François Letellier, Esq., of St. Valier, Bellechasse County, and the daughter of the late Charles Casgrain, Seigneur of River Onelle, at which place he was born on the 12th May, 1820. He was educated at Ste. Anne College, and early in life embraced the notarial profession. He entered public life so early as 1851, when he entered the Canada Assembly as member for Kamouraska, but from 1852 till 1860 ill success at the polls forced him into a temporary retirement. He emerged from it, however, in 1860 when he entered the Legislative Council of Canada as the representative of the Division of Granville and retained the seat till Confederation. From May, 1863, till March, 1864, he was a member of the Executive Council and Minister of Agriculture. In 1867, he was called to the Senate of the Dominion by Royal Proclamation and was recognized as the Leader of the Opposition in that House till November, 1873, when he was sworn of the Privy Council, and appointed once more to the Department of Agriculture, an office which he filled with universal approval until his recent nomination to the post of Lieutenant-Governor.

BEAUTIES OF THE PRESENT TIME AND OF A HUNDRED YEARS AGO.—Generalised abstract rules for the lines of beauty have often been attempted by painters and sculptors, but never with complete success. Although the main proportions of the human form appear to be strictly, and even geometrically, defined, the finer touches of nature—such as the colour of the hair and eyes, the complexion, the pose of the neck on the shoulders, the shape of hands and feet, and many more—seem to defy rigid classification. The statues of Venus and Antinous merely give the outlines of beautiful forms: the rays of the soul lighting up the frame of clay are wanting; and no degree of human art has ever succeeded to reproduce with brush or chisel the human features. Moreover, the national and the individual taste for different styles of beauty vary with the character of the time. Influenced by the progress of civilisation, by the mode of life, and by the fashion in dress, an absolute standard of criticism cannot be established. All a generation can do is to place its members individually in circumstances best adapted to develop the latent germs of personal charms. And to whom more than to the scions of the English aristocracy are better opportunities offered in this respect? Born in affluence, tenderly nursed through a happy childhood, kept from sordid cares, the mind harmoniously developed, surrounded by works of art, nature's task of perfecting her work can indeed be called comparatively easy. How can it fail that English women of the higher classes stand prominent for loveliness of face and form? Theirs is not the inanimate beauty of the East, which strikes the eye on first beholding, and wanes quickly, but the lasting intellectual grace, which ennobles even irregular features, and leaves an impression never to be forgotten.

TO THE NORTH POLE IN BALLOONS.—This engraving is from a fancy sketch by Mr. Francis Morell, of Wimeroux, Pas-de-Calais, France. Mr. Morell, who is an English boy of fifteen, writes thus to the London *Graphic*:—"I think if the *Alet* had been supplied with nine or ten balloons, and the requisites (which are very simple) for making hydrogen gas, her crews would, for many reasons, have had a better chance of reaching their destination. Ten miles an hour is a slow pace for a balloon in a gentle breeze, so that, supposing they travelled ten hours a day, their pace would have been accelerated to a hundred miles a day; instead of the one mile so painfully accomplished. Thus, if the wind were favourable, the Pole could be reached in a few days; if unfavorable, they could wait until it suited. The sledges would serve for cars, and could be covered in and provided with windows, so that fires might be lighted without endangering the gas reservoir. If any harm came to the balloon, the car could be cut away from it and used as a sledge; but it would be preferable for several balloons to travel together, so as to assist each other in emergencies either of want of food or fuel. The cars could also carry as much food, &c., as the sledges did during the late expedition; and from six to eight men in each. I believe that M. Giffard, the French engineer, has been able to make impermeable balloons, which retain their gas for more than a twelvemonth."

THE FRENCH COAT IS REVIVED. There are Louis XV. and Louis XVI. coats, with pans and tails, having pockets across the back of them, and opened over a waistcoat or vest, all covered with embroidery. The bodice, which fits the figure closely, fails to resemble in cut a man's coat—for a very natural reason.

THE FAMOUS "S"

They were two athletes, an old hand and a young 'un— Who for quite three years gave sport to all the town, Sometimes led the back of Geordie's sprang on, And sometimes Geordie had the old man down.

The people saw and hooted or applauded The force of every fall or scratch or welt, But ne'er to either of the men they lauded Could they award the champion's honored belt.

At last they both gave up and took to juggling— An easier though a scarce less risky game— And for that purpose they began a smuggling Variunt on variunt of portentous name.

George got ahead in this quaint non-nonsense, 'Twas Pittsburg, Boston, Troy and Baltimore, And for a while it seemed 'twas not in nature That God could conjure all this hidden lore.

But one bright morning he made a great discovery— A stroke of genius, neither more nor less— Certain to rout poor George beyond recovery— It bore the title of the letter "S."

What was it? No one knew. But all the city Went forth to see this movement of fan, For though some felt 'twould be a shocking pity If by this means poor Geordie were undone.

George at first was puzzled, but recalling The sleight and power of his good right hand, He gave the wisp of battle all appalling And braved the monster with his magic wand.

The game goes on, while all the boys are yelling Around the jugglers and the famous "S." But what the end will be is past the telling For Geordie says it's "none of my business."

THE PALYEOCRYSTIC SEA.

O come, my love, O come with me: O come and sail on that cold, cold sea, The Pa

Le O Crye Tie Sea:

For every zephyr there that blows Will give you such a jolly red nose.

When life is dark with storms of jaw From a stout and savage mother-in-law, We'll pack her off to that cold, cold sea, The Pa

Le O Crye Tie Sea:

And there forever she'll look so nice, So calm and quiet in the polar ice.

O Hewitt, come and sail with me Upon the Paleocrystic Sea— The Pa

Le O Crye Tie Sea:

For epistolary gum there freezes so fast You can't blow it open with a dynamite blast.

O Hayes and Tilden come with me And sail upon that i see sea The Pa

Le O Crye Tie Sea:

We'll start you together, cheek by jowl, And President's he who captures the Pole.

Let all who would find out the Pole Be wise and study the mole, mole, mole, For the Pa

Le O Crye Tie Sea:

Through McClellan and Newton must be found, By tunnelling northward under ground.

PRENTICE MULFORD.

RULES OF TABLE ETIQUETTE.—1. Do not keep others waiting for you either at the beginning or close of the meal.

2. Do not sip soup from the tip, but from the side of the spoon.

3. Be careful not to drop or spill anything on the table-cloth.

4. Keep your plate clean; do not heap all sorts of food on at once.

5. In passing your plate to be reheaped, retain the knife and fork.

6. When asked for a dish, do not shove but hand it.

7. While drinking do not look around.

8. Instruct the servant to hand the cup at the left side, so that it may be received by the right hand.

9. Do not drink your tea or coffee without first removing the teaspoon from the cup to the saucer.

10. Use the knife for cutting only; never put it to the lips or mouth.

11. Break your bread into small pieces and rest them on your plate while spreading.

12. Do not eat too fast; besides giving one the appearance of greed, it is not healthy.

13. If you find anything unpleasant in your food, put it aside as quietly as possible, without drawing the attention of others to it.

14. Do not open the lips or make any unnecessary noise in chewing.

15. Do not touch the head.

16. Do not rest the elbows on the table.

17. Be thoughtful of and attentive to the wants of those about you.

18. Converse on pleasant subjects with those sitting near you.

19. Do not say anything not intended for all present to hear.

20. Leave your plate with the knife and fork laid parallel, the handles pointing to the right.

LITERARY.

LECKY, the historian, is one of the shyest of men.

WILLIAM MORRIS'S new poem, the "Story of Sigurd the Volsung," is said to be his greatest achievement.

BENJAMIN DISRAELI having ceased to be himself by becoming the Earl of Beaconsfield, a life of him in two volumes will be issued at once.

TRANSLATIONS OF "Enoch Arden," by Adolf Stradtman, the biographer of Heine, and the "Ancient Mariner," by Ferdinand Freiligrath, appear as Christmas books in Germany.

ANOTHER important first edition has turned up in Germany, in the shape of the first print of Marlowe's "Edward II., a tragedy, 1594," the year after the author's death in a tavern brawl.

CHARLES KINGSLEY wrote his "Saint's Tragedy" as a marriage gift to his young bride, Miss Greenfell. "Alton Locke" was the only book of which he had a fair copy made. For many years all his writing was done by his wife, from his dictation, while he paced up and down the room.

"MAYFAIR" is to be the title of an illustrated journal of politics, literature, and society, which is to appear early next year in London. The staff of the new journal has been formed from among some of the best-known writers on the London daily press. Mr. Edward Luce, the writer of the parliamentary articles in the *World* entitled "Under the Clock," has transferred his services to the *Mayfair*.

TENNYSON'S poem, "Harold," just issued, is in the new line of his dramatic ambition, and may be fairly compared with its immediate predecessor "Queen Mary," although less liberally bedecked with Tennysonian ornamentation. The period of the drama is that directly preceding the Norman conquest, and the action is mostly in England. An idyl of love is unwoven with the tragedy of ambition in the approved style.

A CHILDLESS old soldier in Germany, a grandson of Schiller, is the last bearer of that illustrious name. Another grandson of the poet, but on the mother's side, who wears the imposing title of Freiherr von Gleichen-Russwurm, has, in order to perpetuate the poet's name in the family, given his oldest son the pseudonym Schiller, and directed that the same thing shall be done to one of the male offspring in all future generations of the house of Gleichen-Russwurm.

DOUGLAS HEROLD worked at a desk without speak upon it, using an ink-stand in a marble shell clear of all litter, his little dog at his feet. If a comely was in progress, he would now and then walk rapidly up and down the room talking wildly to himself. If it were *Punch* copy, one heard him laugh as he hit upon a shell bit; and then out he would go to the garden, and plucking a hawthorn leaf, stroll thinking down the sidewalk; then in again and vehemently at work, unrolling the thought that had come to him along little blue slips of paper in letters smaller than the type in which they were presently to be set.

GREAT progress has been made in the book trade of Italy during the last forty years. In 1835 there were only 484 printing offices and booksellers' shops, whereas now there are 1,083 booksellers, of whom 151 are publishers. In 1835 only 3,819 works, forming 4,255 volumes, were published, while in 1872 there were 8,798 publications, 430 being devoted to natural sciences and 171 to philology. There were 185 newspapers published in 1835 in the thirty-six states which then composed Italy, 450 in 1845, 721 in 1870, 763 in 1871, while the numbers have now risen to 1,116, of which 384 are daily journals. The province of Milan alone has 138 journals.

ONE of the oldest and most useful of periodical publications is the London *Annual Register*, which now nearly reaches its hundred and fiftieth year. It was founded by a bookseller named Dodsley. He began life as footman to a Miss Lowther, and published his first poetical effusions under the title of "The Muse in Livery." He had the prudence to make a good use of the profits of his poems and of a successful career, and in process of time became one of the first publishers and booksellers in London. The *Annual Register's* time-honored contemporary, the *Gentleman's Magazine*, to which Dr. Johnson was in his early days so large a contributor, has entirely changed its character. It was killed by *Notes and Queries*.

PERSONAL.

MR. ADAM HOPE, of Hamilton, has been appointed to the vacant Ontario seat in the Senate.

MR. PATRICK POWER, M. P. for Halifax, has been elevated to the Senate, and a lively contest is anticipated for the vacancy.

ROUND THE WORLD.

THE armistice has been prolonged to March 1st.

DURING the coming year the British mails will be carried to New York by the Willams and Gullon line of steamers.

THERE is a division in the Republican majority of the French Chamber of Deputies owing to the vote on the Budget: the Moderates have separated from the Extremists.

THE commercial treaty between England and France is about to expire by limitation, and an effort will be made to give the free trade principles a wider application in the new treaty.

THE political crisis in Denmark has been postponed for a little while by the adjournment of the Folkething, or Lower House of Parliament, until the 9th prox., when the final struggle between the Ministry and the Chamber will be commenced.

HYGIENIC.

LARGE quantities of tea are bad for the process of digestion, and tend greatly to weaken the power of the stomach.

BROMIDE of camphor has been found a serviceable remedy in chorea and hysteria, as well as in other nervous affections.

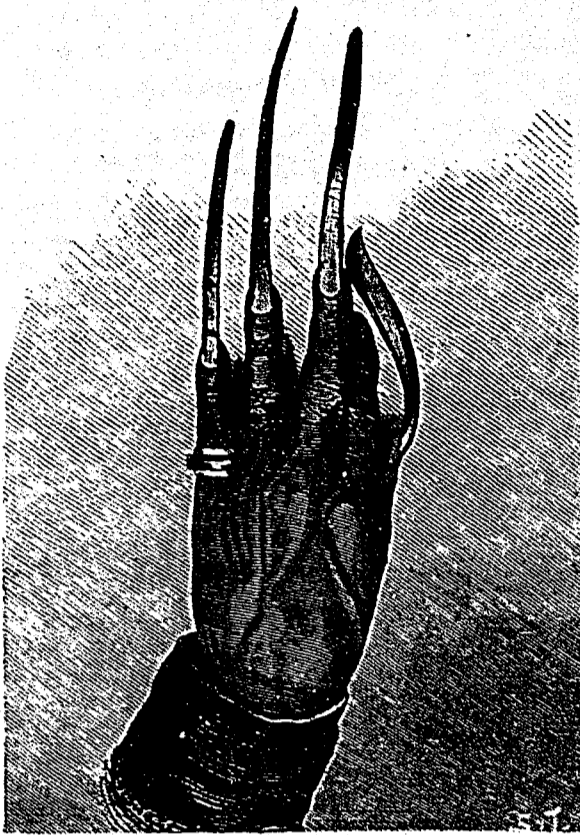
THE medical examiner of a prominent life insurance company says that he always examines with unusual care all applicants who say that they have been gymnasts, and that he is compelled to turn away nearly three-fourths of those who excel in athletic exercises, because they have dangerously strained the organs of the heart.

EXTRAORDINARY FINGER NAILS.

The habit of wearing long nails is very prevalent among the elegant people of China and Indo-China. It is no rare thing to find, in the first of these countries, men and women whose nails measure one and a half inches. But it is chiefly in the peninsula beyond the Ganges, and principally in Siam, Annam and Cochin China that human claws are seen of the most enormous and singular dimensions. The two engravings which accompany these lines are from nature, not at all exaggerated, and thus present a curious phenomenon which is well worthy of some attention.

The first hand, to the left, is armed with nails which measure no less than one to three inches, and which, as they gradually extend from the fingers, bend and twist until they assume the form of claws.

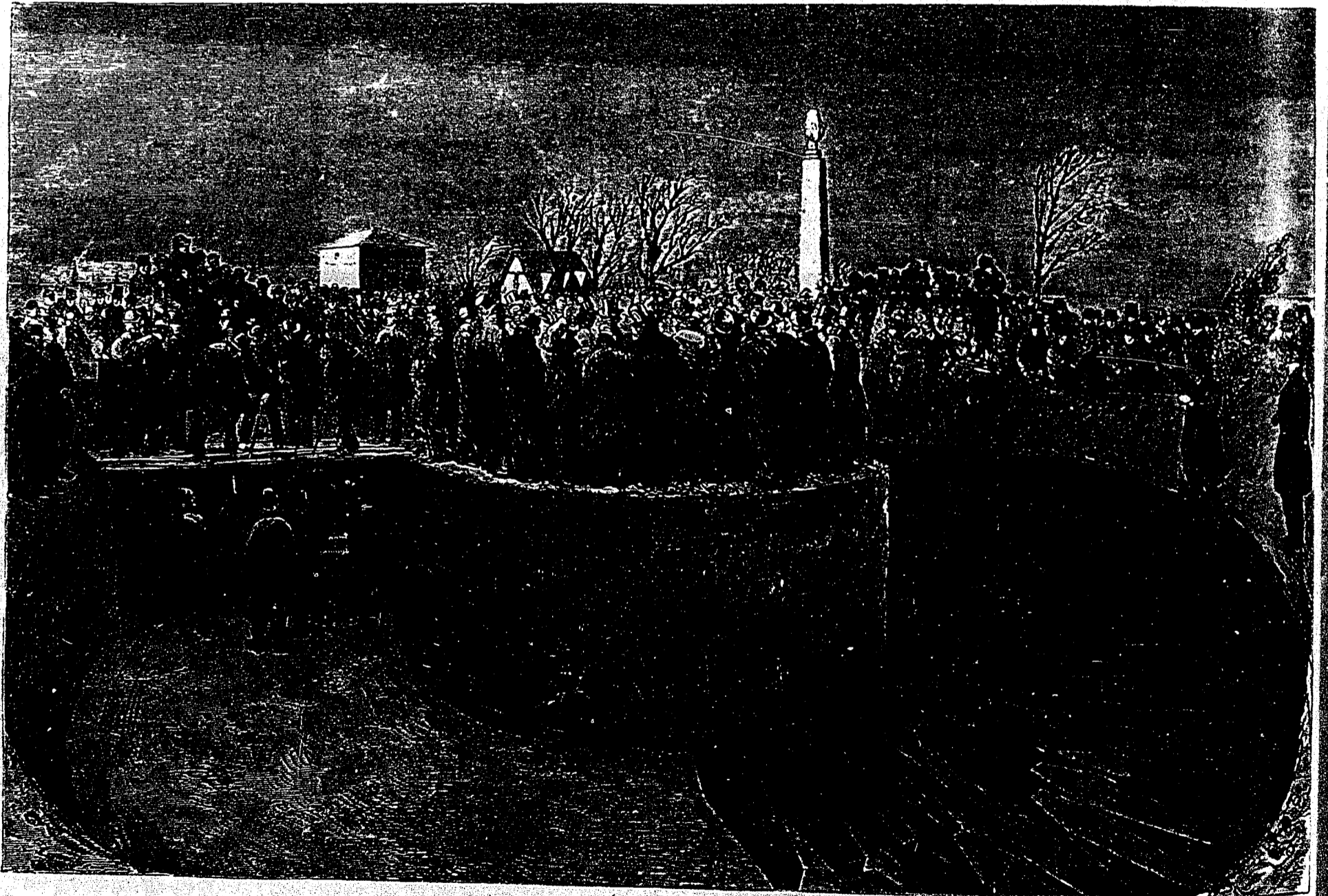
The second figure represents a Cochin Chinese dandy, whose nails measure from one to two feet. It is hard to say exactly how far this odd custom is spread in the country beyond the Ganges, but it is very certain that the exaggerated growth of finger nails passes in Indo-China both for a personal accomplishment and a sign of social superiority.



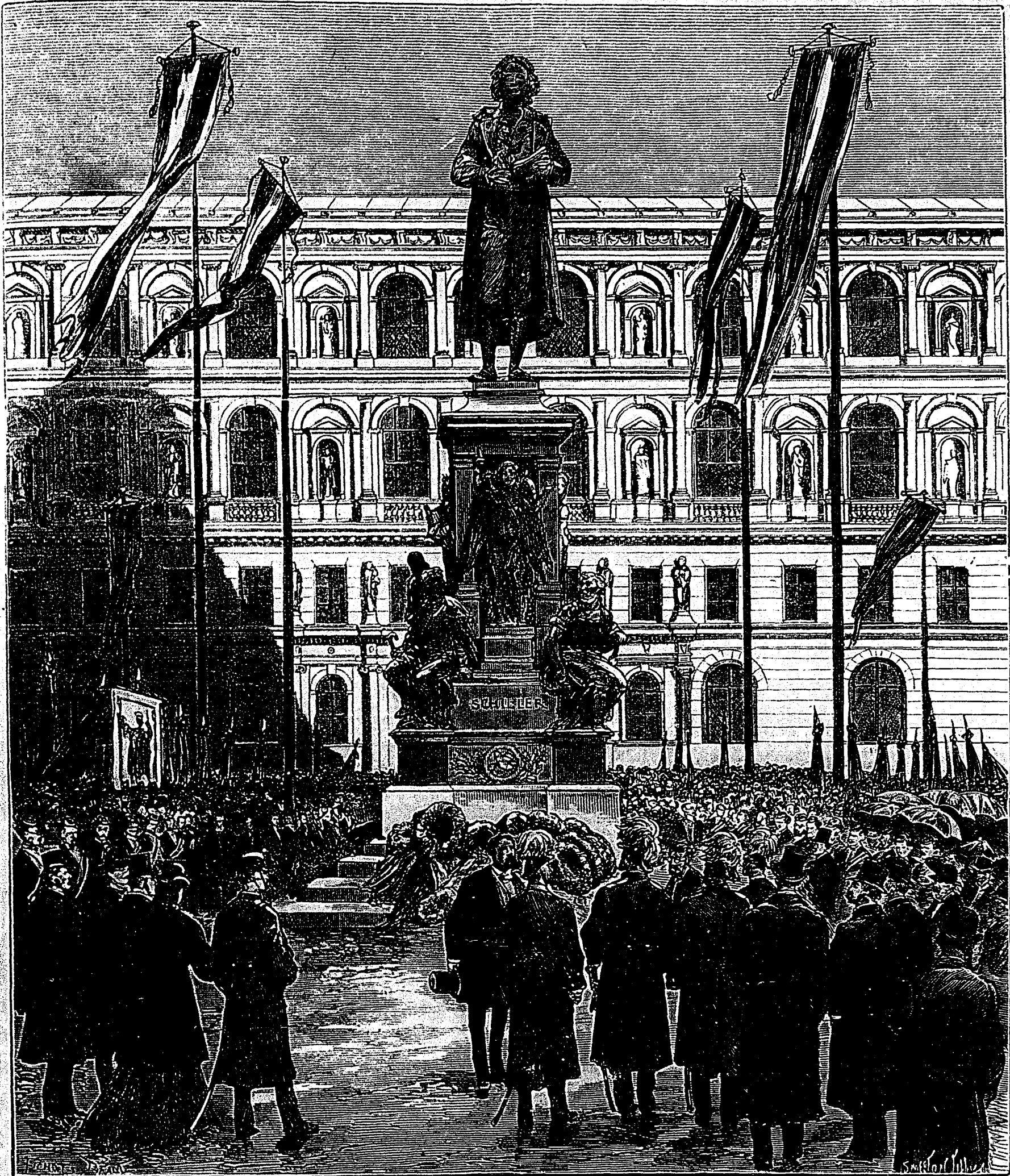
HAND AND NAILS OF A CHINESE NOBLEMAN.



HAND AND NAILS OF AN ANNAMITE NOBLEMAN.



THE BROOKLYN FIRE:—BURIAL OF UNCLAIMED BODIES IN GREENWOOD CEMETERY.



VIENNA:—UNVEILING OF THE NEW SCHILLER STATUE.

THE NEW BALLOTING APPARATUS OF THE FRENCH SENATE.—This apparatus for the distribution of members among the nine *bureaux* or committees, was tried most successfully at the opening sitting at Versailles recently. The operation only occupied a few seconds, instead of a couple of hours, as with the old process of drawing lots for each of the 300 senators personally. The President (Duke d'Audiffret-Pasquier) has before him a gold, or rather gilt, cup or bowl, containing 300 balls with the name of one of the senators on each. After having shaken them well, he pours them on the upper lid of a double-bottomed box. This lid is in the form of a sieve. The name of the inventor of the apparatus is Senator Tamisier, and it has 300 holes or sockets, into which the balls, only one to each, naturally drop at random. These holes, hitherto kept shut by a closing plate, are then opened so as to allow the balls to roll down through pipes leading in equal numbers, but promiscuously, to nine different compartments in the under part of the box, where the balls are

received in goblets representing each one of the *bureaux*. A safety sliding plate is provided at the interior bottom of the box for preventing the balls from being lost or strayed. The President then only has to take the goblets out and let the names be read. This novelty was received with great satisfaction at Paris and Versailles.

GIANTS.—M. Le Cat, in a memoir read before the Academy of Sciences at Rouen, gives the following accounts of giants that are said to have existed in different ages:—"Profane historians have given seven feet of height to Hercules, their first hero, and in our day we have seen men eight feet high. The giant who was shown in Rouen, in 1834, measured eight feet some inches. The Emperor Maximinus was of that size. Shenkins and Platerus, physicians of the last century, saw several of that stature, and Gorepius saw a girl who was ten feet high. The body of Orestes, according to the Greeks, was

eleven feet and a half; the giant Galbara, brought from Arabia to Rome, under Claudius Caesar, was near ten feet high; and the bones of Secundilla and Pusio, keepers of the gardens of Sallust; were but six inches shorter. Funnam, a Scotchman, who lived in the time of Eugene II., King of Scotland, measured eleven feet and a half; and Jacob Le Maire, in his voyage to the Straits of Magellan, reports that on the 17th December, 1615, he found at Port Desire several graves covered with stones, and having the curiosity to remove the stones, he discovered human skeletons ten and eleven feet long. The Chevalier Scory, in his voyage to the Peak of Teneriffe, says they found in one of the sepulchral caverns in that mountain, the head of a gauche, which had eighty teeth, and that the body was not less than fifteen feet long. The giant Ferragus, slain by Orlando, nephew of Charlemagne, was eighteen feet high. Roland, a celebrated anatomist, who wrote in 1614, says some years before there was to be seen in the suburbs of St. Germain, the tomb of the great giant Isoret, who was twenty feet

high. In Rouen, in 1500, in digging in the ditches near the Dominicans, they found a stone tomb containing a skeleton, whose skull held a bushel of corn, and whose shin bone reached up to the girdle of the tallest man there, being about four feet long, and consequently the body must have been 17 or 18 feet high. Upon the tomb was a plate of copper, whereon was engraved 'In this tomb lies the noble and puissant lord, the Chevalier Ricon de Vallemont and his bones.' Platerus, a famous physician, declares that he saw at Lucerne the body of a man who must have been at least 19 feet high. Vallance, of Dauphiny, boasts of possessing the bones of the giant Bucart, tyrant of the Vivarais, who was slain with an arrow by the Count de Cabillon, his vassal. The Dominicans had a part of the shin bone, with the articulation of his knee, and his figure painted in fresco, with an inscription showing that this giant was 22½ feet high, and that his bones were found in 1705, near the banks of the Morderi, little river near the foot of the mountain of Crusai, upon which (tradition says) the giant dwelt."

THE TRAGEDY OF ST. JEROME;
OR,
HUMAN JUSTICE, AND ITS DIFFICULTIES.

Any one who, during the effulgent days of summer, or amid the fruitful landscapes and milder glories of the early autumn, has travelled extensively in and among the interior regions and parishes of Lower Canada, must have, from time to time, been deeply impressed, as he journeyed along, with the position and appearance of many of the country villages, lying scattered throughout that land of the North—in some instances, situated on the banks of small, winding streams, or rivers, fringed with woods, and flowing gently between rich cornfields, or wild meadows;—in others, with sites in fertile valleys, or built on the cultivated slopes of far stretching hills, or near the gentle declivities of mountains. He will also have remarked that many of these quiet little towns and rural hamlets present a most inviting, almost an unexhaustive aspect of beauty, seclusion and repose. The observing traveller will notice that near and around, he will pass rows of ancient trees standing by the road or river side, and will descry among the deep foliage of innumerable groves, groups of evergreens whose freshness and sturdy growth have withstood, unchanged and undimmed, many an autumn blast and many a wintry wind, laden with the snow and ice of the frozen regions around and beyond. There, too, may be seen the triumphs of human toil, endurance and courage in the work of pioneering and settlement, in a climate so vigorous: the humble achievements of the poor man's hopes and industry, amid the silence and loneliness of nature where the moose, the wolf, and the barbarian had once their wild haunts and solitary homes. Instead of the unbroken immemorial desolation of the wilderness, we meet now beneath the golden skies often so pure, so cloudless in this northern clime, far other sights and, on the whole, more interesting scenes. Here we now behold undulating and fertile fields, waving in the breeze and up to the very shadows of the primeval forest, neat dwellings and smiling villages, where often the picturesque dress and appearance of the inhabitants combine to render these abodes peculiar and *unique*. They are not however, so beautiful, so interesting as in other more favored lands—but they are remote, secluded and peopled by an extremely intelligent and interesting race, though I know it may be said, and perhaps with truth, that they are far behind in the paths of enterprise in the mighty progress of the new world, that they are, or seem to be, unequal to the struggles and rivalries of its dominant race. This may be so, and, perchance, they are not the worse for that. They do not, it is true, possess the rough activity—the restless and successful energy to be found in communities where the English language is spoken, and where the Anglo-Saxon predominates: yet even this unprogressive and peaceful condition of things, this stationary state of social and national life, to some minds have a charm and present great attractions in these modern days, when the world, the minds of men, are bewildered, unsettled, overwhelmed by the clamor and bluster of the daily press, and the war and violence of parties, with and without principle: when we are hustled along and hurrying to and fro, and almost crushed beneath the throngs of anxious and grasping multitudes of men, we sometimes gasp for peace and rest. The rivalries—the absorbing pursuits of commerce, the rancour and calumnies of political life—steamboats, railroads, telegraphs, gigantic corporations, stock gambling, and other schemes, and other modes of systematic swindling, become very wearisome at times; and if no other means of escaping from all this hurly burly present themselves, it is grateful, and even profitable now and again, to dwell for a time in these abodes of simple and primitive life. Notwithstanding all “the rapture” of the struggle in the pursuit of riches and luxury, it is pleasant at times to find a secluded spot on this curious planet, where one can occasionally, at least, enter upon a little self-recollection, and try to find out what will be the end of all these contentions, turmoil and fermentation. Perhaps man, and his moral structure, are not able to bear them: probably in the end they will be too much for him. But we will not pause here to philosophize on these things, or to determine whether the human race is running on an up or a down grade, or on a dead level; later and in some other illustrations of social life, and human character, we may venture to make this pretty clear, or at all events we shall try to do so. It is quite sufficient for the present to demonstrate beyond all reasonable doubt, that in the Canadian Paradise, or in that Arcadia of the North, above adverted to, a respectable man piously and earnestly meditating on all these things, might possibly have his throat cut without much ceremony, and certainly without provocation. The following short and painful narrative will show that the demon of murder has instruments and victims even there; and it is a fact worthy of note and of some significance, that in the smiling valleys and cheerful, pleasant villages of Lower Canada, startling and sanguinary crimes, calculated at once to terrify and bewilder the minds of men, are of frequent occurrence; but it must also be added that the perpetrators are generally, tho' not invariably, detected and brought to condign punishment. Never was there one more deliberately premeditated, never was there one more coolly or more ruthlessly executed,

nor can one be conceived, under all the circumstances, more difficult to detect and to bring home to the perpetrators, than that about to be narrated, and the history of which, in every essential particular, sets forth in a brief legible record the exact truth. The names, for obvious reasons, are partly suppressed, or not given in full. The coloring of some of the incidents in the strange and deeply mysterious drama, may possibly be slightly, but if so, very slightly deeper in hue than the reality, but the writer is grieved to say that the details here given represent the tragic occurrence and the subsequent trial of the accused with scrupulous fidelity in all their intricacies, dark shadows, and their mournful and tragic termination. The circumstantial evidence in the case, it will be perceived, was vague, and not remarkable for coherence or cogency. The value of this kind of testimony, however, was once more triumphantly vindicated, and in a case where the very circumstances themselves were in a high degree contradictory and perplexing.

Among the villages of Lower Canada, remarkable for the beauties of their scenery and situation, none can surpass or, perhaps, compare with that of St. Jerome, distant to the north-west about forty miles from Montreal. The site is on an elevated plateau, on the highest point of a high land, extending downward north and south, in gentle declivities broken by frequent undulations, as far as the eye can reach, with many a village steeple, wood, hill and mountain range in the distant view. The soil is dry, without sterility; and the country extending around the village is remarkably fertile and picturesque. In front of the little town flows a beautiful river, known as the *Rivière du Nord*, which, having its source among the Laurentian hills or other mountains, descends thro' some of the wildest and most gorgeous scenery in Canada, until it reaches the rich and far stretching plains below where, winding away for many a league, its waters fall at length into the great river Ottawa. In its long course, this river of the North passes thro' and among many a mountain-embosomed lake, unrivalled or unsurpassed in romantic beauty by any on this continent. The high lands around those still and shadowy waters, studded in some instances with many a drooping ile, whether the ascent be gentle or precipitous, as a general rule, are covered with the dense foliage and the wild and gigantic growth of the primeval forest. Often curious travellers, and the Canadian hunter, are seen on their way to these homeless and solitary places of the wilderness, and which are only a short distance from St. Jerome.

In the year 1855—, there resided in the village just named, a man and his wife whose names were Dulong. Antoine Dulong, for so the husband was called, might have been about forty-five years, and his wife in the neighbourhood of fifty years of age. They were persons in the middle rank of life, of fair education, and well-to-do in the world. They had no children, and lived comfortably, in fact almost in affluence. Altho' there was nothing remarkable in the personal appearance of Antoine Dulong, yet he was what you would call a good looking man, rather tall and robust, serious in his general deportment, somewhat sombre in character, taciturn and reserved in manner. A man of temperate habits, of respectable exterior, but his conduct, upon the whole, was not conspicuous for either good or evil. He was regarded by most people as a calculating and practised hypocrite. His wife, whose maiden name was Catherine Beaubien, was a very nice looking person: fair, tall and inclined to *embonpoint*. She was a woman of amiable and very agreeable manners; but, notwithstanding the animation and prepossessing cheerfulness of her disposition, there was often a shade of deep melancholy on her brow, and a touch of sadness in the expression of her countenance. Frank, confiding, thinking no evil, she was respected for her piety and beloved for her excellent qualities. Her health at times was very delicate, and she frequently complained of a strange sense of suffocation. It was not, however, of a character to excite serious alarm; yet she had, in consequence of these symptoms, been occasionally attended by a physician of the village. These persons had been married several years, and, to all appearance, lived on good terms. They seemed in the eyes of the public to be much attached to each other, altho' the husband had frequently, as it appeared afterwards, on his trial, expressed himself in most unguarded, disparaging terms of his wife's age, her infirmities, and the hopes he entertained of a second marriage at an early date.

In the same village there lived at that time, a younger brother of Antoine Dulong, named George. He was married and was the father of two children. His wife was a good natured, pious sort of woman, but uneducated and of feeble and commonplace character. They were very poor, but at the same time, a decent kind of people, so far as their general conduct could enable the world to judge. They were greatly assisted by Antoine, and invariably professed the warmest attachment to Madame Dulong, the sister-in-law; in fact they depended on the elder Dulong, and particularly on the bounty of Catherine Dulong for their livelihood. George was lazy, unthrifty and always penniless. He was well known in that part of the country for his extraordinary physical strength and famed as a man of resolute and determined character. So much so, that owing to these qualities, and his general good nature and easy disposition, he never was involved in quarrels. He was of prepossessing personal appearance;

a close observer, however, could perceive a sinister and dormant perversity in the expression of the eye, and a singular levity in his tone and conversation. He was not what you would call a drunkard, but he swiped moderately and loafed around generally.

About four miles from the village, and higher up the river, there dwelt at this time a farmer and his family, named Louvac. M. and Madame Louvac had been married several years and five children had been born of their union. Louvac himself was a plain, honest farmer, without much education, but a large, fine looking, healthy and good-natured man about forty-seven years of age, and, for one in his station, possessed of very considerable wealth. He managed everything well but his wife—her he could never control—that was an achievement far beyond his powers; and as a matter of fact, his complete failure in this respect was not in the slightest degree surprising. In most cases it is said to be and to have ever been difficult, since the fall, and even perhaps previous to that event, but in the instance before us, the thing was simply impossible.

Madame Louvac, whose maiden name was Marie Anne Delcour, was a woman of peculiar character, and of remarkable personal appearance. She had received a good education; belonged to a respectable family in a distant part of the country, and was about four years younger than her husband. Considerably above the ordinary height of her sex, she was endowed with a robust and powerful organization; and altho' past the meridian of woman's life and beauty, her form was still remarkable for its graceful contour, its elastic symmetry and for an appearance of indolent voluptuousness, combined with the sinew and strength of a tigress. Her countenance was swarthy, ominous, not handsome, but strikingly marked in its outlines. The form and the expression exhibited the existence of propensities not easily mistaken, but the dominant and most expressive feature in that grand, dark face was her eye. It was large, full and round, of a queerish grey color, and when in complete repose, looked soft, charming and languid, almost to dullness; but when fairly roused, the lurid glare and intense perversity of that eye conveyed to the object of her fury and to all others who witnessed their exhibition, a pretty clear idea of her fierce and passionate nature. The writer himself had occasion to notice, when she was on her trial, the impressive and menacing repose of that singular eye, and he has received frequent accounts of the sudden, startling violence of this strange creature, from those who had seen her in her moments of wrath, or in her threatening moods. Her manner was habitually gentle, her gestures and movements graceful, her tone of voice and language mild in the extreme, and one would have said that she was a person of a careless and indolent disposition, but there was about her an appearance of latent power and reserved energy, always ready to spring on a foe or a victim, at the shortest notice. She lived as it were apart and alone from those around her, very reserved. She appeared at times, in fact almost continually, in a kind of sombre reverie; whether this arose from vacancy, a retrospective turn of mind, or from planning new schemes for the execution of her peculiar views, she never said, and probably no one ventured to ask her. She was what the French Canadians call a *jongleuse*, and belonged to a brooding, meditative class of persons who are apt to entertain very dangerous notions about the value and sanctity of human life. She was kind and indulgent to her children, and in regard to her husband, she was neither troublesome nor exacting.

The dwelling of the Louvacs was a large and comfortable house on the bank of the wild river, which, at that point, flowed down in gentle but beautiful rapids and which served to enhance the varied and exquisite scenery around. All this with their wealth, their beautiful and healthy family, consisting of three girls and two boys, ought to have awakened and preserved in Madame Louvac's ruthless woman's heart the gentle feelings of a wife and mother, or at least have brought contentment. But it would appear that it was not so.

Between Louvac and his wife, there had been, during the two years previous to this, frequent and serious quarrels, and which, as it was subsequently shown in the trial, had at one time produced an open rupture between the husband and wife, and these arose from what Louvac considered a too great familiarity between Antoine Dulong and Madame Louvac. It may be proper to remark, that the two families were on terms of intimate friendship. The ladies made frequent visits to each other, and generally among them all, nothing seemed more cordial and could be more friendly, some quiet, decent people thought, and certainly it did not require much discrimination to perceive the circumstance that there was something not quite right, nor entirely justifiable by any amount of friendship, in the relations between Madame Louvac and Antoine Dulong. But as yet, nothing decisive or very marked had occurred to confirm or warrant these suspicions in the public mind. Time went on, and the course of events seemed to be running smoothly enough, when the village and neighbourhood were suddenly startled by two occurrences which in the eyes of many looked rather mysterious, and which, more than ever, attracted the attention of the curious and excitable to the intimacy existing between Dulong and Madame Louvac.

(To be continued.)

GENTLEMEN'S OVERCOATS.

There has been no new style this season to replace for general wear the single-breasted Chesterfield or sack overcoat. It is, indeed, the most comfortable and useful of all overgarments. Unlike the sartout, it can be worn over any undergarment, whether loose or close-fitting; there are pockets in front, in which to place the hands in severe weather, and it suits all figures. There is no garment, however, which depends more on the cut and taste in making up for its style and effect. It requires to be cut well up in the neck with a short, small turn to the lapel, and to button rather high. It should be of moderate length only, just to cover the knee, and shaped a little to the figure. A piping of cloth makes the neatest and most durable edge, although velvet edges are still worn and more dressy-looking. The collar should be of velvet. Braided edges and fancy cuffs of all kinds are to be avoided. An outside breast-pocket is used.

As a dressy garment for promenade and in fine weather, the sartout or double-breasted frock is the most stylish. It is best suited, however, to those who are favored with good figures, and should be worn over a well fitting body-coat. It is cut easy to the figure, of good length in the waist, and may be a trifle longer in the skirt than the Chesterfield. Silk breast-facings, quilted by hand in a small diamond pattern, can be added where an extra smart effect is desired. These two styles are made principally from elyrians, fur, and velvet weavers, in black, blue, Oxford and steel mixtures, and from the Connaught beaver, a new and stylish fancy elyrian in blue and gold, black and brown, and other effective combinations. The semi-driving coat has found much favor among our best dressed men, and in novelties is the leading coat of the season. It is a compromise between the sack overcoat and the regular driving cape. It is cut shorter than the Chesterfield, wide across the back and very full in the skirt, hanging with two plaits from the shoulders, and is generally made simple-breasted, to lap well over in front and to button in a fly. The seams are lapped and double-stitched, the edges double-stitched raw to match, and the sleeves finished with five rows of stitching at the hand. It should be made from a brown treble dressed beaver, and lined with a fancy plaid cassimere. Collar of velvet, with a tab to button across.

Usters still find favor, and are almost necessary to wear over a full dress suit in the evening. No gentleman who values his reputation for good taste, or has a sense of the proprieties, will wear one as a general thing during the day time. They are very desirable, however, for travelling, especially on the Atlantic.

ARTISTIC.

Two pavements of mosaic have recently been brought to this country from Carthage.

The Municipality of Antwerp has resolved to abolish the fees levied on visitors who desire to see the *chef d'oeuvre* of Rubens in the cathedral of that city.

In the French Exhibition of 1878 there will be an Arctic Department in which all the relics of Arctic exploration will be collected, as well as all public documents relating to the subject.

An unknown hater of Louis Napoleon has badly mutilated a picture in the Paris Luxembourg, by the celebrated Meissonier. It represented the late Emperor at the head of his staff. His head was almost entirely cut out. The picture was similarly damaged three years ago.

A POLYCHROME antique mosaic has been discovered at Sens, France, which is of great beauty, and representing two stages face to face, with a vase between them, and in a fine style, decorated with leaves on which the stage appear to browse. The whole is enclosed by a border of leaves of the laurel, and fruits harmoniously disposed.

NEWSPAPERS of Pesth, Hungary, tell of a generous nobleman in a district near that city who, finding an old, dusty, and blackened painting of the holy Yvetta, serving as an altar piece in a village church, rewarded the piety of the villagers by removing it, and giving in its stead a new and gorgeous representation of the saint. It afterward turned out that the old and black painting was an original and rare work by Domenico.

A PARISIAN dealer in curiosities felt himself obliged, during the siege of Paris, to seek refuge in his native mountains of Auvergne. While in an old farm house one evening he remarked a *Limosne* enamel of wondrous coloring and brilliancy. Through a friend he succeeded in buying the dish and returned with it to Paris at the end of the war. It had cost him in all \$800, and he offered it to the Parisian museum for \$4,000. They could not buy it, however, and he eventually sold it for \$7,000 to Sir Richard Wallace, who considers it worth at least \$10,000, and has lent it to the Kensington Museum, where it is now on exhibition.

MR. W. W. STORY has finished and sent home a bust of Keble, taken from the sketch made by the painter Severn. He was the poet's personal friend, and watched by his bedside on the night of his death. As the agony prolonged itself hour after hour, the watcher grew heavy with sleep, and to keep his eyelids open, began to draw the dying man. He was able to finish the sketch. The melancholy, moribund face lies upon the pillow with closed eyes, the heavy hair, eyebrows, and strongly marked features retain all their character; the expression of repose seems a silent echo of his words. "Thank God, it has come!" Taking this as a guide, Mr. Story has made a poetic work of masterly simplicity.

A NEW WONDER IN MEDICINE.—Until within a few years the remedies prescribed for the removal of worms from the human system were of the most dangerous and disgusting nature. Our little ones, after the greatest resistance, were dosed with Cowhage, Jalap, Calomel and other drastic and corroding minerals, generally without at all effecting the desired object. How different is the present method, those delightful confections known as *Devins' Vegetable Worm Pastilles*, which never fail! Take no other precaution offered you instead.

INGENIOUS CARD-TRICK

"Trick" is perhaps scarcely a proper appellation for it; it is rather an application to cards of the number of ways in which three things can be permitted, so as to cause a good deal of surprise to those who are not in the secret.

Every one knows the old trick of dealing out an odd number of cards divisible by three into three packets. A card being thought of, the packet in which it is, is placed in the middle. This is repeated three times, when the card thought of will be the middle card.

The following trick is an extension of this idea, so as to cause the card thought of to come into any position in the pack instead of in the middle. Take twenty-seven cards at random and let them be shuffled, and at the same time let one of the company think of one of the cards and let another person name any number from one to twenty-seven. Then deal the cards into three packets *face downwards* on the table, by one at a time, putting the first card to the left, the second in the middle, the third to the right, the fourth on top of the first, the fifth on top of the second, the sixth on top of the third, and so on until all are dealt out. In your own mind call the packet to the left No. 1; the packet in the middle No. 2; the packet to the right No. 3. The deal being completed, show each packet separately, but without disturbing the order of the cards, and ask in which packet is the card thought of. Take up the packets in the order given in the key below—1 signifying top, 2 middle, and 3 bottom, and deal the cards out again, *face downwards* as before, into three packets, commencing to the left. Ask a second time in which packet the card thought of is; take the packets up in the order prescribed in the key, and deal out again. Ask a third time in which packet the card thought of is; take up in the prescribed order, and the card thought of will be the number in the pack which was named by the company. Thus, suppose the card fixed on is the ace of diamonds, and the number named is eighteen. After the first deal, the packet in which the ace of diamonds is must be placed at the bottom (i.e., third in order, see key); after the second deal, the packet containing the ace of diamonds must be placed at the top (i.e., first in order); and after the third deal the packet containing the ace of diamonds must be placed in the middle. The ace of diamonds will then be the eighteenth card from the top of the pack. The mode of placing the packets after each deal is shown in the key thus: 18 = 312, which means, to bring the card fixed on the eighteenth, you must first put the packet which contains it at the bottom (i.e., third, represented by the figure 3); after the next deal you must put it at the top (represented by the figure 1); and lastly, you must put it in the middle. After this explanation, the key will be readily comprehended.

KEY.		
1	131	10 = 132
2	231	11 = 232
3	331	12 = 332
4	121	13 = 122
5	221	14 = 222
6	321	15 = 322
7	111	16 = 112
8	211	17 = 212
9	311	18 = 312

It is not necessary to commit the key to memory. The simplest way of remembering how to place the packets is as follows. To take the last row of figures first—if the number decided on by the company is from one to nine, it is obvious that the packet containing the card thought of must be placed at the final reunion at the top; if the number is from ten to eighteen, it must be placed in the middle; if the number is from nineteen to twenty-seven, it must be placed at the bottom. The third row of figures may therefore be dispensed with; the performer may in his own mind fix the position of the card in its packet after the third deal from the first and second rows of figures. It follows, then, that the card will come in that place in the first nine, if its packet is put finally at the top, in the second nine if in the middle, and in the third nine if at the bottom. Thus—suppose in doing the trick it is desired that the card thought of shall come eighth in the pack, it is clear without reference to a key, that after the last deal, the card being eighth in its packet, the packet must be placed on the top; but, if it had been required to make the card the seventeenth, it being eighth in its own packet, that packet must be placed in the middle (8 + 9 = 17); and similarly, if the card were to come twenty-six, its packet must be finally placed at the bottom (8 + 18 = 26).

The first row of figures may be easily disposed of. If the number thought of is divisible by three without a remainder, the packet containing the card thought of must at the first union of the packets be placed *third*. If there is a remainder of two after dividing by three, the packet must in the first instance be placed *second*; and if there is a remainder of one, the packet must be placed *first*.

As regards the disposition of the packets at the second time, if the card thought of is to come in the first three of its own packet (i.e., if the number named by the company is one, two, or three; or ten, eleven, or twelve; or nineteen, twenty, or twenty-one), the packet containing the card must be placed *third*; if it is to come in the middle three of its own packet, it must be placed *second*; and if it is to come in the last three, it is to be placed *first*.

BEFORE THE FOOTLIGHTS.

Mr. McDowell retires from the Academy of Music, of this city, on the 13th inst. We are very sorry to hear it. One thing is positive, we shall never have any one to surpass, if even to equal, him—first, in the excellent mounting of plays; second, in the nice balancing and uniform talent of his company; third, in the character of social *tonic* imparted to the Academy.

On the other hand, Mr. McDowell must bear in mind this fact, if only in justice to himself as a man of fairness and intelligence. Whatever the causes of his ill-success—which we might enumerate, but will not—he must not impute blame, as he seems inclined to do, to the critics of the press. From them he has received ample notice and generous support, such as could not be excelled, and we know whereof we speak, in any city of this continent.

We welcome back Miss Clara Fisher, if only for a season. Would she could stay among us. She has a pleasing voice, arch action and a sympathetic charm which takes her audience with her.

The Academy of Music must be sustained in some shape or other. Rational and elevating amusement is a necessity in a large community like this, and if the accidental evils of such an institution are discounted against its palpable advantages, the balance will be found largely in its favor.

There was no space in our last issue for even a word respecting the late concert of the Mendelssohn choir. We had not heard these singers since the inauguration of the organ in the American Presbyterian Church, some three or four years ago. They have vastly improved since then. In the shading of *crescendo* or *diminuendo* passages—a fair test—they are admirable. In the massing of the *forges* their buoyancy and homogeneity are of the deepest effect. Mr. Gould deserves the highest credit for the patient and intelligent drilling of this choir which, we venture to say, is unsurpassed in Canada, and which we trust to hear again this winter.

We have one excellent harpist in our midst, the bearer of an honored name and herself worthy of her father. Mrs. Chatterton-Boher should by all means be persuaded to remain permanently among us, and to take part as often as possible, in our musical exhibitions.

VARIETIES.

SNEEZING EXTRAORDINARY.—We are told that a young lady, belonging to a respectable family, lately sneezed for thirty-six hours without ceasing. Two doctors were in continuous attendance without being able to give any relief. The poor girl is described as having been fearful to see. Her eyes nearly fell from their orbits, large drops of perspiration fell from her forehead, and she grew thin by visible degrees. She had to be calmed by chloroform, but it was not till after the thirty-sixth hour that she was effectually cured. It is not known perhaps that the cure—rather a delicate one to apply in this case—is to hold people upside down. It is good for many human troubles, and saved Brummel's life—being his own suggestion, in fact he made money by it—for he brought up half a sovereign, which otherwise would have remained lost in his gullet.

BANCROFT.—At a certain hour every afternoon Washington loungers on suburban drives meet an old gentleman jogging along on a very trusty, sure-footed animal. It is George Bancroft. His gray hair and long floating gray beard run together. His large spectacles seem to be held on by the shield of the low cap he wears, and his slight, trim little form is always closely compassed by a snug-fitting, double-breasted coat. He rides with ease, and for so aged a man, with grace. Mr. Bancroft is as vigorous as many men of half his age. His habits are regular, studious, methodical. He rises early—at five o'clock in the winter—kindles his own grate-fire, takes a cup of coffee, and works. He has taken upon him many of the habits of the student men of the old world, and performs much of his labor before the day of modern political men begins. The afternoon he spends in taking his "constitutional" exercise. In the evening he either receives his friends or attends the reception of some distinguished person.

ANTONELLI'S WILL.—Cardinal Antonelli's will has at length been made public. He leaves his gigantic fortune to his three brothers, dividing it into three equal parts. He also leaves to all his relatives, not forgetting a single one of his nephews and their families, a great number of legacies. The collection of gems, precious stones, and works in gold, the antiquities, the knick-knacks of *vieci*, pictures from classic authors, the works in silver, the pieces of sculpture, the medals, &c., which also made part of his fortune, he divides between Signors Gregorio, Angelo, and Luigi Antonelli. The exact amount of the Cardinal's property cannot be determined with precision—pending the valuation of the above-named collections, and the fancy price they may fetch. It will be about the mark to estimate it at several million lire. The legacies bequeathed to his nephews consist of five, seven, and ten thousand lire. To the Pope he has left a crucifix of lapis lazuli and ivory, which cannot be worth less than two thousand lire. The Cardinal has described this gift in all its most minute parts.

A MAN WHO NEVER SAW A WOMAN.—A Chinese who had been disappointed in marriage, and had grievously suffered through women in many other ways, retired with his infant son to the peaks of a mountain range in Kweichoo; to a spot quite inaccessible to little-footed Chinese women. He trained his boy to worship the gods and stand in awe and abhorrence of the devils; but he never mentioned women to him, always descending the mountains alone to buy food. At length, however, the infirmities of age compelled him to take the young man with him to carry the heavy bag of rice. As they were leaving the market town together the son suddenly stopped short, and, pointing to three approaching objects, cried, "Father, what are those beings? Look! look! what are they?" The father instantly answered with a peremptory answer, "Turn away your head: they are devils!" The son, in some alarm, turned away, seeing that the evil things were gazing at him with surprise from behind their fans. He walked to the mountain in silence, ate no supper, and from that day lost his appetite, and was afflicted with melancholy. For some time his puzzled and anxious parent could get no satisfactory answer to his inquiries; but at length the young man burst out, crying with inexplicable pain, "Oh, father, that tallest devil, that tallest devil, father!"

COUNTESS ROMANI.—*La Contesse Romani* is undoubtedly the most brilliant play of any high degree of dramatic merit which is now to be witnessed on the Parisian stage. It is impossible to imagine finer acting than is displayed by M. Worms as the Count, and by Mme. Pasca as La Cécilia. St. Germain also, in the part of a comic actor who fancies he is born to succeed as a tragedian, is perfectly delightful. The scene where he comes to present his respects to the Dowager Countess Romani on the part of his comrades, and to inquire after the health of her son, is one of the most delicately shaded bits of comic acting that we have seen for a long time. The dresses worn in this comedy are very elegant, and recall the almost forgotten traditions of the days when the actresses of the Gymnase vied with those of the Vaudeville in setting the fashions for the season. Prominent among these toilettes may be mentioned the superb ball-dress of white brocade, embroidered with seed pearls, in which Mme. Pasca makes her first appearance; and also the salmon-coloured silk, which is worn by Mlle. Helmont in the same scene, and which is trimmed with a band of dark-brown embroidery on a ground of blue and silver. The severe simplicity and marvelous fit of this dress make it peculiarly noticeable. Mlle. Hélène Monnier wears, in the first act, a very gorgeous ball-toilette of white brocade, trimmed with a wide flounce of *point-appliqué*, and with massed garlands of scarlet poppies. Mme. Dreg's dress of pale-green silk, trimmed with bands of *chenille* embroidery on dark emerald-green, brown and silver, is also very elegant and striking.

L'AMI FRITZ.—The charming idyll, *L'Ami Fritz*, which Messrs. Erekmann and Chatrian have dramatized, is but a series of sketches of life in German towns—sketches which even the Germans admit to be more lifelike and vivid even than Kotzebue's admirable *Die Deutschen Kleinstadtler*. It contains no political, social, or dynastic insinuations whatsoever. This play is beyond all praise, so admirable that some who came to scoff remained to applaud. In the same spirit the students went to the Odéon a few years past to hoot down M. Edmond About's *Gaetano*. The demonstration was not against the play, but against the author, who, like his friend Prevost-Paradol, had condescended to accept favours from the Imperial Court. In the same spirit did the Clericals mark their discontent at M. Augier's droll caricature of a sniveller of the Praisegod Barabones breed in the *Fils de Giboyer*, as they had tried a century before to put down Molière and his *Tartuffe*. The Bonapartists, however, wisely abstained from their threatened demonstration last evening. The piece which has just concluded passed off without any let or hindrance. It was admirably played by Got, who took the part of the Jewish Rabbi, Christel, and Fehvre, who played Kobus, or L'Ami Fritz. But no praise could be too high for Mlle. Reichenberg's Sugel, a *role* in which simplicity and archness, modesty and coquetry, were blended with admirable grace and refinement. Nor must Coquelin be passed by. His Frederick was a masterpiece. Yet, after all, the dramatized version, admirably played as it has been, is far behind the novel itself, which, always save and excepting *Madame Thérèse*, must be considered as the best of the productions of the Beaumont and Fletcher of French literature.

HABITS OF VERDI.—As to his habits of composing, Verdi thus speaks:—"When I compose, I first study thoroughly the characters of the *dramatis personæ*; then I commit the *libretto* to memory, and, girding myself for the task, work away for eight or nine months, and more if necessary, until the opera is complete. Meanwhile, I only live in my imagination. Hence my irritability, ill-humor and ineivility; for though I am a bear by nature, at such times I become more of a bear than ever." Verdi rarely attends the theatre, especially the opera. It is said that he never witnessed the representation of his "Ballo in Maschera" until ten years after its first appearance on the stage. Perhaps there is less music in his household than almost any other where there is a pianoforte. Here one will find only "Don Carlos" and "Aida," of his many operas, his celebrated "Requiem Mass," and some compositions of Handel, Haydn, Beethoven, and Wagner. A

man of culture, he is a *connoisseur* in art; is thoroughly versed in Italian, French and Spanish literature, and is familiar with the best German and English authors. He has frequent recourse to the original sources of his inspiration—the Bible—delights in Dante, and is a great admirer of Tasso and Ariosto. Though he styles himself a "bear," and often alludes with a spice of pleasantry to his peasant birth, he is courteous, though simple, in his manners, easy and fluent in his conversation, and personally a great favorite among his more intimate friends. A good smoker, with a passion for billiards, he is not decidedly domestic in his tastes. He seems to prefer the artistic freedom of hotel life to the more exacting requirements of a home, and during the winter months may frequently be seen at the Café Rossini, taking his coffee or smoking his cigar.

MUSICAL AND DRAMATIC.

M. LECOCQ's new opera, *Kosiki*, has been already bespoken for several Italian theatres.

BRET HARTE and Mark Twain are said to be engaged together in the preparation of a new play.

As *Lady Trazle* Miss Fanny Davenport wears over \$30,000 worth of real diamonds.

MR. BOUCAULT expresses the opinion that when once a fire has got headway in a theatre no fire department can put it out.

CARL ROSA is considered the wealthiest operatic manager living. Parsip left him a large fortune, and his own efforts have been a remarkable financial success. Report says that he is about to marry again.

VICTOR MASSE, the composer of *Paul et Virginie*, has paid a well-merited compliment to M. Capoul, by dedicating the opera to the tenor who has so sympathetically played the part of Paul.

THE London stage has lost a once familiar face—Mr. Henry Mellon, who was for some years associated with Sadler's Well Theatre, under the Phelps and Greenwood management, and was a member of the Princess's company, under Charles Keen. His London career dates from an engagement which Maureddy gave him in 1841.

THE business of the theatres throughout the country, says the *Dramatic News*, is unfavorably affected by the Brooklyn disaster. The same paper says: "Speculators are having a hard time at the city theatres. People who used to call on them with the greatest anxiety for seats in the front rows, now mainly want places on the 'last row near the door.' The speculators have had to change their base of operations, as the choice seats of a theatre have changed their location."

GOUNOD's new "Messe du Sacré-Cœur," executed for the first time on St. Cecilia's Day, at the church of St. Eustache, Paris, attracted a crowd which filled the sacred edifice in every part. Public opinion is highly favourable to it. This is the composer's second "Messe Solennelle," without counting his "Requiem." He has written, also, several low masses for various musical societies—Orphéons—and, during his official connection with the Church of Foreign Missions, some hundred pieces of religious music, including hymns, motets, and several masses, the manuscripts of which have unfortunately been lost.

SCIENTIFIC.

No fossils of plants belonging to the family of the rose have ever been discovered. This is regarded as conclusive evidence that the introduction of these plants was either coeval with or subsequent to the creation of man.

PHOTOGRAPHY is being employed at a colliery near Walsall, to secure a trustworthy illustration of some peculiar conditions in practical mining. The lime-light and ignited magnesium wire were used to illuminate the coal-seam. This has been claimed as the first attempt to use photography in the darkness of a mine.

SINCE the establishment of the cinchona in India, the Royal Botanical Gardens at Calcutta have become the centre from which other useful plants have been distributed for acclimatization. The ipacuanha has prospered so as to attain a high commercial value, and the introduction of caoutchouc, or rubber yielding plants, has been attended with very gratifying results.

PROF. JOHNSTICE, the naturalist, who has been engaged in perilous and difficult explorations in the desolate volcanic regions of Iceland, comforts the Icelanders with the assurance that the activity of the volcanoes has undoubtedly ceased for a long time to come. He reports also that the belief that there is gold, silver, and iron ore in the island is entirely unfounded. Iceland has not even coal seams. The conditions for the presence of those ores are all wanting.

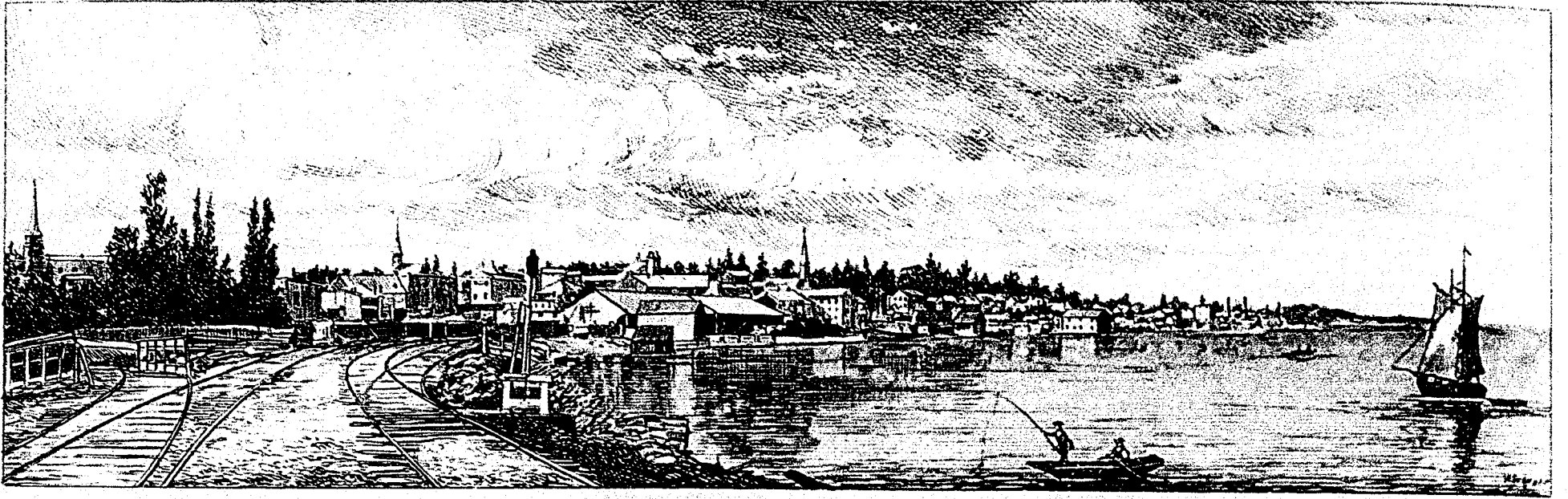
ON March 30, 1875, a shower of grayish brown dust and ashes fell in various parts of Sweden and Norway. The snow was covered with the ash cloud in some places, and people who were out in the open air felt a painful sensation in their eyes from the dust which darkened the air in some parts of the country. These phenomena were observed from Göttesburg in the south to Lövöden in the north. They are now explained by Prof. Nordenskjöld of the Swedish Academy as having been caused by the great volcanic eruption which took place in Iceland on March 23, 1875. The strong winds bore the ashes from Iceland to the Scandinavian peninsula.

DOMESTIC.

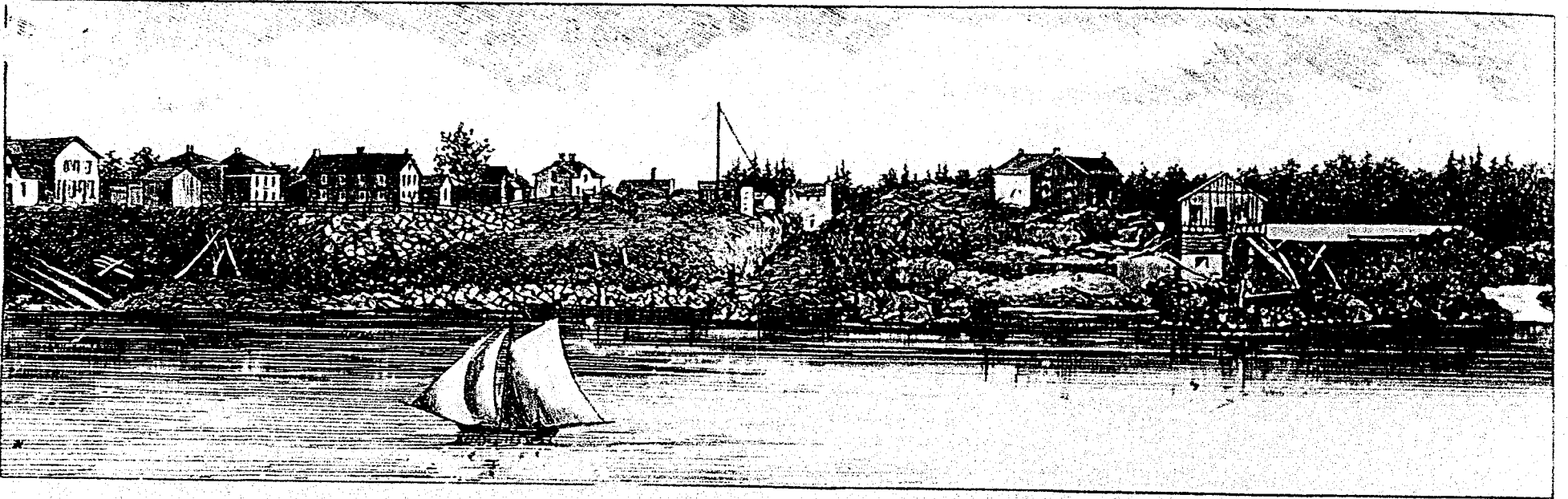
FRIED POTATOES.—Paro and slice them very thin and lay for an hour in ice-water. Then shake for a moment in a napkin to dry, and drop at once into boiling hot lard, or beef drippings, if very clear. Stir frequently with a skimmer, and when crisp and brown take out with the same, to a sieve. They should be perfectly dry and crisp. Do not cover, as it softens them.

COOKING BUTTER.—There are people who buy what they call "cooking butter," that is, of inferior quality—from that deliver us! It is the most foolish, mistaken economy in the world. If I was going to use two qualities, I should put the best in my food, that with eyes bright and sharp I could look and see what I was eating. In second-class butter! In this, as in almost everything else, the best will be found in the end the cheapest.

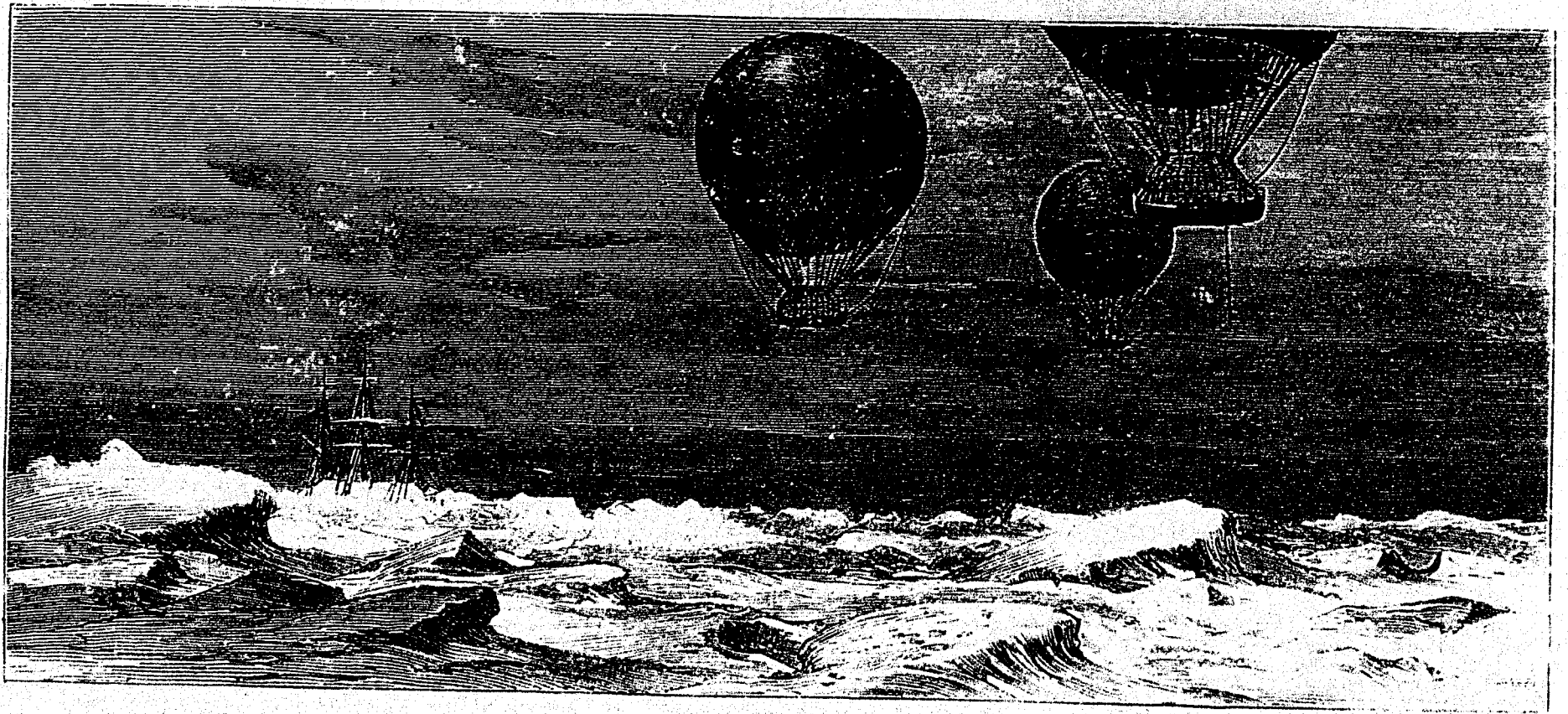
PEOPLE starve in this city and the waste of animal food is enormous. Bones, scraps, heads, and hocks go to the soup-boilers, the bone-boilers or the garbage cart, which contain the choicest body-strengthening material. Our meat utilized as in Paris and made into *bouillon*, which is simply liquid beef divested of unhealthy fat, would go for towards feeding this city. On every side in France one finds the *établissements de bouillon*, a bowl of which, costing a penny, or two sou, is the foundation of every Frenchman's meal.



BARRIE, ONT.—FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY JNO. STEPHENS.



FORT FRANCOES.—FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY JARVIS, OTTAWA.



TO THE NORTH POLE IN BALLOONS.



THE FAMOUS "S" AND THE TWO JUGGLERS.

IMPROPERIUM.

Like a wail on the desolate sea-shore that cold wild gust of December
Makes moan round the gable at midnight, the last of the year,
And like the grin of a ghost, the light of the smouldering ember
Pits in my empty face and mocks me with visions of cheer.

O, where are the dreams that we dreamed, and where the delicious follies
We loved when the insects fluttered in the warmth and the fragrance of May?
And where are the vows that we made—those clusters of fiery hollies
Brightest and fairest to see on the very eve of decay?

The young boy crows at his work, the maiden sings in the bower,
And the air pulsates with the throbs of a cosmic infinite love;
But the feet are cold that have met in the sunset's sensuous hour,
And the red leaves cover the trusting seat in the grove.

The old man crosses his hands, and dross his head in the shadows,
The goodwife stoops at the wheel, for her eyes are filmy and dim;
But O, on the fringe of the wood and out on the billowy meadow
The great goldlight is floating in a celestial stream.

The odor of lilacs still clings to the leaves of the family missal,
And the date of our bridal is there—I remember 'twas writ in my blood—
Ah me! yet 'tis only this morning that I heard the babolink's whistle
Pip in the sumach that shelters her grave and where the syringa stood.

Yes, and the rains of the autumn fall chill on the purple slope where together
The bones of my babes are enclined in the root of that funeral tree,
But still when I look out for them in the buoyant crystalline weather,
Their sweet white faces are radiant and smile upon me.

And such is the life of man—a shifting of scenes—with the rages
From one extreme to the next, the rise and ebb of the soul;
And what is our bliss 'mid it all?—Why always to change with the changes,
Though our single purpose is fixed on the one immutable goal.

Then to-night I will chase my sorrow with that last wild gust of December,
The gloom where I sit is gone, and the gleams of the morning appear,
The Past shall be buried anew in the dust of the smouldering ember,
For the Future rises before me in the flush of the dawning year.

JOHN LESPERANCE.

JOAN:

A TALE.

BY

RHODA BROUGHTON.

AUTHOR OF

"Cynthia upon a Flower," "Red as a Rose is she," etc.

PART I.

CHAPTER I.

"And ye shall walk in silk attire,
And siller hae to spare!"

Wolferstan is humming this very softly to himself, half under his breath, half over. A girl at the house he is staying at sang it last night, and it runs in his head yet: a girl whose music-leaves he turned, whose music-stool he screwed up, and three of whose fingers he succeeded in squeezing when he gave her her candle at bedtime. Wolferstan has not got it on his conscience that he ever in all his life missed an opportunity of squeezing a woman's hand.

"And siller hae to spare!"

"Ah! that is just what I am afraid she will not have, poor soul!"

It is not the girl whose fingers he squeezed of whom he is thinking, but another. It is Easter-day, in the afternoon. Wolferstan is sitting on an old tree-trunk that once was a stout oak-tree, but through whose dry old veins not even this strong young spring, vigorously awakening, can send the green sap-blood racing. Before Wolferstan's eyes spread the ups and downs, the dead fern and live deer; the mighty single trees rooily stretching great arms on all sides of them into the free and wholesome air, and the bosky coppices of an English park. In his ears is the austere music of church-bells from different parishes, all seeming to tell with solemn mirth that "Christ is risen." Wolferstan is not going to church. He went this morning, and found her places in the hymn-book (out of which he afterward warbled with her) for the girl with the fingers. He is bound on a much disagreeable errand now; and so he thinks. He is going to pay a visit of condolence; yes—to condole with a young lady upon the loss of her grandfather.

The death of a grandfather is generally a very supportable affliction. But a small bottle would hold the tears that most people shed for their grandparents. Most of us can kiss that rod. But in the present case grandfather is a wide world. It means father, mother, brother, sister, home, standing, soft lying, high feeding, pretty nearly everything that makes life a morsel to be eaten with slow relish instead of a physic-draught to be quickly swallowed with wry faces. It is difficult to offer comfort to a person who has lost all these at one sweep. So Wolferstan feels. Though he has been sitting on his tree-trunk for a good half-hour, cudgeling such brains as God has given him, nothing that sounds even to himself in the least degree consolatory occurs to him. The only thing that will persistently recur to him—often and angrily as he has driven it away as utterly inadmissible—is the old and homely saw that "it is no use crying over spilt milk." He cannot get rid of it. It comes back like a gnat, and sticks like a burr. Its rude philosophy thrusts itself between him and all suitable forms of speech.

In despair he jumps up at last, and begins to walk through the quickening, freshening grass toward the great old Hall, with four cold, gray towers ivy-muffled, that stand amid level velvet gardens fronting him. The bells are still ringing. The air is temperately cool; neither balmy nor yet sharp; the sky looks high and chill and palely colored. Heaven seems far off, though it is Easter-day. Last time that he was here it

was winter, and the hounds met here. A small, bright rime lay on the grass; flashes of scarlet warmed up the cold and sunless colors of the weather-scarred, gray walls. The old squire was pottering about on his old horse. Well, the old squire is dead now! dead suddenly. He was not among those who fumble and bungle long at the lock which shuts in the great secret. I think that more people than used to do so, go suddenly, nowadays. We have increased the speed of our traveling over this earth, why not also the quickness of our journey from this world into the next? Anyhow, he went quickly; not even in his own house or his own bed! but in a public place, at a public meeting. With one stoop of his gray head, with one groaning breath, he went and took the great and unavoidable stride without time for any pain or fear.

Poor old squire! Yes, and that same day on which the hounds met here, Joan stood on the top of the steps in a mouse-colored velvet gown, shading with one hand the laughter of her eyes from the low, cool winter sun, which stared so hard at her. And the sun had good taste; she was worth staring at. He has reached the Hall-door by now; mounted the steps, and rung the bell.

"Nothing is changed!" he says to himself with a sort of irrational surprise, looking backs at the park across which he has come, and at a herd of stags that are trooping from one glade to another, with a tossing of great horns and whisking of tiny tails.

But, after all, why should the grass look withered, and the deer's plump flanks fall in because an old man is dead? It would be much odder if they did. At least the footman who opens the door is changed. He has mounted his gay blue-and-yellow plumage, and now the sable rook is not blacker than he.

As Wolferstan follows him through half a dozen rooms, big and little, he looks round him affectionately. One always feels rather fondly toward a house where one has been happy, and Wolferstan has had many jovial moments in this one. Here stand the statues, just as they did on the night of the theatricals, when Joan made such a sweet widow that he very nearly asked her to run the chance of being his. Here is Psyche, slenderly nude, with her butterfly on her finger. The little serpent is stinging Eurydice's cold white heel, and Hadrian still stands stern in his panoply.

When at last they reach the sitting-room, toward which they finally tend, they find it empty. In it there is neither man nor mouse, nor woman either. The only live thing is a small faint fire that the sun is trying hard to kill, a little fire from whose dull heart a red glow shines reflected in the old Dutch tiles, where Eve's gluttony and Noah's carouse are devoutly, yet grotesquely, wrought in blue and white. Near the hearth is drawn up an arm-chair, which, though it is not at all rucked up or disarranged, as it infallibly would have been had a man occupied it, yet has the indescribable air of having been lately sat in. A book, with its back still warm and warped from having been held over the fire, gapes half open on the table. There are flowers—flowers everywhere! They seem to have walked in through the open door of the neighboring conservatory.

She has not come yet; perhaps she does not mean to come at all. He walks about nervously, saying over to himself his prepared speech, and trying to keep the spilt milk out of it. He strolls into the conservatory, and looks at the great and fragrant array of flourishing blooms; a regiment of cyclamens, each with its sweet white ears laid back; tulips, the vividness of whose varnished coats makes one wink; an army of cinerarias, each blossom a little scentless sun-disk of blazing color; heavy, bashful roses that set one dreaming of Joan. Poor, poor Joan! What will she do without her flowers? Poor little Joan!

As he thus kindly and pitifully addresses her, in his own soul, and mentally strokes her, she

enters. The tall old door opens, and she comes in with a soft and dragging step. For so slender a thing she treads heavily, does not she? but sorrow puts leaden weights in one's feet. Wolferstan has hardly ever before seen her, that she has not been either quite laughing, or else with unborn or half-born laughter hovering in the corners of her happy eyes. It is not that she has pulled a long face, even now, or is dressed in the mourner's airs, that some people, although truly sorrowing, think it right in such cases to wear.

She comes to meet him with a smile, but alas! it has so clearly been put on only just outside the door, and is kept with such difficulty from brinily drowning itself. She looks half the size that he remembers her when last they parted, not that she ever was of the buxom sort. Hers was never one of your great, luscious Rubens bodies, in whose depths of creamy flesh the poor little soul is oftenest lost and smothered. But now you can almost, as they say, see through her. One is always tenderly disposed toward thin people, though, in reality, they are not nearly such objects of compassion as the preposterously fat, toward whom no one's heart yearns.

Before he in the least knows what he is meaning to do (Wolferstan's actions mostly get ahead of his intentions), he is standing before her, holding both her hands; though the amount of their hitherto acquaintance would not justify more than the moderate shaking of one.

The trite and unconsoling consolations over which he labored so heavily on his tree-trunk depart to the limbo appointed for all abortions, and he finds himself saying hurriedly:

"Do you mind my coming? do I bother you? shall I go?"

"No, don't!" she answers, with a sort of eagerness, giving his hands a little unintentional squeeze of detention: "it is good to see some one! I was so glad when they came and told me; I thought I never was going to see any one again, and I have been alone—alone—such a long time!" Her very voice is changed; it sounds faint, and yet hoarse, as if all its substance and sweetness had been soaked away in tears. "This is a bad house to be alone in, I can tell you," she goes on in the same weak, spent kind of tone, lifting her eyes with a sort of relief to the pity of his face; "you do not know how ghostly the statues look at night; you have only seen the gallery when it has been well lit up; and the suits of armor are worse—oh! far worse! last night I stared at them—I could not help it—until I could have sworn that there was a skeleton head under each visor!"

She speaks the last words so low and so quickly that he finds it hard to hear them. "Poor soul!" he says, taking both the chill little hands, which are gradually growing warmer in his close clasp, into one of his, in which they lie quite comfortably, and stroking their smooth backs with his freed one: "why did not you send for me?"

"That would have been so likely!" she says, with a little flash of maiden mirth struggling into her drowned eyes: "if I had, you would have thought that grief had unsettled my wits! And not a soul has been near me," she continues presently, raising her voice a little, and speaking with slow emphasis, while her eyes still rest on his full and solemn, and with no more apparent consciousness in them of his being man, and herself woman, than if he had been the grandfather she deploras. "Not a soul! except the doctor twice; he said both times that I was to keep up, and take a fizzing draught, and not think of anything disagreeable, and remember that everybody died, ha! ha!—and the lawyer once—"

"Yes; and what did he say to you?" interrupts Wolferstan, eagerly.

"He said—but why do you make me tell you? I see by your face that you know! there is not a hedger and ditcher about that does not know—he said: 'My dear young friend' (I never used to be his 'dear friend'; I used to be 'Miss Dering,' drawing up her little milk-white throat)—'my dear young friend, I am sorry that it has devolved upon me to be the bearer of ill-tidings to you, but—' (turning her head restlessly about like some poor dumb beast in physical pain), "that I was a beggar in short, those were not his words, of course; he said it much more lengthily and round-aboutly. I think he kept me on the rack for ten good minutes, but that was what it came to!"

"And was that all? did he tell you—did he say nothing else?" asks the young fellow with quick anxiety.

"Was that all?" she repeats with an almost angry emphasis, opening her eyes as widely as they will go; "was not that enough? Good Heavens! what else would you have him say? what could be worse?"

Wolferstan does not answer aloud, but to his own heart he says, "Thank God!"

"When he first told me," she goes on, as if speech were a relief, "I said I did not care a straw. I did not then; he thought it was bravo, but it was not; now I am beginning to care, dreadfully! it is enough to make any one care, is not it?"

"Merciful God! I should think it was!"

For a moment or two they stand silent, their position unaltered. It does not occur to them to sit down or to loose each other's hands. Sometimes, in trouble, the contact of warm human flesh is more comforting than any spoken words. And the sun comes in merrily, through the open window, and kisses them both, as not knowing which he likes best, and gives one stab more to the sick fire.

CHAPTER II.

"But how is it," resumes Wolferstan, presently, harking back to her former speech, "that you say no one has been near you? Was not your uncle down here? they told me that he was."

"He came down here for the—the—I need not say it—you know," she answers, shying away with unconquerable repugnance from the grim word: "but he went away next day and while he was here I did not see him, I would not; he is master here now, you know, and you may say that it was quarreling with my bread-and-butter, but I could not; I staid in my room; he never was at all kind or dutiful to him."

At the last words her voice altogether breaks, and, snatching away both her hands from his, she covers all her small and woful face with them. It is perhaps as well; since otherwise he would probably have gone on holding them to the present day.

"You have heard all about it, I suppose?" she says after a pause sitting listlessly down near the window, and pulling out of her pocket a pocket-handkerchief rather finer than a cobweb, and with an inky border a foot deep, according to our sensible fashion of making even our reluctant noses mourn our dead. "I suppose you saw it in the papers. I read the account of it in them all. I tried to fancy that it had nothing to say to me; there were two other sudden deaths in the *Times* on the same day—a young woman and a little child—I wondered how many people each of them had to be sorry for them; the worst part of crying," she says, with a slow and dragging accent, "is when one cries *alone*. I was the only person who cried for him."

Wolferstan looks down contritely. There is no earthly reason why he should have wept for old Squire Dering, and yet he would give fifty pounds to be able, truthfully, to tell her that he had shed tears for him even though untruthfully, he would tell her so, only that he knows she would not believe him. He tries to mutter something to the effect that one may be very sorry for a thing without crying about it; but she goes on without paying the slightest heed to his well-meant mumble.

"Do you know," she says, leaning forward, and looking solemnly at him, "that only the evening before—after I had bidden him good-night, and was half-way up-stairs to bed—something *drove* me back to have one other look at him? he was sitting, so" (resting one elbow on a little table near her, and pushing her fingers through her hair and looking as unlike any old man as it is well possible to look), "you know what beautiful white hair he had—mine is coarse in comparison with it—and, young as you are, it was as thick as yours! He asked me why I had come back, and I could not say, I had no reason!"

"Poor soul!"

Wolferstan is aware that he has said this two or three times before, and would be glad to vary it, did he know how, but there are few ejaculations that hit the tepid medium between the very much too warm and the rather too cold.

"The next morning," she goes on, by-and-by, with a long, low, sighing breath, "the morning, you understand, I went out to the Hall-door to see him mount his horse, as I always do, always *did*, I mean" (changing the tense with a sort of sob), "and, just as he was riding away, he turned half round and said, 'Go in, my Joan, this wind will cut you in two!' Those were the very last words I ever heard him say! does it not seem odd" (turning with awe, yet puzzled appeal, more fully toward him), "that such a trivial speech should be the very last I should have heard, or ever shall hear now from him?" Then she adds in a lower key, and more as a speculation than a complaint: "Who will care how the wind cuts me now, I wonder? No, don't say that you will; it is very kind of you, but it is nonsense! there is no reason why you should!"

Again there is a silence, a longer one. Wolferstan breaks it at last.

"And so you have to turn out of the old house!" he says, pityingly, casting his eyes regretfully round him, looking up at the painted ceiling, where water-gods and sea-nymphs are frolicking, naked and unashamed, in a sapphire sea; and then at the tapestried walls, where gray-faced knights and leaden-colored ladies have been bowing and parading and twanging guitars for the last four hundred years.

"Yes," she answers, her eyes following his; "and if my soul were to have to be torn out of my body, I think it could hardly be with a worse wrench! There is to be a sale, you know," she goes on in a monotonous key of utter spiritlessness; "my uncle hates the place; he is going to sell everything, even the pictures—think of that!—he says that his ancestors may go as cheap as Charles Surface's, for all he cares! if I were not sure" (with a melancholy yet gracious smile) "that you had plenty of your own, I would ask you to buy them!"

"Shall I?" he cries, eagerly: "I will bid for them with pleasure, if you like!" nor does he, in his compassionate readiness to saddle himself with all her forebodings, for one moment reflect on what he will do with the seventy or eighty odd Derings, when he has got them.

But she shakes her head, and says, "I was only joking!" Another pause. "You must not think," begins Joan again, finally drying her poor eyes on the gossamer pocket-handkerchief, which is adapted neither for a great grief nor a cold, that I mean always to go on moaning and whimpering like this; I suppose it is seeing you that

has set me off again; else for three days—nearly four—I have not shed a tear; I hoped I had come to the end of them; there must be some end to one's stock, must not there? and I think" (drawing herself together, as one that nerves himself for a hard struggle) "that I have some little pluck about me somewhere, if I could only come at it."

After an interval:
"Even if I could have had my own choice," she says, with a deep gravity, "I would not have been prosperous; I do not think that the people who always have things their own way are ever worth much; of course" (shuddering), "I would not have chosen such a trouble as this; but, after all, if one always had smooth sailing, it could never be known—one could never know one's self what sort of stuff one was made of; I have a good chance now of showing what sort of stuff I am made of, have not I?"

He looks at her with a compassion too deep for words. He is always sorry for every woman; merely for being a woman, and for being by this dismal accident debarred from all the sinful and most of the unprofitable diversions of this life. His pity is centupled in the case of this frail knight-errant going out so valiantly in her paste-board armor to battle with the great and ruthless dragon of this bitter world.

"At least," she says, clenching one slight hand, and looking upward, as one that registers a vow, "at least I will not be knocked down by this first blow, like ripe corn by a hail-storm; they have almost explained away God nowadays, have not they?" she says, putting her hand in a sort of bewildered way to her forehead; "so perhaps it is not he, but yet I feel that there is something outside of me—something not me—that will help me if I make a good fight!"

"You do not look as if it would take a very big blow to knock you down," he says, sadly, looking at her with a deep commiseration, that is almost angry in its helplessness. For a moment he even wavers in his hitherto inviolable fidelity to fat women, as he notices how prettily and carelessly her slim young body lies in the great arm-chair into which she has thrown herself. It would hold three Joans.

"And yet," she answers, lifting her white lids, and considering his face awhile, full-eyed, with a quiet smile, as if taking his measure—"and yet, perhaps—who knows?—a heavier one than would be needed to demolish you; it is not the bulky Samsons of this world that are the really strong ones; it is the small and wiry people, who, even if they are thrown down, are up again in a moment, and none the worse!"

"Am I a bulky Samson?" he asks, with a half laugh; "if Samson were only five foot eleven in his shooting-boots, and rode only thirteen stone, history has been very partial to him." A clock strikes; wrongly, of course. Who ever heard of a drawing-room clock, with a face looking out from amid a lovely flourish of Dresden-china flowers, that told the hours aright? But its voice, though a mistaken one, reminds Wolferstan that there is such a thing as time. "I have been an hour," he says, "and I meant to stay ten minutes; I will go, but first—tell me—or, of course, if you do not like, do not tell me—what your plans are? with whom you will live? whither are you going? I know that, if I counted the number of times that we have met, I should find that I had no business to ask; but I will not count. Tell me—what is going to become of you?"

He has drawn much nearer to her, and is again looking at her with the same overpowering yet consciously useless compassion. As society stands, a young man is so very powerless to help a young woman! To marry her is the one doubtful kindness he can show her; and marriage, as at present constituted, does not find favor in Wolferstan's eyes.

"Do not be afraid!" she answers, with a smile that, though sorrowful, is neither cowardly nor broken-spirited. "I am not going to the workhouse, nor yet to the Home for Lost Dogs or Decayed Gentlewomen; I am going to stay with an aunt of mine—a sister of my mother's; though she is my aunt, I have never seen her nor even heard much about her. He never talked to me about my mother's people."

She is looking at him, but he turned away his face, and is staring out of the window.
"Did not he?" he answers rather indistinctly; a moment after: "An aunt? only an aunt? no uncle?"

"He is dead."
"Any cousins?"
"I fancy so; she says something about the girls."
"Sons?"

"I do not know; I hope not; I dislike male cousins; there is a sort of spurious brotherhood about them."
"And you will make your home with this aunt? will live with her?"

"Until I can draw breath, and look about me."
He gives an impatient sigh, and a kick to a neighboring footstool.

"Do not look so lamentable!" she says, almost laughing; "it does sound deplorable, I own; almost as bad as some of the cases in the Report of the Governours' Institution; no present income, no future prospect! But, after all, it might be worse; since I am letting you into my private affairs, I may tell you that I have a thousand pounds that my godfather left me; that, at five per cent., will bring in fifty pounds a year; one cannot positively starve on fifty pounds a year."

"Enough to buy one gown, and perhaps a bonnet, you would have said a week ago."

"Yes," she answers, with a small but stifled sigh; "I must give up being fond of my clothes."

He shakes his head, as if to say that her affairs are beyond his mending.

"Well, in what part of the world am I to think of you, then?" he says, with another sigh, reluctantly taking up his hat.
"I do not flatter myself that you will think of me much, in any part of the world," she says, a little dryly, and without any coquetry; though it is a sentence decidedly susceptible of a coquettish treatment; "but I shall be in Blankshire."

"My thought will have no long journey, then; that is my country; do you know what your post-town is?"

"It looks like Helmsley," she answers, drawing from her pocket a large and musky envelope, on which blazes a giant monogram, aflame with all the colors of the prism, and several more besides; "pah! how I hate patchouli! it has infected my pocket-handkerchief and all my other letters!"

"Helmsley?" he repeats, with a brightening of eye and alacrity of tone: "is that so, really? Then the plot is thickening; Helmsley is our post-town, too; we are not much more than three miles from it; what is your aunt's name? of course I must know her!"

"Her name is Moberley—Mrs. Moberley."
Wolferstan looked puzzled. "I know a Mrs. Moberley—at least—yes—I suppose I may be said to know her—certainly, quite as much of her as I ever wish to know—but she is not your aunt; ha! ha! I wish you could see her—it is odd!" (wrinkling his forehead, and putting one hand up to it as if to help his recollection) "but I thought I knew every living soul within a radius of ten miles of Helmsley. Moberley! Moberley! how stupid of me! can you tell me the name of her house?"

"Portland Villa," replies Joan, following the instinct which prompts us always to swallow three times as often as usual if we have a sore throat, and to turn our eyes a second time toward any disagreeable object which has accidentally regaled them, by smelling her aunt's letter again and making a face over it.

Wolferstan's jaw has dropped; in one second the complacence has died out of his face.
"Then it is the same?" he says, in a low and awe-struck key; "but—you were joking! she is not your aunt—it is impossible! she cannot be!"

"But she is!" replies Joan, looking in some surprise at his agitated and discomfited features; "why should not she be? she is too young to have a niece?"

"And are the Miss Moberleys your cousins—first cousins?" continues the young man, still speaking with a slow and horror-struck emphasis.

"Naturally! if she is my aunt and they are her daughters," says Joan, a little tartly; "that is not a very hard sum to do."

"Gracious Heavens above us!"
"I wish," cries the girl, reddening a little, "that you would be more explicit and less ejaculatory; if you know anything very bad about them, please tell me directly! are they mad? have they done anything disgraceful?"

His face catches the flush from hers, but the emotion which expresses itself by the color of a faint, fine sunset on her cheeks, is painted in full, deep copper tints on his.

"You are making me very uncomfortable," she goes on after a moment's waiting, during which, bathed over head and ears in confusion, he is vainly struggling to overtake a speech which ever eludes him, "and it is not fair; you ought to tell me! is there anything odd about them?"

He tries to laugh in a stammering, floundering fashion. "Odd! oh dear, no! not that I know of! upon my honor—please do not look as if you did not believe me—I—I—know nothing to their disadvantage; to tell the truth, I—I—you know I have been a great deal away from home—I—I hardly know them; it was only that it—took me by surprise, don't you know; it—it seemed unlikely."

Her sincere and straight forward eyes are looking directly at and through him; a small grain of half-amused pity steals into them, as he writhes and stutters before her.

"You might be making a speech at a wedding-breakfast," she says, sarcastically; "I never heard anything so halting everywhere else." After a thoughtful pause: "You said you wished I could see her, why did you wish that I should see her? is she such a very remarkable sight?"

During the moment's breathing-space of silence that she gave him, Wolferstan has been making some faintly prosperous efforts to recover his countenance; but, at this question, he has a frightful relapse. Thus, brought face to face with his own words, unable beneath the honesty of her eyes, to eat them, as he would otherwise be delighted to do, he is too *châti* to attempt any answer whatever. Joan looks away in pity from his scarlet discomfiture. There is a pitch of confusion which it makes one hot to witness, and Wolferstan has reached it.

"I will ask you no more questions," she says, quietly. "I see that there is some mystery, which I shall soon have the opportunity of fathoming. I suppose she is very odd-looking—ungainly? eccentric? dowdy?"—stealing a covert glance at him at each epithet, to see which epithet seems to hit the right nail on the head. "Well, I can forgive her for being any one of the three, or even all three put together!" After a pause: "Though you will

not reveal anything about the people, you will not mind telling me what sort of a place it is. Is it a good house? are there nice gardens?—a pretty park?"

Wolferstan opens his eyes. "I do not think that there is much park," he answers, slowly; "it is not exactly the sort of place where one expects a park; it is not a large house, you know; in fact—well—a small one!—and it is not very far from—indeed, rather close to—the road."

He makes these admissions as if they were being dragged out of him by hot pincers.

"About how small?" asked Joan, seriously, as she mentally tries to cut and pare down her ideas to the right size. He looks up at the distant ceiling, and round at the wide walls.

"I think the whole of it would pretty nearly go into this room!"

"It must be a *hovel*," she says, in a low voice; then, resolutely pulling herself together again: "It is no great matter," she says, steadily; "there is something cozy about a small house; there is no hardship in being shut up in a narrow space with nice people—and they are nice." (looking resolutely at him, and speaking with a determined emphasis—)

"I know they are nice; no one that was not nice could have written this—" (again glancing at the ill-savored missive she holds in her hand). "A letter of condolence is a good test."

He says neither yes nor nay; he has already taken up his hat, and has been in the agonies of going for the last five minutes. Now he puts out his hand. "Good-bye," he says, looking at her with a grave and undissembled regret, and—which is not altogether usual with him—neither saying nor looking any more than he thoroughly means: "it is not quite so bad to say 'good-bye,' now that I know for certain that we shall soon shake hands again; and meanwhile send me a line, will you not?—'Guards' Club' will always find me—if I can do anything for you."

"It is not a very likely 'if,'" she answers, gently. "No—henceforth no one is to do anything for me. The new *régime* has begun; I am to do everything for myself. I am even learning to dress my own hair; see—it is not so bad!—and, when you come to see me at Portland Villa, you will find it better still. Good-bye."

She is smiling, but her eyes are wet; the tears indeed have overbrimmed, and are dropping down her white and fine-grained cheeks.

And so he leaves her. As he walks back the church-bells are dumb, and he neither whistles nor sings. He has lost two grandfathers himself in his day, with grandmothers to match, and borne it like a Trojan. But this is different. He feels as if his hour's stay within those gray walls had made him a soberer, sadder man. But we are creatures of habit; and that very same evening sees him again squeezing his old friend's fingers under the candlestick; indeed, as she is now prepared for the manoeuvre, and not unwilling, he finds himself in temporary possession of her whole hand!

(To be continued.)

HEARTH AND HOME.

INTERESTING AGE.—Beautiful is the girl of twelve, who is neither child nor woman, but something between both, something more exquisite than either! Her beauty awakens no feeling beyond that of admiration. The charm of innocence breathes around her, as fragrance is diffused by the flower, sanctifying her lightest thought and action, and shielding her, like a spell, from the approach of evil.

GOOD ADVICE.—It is better to tread the path of life cheerfully, skipping lightly over the thorns and briars that obstruct your way, than to sit down under every hedge lamenting your hard fate. The thread of a cheerful man's life spins out much longer than that of a man who is continually sad and desponding. Prudent conduct in the concerns of life is highly necessary—but if distress succeed, dejection and despair will not afford relief. The best thing to be done when evil comes upon us is not lamentation, but action; not to sit and suffer, but to rise and seek the remedy.

FLANNEL.—There is much diversity of opinion among medical men as to the propriety of wearing flannel next the skin. The arguments appear to be in favour of the practice, provided that the thickness of the flannel be proportioned to the seasons of the year. In winter it should be thick, in summer it can scarcely be too thin. Flannel is preferable to linen or calico, because, although it may be saturated with perspiration, it never strikes cold to the skin; whereas linen, under similar circumstances, always does; and the sudden application of cold to the skin, when warmed by exercise, checks the circulation, and causes illness.

FIND FAULT IN PRIVATE.—Find fault, when you must find fault, in private, if possible, and some time after the offence, rather than at the time. The blamed are less inclined to resist when they are blamed without witnesses. Both parties are calmer, and the accused person may be struck with the forbearance of the accuser, who has seen the fault, and watched for a private and proper time for mentioning it. Never be harsh or unjust with your children and servants.

FIRMNESS, WITH GENTLENESS OF DEMEANOUR and a regard to the feelings, constitutes that authority which is always respected and valued. If you have any cause to complain of a servant,

never speak hastily; wait, at all events, until you have had time to reflect on the nature of the offence.

FRIENDSHIP.—Friendship is the solder of hearts, the bond of spirits, the jewel of life, the charm of social intercourse, the mystic chain of sympathy, whose links, like the sweet influence which binds the stars, unites us at once to things the meanest and the most remote. How exquisite is the pleasure springing from virtuous friendship with kindred souls; from the delights bestowed by an interchange of sentiment, by the flash of wit, the flow of reason, and the flights of imagination. At these delightful moments it is—when mind, communing with kindred mind, unfolds its hidden treasures of intellect, unlocks the sealed fountain of passion, breathes out at ease its warmest aspirations, expands its noblest sympathy, and spreads around, with lavish hand, the hoard of mental wealth and sensibility, which it reveals to no other earthly being—that man may truly be said to enjoy the most refined and elevated pleasure which his nature is at present susceptible of.

TACT.—People cannot help having been born without tact, any more that they can help having no ear for music; but there are occasions when it is almost impossible to be quite charitable to a tactless person. Yet people who have no tact deserve pity. They are almost always doing or saying something to get themselves into disgrace, or which does them an injury. They make enemies where they desire friends, and get a reputation for ill-nature which they do not deserve. They are also continually doing other people harm, treading on metaphorical corns, opening the cupboards where family skeletons are kept, angering people, shaming people, saying and doing the most awkward things, and apologising for them with a still more terrible bluntness. If there is one social boon more to be desired than another, it is tact: for, without tact, the career of the richest and most beautiful is often utterly marred.

ONE'S MOTHER.—Around the idea of one's mother the mind of man clings with fond affection. It is the first dear thought stamped upon our infant hearts, when yet soft and capable of receiving the most profound impressions, and all the after feelings are more or less light in comparison. Our passions and our willfulness may lead us far from the object of our filial love; we may become wild, headstrong, and angry at her counsels or opposition; but when death has stilled her monitory voice, and nothing but calm memory remains to recapitulate her virtues and good deeds, affection, like a flower beaten to the ground by a rude storm, raises up her head, and smiles amidst her tears. Round that idea, as we have said, the mind clings with fond affection; and even when the earlier period of our loss forces memory to be silent, fancy takes the place of remembrance, and twines the image of our departed parent with a garland of graces, and beauties, and virtues, which we doubt not that she possessed.

BOOKS.—Books are not made for furniture, but there is nothing else that so beautifully furnishes a house. The plainest row of books is more significant of refinement than the most elaborately-carved sideboard. Give us a home-furnished with books rather than furniture—both if you can, but books at any rate. To spend several days at a friend's house, and hunger for something to read, while you are treading on costly carpets and sitting on luxurious chairs and sleeping upon down, is as if one were bribing your body for the sake of heating your mind. Books are the windows through which the soul looks out. A house without them is like a room with out windows. No man has a right to bring up his children without surrounding them with books, if he has the means to buy them. It is a wrong to his family. Children learn to read through being in the presence of books. The love of knowledge comes with reading, and grows upon it; and the love of knowledge in a young man is almost a warrant against the inferior excitements of passion and vice.

HUMOROUS.

PRESSED FOR TIME.—Mummies.
ALWAYS BOUND TO FOLLOW SUIT.—Your tailor's bill.

A NEW YORK criminal being recently asked whether he was guilty, answered, "I guess, I am, judge; but I'd like to be tried all the same."

EVERY girl in the county has asked her fellow what size boots he wears, and he has told her a lie of three sizes, though perfectly aware that the Christmas slippers will pinch his feet entirely out of shape.

THE snow came prematurely, yesterday, and caught most of our home poets unprepared. Only one poem came in, and that made feeble rhyme with possible. It was written on a very good quality of paper.

THE contortions of Hercules wrestling with the Nemean lion were a child's play compared with the frantic wrigglings of a fat man trying to polish the heel of his left boot.

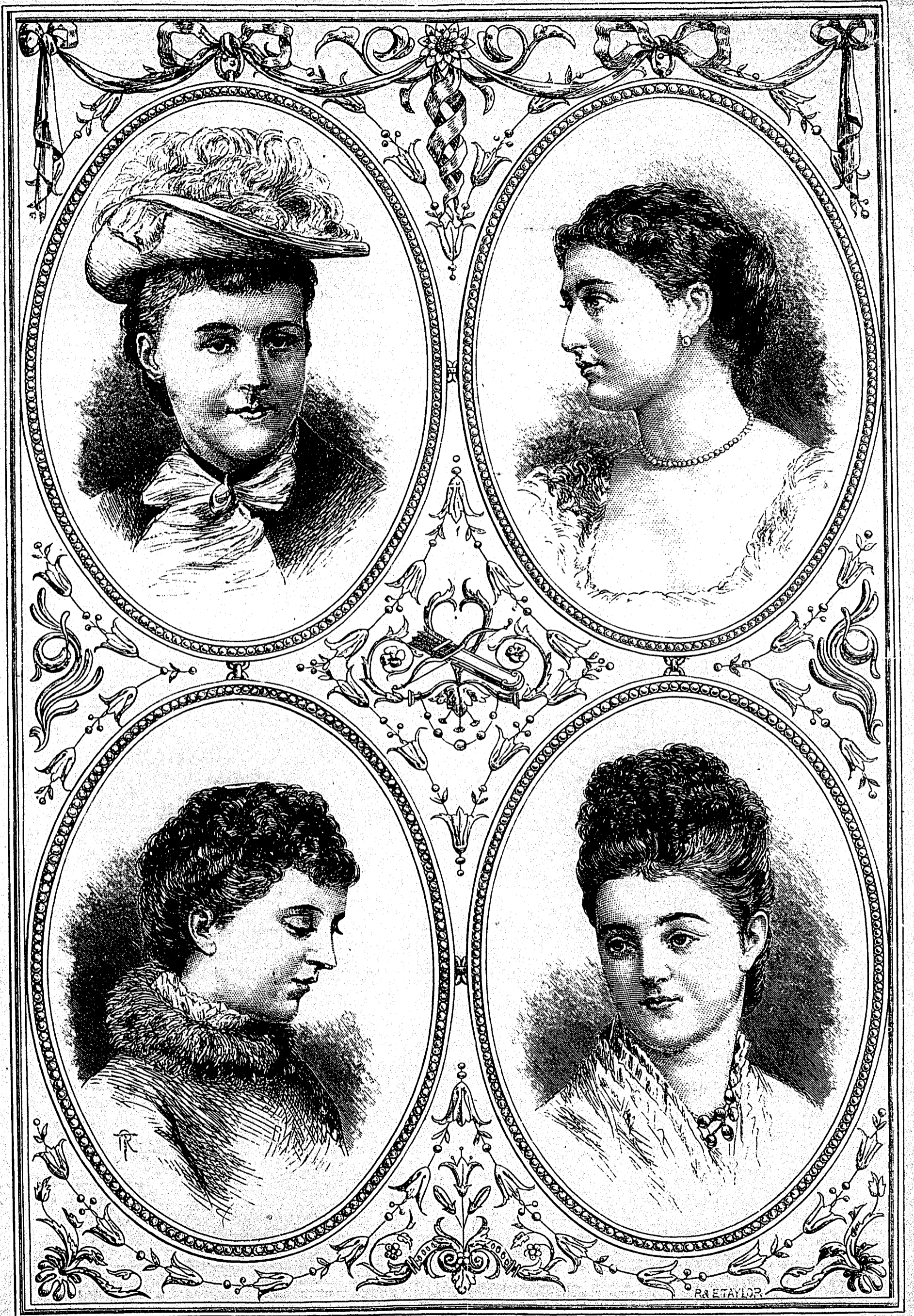
WHY is it that two young people never do get so divinely spoony and sentimental over a hot oyster stew, as they do at the same table, in the same restaurant, over plates of ice cream? We don't know why it is, but they never do.

THE skating being now very good, toothache and cholera morbus have appeared among the boys, just after school begins, in the nature of an epidemic, and threaten to sup the foundations of our educational system.

"It is such a funny thing," said an old lady of experience, "to see a doctor try to look solemn when he is told there is a great deal of illness about. The only thing that beats it is to hear a lawyer talk about the folly of going to law."



BEAUTIES OF A CENTURY AGO.



BEAUTIES OF THE PRESENT TIME.

FATHER'S GRAVE.

As down the glen I chanced to stray
In fair and pleasant weather,
I saw a maiden in my way
Low seated on the heather.

The tear was trickling down her cheek,
Her heart was sad with sighing,
She would not lift her head to speak,
From off where she was lying.

"My little maid," I gently said,
"We're here alone together,
Tell me why lies so low your head
Upon this bonny heather?"

"What flowers are these within your hand
You gaze at so intently?
What is that mouldy piece of land
You treasure there so gently?"

"Ah! me," she said, "my heart is sore
And filled with grief and sorrow,
Such pain I ne'er have felt before,
And ease I fain would borrow."

"We sail to-morrow, far away
From friends, and hope, and home,
To lands we've heard of many a day
Across the ocean's foam."

"But ere we go, these little flowers
I plucked myself to-night,
I've watched them grow for hours and hours
O'er father's grave, so bright."

"This grass was growing also there,
This clay that here you see,
His grave may often now be bare
But these shall live with me."

"Tho' far away I then may be
Across the sounding wave,
My heart shall fly across the sea
Back to poor father's grave."

A. D. STEWART.

Toronto.

MOUNT LILAC, BEAUPORT.

Some twenty years ago, I saw, for the first time, the picturesque old manor of the Rylands at Beauport, in its classic days. Later on, I viewed it, in what some might call its "iron age." Of this, hereafter.

The Chateau stood embowered amidst lilac groves and other ornamental shrubs, so far as I can recollect, with a background of elms and white birch, &c.—its vaulted, lofty and well-proportioned dining-room, with antique chairs and buffets to store massive plate—its commanding position on the crest of the Beauport ridge, affording a striking view of Quebec; its well-stocked gardens, umbrageous plantations, and ample stables, from which issued, amongst other choice bits of blood, in 1842, the celebrated racer "Emigrant." Several circumstances, in fact, conspired to impress it agreeably on my mind. I found *le milord anglais* (as a waggish Canadian peasant called him) under his ancestral roof.

Recalling the parish annals of early times, I used then to think that should England ever (which God forbid) hand back to its ancient masters "these fifteen thousand acres of snow," satirized by Voltaire, here existed a ready-made manor for the successors of the Giffards and Duchesnays, the primitive seigniors, where they could becomingly receive fealty and homage (*foi et hommage*) from their feudal retainers. There was, however, nothing here to remind one of the lordly pageantry of other days—of the dark time, the age of *corvées*, and feudal burthens, when the Bourbon flag floated over the fortress of New France. In 1846, at the time of my visit, in vain would you have sought in the farm yard for a seigniorial capon (*un chapon vil et en plumes*), though possibly in the larder, at Christmas, you might have discovered some fat turkeys or a juicy haunch of venison. Of *vin ordinaire* ne'er a trace, but judging from the samples on the table, abundance of mellow Madeira, and "London Stout" must have been stored in the cellars. In fact, everywhere were apparent English comfort and English cheer. On the walls of the banqueting apartment, or in antique red leather portfolios, you would have run a much greater chance of coming face to face with the portraits of Lord Dorchester, Gen. Prescott, Sir James Craig, and other English Governors, the cherished protectors and friends of the Rylands, than with the powdered head of His Sacred Majesty, the Great Louis, or the ruffled bust and voluptuous countenance of his heir, Louis XV. . . . But let us see more of Mount Lilac and its present belongings.

Facing the glittering cupolas of Quebec, there is a fertile expanse of meadow and cornfield stretching from Dorchester bridge to the deep ravine over which Montmorency Falls hang their perennial curtain of mist. On the river shore, in 1759, stood Montcalm's earth and field works of defence. Parallel to them, and distant about half a mile from the highway, a macadamised road ascends, by a gentle rise, through a double row of whitewashed cottages, some seven miles to the brow of the roaring cataract spanned over by a substantial bridge; half way looms out the Roman Catholic temple of worship—a stately edifice, filled to overflowing on Sundays. This constitutes the parish of Beauport, one of the first settled in the Province. It was conceded, in 1634, to a French surgeon of some note, "le sieur Robert Giffard." Surgeon Giffard had not only skill as a chirurgeon to recommend him, he could plead services, nay captivity undergone in the colonial cause. An important man in his day, was this feudal magnate Giffard, to whom fealty and homage were rendered with becoming pomp, by his *conseillers*, the Belangers—Guions—Langlois—Parents of 1634, whose descendants bearing the old Perche or Norman

name, occupy to this day the white cottages to be seen on all sides.

On the highest site of this limestone ridge, a clever, influential, refined and wealthy Briton, the Hon. W. H. Ryland, for years Civil Secretary, Clerk of the Executive Council, with other appointments, selected a spot for a country seat in 1805.

For more than thirty years, Mr. Ryland enjoyed the favor, nay the intimacy of every ruler (except Sir George Prevost) which this then misruled colony owed to Downing Street.

Antipathies of race had been on the increase at Quebec, ever since the parliamentary era of 1791; there was the French party, led by fiery and able politicians, and the English oligarchy, occupying nearly all the places and avenues to power. French armies, under Napoleon I., swayed the destinies of continental Europe; their victories occasionally must awake a responsive echo among their downtrodden fellow-countrymen so cowardly deserted by France in 1759, whilst Nelson's victories of the Nile, of Trafalgar, of Copenhagen, and, finally, the field of Waterloo, had buoyed up to an extravagant pitch the spirits of the English minority at Quebec, which a French parliamentary majority had so often trammelled. It was during the major part of that stormy period that Herman Wistius Ryland, —aided by the able Chief Justice Jonathan Sewell, —was in reality entrusted with the helm of state. He was, as Christie observes, considered the "Fountain head of power." This able diplomat (for such will be his title in history), however hostile in his views he might have been towards the French Canadian nationality, succeeded in retaining to the last the respect of the French Canadian peasantry who surrounded him.

Probably never at any time did he wield more power than under the administration of Sir James H. Craig. His views were so much in unison with those of Sir James, that His Excellency deputed him to England, with a public mission threefold in its scope, the ostensible object of which was first, "to endeavor to get the Imperial Government to amend or suspend the Constitution; secondly, to render the Government independent of the people, by appropriating towards it the revenues accruing from the estates of the Sulpicians (1) of Montreal, and of the Order of the Jesuits; thirdly, to seize the patronage exercised by the Roman Catholic Bishop of Quebec, the *cures* or church livings in his diocese, contending that no Roman Catholic Bishop really existed in Canada, none having been recognized by the Crown.

It has been stated that he had a fair chance of succeeding on two points, had not the great Lord Chancellor Eldon intervened to thwart his scheme. The correspondence exchanged between Mr. Ryland and His Excellency Sir James H. Craig, preserved in the VI. volume of Christie's History of Canada exhibits Mr. Ryland at his best and has led some to infer that "had he been cast in a different sphere, where his talents and attainments would have been more properly appreciated, and directed," he would have played a conspicuous part. We find him in 1810 in London (2) consulted on Canadian affairs by the leading English politicians and some of the proudest peers. The Beauport statesman, the honored guest of English noblemen, (3) appears at no disadvantage, sips their noble wine unawed, comfortably seated at their mahogany. It must be borne in mind that in 1810 Lord Castlereagh and Lord Liverpool had their hands pretty full with continental politics, perhaps too much so, to heed poor distant Canada.

Shortly after the arrival, at Quebec, of the Earl of Durham, viz., on the 20th July, 1838, the Hon. H. W. Ryland expired at his country seat at Beauport, aged 68 years. Mount Lilac then reverted to his son, George Herman Ryland, Esq., now Registrar at Montreal, who added much to the charms of the spot. It was that year offered to the Earl of Durham for a country seat, but his Excellency had cast his lot in Quebec. Mr. Ryland occupied it till his removal from the Quebec to the Montreal Registry office. Some few years back the property was purchased by Mr. James Dinning, of Quebec,

(1) By an ordinance of the Special Council, obtained through Sir Poulet Thompson, in the troublous times of 1838-41, these gentlemen made safe their well-beloved charter.

(2) Mr. Ryland writing to Sir James Craig, under date of 23rd August, 1810, thus describes his interview with eight Ministers of State, the Earl of Liverpool, Lord Bathurst, Mr. Perceval, Mr. Peel, Lord Camden, the Marquis of Wellesley, &c. "On entering the room I found it was a meeting of the Cabinet Ministers, eight in number; Lord Liverpool desired me to take a seat between him and Mr. Perceval. . . . I then repeated an observation I had made in my first interview with Lord Liverpool, concerning Bédard in particular, as the chief leader of the anti-government party, who has now so committed himself as to render it impossible he be employed"

(Christie's History of Canada.)

(3) MY RYLAND TO SIR J. H. CRAIG, K. B.

London, 14th August 1810.

"Dear Sir,—I yesterday had the honor to dine with the Earl of Liverpool at Coombe; Wood the party consisted of His Lordship, Lady Liverpool, Lord and Lady Bathurst, Lord Apsley and his sister, I believe, Sir Joseph and Lady Banks, Mr. Peel, the Under Secretary of State, and a lady whose name I do not recollect. I had some conversation with Mr. Peel, before dinner, concerning the state of things in Canada, and I was mortified to find that he had but an imperfect idea of the subject"

He told me he had read Lord Grenville's dispatch of October 1789, to Lord Dorchester, which I had recommended to his attention, and he seemed to think a re-union of the two Provinces a desirable object"

(Christie's History of Canada.)

who reserved for himself the farm one hundred and five acres in extent, and sold in 1856, the house and twenty-three acres thereunto attached to a wealthy and whimsical old ironfounder of Quebec. Mr. John H. Galbraith. This thrifty tradesman, in order to keep his hand in order, like Thackeray's hero, continued the smelting business even under the perfumed groves of Mount Lilac, and actually erected an extensive graperly and conservatory, and a foundry: the same furnace blast thus served to produce, under glass, fragrant flowers—exquisite grapes—melting peaches as well as solid pig iron, and first class stove plates. Mount Lilac owed a divided allegiance to Vulcan and Flora. Which of the home products pleased the most the worthy Mr. Galbraith, is still an open question. (4)

J. M. LEMOINE.

Spencer Grange, Dec., 1876.

BRELOQUES POUR DAMES.

THE HEART'S ACTION.—Breach of promise case.

CHARLES KINGSLEY IMPROVED.—"Men must work and women must dress."

THACKERAY described the kiss of etiquette as "a kiss which is like the contact of oysters."

THE tongue of a woman is her sword, and she never suffers it to grow rusty.

WHY is a ring given as a pledge of matrimony?—Because there is no end to it but in destruction.

A LOVER has been pithily described as a man who, in his anxiety to obtain possession of another, has lost possession of himself.

EVEN quadruple bustles are now worn. They are made like flounces. The cry is still they come, and seven they will be ere long. These are truly bustling times.

"USE great prudence and circumspection in choosing thy wife," said Lord Burleigh to his son; "for from thence will spring all thy future good or evil, and it is an action of life like unto a stratagem of war, wherein a man can err but once."

A FRIEND was complimenting Madame Dennis on the admirable manner in which she played *Zaire*. "In order to play the part well," said Madame Dennis, "an actress must be young and pretty."—"Ah, madame," ingeniously rejoined the complimentor, "you are a living proof of the very contrary."

SAID a little boy to his mother the other morning:—"Ma, I had the beautifullest dream last night you ever saw. I dreamt that I wouldn't go to school, and that you went into the yard and cut a great long switch, but just as you was going to give me an awful dressin' the world came to an end! Didn't I get out of that easy, though?"

"I SYMPATHIZE sincerely with your grief," said a French lady to a recently widowed friend. "To lose such a husband as yours—" "Ah, yes, he was very good. And then, you see, such a misfortune is always great, for one knows what kind of husband one has lost, but cannot tell what kind of a man one will find to succeed him."

WE see with much pain how frequently a husband or wife is quick-sighted to see faults or mistakes in one another which would not be noticed in a friend or acquaintance. This ought not so to be. Those who are to walk through life together should be slow to find fault and quick to see and recognise a deed well done, however simple, for love's sake, and also for the good such examples can do the young under their care, who are so easily influenced, and that there may be no bitter repentance for their reaping by-and-by.

PRIMA VISTA.

This is the expressive name given by the old navigators to the fine island which bears the equally commemorative name of Newfoundland. It is not generally known that the island is the oldest of the British colonies, and as such should be particularly dear to that nation, one of whose chief glories is its success in the field of colonization.

Mr. Wm. J. Patterson, Secretary of the Montreal Board of Trade and Corn Exchange Association, has just published "Brief Notes" relating to Newfoundland, from which we may gather a few paragraphs of interest. Thus we learn that the population of the colony, including Labrador, amounts to 161,000 souls, the town and settlements being scattered along the coast, while the interior is comparatively unknown. Seventy-two thousand persons are employed during the summer in the coast fisheries. The climate is not more severe than that of Ontario. The soil is generally fertile and capable of raising all or most of the cereals in abundance. The chief source of occupation and revenue is, of course, the fisheries, about which there has been frequent and ample reference in the columns of this journal. Here, too, we have several times discussed the vexed question of the so-called French rights, having been

(4) John Henderson Galbraith expired at Mount Lilac in 1871, leaving his beautiful residence, on which some \$25,000 had been spent by him, in the erection of glass ranges and also a machine shop, to his widow. The machine shop has been closed, but under the intelligent guidance of his daughter, Miss Elizabeth Galbraith, the Conservatory and Graperly still continue to yield each year delicious fruit and lovely flowers.

partially instrumental, we believe, in bringing this important subject to the knowledge of the Canadian public. It is a cause of gratification, however, to learn from Mr. Patterson that Gov. Glover, who recently went to France in regard to the matter, is reported to have said that, in his opinion, "all difficulty with respect to the exercise of our territorial and sovereign rights on the so-called French Shore would soon be removed."

Heretofore communication between Newfoundland and ports in the Dominion has been mainly by sailing-vessels. For a year or two past there has been a Canadian mail-service *via* Halifax, one of the Allan Line steamships coming and going on alternate weeks. An U. S. line of steamers also affords service between St. John's and Halifax. Steam communication with Montreal and Quebec has, until the present year, been irregular; but during part of last summer and throughout the fall months, the steamers of the Montreal and Acadian Line have plied regularly between Montreal and St. John.

THE GLEANER.

FIFTY thousand Mennonites are reported to be about to leave Russia for America.

AMERICANS claim, and with grounds, to drink more coffee than all the world beside.

QUEEN VICTORIA has seen a change in the occupancy of every European throne since she became a sovereign.

A HALF-TON of coal, a sack of flour and a dollar in money given to some deserving poor family will bring the donor nearer to Heaven than a dozen long-winded prayers.

THE press, as it is personally typified, doubtless represents a larger amount of incorruptible virtue to the square inch than any other profession or pursuit.

AFTER many more or less unsuccessful attempts, the "Emperor's Bell" in the Cathedral of Cologne, the monster bell cast out of French cannon, has at last been made to give forth a clear sound.

No matter what the weather is, Sir Edward Thornton, the English Minister at Washington, and his two daughters, walk nearly every day the whole length of Pennsylvania avenue, which is about four miles.

COL. VALENTINE BAKER has returned to London much disgusted with the Turkish authorities, who wanted to put him as second in command of a cavalry regiment under a Pasha, whereas the Prince of Wales's quondam protégé had demanded a full colonelcy.

THE Water Witch, the only English man-of-war not propelled by paddle or screw, but by means of the recoil of two water jets projected at high velocity from nozzles at the ship's side, made seven knots an hour at her last trial trip. The system has important advantages over the old ones, and the promoters are sanguine of ultimate success.

IT is a fact worth thinking about that Africa is three times as densely populated as America. The estimated number of inhabitants in Africa on about eleven and a half square miles of territory is more than twice that in America on about fifteen and a half square miles. In America the average is 5½ people to the square mile, in Africa, 17½.

A VEGETARIAN banquet, given by the members of the London Dietetic Reform Society, took place in London the other evening. The menu comprised vegetables and fruit only, arranged in courses, and including soups, thirteen different kinds of vegetables, seven different sorts of sweet tarts and puddings, and six kinds of fruit. The drink consisted of water or milk, vegetarians not only abstaining from the use of flesh, but from alcoholic liquors, and the stricter part of them also from smoking. The Chairman, Mr. Richardson, stated that he supposed he had been chosen President because he was a life vegetarian, never having tasted animal food in all his life. Nor did he wear any animal clothing, and he had canvas shoes and even goshes. But he and other vegetarians took care to get substantial food.

OUR CHESS COLUMN.

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

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

TO CORRESPONDENTS

"Anonymous."—Solution of Problem No. 101 received. Correct.

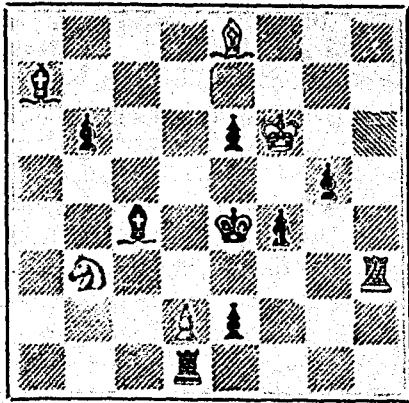
J. W. S., Montreal.—Solutions of Problems No. 101 received. Correct.

The late Herr Lowenthal seems from his gentlemanlike manners, skill over the board, and acquaintance with Chess literature, to have been much liked by all with whom he came in contact. From this circumstance one would have thought that the sale of his Chess library would have attracted many votaries of the game, if only for the purpose of obtaining a souvenir of the great player. From the *Westminster Papers*, however, we learn that the whole collection consisting of two hundred volumes, only realized £52 sterling. We may fairly conclude that even in Canada itself, where men as yet have been too busy to give much time to Chess, seventeen volumes of the Chess Players' Chronicle would have found a few purchasers who would have been willing to give more than half a dollar a volume for a work which for a long time found many subscribers who willingly gave a guinea annually for a publication, which a few years ago, was considered to be the Chess periodical of the day. Herr Lowenthal seems to have had the works of only two of the old masters of Chess, Cozio, and Car-

rem, a fact which goes far to prove that books of this nature are not easily procured, even by those who make it a labour of love to look around for them.

PROBLEM No. 101. By H. MEYER.

BLACK



WHITE

White to play and mate in two moves.

GAME 149TH.

Played some time ago, between Messrs. Mackenzie and Reichhelm.

PIKROFF'S DEFENCE.

WHITE.—(Mr. Mackenzie.) BLACK.—(Mr. Reichhelm.)

- 1. P to K 4. 2. K Kt to B 3. 3. Kt takes P. 4. Kt to K B 3. 5. P to Q 4. 6. B to Q 3. 7. Castles. 8. P to B 4. 9. Kt to B 3. 10. B to Kt 5. 11. B takes B P. 12. B to Kt 3. 13. Kt to K 5. 14. B takes B. 15. Q to R 5. 16. Q R to Q sq. 17. Q to K 2. 18. Q to Q 2. 19. P takes B. 20. P to B 4. 21. Kt takes Kt. 22. Q to Q 3. 23. P to B 5. 24. P to K Kt 4. 25. Kt to B 4. 26. Q to Kt 3. 27. Kt to K 3. 28. P to Q 5. 29. K R to K sq. 30. Kt takes P. 31. P takes Q. 32. R takes R. 33. Kt to B 4. 34. Kt to K 6. 35. Kt to Kt 2. 36. R to Q B sq. 37. R to B 8. 38. P takes P. 39. Kt to Q 8 (ch). 40. Kt takes P. 41. R to B 2. 42. Kt to B 5. 43. Kt to B 2. 44. R to B 4. 45. P to Q Kt 4. 46. Kt to Q 3. 47. Kt to B 4. 48. R takes Kt. 49. Kt to K 6 (ch). 50. Kt takes R. 51. Kt to Kt 3. 52. P takes P.

Drawn Game. (a).

NOTE.

(a) The care displayed throughout the game by both players is deserving of the notice of young players.

GAME 149TH.

A smart skirmish between Mr. Bird and another amateur, played at the Cafe International, New York, a few weeks ago.

(Bishop's Gambit.)

WHITE.—(Mr. Bird.) BLACK.—(Mr. McConnell.)

- 1. P to K 4. 2. P to K B 4. 3. B to B 4. 4. K to B sq. 5. B takes P. 6. Kt to K B 3. 7. Q takes B. 8. B to Q B 4. 9. P to Q 4. 10. P to K Kt 3. 11. K to Kt sq. 12. B to B sq. 13. P to K R 4. 14. P to K 5. 15. P takes P. 16. B to K B 4. 17. B to Q B 4. 18. P to K 6. 19. Q takes P (ch) (b). 20. B to Q R 6 mate.

NOTES.

(a) This is not so good a line of defence as that which turns upon 5. P to K Kt 4, but Black is evidently unearned in the opening. (b) Brief and brilliant.

SOLUTIONS.

Solution of Problem No. 101.

- WHITE. 1. Kt to K R 4. 2. Kt to Kt 6. 3. Kt mates. BLACK. Kt takes R. Any move.

Black has other defences.

Solution of Problem for Young Players, No. 99.

- WHITE. 1. R takes B (ch). 2. Q to Kt 8 (ch). 3. Q to B 7 (ch). 4. Q to B 8 (ch). 5. Q to Q 8 (ch). 6. Q takes R mate. BLACK. K takes B. K moves. K to Q 3 (best). R interposes. B interposes.

PROBLEMS FOR YOUNG PLAYERS NO. 100.

- WHITE. K at K R 2. R at K B 7. B at Q 4. Pawns at K R 3, and K 4. BLACK. K at Kt 4. R at K R 3. B at K Kt 3. B at K 8. Pawns at K R 4, and Q 4.

White to play and mate in four moves.

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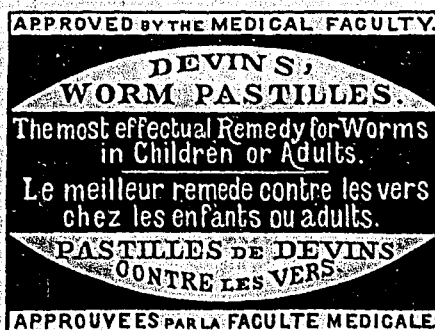
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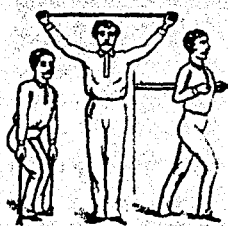
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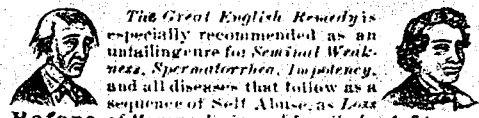
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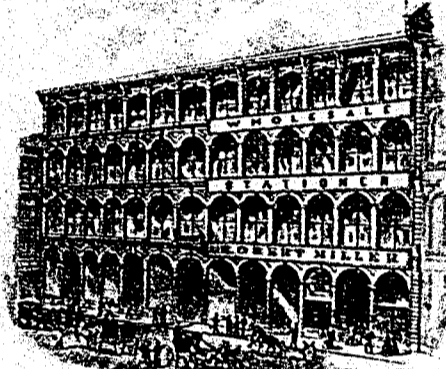
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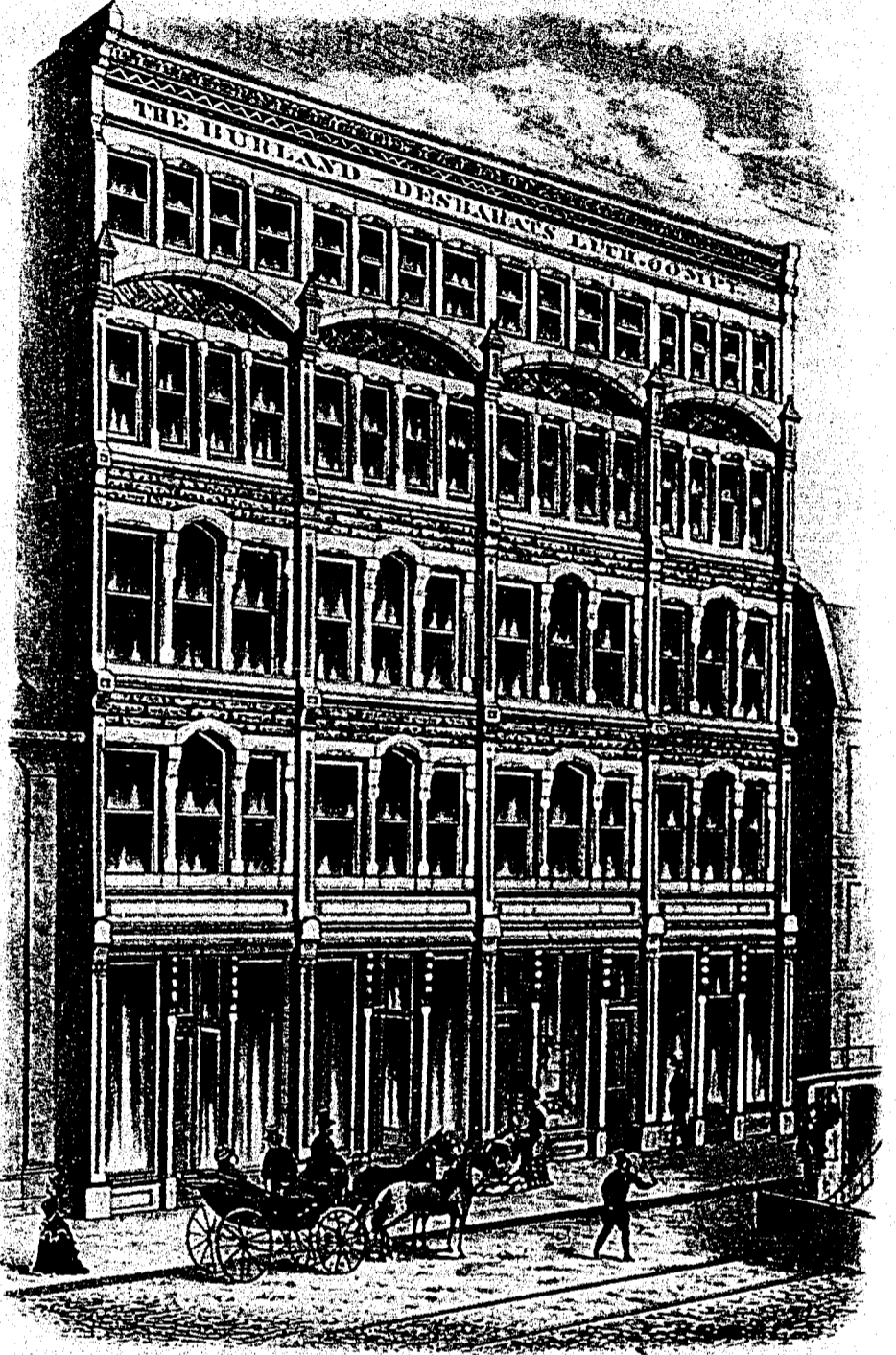
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