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AMERICAN Whist-Cricket News

VOL. VII.—No. 13.

MONTREAL, SATURDAY, MARCH 29, 1873.

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"TOODLES" AS PERFORMED AT THE PROVINCIAL HALL, TORONTO, ON THE 13TH INST.—BY C. KENDRICK.

Mrs. Toodles. (Hon. A—— & McK——r.)—But, my dear Toodles.

Toodles. (Mr. R——t.)—Oh, don't dear Toodles me—you'll drive me mad—your conduct is scandalous in the extreme.

Mrs. T.—My dear Toodles, don't say so.

Toodles.—But I will say so, Mrs. Toodles. What will become of us, with your passion for "contingencies." I say, Mrs. Toodles, where's the money, and echo answers, where.

Mrs. T.—I'm sure, my dear Toodles, I lay it out to the best advantage.

Toodles.—You shall not squander and waste our revenue.

Mrs. T.—My dear, I buy nothing but what is useful.

Toodles.—Useful—useless you mean. I won't have the house turned into a museum for glass-ware and chromos. At the end of the year I ask, where's the money—all gone too—spent in infernal nonsense.

[Written for the Canadian Illustrated News.]

WAITING FOR HER LOVER.

(From *Les Orientales* of VICTOR HUGO.)

Climb, Squirrel, climb yon oak on high,
To the topmost twig that seeks the sky,
And always like a trembling reed!
Thou Stork, that hauntest each olden wall,
From belfry fy to turret tall;
From church to citadel high o'er all,
Oh! mount on wings of speed!

Old Eagle, from thine eyrie soar,
To yonder mountain white and hoar
With everlasting snow:
And thou, bi' the bird, whom in thy nest
No dawn hath ever seen at rest,
Mount, sleepless Lark, at my behest,
And leave earth far below!

And now, from oak that seeks the sky:
From marble spire of tower on high;
From mount or cloudland see
In the dim distance if ye can trace
A snow-white plume that floats in space,
A smoking courier's thundering pace,
My lover who hastes to me!

GEORGE MURRAY.

[Written for the Canadian Illustrated News.]

MORE ABOUT NEWFOUNDLAND MINING PROSPECTS.

ST. JOHN'S, N.F.L.D., March 6th, 1873.

DISCOVERY OF A VALUABLE LEAD MINE.—LA MANCHE MINE.

The discovery, within the last few weeks, of a second valuable deposit of lead ore, on our western coast, encourages the expectation that when this island is thoroughly explored, and its unknown interior opened up, it will become a famous field for mining enterprise. By the terms of their charter, the New York, Newfoundland and London Telegraph Company are entitled to select one hundred square miles of unoccupied land, in blocks of not less than three square miles, in any part of the island, there being no limit as to the time of selection. In this way the company became owners of the valuable La Manche Lead Mine, in Placentia Bay. This property, embracing an area of 3,843 acres, has been leased for some time to a few mining capitalists, at a royalty of five per cent., or one twentieth of the gross output, and by the terms of this lease, which extends over twenty-one years, the lessees have the right to acquire the fee simple of the property, within ten years, for the sum of £27,000. A company has lately been formed in London for the purchase of this property, a prospectus having recently appeared in the *London Times*. A number of influential names appear on the directory, Sir Alexander Malet being chairman. The capital is £100,000 in 10,000 shares of £10 each. Of these 1,200 shares only are offered for public subscription, the remainder being privately subscribed for. The working capital is put down at £15,000. There can be little doubt that the shares will be speedily taken up in the London market. The mine is undoubtedly a most valuable one. Since 1865, when first opened, though the works have been carried on very languidly from want of adequate capital, no less than 3,250 tons of galena have been raised and sold at an average price of £12 12s. per ton. As yet only 1,500 superficial feet have been opened, leaving 3,780 feet of ascertained lode untouched. The company, however, do not intend confining operations to La Manche Mine, but have set aside a sum of £2,000 for explorations in the mineral district which is yet almost untouched. In their prospectus they say truly that "the internal resources of the island are almost unexplored and unknown. Promising indications, however, and known geological conformation justify the belief that the mineral resources of the colony are very great." We have thus the gratifying prospect of speedily seeing a most promising beginning made in the development of our mineral resources.

LEAD FOUND AT PORT-AU-PORT.

The foregoing statement regarding the mineral wealth of this island, has received a strong confirmation by the recent discovery, at Port-au-Port, of a large deposit of lead ore. The Telegraph Company are again the lucky discoverers. A block of this ore, more than two feet square, has been on exhibition here for a short time. The specimen is exceedingly promising, and is said to yield from 15 to 20 per cent. of pure lead. The quantity is reported to be very great, and the facilities for mining all that could be desired. There is an excellent harbour at Port-au-Port; an abundance of fine timber, while the region is but a short distance from St. George's Bay, where coal mines are soon likely to be opened. The apathy of our own population may be judged of from the fact that the agents of the Telegraph Company are getting possession of all those fine mining locations, while our own capitalists will look at nothing but the fisheries. Several other discoveries are spoken of as having been made by the explorers of the company, but as they are as yet only matters of rumour I can say nothing farther of them at present.

TILT COVE AND NOTRE DAME MINES.

It would seem, at present, as if the southern and western portions of the island were destined to be the seats of lead and coal mining, while on the northern and north-eastern shores copper mining will be carried on most successfully. Our famous Tilt Cove Copper Mine has lately been purchased by an English company for £150,000 sterling; and it is expected that the works will be carried on next summer on a greatly extended scale, and under the direction of the best engineering skill. Second in importance to Tilt Cove Mine is the Notre Dame Mine, in the same neighbourhood. As yet operations there have not proved remunerative. At first matters looked very promising, a copper vein ten feet square having been struck. After a time this was cut off by an intrusive mass of diorite. The company last summer employed Mr. Fletcher, an able mining engineer, to examine and report on the property. His report is highly favourable. He is of opinion that once the workings are carried beyond the influence of the intrusive diorite, regular deposits of copper ore will be reached. He strongly recommends the continuance of mining operations. He finds that the serpentine, with which the ores of copper in this island are

uniformly associated, is exceedingly well developed, and extends through the entire length of the property, the mineral band being nearly two hundred feet wide, and composed of dark, chloritic slate, steatite and diorite. The ore contained in these rocks is a yellow sulphuret of copper, and is deposited in the form of concretionary layers and bunches, usually following or conforming to the lines of stratification, but also occurring in veins and seams, forming various angles with the strike of the strata. It is probable the Notre Dame Company will issue preferential shares with the view of raising a sufficient working capital, and push on operations vigorously. The attention of mining capitalists is now strongly directed to this island, and extensive explorations of the large tract containing mineral deposits will probably be undertaken shortly. To crown all, an eminent English Naturalist, Henry Reeks, Esq., F. L. S., who spent two years on the western coast studying the ornithology of the country, has declared, in one of his papers in the *Geologist*, that he discovered surface indications of petroleum as marked as any in the oil region of Pennsylvania. He wisely keeps the knowledge of the locality to himself; and we shall probably hear more about it shortly. Should oil be "struck" in addition to our other mineral treasures, our prospects as a colony will speedily become very cheering.

STARTING FOR THE SEAL HUNT.

Three days ago, on the 3rd March, the whole of our fleet took their departure for the ice fields in pursuit of the seals. The importance of this marine industry to Newfoundland, may be judged of from the fact that twenty large steamers are this year engaged in the seal fishery, and that the annual value of the seals captured is from a million and a quarter to a million and a half of dollars. The number of men who have this year embarked for the ice fields is about 10,000. Five new steamers have this year been added to the fleet, the largest being the "Neptune" of 770 tons burthen, and 120 horse-power. She is owned by Job Brothers, and is the largest steamer engaged in whale or seal fishery. She carries 270 men. The "Vanguard," owned by Mr. Munn, of Harbour Grace, is another fine new steamer of 550 tons burthen, and 120 horse-power. Never perhaps did the sealing fleet get a more favourable start than this year. The whole of them got to sea on the 3rd and 4th of March, the coast being quite clear of ice, so that all could make their way to the north-east, in which direction lie the "ice-meadows." There young seals lie among the hummocks, rapidly fattening for the slaughter, being fed on their mothers' milk. At this date they are over a fortnight old; and in another fortnight will be in their prime, being then literally balls of fat, from which the finest oil is obtained. The hunters aim at reaching them from the 15th to the 25th March. A slight blow on the nose with a pole despatches them; then the skin with the adhering fat is removed and put on board, the carcase being left on the ice. Each seal is worth three dollars. It is calculated that if the steamer "Neptune" should get a full cargo she can bring into port 45,000 or 50,000 seals. It is quite possible she might, within three weeks from the time of her departure, return with such a cargo and in that short time gain enough for her owners to repay her cost; or, on the other hand, she might fail to find the seals, and return "clean." We have high hopes this year of a successful seal fishery. Last year's fishery was a failure; so that the bulk of the seals escaped the hands of the hunters, and may be looked for in greater abundance this year.

[Written for the Canadian Illustrated News.]

THE LORE OF THE CALENDAR.

NO. II.—ALL FOOLS DAY. (Dies irrisorius.)

Laugh if you're wise.

Addison, in the *Spectator*, No XLVII., says that "There is a custom everywhere among us on the first of April when everybody takes it into his head to make as many fools as he can. In proportion as there are more follies discovered, so there is more laughter raised on this day than on any other in the whole year. A neighbour of mine, who is a haberdasher by trade, a very shallow conceited fellow, makes his boasts that for these ten years he has not made less than a hundred April fools."

In poor Robin's Almanac for 1760 there is a pleasant, and what is meant for a poetical description of the modern fooleries of the first of April, with the open avowal of being ignorant of the origin of them:—

"The first of April, some do say,
Is set apart for all-fools day;
But why the people call it so,
Nor I, nor they themselves do know;
But on this day are people sent,
On purpose for pure merriment,"

upon what are called *sleeveless* errands, for the history of *Eve's mother*, for pigeon's milk, with similar ridiculous absurdities.

All Fools Day, according to Brande, author of *Popular Antiquities*, is a corruption of *auld*, that is *old* fools day; in confirmation of which he quotes an observation on the first of November in the ancient Roman calendar: "The Feast of *old* fools is removed to this day." When this old-fools day, *Festum Stultorum*, was removed to the first of April it is difficult to determine—our antiquaries are silent on the subject. It seems to be a different day from the "feast of fools," which was held on the first of January, of which a particular description may be found in Du Cange's learned glossary in verbo *Kalendæ*, (see New Year's Day.)

In Trusler's chronology, A.D. 1198, we are told: "Fools, Festival at Paris, held January 1st, and continued for 240 years, when all sorts of absurdities and indecencies were committed."

In "The Book of Days," the author says there was in the Catholic Church the Feast of the Ass on Twelfth Day, and various *mummings* about Christmas; but April fooling stands apart from these dates. There is but one plausible-looking suggestion from Mr. Pegge to the effect that, the 25th March being, in one respect, New Year's Day, the first of April was its *Octave*, and the termination of its celebrations, but this idea is not very satisfactory."

The subject is an interesting one, and, probably, Mr. Pegge may not be far wrong; for Stow has preserved an account of a remarkable *mummary*, 1377, "made by the citizens for disport of the young Prince Richard, sonne to the Black Prince." On the Sunday before Candlemas, in the night, 130 citizens, disguised and well horsed, in a *mummary*, with sounds of trumpets, sackbuts, cornets, shalmes, and other minstrels, and innumerable torch-lights of wax, rode to Kennington where the young prince was; there was much jollity and *mumming* and drinking and feasting—the prince and the lords dancing with the *mummers*. Stow also mentions that in the second year of the reign of King Henry IV., "the King keeping his Christmas at Eltham, twelve aldermen of London and their sonnes rode in a *mumming* and had great thanks."

Mummer signifies a masker, one disguised under a vizard, from the Danish *Mumme*, or Dutch *Momme*. Lipsius tells us in his 44th Epistle, Book 3, "that *momar* is used by the Sicilians for a fool. There can be no doubt that there were a great many *tom-fooleries* committed about the time of Twelfth Day, as well as revellings and frolics, and it is just probable that there were many, according to the *Spectator*, "honest gentlemen always exposed to the wit and raillery of their well-wishers and companions," who were sent upon fools' errands, or what the Scotch call *hunting the gowk*—*Gauch*, Teutonic is rendered *Stultus*, fool. All-Fools Day probably owes its beginning to a removal, which was of frequent use in the Roman Calendar. "There is nothing hardly," says Du Cange, "that will bear a clearer demonstration than that the primitive Christians, by way of conciliating the Pagans to a better worship, humoured their prejudices by yielding to a conformity of names, and even of customs, where they did not essentially interfere with the fundamentals of Gospel Doctrine." This was done in order to quiet their possession and to secure their tenure—an admirable expedient and extremely fit in those barbarous times to prevent the people from returning to their old religion. Among these, in imitation of the Roman *Saturnalia* was the *Festum Faltorum*, when part of the jollity of the season was a burlesque election of a mock pope, mock cardinals, mock bishops, attended with a thousand ridiculous ceremonies, gambols and antics such as singing and dancing in the churches to ludicrous anthems, all allusively to the exploded pretensions of the Druids, whom these sports were calculated to expose to scorn and derision. This *feast of fools* had its designed effect, and contributed, perhaps, more to the extermination of those heathens than all the collateral aids of fire and sword, neither of which were spared in the persecution of them. The continuance of customs, (especially droll ones which suit the gross taste of the multitude) after the original cause of them has ceased, is a great, but no uncommon absurdity.

The epithet *old fools* does not ill accord with the pictures of the Druids transmitted to us. The united appearances of age, sanctity and wisdom, which these ancient priests assumed, doubtless contributed not a little to the deception of the people. The Christian teachers, in their labours to undeceive the fettered multitudes, would probably spare no pains to pull off the mask from these venerable hypocrites, and point out to their converts that *age* was not always synonymous with *wisdom*, that youth was not the peculiar period of folly; but that with young ones there were also *old fools*.

In putting together the scattered fragments that survive the mutilation of ancient customs, it is difficult to make the parts closely agree, so little means of information having been transmitted to us, we are compelled to eke out a great deal by conjecture. The true meaning and design of *all fool's day* is probably lost, but it is strange that the practice of April fooling is so widely prevalent, and that it has travelled down to us through a long succession of years and outlived the knowledge of the causes that gave rise to the practice.

Art and Literature.

Robert Browning has a new poem ready for press.

The Rev. Newman Hall will visit this continent in the summer.

Bret Harte's first series of stories have been translated into French.

It is reported that Tennyson has in view a poem on the Colonies.

Kaulbach is preparing a large cartoon of the Deluge for the Vienna Exhibition.

M. Doré is said to be engaged upon a new work, entitled "Paris," as a companion to "London."

Garibaldi is writing a novel entitled "The Hyena of Paris." It is believed that the title refers to the ex-Empress Eugénie.

Joaquin Miller is announced as writing a poem entitled "By the Sun-down Seas," which will be published in London next fall.

Gounod has composed a new "Paternoster" for four voices, and a requiem—a five-part choral work—entitled "Messe Brève pour les Morts."

The *Athenæum* states that the German University at Strasburg, is not to be allowed to deprive Oxford of the services of Professor Max Muller.

Melissonier's last painting has been purchased for £4,000 by Messrs. Wallis & Co., but will be exhibited in the first place in the Vienna Exhibition.

Marshall Wood has been exhibiting four statues in New York. They are "Daphne," "Hebe," "Psyche Returning from Hades," and "The Song of the Shirt."

The Cesnola collection of antiquities is being arranged in the Douglas mansion, opposite Fechter's Theatre, New York. The arrangement is being carried on under the direction of General Cesnola himself.

The Orleanist party is about to bring out a half-penny paper in Paris, to be called the *Soleil*, and another in Marseilles, with the title of *Le Petit Provençal*. Enormous placards herald the advent of the new organs.

A novel by the Princess Mathilde Bonaparte, entitled *La Dame à la Rubine*, will shortly be published. This novel, it is said, was laid before M. Prosper Mérimée some time before his decease, and was corrected by him.

The senior member of the French Academy has just died, at the age of ninety-three—General Comte de Ségur, so well known for his history of the Russian campaign, in which he bore part as a General of Brigade; he is the last surviving General of that terrible retreat from Moscow. He has lived in retirement since 1848.

Our Illustrations.

PRIVATE THEATRICALS AT RIDEAU HALL.

These took place on Thursday, the 13th inst., and were attended by a select number of *invités*. The piece of the evening was "To Oblige Benson," with the following cast:—Mr. Benson, Col Stuart; Mr. Trotter Southdown, Capt. Hamilton; Mr. John Meredith, Lieut. Colson; Mrs. Benson, Miss Himsforth; Mrs. Trotter Southdown, Mrs. Stuart. The entertainment closed with vocal and instrumental music by Mlle. Perrault and Miss Lowe.

VIEW ON THE RIVER PICABAU, SAGUENAY DISTRICT.

The Picabau River, also known as the Upicha, Upika, and Epikubatch (the latter is the name used by Bouchette) is a tortuous river which rises in the county of Montmorency and flows into Lake Kanogami, which it joins at the southernmost end, forming a large bay. It descends from its starting point in a succession of rapids, between abrupt and rocky banks. The country through which it passes is very thickly wooded, and is the scene of extensive lumbering operations. In spring large quantities of saw-logs are floated down the stream. The neighbourhood possesses great attractions for the sportsman, and the river abounds in fish.

THE DRAWING-ROOM IN THE SENATE CHAMBER.

H. E. the Governor-General and the Countess of Dufferin held their first drawing-room since their return to Ottawa on Wednesday evening, the 12th inst., in the Senate Chamber. The occasion furnished our artist with the subject for a lively sketch. The attendance was very large, including the Senators, the Ministers of the Crown in Windsor uniform, and a large number of members of the Commons. Over six hundred presentations were made.

"WHAT D'YE LACK, MADAM? WHAT D'YE LACK."

This picture is by the same artist as the "Touchstone and Audrey" that appeared in our issue of the 15th inst., and is taken from the same source, viz: the *Art Journal*. The original was sent to the Royal Academy in 1861. The originality and quaintness of the subject, and its thoroughly artistic and clever treatment attracted much attention. The picture takes us back some centuries into the trading community of London, when tradesmen were accustomed to expose their goods in the open thoroughfares, and solicit purchases by word of mouth. "What d'ye buy? What d'ye buy?"—not un frequently heard in the present day in front of the shops of butchers and some other dealers in ordinary comestibles—is but the echo, so to speak, of what greeted the ears of every one passing along the streets in olden times from various houses of business. Here, then, we see a London apprentice, of three or four hundred years ago, accosting the passengers with the cry of "What d'ye lack, Madam?" as he presents for notice some tempting fabric suitable for ladies' costume. He is a meek-looking youth, with straight unkempt hair, not altogether an attractive person to solicit custom from the fair *belles* of his day, and yet, possibly, a shrewd lad of business; his fur trimmed and embroidered jacket and his pointed shoes give to him a picturesque character as he plies his vocation. Other rich and costly fabrics, besides that he holds out, are displayed in a sort of higgledy-piggledy way, and not as one sees them in the ingeniously dressed windows of the other famous *marchands de modes* of the present day. The whole composition has a very primitive aspect in the annals of commercial pursuits.

(Written for the "Canadian Illustrated News.")

GOSSIPS ON POPULAR SCIENTIFIC SUBJECTS.

NO. IX.—RAIN.

Rain—what can be said about it? It is a thing so familiar to all, there are no striking phenomena connected with it, everybody knows that the earth wants a more refreshing stimulus to bring forth her increase than dews and mists, and that the vegetation of the country would soon disappear and our small rivers and streams would be dried up were it not for "the gentle rain from heaven that droppeth upon the place beneath." The scientists will tell us that one of the principal causes of rain is undoubtedly the transfer, effected by winds, of air charged with moisture in a warm damp district to a colder region, where the vapour it contains is partially condensed. The temperature of the lower as well as of the higher strata of the atmosphere being reduced by this transfer, it may fairly be inferred that condensation of vapour may also occur in the lower as well as the higher strata.

Rain falls sometimes when no cloud is visible and the sky is perfectly clear. Various observations of this nature are cited by Humboldt and Arago. A meteorologist at Geneva has left on record that upon a fine clear night when the stars were shining with their ordinary brightness, rain, composed of large tepid drops, fell over the city of Geneva for six minutes. The same phenomenon is reported by an eye-witness to have taken place at Constantine at noon, when the sky was intensely blue and clear; so we learn that it is not necessary to have aloft either the *nimbus* with its gloomy grandeur, or the *cirrostratus* with its rugged and patchy appearance, making what the sailors term "an ugly sky."

Rain, as most of our readers know, is very unequally distributed over the earth's surface. In the valley of the Nile it is extremely rare, so much so, that were it not for the overflow or inundations of the river the whole country would become sterile. About the 60th degree of latitude or circumpolar zone, no rain falls in the winter owing to the extreme refraction of the limpid atmosphere which extends over the immense expanse of snow where no fogs are seen to form, excepting where there is open water. There are other parts of the earth where rain is almost unknown, for instance, on the coasts of Peru, and the Desert of Sahara is said to be denied rain, and from the sandy plains of Africa there rises only a column of burning air, while not even a drop of dew falls to moisten the parched surface and there develop vegetation. What a remarkable contrast to the Ghaut Range of mountains

in Central Asia, where the enormous quantity of fourteen and a half inches have been known to fall in one day!

In order that our readers may more correctly form an estimate of the quantity of water contained in fourteen and a half inches of rain, they must multiply 22,523 by 14.5, which will give a fall equal to 338,023 gallons per acre. Again, the mean annual fall of rain (including its equivalent in melted snow—at Toronto, is estimated at about thirty-one and a half inches, which would give to an acre 712,614 gallons, so that nearly half the quantity of rain fell in Central Asia in 24 hours that falls upon an average in twelve months in Western Canada.

According to Lieutenant Maury, the average amount of rain that falls annually upon the surface of our globe has been estimated at 1.5 yards in depths—(54 inches). Thus, then to raise enough of water from the ocean every year, in the form of vapour, to cover the earth with a spherical coating 1.5 yards deep; to carry that watery vapour from one zone to another; and then to precipitate it in different forms at certain determinate points at chosen epochs, and in appropriate quantities, such are the functions of the great atmospheric machine. The water vaporized in this manner being taken principally from the torrid zone, the atmosphere in that zone alone must absorb a liquid mass of nearly five yards in thickness, and three thousand marine miles in breadth, upon a development of twenty-four thousand miles; raise it as high as the clouds, and then let it fall again upon the earth. This it must do, moreover, every year! What a wondrous and powerful mechanism, then, is this atmosphere of ours, and how harmoniously its different elements must be combined in order that this work,—which overwhelms the imagination,—may be carried on without the slightest disarrangement, ever manifesting itself in a totality of functions as complex as they are varied!

By the amount of annual rain fall, (including snow and hail), at a given place is meant the depth of water that would be obtained if all the rain which falls there in a year were collected into one horizontal sheet; and the depth of rain that falls in any given shower, or on any given day, is similarly reckoned. It is the depth of the pool which would be formed if the ground were perfectly horizontal, and its surface glazed or vitrified, so that none of the water could get away. The instrument employed for determining the depth of rain is called a rain gauge—the terms *ombrometer* and *pluviometer*, being now only used by pedantic meteorologists.

The simplest form of rain-gauge would be a flat tray with a vertical rim three or four inches high; if such a vessel were placed upon an open grass plot before a shower began, the water would of course cover it to the depth which would have covered the whole grass plot had it not soaked into the soil. A rule dipped vertically into this tray would perhaps show that the water was a quarter of an inch or a half of an inch deep—that is that a quarter or half of an inch of rain had fallen. This ideal rain-gauge would have many serious faults, and it is only described that it may clearly be understood that, by a quarter or half an inch of rain is meant such a fall of water as would cover the ground to that depth, supposing it all remained on the surface, none percolating, running off, or evaporating.

The simplest and perhaps the best form of rain-gauge is that commonly known as "Howard's bottle." This gauge is a copper funnel with an accurately turned brass rim, exactly 5 inches in diameter, terminating with a straight tube about 6 inches or more in length—resembling an ordinary funnel such as is used for decanting wine or spirit—the rain falling into this funnel is collected in a bottle which is emptied every day into a graduated measuring glass whose area is about ten times less than the area of the funnel, consequently a tenth of an inch of rain will fill the glass about one inch deep, enabling the rain-fall to be got to the one-hundredth part of an inch. A rain-gauge of this description would cost complete only four dollars. A still more simple rain-gauge, and practically as efficient, may be made for two dollars. The clergyman or schoolmaster of a rural parish may readily undertake the registration of the rain-fall in his district. There are at present about 800 stations in Great Britain and Ireland, and perhaps as many in the United States, while in Canada they can only be counted by tens. A more extended registration of the rain-fall would materially increase the benefits of Meteorological science.

The rain-fall of Canada has not engaged the attention of agriculturists, civil engineers, harbour commissioners, and medical men to the extent its importance demands. The Government are, however, awakening to the importance of the subject, and under the superintendence of the Director of the Magnetic Observatory at Toronto, we hope to see a rain-gauge set up in every parish in the Dominion. Every intelligent person must be aware that the rain-fall is an essential particular in our climate; and until its seasonal and mean amount is known for any region, the meteorology or the science of the weather is necessarily defective and incomplete. Ignorance of what affects so powerfully the health and comfort of populations, the fertility of the soil, the purity and temperature of the atmosphere, the prosecution of many of the acts of life, the operations of engineering and drainage, and much else, can be remedied and removed only by careful and prolonged observations made simultaneously at many points.

Unfortunately there are too many short-sighted and narrow-minded utilitarians whose continual cry is *Cui bono* when any matter of science or scientific exploration is canvassed, and more especially if the Government or a city corporation is called upon for a money grant for the purpose of conducting anything connected with the science of meteorology.

We have a certain measure of contempt for these "cui-bonists," and think their what-good-will-it-do questions are beneath notice, yet for the sake of others we may give a few illustrations how rain-fall investigations may affect the public health and the public benefit.

Many scientific physicians in their lectures on the poisons of spreading diseases have proved how a certain amount of dilution by water renders the most virulent organic poisons innocuous; that much dilution may destroy organic poison; and that an insufficient rain-fall over an area bespread with animal excreta for the purposes of agriculture may have a most injurious effect upon the health of the neighbouring community. Dr. Edward Ballard in a paper read about six years ago before the Royal Medical and Chirurgical Society, on the influence of temperature in the production of disease, appended a diagram which well illustrates the effects of a downfall of rain in diminishing the amount of sickness.

The flooding of large tracts of land by excessive rains might

in many instances be arrested if the rain-fall of the district were studied, and the outlets for the superabundant water made adequate for its removal. Malarious diseases often follow in the wake of rain-floods, and frequently they leave an indelible stamp upon the *physique* of their victims.

The facts developed by the rain-gauge have the most multiplied and remarkable practical as well as theoretic relations. They concern physical geology, agriculture, climate, and public health, and are the most indispensable data to the hydraulic engineer engaged in the supply of water to cities, or in great works of drainage or of irrigation, and again, to those engaged in our inland navigation.

Correct notions about rain, how it falls in proportion to seasons and time, how it flows off the ground, ought to be of the utmost importance to engineers, practical farmers, and agriculturists; but alas, they seem, for the most part, indifferent to a proper registration of the rain-fall; they bestow little or no attention to the subject, even though it is most important one to themselves.

"If the registration of the rain-fall," says a writer in *Once a Week*, (July 12th, 1862,) "seems dull work in ordinary seasons, the observer is amply repaid when exceptional weather occurs. By carefully noting it, he may then increase the interests of science. Amongst unscientific mortals, too, he becomes at once an authority; like Squire Ralph, he is

Infallible

As three or four-legged oracle,
Deep-sighted in intelligences,
Ideas, atoms, influences;

men look up to him and quote his sayings. In many secondary ways, too, the occupation may be useful to a man. We knew an old gentleman very fond of his rain-gauge, and so attached to his garden that nothing short of a general election could tempt him through the streets to the news-room. Suddenly one November came a mighty storm. Torrents of rain fell. Walls were carried away—a brook broke into the road and drowned a passer-by. Then was our friend in his element indeed. He chuckled and rubbed his hands, appeared in public (like the lady of the toy houses who ventures out in fine weather), collected different reports, informed all men that so many inches, an unprecedented amount, had fallen in three days, he never remembered so much wet "since the Walcheren Expedition." Though usually a martyr to gout every autumn, this unaccustomed activity proved so salutary that no doctor appeared at his house that winter!"

Miscellaneous.

A new French loan and a new Russian loan are spoken of.

It is said that Bradlaugh will visit this continent on a lecturing tour.

The next autumn manoeuvres will, it is said, take place at Dartmoor.

The latest news of Dr. Livingstone is that he left Ujiji for the fountains of the Nile last August.

It is stated that during the Vienna Exhibition sleeping cars will be introduced between London and Vienna.

A Vienna letter asserts that, notwithstanding the official denial of the Saxe-Coburg-Gotha press, it is positively affirmed that a marriage between the Duke of Edinburgh and a Russian Princess is arranged.

The Chinese mandarins in Canton have adopted a new method of punishing criminals for slight offences. They inflict a fine, which if the prisoner is unable to pay, they cut off his pigtail, which appendage has a market value of about \$1.50 for the European hair market.

We are told curious things concerning the amusements of great men who lived long ago. Statious minds often take up some oddity to rest their brains in spare moments. Swift used to run up and down the steps of the deanery for exercise and amusement; Dr. Samuel Clarke, the Bible commentator, amused himself by jumping over tables and chairs; Shelley took great pleasure in making paper boats and watching them as they floated on the water; Tycho Brahe amused himself with polishing glasses for spectacles, and Socrates in playing with children; Petavius, at the end of every second hour of study, used to whirl his chair for five minutes.

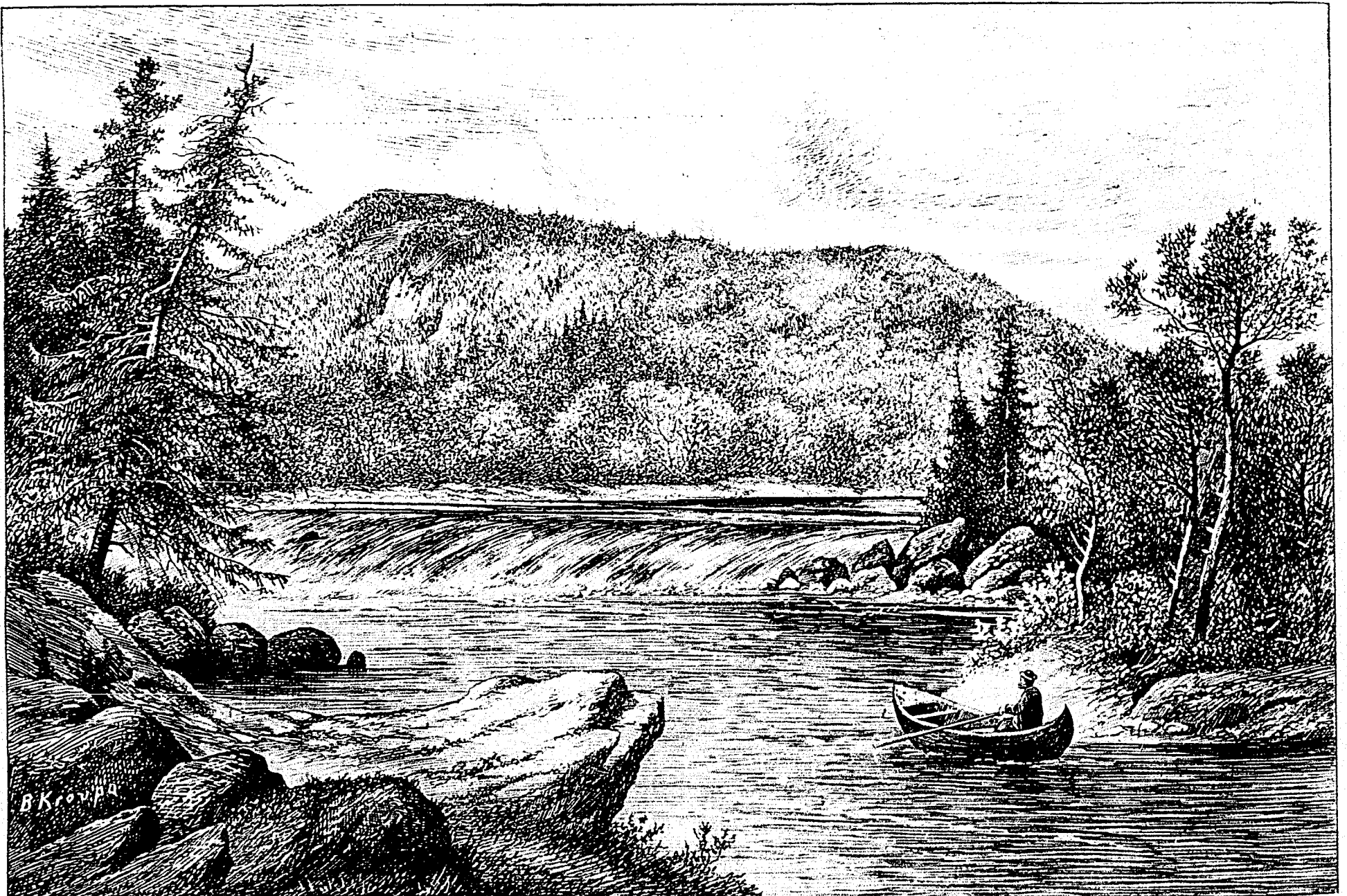
A great act of generosity, says the *Court Journal*, has at length been accomplished by the Liberal Government, and we are happy to record it. The crew of the steamer *Dou* having landed at Tongho, in China, the natives, "fell upon them," stripped them naked, and maltreated them most shamefully. When they were being kicked and cutted through the streets the Mandarin of Tongho came to their rescue. Like a good Samaritan, he clothed, fed, and lodged the crew until he got the means of conveying them to Amoy. For this generous conduct, it is said, Her Majesty's Government have presented the mandarin with a pair of opera glasses! If he wants to look at the photos of our Government through them, we should recommend him to look through the big end.

Colour-Sergeant Bates, of "star-spangled-banner" notoriety, has just published an account of his pilgrimage through England, and among other curiosities of the book is the record of the different offerings which the sergeant received in different towns from his admirers. At Bolton he was entrusted with a turtle dove to present to General Grant—an emblem of peace and goodwill between the two countries; and a select *History of Barbony* and a box of pills. After this the sergeant seems to have had no more presents offered him, with the exception of a codish by a London cestermonger. The Manchester citizens, however, seem entitled to pre-eminence in the practical expression of sympathy. They, we learn, on the sergeant's departure, insisted on slipping numbers of coppers into his pockets. Such is public fame!

A pamphlet addressed *Ad veri Catholicos* is creating a sensation in Roman clerical circles. It accuses Cardinal Antonelli of all the misfortunes which have happened to the Pope and his Church. To him it is attributed that Pius IX. did not leave Rome immediately the Italians entered in 1870. He is called a *miserabile de sonnino* because he rejoiced in secret at the bill on the religious corporations. He is said also to be for the reconciliation of the Vatican with the Quirinal, because some months ago his brothers, as members of an economical society, signed a programme, in which it is said that the present Government is more favourable to the development of the resources of the country than the *régime*. The friends of the Cardinal are not forgotten in the pamphlet, notably Cardinal Berardi, the Cardinal Archbishop of Naples, and the Archbishop of Bologna, whose sin it was that in taking possession of his archiepiscopal he said publicly, "Our mission is henceforth entirely spiritual."



THE SESSION. No. V.—PRIVATE THEATRICALS AT RIDEAU HALL.—THE STAGE.—By E. Jump.



SCENE ON THE RIVER PICABAU, CHICOUTIMI COUNTY.—FROM A SKETCH BY W. O. C.



THE SESSION. No. VI.—PRIVATE THEATRICALS AT RIDEAU HALL.—THE AUDIENCE.—By E. JUMP.

CALENDAR FOR THE WEEK ENDING SATURDAY, APRIL 5, 1873.

SUNDAY, March 30.—Fifth Sunday in Lent. Passion Sunday.
 MONDAY, " 31.—Charlotte Bronte, English novelist, born, 1816; died, 1855.
 TUESDAY, April 1.—All Fools Day. F. Denison Maurice died, 1872.
 WEDNESDAY, " 2.—Battle of Copenhagen, 1801. Richman taken by Grant, 1865.
 THURSDAY, " 3.—Great Fire at Three Rivers, 1870.
 FRIDAY, " 4.—St. Ambrose, Sir J. Drummond, Administrator, 1818.
 SATURDAY, " 5.—Canada discovered, 1499.

METEOROLOGICAL OBSERVATIONS taken at 25 Beaver Hall, Montreal, by THOS. D. KIN, for the week ending March 24, 1873.

Mean Temp. 7 A. M. to 9 P. M.	Max. Temp. of day.	Min. Temp. of night.	Mean Rel. Hum. 7 A. M. to 9 P. M.	Mean Height of Bar.	Gen. Direction of Wind.	State of Weather.
17 30.2	37.5	22.5	80	30.01	N. W.	Clear.
18 28.5	31.5	20.0	85	29.85	Varia.	Cloudy.
19 31.4	36.5	24.5	84	29.79	W.	Snow.
20 32.5	39.0	23.0	86	29.75	N. E.	Clear.
21 31.0	35.2	22.5	82	29.59	N. E.	Snow.
22 31.2	35.0	23.7	81	29.42	W.	Snow.
24 18.0	26.2	4.5	75	30.06	W.	Snow.

NOTICE TO SUBSCRIBERS.

The negligence of some subscribers to pay arrears and current accounts necessitates the adoption of severe measures. We have placed in our lawyer's hands a large number of overdue accounts. Those for the current year, if unpaid by 1st April, will share the same fate, and all unpaid names will on that date be struck off the list. We trust that our subscribers will not misunderstand our action in the matter. We have waited so long that in our case patience has ceased to be a virtue, and we are now compelled to use stringent measures.

CANADIAN ILLUSTRATED NEWS OFFICE, }
 Montreal, March 22nd, 1873. }

NOTICE TO CORRESPONDENTS.

Letters on business matters should be addressed to the Business Manager.

Communications intended for the Editor should be addressed to The Editor of the Canadian Illustrated News, and marked "Communication."

Rejected contributions are not returned unless stamps for return postage have been forwarded.

CANADIAN ILLUSTRATED NEWS.

MONTREAL, SATURDAY, MARCH 29, 1873.

The question of juries is one that will agitate the public every time a great trial takes place. It has come up again for consideration in both England and the United States at the present moment, and bids fair to become the subject of legislation in the British Parliament. The idea of the Attorney-General, Sir John Duke Coleridge, is to reduce the number of jurors from twelve to seven, and even in that case to let the majority rule. There are other minor provisions in his Bill intended to affect the intellectual and moral standard of jurymen.

Experience has shown, we think, that the number twelve—an arbitrary one after all—is too great. It lengthens procedure, increases expense, gives unnecessary embarrassment, and in many peculiar ways thwarts the clear, direct ends of justice. In small communities, or sparse country districts, it amounts almost to a hardship or a nuisance to gather twelve intelligent men for judicial purposes. Of course, diversity of mind exists, and must exist, but in a good jury a certain homogeneity should be formed to arrive at a fair verdict, and in order to do this minds trained up to a certain normal elevation are required. These are not easily mustered in an emergency. Then there is no reason why the jury should consist of an even number. Nine would do just as well as twelve, and seven as well as nine. In deliberating on a verdict the object is unanimity of judgment. This is far more easily obtained with seven intelligent men than with twelve of the ordinary heterogeneous character. But this very unanimity is a knotty point. There is no philosophic reason why it should be exacted. Whoever has served on juries, as has happened to ourselves several times, knows how this unanimity is obtained, or how it is balked by the pig-headedness of a recalcitrant juror. There is such a thing as a mechanical unanimity, won by hunger, loneliness, and other appliances. In the jury-room, as elsewhere, the great number is ruled by the few. One or two members do all the talking and the reasoning, while the others are passive and give their verdict without troubling themselves to formulate an opinion. Now, instead of this unanimity, if the two-thirds majority rule were introduced in juries we should be disposed to regard it as an improvement. At all events, we should like the amendment to have a fair trial. But there is a *prima facie* objection even to that. In certain cases it would be found as difficult to get a two-thirds majority as to get unanimity, wrong-headed men being just as able to prevent the one as the other. Hence some have proposed the rule of mere plurality. For instance, in a jury of seven, if three are on one side and three

on the other, the seventh may have the casting vote and decide the verdict. This looks easy, expeditious and equitable, but in capital cases it would go hard to have an irrevocable doom sealed by the turn of one vote, the word of one mouth, the word of one feeble, fallible understanding.

We know not how far the action of the British Parliament on this question will affect public opinion here. We shall probably let the mother country take the full initiative before moving in the matter. But there is one point on which the popular conscience should be aroused—and that is the packing of juries. That the abuse exists is certain; that it produces unfortunate results is likewise beyond question. The only remedy for it is raising the standard of the Grand Jury and exacting from them revised lists for the petit juries. In the matter of justice, there can never be too much prudence, zeal and intelligence.

The fire at St. James Hotel has not yet ceased to be the main topic of public interest. A great deal of information has been elicited from writers in the daily press, while the Coroner's inquest over the bodies of Hyatt, Hilditch and Mary O'Connor, victims of that conflagration, has laid large measure of blame upon responsible shoulders. Indeed, the question of responsibility has awakened the susceptibilities of several of our citizens, seeing that the burden has been distributed on the shoulders of the Fire Brigade, the Fire Committee, the proprietor and the manager of the hotel. Whatever the remissness of the past may have been, it is a source of gratification to find that the authorities are determined to make ample provisions for the future. Two steam fire-engines will be purchased. Mr. Loranger, Chairman of the Fire Committee, wants even three—one for the upper portion of the city; another for the Quebec Suburbs; and a third for the commercial centre of the city, St. Paul Street. Fire Escapes will also be provided, along with ladders. Besides these outside appliances, every public building should be furnished with abundant and easy means of escape from the inside, for, let it be well understood that Hilditch came to his end before any succour from the exterior could possibly have reached him. If he had had a ladder in the hotel, he might have been saved.

We are not of those who would seek to make scape-goats of public servants in a great calamity. We believe that the Fire Brigade performed their duty with heroism and intelligence. Indeed, as Councillor Stephens well observed at the City Council on Monday night, any one viewing the comparatively trifling damage to that large building can have some conception of the great work which the firemen did on the occasion. But if the Brigade is comparatively blameless, the Fire Committees of former years must be charged with ignorance and supineness. No man should serve on the Fire Committee who knows nothing about fires or is unwilling to give all his attention to the demands of his post. As to the Finance Committee, it has no right to sit in judgment on the demands of the Fire Committee, and pare down every appropriation demanded by just one half. It did this, at its last meeting, and must answer therefor to the people. The Fire Committee asked for two steam fire engines; the Finance Committee accorded only one. The Fire Committee asked for several fire-escapes; the Finance Committee granted only one. The Fire Committee asked for four thousand feet of hose; the Finance Committee allowed only two thousand. This looks very much like tom-foolery. Money is and can be no object when there is question of the lives and property of the city. The Fire Committee makes these demands, not for the pleasure of spending money, but because they think the articles are imperatively demanded, and the gentlemen composing that important Committee are better able to judge of the wants of the city than the gentlemen of the Finance Committee. We trust this contest between the two Committees will be thoroughly sifted.

THE MAGAZINES.

The reader of Thackeray, on glancing over the table of contents of the current number of *Lippincott's Magazine*, will at once turn to a paper on "Grey Friars," by an old Cistercian, in which the writer pleasantly discourses of the old buildings lying in the heart of London, which are consecrated by the shade of Col. Newcome. We are given, at such length as a magazine article will allow, a history of the old charter-house—now, alas, no more as it was in Thackeray's day, for the school has been moved to Godalming—with an account of the "institutions" of the establishment, many of which date as far back as the days of the founder, Thomas Sutton. Dr. Wood contributes a very valuable paper on "Medical Expert Evidence," in which he comments severely upon the general ignorance of toxicology and medical jurisprudence prevalent among members of the faculty in the United States, and upon the careless manner in which analyses are usually conducted in cases of supposed poisoning. He cites as instances where this carelessness was more particularly glaring, the Wharton-Ketchum and Wharton-Van Ness cases, in both of which he shows the evidence for the prosecution to have been miserably weak. He suggests that a mixed commission of lawyers and eminent medical jurists could hardly fail to devise some practical remedy for the existing state of things, and cites as worthy of example the system in use in Prussia, which has resulted in giving that country the best body of medical experts in the world. Under the title of "The Mystery of Massabielle," is given, in narrative form, the history of the miraculous shrine at Lourdes. Mr. Black's "Princess of Thule," is continued, and forms one of the greatest attractions of this magazine. Rebecca Harding Davis

commences a new serial, with the title "Berrytown," which promises well. With the exception of Hjalmar Hjorth Boyesen's "Glaciers of Paradise," and the second paper on "The Roumi in Kabylia," there is little else worthy of special remark. In the latter paper the writer makes a statement which we cannot pass over in silence. "France," he says, "imitates England's sanguinary policy in her treatment of rebellious and semi-civilized tribes." Without altogether denying the truth of the statement, we must confess it is intensely rich, coming as it does from a citizen of the Great Republic, whose fostering care of her own "rebellious and semi-civilized tribes" has passed into a proverb.

The feature of *Scribner's* this month is Saxo Holm's story, "The Elder's Wife," a sequel to "Draxy Miller's Dowry," a tender, touchingly beautiful tale, which stands at the head of all the current literature of its kind which has appeared during the past twelve months. By the side of it, such stuff as "Martin Len's Story," and "The Automaton Ear," make but a shabby appearance. The number opens with an illustrated paper entitled "Among the Greenbacks," in which the writer gives a very graphic account of the workings of the U. S. Currency Department. This is followed by a description—also illustrated—of Moscow and Southern Russia, by Edna Dean Proctor, with whose writings the readers of *Scribner's* are already familiar. "An Emperor's Vacation at Vichy," will be read with interest by all—be they admirers or not of the mysterious man of Selan. Two other illustrated articles, both possessing great interest for the general reader, are that on Clara Louise Kellogg, and that on "An Ancient American Civilization," with pictures of Peruvian antiquities. "Arthur Bonnicastle" is continued, and Prof. Atwater contributes an able paper on "Needed Modifications of our Currency and Banking System." George Macdonald has in this issue another of Novalis' Spiritual Songs.

BOOKS, &c., RECEIVED.

Hallam's Constitutional History of England. Students' Series. New York: Harper & Bros. Montreal: Dawson Bros.
 Turning Points in Life. By the Rev. Frederick Arnold. New York: Harper & Bros. Montreal: Dawson Bros.

Notes and Queries.

All Communications intended for this Column must be addressed to the Editor, and endorsed "Notes and Queries."

19. PLYMOUTH BRETHREN.—Can any of your readers give me any information regarding the origin and rise of the sect known as Plymouth Brethren?

20. ORIGIN.—What countryman is the person whose father was French, his mother German, and who was born on the present site of Brownsville, while that place lay in the disputed territory between the United States and Mexico?

21. HARE-LIP.—Persons having a split and puckered upper lip are said to be hare-lipped. They say similarly in French *bec de lièvre*. As there is only the slightest resemblance between this deformity and the labial formation of the hare, may not the fancy be traced back to some of the old legends of antiquity, just as the absurd astronomical signs which are preserved to this day? I wonder if "hare-lipped" could not be found in Hippocrates or Galen?

18. NOT LOST BUT GONE BEFORE.—This saying originated with St. Cyprian, who says: "*Scilicet non est amittit, sed premitit*;" I know that they are not lost but sent before.

OUR LADY.—This manner of addressing the mother of the Saviour is derived clearly from the ages of chivalry. In the earlier Latin fathers *Domina* is said not to be found; neither does it occur among the Greeks, whose epithets were always coupled with the idea of virginity a divine maternity. Curiously enough we say in English *Our Lady*, and the French *Notre Dame*, while the Italians say *Madonna*; or, *My Lady*.

SIZE OF ANCIENT AND MODERN MEN.—In reply to the letter on this subject which we copied last week from *Land and Water*, another correspondent writes: "Sir,—Your correspondent, 'Lilliput' is doubtless right in the main in his assertion that 'the men of the earliest times were smaller in limb and shorter in stature than the men of the present day.' But let me remind him that increase of physical strength does not necessarily accompany increase of stature, 5 feet 8 inches being the height most favourable to the full development of muscular power. Perhaps he will, however, permit me to supplement his arguments by calling attention to the superior diet of men of our own day, as compared with that which prevailed in former times; and better feeding of necessity brings with it better blood, brains, and muscular fibre. Believing, as I do, in the overwhelming importance of nerve-current, and having always found that, other things being equal, the strong man with cultured brains will beat the man with equal strength but less culture in an athletic struggle, I cannot but hold the general advance of education in modern days to have given this generation physically an immense advantage over any of those which preceded them. Besides all this, we enjoy better ventilated houses and improved sanitary arrangements. On the other hand, it cannot but be admitted that the advance of medical science has saved many weakly constitutions from early death, and so enabled them to become parents; in this respect, therefore, the doctors have probably done harm to the general physical excellence of their contemporaries. 'Lilliput' dwells upon the inferences to be drawn from the ancient armour, of which specimens have been preserved to us. No doubt this is important, but it is not quite true that there were no 'medieval giants.' Setting aside the ponderous helmets of the Knights of Malta, which are on view in the cathedral in that island, but which in all probability never sheltered a human head, we must still recall to mind the full suit of armour preserved in the Louvre, and which belonged to Francis I. of France. I should be afraid, speaking only from recollection, to say what the stature of the wearer of that armour must have been; but, at any rate, he was a man of truly gigantic proportions."

(Written for the Canadian Illustrated News.)

THE LOUNGER AT OTTAWA.

NO. 1.

When in a place strange to me I like to lounge around. I know it is not quite the thing. The modern idea is to see the sights, and off and away somewhere else to see more sights. Take your modern traveller to London for the first time, for example, and before even giving himself time to rest a little after his railway journey, you find him rushing through the Thames Tunnel or to the top of the monument, whence having taken a bird's eye view of the city all in, at a single wink, he scrambles down again, and anon he is found rushing through the British Museum, not noiselessly, and much to the disturbance of the sage and quiet philosophers who gather into that wonderful emporium. With equal energy he does the Zoological and Botanical, Regent's Park and Pall Mall, the Seven Dials and Westminster, Sydenham and Richmond Hill. He takes in Oxford Street at a four-mile pace; and reads the History of England, as published in the Tower, in a quarter of an hour. He masters the mysteries and wonderful biographies of Greenwich Hospital, by rushing up to the top of the hill and then down again, to catch the next boat, and is terribly wretched when he feels himself caught in the labyrinth at Hampton Court. And happy man, after having spent a few days in this manner he makes off again by express train—of course—comforting himself with the idea that he has done London. But that is not my way of doing things; as I have already said I like to lounge. Once I spent four mortal hours in the Seven Dials—it was on a Sunday—doing four windows filled with canaries, white mice, squirrels, rats, rabbits and other objects of Natural history; and I daresay, would have spent four more, had not a representative of the law, in a blue suit and buttons, politely informed me that my conduct was rather suspicious and was beginning to give some anxiety to a gentleman of the Detective force, who was lounging on the opposite side of the lane, apparently much intent on the physiology of a musty fox who glared very savagely through the window at him with its amber eyes; of course I took the hint and sauntered into Dr. Bell's church, and saw him marry a couple of the name of Smith. There is a great advantage in this quiet way of doing things, and impressions remain with you a long time; for though it is long ago, I remember distinctly that the female Smith had only one eye, and that Smith himself wore an invisible green coat with a pancey in the button-hole thereof, and were I to meet that Smith family today, I am sure I would know them. That's the advantage you see. A man who lounges burns; while the man who rushes through life at a constant high pressure, rarely burns but little, the object only of a series of ephemeral sensations.

Now, having little else to do—nothing in fact—this spring, I have settled down in Ottawa, and mean to lounge round a month or two, just to see how things are here. How they are I haven't the slightest idea myself. In fact they don't seem to be any way at all. Boulter, a strong Government man, and a friend of mine, is peculiarly exuberant. It is all plain sailing with him; while Mouldes, also a strong Government man, mopes considerably, and with the sea's eye forecasting many storms a-brewing, ominously shakes his head occasionally, and expresses many a fervent hope that the steersman may be up to his work when the time comes. But being nothing of a politician myself, and quite ignorant of the science of navigation, I don't take much interest in the matter further than to enjoy myself, observing those who do.

It was on the sixth, I think—yes, the sixth—I was lounging on the Rideau Bridge, and was regarding some navvies at work on an excavation, which was in process of being made, to put a house in, or something, and was beginning to concentrate my observations on one of the navvies who appeared to me the very personification of laziness. Every time he reared his pickaxe he evidently did so under an earnest inward protest; and when he brought down his pickaxe it was clear the protest was renewed. Then he would look round with a scowl at us poor innocent people on the bridge, as much as to say, "Ay, it's all very fine for you to be loitering on the bridge that way. Come and handle this pickaxe for an hour, and see how you would like it," just as if we had anything at all to do either with him or his pickaxe. My curiosity was roused so much that I was about to step over and ask his name, but on getting up from my elbows—quite unwittingly I knocked up against a gentleman, and thereby disturbed the onward progress of a lady, whom he accompanied. I begged his pardon most abjectly, but he only scowled on me, so I lighted my cheroot, gave a little boy—who I verily believe was playing truant—two-pence, just because he had been lounging like myself, and laughed so heartily at the angry gentleman; and then I sauntered up towards the Parliament buildings.

Before passing over a frail wooden structure, three feet wide and utterly innocent of any ornamentation, which leads into the grounds of the buildings, and which I have heard facetiously called a bridge, I had to run the gauntlet of a cab stand. The sleighs were very fine, the prettiest I have seen anywhere, and I was so much struck with the beauty of one in particular, that I stopped to have a look at it. As I looked the owner of the vehicle came up, and inquired, quite naturally of course, if I wanted a sleigh. Before giving any direct reply to his query, I first of all drew him into a little conversation, in the course of which I ascertained where the sleigh was manufactured,—the maker's name, its value, what his time span was worth, the original cost of the robes, his average earnings, and sundry other small crumbs of information, all valuable in its way,—I then walked off. Of course I did not want a sleigh, and consequently did not have one. True, the sleighman bawled out something after me, relative to some mean cove of his acquaintance, and was received with a shout of derision by his colleagues at the corner. But I could not help it. It was entirely his own doing.

On entering the vestibule of the Parliament House, and on taking up a good position whence I could admire its noble architecture, I observed an old gentleman in a swallowtail with a white cravat of the olden style, eyeing me narrowly. He made a feint of doing something which necessitated his coming nearer and gradually nearer, until at length he came right up to me, and addressing me in the most kindly way imaginable asked if I were one of the new members. I felt flattered for the moment, but remembering George Washington and his hatchet, I informed him I was not one of the new

members. I thought I discovered a slight modification of his previous amiability at this information; so to make things as smooth as possible, I further informed him that though not a member myself, I was a very intimate friend of Boulter and Mouldes. This had quite the desired effect. The old gentleman knew Boulter well, "a fine man," he said, "a fine man, always cheery and affable. Mr. Boulter was liked by everybody. Mr. Mouldes was a fine man too, but he was not in good health. It was a great pity, for if Mr. Mouldes was as healthy and cheerful as Mr. Boulter, he would be as fine a man every bit." It pleased me to hear that my two friends were held in such high estimation, so after a slight mercantile transaction between us, we parted and I sauntered into the lobby of the Commons.

I was not long in the lobby before I found myself comparing the conduct of the old members with that of the new. I had no difficulty in distinguishing them whatever. And it was a pleasant sight to see many of the old members, before even going to the Post Office, walk up to the door-keepers and messengers, and shake hands with them heartily and congratulate them on their healthy aspect. It shewed me there was some heart after all amongst politicians; and I felt how much more safe our country was in the hands of such men than it would be under a crowd of baughty Spanish Rodrigues. But the conduct of some of the new members was not quite so satisfactory to the onlooker. I have one of these in my mind's eye now. His hat was excessively broad in the brim—his face was not very expressive, save a very manifest dimple on his chin; his breast was the great feature of him. It was thrown out quite pigeon-like, and his surtout—blue with velvet collar—was buttoned tight round his waist. His gait, too, was magnificent, and as he brushed past me making the very air perceptibly get out of the way, I felt awed. So did the old door-keeper who sat on a chair by the door entering into one of the lobbies. For this brave gentleman, having come up to the old door-keeper, exclaimed in a tremendous voice: "Dickson! (I think it was Dickson, but I won't say so positively), 'Dickson, what has come of the key of my wardrobe? What does all this mean?' The old man looked terrified exceedingly; and though, as I fished out afterwards, he had no more to do with wardrobe keys than I had; and though to leave the post he occupied was a dereliction of duty, still the broad brim, and the dimple and the breast and the surtout and the voice were too powerful a combination of circumstances to resist, so he toddled off and soon toddled back again, with a very little key, which is presented to the gentleman. "Don't let me have any more of this!" and he clift the air again. As he walked off I thought I discovered just the faintest glimmer of satisfaction gather round Dickson's features, and he looked just as if he were saying to himself: "Stop, my man, till Sir John or Mackenzie tackles you and you won't crow so loud."

Amongst the new members there was another class—old fellows who had sat in the old parliaments—saving the last. Fully old fellows they seemed to be some of them, and the proximity of the House seemed to renew them wondrously. The memories of old field days, old victories and old defeats, seemed to crowd upon them as they prepared to enter the arena once again, and whilst to some of them these old recollections seemed to lend a feeling of sadness and reflection, for the most part they were exceedingly buoyant and shook hands all round with their old comrades in excellent spirits. The appearance of some of these old strangers apparently gave great satisfaction to many of the members, and from some hints I gathered this was caused by the anticipation of the weariness of many a tedious debate being relieved by their eccentricities or their humour.

But there was still another class amongst the fresh men. These were your young men—and it is remarkable the number of comparatively young men who occupy seats in the House. Young men evidently from the country, who were quite unacquainted with the geography and the habits and customs of the House. One of these attracted my notice especially. He was a thick-set man, with a very intelligent eye in his head; but he looked excessively bashful, and was clad in a kind of pepper-and-salt suit, made very easy. He walked into the lobby in a deprecating sort of way, and when the gentleman with the dimple swaggered past him he looked abashed. He made very commendable efforts to look uninterested, and occasionally looked eagerly towards the entrance as if he were anxiously looking for some one he was expecting. But it was a failure, and things were apparently becoming so uncomfortable for him as to make it untenable, so he made up his mind for an effort, and walked timidly up to old Dickson, and said something to him as deprecatingly as Sterne's Monk. The old man took in the situation at once. He led him to the Post Office where some arrangements were made; he next took him into a lobby with a green carpet, and when they emanated there from I observed the pepper-and-salt man had a little key in his hand like the one the man with the dimple had made such a fuss about. For fully five minutes Dickson trotted him round, and at the end of that time he looked a new man altogether. He did not cleave the air perceptibly to be sure, but somehow Dickson's deference and the wonder he had unfolded to him seemed to have instantaneously conveyed the impression to his mind that a member of the House of Commons was somebody that could dare to look the world in the face, without a blush. The next time I saw my pepper-and-salt friend he was in close confab with a cabinet minister, who, I afterwards learned, was the Post-master-General, and as I passed them I heard—mind you I never listen at key-holes or eugh of that kind; but when I pass two gentlemen talking, I know of no law, human or divine, that compels me or even asks me to close my ears to what they are saying—I say I heard the P.-G. say to our pepper-and-salt acquaintance: "That's all settled. He gets it. Salary ten dollars a year." He looked grateful, for no doubt he had made a big stroke of business for some needy constituent. This world is a stage, thought I to myself, as I walked towards the apple-stall in the vestibule.

LOUNGER.

PARLIAMENTARY NOTES.

MONDAY, March 17.—Little business of importance was transacted in the House of Commons. After routine Mr. Dodge called the attention of the House to the attack made upon him in the *Globe* of the 14th inst, denying that there was any truth in the charges made against him. A somewhat lengthy discussion followed, in which several members took part.

On Tuesday petitions were presented against the return of

no less than thirty-five members. His Excellency's reply to the address was received and read, and the House then went into Committee on the resolution for the amendment of the Act respecting Banks and Banking; passed the resolution, and read, for the first time, a bill founded thereon. The effect of the bill is to amend the present declaration, which merely stated that the assets of the bank invested each month in Dominion notes amounted to one-third its cash reserves, by adding an affirmation that the bank never at any time held less than one-third of its cash reserves in Dominion notes. Mr. J. H. Cameron then brought up the report of the Committee on Privileges and Elections in the West Peterborough case, declaring that as there is appearance of Mr. Cluxton being disqualified from sitting the next case should be disposed of under the Controverted Election Act, provided a petition be presented against his election. Mr. Huntington made a long speech against the decision of the Committee and concluded by moving in effect that the report be not concurred in, but, in order to the protection of the interests of the electors generally, that it be amended in accordance with the precedent established by the House on the Muskoka case. A lengthy debate followed, finally the House divided on the motion which was lost by a vote of 63 to 93.

On Wednesday Mr. Cartwright moved for a Select Committee to report upon the quickest route for mails and passengers between Canada and Europe. He contended that a rapid route by combined railway and ferry, via Newfoundland, was feasible, and spoke at some length in support of his motion, which was granted. Mr. Oliver then moved for a return of the tariff of tolls charged by the Grand Trunk and Great Western Railways, arguing that in consequence of the large amount of assistance granted these lines from the public treasury, the country was entitled to greater accommodation than they at present received. The motion was carried.

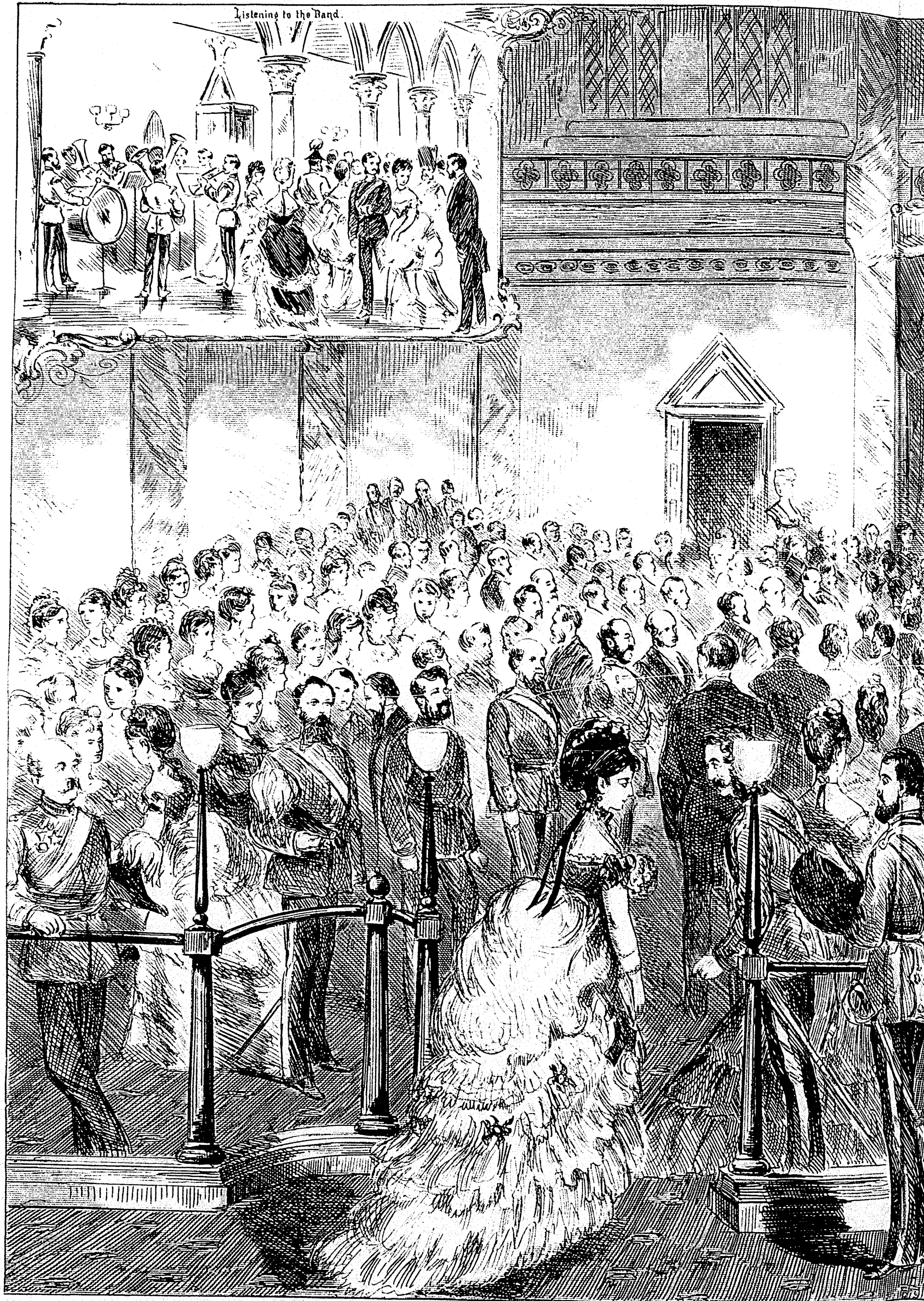
The session of Thursday was but a brief one. At an early stage of the proceedings the Speaker read a communication from Mr. Blake electing to sit for South Bruce and resigning his seat for West Durham; whereupon it was resolved, upon motion of Mr. Mackenzie, that the Speaker do issue his writ for the election of a member for West Durham. The business of the day was throughout unimportant, and the House adjourned at half-past five.

The earlier part of Friday's sitting was taken up by a discussion on the propriety of receiving a petition against the return of Mr. Wilkes, (Toronto Centre), Mr. Edgar arguing that the time allowed by law—fourteen days—had expired. The debate was finally adjourned, the Speaker reserving his decision. A number of bills were introduced and read a third time, and the Premier then introduced his bill to amend the Election Law. In this bill he consents to allow all the elections to be held in one day, and, while making no provision for the ballot, if the House should deem it prudent to insert a clause that the vote should be taken by ballot, he will not oppose it. He adheres to retain for the Government of the Dominion the power to appoint its own returning officers, in order that the local governments might have no power to influence the elections improperly. The bill was read a first time.

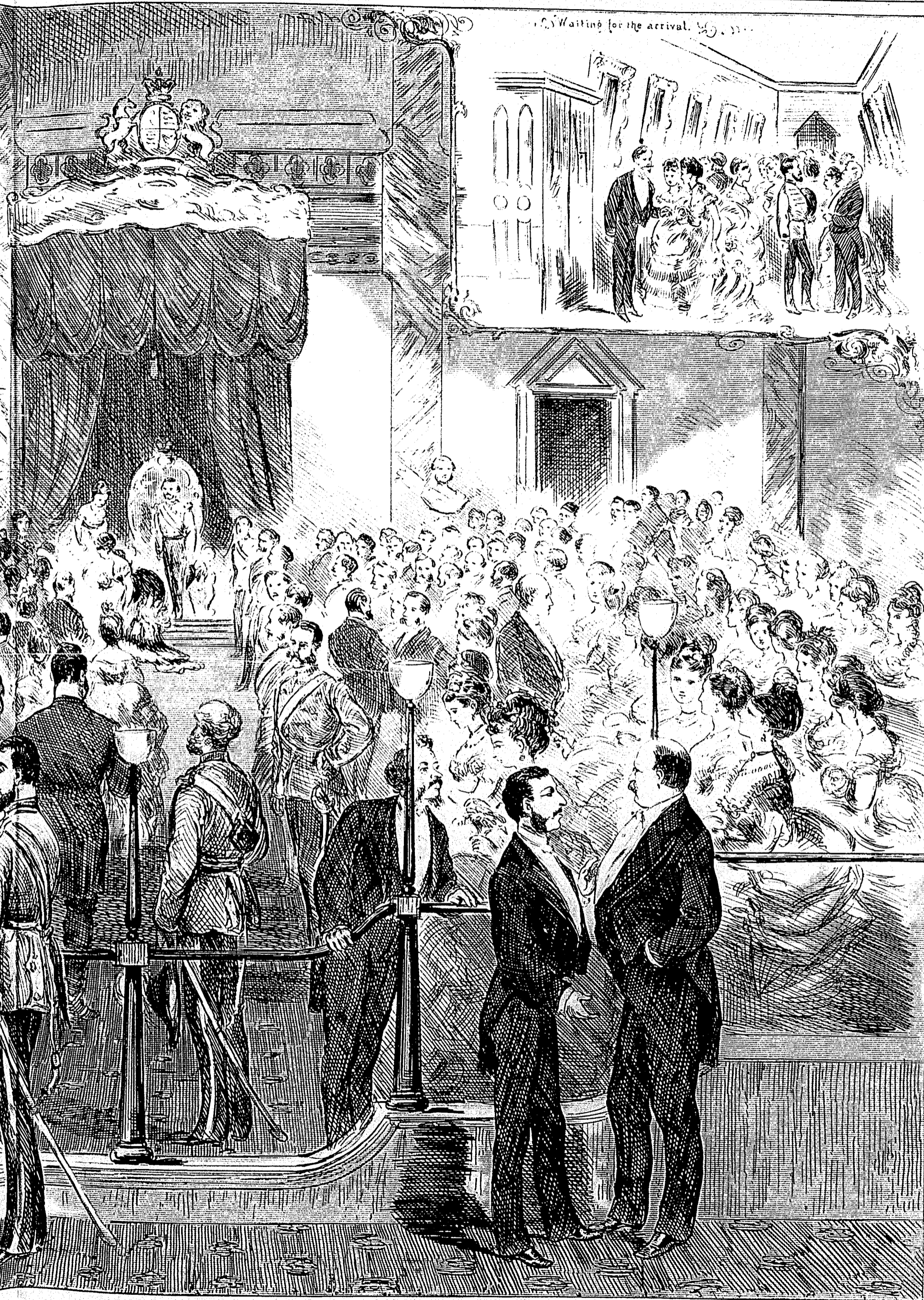
CURIOUS CRITICISMS.

When we read the critical sentences of the last century we are amazed at the inconceivable blindness which they seem to imply. Goldsmith, to take a case at random, was undoubtedly a man of fine taste; he tells us, apropos of Wdler's ode on the death of Cromwell, that our poetry was not then "quite harmonized; so that this, which would now be looked upon as a slovenly sort of versification, was in the times in which it was written almost a prodigy of harmony." In the same place, after praising the harmony of the "Rape of the Lock," he observes that the irregular measure of the opening of the *Allegro* and *Penseroso* "hurts our English ear." We can only wonder at the singular change of taste which induced our grandfathers to fancy that "harmony" of all things, was their strong point, and that Pope's mechanical monotony was to the exquisite versification of Spenser and Milton as Greek sculpture to the work of some self-taught mediæval carver. The same incapacity for perceiving what to us appear almost self-evident truths is as obvious in a wider kind of criticism. When Voltaire called Shakespeare "a drunken savage," it was a mere outbreak of spleen; but Voltaire in his sober moods, and he is followed in this by Horace Walpole, speaks still more contemptuously of one of the two or three men who can be put beside Shakespeare. He marvels at the dullness of people who can admire anything so "stupidly extravagant and barbarous" as the *Diana Comœdia*. These monstrous misunderstandings are to be explained by the natural incapacity of the subjects of one literary dynasty for judging of those of another. But the judgments of contemporaries on each other are not much more trustworthy. The long-continued contempt for Bunyan and Defoe was merely an expression of the ordinary feeling of the cultivated classes toward anything which was identified with Grub Street; but it is curious to observe the incapacity of such a man as Johnson to understand Gray or Sterne, and the contempt which Walpole expressed for Johnson and Goldsmith, while he sincerely believed that the poems of Mason were destined to immortality. Nor, again, can we flatter ourselves that this narrow vision was characteristic only of a school which has now decayed. We may find blunders at least equally palpable in the opinions expressed by the great poets at the beginning of this century. Such, for example, is the apparently sincere conviction of Byron that Rogers and Moore were the truest poets among his contemporaries; that Pope was the first of all English, if not of all existing, poets; and that Wordsworth was nothing but a namby-pamby driver. The school of Wordsworth and Southey uttered judgments at least equally hasty in the opposite direction. Many odd instances of the degree in which prejudice can blind a man of genuine taste are to be found in the writings of their disciple, De Quincey. To mention no other, he speaks of "Mr. Goethe," as an immoral and secondary author, who owes his reputation chiefly to the fact of his long life and his position at the Court of Weimar. With which we may compare Charles Lamb's decided preference of Marlowe's *Dr. Faustus* to Goethe's immortal *Faust*.—*Saturday Review*.

The peace strength of the Imperial German Army is at present fixed at 401,639, being 978 per cent. on the estimated number of 11,900,000 of souls. Constitutionally this percentage could at any time be raised to 1 per cent., or 110,000 men. Prussia, when alone, kept up a peace army at the rate of 1.065 per cent. of the then population. In France the estimate is for 1.157 per cent.



THE SESSION. NO. VII.—THE DRAWING ROOM IN THE SENATE C



CHAMBER ON THE 12TH INST.—FROM A SKETCH BY E. JUMP.

[Written for the Canadian Illustrated News.]

LINES ON A VILLAGE CHURCH.

In days of old, the legend goes,
 Jarl Svend, a resolute Viking chief,
 A band of loyal companions chose—
 The whole imbued with that belief
 Which taught that, lacking battle stain,
 No dead could Gimli's halls attain—
 And when he sighted land
 Threw in the sea the mystic door,
 And where it floated on the shore
 His sharp keel ploughed the sand.

And deep they swore "by edge of sword
 And horse's shoulder," that no foe
 That ransom lacked should live; and lord
 And thrall were pledged in common woe.
 Pyx and chalice, paten, relic,
 Crown on Mary's brow angelic,
 They clutched; while Landfary
 Rose through all the land before them,
 "A favore Normannorum,
 Libera nos, Domine!"

One day, however, while his crew
 High with sail held in some sacked fane,
 An boasted of the monks they slew,
 And white-haired skalds sang loud their strain,—
 Whilst toasting Odin, Baldur, Thor,
 Blind Hodur, Frigga, and some score
 Of Æsir small and great—
 Some Mercians took them unawares,
 And only Svend griu Wilfred spares
 From out the common fate.

He must abjure and be baptized
 Or else a cruel death awaits;
 And Abbot Cuthbert sermonized,
 And then the Rood he elevates.
 Points to the Saviour on the Tree,
 And tells of the great mystery
 Of Mary undefiled;
 Of how the blessed Son of God
 The sad wine-press of sorrow trod
 For man so sin-begued.

And from among the scalded throng
 Now slowly swells a plaintive air,
 Well suited to a passion-song,
 Of loveliness and beauty rare,
 Just recently composed, and sent
 From Clairvaux Abbot that mid-Lent
 With benison and gift.
 And as precentor Efric led
 Words with Gregorian music wed
 The choir their voices lift:

"Salve, caput cruentatum
 Totum spinis coronatum,
 Conuulsatum, vulneratum,
 Arundine verberatum,
 Facie sp. tis illita,
 Salve, cuius dulcis vultus,
 Immutatus et incultus,
 Immutavit suum formam,
 Totus versus in pallorem
 Quem cœli tremis curia.

"Omnis vigor atque viror
 Hinc recessit, non admiror,
 Mors apparet in aspectu,
 Totus; endens in defectu,
 Attritus ægrâ morie,
 Sic affectus, sic despectus,
 Propter me sic interfectus,
 Peccatori tam indigno
 Cum amoris intersigno
 Appare clarâ facie."

The Jarl replied that "this was well,"
 Then a ked where his forefathers were?
 The pious Abbot said, "In Hell!
 Our paradise no robbers share!"
 Quoth Svend, "I'll meet them in that place:
 In A-gard 'twere no great disgrace
 To bid where such folk stay!"
 And from the font the pagan turned
 And baptism and mercy spurned:
 He died that very day.

And on his death the *Mardoll's* hold
 Was sacked of all its treasures rare;
 And with the rover's ill-earned gold
 Was built this pile so grand and fair.
 And Norman art and Tudor taste
 Successively through time have placed
 Some beauties here and there;
 And grim Crusaders with legs crossed,
 Secure from life's sea tempest-tossed,
 Rest here in endless prayer.

Still high anon the organ swells
 In mellowed sweetness down the aisle;
 And clang the deep sonorous bells,
 Vibrating through the solemn pile;
 And in the deep religious gloom,
 The banners floating o'er each tomb
 Sway slowly to and fro;
 And helm and hauberk, sword and lance,
 And gonfalon from sunny France
 Of victor's *devoir* show.

Brightly the taper's gleam is shed
 On jewelled cross and chalice rare,
 While for the Living and the Dead
 The sacrifice is pleaded there.
 The same Gregorian tones are sung,
 The silver censer still is swung,
 And worshippers adore
 At that same altar Cuthbert blessed,
 (Christ grant his soul eternal rest)
 Seven centuries and more.

Oh! holy spot! through change and time
 'Mid foreign strife and civil brawls,
 In days of rapine, lust, and crime,
 Uncathed remain thy sacred walls.
 As if a seraph had kept ward,
 And with his incandescent sword
 Brought Sacrilege to bay;
 And Force, abashed, shrinks from that door
 As Adam quailed, when stood before
 The Angel in his way.

Yes, ever and forever may
 It weather each vicissitude;
 Far distant be the angry day
 When frightened flits the swallow's brood—
 Here *Jubilates* never cease
 And prayers ascend in holy peace
 With incense, as of old;
 And village Simeons yet repeat
Nunc Dimittis, ere they in sweet
 Repose their eye-lids fold.

HENRY MARTEN GILES.

ST. CATHARINES, Ont.

We beg to call attention to Mr. H. R. Gray's advertisement in another column referring to his very useful preparation. It is not a quack remedy, but a pharmaceutical preparation, and, as its name indicates, a *bonâ fide* Syrup of Red Spruce Gum, which Gum is a product of the Red Spruce Tree, *Abies Rubra*, a variety of *Abies Nigra*. It is highly recommended by the Medical Faculty, and we can speak from experience of its superior efficacy.

[Written for the Canadian Illustrated News.]

WHAT I THINK ABOUT IT.

ABOUT AN OLD NEWSPAPER.

What a melancholy thing is an old newspaper,—the older, the more melancholy. One takes it up with a faint touch of curiosity, and a smile at its shamefaced confusion at being looked at. Here are your jokes that once did set the break-fast-tables of the city in a roar—what a very little humour remains in them now; they need explanation, and explanation is fatal to a joke. Here is your eloquent article that once set the papers on the other side raving against the able editor—alas! perhaps the editor's hand is dust, and the cause he advocated is exploded and unpopular now. Here is your telegraphic dispatch about a king—who is deposed; about a minister—who is defeated; about a politician—who has been bought; about a ship—that has gone down in the sea; about a great popular reform—that has stopped going on. Here is an advertisement of a marriage between two people—who have been divorced perhaps; here is a notice of the brilliant beginning of some young man—who has since grasped hands with the devil and taken shame to his bosom forever; here is a generous offer from a tradesman to his customers—he went up the familiar spout soon after as all people do who give more than they can afford to the public. Bah, what a grim satire it is! What a collection of dust and ashes, of rags and bones, of *vanitas vanitatum* generally. Lay it down, my brother. Come out from this

Banquet hall deserted,
 Whose lights are fled,
 Whose garlands dead,

And all but you and I who talk with you deserted. Let us take up the first paper of to-day with its news and items and leaders and all the rest of it—that will some day be dust and ashes and satire too, and fit subject for just such a short little sermon or snarl, or whatever you like, as this is.

PARLIAMENTARY LEARNING.

Have you ever, O beloved brother, as you sat in the gallery of the House of Commons (as I hope you have sat, for it is an enlivening and interesting occupation) taken a memo of the scholastic quotations that the learned and honourable gentlemen below are wont to use? Perhaps you didn't; you say you didn't hear many. Neither did I, but I have taken a note of them. Here is the list:

1. Pro bono publico.
2. Sine die.
3. Non constat.

That is all the Latin I have heard quoted; but then it was quoted with an air as if the speaker expected the country members to ask him to translate for their benefit—I really don't know what to think about it, there! Whether it is good that the days of Parliamentary scholarship have gone by, or whether we ought to regret. It is clear that the days of "Orations" have quite gone by, and as a matter of course Parliamentary quotations have also gone by; for a good quotation from the Latin to be effective must be solemn, and in our merely conversational speeches there is no chance for a solemn quotation; it would be out of place. It is only in the courts of law that Latin quotations linger. Lawyers perforce are a "learned" body; but I have never understood that constituencies required a B. A. degree as a preliminary qualification for candidature. It is very well they do not, since many would remain without representation for some little time. For there are very few men now-a-days in Parliament who talk even English correctly, and of course still fewer who could quote Latin with correctness and force.

What I Think About It is this:—The days of Latin quotations have gone by because the conditions of Parliamentary influence have changed. Before the days of reporting by newspapers it was necessary to appeal to and to influence the House directly, by eloquence, by scholarly attributes, by all the higher arts of refined Parliamentary tactics. But now the process is reversed. The House is to be influenced through the people. The people are to be influenced through the newspapers by means of speeches. The shorter these are the more likely they are to be read; the plainer they are the more likely they are to be understood. And so eloquence is expunged, quotation is voted youthful, and a general condensation is going on among "Parliamentarians."

ABOUT NATIONAL SOCIETIES.

We have been looking at the processions and listening to the speeches which celebrated St. Patrick's Day. The first were fine and long and proud; the last were rich and eloquent. There was a fine outpouring of patriotic exultation, and all that which a great many people relished, and some unpleasant utterances which a great many people did not relish.

What I Think About It is this: That all distinctively National Societies should dissolve or be put down. We who live in Canada should be all Canadians. We live here; we work here; we love, marry, grow old and die here. Why should we not be more Canadian than Irish or Scotch or English? I venture to say that there are not a dozen poorer Irishmen or Scotchmen either who would care to go back to the "old" land they talk so much about. It is six parts froth, and three parts champagne, all the annual stuff I hear about the old land. The one remaining part is true feeling and exists chiefly among those who do not go to Annual Dinners. These Annual Dinners are a delusion and a snare, often a sham. There is a great deal of hard drinking done at them. They afford young legal and other cocks an opportunity to crow a lot of nonsense which they do not believe, in order to catch the public ear and solicit public business or votes. They afford politicians an opportunity to talk cheap clap-trap; and the societies which "celebrate" annually are generally as full of little "rings" and cliques as any ward in a city.

Gentlemen,—I think if you want to keep up the "sacred memories of the old home" you had better do it at your sacred firesides; if your firesides are not sacred—shame on you! There is no need of a public Dinner, no need of a procession, no need of all the false froth and flummery which is yearly outpoured to "celebrate" an anniversary; and when this

annual celebration takes away, as it does, one's love for Canada, it ought to cease instantly. For this is not a "foreign strand" from which you are "burning" to return; it is your country, your home, your birthplace likely (for as a matter of fact half the members of the various National Societies are born Canadians), and it should be ever first in your thoughts—Canada first always.

ARTHUR PENDENNIS.

Dramatic Notes.

"David Garrick" is in its seventh week at Wallack's. Olive Logan's "Business Woman" has been very roughly handled by the critics.

Lester Wallack began an engagement on Monday at Mrs. Conway's Brooklyn Theatre.

A "History of Dramatic Music in France" is expected from the pen of M. Gustave Choquet.

Agnes Ethel will reappear on Easter Monday at the Union Square Theatre in "Frou-Frou."

It is reported that Edwin Booth has been offered an engagement at the Drury Lane Theatre.

Clara Louise Kellogg is expected to sing at Her Majesty's during the latter part of the season.

The Brazilian composer Gomez has just produced a new work, entitled "Fosca at the Milan Scala."

Miss Minnie Hauck has been engaged for the coming two years at the new Opéra-Comique of Vienna.

Hewe's new three-act opera "La Veuve de Malabar" was to succeed Offenbach's "Les Braconniers" at the Paris Varieties.

A piece entitled "L'Anglais, ou le Fou Raisonnable," evidently on the pattern of "Oncle Sam," is about to be brought out at the Paris Odéon.

George Fawcett Rowe is writing a local satire, based on classical subjects, for Lydia Thompson, which the latter will bring out at Wallack's in August.

The Porte St. Martin Theatre, Paris, which was burnt by the Communists, has been rebuilt, and will open shortly with Victor Hugo's "Le Roi S'Amuse," which was prohibited thirty years ago under Louis Philippe. It is now known as the "Théâtre de la Renaissance."

The personal estate of the late Edwin Forrest has been appraised at \$320,386, of which over \$100,000 are in securities on deposit, \$4,071 in jewellery, and \$47,000 in paintings. His library contains 7,357 volumes. The real estate is quite large, though the estimated value is not given.

An Italian operatic company, with Arditi as conductor, will commence a series of performances at Vienna on the 11th of March. The list of artists comprises the names of Mmes. Adeline Patti, soprano, and Marchisio, contralto; MM. Nicolini and Marini, tenors; Graziani, baritone, and Vidal, bass.

The committee of the proprietors of the Theatre Royal, Drury Lane, London, have determined to raise the rent to future managers. The present lessee, Mr. Chatterton, has for some years past paid a rent of £5,000 per annum. He now offers £6,000, Mr. Mapleson bids £8,500, and Mr. Mansell £7,000. If Mr. Chatterton should remain manager of that establishment he would cede the theatre for the fall months to Mr. Carl Rosa, for the purpose of giving a season of English opera.

A writer in *Church's Musical Monthly* makes the following sensible remarks on the hissing question:—"At the theatre let them indignantly hiss the musicians who come stumbling noisily into their places in the midst of the important scene at the close of each act. Let them hiss late comers who heedlessly bustle into their seats, to the disturbance of the whole assembly; hiss the men and women who rush from their places before the play is over; hiss, relentlessly hiss, the chattering and noisy groups so often assembled in the private boxes."

TORONTO NEW ROYAL LYCEUM.—The past week at this establishment has been very prosperous. The enterprising managers are making arrangements to introduce the first full grand English opera company that ever visited Canada. The troupe consists of forty-five artists, including a full orchestra and chorus. The opening performance will be given April 28th, and during the week will be presented "Martha," "Maritona," "Bohemian Girl," "Fra Diavolo," "Lucia," and "Trovatore." The prices for reserved seats will be \$2.00 and \$2.50. Parties residing at a distance can secure seats by telegraph, designating the opera they desire to witness.

Speaking of life on the stage, Madame Lucca sees in it nothing of the fascination that makes it so attractive to most performers. She says:—"It is the saddest life on earth. I want my husband, my parents, my child, my home. I am not as other artistes. I can not become intoxicated, as the Celts do, with admiration, and live on in a stream of excitement. While I am on the stage I do my very best. That is a mean artist, that is no true artist, who would not abandon herself wholly to her art upon the stage, not because the public is there—for I never know that the public is there—but because of the sake of art. I do not know that any body sees me when I am Margaret. I only know that I am *being* Margaret. But I shall stay on the stage just two years more. I do not care for so much money as other artistes do. I shall then have enough to accomplish all I have to undertake."

A novel exhibition and festival will take place on the 1st of May next at the Palais de l'Industrie of Paris. The manager of the Théâtre de la Gaîté, M. Ballande, appeals to all dramatic celebrities of all countries for their support in the organization of a "Grand Molière Jubilee." The plays of Molière will be successively given with a different caste of actors for each play, and divers professors and men of letters will deliver lectures before the performances. At the same time the admirers of the great author will find ample repayment for their curiosity in a museum composed of the autographs, portraits, manuscripts, and rare editions of the works of Molière. M. Ballande has collected almost every object associated with Molière's name, including the wooden arm-chair of a barber of Dax, where he was wont to sit for hours observing the barber's customers.

Is the mind a ponderable or an imponderable substance; an essence, vapour, or an indescribable something which cannot be grasped, felt, or withheld?

Man thinks, studies, invents, tires the brain by overwork, and loses his reason; rests his intellect, becomes calm, uses restoratives, and again thinks.

When we reflect that a power of endurance can be imparted to the brain, and that weak minds have been restored to strength by Fellows' Compound Syrup of Hypophosphites, we cannot but conclude that the subtle power is really ponderable matter, from the fact that the ingredients are supplied which render it support and give it vitality. Persons who study hard should preserve their balance of power by using the Syrup.

Courier des Dames.

Our lady readers are invited to contribute to this department.

(Written for the Canadian Illustrated News.)
OUR GHOST-CHAMBERS.

The house-hunting season is virtually over, and every one who has paid a dollar and signed a lease, is left to enjoy the prospect of being housed in a few weeks in a new dwelling, superior of course to that which is to be deserted on the first of May. Many families will entirely refurnish on entering the new abode; others will seek to alter the arrangements that prevailed in the rooms of the old home, and perhaps only add something here and there; while young couples in the first blush of married life will enter upon house-keeping, with natty little account books, and diaries, for entering and checking the family expenditure. Let us, therefore, take counsel together, that we may make our new homes more thoroughly homelike. Now we will all agree, I am sure, that the first consideration should be comfort. I wish we all acted up to this golden rule. But we don't. Although we cordially assent to the proposition, we push luxury into the background and prefer style, comfort and "appearance." The large, light, best rooms in the house smell stuffy and disagreeable to our callers, simply because they are only opened on state occasions. The room which was unlocked for your admission is probably expensively furnished, but you feel miserable while you remain there. Every article appears to be lying in state, having over it the words "Don't touch;" the furniture is arranged with mathematical correctness, and the best pieces carefully placed in the most conspicuous positions, even though causing inconvenience. Grandeur is sought after, while comfort is ignored. They are ghost-chambers!

Let each of us seek to avoid these common errors in house-furnishing and house-management. We can greatly improve our homes if we only conscientiously seek to do so. Here, for example, are some points which we should seek to avoid, and some we should strive to achieve, that when visitors call their impression will be, not merely how splendidly the room is furnished, but how comfortable and pleasant it is. First, don't make your house a poor imitation of some friend's house, because houses in their furnishing show the mental culture of the tenant. Don't furnish a best room and close it up, so that no sun-beam can get through the windows, nor a fly muster courage to enter. Don't furnish in horsehair of funereal solemnity, with mahogany table having a red and black cover, for it is not desirable in this world to be always looking at colours emblematic of mourning. Don't shroud your drawing-room chairs in brown holland coverings, for such make inquisitive persons miserable, and occasionally lead them to untie the strings to peep at the gorgeousness screened from sight. Indeed, I think that in some houses the furniture might as well be covered with holland only, and save the expense of any more costly material, as I am sure the original covering is never seen, but only supposed to be there. Don't arrange the furniture with a view to regularity; rather avoid having everything exactly alike, for contrasts are often preferable to matches in colour. Don't cover your table with books in splendid bindings yet quite unreadable to your guests. Don't buy cheap lots of books at sales to fill up your handsome bookcase, for, as a rule, you will get little that is of any value. Don't keep the shutters always closed for fear of carpet or chair-covers fading; but when furnishing—expensively and elegantly if you will—avoid delicate shades of bright colours. Instead of committing such errors throw open your rooms and let in freely the beautiful sunshine and fresh, pure air; place flower-stands in every room that a sweet perfume may meet you from all sides; and have your favourite books lying at hand to be read as often as may be. Moreover, banish all straight-backed chairs from your sitting-rooms, and have open fire-places. In a word seek to have your house comfortably furnished in good taste; and I hope these hints will aid us in banishing from our houses these ghost-chambers, whether funereal in haircloth or *en dish-bille* in brown holland.

BLANCHE B.

FASHION PLATE AND LADIES' WORK.

FIG. 1. BLACK GROS GRAIN APRON TRIMMED WITH VELVET RIBBON.—This apron is made of black gros grain, trimmed with pinked ruffles of the material two inches and seven-eighths wide, arranged in triple box-pleats, lace three inches and a quarter wide, and tabs of black velvet ribbon an inch and three-quarters and an inch and seven-eighths wide. Hem the bottom of the apron narrow on the outside, sew on the lace there, and set on the remainder of

the trimming as shown by the illustration. The tabs on the bottom of the apron are of the wider velvet ribbon. They are twelve inches and seven-eighths long, and are pointed on the lower end and folded on the under side an inch and three-quarters wide on the top, so as to form a loop. Arrange each loop in a pleat an inch and a quarter from the top. The remaining tabs are made of the narrow velvet ribbon, similar to the wider tabs, and are five inches and a quarter long. Set the apron on a belt, which is closed on the side.

FIG. 2. BLACK TAFFETAS RIBBON TRIMMED WITH LACE AND INSERTION.—The upper part of this apron, which is nine inches and a quarter long, is made of plain black silk and lace insertion an inch and three-quarters wide, which is underlaid with tulle. To this part is sewed a piece seventeen inches and three-quarters long made of knit-pleated silk and insertion, and edged on the bottom with black silk fringe an inch wide. In order to obtain the requisite shape lay the pleats closer above each other on the upper than on the under edge. The seam made by setting this pleated piece on the upper part is covered by a double box-pleated silk ruche two inches wide, fringed out half an inch wide on the sides. The top of the apron is set on a belt, and is trimmed with bows of black silk ribbon a quarter of an inch wide.

FIG. 3. BLUE CREPE DE CHINE AND LACE CRAVAT BOW.—This cravat bow is made of white lace insertion an inch wide, white lace an inch and a quarter and two inches wide, and loops of light blue crepe de Chine arranged spirally on a tulle foundation, as shown by the illustration, so as to form a nearly circular fan-shaped bow with ends, the ribbon being in the centre.

FIG. 4. CERISE CREPE DE CHINE AND LACE CRAVAT.—This cravat is made of gathered lace as shown by the illustration. It is trimmed in front with a rosette of lace and cerise crepe de Chine. The crepe de Chine ends are fringed out seven-eighths of an inch long. The rosette and ends in front are arranged in such a manner as to simulate a jabot of ribbon and lace.

FIG. 5. SLIPPER FOR BRIDAL TOILETTE.—The slipper is made of white gros grain trimmed along the upper edge with white lace. In front a rosette of white gros grain and lace as in Fig. 6 or Fig. 7.

FIG. 8. JEWEL CASSET.—This casket is made of carved wood stained brown, and is ornamented with appliqué embroidery and lined with green satin quilted in diamonds. The foundation for the embroidery is of dark green cloth, on which green satin figures, ornamented in half-polka stitch with green silk and edged with gold cord, are applied. Green silk soutache is stitched on in connection with these figures, as shown by the illustration. On the middle of the foundation is set a piece of velvet, on which the initial is worked in satin stitch with green silk and gold cord. The sides of the casket can be ornamented in the design shown by the illustration, or else covered with cloth without embroidery.

FIGS. 9 AND 10. FANCY WORK CASE.—The materials required for this are blue and white silk or alpaca (or coloured silk in two shades), sewing silk to match, white flannel, muslin, and two blue silk buttons. The length of the whole is 18 in. by 5 in. in breadth. At one end it is sloped off to a depth of three inches, forming the lapet seen in Fig. 9. The outside is edged with a foliage border in blue silk, and sprinkled with single leaves worked to match. In the inside (Fig. 10) at the square end is a pocket of blue silk for scissors and thimble, etc., edged at the bottom and the sides with half-inch wide white silk, and at the top with a blue silk ruche of the same depth. The pocket is 2½ in. in depth, and is fastened with a small silk cord and tassel. In the second compartment is another pocket, also of blue silk, and measuring 3½ in. in depth. On this lie three pieces of flannel, as shown in the illustration, the two upper ones embroidered in colour. These are fastened to the pocket by a strip of blue silk. The three divisions for cotton and thread are made by sewing to the body of the case three strips of silk—those at the side blue, and that in the middle white, with a line of embroidery down the centre. These, like the pockets, are lined with muslin. Monogram in blue and white silk embroidery.

FIG. 11. FANCY WORK-BOX.—This is made of yellow straw, with a fancy straw border in relief, worked with cerise chenille. The inside is lined with cerise silk, and is furnished with loops of cerise ribbon for the reception of the needles, scissors, &c., &c.

FIGS. 12 AND 13. BLACK VELVET JACKET.—The jacket is trimmed with a scalloped bias round the edge, and lace edging, the seam being covered with black gros grain piping.

LADY LAWYERS.

Among the professions to which some of the ladies of our age aspire is that of the law. The idea will afford any amount of entertainment to some of the sterner sex, and we have ourselves been amused by the following utterances from the *Graphic*:—"When young ladies go to lunch with their newly-called brothers and cousins in the Temple, they never fail—as far as our own observations has extended—to 'try on' the wigs and gowns of those young gentlemen; and the effect is usually pronounced to be very pretty indeed. The forensic horsehair, which is not unbecoming to many owners of 'that variety of nose and whisker for which the bar of England is so justly celebrated,' sets off a girl's fresh face to great advantage; and the dignity which it would give to a dowager may be imagined. Can it be a knowledge of this fact which has impelled ladies to 'go in' for the study of the law? That they are actual-

ly advancing in this direction there is no doubt; for nearly a hundred of the interesting sex, we are told, have petitioned the Council of Legal Education to be admitted to the new classes and courses of lectures which are to be open to 'other persons' besides members of the Inns of Court; and it is not to be supposed that they can desire the knowledge without aspiring to the privileges of the profession. The benchers of the Inns of Court, in wording their permission, had, of course, no idea of the extended application which might be given to 'other persons;' but a lawyer, when he is his own lawyer, has a fool for his client just like the lay brethren, and the inadvertence is natural enough. But the difficulty remains; and the council, we believe, is puzzled how to dispose of it. But our old figurative friend, 'the thin end of the wedge,' is clearly introduced, and the ladies will inevitably try to drive it home. We are on the eve, we suspect, of an agitation for throwing open the bar to both sexes alike, and we may be sure that ladies once admitted will not be contented with a 'stuff gown,' but will 'take silk' whenever they can get it, and if restrained by professional etiquette from taking satin and velvet, will make a dash at the ermine at the first opportunity. This is hard upon the existing briefless. There are already too many men at the bar, and the introduction of women will scarcely improve their chances of practice. For attorneys are but men themselves, and they will surely give the new comers a trial. And we are not quite sure that female advocacy would not in many cases be found effective. We all know how feminine influence governs preferment in many ways. Women make ministers of state, bishops, judges, generals, and miscellaneous appointments to any extent. In court a woman is always potent. A pretty witness is a tower of strength to her side. When she appears as a principal—notably in breach of promise cases and in the Divorce Court—her appearance and demeanour do wonders if she enjoy any advantages in either respect. A lady let loose in advocacy, with a moderate amount of ability, would be a terrible opponent to the unhappy man on the other side; and it is not merely in sentimental cases that she would be most terrible."

AN IMPORTANT INDUSTRY.

"Cole's Cook-shop" is the new name of the International Exhibition which is being built at South Kensington. This agnomen is due to the fact that Mr. Cole, C.B., is forming classes for teaching cookery to families having an income of £500 a year and under. Though some of the journalists are inclined to laugh at the idea of teaching a lady having £500 a year cookery, we see nothing ridiculous in it. A woman—whatever her income—either is or intends to be mistress of a house, and if she is to discharge the duties belonging to that position well, she should know how to cook; not only that she may work in the kitchen, when compelled to do so, but that she may be an efficient critic, instead of a helpless fault-finder, easily bowled out by a cook confident not only in her experience but in her mistress's ignorance. Cookery is a very important science, not only from the point of view of rational pleasure but also from that of economy, and the lady who understands the mysteries of sauces and the occult flavours which await the call of culinary manipulation will save her husband a good deal of money and heighten her own charms. Let not female loveliness be startled at connecting her smiles and the aroma of a well-cooked dinner. Love is very ethereal, no doubt. But the rosy god is always represented as plump and well-favoured, and we fear his ruddy cheeks and full outline would disappear, were it not that his organ of gustativeness and nutritive functions generally are in tolerable activity. Nay, the very smiles which make up so large a part of the armoury of "lovely women" would grow pale and thin on low diet and frequent fasts. Therefore there is nothing shocking in the suggestion that a lady would be more attractive if she was not associated with bad dinners. Only the robustest charms can outlive the lead blast that sweeps across cold meat. Man attaches more importance to eating than woman. But the labourer is worthy of his hire, and dinner is one of the pleasures in the hard-working man's day. It should therefore, by its quality and surroundings, be made as agreeable as possible. A few months ago, in the United States, there was a cookery tournament, and the lady who won the prize was said to have had five hundred offers in one day. Five hundred offers! We should like to know what expert in the science of coquetry ever achieved such splendid results. But this girl, in doing a chop to a nicety, accomplished the same feat in regard to the heart of an admirer—nay, of many such; devilled kidneys in a manner so superb as to leave no other impression on the mind of the devourer of the dainty morsel than that she—for all the diabolical process—was "no angel." Indeed, "but a dearer being all dipt in angel instincts;" attended to the roasting of a duck with such subtle appreciation of delicate brown shading that she cooked the goose of hundreds; and with the basting ladle slew half the number that Samson sent to the shades with the jaw-bone of an ass. Did not the Frau Von Stein make a German sausage love's harbinger to the great Goethe? And in fact has not philosopher after philosopher pointed out that the road to a man's heart through his stomach was as short as any other way? The belles of Canada may be certain that some knowledge of housekeeping, including skill in cookery, is the most desirable accomplishment a woman could have. St. Jerome tells us in his epistle "Si tibi putem" that if he had a lover she was *turgens atque jejunos fletu pene oaxala*—in other words, the reverse of plump and the antipodes of "jolly." But most men are not saints, and they will always be attracted by what is healthy

and health-sustaining. Nor could there be a worse wife than one who had not a correct idea of the relative importance of dinner. It is the more to be regretted, therefore, from every stand-point, that cookery is so little understood amongst us; and, for our own part, we could willingly spare one or two professors of elegances for one good instructor in the art which Apicius loved. We have a Technological School; let us by all means have added to it an official cook who will make himself active everywhere, save amongst the—accounts.—*Toronto Globe.*

News of the Week.

THE DOMINION.—On Monday the Orange Bill passed its third reading in the Ontario Legislature by a vote of 31 to 22. As on previous reading the entire Ministry voted nay, with the exception of Attorney-General Mowatt. Mr. Garneau, Mayor of Quebec, has been elected by acclamation to represent the County of Quebec in the Local Legislature. Mr. Blake has resigned his seat in the House of Commons.

UNITED STATES.—The appointment by the Pope of the following Bishops for the United States is announced: Very Rev. M. A. Corrigan for the Diocese of Newark, and the Rev. Mr. Gross for the Diocese of Savannah. John McDonald, who left Havre in the S. S. "Thuringia," charged with being connected with the recent robbery perpetrated on the Bank of England, has been arrested at New York with two bags, one of gold and the other of diamonds. Foster, the car-hook murderer, was hung on Friday last. The *New York Times* has published a detailed statement to the effect that Foster's sickness just before the execution was due to poison; that he told Miss Foster, the matron, that he had taken it during the night; that Scannell, Sharkey, and King, who were in the adjoining cell, knew of the fact; that Dr. Nealls, the prison physician, thinks he would have died of the poison if the execution had been delayed till ten o'clock, and that his weakness on the scaffold was due to its effects. Several arrests have been made by the detectives of passengers on the incoming English steamers, who are supposed to have been concerned in the forgeries on the Bank of England. Letters from parties in London express much concern in regard to the management of the mining property in Utah owned by them. It is stated English capitalists are losing confidence, not in the intrinsic value of the mines, but on account of the sharp speculative practices of the parties interested in this territory. A St. Alban's (Vt.) despatch says the suit in the Chancery Court commenced there on Tuesday week in connection with the management of the Vermont Central, and Vermont and Canada Railroad, involving some six million dollars, which it is charged have been misappropriated by the trustees.

GREAT BRITAIN.—The Gladstone Government remain in power. In the Imperial House of Commons, on Monday, Mr. Gladstone stated that no appropriation to pay the Geneva award will be included in the expenditure for the financial year ending 31st instant. A police agent had left Liverpool with extradition papers for McDonald, the forger, recently arrested at New York. The British manufacturers of agricultural implements have resolved not to take part in the Vienna Exhibition. Mr. Goschen, First Lord of the Admiralty, submitted to the House of Commons on Monday the naval estimates for the ensuing fiscal year. They exceed those of last year by \$1,702,880. Mr. Lowe, Chancellor of the Exchequer, will present the annual budget about the 3rd of April. It will show the revenue to be £380,000,000, and the expenditure will probably amount to £355,000,000. Noyes, the alleged confederate of the parties who committed the great forgeries on the Bank of England, was up before the Court for examination last week. The witnesses for the Bank gave their testimony, and the case was adjourned. A serious riot between Englishmen and Irishmen occurred last week in Wolverhampton. At least 3,000 persons were engaged in the conflict. Fire-arms and knives were freely used, and there was much bloodshed, though cases of fatal injury are yet reported.

FRANCE.—The preliminary enquiry into the case of Marshal Bazaine has been concluded. Nothing has been decided upon touching the manner and place of trial or the composition of the tribunal before which the case will be heard. The friends of the Marshal are now allowed to visit him. The elections to fill the vacancies in the representations of several departments in the National Assembly have been ordered to be held on the 27th of April. The French and German Governments have exchanged ratifications of the Treaty for the evacuation of France. The King of Portugal has sent the decoration of the Order of St. James to President Thiers. The Government has issued an order prohibiting the exportation of war material to Spain. The annual Budget presented at the National Assembly by M. Leon, the Minister of Finance, shows a most gratifying condition of the public funds. There is now in the Treasury half the sum of money due to Germany, and no loan will be required to complete the war indemnity at the dates designated in the convention signed by M. Thiers and Count Von Arnim.

GERMANY.—Saturday last was a holiday in Berlin, it being the anniversary of the birth of the Emperor William.

ITALY.—The Empress of Russia has arrived at Florence. She is journeying to Southern Italy, where she contemplates remaining some time for the benefit of her health.

Jacobs' Rheumatic Liquid is the best Liniment.



"WHAT D'YE LACK, MADAM? WHAT D'YE LACK?"—FROM THE PAINTING BY J. PETTIE, A. R. A.



FIG. 1.—Black Grosgrain Apron.



FIG. 3.—Blue Crêpe-de-Chine and Lace Cravat Bow.

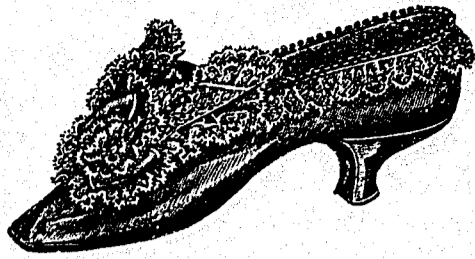


FIG. 5.—Slipper for Bridal Toilette.

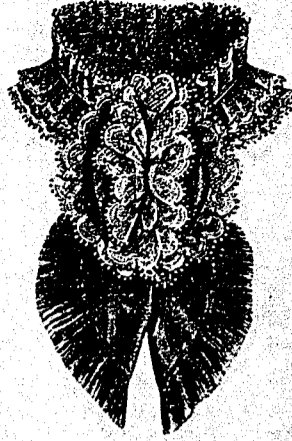


FIG. 4.—Cerise Crêpe-de-Chine and Lace Cravat.



FIG. 2.—Black Taffetas Apron.



FIG. 6.—Lace and Grosgrain Slipper Rosette.



FIG. 8.—Jewel Casket.—Application and Satin Stitch Embroidery.

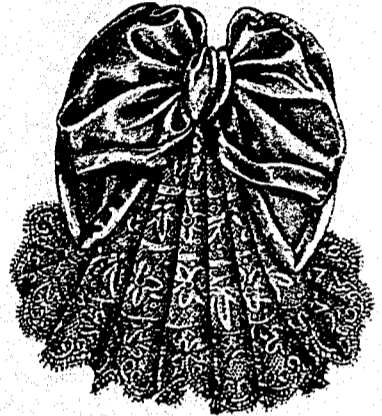


FIG. 7.—Lace and Satin Slipper Rosette.

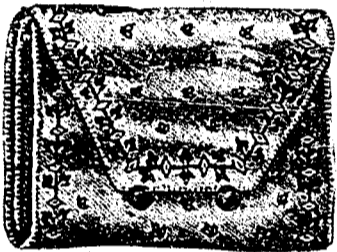


FIG. 9.—Fancy Work Case (closed).

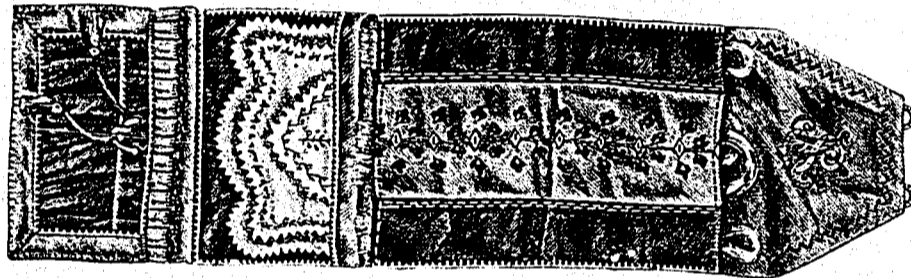


FIG. 10.—Fancy Work Case (open).

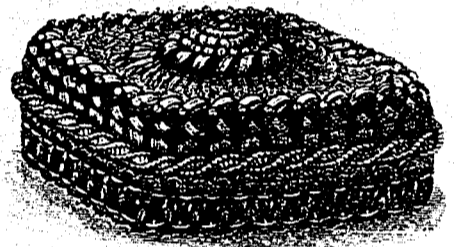


FIG. 11.—Fancy Work-Box.



FIG. 12.—Black Velvet Jacket. (Front.)



FIG. 13.—Black Velvet Jacket. (Back.)

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THE NEW MAGDALEN.

BY WILKIE COLLINS.

SECOND SCENE—*Mablethorpe House.*

CHAPTER XXIII.—(Continued.)

Grace returned slowly to the chair that she had left. She stood by it, with one hand grasping the top rail, and with her eyes fixed in mocking scrutiny on Lady Janet's face.

"At last your ladyship shows your hand," she said. "Hush—mouey!"

"You will send me back to my papers," rejoined Lady Janet. "How obstinate you are!"

Grace's hand closed tighter and tighter round the rail of the chair. Without witnesses, without means, without so much as a refuge—thanks to her own coarse cruelties of language and conduct—in the sympathies of others, the sense of her isolation and her helplessness was almost maddening at that final moment. A woman of finer sensibilities would have instantly left the room. Grace's impenetrably hard and narrow mind impelled her to meet the emergency in a very different way. A last base vengeance, to which Lady Janet had voluntarily exposed herself, was still within her reach. "For the present," she thought, "there is but one way of being even with your ladyship. I can cost you as much as possible."

"Pray make some allowances for me," she said. "I am not obstinate—I am only a little awkward at matching the audacity of a lady of high rank. I shall improve with practice. My own language is, as I am painfully aware, only plain English. Permit me to withdraw it, and to substitute yours. What advance is your ladyship (delicately) prepared to offer me?"

Lady Janet opened a drawer, and took out her cheque-book.

The moment of relief had come at last! The only question now left to discuss was evidently the question of amount. Lady Janet considered a little. The question of amount was (to her mind) in some sort a question of conscience as well. Her love for Mercy and her loathing for Grace, her horror of seeing her darling degraded and her affection profaned by a public exposure, had hurried her—there was no disputing it—into treating an injured woman harshly. Hateful as Grace Roseberry might be, her father had left her, in his last moments, with Lady Janet's full concurrence, to Lady Janet's care. But for Mercy, she would have been received at Mablethorpe House as Lady Janet's companion, with a salary of one hundred pounds a year. On the other hand, how long (with such a temper as she had revealed) would Grace have remained in the service of her protectress? She would, probably, have been dismissed in a few weeks, with a year's salary to compensate her, and with a recommendation to some suitable employment. What would be a fair compensation now? Lady Janet decided that five years' salary immediately given, and future assistance rendered if necessary, would represent a fit remembrance of the late Colonel Roseberry's claims, and a liberal pecuniary acknowledgment of any harshness of treatment which Grace might have sustained at her hands. At the same time, and for the further satisfying of her own conscience, she determined to discover the sum which Grace herself would consider sufficient, by the simple process of making Grace herself propose the terms.

"It is impossible for me to make you an offer," she said, "for this reason,—your need of money will depend greatly on your future plans. I am quite ignorant of your future plans."

"Perhaps your ladyship will kindly advise me?" said Grace satirically.

"I cannot altogether undertake to advise you," Lady Janet replied. "I can only suppose that you will scarcely remain in England, where you have no friends. Whether you go to law with me or not, you will surely feel the necessity of communicating personally with your friends in Canada. Am I right?"

Grace was quite quick enough to understand this as it was meant. Properly interpreted the answer signified—"If you take your compensation in money, it is understood, as part of the bargain, that you don't remain in England to annoy me."

"Your ladyship is quite right," she said. "I shall certainly not remain in England. I shall consult my friends—and" she added mentally, "go to law with you afterwards, if I possibly can, with your own money!"

"You will return to Canada," Lady Janet proceeded; "and your prospects there will be, probably, a little uncertain at first. Taking this into consideration, at what amount do you estimate, in your own mind, the pecuniary assistance which you will require?"

"May I count on your ladyship's kindness to correct me if my own ignorant calculations turn out to be wrong?" Grace asked innocently.

Here again the words, properly interpreted,

had a special signification of their own: "It is stipulated, on my part, that I put myself up to auction, and that my estimate shall be regulated by your ladyship's highest bid." Thoroughly understanding the stipulation, Lady Janet bowed, and waited gravely.

Gravely, on her side, Grace began. "I am afraid I should want more than a hundred pounds," she said.

Lady Janet made her first bid. "I think so too."

"More, perhaps, than two hundred?" Lady Janet made her second bid. "Probably."

"More than three hundred? Four hundred? Five hundred?"

Lady Janet made her highest bid. "Five hundred pounds will do," she said.

In spite of herself, Grace's rising colour betrayed her ungovernable excitement. From her earliest childhood she had been accustomed to see shillings and sixpences carefully considered before they were parted with. She had never known her father to possess so much as five golden sovereigns at his own disposal (unencumbered by debt) in all her experience of him. The atmosphere in which she had lived and breathed was the all-stifling atmosphere of genteel poverty. There was something horrible in the greedy eagerness of her eyes as they watched Lady Janet, to see if she was really sufficiently in earnest to give away five hundred pounds sterling with a stroke of her pen.

Lady Janet wrote the cheque in a few seconds, and pushed it across the table.

Grace's hungry eyes devoured the golden line, "Pay to myself or bearer five hundred pounds," and verified the signature beneath, "Janet Roy." Once sure of the money whenever she chose to take it, the native meanness of her nature instantly asserted itself. She tossed her head, and let the cheque lie on the table, with an overcast appearance of caring very little whether she took it or not.

"Your ladyship is not to suppose that I snap at your cheque," she said.

Lady Janet leaned back in her chair and closed her eyes. The very sight of Grace Roseberry sickened her. Her mind filled suddenly with the image of Mercy. She longed to feast her eyes again on that grand beauty, to fill her ears again with the melody of that gentle voice.

"I require time to consider—in justice to my own self-respect," Grace went on.

Lady Janet wearily made a sign, granting time to consider.

"Your ladyship's boudoir is, I presume, still at my disposal?"

Lady Janet silently granted the boudoir.

"And your ladyship's servants are at my orders, if I have occasion to employ them?"

Lady Janet suddenly opened her eyes. "The whole household is at your orders!" she cried furiously. "Leave me!"

Grace was far from being offended. If anything, she was gratified—there was a certain triumph in having stung Lady Janet into an open outbreak of temper. She insisted forthwith on another condition.

"In the event of my deciding to receive the cheque," she said, "I cannot, consistently with my own self-respect, permit it to be delivered to me otherwise than enclosed. Your ladyship will (if necessary) be so kind as to enclose it. Good evening."

She sauntered to the door; looking from side to side, with an air of supreme disparagement, at the priceless treasures of art which adorned the walls. Her eyes dropped superciliously on the carpet (the design of a famous French painter) as if her feet condescended in walking over it. The audacity with which she had entered the room had been marked enough; it shrank to nothing before the infinitely superior proportions of the insolence with which she left it.

The instant the door was closed Lady Janet rose from her chair. Reckless of the wintry chill in the outer air, she threw open one of the windows. "Pah!" she exclaimed, with a shudder of disgust, "the very air of the room is tainted by her!"

She returned to her chair. Her mood changed, as she sat down again—her heart was with Mercy once more. "Oh, my love!" she murmured, "how low I have stooped, how miserably I have degraded myself—and all for You!" The bitterness of the retrospect was unendurable. The inbred force of the woman's nature took refuge from it in an outburst of defiance and despair. "Whatever she has done the wretch deserves it! Not a living creature in this house shall say she has deceived me. She has not deceived me—she loves me! What do I care whether she has given me her true name or not? She has given me her true heart. What right had Julian to play upon her feelings and pry into her secrets? My poor tempted, tortured child! I won't hear her confession. Not another word shall she say to any living creature. I am mistress—I will forbid it at once!"

She snatched a piece of note-paper from the case; hesitated; and threw it from her on the table. "Why not send for my darling?" she thought. "Why write?" She hesitated once more, and resigned the idea. "No! I can't trust myself! I daren't see her yet!"

She took up the sheet of paper again, and wrote her second message to Mercy. This

time the note began fondly with a familiar form of address.

"MY DEAR CHILD,—I have had time to think, and compose myself a little, since I last wrote, requesting you to defer the explanation which you had promised me. I already understand (and appreciate) the motives which led you to interfere as you did downstairs, and I now ask you to entirely abandon the explanation. It will, I am sure, be painful to you (for reasons of your own into which I have no wish to inquire) to produce the person of whom you spoke, and as you know already, I myself am weary of hearing of her. Besides, there is really no need now for you to explain anything. The stranger whose visits here have caused us so much pain and anxiety will trouble us no more. She leaves England of her own free will, after a conversation with me which has perfectly succeeded in composing and satisfying her. Not a word more, my dear, to me, or to my nephew, or to any other human creature, of what has happened in the dining-room to day. When we next meet, let it be understood between us that the past is henceforth and for ever buried in oblivion. This is not only the earnest request—it is, if necessary, the positive command of your mother and friend,

"JANET ROY.

"P.S.—I shall find opportunities (before you leave your room) of speaking separately to my nephew and to Horace Holmcroft. You need dread no embarrassment when you next meet them. I will not ask you to answer my note in writing. Say yes, to the maid who will bring it to you, and I shall know we understand each other."

After sealing the envelope which inclosed these lines, Lady Janet addressed it, as usual, to "Miss Grace Roseberry." She was just rising to ring the bell, when the maid appeared with a message from the boudoir. The woman's tones and looks showed plainly that she had been made the object of Grace's insolent self-assertion as well as her mistress's.

"If you please, my lady, the person downstairs wishes—"

Lady Janet, frowning contemptuously, interrupted the message at the outset. "I know what the person downstairs wishes. She has sent you for a letter from me?"

"Yes, my lady."

"Anything more?"

"She has sent one of the men-servants, my lady, for a cab. If your ladyship had only heard how she spoke to him—"

Lady Janet intimated by a sign that she would rather not hear. She at once inclosed the cheque in an undirected envelope.

"Take that to her," she said, "and then come back to me."

Dismissing Grace Roseberry from all further consideration, Lady Janet sat, with her letter to Mercy in her hand, reflecting on her position, and on the efforts which it might still demand from her. Pursuing this train of thought, it now occurred to her that accident might bring Horace and Mercy together at any moment, and that, in Horace's present frame of mind, he would certainly insist on the very explanation which it was the foremost interest of her life to suppress. The dread of this disaster was in full possession of her when the maid returned.

"Where is Mr. Holmcroft?" she asked, the moment the woman entered the room.

"I saw him open the library door, my lady, just now, on my way upstairs."

"Was he alone?"

"Yes, my lady."

"Go to him, and say I want to see him here immediately."

The maid withdrew on her second errand. Lady Janet rose restlessly, and closed the open window. Her impatient desire to make sure of Horace so completely mastered her that she left her room, and met the woman in the corridor on her return. Receiving Horace's message of excuse, she instantly sent back the peremptory rejoinder. "Say that he will oblige me to go to him, if he persists in refusing to come to me. And, stay!" she added, remembering the undelivered letter. "Send Miss Roseberry's maid here; I want her."

Left alone again, Lady Janet paced once or twice up and down the corridor—then grew suddenly weary of the sight of it, and went back to her room. The two maids returned together. One of them, having announced Horace's submission, was dismissed. The other was sent to Mercy's room, with Lady Janet's letter. In a minute or two, the messenger appeared again, with the news that she had found the room empty.

"Have you any idea where Miss Roseberry is?"

"No, my lady."

Lady Janet reflected for a moment. If Horace presented himself without any needless delay the plain inference would be that she had succeeded in separating him from Mercy. If his appearance was suspiciously deferred, she decided on personally searching for Mercy in the reception-rooms on the lower floor of the house.

"What have you done with the letter?" she asked.

"I left it on Miss Roseberry's table, my lady."

"Very well. Keep within hearing of the bell, in case I want you again."

Another minute brought Lady Janet's suspense to an end. She heard the welcome sound of a knock at her door from a man's hand. Horace hurriedly entered the room.

"What is it you want with me, Lady Janet?" he inquired, not very graciously.

"Sit down, Horace, and you shall hear."

Horace did not accept the invitation. "Excuse me," he said, "if I mention that I am rather in a hurry."

"Why are you in a hurry?"

"I have reasons for wishing to see Grace as soon as possible."

"And I have reasons," Lady Janet rejoined, "for wishing to speak to you about Grace before you see her; serious reasons. Sit down."

Horace started. "Serious reasons?" he repeated. "You surprise me."

"I shall surprise you still more before I have done."

Their eyes met, as Lady Janet answered in those terms. Horace observed signs of agitation in her, which he now noticed for the first time. His face darkened with an expression of sullen distrust—and he took the chair in silence.

(To be continued.)

Varieties.

An editor says his ancestors have been in the habit of living a hundred years. His opponent responds by saying that that was before the introduction of capital punishment.

Uncommonly intelligent are the coroners' juries in Mississippi. Twelve men in Warren County, in that State, returned a verdict that "The deceased died by the will of God or some other disease unknown to the jury."

The Merrimac *Journal* thinks it is very amusing to hear some of the heavy men, whose fortunes were left them by fathers or mothers-in-law, state that there is no tact or talent in the young men of our day.

An advertisement in a New York paper wants "a boy to open oysters about fifteen years old." That situation ought to be filled by a boy with a strong stomach and a terrific cold in his head—for those oysters must be extremely fragrant now.

A malicious libel is going the rounds that vegetation is so scarce at Cape Cod that two mullen stalks and a whortleberry bush are called a grove. The truth is that unless there are three whortleberry bushes they never think of saying grove.

WELSH VERDICT.—A coroners' jury in Wales lately held an inquest on the body of a convict who died in the county jail, and rendered a verdict that "the way of the transgressor is hard, and the deceased came to his death by natural causes."

A letter held for postage in the Wansville Post Office bore the following inscription:—

"Charles Augustus, the web-footed scrub,
To whom this letter must go,
Is chopping cord-wood for his grub
In Silver City, Idaho."

Strangers visiting Augusta, Me., while the snow is in the streets, are particularly cautioned not to kick any old hats they may notice in their path, as several citizens have had their heads seriously bruised in this way before they were dug out.—*N. Y. World.*

In Missouri, when a man kills another on Sunday they prosecute him under the law against desecrating the Sabbath by shooting at a mark, and have him fined \$5 and costs. It's the only sort of case that can be made out against murderers as a general rule.—*Chicago Post.*

A friend of ours, whenever he wishes to remember anything particularly in the morning, always turns a photograph face to the wall before retiring, and usually spends the greater part of the next day pondering over the problem what the mischief it was he wanted to remember.

Two Detroit women who have had a quarrel kept up hostilities through two parrots. One taught her Polly to say "you thief" whenever the enemy appeared in sight; the other's feathered ally screamed back, "You dye your hair." The power of the law had to be invoked, and both parrots were "injuncted."

The young man with presence of mind resides in Detroit. Just as he was lifting his hat to a couple of young ladies on Woodward Avenue a boy ran a sled against his legs, and the fashionable young man turned half a dozen pigeon-wings and came down on all fours. Picking up his hat without so much as a frown, he remarked to the ladies, "I am always subject to these dizzy spells in winter."

A Trojan is reported by a journal of his native city as being victimized at a Boston hotel. The unfortunate man, like the Hoosier, who ate nothing but oysters all the time he was in Baltimore, was determined to lose none of the delicacies of the season, and boldly called for "chicken ou shell," and asked the waiter to produce the viand, which he did in the shape of eggs. The Trojan was nonplussed. Upon inquiring what it meant, the waiter replied that it was a bad time of year for fresh eggs. They advertised them as chickens that there might be no mistake.

Dr. Colby's Anti-Costive and Tonic Pills, is our Trade Mark.

Chess.

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

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

ERRATUM - In our column of the 8th inst., in answer to G. E. C., for "Prob. No. 72" admits of a double, read No. 73, &c. The former is quite correct. Correct solution of Problem No. 76 received from J. H., St. Liboire, and G. E. C., Montreal.

THE CANADIAN CHESS ASSOCIATION.

The Secretary has issued the following circular, to which we gladly call the attention of Chess-players of the Dominion:-

TO THE CHESS PLAYERS OF THE DOMINION. HAMILTON, 12th March, 1873.

GENTLEMEN,-The time for holding our next annual re-union is fast approaching, and it will be requisite to have the programme of the proposed Tourney prepared immediately. It is the intention of the Committee to offer three prizes for games and two for problems, the value of each prize, of course, will depend upon the amount of subscriptions received; but it is expected that a sum sufficient to give the following prizes will be realized: For 1st prize, \$50; 2nd do., \$25; 3rd do., \$10; and for problems, 1st prize, \$40; 2nd do., \$20.

It is earnestly expected that Chess-players who have not already subscribed will remit their subscriptions immediately, and that Chess Clubs will send their affiliation fee of \$5. If gentlemen you will respond to this, my last appeal, liberal prizes will be awarded. The programme must appear in April.

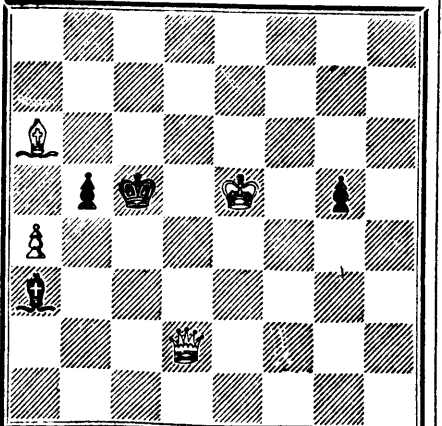
I remain, &c., &c., I. RYALL, M. B., Sec.-Treas. Can. Ch. Ass.

A hard-fought battle in one of the matches now pending in the Montreal Chess Club:- Queen's Irregular Opening.

- White, Prof. W. Hicks. Black, Prof. H. Aspinwall Howe, LL.D. 1. P. to Q. 4th. 2. P. to K. B. 4th. 3. P. to K. 3rd. 4. K. Kt. to B. 3rd. 5. P. to Q. B. 3rd. 6. B. to Q. 3rd. 7. Castles. 8. P. to Q. R. 3rd. 9. B. to Q. B. 2nd. 10. P. to Q. Kt. 3rd. 11. P. takes P. 12. Q. to K. sq. 13. P. to K. 4th. 14. P. to Q. R. 4th. 15. P. to K. 5th. 16. K. Kt. to Kt. 5th. 17. Q. Kt. to Q. 2nd. 18. Q. Kt. to K. 4th. 19. Q. Kt. to Q. B. 5th. 20. B. to K. 4th. 21. B. takes Kt. (a). 22. P. to K. 4th. 23. P. to Q. R. 5th (c). 24. B. to Q. R. 3rd. 25. K. Kt. to R. 3rd. 26. B. to Q. 6th. 27. Q. to Q. 2nd. 28. B. takes B. 29. Kt. to Q. 6th. 30. Q. R. to Q. B. 31. Q. to K. 2nd. 32. K. to K. B. 2nd. 33. Kt. takes Kt. 34. Q. R. to Q. B. 2d (e). 35. Q. to K. R. 5th. 36. Q. to K. R. 4th. 37. K. R. to K. 2nd. 38. K. to B. sq. 39. Kt. to Kt. sq. 40. K. R. to Q. 2nd. 41. Q. R. to Kt. 2nd. 42. P. to K. Kt. 3rd. 43. Q. to K. R. 5th. 44. K. to B. 2nd. 45. Kt. to B. 3rd. 46. Kt. to R. 4th. 47. Q. takes R. P. (f). 48. Kt. to B. 3rd.

(a) The game has been opened with care on both sides, and the preliminary skirmishes have resulted in about an even game; the capture here was necessary to open a retreat for the Q. Kt. (b) Best; for if Q. or B. had taken, White would have gained an advantage by Q. Kt. to K. 4th. (c) P. takes P., followed by B. to Q. R. 3rd seems preferable. (d) By this manoeuvre Black gets the better game, forcing exchange of the dangerous Kt. and opening a file for his Rooks. His Q. and B. are also well posted. (e) Q. to K. B. 3rd, and the exchange of Queens afterwards, would, perhaps, have been best, in view of the threatened attack. (f) This leaves Black a winning advantage. (g) White cannot save the game after this coup.

PROBLEM No. 77. By I. R., M. B., Hamilton. BLACK.



White to play and mate in three moves.

RENDEZ-VOUS.

NAPOLEON RHEAUME,

75. ST. LAWRENCE MAIN STREET, 75. Montreal,

Is ready to frame the Presentation Plate of the CANADIAN ILLUSTRATED NEWS for 1873-The Rendez-vous. Subscribers will find it to their advantage to give him a call. 7-13 d

A REMARKABLE INVENTION.

ONE OF THE MOST IMPORTANT IMPROVEMENTS ever perfected in musical instruments has lately been introduced by GEO. WOODS & Co., in their improved Parlor Organs. It consists of a piano of exquisite quality of tone which will never require tuning. The instrument was lately introduced at a musical soiree in Baltimore and received the cordial applause and endorsement of the many eminent professionals present. See advertisement in another column. 7-12f

GRAY'S

Syrup of Red Spruce Gum.

Prepared from Canadian Red Spruce Gum.

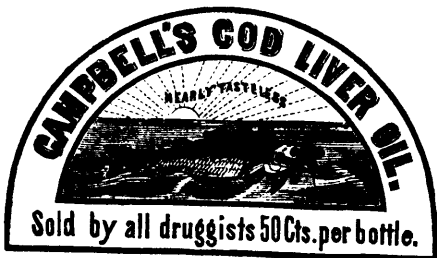
BALSAMIC, SOOTHING, EXPECTORANT, ANTISPASMODIC AND TONIC. (Delicious flavour.)

A sovereign remedy for Coughs, Colds, Hoarseness, and Throat affections generally. For sale at all Druggists. 25 Cents per bottle. Sole manufacturer, HENRY R. GRAY, Chemist, 7-12 s MONTREAL.

LACHINE CANAL.

NOTICE IS HEREBY GIVEN THAT THE water will be drawn out of the Lachine Canal on the first day of April next, or as soon after as the repair can be proceeded with, and will remain out until the necessary repairs have been completed.

By Order, (Signed) JOHN G. SIPPPELL, Suptg. Engineer. CANAL OFFICE, Montreal, March 17th, 1873. 7-12e



R R R. RADWAY'S READY RELIEF Cures the worst Pains In from 1 to 20 Minutes. NOT ONE HOUR After reading this advertisement need any one suffer with pain.

RADWAY'S READY RELIEF IS A CURE FOR EVERY PAIN.

IT WAS THE FIRST AND IS THE ONLY PAIN REMEDY That instantly stops the excruciating pains, allays inflammations, and cures Congestions, whether of the Lungs, Stomach, Bowels, or other glands or organs, by one application.

IN FROM ONE TO TWENTY MINUTES, no matter how violent or excruciating the pain the Rheumatic, Bed-ridden, Infirm, Crippled, Nervous, Neuralgic, or prostrated with disease may suffer,

RADWAY'S READY RELIEF WILL AFFORD INSTANT EASE. INFLAMMATION OF THE BOWELS, CONGESTION OF THE LUNGS, SORE THROAT, DIFFICULT BREATHING, PALPITATION OF THE HEART, HYSTERIC, CROUP, DIPHTHERIA, CATARRH, INFLUENZA, HEADACHE, TOOTHACHE, NEURALGIA, RHEUMATISM, COLD CHILLS, AGUE CHILLS.

The application of the Ready Relief to the part or parts where the pain or difficulty exists will afford ease and comfort. Twenty drops in half a tumbler of water will in a few moments cure Cramps, Spasms, Sour Stomach, Heartburn, Sick Headache, Diarrhea, Dysentery, Colic, Wind in the Bowels, and all Internal Pains.

JNO. RADWAY & CO., 439 ST. PAUL STREET, MONTREAL. 6-17-m

TO LITHOGRAPHERS.

ONE OR TWO FIRST-CLASS ENGRAVERS, and one expert CHROMO-LITHOGRAPHIC ARTIST can find permanent employment at the office of the CANADIAN ILLUSTRATED NEWS. Applicants must exhibit specimens and references. Address: GEORGE E. DESBARATS, PUBLISHER, MONTREAL. 7-5-f

"BEST IN USE."

THE COOK'S FRIEND

BAKING POWDER IS THE ORIGINAL AND GENUINE. IT NEVER DISAPPOINTS. FOR SALE BY ALL GROCERS. 3-15tf

FOR SALE.

A STONE HOUSE, pleasantly situated in the best part of the Village of Varennes, and commanding a fine view of the River St. Lawrence. The House is 48 feet front by 30 feet deep, and there is a good garden with fruit trees and about 11 acres of ground. Apply to D. R. STODART, Broker, 146, ST. JAMES STREET.

Geo. Woods & Co's Organs

AND THEIR

COMBINATION SOLO STOPS.

The PIANO-A beautifully toned piano, which will never require tuning. The VOX HUMANA-A baritone solo not a fan or tremolo. The EOLINE-A most delicate soft or breathing stop. See advertisement in another column. 7-12f

TELEGRAPHY.

YOUNG MEN and LADIES desiring to qualify for the numerous situations which will be offered in the Spring on the several Telegraph Lines, are invited to attend at the Dominion Telegraph Institute, No. 75, St. James Street. The mode of instruction followed in this Institute has received the approval of the highest authorities in the country, and the best proof we can offer is that all the new situations filled within the last two or three years have been so filled by pupils from this Institute. As to the success of the method followed here, read the following testimony:

"COOKSHIRE, 21st December, 1872.

"To Mr. MORGAN, Proprietor of the Dominion Telegraph Institute:

SIR.-I hereby certify that only eight weeks' study and practice in the DOMINION TELEGRAPH INSTITUTE has enabled me to receive messages at the rate of 23 words a minute, and that I consider the mode of instruction followed as excellent.

"Yours, etc., "S. J. OSGOOD."

The regular course is three months; but, as will be seen by the above testimony, intelligent persons can qualify in much less time. Proficient pupils have the advantage of practising on a regular line, and of being placed on a large circuit.

The terms for the course is THIRTY DOLLARS, the use of the instruments included. All the accessories of the school are new and complete.

J. V. MORGAN, Proprietor, 75, ST. JAMES STREET, MONTREAL.

INSOLVENT ACT OF 1869.

Canada, Province of Quebec, District of Montreal. IN THE SUPERIOR COURT. In the Matter of LUSK, LOUGH & CASTLE, Insolvents.

THE UNDERSIGNED, two of the members of the firm of Lusk, Lough & Castle, the above named insolvents, have filed in the office of this Court a consent by their creditors to their discharge, and on Thursday, the seventeenth day of April next, they will individually, and as members of the said firm, apply to the said Court for a confirmation of the discharge thereby effected.

ROBERT JAMES LUSK, By MONK & BUTLER, his Attorneys ad litem. WILLIAM LOUGH, Jr., By MONK & BUTLER, his Attorneys ad litem. Montreal, March 6, 1873. 7-10-a

TO PRINTER

THE HIGHEST CASH PRICE paid for Old type, or paid in electrotype or stereotype work. Apply at this office. 7-2

CERTIFICATE FROM MR. ALFRED KNUCKLE, American House, St. Joseph Street:-

MONTREAL, March 7th, 1872. DEAR SIR,-I was afflicted during the beginning of this winter with a most severe COLD, attended with incessant COUGHING and DIFFICULTY OF BREATHING, which reduced me so low that many persons supposed I could never recover. I tried a great many things, which were given me both by my doctors and friends; but did not receive any benefit from anything until I commenced using your "HOARHOUD AND CHERRY BALSAM," which seemed to give me relief immediately. I continued using it until I was completely cured, and now I believe I am as well as I ever was in my life. I would gladly recommend it to any person suffering from a similar complaint. Almost anybody who knows me can certify to the above. ALFRED KNUCKLE. Mr. RICHMOND SPENCER, Chemist, corner of McGill and Notre Dame Streets.

CUSTOMS DEPARTMENT OTTAWA, 19th March, 1873 Authorized discount on American Invoices until further notice: 12 per cent. R. S. M. BOUCHETTE, Commissioner of Customs

POSTAL CARDS.

Great credit is due to the Post Office authorities for the introduction of this very useful card. It is now being extensively circulated among many of the principal mercantile firms of this city in the way of Letters, Business Cards, Circulars, Agents' and Travellers' notices to customers, &c. We supply them printed at from \$11.50 to 12.50 per thousand, according to quantity.

LEGGO & CO., 819 ST. ANTOINE STREET, AND 1 PLACE D'ARMES HILL, MONTREAL. 2-16-f

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NEW YORK. THE GILSEY HOUSE, on the European plan corner Broadway and 29th Streets. BRESLIN, GARDNER & Co., Proprietors. 5-26-zz

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OTTAWA. THE RUSSELL HOUSE, JAMES GOVIN, Proprietor.

PORT ELGIN. NORTH AMERICAN HOTEL, WM. ALLEN, Proprietor.

QUEBEC. THE CLARENDON, WILLIS RUSSELL & Son.

ST. JOHN, N. B. VICTORIA HOTEL, B. T. CROGAN.

TEESWATER, ONT. KENT HOUSE, J. E. KENEDEY, Proprietor.

TORONTO. THE ROSSIN HOUSE, G. P. SHEARS, Lessee and Manager. THE QUEEN'S HOTEL, CAPT. THOS. DICK.

WALKERTON, ONT. HARTLEY'S HOTEL, Mrs. E. HARTLEY, Proprietor.

Geo. Woods & Co's ORGANS

are now acknowledged by all musicians who have examined them to be far in advance of any other. Their

COMBINATION SOLO STOPS,

Eoline, Vox Humana, and Piano,

(the latter being a Piano of exquisite quality of tone, which will never require tuning.) give to them a wonderful capacity for

Beautiful Musical Effects,

while their extraordinary power, beauty of design and thoroughness of construction are surprising to all who are unacquainted with the degree of perfection these instruments have attained. The New York and Boston Piano Company of Montreal have secured the agency for them, and will be pleased to exhibit them to all interested in music. 7-12f

THE NEW CANADIAN WEEKLY.

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THE BEST AND CHEAPEST PAPER IN AMERICA.

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GIVE IT YOUR SUPPORT. Club terms and sample numbers mailed free on application.

Great cash inducements to clubbers. "THE FAVORITE" is sold by all News-dealers and on all Railway trains.

The CANADIAN ILLUSTRATED NEWS, and THE FAVORITE will be sent to one address for one year for \$5.00.

ADDRESS: GEO. E. DESBARATS, Publisher of THE FAVORITE, the Canadian Illustrated News, L'Opinion Publique and L'Etandard National. No. 1, Place d'Armes Hill, and 319 St. Antoine St., MONTREAL.

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SPoons, FORKS, LADLES, KNIVES & FORKS.

BUTTER KNIVES, Pickle Forks, Tea Sets, Trays, Cake Baskets, Cruets, Pickles, Card Stands, Goblets, Communion Sets, to be had through all dealers in the Dominion.

ROBERT WILKES,
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7-22 5

T. M. S.
SILVER MEDAL AWARDED
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PREPARATIONS OF PEPSINE.

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DIGESTIVE POWDER.
(PEPSINE ACIDE AMYLACÉE, OU POUVRE NUTRITIVE.)

Contains the active digestive principle of the gastric juice of the stomach, purified and rendered permanent and palatable. Dose: 15 to 20 grains. In 1 or 2 bottles.

MORSON'S PEPSINI PORCI,
DOSE—5 to 10 grains.

Every Bottle or Box containing the Preparations named, and bearing the Trade Mark of T. MORSON & SON, but not otherwise, is sold with such guarantee.

PEPSINE GLOBULES, each containing 5 grains of pure Pepsine.

PEPSINE GLOBULES in bottles, each containing 1, 2, and 4 doz. Globules.

PEPSINE LOSENGES in Boxes.

WINE, in pints, half-pints, and quarter-pints.

These preparations bearing the Trade Mark, but not otherwise, will be guaranteed to possess the full efficacy of the digestive principle.

PANCREATIC EMULSION, and PANCREATINE in Powder, containing the active principle obtained from the Pancreas, by which the digestion and assimilation of fat is effected.

PANCREATINE POWDER, in 1 oz. packets.

PANCREATIC EMULSION, in bulk for dispensing, also in 4, 5, and 16-oz. Stopped Bottles.

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SACCHARATED WHEAT PHOSPHATES, a valuable dietetic preparation for Invalids and Children, supplying the elements for the formation of bone. In 4, 5, and 16-oz. bottles.

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Has now obtained such universal celebrity as a remedial agent, it can scarcely be considered a speciality, its essential composition being known to most European practitioners.

It may be administered in almost any fluid or on sugar. Sold in 1, 1 1/2, 3, and 5 oz. bottles, and in bulk for dispensing.

Many of the Chlorodynes of commerce are not of uniform strength, and vary in their effect, which has induced Morson & Son to compound this preparation to remedy these defects.

The dose for an adult is from 10 to 20 drops (and 1 minim is equal to 2 drops); the dose may, however, be increased in special cases to 25 or even 30 minims, but it is best to commence with the lesser dose.

MORSON'S PREPARATIONS are sold by all Chemists and Druggists throughout the world. 7-13 ff

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STOCKS CELEBRATED EXTRA MACHINE OIL.

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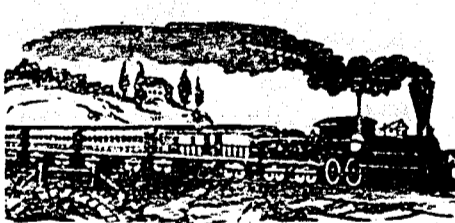
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FROM
NEWFOUNDLAND
TO
VANCOUVER ISLAND,
WITH THE
Northern and Western States.
BY
J. JOHNSTON, C.E., MONTREAL.
TO BE PUBLISHED IN THE EARLY PART OF 1873,
BY
GEO. E. DESBARATS.

Size of Map, about 7 ft. x 5 ft. Extending (East and West) from Newfoundland to Manitoba and (North and South) from Hudson's Bay to latitude of New York, drawn on a scale of 25 miles to the inch, and compiled from the latest Astronomical Observations, Official Surveys, and Records of the Departments of Crown Lands, as well as from County Maps, Local and Railway Surveys. From Manitoba to Vancouver Island will be delineated on a scale of 50 miles to the inch. This arrangement of the Map admits of the old Provinces of Upper and Lower Canada, New Brunswick and Nova Scotia being mapped on a scale large enough to show accurately all *bona fide* surveys. The Great N. W. Territory and British Columbia—where comparatively little has been done in the way of actual survey—a smaller scale answers every purpose. The whole Map is thus kept within the dimensions best adapted for general office use.

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