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# Whistling News

Vol. XII.—No. 18.

MONTREAL, SATURDAY, OCTOBER 30, 1875.

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\$4 PER YEAR IN ADVANCE.



RIDING ON A RAIL.

THE CONSERVATIVE CANDIDATE FOR MONTREAL WEST ON HIS NEW CHARGER.

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

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

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## CANADIAN ILLUSTRATED NEWS.

Montreal, Saturday, Oct. 30rd, 1875.

### THE CANNON OF ST. HELEN'S.

On last Saturday morning, a salute of seventeen guns was fired from the battery of St. Helen's Island, opposite this city, in honor of the return from England of our popular Governor-General. As the cannon thundered forth in the still morning hour, vibrating over the broad waters, and reverberating from the flanks of the Royal Mountain, hundreds stopped, on the streets, and the door steps, to listen, being strongly impressed by the majesty of the sound. And no wonder. There is a significance in the voice of artillery. It tells of national power, and inculcates the grand lesson of loyalty. The sound of the cannon of St. Helen's, on Saturday morning, was like an echo of the old land, and a pathetic reminder of the fact that we are fast drifting from its secular tutelage. The writer of these lines came to Canada in the last year of military occupation. Then the roar of artillery on the island, the rattle of musketry on Champ de Mars, the presence of soldiers in the thoroughfares, or on their sentry beats, were familiar sights and sounds, inspiring confidence in the citizens and impressing the stranger with the conviction that this was indeed a thorough British Colony. Now all is changed. We have always been of the opinion that the removal of the troops must be set down as, after Confederation, the most important event in the modern history of Canada, and the one whose results were the most radical. The military were a tangible link of union with the Mother Country. They associated with the historic glories of Britain, and kept perpetually alive the memory of the manner in which England became possessed of Canada. They stimulated the volunteer or militia movement which, it is a remarkable fact, has languished since their departure. We have now no visible bond of connection with Great Britain except the Governor-General, and it will probably not be long before the abolition of his office will also be agitated. Thrown almost entirely upon ourselves, ours is a sort of cold, commercial magistracy with no insignia of any kind and nothing to rouse the enthusiasm of the masses. Our mode of Government is more colorless than even that of the United States, where, since the war, the military have risen into favor, and are always brought into requisition to heighten the glory and impressiveness of civic occasions.

We are, of course, aware of the absurdity of political sentimentality, and we are quite disposed to accept the altered condition of Canadian autonomy if such is its "manifest destiny," as so many of our prophets declare. But there is, all the same, such a thing as poetry in government, and there is no reason, that we know of, why the healthy aesthetic feeling should be eliminated from our Canadian institutions. Sir FRANCIS HINCKS, with that insight which is characteristic of the statesman, has stated that, at present, there can be only two parties in Canada—the one in favor of British connection, and the other in sympathy with Democratic inde-

pendence. The force of events—geographical, commercial and social—may ultimately require the complete severance of Canada from Britain, but that is necessarily a question of time, and parties will precisely be divided as to the prolongation or acceleration of that time. Loyalty will then assume a twofold meaning—either attachment to Canada first, independently of or even against Great Britain, and fealty to the Mother Land first and foremost as the best exercise of patriotism towards Canada herself. The evolution of this double feeling is just now insensibly progressing, and no words of our scribes, or of any body else, can prevent it, but this much we may be allowed to hope—that for many years to come, as occasion demands, the cannon of St. Helen's shall thunder a salutation to a British Governor-General of British North America.

### NEWSPAPER REPORTING.

We have not the presumption to set ourselves up as a censor of the press. Canadian journalism, as a rule, is quite up to the height of its mission, and spite of the sneers of certain American correspondents, is as respectable in tone and as talented in management, as the average number of newspapers in the United States. But, occasionally, in the heat of electoral agitation, there is one department of our press which lays itself open to criticism. We refer to the reports of particular meetings. Without alluding to particular and recent instances, it may be said in general that it is well nigh impossible to obtain from rival daily papers a correct account of electoral assemblies. The hostile paper minimizes the attendance, burlesques the feeling and misinterprets, either by exaggeration or suppression, the speeches which are delivered. The friendly paper trebles the numbers present, emphasizes the sentiment, and, by clever amplification, heightens the bearing of the speeches. It was only a few mornings ago that we read the glowing accounts of a meeting, garnished with double headings and sounding epithets, which, from our personal knowledge, was a lamentable failure, the attendance being sparse, and the speeches listened to in ominous silence. Another meeting was described as a miscarriage which we know to have been large, and so enthusiastic that all the speeches were cheered to the echo. It is an insult to the electors thus to travesty their proceedings, and a very unworthy way of influencing electoral issues. But, furthermore, it is an act of dishonesty and injustice to the mass of readers who look to their paper for the simple truth. We can understand, of course, that where a meeting has told in favor of one political party, the organ of the other party should not much care to injure its cause by giving a full account of it in its columns, but, in that case, it has the alternative of abridgment or total silence, either of which is preferable to downright lying.

But not only to the public is this system of misreporting unfair. It is detrimental to the newspaper profession, as well. The majority of the journalists who report such meetings are young men—some of them very young. They earn their living by the work, and that work is often precarious. One year they may be on a Conservative paper; another year, on a Liberal paper. By injudicious partisanship, on one side, or the other, they may often ruin their prospects of preferment. It is well known that reporters, as a rule, have no political leanings, being mostly strangers in the country, and this fact alone should guarantee their strict neutrality in reporting. The Bohemianism which can do them no more good than the social or pecuniary phases. The coloring of a political meeting belongs to the proprietor or editor of a paper, and he alone is responsible for the same. The reporting of a meeting, on the other hand, is a mere matter of arithmetic and short-hand, and the reporter should be responsible only for his figures and his pot-hooks. He certainly owes it to his own sense of dignity

that, to please an employer, or to win the dubious favor of a candidate, he shall not prostitute his pen, become the scavenger of political offal, and the Jack Sheppard of public reputations. The staff of reporters are the mainstay of a newspaper. It is they who fill its columns and provide, by their activity of search, their instinct of the novel, their rapidity of work and their graces of composition, almost all the intelligence which establishes the reputation of a journal. They have, therefore, the right to expect from their employers, and the public have a right to expect from them, that they shall be as veracious and honorable as they are talented and industrious.

### GRASSHOPPERS.

Until lately the scourge of grasshoppers in our North West Territories had occurred only at wide intervals of years, and from present indications it is confidently believed that the country will be free from them during the season of 1876.

There is a problem connected with this question that we should like to see receiving attention, and that is, whether there is not a territory to the north of the province of Manitoba and about half its size, already so moated round as entirely to close out the marauding hosts in their advance from the south and west. The district we refer to is that bounded by Lake Winnipeg, Cedar Lake, Lake Winnipegosis and the St. Martin's Lake and their affluents, and which our readers will have no difficulty in tracing on the map; and with regard also to the territory of about the same size to the south of that, having the capital of Manitoba, (which should have been name *Saskatchewan*, we think), at its extremity, the question is, whether an additional water communication of less than a score of miles would not form it also into an island and afford the same protection. It is a sort of Victoria Nyanza question on our own ground, and well worth determining. It would, of course, necessitate the enquiry at the outset whether those pests of new settlements are accustomed to cross rivers and streams in their progress—a point as important to settle as others that recent enquiries have brought to light. That they could not cross the lakes is evident. The Icelanders who are to form the nucleus of their future colony have already taken up their abode on a portion of the districts we have referred to, and they have expressed the greatest satisfaction with the promise the country holds out in its salubrity and access to wood and water, its agriculture and fisheries, and the free institutions that add to the value of all the others. By the end of next season we are told to look for the completion of the railway sections between Lake Superior and Manitoba. When that era arrives a great lumbering interest for the supply of the Prairie country should spring up on the shore of the Lake of the Woods.

In Quebec, a short time since, through the explosion of the boiler of a small moveable engine used in unloading a ship at the wharves, the boatswain of the vessel was instantly killed and several of the crew more or less injured by the steam and boiling water. The fires had got suddenly hot, and so frightened the bystanders—there being no efficient superintendence of the engine. A young man called out to those nearest to throw water into the furnace, which was done. Instantly, the explosion took place, as might naturally have been expected, when iron was subjected to a sudden change of temperature of the kind described. The sudden contraction, of course, caused it to crack. It is very well to say the young man was a lunatic. He was only ignorant; and the blame really rests with those who had so little conception of what was due to the safety of their workpeople in a proper organization of labor. We trust soon to have it recognized that all boilers, whether on shore or afloat, shall be periodically inspected, and the men in charge of them duly examined for certificate.

The London *Court Journal* has the following:—"There is little or no chance of Major-General SELBY SMYTH, Inspector-General of Militia, in Canada, being allowed to carry out his very sensible idea of a complete staff of competent military officers for the Canadian Militia, notwithstanding that the general maintains that the efficiency of the service over which he has been placed is seriously jeopardised by the present plan. The old and foolish story, the Dominion Government fears the expense." Is this so?

MR. STANLEY, the African explorer, had his entire party vaccinated before starting from the coast on his journey into the interior. The consequence was that no lives were lost from small pox, which decimates the natives. A deplorable number, however, succumbed to the ague and intermittent fevers of the lower lands. He almost says that had things been taken more leisurely, less life would have been wasted. He lost two out of four Europeans.

There are those, we are led to believe, who advocate the abolition of the offices and duties of District Magistrates in this Province. As the higher judiciary cannot undertake the charge of summary proceedings and of the public peace, we should look upon such a change, in the present circumstances of our commonwealth, as in the highest degree prejudicial to the rational liberties and security of the subjects of the Queen.

### OUR ILLUSTRATIONS.

#### OPENING OF KNOX COLLEGE, TORONTO.

Some time ago, we gave a view of the outside of the buildings then in course of erection for Knox College, Toronto. It affords us much pleasure to be able to say that they have been finished without injury to any engaged in the works, and are now used for the purpose for which they were designed. In the afternoon of Wednesday, October 6th, they were formally taken possession of, by the opening of the Session for 1875-76. The exercises took place in the Convocation Hall, which was filled to overflowing. Dr. Cook, Moderator of the General Assembly, occupied the chair. Addresses were delivered by Dr. Proudfoot and Principal Cavan, of Knox College, Rev. Dr. Snodgrass, of Queen's College, Kingston, Rev. Mr. Scrimger, of the Presbyterian College, Montreal, and Rev. Dr. McCaul, of University College, Toronto. In the evening, a social meeting was held in the same place. Notwithstanding the extreme wetness of the weather, the attendance was larger than it was on the former occasion. Of course, it did good to the cabinmen. The Rev. Principal Cavan presided on the occasion. After a few short addresses had been delivered, the train of proceedings stopped fifteen minutes for refreshments in the Dining-Room, which was open for that purpose during the greater part of the evening. The train then moved on again. After a few more addresses, the meeting closed. The proceedings on both occasions were very pleasantly varied by music from a choir.

Knox College Buildings are most creditable to the Presbyterians of Ontario, and an ornament to Toronto. On this happy occasion in the history of the institution, we take the opportunity of expressing our best wishes for it.

In this number we give a picture of the opening exercises, which we have no doubt will be interesting to those readers of the NEWS who are among the friends of the College. Immediately to the left of the Chairman, sat Dr. McCaul, who in addressing the meeting, proved that the Rev. gentleman is still "the old man eloquent." In the course of his remarks, he spoke in the most complimentary terms of the Knoxians who have studied at University College.

Our illustration is from a sketch by the Rev. T. Fenwick, formerly a student of Knox College.

#### UNIVERSITY COLLEGE, ATHLETIC SPORTS TORONTO.

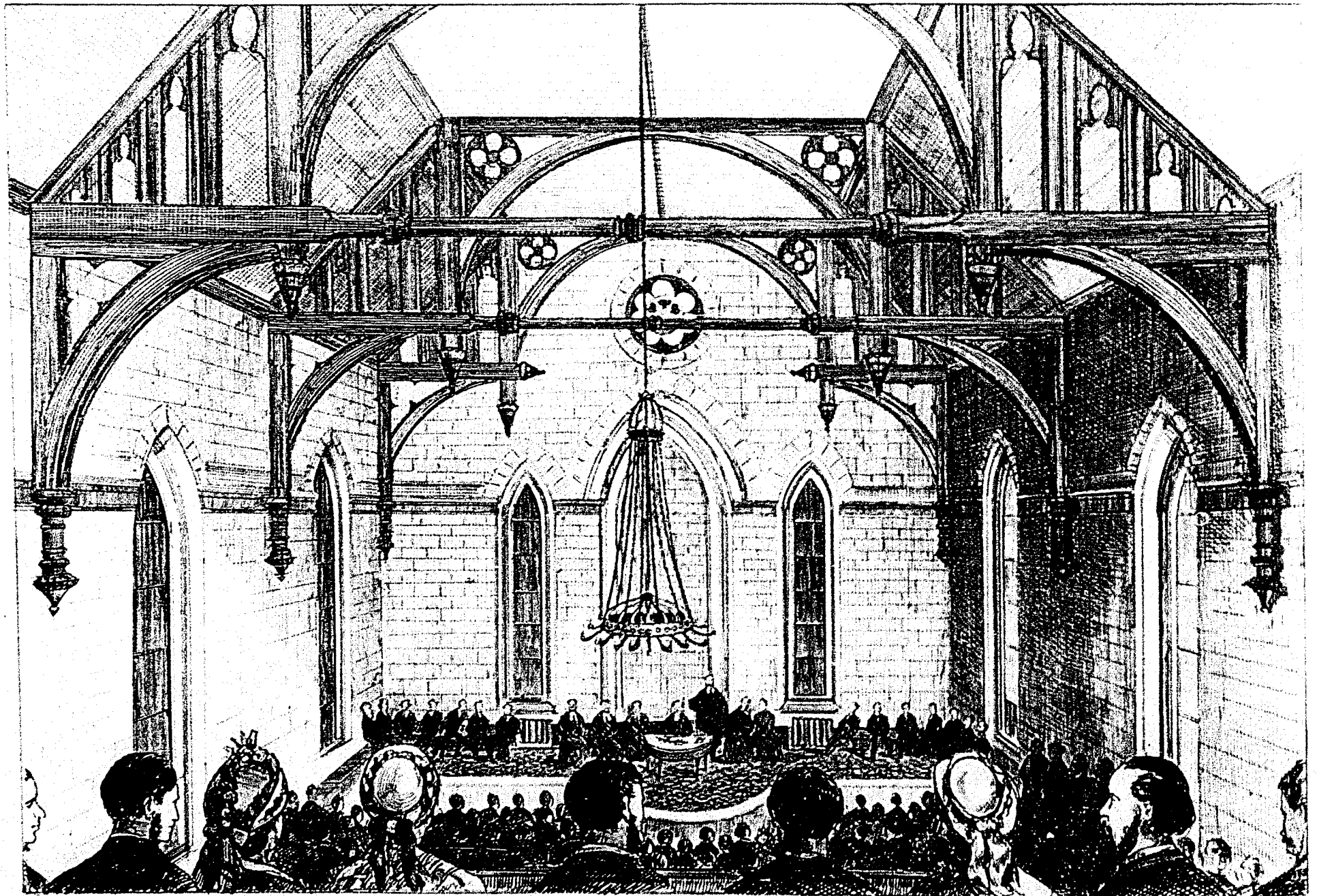
The annual athletic sports of the students of University College were held Saturday last and Tuesday afternoon. The weather was all that could be desired, the grounds were in excellent condition, and everything passed off successfully. His Honour the Lieutenant-Governor was the grounds the greater part of the afternoon, and watched the sports with great apparent interest. Among others who attended were Rev. Principal McCaul, Mrs. McCaul, Miss McCaul, Prof. Ramsay Wright, Prof. Vandersmissen, Prof. Loudon, Prof. Perret, Prof. Croft, Prof. Chapman, Prof. Maitland, of Upper Canada College, Mr. Thos. Kirkland, of the Normal School, Mr. Blain, M.P., Mrs. Howland, Miss Howland, His Worship the Mayor, and many other invited friends of the professors and students, including a large number of ladies. The band of the Queen's Own Rifles was present and played at intervals during the afternoon. The games were all very interesting, and the most of them were







TORONTO.—ATHLETIC SPORTS OF THE TORONTO UNIVERSITY, ON 19th OCT.—SKETCHED BY F. M. BELL SMITH



TORONTO.—OPENING OF KNOX COLLEGE, ON THE 6th INST.—FROM A SKETCH BY REV. T. FENWICK.



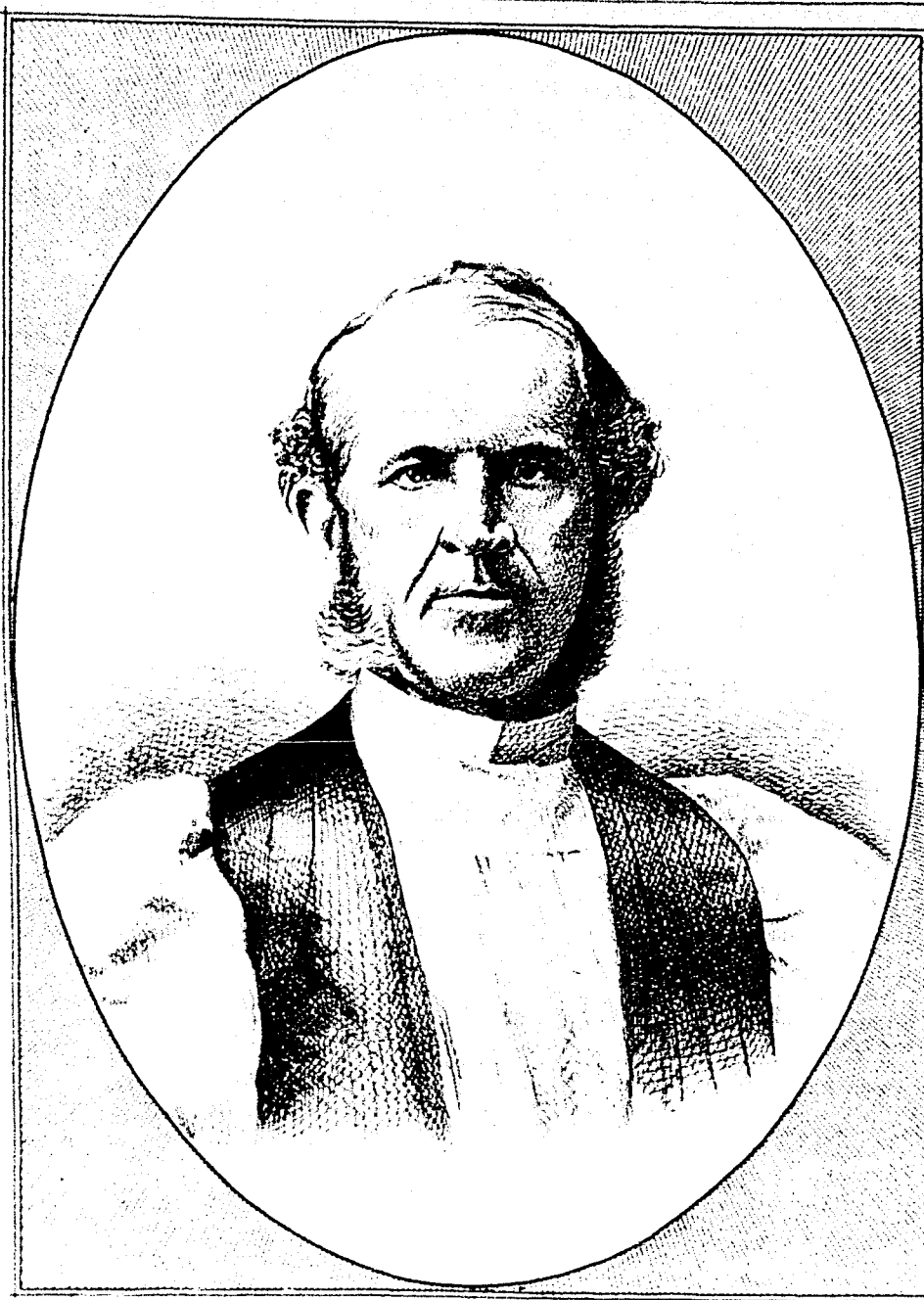
BISHOP CUMMINS.

The Right Rev. George David Cummins, D. D., the Founder and Presiding Bishop of the Reformed Episcopal Church, was born in the State of Delaware, December 11th, 1822. He graduated at Dickinson College, Carlisle, Pa., in 1841, was ordained a Deacon of the Protestant Episcopal Church in 1845, and a Presbyter in 1847. Princeton College conferred upon him the degree of D.D., in 1850. He had successively charges of parishes in Norfolk, Va., Richmond, Va., Washington, D. C., Baltimore, Md., and Chicago, Ill. Whilst in charge of Trinity Church, Chicago, he was elected Coadjutor Bishop of Kentucky, and received consecration in Christ Church, Louisville, in that State, on the 15th of November, 1866, seven Bishops taking part in the ceremony. The Ritualistic practices and tendencies of certain churches in the See of Kentucky being censured by him, and finding that neither his example nor influence were sufficient to effect the reformation within the Episcopal Church which he desired, he and a number of other clergymen of the Protestant Episcopal Church who, in other parts of the country, had a similar experience, met during the winter of 1873-74, and organized the Reformed Episcopal Church.

Bishop Cummins has just completed his annual visitation for 1875, of the several parishes of the Reformed Episcopal Church established in the Provinces of New Brunswick, Nova Scotia and Ontario. The Bishop in the report of his visit to Canada, says: "I cannot doubt that a great work is before our Church in the Provinces. Besides the parishes already established, other places are calling for information concerning the cause, and many souls, longing for a pure Gospel in union with a pure Liturgy, turn to this Church as a Day Star of hope, and eagerly await its coming among them. *Esto perpetua.*"

WALTER SAVAGE LANDOR.

James T. Fields, writes: "It was at a breakfast in Kenyon's house that I first met Walter Savage Landor. As I entered the room with Procter, Landor was in the midst of an eloquent harangue on the high art of portraiture. Procter had been lately sitting to a daguerrotypist for a picture, and Mrs. Jameson, who was very fond of the poet, had arranged the camera for that



GEORGE DAVID CUMMINS, D. D., FOUNDER AND PRESIDING BISHOP OF THE REFORMED EPISCOPAL CHURCH.

occasion. Landor was holding the picture in his hand, declaring that it had never been surpassed as a specimen of that particular art. The grand-looking author of "Pericles and Aspasia" was standing in the middle of the room when we entered, and his voice sounded like an explosion of first-class artillery. Seeing Procter enter, he immediately began to address him in high-sounding Latin compliments. Poor modest Procter pretended to stop his ears that he might not listen to Landor's eulogistic phrases. Kenyon came to the rescue by declaring the breakfast had been waiting half an hour. When we arrived at the table Landor asked Procter to join him to an expedition into Spain which he was then contemplating. "No," said Procter, "for I cannot even 'walk Spanish,' and having never crossed the Channel, I do not intend to begin now." "Never crossed the Channel!" roared Landor; "never saw Napoleon Bonaparte!" He then began to tell us how the young Corsican looked when he first saw him, saying that he had the olive complexion and rounded face of a Greek girl; that the Consul's voice was deep and melodious, but untruthful in tone. While we were eating breakfast he went on to describe his Italian travels in early youth, telling us that he once saw Shelley and Byron meet in the doorway of a hotel in Pisa. Landor had lived in Italy many years, for he detested the climate of his native country, and used to say, "One could only live comfortably in England who was rich enough to have a solar system of his own." Procter told me that when Landor got into a passion his rage was sometimes uncontrollable. The fiery spirit knew his weakness, but his anger quite overmastered him in spite of himself. "Keep your temper, Landor," some body said to him one day when he was raging. "That is just what I don't wish to keep," he cried; "I wish to be rid of such an infamous, ungovernable thing. I don't wish to keep my temper." Whoever wishes to get a good look at Landor will not seek for it alone in John Forster's interesting life of the old man, admirable as it is, but will turn to Dickens's Bleak House for side-glances at the great author. In that vivid story Dickens has made his friend Landor sit for the portrait of Lawrence Boythorn. The very laugh that made the whole house vibrate, the roundness and fulness of voice, the fury of superlatives, are all given in Dickens's best manner, and no one who has ever seen Landor for half an hour could possibly mistake Boythorn for anybody else. Talking the matter over once with Dickens, he said, "Landor always took that presentation of himself in hearty good humor, and seemed rather proud of the picture."



FORT McLEOD, N. W. TERRITORY.—FROM A SKETCH BY CAPT. WINDER, INSPECTOR OF THE N. W. MOUNTED POLICE.

(For the CANADIAN ILLUSTRATED NEWS.)

## ABBOTTSFORD.

'Tis ho! for a halcyon home,  
Just under Yamaska's steep sides,  
On which, wheresoe'er I may roam,  
Each deeper emotion abides.

In summer, the pure mountain breeze  
Still eddies incessantly sweet;  
In winter, the rocks and the trees  
Are beauty, shelter, and heat.

The violet, lily and rose,  
Uncultured enamel the ground;  
While the flowery apple-tree snows  
Its soft petalled blossoms around.

The lucerne undyingly yields  
Its leaves to the deep-uddered kine,  
While the worst of the weeds of the field  
Escape from a garden's confine.

But what of the Oreads' grace  
Who haunts these elysian bowers,  
But faintly to whisper her praise  
Surpasses all poesie's powers.

She's fresh as the pure mountain air,  
And sings as the birds of its grove,  
Like the flowers of the sea she is fair,  
And chaster than all in her love.

\* \* \* \* \*  
The town you may praise,  
But let me end my days  
In this valley secluded from strife,  
And to crown all my bliss,  
An occasional kiss  
From a sweet mountain maiden—my wife.  
MRS. C. G.

[We may explain that in one place 3 miles from Yamaska the wind never ceases to blow owing to some mountain eddy. Here *atone* in the Townships is the lucerne cultivated and with great profit. The worst weed is the yellow snap-dragon—a garden flower. There has been no lawsuit among the (therefore) prosperous farmers here for eighteen years, we believe. The chief flower of the place is the *carduus* or the *urtica venenata* and the common birds are the *cornix garula* and the *noctua stridens*.—EDITOR CAN. ILL. NEWS.]

## CLOCHETTE.

OR, LOVE AND WAR.

FROM THE FRENCH.

The following events occurred some sixty odd years ago, when Napoleon Bonaparte was Emperor of France, at the time when her sons were marching to victory after victory, each one of them but only too happy to be converted into food for powder and shot, in order to win perhaps a pair of epaulettes or a ribbon of the Legion of Honour, or perchance a few words of praise from the lips of his Imperial Majesty.

What mattered it? The Little Corporal, whom they loved, had called them his children, so they shouted "Vive l'Empereur!" and followed him and his eagles, and tasted of more victory and more glory, and were content to march on and march on, and saturate the soil of Germany and Austria with their blood, and leave their bones bleaching on the scorching plains of Egypt.

Yet, what of that? The tricolour waved triumphantly over Berlin and Vienna; the Pope was forced from his authority in Rome; Russia was in state of collapse; while all Europe rang with the deeds of Napoleon and the triumphs of the French arms.

Still the Emperor's unbounded cravings for power were not satisfied. He had issued his bulletins from the palaces of Berlin and Vienna; now he must do likewise from Moscow, for which purpose more victims must be immolated on the shrine of glory.

So it was that fresh conscriptions were enforced all over France, and thousands more of her brave sons were marched away, and sent in search of glory on the far-off steppes of Russia.

Of course, the conscription found its way, amongst other places, to the old picturesque town of Avranches, in Normandy; and it was this levy which laid the foundation for this story.

Of course it has a heroine—a simple little Normandy maiden, whose name was Clochette Viardot, and whose father kept the cabaret of "Le Cœuf Agile," the principal one in the town, near the market-place.

Although more than sixty years have winged their flight since then, the memory of Clochette is still preserved amongst the inhabitants, who had the tale handed down to them from their grandfathers and grandmothers.

According to these accounts—the trustworthiness of which I see no reason to doubt—Clochette must have been a very charming little maiden, and the source of no end of distraction to the heads of the youthful portion of the male population of Avranches at that time, for not only they, but everybody else, declared and agreed that she was the prettiest girl in the whole department.

She had laughing black eyes, which flashed brilliant-like from their silken lashes, and long, curling purple black hair, glossy as the raven's wing, which would persist in dancing over her pretty neck and dimpled shoulders in that provoking, tempting manner which makes one long to take the bewitching possessor of such delightful natural adornments into one's arms, and forthwith smother her with kisses.

Add to these undeniable attractions, two pouting red lips as full of colour as ripe cherries; a perfect little nose—no, it wasn't perfect either, it was just the least shade *retroussé*; and a dainty little rounded figure.

Now, have the goodness to imagine her attired in her coquettish Normandy dress, with its high cap, and the clattering *sabots*, which could not hide from display the beauty of her slim little foot and ankle, and I am quite sure you will agree with me that she must have looked and been a very bewitching little creature.

Whether you do or not, I am positive she was; and I maintain that Jacques Dideau, the only son of old farmer Dideau, was very much to be envied, for Clochette was in love with him; and if it had not been for the conscription, and a certain Pierre Norval, I daresay all would have gone on well and comfortably enough; they would have married, and lived happy ever afterwards, in the usual orthodox manner of true lovers.

I daresay you will all wonder who this Pierre Norval was who destroyed with his fell hand the cup of Clochette's happiness, and blighted for ever the course of her pure young affection.

He was the son of a weaver, who, some years before the commencement of my story, entering the town of Avranches a perfect stranger, had selected it for the home of himself and wife. So he hired a small house, and set up his loom.

It was murmured about at the time that Norval and his wife had seen better days, but nothing subsequently transpired to confirm that report.

The weaver and his wife were both industrious and were held in high respect amongst the townspeople. Pierre was the only son, and was, of course, as is the case with most only sons, dreadfully spoiled and indulged.

He grew up a fine young fellow enough, but the worst of it was, he was never taught anything by which he might earn an honest livelihood in after life. He could not even weave, which was a remarkable fact, considering he was brought up under the very sound of the shuttles; in short he had never done what one might call a hard day's work in his life, so you may imagine he set a very bad example altogether to the youths of Avranches, which, like all other bad examples, would doubtless had been universally copied if all their parents had been as indulgent as Pierre's.

Very much alike in some respects, yet very unlike in others, to Pierre Norval was Jacques Dideau, the beloved of pretty Clochette Viardot.

Like Pierre, he was a bright, manly young fellow, full of spirits and activity, but he had been reared in a very different manner.

He was the son of a neighbouring farmer, who from a small beginning had grown to be the proprietor of a large farm, and now enjoyed the privilege of cultivating his own land. Being a very industrious man himself, he had taken care that his son Jacques should embrace the same principles.

Now, although Pierre and Jacques had each been brought up so differently, they had been very great friends indeed until they both fell head over ears in love with bright-eyed Clochette Viardot. Still, even then, whilst they were rivals, their friendship was not broken by any serious rupture until the following event occurred.

It took place at a rustic *fête* given in celebration of the Emperor's victory at Jena.

Hither flocked everybody both old and young in the neighbourhood of Avranches, each and all of them bent on enjoying themselves in feasting and making merry in honour of the fresh triumph of their beloved Emperor.

It so happened, whilst all were in the very midst of their enjoyment, that a large mastiff, belonging to one of the farmers in the neighbourhood, and who had been in a furious state for days previous, broke loose, and rushed into the very midst of the merry-makers.

The panic-stricken people scattered on all sides and in all directions; for the dog, in his quiet state, was the terror of the surrounding locality; and now, when they beheld him as he dashed into their midst, like a hungry beast of prey, with glaring, glassy eyes and foaming fangs, the good people of Avranches fled here and there, like a startled covey of partridges, they knew not whither.

The enraged dog stood stock-still for a moment gazing at the consternation he had caused, and as if considering which of the frightened merry-makers to attack; then, suddenly, his great, fierce, red eyes lighted on Clochette Viardot, who was standing but a short distance from him, stupefied and motionless with fear.

With a frightful howl and a maddened bound, the savage mastiff sprang towards her trembling victim, who stood there as though spellbound at her approaching fate.

But he never reached her.

For Jacques, who had been dancing with her, and who had been looking around for a weapon, snatched up a heavy stick, which an old man, who had used it as a crutch, had dropped in his flight, sprang in between Clochette and her brute assailant, and struck him so violent a blow on the skull as to stretch him gasping and lifeless to the ground.

What could Clochette do—the spell which bound her being broken—but rush into Jacques's arms for further protection? Not that she needed it; for the dog, after a few convulsive struggles, was now stiff and stark in death.

The blow had broken his skull, and dashed out his brains.

And what could Jacques do but clasp Clochette tightly to his breast, and—well, under the circumstances it was quite excusable—press those ripe ruby lips of hers to his own?

It was perfectly natural that Clochette, who had known Jacques all her life, should not offer any resistance; but, like a grateful, sensible little girl as she was, return it.

Neither it is a matter for exceeding wonderment, that, as they were walking home together that soft summer moonlight night, they should sit down to rest for a while on a rustic seat beneath the branches of an old tree; nor is it to be mar-

velled at that Jacques's arm should steal round Clochette's slender waist, as her raven curls fell over his shoulder, whilst her head nestled close to his breast. And also, taking all circumstances into consideration, it is not very surprising they spoke on a delicate subject.

"I have been longing to tell thee something this whole afternoon," said Jacques, tremulously pressing her hand.

"Hast thou indeed, Jacques?—what can it be?" whispered Clochette, with that pretty assumption of innocent ignorance so natural to the sex in these situations.

"Canst thou not guess?"

"No. How should I?"

"Well then, I have been longing to tell thee, Clochette, how—how much I love thee!"

"Is it so, Jacques? Well, tell me how much?"

"But I can't."

"Why not, Jacques?"

"Because, Clochette," answered Jacques, gaining fresh courage, "I love thee so much, it is impossible to tell thee how much!"

"Well, then, Jacques, if thou canst not tell me how much, I must try and guess."

And here, gentle reader, ensued an oscillatory interval.

Still further encouraged by this, Jacques con-

tinued.

"But wilt thou try and love me, Clochette?"

"Try and love thee, Jacques!—that is not so

very difficult. Didst thou not save me from

that terrible great dog? But for that, I might

have—"

And here Clochette shivered with such a charming expression of terror, that Jacques felt it necessary to press her still closer to him, and repeat the oscillatory process.

Then he looked round with so ferocious an air, that it would have scared away a whole multitude of mad dogs, had they been encompassed by them; but as Jacques saw nothing but the bright moon smiling pleasantly down upon him as if to encourage him, he continued.

"And wilt thou always love me, Clochette?"

"Always Jacques! For ever!"

"Then thou dost not love Pierre Norval?"

"Love Pierre Norval?—oh, no! Pierre is such a merry, lively fellow, and makes one laugh

so with his pleasant jokes, that one cannot help liking him; but I do not love him."

And here again the youthful lovers' lips met; and, in fact, so much were they wrapped up in one another, that they noticed not the sound of a suppressed groan, which seemed to come from the other side of the tree. Another person had stayed to rest awhile beneath its branches.

That other was Pierre Norval.

At first, he had been an uninterested listener, but catching a few scattered scraps of conversation, and recognising the voices, he had become an interested eavesdropper; and when he heard the last sentence confessed by Clochette, he knew that the death-blow had been given to his hopes.

In his despair, he forgot his proximity to the lovers, and groaned aloud.

Yet they heard him not; they were so much engaged in confessing their mutual joy and love.

At length, Jacques and Clochette arose, and wandered slowly away, with their arms entwined around each other, leaving Pierre Norval there, with despair in his heart, and a feeling of growing hatred towards his old friend, Jacques Dideau.

Then it was that Clochette handed over her own little heart to the safe keeping of Jacques Dideau; which was, by the way, the very wisest proceeding she could have adopted under any circumstances; for Pierre Norval was of too careless and volatile a disposition ever to have made her so happy as she deserved.

And thus it was that the friendship of Pierre and Jacques changed to bitter enmity.

Every day the gap grew deeper and deeper.

Yet perhaps, after all, it might not have ended so badly, if it had not been for this conscription coming in the way.

Then Pierre began to cherish ideas of ultimately winning Clochette, if Jacques drew an unlucky number, and was sent away to the war. She would soon forget him, more especially if Jacques never returned, for it was quite possible he might be killed.

His premature plans were, however, frustrated; it did not occur to him at the time that they would both draw unlucky numbers, but so it was—his was 15, and Jacques's 23. And Nos. 15 and 23 being found fit for service, one metre fifty-six centimetres in height, and both sound of wind and limb, they were ordered with others to join the many thousands who were to accompany the Emperor in his search of glory in the far-off land of the Muscovite.

And poor little Clochette having nearly cried out her pretty bright eyes at thus having her lover torn away from her in the very midst of their happiness, gave her Jacques a tress of her raven hair, tied with a true lovers' knot for a keepsake, bade him farewell with many and many a passionate little kiss, then went up to her window to see him march past with his comrades.

She kissed her hand again and again to him as they marched by; she waved her handkerchief to him until he was out of sight, and waited at her window till the music of the "Marseillaise" and the tramping of their feet had died away in the distance; than sat herself down to cry, poor little girl, and wonder, woman-like, if her Jacques would ever come back to her; and if he did, whether he would return as he had departed, with the usual number of legs and arms with which nature had provided him.

But let us leave Clochette for awhile, and accompany Jacques and Pierre on the road to glory.

Both coming from one town, they were transferred to the same regiment; and, in the life of activity which followed, they almost forgot their enmity towards each other.

As for Jacques, his thoughts were so much occupied with the bright little girl he had left behind him, he had no time to think of anything else.

He was so happy with the idea of returning with a medal or two, perhaps his ribbon of the Legion of Honour, or perchance his epaulettes—who could tell what might not happen?—such things were occurring every day; and then wouldn't Clochette be proud of her Jacques, and would he not be the happiest man in France when settled down, with Clochette for his wife? And perhaps he would then relate to a curly-headed Jacques, seated on his knee, the story of his battles under the great Emperor, and perhaps (only perhaps this time) there might be a miniature Clochette, who, seated at his feet, would ever and anon clasp her hands with childish glee as she listened to the same recital.

Thus did Jacques dream on, and innumerable were the castles in the air he built.

True, Jacques had his misgivings as to whether he would not rather be at home at work on the farm, or whispering soft nothings to pretty Clochette; but still, there he was, on the high-road to glory, and he might just as well have his share of it as the others; and when, in the first battle that took place, the Emperor rode up in person and praised, as he only knew how, the regiment in which he (Jacques) and Pierre were recruits, for their firmness and gallant behaviour in the field, he felt as enthusiastic as the rest, and shouted "Vive l'Empereur!" till his lungs ached, and cried out with the others to be led once more against the enemy.

And Pierre, how did he get on? For a time he was reconciled to the change: the life of a soldier was exactly suited to his careless, roving disposition, but, like everything else he had attempted in the way of occupation, he soon grew tired of it; and in the fearful campaign which followed, he saw enough of privation and suffering, and suffered so much himself, that he soon grew heartily tired of it, while he wished himself many and many a time back again in France.

Then, whenever he thought of Clochette, the old evil feelings towards Jacques took possession of him, and he began to wish and almost pray that the very next cannon ball or bullet coming in that direction would put an end to the existence of his quondam friend and rival.

However, his evil wishes were not gratified, for Jacques distinguished himself greatly, and seemed to bear a charmed life.

He had already risen to the rank of corporal, and was in a fair way to further promotion, for his courageous fortitude on several occasions had brought him under the favorable notice of his colonel.

About this time, Fortune, the fickle jade, began to desert her chosen votary, Napoleon, who found his path to Moscow not quite so smooth as he had imagined. It is true he reached it; but what greeted him on his arrival!

A burning city in the very heart of a hostile country; his supplies and communications entirely cut off; inveterate enemies closing around him on every side, threatening, in the eagerness of their savage hatred towards the daring invaders, to annihilate them altogether.

Not being gifted with the nature of the salamander, Napoleon found it impossible to practice his favourite amusement of issuing bulletins from the flaming walls of the Kremlin, and he could only at length determine to do what he should have done long before—return the way he came.

It was quite clear that glory was not to be found there; so, with his ambitious hopes crushed, his haughty spirit checked, he gathered up the drooping pinions of his eagles, and reluctantly gave the order of retreat.

The particulars are so well known that it would be superfluous to recapitulate here the horrors of that fearful retreat. Every reader of history knows how thousands were starved and frozen to death, besides those slain in the numerous sanguinary battles that took place, in which remnants of the proud army, out off by the Cossacks harassing its rear, had to fight against overpowering numbers, not for victory this time, but for liberty to retreat.

Both Jacques Dideau and Pierre Norval contrived to escape alive from those perils, and were amongst the remnants of that great and powerful army once the pride and glory of France, which succeeded in cutting its way through numerous enemies and reaching their birth-land.

Scarcely had they regained their native country when they were ordered to defend it against the soldiers of Prussia and Austria, who, burning to avenge their wrongs, now saw the supreme moment of vengeance arrive, and, in alliance with the Russians, were now invading France itself.

Thus it was that Pierre and Jacques found themselves again in front of the enemy. Again life or death depended upon a mere throw.

Yet, strange to say, as though their destinies were linked inseparably together, they each escaped through the sanguinary battles of Arce-sur-Arbe and Champ Aubert, in which so many of their brave companions were slain, the ranks of their own regiment especially being decimated to a fearful extent.

But the end of all this was at hand. In the thick of the terrible battle of Montmirail, in carrying the allied position by assault, Jacques and Pierre found themselves side by side.



Fast and furious raged the battle that fatal day. At length, separated from their regiment, and fighting desperately, they, with some others, were driven into a barn, and surrounded by the enemy.

They saw the glitter of the bayonets through the crevices of the door, and heard the officer in command give the order to fire unless they surrendered immediately.

One of their comrades forced open a window at the back of the barn, and sprang out. He was immediately followed by the rest, Pierre Norval amongst them.

Jacques was the last. He had already placed his hand on the sill, and was about leap from the window, when Pierre, who was before him, and who at that moment must have been prompted by the very Evil One himself, seeing that the others were too intent on their own safety to notice his movements, turned and pushed Jacques back; slammed the shutter, bolted it on the outside, then fled towards the wood behind the barn.

At that moment the enemy, finding their summons to surrender utterly disregarded, fired a volley through the door, and Jacques with the name of Clochette on his lips, threw up his arms, and fell to the ground, dead.

The smoke concealed Pierre's flight. Trembling in every limb, he crept along under cover of the trees, and at length, overcome with guilty fear, sank senseless on the grass.

When he awoke, all round was still; the din of battle had ceased.

He arose to his feet, and made for that direction in which he imagined he should find the French army or some of its detachments. He was soon joined by some of his old comrades, bent on the same purpose.

Their efforts were crowned with success. When the troops were assembled, and the muster-roll called over, he shuddered as the name of Jacques Dideau struck his ear; and he scarcely ventured to turn his eyes towards the place his former friend used to occupy in the ranks, for fear he should behold his pale and threatening countenance.

Yet he had nothing to fear on that account, for Jacques was lying dead and cold, with a bullet through his faithful heart; that heart which should never more beat with ardour at the sound of the reveille, or with joy at the sight of his pretty Clochette; while near it—for he always wore it there, attached to his neck by a silken ribbon, a mesh of Clochette's raven hair, tied in a true lovers' knot, which she gave to Jacques for a keepsake ere he departed for the war.

So his comrades found him the next morning; and with heavy hearts,—for he had been a favourite with them all, excepting the guilty Pierre,—they buried him beneath the wall of the old farmhouse.

Glorious as was the battle of Montmirail and the battles of Nangis and Montereau which followed it during that very same week, known as the "week of glory," it scarcely even delayed the current of events which hastened the downfall of Napoleon.

After that, his star declined rapidly. Treachery and mistrust prevailed, disaster followed disaster. The combination of such calamities as the disastrous Moscow expedition; the defeat and expulsion of the French from the Spanish peninsula, by the English, under the Duke of Wellington, who driving them before him, had pursued them as far as Bordeaux; together with the invasion of France by the allied forces of Prussia, Austria, and Russia, completed the crisis.

The united armies entered Paris in triumph; the Emperor was sent away to exile at Elba; then and then only, was peace declared.

It is a lovely spring morning in March, and the sun shines joyously down on the old town of Avranches.

There everybody and everything is in a state of commotion, for on this day they were to welcome home the men who had been fighting for their country.

And Clochette, who has not yet heard of her lover's death, is in a flutter and a tremble, for Jacques, she thinks, will soon be here, and—

Hark! What is that? The sound of martial music. They are coming; and Clochette flies to her window, whence she viewed their departure, to witness their return.

See! Here they come, covered with dust, with burst boots, and tattered uniforms, and torn colours, the latter borne triumphantly through many a hard fought field.

Look at the gray-headed veteran who carries them; see with what firm and proud step he walks beneath the ragged emblem of glory waving in shreds above him!

They don't number so many now as when they departed; by one quarter, while some are minus arms, and others minus legs; yet what are such insignificant trifles as the loss of legs and arms, compared to the gain of glory?

And Clochette turns pale, and her heart misgives her, as she looks in vain for her Jacques, while his comrades march by without him.

At last, the men are drawn up in the market-place, and the order is given to disperse. Then one, bolder than the rest, makes his way to the cabaret of "Le Cerf Agile."

He asks for Clochette Viardot. He asks for Clochette, this slowly, timidly as a bashful boy, this rough veteran of a hundred fights breaks the sad news to Clochette.

He who fears not the roar of battle, the thunder of artillery—he who could walk boldly to the cannon's mouth if he were ordered, fears to tell

the truth to this simple little Normandy maiden.

At length he tells her, in a half-hesitating manner, that Jacques has found a German bullet one too many for him, and has received, for his share of glory, a soldier's grave. The words have not died away on his trembling lips ere Clochette gives one long, wailing cry, of unutterable woe, and falls senseless into her mother's arms.

Poor Clochette! We will pass over the grief of old Farmer Dideau and his wife on hearing of the loss of their only son, their one consolation for which was, that he had died like a true soldier on the field of battle, and return we in quest of Pierre Norval, who has been so long absent from this story.

After that terrible day at Montereau, he never knew a moment's peace.

Again and again did he picture to himself the scene of his treachery; he dreaded to return to his native place, and look on the sorrowing parents of the friend he assassinated; and Clochette, how could he meet her, with the death of Jacques Dideau on his soul?

Maddened and rendered desperate by remorse, life became a burden to him.

He courted death at every opportunity on the battle-field; but although thousands fell around him, he sought death in vain to end his misery. Before peace was signed, he begged to be allowed to exchange into another regiment, and he found himself appointed sous-lieutenant of the Imperial Guard, as a reward for the desperate courage "the courage of despair," he had displayed at the battles of Nangis and Montereau.

Thus it was, that when the men of this old regiment returned to their home, he was not amongst them, but remained at Paris with his regiment.

Indeed, if he had returned he would have found no parents to welcome him or to rejoice with him on the honours of his promotion, as both his father and mother had been carried off by a pestilential fever during his absence.

Pierre's military services were, however, not yet concluded. While the allied sovereigns were yet wrangling over the trophies of success, Napoleon escaped from Elba, and returned to France. The Imperial Guard were the first to rush to his standard, among them of course being Pierre Norval.

Once again in Paris, Napoleon, aided by his devoted adherents, was soon at the head of another formidable army.

More fighting and more bloodshed followed, and the fields of Ligny and Quatre-Bras were added to the pages of history.

Wherever the battle raged thickest, there was to be found Pierre Norval; and numerous were the encomiums passed on his reckless bravery, calling forth more than once the praise of the great Emperor himself.

At length his prayers were answered, and he found relief in the death he had so earnestly sought at Waterloo.

In the last despairing charge of the Imperial Guard on that fearful day, so fatal to the hopes of France, and on which the star of Napoleon set for ever, Pierre Norval fell, gallantly leading on his men against the British bayonets.

Deeply had he repented of his crime; and dearly had he expiated it with his own blood.

And Clochette, poor little sorrow-stricken Clochette! She never recovered from her paroxysm of griefs. The silver cord, if it had not snapped asunder, was loosened; and being only a simple Normandy maiden, whose ideas as regards the philosophy of this practical world were of an extremely limited extent, Clochette did not console herself with another lover, but pining away slowly and quietly, drooping as droops the rose, at length died gently of a broken heart.

Passing from this world as softly as the last sigh of the midsummer breeze in August, she now lies buried in the little cemetery of the Sainte Vierge, just outside the town of Avranches, on the high road to St. Malo, where a little cross is still pointed out to this day, as the mark of her last resting place. Sleep calmly, little maiden of the broken heart; thou mayest meet thy Jacques again some day in heaven.

J. H. J.

VON BULOW.

He is a small man, with a thoroughly Prussian look, and, like all fine orchestra leaders, has a military martinet air. His head is that of a soldier more than that of an artist—small compact, hard looking as a hickory nut. His eyes are large—à fleur de tête, as the French say. He wears a heavy brown moustache, a little Vandyke beard, which hides the shape of his mouth; his forehead recedes, the crown of his head is a little bald; the ear inclines back, adding to the rather sharp, belligerent expression of his keen little head and face. When he takes his place before the orchestra, you expect to see him draw his sword, and every musician is ready to charge to the death. Hiller also say of him:—"Bulow is one of the generals who divided among themselves the inheritance of Liszt—Alexander the Great. For several hours he has kept our audience in a state of such breathless astonishment that the feeling at length became almost painful. His playful subjugation of all technical difficulties; his really military strength and power of endurance; his nearly infallible certainty; and his memory, in which all the pieces that he played, and who knows how many more that he did not play, appeared to be stored as safely as a collection of classics in an oak book-case, caused the audience to forget entirely that they had come to a Beethoven entertainment."

THE GLEANER.

SEÑOR Emilio Castelar, who is now in Paris, is said to speculate in the Bourse.

A large skating rink is being prepared at Biarritz, where Plimpton's roller skates will be used.

THERE are about 1,000,000,000 people on the globe, and 800,000,000 of them, according to Chamber's Journal, use tobacco.

THEY say that in Paris choice and fastidious women are having the tops of their fine hose trimmed with Valenciennes, Cluny, and Duchesse lace.

THE sewing machine ghouls now take back a two-year old machine which cost \$50 and give a new one in exchange, with the "improvements," for only \$50 more.

As an evidence that the desire to acquire military glory is not dying out among the French, it is stated that but six persons have proved refractory to the call for the reserve force of 1876.

THE Boadicea was successfully launched at Portsmouth dock-yard on the 16th. She is a vessel of a comparatively novel type, being a sixteen gun screw corvette, constructed of iron but caset with wood.

IN ancient Rome all candidates for office were accustomed to dress in white robes, as emblematic of the purity of their past lives and future aspirations; hence their name from candidus, white candidates, whitened.

THE mother of the Princess Hohenzollern supports a hospital at New Wied by selling the famous Wied dogs, the purest breed of the St. Bernard's. The favorite color is facon, with white marking. They are sold at \$50 each, and find a ready market.

THE model of a monument to be erected in honor of Mr. Plimmsoll has been completed. It represents him as in the act of delivering his famous protest. In the background is the rotten hulk of a condemned vessel, over and around which are hovering birds of ill omen.

THERE are still upon the British pension list a number of persons who receive £32 per annum because their ancestors suffered by the Irish rebellion of 1798. A servant of King George III. receives £10; several dependencies of Queen Charlotte, £309, and of Queen Caroline, £60.

Charivari, speaking of the proposition of the "Franco-American Union," to erect a statue of "Liberty Enlightening the World" on some island in Long Island Sound, says: "Let the French subscribe: after giving liberty to others they may perhaps get it themselves."

A lady, the wife of a water-carrier, living near the Ponte Quattro Capi, has given birth to a baby with a nose as large as a good-sized German sausage. The doctors and surgeons are sitting in counsel upon it—not the nose, but the cause of this curious incident. It will be useful in forthcoming comic operas.

A meeting of Greeks and Pihellenes has been held in London, when it was resolved to do honour to Lord Byron, and to unite the country of his birth and the country at whose disposal he placed his sword by an Hellenic Club. One of the aims of the club will be to cultivate a love of Greece in Englishmen.

THE Parisians have always been known as an "out-door people," and are in no wise losing their claim to this appellation. A statistical tableau has just been published, showing that 152,000 persons travelled one Sunday between Paris and the neighbouring villages, while the small steamboats on the Seine conveyed no fewer than 48,000 persons.

The London Swimming Club has been testing a new device to assist beginners in the art of swimming. A wire is stretched along a swimming-bath, from which depends an india-rubber cord, with a bandage at the end. The bandage is placed round the chest, and the cord fixed on a running wheel, which travels along the wire as the swimmer progresses.

Bell's Life tells of an extraordinary hand at whist: "T. M. and three friends were playing whist on Tuesday evening. During the third game T. M.'s partner dealt and turned up the ace of spades. On looking at his hand he found the whole of the same suit. T. M. says he has seen whist played for more than fifty years, but never remembers such a circumstance happening before."

THE present spelling of "bran-new" conceals its derivation; it should be brand-new—i.e., fresh from the fire or melting pot. Both "bran-new" and "fire-new" originated in a reference to a forge or foundry, denoting something fresh from its heat. A similar expression to that is "spike and span new," which was at first applied only to woven textures. It means fresh from the spike, or tenter-hook. The tenter is a machine for stretching cloth, which is suspended by spikes.

ON Captain Boyton's journey down the Rhine from Bâle to Strasbourg he was greatly distressed by the violent back currents, and said he found the river worse than the Mississippi, the Ohio, or the Missouri. Capt. Boyton narrates, that hailing a boatman to know where he was, the man, seeing in the water an inexplicable floating black mass, rowed away exclaiming, "The devil!" On arriving at Kehl, Capt. Boyton was carried violently by the rapid current against the bridge of boats, and sank for a few seconds. He came out of the water much exhausted, having taken many more hours than he had calculated to perform the distance.

THE FASHIONS.

I. CAPOTE. Material of silk or woollen. Wrought in folds behind the head, brought forward and crossed on bosom, and depending in a triangular lace veil on shoulders.

II and III. CAPE and TIE of lace, and CRAVAT of tulle. Cape is of a particularly graceful design.

IV and V. SLEEVES to match the two pieces above.

VII and X. BLOUSE for boy between 4 and 6 years of age. No. VII is the back view of the elegant costume seen from the front in figure X. The material is velvet or velveteen, double-breasted and close-sleeved.

VI and XI. A HALF JACKET FOR GIRL between 4 and 7 years of age. Material black or grey cloth. Close-sleeved, tight-fitting over chest, loose over the hips.

VIII and IX. CLOAKS, double-breasted with wide lapels. One is trimmed with black velvet stripes and carries a hood. No. IX is loose-sleeved. No. VIII is close-sleeved and high-mounting. Both are very simple, easy to make up, and quite pretty.

XII. INES MANTILLA. Material of grey cloth, very ample. Back slightly drawn in. Sleeves have all the length of the dress behind.

XIII. MADGA DOLMAN. Material of dark blue cloth in the usual style of the dolman, but with sleeves detached.

XIV. PALETOT RACHEL. Material of black velvet with faille trimmings. Ends surrounded by two faille biases. Two scarfs unite in a knot in the middle of the back, with falling tassels.

XV. COSTUME PETIT ABBE. Black cloth and fur. A small pelerine, placed behind, forms lapels which fall over in front and garnished with buttons. Sleeves round and rather large.

XVI. INES MANTILLA, seen from the front.

XVII. TUNIC. The vest is of black silk to which the vest of the ornate costume is adapted.

XVIII. GIRL'S DRESS. Material of blue cloth, plaited behind. Vest of same material. The buttons are of silver.

WHISTLING.

A writer says: Considering the vast annoyance caused to men and women by the prevalent vice of whistling, we may well ponder on the question, Why do men whistle? Women do not, although we could well tolerate anything from their lips but determined refusal. What impulse leads a man to enclose a circular space with his lips, then by sheer pneumatic force make the noise, whistling? If the lips looked more elegant in this form there would be a plea for whistling. But this is very rarely the case. Granted a moderate-sized mouth, with the upper-lip rather small, the personal appearance of the whistler may be tolerated. But granted a big mouth and a pent-roof upper-lip, and the whistler presents to you a fac-simile of the extremity of an elephant's trunk. Strange to say, the latter class of whistlers are by far the more prevalent, and if whistling be a fine art and not one of the ills that flesh is heir to, the big-mouthed are the most inefficient, though the most persevering performers. We could read with greater comfort and interest between two large saws that were being sharpened than near an inveterate whistler.

MUSICAL AND DRAMATIC.

It is stated that there are seventeen journals in Paris devoted exclusively to music, and seven to the stage.

"THE Mighty Dollar" is "a hit," after all, and promises to become a regular stock piece with the Florentines.

THE St. Louis critics speak highly of Ben De Bar's assumption of *Micawber* which he has offered for the first time.

It is reported that Dion Boucicault meditates a new play, historical in character, which shall have Daniel O'Connell for its hero.

THE fortune of Verdi is put down at \$400,000 that of Ristori at the same figure; and that of Prima Donna Stoltz and Rossi at \$200,000 each.

GUSTAVUS A. HALL, who has gained considerable repute in Italian and English opera, is now singing with Mrs. Oates's troupe. He is the *Moussour* of "Girofle-Girofla."

TENNYSON has, it is rumoured, consented to extend the part of Archbishop Cranmer at the earnest request of Henry Irving. Even the burning of the Protestant prelate is to be introduced upon the Lyceum stage.

MATTHIAS KEELER, the composer, who died recently in Boston, was best known through his "American Hymn," of which the words as well as the music were his. He composed also several "Mother" songs.

GOUNOD has completed eight parts of his musical adaptation of Moliere's comedy, "Georges Dandin, ou Le Mari Confondu," a work said to present the greatest difficulties to the composer he has yet attacked.

G. L. FOX appears at Booth's in a new pantomime, called "Humpty Dumpty in Every Clime," which proves that the story of his face having been paralyzed was one-sided. Possibly it was started for an advertisement.

THE Vaudeville Theatre, Paris, will this winter be given up to the representation of works by writers unknown to fame. This will be a good opportunity of discovering how much unrecognized dramatic talent there is in the gay capital.

ROSSI is playing in Paris and has had such success there as to positively discipline him from breasting the stormy Atlantic this season. He forfeits \$10,000 in gold and accepts all the other ills that breaking his American contract renders him heir to.

WE are happy to learn that Mrs. J. M. Osgood, well known in Montreal, and throughout the country, as the soprano singer of the Beethoven Quintette Club, has been training under Signor Randegger in London. She was heard by Sir Michael Costa who was so delighted with her voice and performance that he has engaged her for his Crystal Palace Concerts.

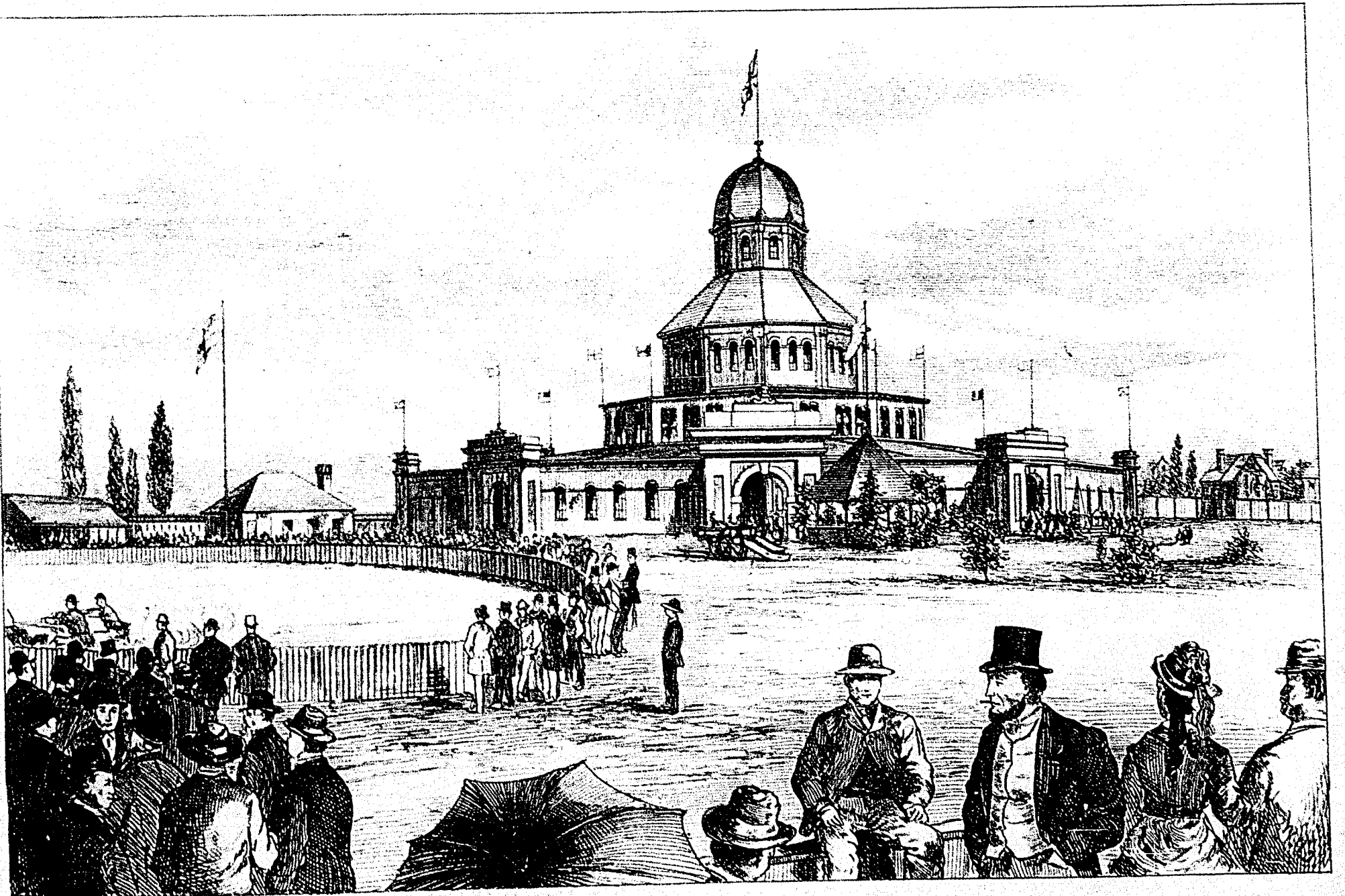




HAPPY MOTHER!



MONTREAL.—THE INSANE WARD OF THE GAOL, WHERE HANNAH HILL WAS DETAINED.



LONDON, ONT.—WESTERN FAIR BUILDING AND GROUNDS.



## SONNET.

I stood and leaned upon a balustrade:  
Beneath me lay the gray-roofed city, Rome.  
The sun had sunk beneath Saint Peter's dome,  
While all the bells their Ave Mary played.  
Sweet music filled the air, and the young moon  
Trembled in liquid tenderness on high;  
But I was looking northward with a sigh,  
And said, "Ah, quiet vale, I greet thee soon!"  
Now when the daylight fades I stand and gaze  
Upon the silent fields and the dark hills  
That close around my lonely home, till fills  
My heart with longing for the Roman days.  
O longing, changing heart! O world too small!  
Would all were one, or one dear place were all!

F. S. in November Atlantic.

[For the CANADIAN ILLUSTRATED NEWS.]

## WALTER PENWELL'S PROGRESS.

## CHAPTER III.

In the Steamship, in the Railway,  
In the thoughts that shake mankind,  
Tennyson.

Several members of Parliament left this morning for Ottawa. Mr. Penwell goes with them as the representative of the *Daily Examiner*.

This was a paragraph which appeared in one of the evening papers of Wharftown in the month of August in the year eighteen hundred and blankety. The mission was a fortunate one for Penwell. It took him away from the scene of his folly and left him opportunity to persevere in his good resolutions. He was rapidly making a name for himself in other fashions than the one I have mentioned. He had been admitted to the bar and had promise of fair practice. He was well known as a contributor to the press. He had been complimented by politicians and rather smiled on by ministers. And the lessons he had got from publishers and rough friends had knocked the edge off his conceits and made him more practical and sensible. Besides, he was bent on making a living independent of his friends who were not wealthy, and this laudable ambition impelled him to read hard and write well and bear himself sedately. The party with which he went was a good one, and comprised several friends. He had never been far from home before and the journey was all novelty to him. He had never mixed much with elderly men; and was at first very reserved and shy with them. But his quiet ways and obliging disposition won on most of the party, and ere the first day's journey was over, he had made a favorable impression on all the parliamentary party, and had started some curious topics of conversation. He had a strange fashion of admiring old times, not common with young men,—his reading having led him among the older writers and to the contemplation of an early period of social life. One of the most talkative of the party was a Mr. McGarland who represented the county of Appleville in Parliament. This gentleman was very modernised, and would support any plan for abolishing anything merely because he did not like anything which was older than he was. He was fond of coming to talk with Penwell, who was not less delighted to find a man who would dispute with good humor.

"This railway is the highest triumph of civilization," said Mr. McGarland. "How the old fogies of fifty years ago would have stared at this."

"There are a good many people who stare at it now," said Penwell, "and condemn it too, and question the goodness of it also; and I am not so sure that they are not right."

"What! doubt the benefit of the railway! Look at the rate we are going. Could we make such time on a stage coach?"

"They were going rather faster than this at Abergele the other day, and the widows and orphans don't think very highly of the railway. What is speed to safety? And what is speed to comfort and pleasure, and the beauties of nature that we miss here? Stage coaches do not collide. They give you a chance to see the beauty of the land, and to eat your meals in decent comfort. What do we see from the railway car window, but a blurred picture of the landscape, like a painting that the painter has rubbed his sleeve across while it was yet wet? We are half choked with soot and dust. We are made most uncomfortable by the heat. We can't get rest for our heads, legs or backs. It is an infliction, railway travel, at the best, and it won't do to make too much of it."

"But the time we save"—said Mr. McGarland.

"We waste more time in ordinary than we gain on the railway. I have heard of a young man who spent a considerable time trying to find out how many days he could save in his life by shortening his signature; and a wise friend said to him, 'about as much as you lose in making the calculation.'"

"But look at the good that the railway has done to the farms and villages," said Mr. McGarland.

"What good? It has taken all their produce to the towns at either end, and made prices dear for the farmers, and villagers who are not farmers. It has introduced unaccustomed luxury among them. It has taken away all their clever young men and all their pretty girls, and stripped them of every chance of social refinement among themselves; and it has introduced false political issues and electoral corruption among them."

"You have got the soul of a sixteenth century Tory transmigrated into you, I believe."

"I rather like Roger North—and Christopher ditto," said the brazen Penwell, as Mr. McGarland left him and went away to tell the others what extraordinary things the young fellow had been saying.

In the train there was a certain elderly gentleman who represented one of the finest counties in New Brunswick. His daughter was travelling with him to the capital to enjoy her first season of court-life as we have it in this country.

Mr. Dolby was a man of much reading and experience, but unfitted for public life. He never spoke; he never canvassed; but as he carried with him always some three or four votes on a division, he was a man of mark in the House. On committee she was the terror of lawyers and petitioners; for he had a rigid regard for the regular results of a legislative act, a judicial decision or an electoral contest. Any one who needlessly attempted to alter the order of things was a dangerous person in his eyes. With such principles, it is needless to say he called himself a Conservative and voted with the Ministry; but he had a disregard for the French members, and when his help was needed, it was necessary that French Ministerialists should keep dark. His whim had been humored as such as was consistent with dignity and prudence, but as he was always likely to bolt, he was treated with uncommon courtesy. He never dined at his lodgings. His little daughter was a gem. She had soft brown eyes and dark brown hair which had a trick of caressing her forehead down close to her eyebrows. Her mouth was like a rosebud. Her complexion was not that colorless brown tint which passes for brunette; it was as if she had such a supply of light in her soul that it could not find its way out through her eyes alone, but stole through her cheeks as well. Penwell was the only young man on the train; the others were fathers of families and uninteresting as such. But Penwell had been noticed by the little beauty who had been criticising him when he talked with Mr. McGarland. "He is rather good looking," she said to herself, "but conceited. He thinks he knows more than that old gentleman he is talking to. There is a little sadness about his eyes, though. I wonder if he has ever been in love. Perhaps he will want to be introduced. I am sure I wish he would, for I'm tired of talking to horrid old members who wear glasses, and tell Pa I'm getting to be quite a fine young lady."

And Penwell was looking at her also, and wondering if he should ever have interest in a young lady again. Of late, he had been wont to recite to himself, and for my edification:

Brightest eyes that ever have shone,  
Sweetest lips that ever were kissed,  
May smile and whisper and I not list,  
Or look away and never be missed,  
Ere ever a month is gone."

But that sort of apathy is not deep. When a man talks of his coldness, he has already reason to doubt it; it is too conscious. The coldness that is unconscious is always deep; but only a freak of nature or a great disaster produces that. Most of us get over our griefs mighty easy. And I would back the influence of pretty lips against the deepest grief that ever my young friend was afflicted with. He began to grow interested in the little beauty. He cast furtive glances. He saw her get tired of her book and actually take up a newspaper, hunt for the part that was clipped and wonder what it was about, and then throw it away again; then he saw her try to get rest for her head with a due regard for her hair; then he determined to be introduced. Mr. McGarland came along opportunely, and, at Penwell's request, brought him up, and, after his own fashion, introduced him as a young man who wanted something as young, as modern and as lovely as Miss Dolby to cultivate and educate him.

"Miss Dolby will find me a willing scholar. We all owe the beginning of our education to woman. Our mothers begin with us, our schoolmistresses continue our education and our loves complete it," said Penwell with as serious a face as he could make.

"Pray, are you a member of Parliament?" said she.

"If he made a speech like that in our House we should hiss him down," said Mr. McGarland. "We do not tolerate any sentiments, except those of patriotism."

"I am aware," said Penwell, "that you discourage anything like elegance; it is the product of an earlier age. Halifax would be coughed down. Sheridan would be laughed at. Fox would be deemed too dangerous even for the Liberal Party."

"Oh, if you are going to mount the editorial Pegasus and carry us back to old times perforce, I must go away and leave you with the teacher—happier than you deserve to be, you young Tory."

"I am afraid I can teach Mr. Penwell very little," said Miss Dolby. "You, gentlemen of the press, are supposed to be omniscient, and you are an editor."

"That is ex-officio omniscience. We have the libraries at command and the Cyclopedias are at our elbows. A Dictionary of Dates, a Cyclopaedia, and a Burton's Anatomy are the three things needful for an editor. With these he is all powerful and all wise."

"I am sure you do not confine yourself to the dictionaries. You are fond of books, are you not?" "I was born among them," said he, "and I have been handling them all my life, but I am ashamed to think how little I have learned from them."

"Perhaps more than you think," she said, with a delicate shade of flattery. "The wife of All Baba, in the story, measured out her money in a pot and some of the coins stuck to the bottom, you know."

"Oh, you read the dear old Arabian Nights! I fear they are going out of fashion. There are lots of costly copies, but I see no popular sorts of volumes. What a world it was to live in! Such brightness, such beauty, such romance, such adventure! It was a good stroke of Mr. Dickens—wasn't it?—to make Old Scrooge remember All Baba as the pleasantest of his boyhood's memories. The old sinner was not so bad after all, when such a figure remained in his life so long."

"What is that little book you were reading a little time ago? I thought it seemed to amuse you very much."

"It is the 'Autocrat of the Breakfast Table

and it is a dictionary of good things. You shall have it, if you wish."

"Thank you, I will look at it, but I know it very well. I have read it once, and looked into it often. I have a sort of friendship for the author. I think he is a good man. He is so liberal too. His humor is very kind, and his religious principles are so wide!"

"You refer to that remark of his about planting oaks in flower pots; he does not seem to have a creed or to relish the idea of a church."

"I do. Is it not a fine image?"

"That depends. I am not so sure of it. It is always safe to suspect, if not to condemn any thought which bears against the religious faith and practice of eighteen centuries. Churches are older than flower pots, and philosophers than Mr. Holmes."

"I thought all you young gentlemen read only modern philopfers. Some of my friends are fond of the Westminster Review and lend me an occasional number which I read."

Penwell wanted to laugh at the notion of the "Review" being put down among the philopfers, but he did not. He said, "I am afraid I should quarrel with the friend who lent you the 'Review' with any recommendation of it? Don't you know it is rather of an infidel turn?"

"Well, of course, I know, but then one likes to read clever things, and can do so without quite believing them."

"Would you listen to evil stories about your father merely because some scandalmonger told them well?"

"That is a new way of putting it. I should certainly not." And she stopped and leaned back in her seat.

They were sweeping through a rough country now; but in a little while the train stormed the up grades of a high hill-side and below them there was the most beautiful sight. The hills rose high across a beautiful valley. A brook ran slowly at the hill's feet. A little way down the hill-side and out across the little plain the land ran green and smooth. Here and there a farm was marked. Here and there a farmer's house sent up its smoky column to the sky. Here and there a team rested in the shade, a group of children gazed at the train as it swept above them. A well filled waggon wagged lazily along the road. A boy was trying to catch a refractory horse in a field. Some women stood at their doors and, with hand to brow, gazed after the train. And then the scene passed out of view and the rock cuttings of the mountain took them again.

"A good deal more than this train passes these people by daily," said Penwell; "a good deal of danger and trouble, and luxury, and ambition, and jealousy, and greed. We carry them all with us."

"Are you romantic, Mr. Penwell? You seem to like the idea of a woodland cottage—with love in it, of course."

"I think love is as often found in a cottage as anywhere, or, what is as good as love, content. Content is the whole sum of love, is it not? If I am content with my lot or my life, am I not in love with it?"

"When you make love to a young lady, tell her you are content with her and see if she will be content with that," said Miss Dolby with some archness.

"I am not likely to make love for some time to come. I am horribly mercenary and ambitious. That is, I do not think I shall fall in love very easily. But one does not travel in trains, nor meet lovely ladies every day in the year, for excuse for going to worship," said Penwell with a little of his old trick, against which he had sworn, breaking out on him.

"Do you think it is always good to pay compliments?" she said a little gravely.

"The best compliment is the truth, and if I say you are beautiful and intelligent, and have good taste in books, I am not paying you any compliment other than the truth, am I?"

"Who is to be the judge of the truth?"

"Let me be," said Penwell with a sudden eagerness which surprised himself and called up a blush to the cheek of the little lady who was not unmindful of the interest she had awakened in the young man since they had begun to talk.

He rose up, feeling that he had been rash and that the young lady had better be left alone. His head was turned slightly by the beauty and the vivacity and the intelligence of the lady, and he was astonished at himself for the interest she had raised in him. Was he going to lose his head again? Was this the cold and calculating fellow who had started from Wharftown? The fact was that love was necessary to the young man. He could do nothing in life without that noble stimulus, and he yearned after some grand passion which should move him to noble deeds and to hard work, to gain its end and to enjoy its felicity.

By some disarrangement of the trains, the party were delayed at St. Johannes, a city of shops and signs. Signs covered the city, as if it had had a pestilence which had caused it to break out all over in parti-colored abominations. There were signs everywhere so thick that Penwell said, "surely this was not that wicked and perverse generation to whom no signs should be given, for they were as thick as texts in the revelations." St. Johannes was a thriving city. It had cut itself out of the rock. It had risen to the music of industry like Thebes to the music of Apollo. It was so shrouded in fog that neighbours never knew each other though they lived side by side for years. But by common consent, every one would tell you that this was the very first foggy day they had had for a month past. And this falsehood was supposed to be harmless because the people had built several churches as an offset. The citizens of St. Johannes were a most enterprising people—their banks occasionally thought them a trifle rash. They were also an artistic people—they had dedicated a temple to Apollo and put a bust of Shakespeare over the door of it. They were noted for their vivacity of conversation—they

would bet you two to one upon almost anything.

There was a rush upon the hotels, and the party found a difficulty in getting accommodated. Mr. Dolby and his daughter, being known, secured lodgings. The rest of the party had to put up with shakedown in a hotel parlor. Whosoever says that a shakedown in a big room, with a dozen fairly elderly gentlemen, is not a pleasant incident in a journey, is a person of disgracefully effeminate habits. I think it is splendid. Penwell put up with the rest. His description of the evening is very vivid, and I cannot do justice to it. The grave and stern old gentlemen were on a lark; necessity forced them into unwonted fun, and all their latent boyhood came out. They sat on the floor and played whist. They had recitations. A future Cabinet Minister sang all Moore's Melodies. A future Judge sang the comic song of St. Ke in. A senator told a story. A member perpetrated a pun. The pipe of tranquility produced discord and laughter. The wine when it was red was looked upon with favor. And at the conclusion, the company joined hands round a gentleman of sixty five and sang out of tune most horribly, "Auld Lang Syne." Not one man was ever less dignified for the unwonted relapse into the ways of that pleasant land of Bohemia in which all of them had travelled a little in youth.

The morning train took them away from St. Johannes, and, as there was time to spare, they determined to go in a body to Quebec, if only for an hour.

Penwell found himself again near Miss Dolby. He had thought of her often during the evening. He had wildly resolved that a railway accident would be welcome if he could have the delight of rescuing Miss Dolby. The brown eyes had pierced very deep indeed. She had been a little troubled at his manner, for she was only eighteen and had never had any "affairs," and was therefore unprepared for any adoration at first sight. But his views so novel to her, his frank way, his pleasant voice, his earnestness, all prepossessed her in his favor, and she was willing to renew the conversation of the previous day. But her father was unusually dignified and silent. He had unbent too much the night previous, and was disposed to be more than ordinarily grave this morning. For the best part of the journey, therefore, Penwell was unable to renew his tête-à-tête. He had handed her a book, and got a "thank you." He had brought her a drink, and been rewarded with a smile. He had called her attention to the scenery, and been gratified by her attention. He had told her father a story, and she had laughed. She grew weary, and he panted to be able to offer her his shoulder to lean against. She chatted with a sexagenarian, and he grew morose. She mused pensively, and he wildly dreamed that she might be thinking of him. Not till Quebec was reached, and for a short time the party trod the quaint streets and sought out the remains of famous gates, did he have a chance. The party were standing on the noble bluff that looks out over the river and the country—a noble view, and for a little while he had a chance.

"What are you thinking of, Mr. Penwell?" she said with some interest. "Of the battles and bruises of Quebec?"

"Have you read the Virginians?" said Penwell. "I was thinking of them. I was thinking of Harry Warrington who came out here leaving the dear friends at home—and of James Wolfe, (not Colonel Wolfe), who left his sweetheart at home in Merry England, the England of the German Georges, of the Bellendens and Tepells, of the Harveys and Bolingbrokes! Do you remember how angry little Hatty was when the court did not go into mourning for their James Wolfe—as if the strutting little turkey-cock of Herrenhausen had any heart to mourn for him?"

"Ah," she said, "you love Thackeray."

"Yes, I love him greatly. A good man, a great nature, a noble writer. He has been to me a liberal education. I think I should not be much surprised to see Master Harry Warrington come rushing here with a cocked hat and a froged coat and top boots, and a sword, and swear a little and ask me to crack a bottle. I should like to go with him, but for one thing."

"What is that?"

"I should have to leave you."

She blushed and he looked a little afraid of his rashness. But she recovered and turned the conversation into history again.

"Has not England been good to Canada? Ought we not to be loyal? This fortress is a monument to her protective care."

"Yes, and a monument to our loyalty also. Do you know that noble poem of Browning, 'Home thoughts from the sea,' in which he tells us how

"Sunset ran one glorious blood red  
Reeking into Cadiz Bay,"

And how on one side was Gibraltar "grand and gray" and also full in sight Trafalgar lay; and how his one thought was

"Here and here did England help me—  
—How can I help England? Say!"

"Don't you think that an Englishman might reasonably feel that Canada has helped him here and ask us how could he help Canada also? English blood has been shed here for us; but Canadian blood has been shed here also for England."

"I am sure," she said admiringly, "you put it so eloquently that an Englishman must go with you. I go with you surely,"—and then she felt the blood forsake her face as she bent down and whispered,

"Would that you could, that you could!"

Their next meeting, for a day, was in Montreal. Glorious city! Beautiful by day and by night! Beautiful when approached from the river, and from the land. Beautiful in your churches, your streets, your charities. Dear to me for your hospitable hearts, for my school boy friends who have studied, have died there.

Brave city that draws to yourself the great business of the West and rivals the Gotham of the Pagans over the border! I grow enthusiastic when I think of Montreal.

The party had "done" the markets with their hundreds of booths, their thousands of chattering tongues. They had visited the churches, the hospitals, the printing offices, the banks, the quays. At last, it was proposed to go to the top of Notre Dame. Some were blown and sat down for a rest below. Penwell and Miss Dolby were first up and remained till the last. They looked over the great mass of buildings, the great crowd of people, and saw the towers of the churches and the hospitals.

"We must honor the French," he said. "We have just left Quebec with its French memories. Here we have them still. What good fellows they were, what brave men, what honest gentlemen, what good Christians! Who would not wish to have been with those who came up this noble river. Surely 'tis the Holy River of Canada. Surely as the Hindoo comes to his Ganges to bathe in it and die, might we not come to this river of ours and think it holy too."

"I love the French a little more than my father," she said, "and I share your enthusiasm, both about the river and the city. Isn't it a splendid scene, such a mass of wealth and industry and charity all combined!"

"I should like to have it for my own," he said, looking into her eyes and feeling his head throb with unwonted excitement.

"Why so," she said looking away towards the Hotel Dieu to escape his gaze.

"That I might offer it all to you, that I might give it all to you." He clasped her hand which was not withdrawn and resisted but a little.

"Dear Miss Dolby let me say to you"—

"Katy, I think you had better come with me," said Mr. Dolby, with his head and shoulders over the stairs along side.

(To be continued.)

BRELOQUES POUR DAMES.

"CAN you tell me what a smile is?" asked a gentleman of a little girl.—"Yes sir; it's the whisper of a laugh."

"CAN you spell donkey with one letter?" asked a silly young man of a bright girl.—"Yes," she answered; "u."

FASHIONABLE young lady, detaching her hair before retiring: "What dreams may come when we have shuffled off this mortal coil!"

THE Rev. Phæbe Hanaford is said to weigh scarcely 100 pounds. "But every word she speaks," adds a writer, "weighs a ton."

KATE Field says that if she were the Princess Louise she would emigrate to a country where her husband would be her social equal.

"THERE, that explains where my clothes-line went to!" exclaimed a Yankee woman, as she found her husband hanging in the barn.

WE hear that the ladies call the new style of tight-fitting dress "the Bishop," and defend it as a pious imitation of the clerical tight-fitting apron of those church dignitaries.

A LADY in Paris becoming exasperated at an editor, challenged him; he accepted the challenge, and exasperated the lady still more by naming *bodkins* as the weapons.

THE Princess Frederica, daughter of the ex-King of Hanover, is said to be without doubt the most beautiful princess in Europe. She is the devoted companion of her blind father.

"MA," observed Blobbs's little child reflectively the other night as the first stars came out, "don't you think that when those stars twinkle that way they must tickle the angels' feet?"

LITTLE Alice was crying bitterly, and on being questioned, confessed to having received a slap from one of her playfellows. "You should have returned it," unwisely said the questioner.—"Oh, I returned it before," said the little girl.

No Norwegian girl is allowed to have a beau until she can bake bread and knit stockings; and, as a consequence, every girl can bake and knit long before she can read or write, and she doesn't have to be coaxed into her industry, either.

ANNA CONNETT, a pretty girl over in New Jersey, was acquitted of the charge of burglary, whereupon she threw her arms around the Judge's neck, and kissed him. And now all the married lawyers around Plainfield are candidates for Judge.

"I SEE you are in black: are you in mourning for a friend?" was propounded by one friend to another in the street the other day.—"No, I am in mourning for my sins."—"I never heard that you lost any," was the instant and keen reply.

MISS Maria Mitchell, Professor of Astronomy at Vassar College, is described by some one who saw her at the Woman's Congress, as a large woman, with a fine, commanding figure, a square face, with a prominent chin and mischievous brown eyes, and hair falling over her face in short gray curls.

The New York Times thinks, in leading brevity, that, despite woman's dress, her personal beauty imparts about all there is to her make-up. This is an æsthetic and careful way of putting the moral fashions into print: but it is a physical fact that a quarter of a row of pins will make a woman's personal beauty crop out anywhere.

HE was smoking a cigar on a car where there were ladies. A lady took out her purse, got ten cents, and handed it to the smoker. "What's

this for?" said he. "It's to buy you a good cigar when you smoke in the presence of ladies." He threw the cigar out of the window, the scrip in the lady's lap, jerked the strap, and jumped out.

THE term "grass widow" is said to be a corruption of "grace widow." "Grace widow" is the term applied to one who becomes a widow by grace or favor, and not by the death of her husband, and originated in the early ages of European civilization, when divorces were granted but seldom, and wholly by the Catholic Church. When such a decree was granted to a woman the Papal rescript stated "Vidua de gratia," which, interpreted, is "widow of grace." In the law of the French it would read, "Veuve de grace" or "grace widow," "veuve" being translated as "widow."

LITERARY NOTICES.

The place of honor in the November ATLANTIC is assigned, and properly so, to the new serial of its editor, W. D. Howells, entitled "Private Theatricals," the first two chapters of which are published. The same qualities of quiet, artistic attraction which have given this author his reputation, are plainly discernible in his new work, and the drawing of a couple of the characters reveals something akin to a new power. We are glad of this. Mr. Howells, although he has already put forth several works, is still on the threshold of his career, and we are justified in expecting from him the opening of distinctly fresh fields. "Roderick Hudson," from the delicate pen of Henry James, Jr., is reaching its termination, and before pronouncing definitively upon this rather ambitious work, we prefer to read it as a whole. It has struck us rather drawn out in parts. We have reproduced in another column of this issue a pretty Sonnet by F. S. Among other papers in the present number, we may mention "At the Gates of the East," not in the best vein of Charles Dudley Warner, and the fourth chapter of Frances Ann Kemble's "Old Woman's Gossip," which contains some pleasant anecdotes.

The feature eagerly looked for in SCIBNER'S for November, is the new novel, by Bret Harte entitled "Gabriel Conroy." All that was expected of it is fulfilled in the opening chapters, which are replete with sensational power, and if the rest of the work maintains this standard, we shall have found at last the American novel. It will be well, however, not to be too sanguine, as the opening pitch is almost too high and may possibly not be sustained. Meantime, we trust our readers will hasten to procure themselves the gratification of perusing these initial chapters. "The Story of Sevenoaks" is nearing its conclusion, and has already, we believe, been issued in book form. We are inclined to rate it as the best of Dr. Holland's works. It satisfies by its maturity, a quality of combined imagination and keen judgment which reveals the mastery of deep humanitarian studies. That quality is just now so truly developed in Dr. Holland that we must look for further and more lasting productions of a similar character. The remaining pages of the Monthly are replete with the usual amount of sterling literary matter.

With the November number, St. NICHOLAS enters brilliantly upon the third year of its existence. We know of no periodical which has maintained itself so well from its initial issue. The illustrations before us are exquisite and some of the little sketches can serve for studies. The present number contains no less than thirty articles, of all characters, but every one nicely adapted to the readers of the magazine. For the December number something special is promised in the shape of a paper, denominated: One Hundred Christmas Presents and How to make them. This article will be full of practical descriptions, by the aid of which girls of all ages, and boys, too, for that matter, can make beautiful and useful Christmas presents for all their friends and relations. It will be ready on the 20th November.

In LIPPINCOTT'S for November we have a generous instalment of Mrs. E. Lynn Linton's fine story of the "Atonement of Leam Dundas." It is sufficient of itself to give currency to the present number. The two illustrated papers are "Up the Thames," with a number of charming views, and "St. Augustine in April." These illustrated articles of travel have been a specialty with LIPPINCOTT'S, and contributed very materially to its popularity. Rebecca Harding Davis is unquestionably one of the most promising among American female writers, and her short stories, more especially, have a rare quality of spiritual insight very akin to genius. "Qualla" in the present number is a grand sketch from her pen. Among the good papers are "The Magic Handkerchief," "Summer Days at Vichy," and an interesting review of Claude Tillier, a French Provincial writer, from the pen of Wile Wallace Harney. The Monthly Gossip of the Magazine and the Literature of the Day are, as usual, entertaining and useful.

Mrs. Annie Edward's new story, entitled "Leah, or A Woman of Fashion," reaches its termination in the November number of the GALAXY. The work is interesting and original, and, published in book form, by Sheldon & Co., must command a ready sale. The present number of the GALAXY contains a series of those light, entertaining papers for which this periodical has a reputation. "The Two Ampères," "Nannette Schiller," "A Peaceful Pipe," "Twenty years" can all be read at one sitting, during the smoking of a cigar, and from each a curious bit of informa-

tion can be derived. Richard Grant White is, of course, again to the fore, and this time the very title of his paper is attractive. We should dispute the etymological correctness of Heterophemy, or "Other-Speech" as significant of verbal blunder, but for the fear of drawing down a second article on our devoted heads. The blunder of which he treats is an example of what "physiological psychologists" call unconscious cerebration. The error consists in thinking one thing and speaking or writing another. R. G. W. gives a number of amusing instances, introducing that personal flavor which constitutes the chief charm of his writings.

HEARTH AND HOME.

MIND.—The mind perceives by occasion of outward objects as much more than is represented to it by sense, as a learned man does in the best-written book than an illiterate person or brute. To the eyes of both the same characters will appear; but the learned man, in those characters, will see heaven, earth, sun and stars—read profound theorems of philosophy or geometry—learn a great deal of new knowledge from them, and admire the wisdom of the composer; while, to the other, nothing appears but black strokes drawn on white paper.

GOODNESS AND WICKEDNESS.—If there is one lesson which history and revelation unite in teaching, it is this—that goodness and wickedness ever have been, and, as long as the world lasts, ever will be, mixed up in this still of our existence—that social progress and civilization will never make goodness universal, eradicate vice, or bring the flesh into final subjection to the spirit. They teach also like a "voice for ever sounding across the centuries" the laws of right and wrong. Opinions alter, manners change, creeds rise and fall, but the moral law is written on the tablets of eternity. For every false word or unrighteous deed, for cruelty or oppression, for lust or vanity, the price has to be paid at last, not always by the chief offenders, but paid by some one.

IMPRUDENT MARRIAGES.—I have often been surprised at the readiness with which some parents allow their daughters to marry gay, thoughtless young men, who have never given any evidence of established habits, or exhibited the stability of character necessary to conduct with propriety the affairs of a family. Respectable parentage, the prospect of a tolerable support, and the absence of any glaring vices, are considered sufficient. If a young man be a little wild, we are told he will become steady as soon as he is married. If he be fond of the midnight revel, and now and then requires the assistance of a friend to get him home, we are assured that a wife will immediately render him domestic; and if profane and irreligious now, he is to become moral, if not religious, when a husband. Thus virtue is anguished from present vice, sobriety from irregularity, and temperance from dissipation; and a daughter possessing perhaps every qualification necessary to make herself and others happy, is trusted to one who must become altered in every respect before he can be in reality a good husband.

That matches are too often made up from sordid motives, and human happiness thus bartered for pounds, shillings, and pence, I need not tell you; and that the respectability of a man's connexion is often the passport of the hand of a lovely female, when he has scarcely a personal qualification to recommend him, you well know. With a portion of the world, this has always been the case, and probably always will be. Do you ask what is to be done? Are we to refuse the offers of young men of family and fortune, because they are rather wild? If you do not choose to risk the happiness of your daughters, most certainly you will, since compliance is the stepping-stone to misery, which, in most cases, only finds a termination when the grave has closed over the victim.

THE SONG OF THE SHIRT.

The New York Home Journal says:—Constant Mayer's new painting, "The Song of the Shirt," is a very clever interpretation of Hood's tearful ballad. The artist was evidently well aware of the limitations of his art, and wisely refrained from endeavoring to reproduce the lights and shades of the original in all their tragical intensity. He knew that the extremes of want, famine, and despair, which make so powerful an appeal to the imagination and sensibilities in the poem, would, if presented visibly on the canvas, be too painful for contemplation. His aim, therefore, has been to suggest rather than express the story. He represents the heroine as a poor, reduced lady, but clearly a lady. The pathos of her situation is not in the absolute poverty and repulsiveness of her surroundings, but in the implied contrast of her present despairful state with her former happiness and hope. In personal appearance she is still comely; the attire of better days still adorns her, but with clear indications of the day when it will quit service and leave no substitute. The room is plain but comfortable, the plastering scarcely beginning to crumble, and the pointing of the brick masonry at the window still flush and trim. The window is glazed with panes of ample size, such as we associate in this country with a rather luxurious order of architecture. We should say the lady was occupying an attic room in some of our fashionable hotels or Fifth Avenue apartment houses. But the view through the window is unmistakably Londonish, with its

towers and turrets of haughty magnificence. The sun is just rising, and its cold gray light comes opportunely to supplement the poor girl's solitary candle, now burned down into the socket. The candlestick appears to be of good solid brass and might be valued, doubtless, for its metal as well as for old family associations. This, with a tin dish and pewter spoon, and a piece of bread, apparently broken from a French loaf, constitutes the furnishing of the little table. Just above hangs a dainty pincushion, of blue satin. The lady is still beautiful and attractive with something of the tender fascination which tears and sorrow lend to beauty. Though pallid, her cheek is not yet hollowed by famine, nor have the curves of content and comfort all vanished from the once rosy mouth. The eyes, which show where "a royal soul dwelt royally," are large and warm, although weighed down with sorrow and dimmed by long and hopeless labors. Here are the elements of the tragedy: the beauty, refinement, and elevation of character, which give the sharpest pang to the misfortune of poverty, and make death a thousand times more welcome than personal or social disgrace. This is the essence, although not exactly the embodiment of the passionate outcry of the poet's heart. It is not the night, but the pen-sive twilight that precedes the hour of doom. It is decidedly a pleasant view of the subject; one that a millionaire employer might choose wherewith to adorn his own private mansion, or the walls of his work cellars, or the hotel for his seamstresses.

THE TRUE SOUTHRON.

At a reunion of Federal and Confederate soldiers, held in Elizabeth, N. J., last week, General Roger Pryor, being called for, said: "We fought for a cause we thought was just and until this is recognized there can never be perfect reconciliation. So long as you think our cause a mere political intrigue, you will be philosophically and historically wrong, but you do not longer think so. If I may criticise our revered forefathers, I would say they were to blame for the late rebellion, for they undertook to join in autonomy two sections of country with widely different interests. From them, from Madison, we learned to believe in our right to secede, in State sovereignty, or Home Rule, as you call it; and when the question of the abolition of slavery came up we could not view it as you did. You contended that you could limit the area of slavery; we thought it a domestic institution to be managed by ourselves. Thus began what ended in the war. When war came we necessarily took the State rights view; we naturally took to our right to secede. I venture to say there is not a gallant soldier before me, who, in my case, would not have been a rebel. The speaker who preceded me had nothing to apologize for; if he had, I should have contempt for him. I have nothing to apologize for, and under the same circumstances, before God, I should do it all over again." Stillness prevailed as this sentence was rung out, but when the speaker said that though his heart bled over the devastated fields of his native State, and though a million souls were sacrificed by the war, he thought the abolition of slavery was enough to compensate for it all, the loudest, most vociferous applause of the day was given. In conclusion Gen. Pryor said he believed every Southerner was now again attached to the country and the Constitution, and should another war come—"which may God avert—the North would feel the touch of the Southern elbow, and the South would march to the music of the Union."

HUMOUROUS.

At a public-house in Devonshire the landlord has it painted up outside his door, "Good beer sold here, but don't take my word for it."

AMIDST the general reduction of wages in these dull times, there is one thing whose wages are not in the least reduced, and that is sin.

A queer old gentleman being asked what he wished for dinner, replied, "An appetite, good company, something to eat, and a napkin."

A Yankee paper in puffing a certain soap says it is the "best ever used for cleaning a dirty man's face. We have tried it, and therefore ought to know."

A colored man who was lately resuscitated from what seemed death, but was only catalepsy, was entertaining his friends with the sights he beheld in the other world. "Plenty colored brethren in Heaven, I spec, Tom." "Oh, yes," said Tom. "And how about hell—any down there?" asked another interlocutor. "Oh, yes! massa, plenty of dem der too." "Any white folks, Tom?" "Lord save us, der ain't no end on 'em, but, by gosh, massa, ebery white man done got a nigger holdin' between him and de fire!"

OLD WISTON was a negro preacher in Virginia, and his ideas of theology and human nature were often very original. A gentleman thus accented the old gentleman one Sunday: "Winston, I understand you believe every woman has seven devils. How can you prove it?" "Well, sah, did you never read in the Bible how seven devbles was cast out'er Mary Magalin?" "Oh, yes! I've read that." "Did you ebber hear of 'em bein' cast out of any other woman, sah?" "No, I never did." "Well, den, all de odders got 'em yet."

ARTISTIC.

SOME of the American painters who have been residing at Rome and Paris during the last decade have returned home with the impression that American cities afford better markets than all Europe—for them.

THE Pope has lately purchased Rossignani's collection of Etruscan glass and pottery ware, which took twenty-five years to form. This important and unique collection will be placed in the Vatican Museum.





A FAKIR AT A MOSQUE AT TANGIERS.



THE FASHIONS.



FOOT NOTES.

RUSSIAN railroad managers are experimenting with the electric light as a headlight for locomotives. Successful results were obtained on the line from Moscow to Kursk.

A profit of £10,000 a year made in a single city from an industry based on the collection and re-manufacture of the cigar ends cast aside in the street by smokers is as striking an illustration of the value which may be given to "unconsidered trifles" as could be desired.

THE new boot in Paris which ladies are now looking forward to with eagerness is the Pompeian. It is of black velvet and very high; the legging in front all Venetian cut work, embroidered with a tiny silver cord.

DR. REUSCH, a Norwegian geologist, has lately been making researches in the caverns of Tondmore, and in one of them, the Cave of Siong, has found interesting traces of pre-historic inhabitants. Under the deposit of centurial left by sheep and goats has been found a stratum of cinders and ashes mingled with the shells of edible molluscs and the bones of different sorts of animals, as well as a great number of remains of the earliest period, such as arrow heads, &c., nearly all of which are of bone.

"There was a frog who lived in a spring, He caught such a cold that he could not sing." Poor, unfortunate Batrachian! In what a sad plight he must have been. And yet his misfortune was one that often befalls singers.

OUR CHESS COLUMN.

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

TO CORRESPONDENTS

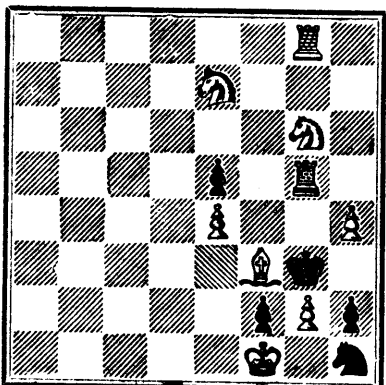
We have received several problems sent for insertions. They shall have due attention.

The collection of English Chess Problems of which we spoke a few weeks ago, is going rapidly through the press and will be ready for the public about Christmas.

We see it announced in an English paper that a Chess Match will take place next January between Messrs. Blackburne and Steinitz for £60 sterling, and that it is exciting much attention in chess circles. Every chess player must feel great interest in a match between two men of such acknowledged skill, but the conditions of the game, with reference to the stakes to be contested for, are much to be deprecated.

"Time was when the leading players sought with avidity the opportunity of encountering each other; the pleasure and exercise of the contest, and credit of victory, being considered ample inducement." \*\*\* Now, the aspect of chess policy is changed, match play is entirely stopped through the largeness of the stakes demanded, and emulatory games, formerly so popular and so frequent, are now of rare occurrence."

PROBLEM No. 43. By R. B. WORMALD. BLACK.



White to play and mate in three moves.

GAME 47TH.

Played in the late Tournament at Ottawa, between G. Jackson Esq., and Wm. Baker Esq.

The Evans' Gambit refused.

- WHITE.—(G. Jackson.) 1. P to K 4th 2. Kt to K B 3rd 3. B to Q B 4th 4. P to Q Kt 4th 5. P to Kt 5th 6. Kt takes K P 7. Kt takes Kt 8. Kt takes B 9. P to Q 4th 10. Castles 11. P to Q B 3rd 12. P to K B 4th 13. P to B 5th 14. P takes P 15. Kt to Q B 3rd 16. P to K R 3rd 17. R to K B 3rd 18. R to K Kt 3rd 19. B to K Kt 5th

GAME 48TH.

(Between Rosenthal and Kolisch.)

King's Bishop's Gambit.

- WHITE.—(Rosenthal.) 1. P to K 4th 2. P to K B 4th 3. B to Q B 4th 4. Kt to Q B 3rd 5. P to Q 4th 6. P to K R 4th 7. P to R 5th 8. P to K Kt 3rd 9. Q B takes P 10. Kt to Q 5th 11. B takes Q 12. K B takes P (ch) 13. Q to K 2nd 14. R to R 2nd 15. Q to K B 2nd 16. R takes P and wins

SOLUTIONS.

Solution of Problem No. 41.

- WHITE. 1. Q to K Kt sq 2. Kt to Q 8th 3. R to K 6th mate
- BLACK. 1. P takes Kt (a) (b) 2. P to Q B 4th (c)
- (a) 1. K takes Kt 2. K moves.
- (b) 1. P to Kt 4th
- (c) 1. 2. K takes R

Solution of Problem for Young Players, No. 40.

- WHITE. 1. Q to Q B 4th (ch) 2. Q to Q B sq (ch) 3. Kt mates
- BLACK. 1. K to Q 7th 2. K takes Q.

PROBLEMS FOR YOUNG PLAYERS, No. 41.

- WHITE. K at K R sq R at Q Kt 4th Kt at Q 4th
- BLACK. K at Q R 8th P at Q Kt 3rd

White to play and mate in four moves.



CANADIAN COMMISSION.

International Exhibition of 1876.

NOTICE IS HEREBY GIVEN, that the expense of transportation of articles transmitted to the CENTENNIAL EXHIBITION at Philadelphia will be borne by the Canadian Commission, and that they will be responsible for any loss or damage sustained by exhibitors. They will also furnish all

Show Cases, Counters, Shelving, &c., and will provide the necessary conveniences for the transmission of power from shafts in the Machinery Hall. Articles for exhibition will be free of duty unless sold for use in the United States. Articles sold to be shipped to other countries will be free of duty. Entries close on 1st November next. Articles to be delivered in the different Provinces not later than 1st of March, 1876. Exhibition of Animals in September and October, 1876. Immediate application is necessary to secure space, such application to be forwarded to Mr. W. H. FRAZER, Secretary of Advisory Board, 37 Scott St., Toronto.

D. McDOUGALL, Berlin, Commissioner Ontario. J. PERRAULT, Secretary. OTTAWA, September, 1875. 12-18-3-222.

SIGNOR J. HAZAZER'S ACADEMY DANCING AND DEPORTMENT NOW OPEN. 12-18-4-223.

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NOTICE.

APPLICATION will be made to the Legislature of the Province of Quebec, at its next session, for an Act to incorporate "THE CHURCH HOME OF MONTREAL." Montreal, 20th October, 1875. CARTER & KELLER, Solicitors for Applicants. 12-18-4-227.

NOTICE.

APPLICATION will be made to the Legislature of the Province of Quebec, at its next session, for an Act to incorporate "THE PATRIOTIC INSURANCE COMPANY." Montreal, 20th October, 1875. CARTER & KELLER, Solicitors for Applicants. 12-18-4-228.

THE BURLAND-DESBARATS

Lithographic Company

(LIMITED.)

NOTICE.

THE ANNUAL GENERAL MEETING of the Shareholders of the BURLAND-DESBARATS LITHOGRAPHIC COMPANY will be held at the Office of the Company, 319, St. Antoine Street, in the City of Montreal, on

Wednesday, the 3rd day of Nov. 1875,

at 3 o'clock P.M., to receive the Directors' Report, amend the By-Laws, and to elect a Board of Directors for the ensuing year.

By order,

JOHN HUGH ROSS, Secy.-Treas.

MONTREAL, 16th October, 1875.

NOTICE.

IN ACCORDANCE WITH A RESOLUTION OF the Board of Directors of the MECHANICS' BANK, and in conformity with the 20th section of the Act relating to Banks and Banking (34 Vic. c. 5), I hereby call a SPECIAL GENERAL MEETING of the Shareholders of the Bank in Montreal, on the EIGHTEENTH day of NOVEMBER next, at TWO o'clock, to take into consideration the affairs of the Bank generally.

W. SHANLEY, President Mechanics' Bank.

Montreal, 29th Sept., 1875. 12-18-4-235



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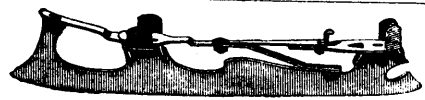
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NOTICE.

Application will be made at the next Session of the Legislature for the passing of an Act to authorise JOHN HENRY PELLY SIMPSON to sell and convey certain Real Estate in this Province, being three Islands in the River St. Lawrence above Lachine, known as "LES ISLES D'ORVAL," notwithstanding the substitution affecting the said Islands contained in the last Will and Testament of the late SIR GEORGE SIMPSON.

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May 1st, 1875.

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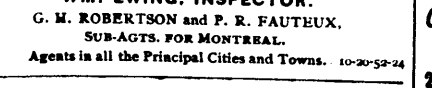
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