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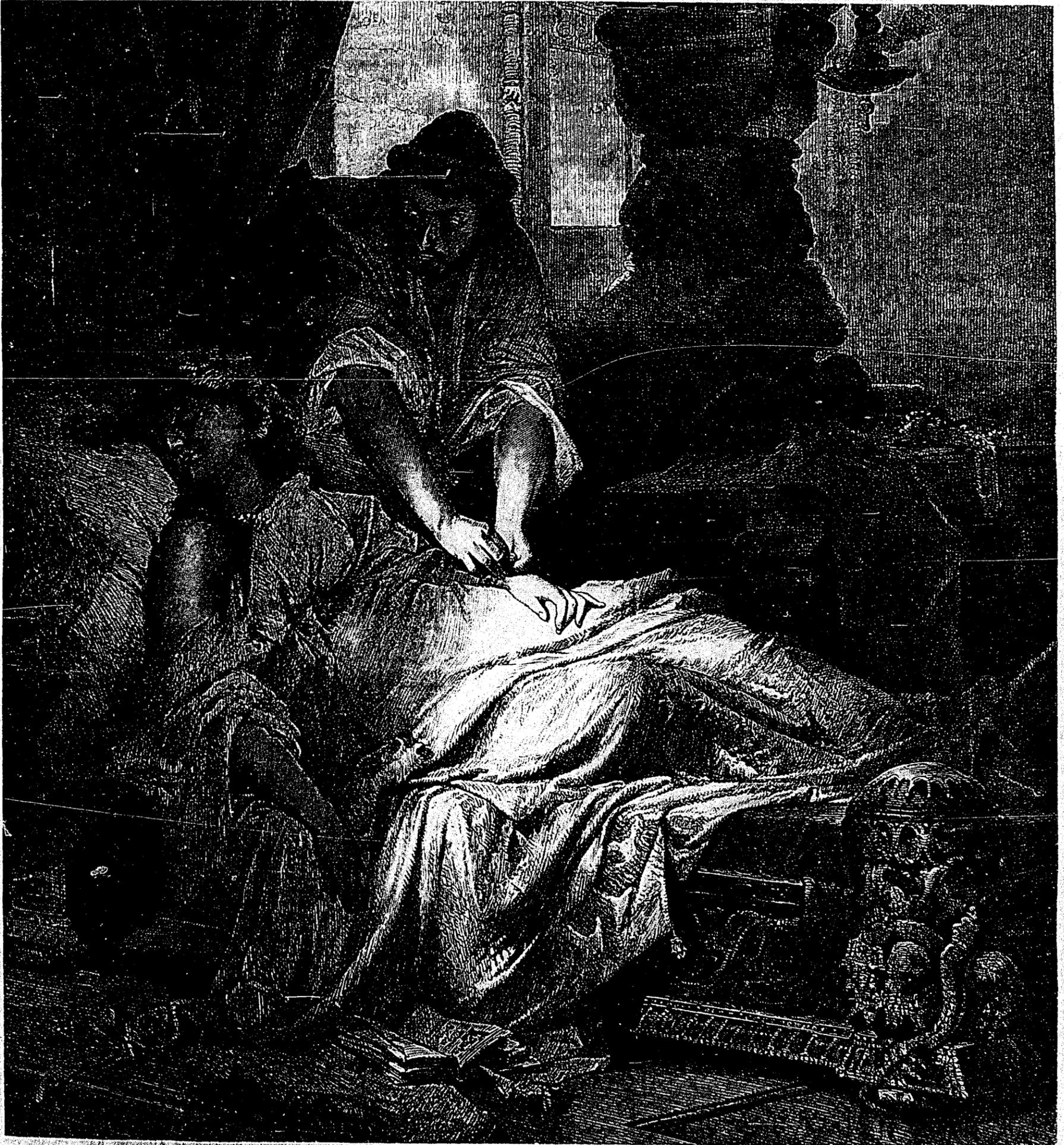
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Illustrated News

Vol. IX.—No. 2

MONTREAL, SATURDAY, JANUARY 10, 1874.

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CANADIAN ILLUSTRATED NEWS.

MONTREAL, SATURDAY, JANUARY 10, 1874.

THE DESBARATS LITHOGRAPHIC AND PUBLISHING
 COMPANY.

The Engraving, Printing and Publishing business founded
 and heretofore carried on by G. E. Desbarats, will henceforth
 be continued by a Joint Stock Company under the above title.
 This Company, which will shortly be incorporated by charter
 under the Great Seal of the Dominion of Canada, has acquired
 the property of "The Canadian Illustrated News," "The
 Favorite," "The Canadian Patent Office Record and Me-
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 Publique," and other publications issued by G. E. Desbarats,
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 Type Printing Business.

The Company proposes to build a magnificent structure in
 a conspicuous and convenient locality in this City, where the
 business can be permanently established on a footing second
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Meanwhile, the ample Capital at its command will enable it
 to push the existing business to the utmost extent compatible
 with its present location; to improve the above mentioned
 publications in every particular, and to satisfy its customers,
 as to promptness, style of workmanship, and moderation in
 prices.

The Patronage of the enlightened Canadian Public in every
 part of the Dominion is solicited for this new Company, which
 will strive to build up a business alike beneficial and credit-
 able to Canada.

We are on the eve of an electoral contest which will agitate
 the country for a couple of months. From the circumstances
 of the case, there is reason to anticipate that it will be con-
 ducted with considerable personal virulence. On the one
 hand, the party in power will make the alleged corruption of
 the late government their *cheval de bataille*; while, on the
 other, the Conservatives have already sounded their war-cry,
 in branding the present Cabinet as a "ring of conspirators,"
 who are secretly manipulating the elections to maintain them-
 selves in office. We suppose there is no use protesting against
 all this unfairness and abuse. It seems fated that in Canada,
 as in the United States, no gentleman can emerge from private
 life and present himself for public honours without being
 reviled in the most unscrupulous fashion and dragged down
 to the depths of infamy. Let us only hope that this abnormal
 and atrocious state of things will not ultimately result, as it
 has done among our neighbours, in driving all the best talent
 and all the integrity of the country into the shades of retire-
 ment. What will add to the acerbity of the campaign is the
 confidence expressed by the Ministerial party that they will
 sweep the constituencies and roll up an overwhelming wave
 of majority which shall bury their opponents in everlasting
 shipwreck. For ourselves, looking calmly and dispassionately
 over the battlefield, we fail to see anything justifying this
 overweening confidence. The Conservatives are prepared
 for a minority, indeed, but they profess to hold their forces
 well in hand and preserve a serried front. Their tactics will
 be to get rid, as much as possible, of exceptionable men, and
 put forward candidates of wealth, position and influence.
 These men will go before the people disclaiming all connec-
 tion with or implication in the Pacific Scandal, and professing
 to be as honest and patriotic as the men in power. In many
 cases, they will have no objection to promising the govern-
 ment fair play, a thing they can safely do, seeing that the Ad-
 ministration has not yet declared any policy. A show of
 independence goes a great way with electors, and many Con-
 servatives will doubtless be elected on that platform. There
 are two points which we venture to predict, even at this inci-
 pient stage of the canvass. The first is that the Conservative
 party will form a new combination of leaders, which will sur-
 prise their adversaries and add unexpected strength to their
 cause. The second is that the Pacific Scandal will be a less
 potent issue with the people, outside of Ontario, at least, than
 is at present imagined. Altogether, we have no reason to
 modify the opinion expressed in our last issue, that, in the
 interest of the government themselves, whom we sincerely
 wish well, the dissolution of Parliament and this sudden order-

ing of general elections, are a serious mistake, which will be
 used against them with considerable effect. Spite of ourselves,
 we feel that there has been a seeming lack of sincerity and a
 want of broad, bold statesmanship in all this business, for
 which neither the character nor the abilities of Mr. Mackenzie
 had prepared us. We hope he will think and act for himself,
 and not be unduly influenced by the spirit of intrigue which
 is essentially characteristic of several of the gentlemen who
 surround him.

The latest news from Spain is startling, because, on this
 side the water, at least, it was unexpected. We had, indeed
 heard that the noble attitude maintained by President Castelar
 was viewed with some disfavour by certain parties, but we
 had been led to hope that the good sense of the majority
 would prevail in endorsing the action of the Executive, espe-
 cially at the present crisis, when the Carlists are again push-
 ing their advance posts in the mountains of Navarre. In this
 estimate we have been mistaken. On the 4th inst., after the
 reading of the President's message, a final and decisive vote
 was taken thereupon, in the Cortes, by which Castelar was
 beaten. The vote stood 120 against and 100 for him. As
 soon as the result was announced General Pavia sent an officer
 to the Chamber with a letter demanding the dissolution of the
 Cortes; Senor Salmeron and others urged Castelar to continue
 in power, but their prayer was refused, whereupon a company
 of Municipal guard entered the Palace of the Cortes and ex-
 pelled the Deputies; Pavia with his staff held the position
 outside with cannon pointed at the building. This *coup d'état*,
 was not successful, or rather it succeeded in overthrowing the
 man whom it was intended to support and maintain. A de-
 cree was at once promulgated appointing Serrano as President
 and a new Ministry was formed as follows: Minister of For-
 eign Affairs, Sagasta; War, Zavala; Justice, Figuerola;
 Agriculture, Becerra; Finance, Echegaray; Interior, Garcia
 Ruiz; Marine, Topete. The fall of Castelar is probably the
 knell of the Spanish republic. He was the last of the promi-
 nent men who essayed to save it. Serrano is not a
 republican. Neither is he a great man such as the situation
 demands. There have been rumours that he has had lately
 some relations with the Alphonists, and it would certainly
 not surprise us to learn that his second advent to power is
 only the prelude to the ascension of the Prince of Asturias,
 who is now in alliance with the party of Don Alphonso.

The French Opposition papers of this Province are publish-
 ing notices from the different departments at Ottawa, to the
 fact that they must cease being sent thither and furthermore
 that they may no longer insert government advertisements.
 Human nature is ever the same. The present administration
 is rapidly drifting into all the old tricks and dodges charged
 against its adversaries and insensibly, when it is reproached
 therefor, its organs have taken up the refrain—"Well, Sir John
 did the same thing." It is well, only we all expected some-
 thing better from the party in power than an imitation of Sir
 John's policy. Seriously, there is reason for misgiving lest
 our friends should injure their cause at this very early stage
 of their administration.

We are inclined to believe that with the general world of
 newspaper readers the present Government has lost much of
 its popularity. Why? For the next six weeks the papers
 will be filled with election intelligence. The mass of newspa-
 per readers, who look for news, will not thank Mr. Mackenzie
 for the dissolution.

No amount of specious special pleading can justify the ex-
 ceedingly ill-timed remarks of Mr. Mackenzie, made at the
 Huntington dinner, in reference to Imperial decorations. For
 the sake of the Prime Minister himself, it were desirable that
 the words should never have been uttered.

The Quebec Bar are striking against—well, the improprieties
 of the Bench. Surely it is time for the Bench to protest
 against the impurities of the Bar, when the Solicitor General
 is mixed up in an ignoble affair with a woman of the town.

The present Government is, we understand, in no great fa-
 vour with the Civil Service employees at Ottawa. The new-
 housemaid who sweeps with a new broom, is also in small
 favour with the spiders whose cobwebs she brushes away.

It is a characteristic verdict that the French Admiralty
 Court has given in the "Ville du Havre" case—Not guilty,
 and we don't mind if you do the same thing again.

The great fault to be found with the Mackenzie Ministry is
 its negligence to declare a policy. May we express a hope
 that its policy is the best—Honesty?

Mr. Young is Flour Inspector of Montreal. If he inspects
 flour as efficiently as he has done other people's letters he will
 do well.

The whist-players' rule—When in doubt play a trump—dis-
 solution.

THE FLANEUR.

My friend F. K., in the Christmas number of the *News*
 had a valuable paper on the revival of the lost art of palmis-
 try. Of course, he might have known, and probably did
 expect, that some of us would try to get ahead of him in the
 resuscitation of old snucias. In this, he was not mistaken. I
 am going to do more than revive a lost art. I am going to
 announce the discovery of a new art.

Cookery painting! I am sure none of you ever heard of
 that before, not even my gastronomic colleague Delta. I
 will wager that nobody has any conception of what the
 words mean. Yet the thing exists and the art is practised in
 Paris, the great workshop of follies and deceptions.

In one of the principal restaurants of the boulevard, a
 painter is engaged as one of the regular staff. He paints
 your beefsteak, your omelette, your brisquet, your salad. That
 is incredible, of course. But listen.

It is difficult to have a layer of fire sufficiently spread out to
 broil, at one and the same time, joints, livers, steaks, cutlets
 and sardines or other fish which must be cooked on a grid-
 iron. What is to be done? Art comes in to supplement
 nature.

The artist takes a brown colour and rubs the gridiron
 therewith. He puts the meat on it and sets the gridiron in
 an oven. When the meat is done, he touches up the dark
 lines which indicate the *sincerity* of the broiling. *La sincerité*
de la grillade is French and superb.

For an omelette, it is another process. An omelette is made
 of four whites and one yolk. The yolk is kept for creams
 and sauces. To the white is mixed a sort of harmless tincture
 and when the artist has passed his brush, dipped in ochre, over
 the surface of the omelette, a simple kitchen boy goes over
 it with a hot iron, heightening the colour and giving this piece
 of art the appearance of a succulent dish.

The painter has before him some fifteen pots of various
 sizes. Each pot has its brush; on one side are two or three
 brushes, more or less hard. This is his laboratory and his
 studio. Here his inspirations are reduced to realities. It is
 here that he puts his *X pinxit*, to every dish that issues from
 the establishment.

For fish, the mode is simpler. A little varnish for soles, a
 little vermilion for lobsters are all that is required. The
 imagination or the good will of the eater makes up for the
 rest.

I should never end if I went through all the examples fur-
 nished by that inimitable *raconteur*, Aurelien Scholl. I shall
 content myself with only one more, and that the most artistic
 of all: the doubling of an egg on the plate. This is pronoun-
 ced a very difficult feat and it is paid for at fixed rates.

The caterer does not want to give two eggs and he does
 not dare offer only one. So the cook takes a plate in the
 bottom of which there is a little melted butter; he cuts the
 shell of the egg with a tool, similar to a glazier's diamond,
 then, with a knife steeped in oil, he rapidly splits the egg
 through the middle, where the cut was made by the sharp
 tool. The egg falls in two parts on the plate, and the yolk
 being half to the right and half to the left, a single egg is re-
 presented!

Scene at a country inn:

Host (putting dish on table).—Here is ham and egg.
 Guest.—The egg I see, but where is the ham?
 Host.—That is under the egg.

A specimen of classic translation:

Cæsar magno tumultu noctu cassira perripuit. (CÆSAR Com-
 ment.)
 Cæsar with a great noise broke through the casters (of his
 bed) at night.

One day, in the year 1849, as Victor Hugo was leaving the
 Institute of France and going to the Legislative Assembly,
 he met Beranger, along the quays:

"Where do you come from?" asked the song-writer, who,
 not being an Academician knew nothing of its days of
 meeting.

"From a place," replied the poet "where you should have
 been long since."

"And where are you going?"

"To a place you should never have left."

Beranger smiled, saluted his illustrious friend and passed
 on.

Who has not heard of the two Roman statues of Pasquin
 and Marforio?

When the Franco-Prussian war broke out the following
 dialogue passed between them.

Marforio.—What news to-day?

Pasquin.—A nation of novelists has declared war to a nation
 of geometers.

The friends of that charming writer and Bohemian, Théo-
 phil Gautier, have drawn a memorial volume, consisting of
 eulogistic verses and other appropriate letter press. Among the
 contributors is Algernon Swinburne, whose French verses are
 much praised for beauty and freshness.

Speaking of Swinburne, reminds me of an elegant and
 charitable appreciation of him from the lips of Ralph Waldo
 Emerson. The philosopher called the poet "a mere luper and
 sodomite." Thank you, Mr. Emerson. That at least is
 intelligible, which is more than can be said of most of your
 sayings and writings. I will not retaliate and repeat what a
 critical friend of mine once wrote of you. I will make no al-
 lusion to what is popularly known as "the sublime nonsense
 of Ralph Waldo Emerson."

A profound criticism of Alphonso Karr, on the lowering
 tendencies of our present literature. He says:

We, in 1830, took grisettes and made duchesses of them;
 you, in 1873, take duchesses and make grisettes of them.

NEW BOOKS.

Another of Messrs. Harper & Brothers' very admirable edition of Wilkie Collins' works has made its appearance. The new comer is "Hide and Seek," and in appearance it equals, in every way, its predecessors. We have already more than once drawn our readers' attention to this edition as superior to any that has been issued on this side of the Atlantic. When completed it will make a goodly show on the library shelves.

A story by the author of "Blade-o'-Grass" is a *sin qua non* of the Christmas season. Last Christmas "Bread-and-Cheese and Kisses" made such an impression on the reading public that some speculation was indulged in as to what the Christmas of 1873 would bring from this writer's pen. We are afraid that "Golden Grain" hardly comes up to the expectations of Mr. Farjeon's readers. We find in it, it is true, all the characteristics of his former works; the same power of delineation, the same tenderness and pathos mingled with humour which have earned for him, not undeservedly perhaps, the title of Dickens' successor; but these characteristics are less fully pronounced, are dimmer, fainter than in his former works. The story is of the usual type that Mr. Farjeon impresses on his narratives—essentially a story of low life. His principal characters are taken from the gutter, and in the present instance brought up to respectable life. In "Golden Grain" Mr. Farjeon has a word for Canada, whither he sends his repentant thief. We cannot resist the temptation to quote from a letter that appears in the early part of the book—a letter supposed to be written by a young settler in this country to his friends in London.

"Every thing before me is bright, and I have no doubt of the future. Not a day passes that I am not assured that I was right in coming, and the conviction that I have those in the Old Country who love me, and whom I love with all my heart and soul, strengthens me in a wonderful manner. I can see you all as I write, and my heart overflows toward you. Yes, I was right in coming. The Old Country is overcrowded; there are too many people in it, and every man that goes away gives elbowroom to some one else. When I see the comfortable way in which poor people live here, and compare it with the way they live at home—and above all, when I think of the comfortable future there is before them if they like to be steady—I find myself wishing that hundreds and hundreds of those I used to see in rags, selling matches, begging, and going in and out of the gin-shops, could be sent to this country, where there is room for so many millions. I dare say some of them would turn out bad; but the majority of them, when they saw that by a little steadiness they could make sure of good clothes and good food, would be certain to turn out good. I am making myself well acquainted with the history of this wonderful country, and I mean to try hard to get along in it. You can have no idea what a wonderful place it is; what opportunities there are in it; what room there is in it. Why, you could put our right-little tight-little island in an out-of-the-way corner of it, and the space wouldn't be missed! If I make my fortune here—and I believe I shall—I shall know how to use it, with the example I have had before me all my life."

(For the Canadian Illustrated News.)

IN MY STUDY.

Among the sage counsels that abound in the writings of Emerson, is one to the effect that we should not despise our own thoughts, or conclude that, because an idea has presented itself to our mind, it must necessarily be trivial or common place. If we do, he says, we shall, on many an occasion, find ourselves accepting, with no little shame, at the hands of others, that which long ago was our own; in other words, we shall see that other men to whom these same thoughts occurred, having placed a higher and truer estimate upon them, have been able to present them to the world in a striking form, or perhaps to deduce from them important consequences. Every man, it is true, cannot be a public writer, even though his thoughts, from time to time, may be sound and original; but it would be well perhaps for every one who feels that he can think for himself, that he has within himself a certain power of originating ideas, to make a habit of recording, for his own private satisfaction, the ideas that seem to have sprung up spontaneously in his mind. Should a little further reading make it manifest that the same ideas have occurred to other men before, there will be no humiliation in the discovery. The truth which at this moment flashes into my mind is none the less mine, because years ago it flashed into some one else's. To reduce one's thoughts to writing is at all times a beneficial exercise. Until you have done so, or until you have expressed your thoughts very clearly in conversation, you cannot be sure what form they really bear. In our musings we sometimes fancy, we have touched upon a valuable principle, when in reality we have done no more than shape out to ourselves some vague, cloudy image. Let us interrupt our musings by taking up a pen, and our grand principle will soon appear the unsubstantial thing it really is. The pen, in fact, is a wand of extraordinary virtue in exorcising all kinds of vague fancies; unless indeed a man's mind is so constituted that he cannot perceive the difference between that which has shape and outline and that which has none. There are people of this kind and some of them unfortunately are very prolific with their pens. They are the kind of whom Locke in one place complains, their very confusion of mind giving them, he says, this advantage that "as in their discourses they are seldom in the right, so they are as seldom to be convinced they are in the wrong; it being all one to go about to draw these men out of their mistakes who have no settled notions as to dispossess a vagrant of his habitation who has no settled abode." Allowing for this class of minds, however, Bacon's dictum still remains true that "writing makes an exact man," and exactness, if not the highest intellectual quality is certainly one of the most useful.

Another habit which ought to be more widely adopted than it is amongst those who read more or less systematical-

ly, is making extracts of striking passages in books. Professed students of course do this, but others might advantageously do it as well. Nothing affords a better history of a man's intellectual development than a book in which he has written down during the period of his chief mental growth the passages that struck him from day to day as worthy of attention and preservation. Some of these as he turns over the pages after the lapse of a few years seem to him trite enough, but they bring vividly before him the time when they were not trite, when they fell upon his mind with all the force of originality and stirred in him emotions whose impetus is perhaps not yet wholly spent. Such a book provides a link between a man's present and his past; by its aid he sees not only whither he has now arrived but by what successive steps the journey was accomplished. Some men are apt to forget even their own past entirely, and, having renounced certain opinions which they once cherished, they fail to understand how those opinions can possibly be entertained by any one of ordinary common sense. But let a man who has kept a book of this kind turn back to the period when he held the opinions he now discards, and he will find how many things at that time appeared to harmonize with them, and by what plausible arguments, to say the least, they could be defended.

By this means, too, a man may recover, at an age when but few strong emotions ever quicken the sense of life and power within him, something of the fire and force of his youthful enthusiasms.

"Then we could still enjoy, then neither thought
Nor outward things were closed and dead to us;
But we received the shock of mighty thoughts
On simple minds with a pure natural joy;
And if the sacred load oppressed our brain,
We had the power to feel the pressure eased,
The brow unbound, the thoughts flow free again
In the delightful commerce of the world.
We had not lost our balance then, nor grown
Thought's slaves and dead to every natural joy."

How much younger the world seemed only twelve or fifteen years ago! How full of promise was the future! What might not humanity achieve with such leaders of thought as Carlyle and Tennyson and Kingsley! How we longed to throw ourselves into some great movement, to stand forth as champions of some great principle, to prove to the world by the most triumphant reasoning, and in words of irresistible eloquence, how easy was the path of reform, and how little it would take to turn earth into a paradise! Well do I remember at the age of eighteen reading with intense interest the Olynthiac Orations of Demosthenes. They seemed at once to supply a form for an appeal to the whole world in behalf of righteousness. I saw no longer an outpost of Grecian civilization struggling against the rude force of Macedonian barbarism, but the cause of truth, the cause of humanity assailed by all the powers of evil and calling loudly upon the true-hearted everywhere for help. O! for a Demosthenes, I thought, to deliver such appeals as this nineteenth century requires, not summoning the nations to war, but stirring all hearts with enthusiasm for the right. That the world would not yield to such appeals seemed impossible. What school-boy or college-student ever yet understood or found himself able to frame any excuse for the backwardness of the Athenians in marching against Philip, after listening to the glowing words of their, and the world's, great orator? He reads in commentaries and histories partial explanations of their apathy, but his imagination refuses to take in anything but the par amount, all important duty of the hour. And so, thinks fervid youth, why should not the whole world, if properly summoned, take up arms against its spiritual enemies and achieve a conquest that should usher in the final reign of peace and happiness.

When I say that this is what passed through my head and stirred my emotions as a boy, while I dwelt upon the words of the last great statesman of Athens—that statesman of whom she was all unworthy—I do not exaggerate one iota. The main idea alone remains in my memory to-day, but around that idea there clustered, at the time I speak of, such a host of fancies, illustrations and arguments as would have filled a volume, could they have been reduced to written speech. For some two or three years the idea haunted me, and then, vanishing by insensible degrees, was replaced by other conceptions truer, perhaps, to the nature of things, but surely not one half so inspiring, so elevating, or so fruitful of intellectual and moral nourishment. The enthusiast of twenty or twenty-one has yet to learn the fatal force of *interest* in all worldly affairs. He knows that individual men have various ugly moral qualities, but these he attributes to want of light; it is because they have never been made to see things as they ought that their lives are so unlovely. But that any body should hate the light; that *interest* should blind a man to ideas, and make him choose in the most deliberate manner, inferior moral standards and the most contracted conditions of intellectual existence, is something that experience alone will bring home to his mind.

The experience when it does come is apt to give a somewhat rude shock to a sensitive nature, and the youth will do well who does not, as his illusions are one by one dispelled, make a rapid descent from an overstrung enthusiasm to an unreasoning and indiscriminating cynicism. Perhaps the best thing is for him to find out that not only are men very impracticable and old abuses very unyielding, but that it is in the very nature of things that they should be so. How vast a distance, however, has one traversed who, starting from an unbounded faith in the power of personal influence and exertion, finds himself after the lapse of a few years calmly, or perhaps despondingly, calculating, with Herbert Spencer, and writers of his school, how many generations it will take before, through the operation of natural causes, there can be any marked improvement in the morality or the happiness of the human race. Whole nations, we formerly expected, would be born in a day; great truths were to flash their illumination into whole communities at once; a great preacher would go forth and multitudes would gladly reform their lives in accordance with his teaching; the fountains of human sympathy and love were to be unsealed, and the brotherhood of the human race, so long merely a doctrine or a dream, was to be gloriously realised in fact. Now we see things very differently. Personal influence has doubtless its own limited range, but even the greatest and most influential of men can do little to hasten or retard the great secular movements of humanity. We echo the words

• Matthew Arnold, "Empedocles on Etna."

of a great French critic when he says: "Quand une fois un principe dominateur s'est emparé de la société, il semble qu'il faille que ce principe sorte tous ses effets, et se produise bon gré mal gré, jusqu'au bout: on ne le déjoue pas." In the same way we see that it is impossible to give vitality to a principle before its time. Had the times been ripe for the foundation of a sound philosophy, Roger Bacon could have sought the world much that it learned, more than four centuries later, from Francis Bacon; as it is, the light shed by the old Franciscan monk, persecuted in his day as a heretic and a wizard, serves only to make more manifest the surrounding gloom. The individual is but as a wave on the bosom of an ocean whose heavings are controlled from afar, in accordance with laws old as the universe itself. We may rebel against these conclusions, but how are we to avoid them? There they are at the end of a line of reasoning every previous stage of which seems to be confirmed by facts and proofs beyond question. That such opinions are unfavorable to enthusiasm, and may have upon certain minds some of the effects of mere fatalism, cannot be denied; but to discard them because we do not like them, would be to take refuge in that most unsafe of all retreats, a fool's paradise. Let us at least know where we are; let us keep our eyes open; let us realise our situation. If indeed we have taken a false path, we shall, in this way, soonest know it, and be able to retrace our steps with clear intelligent purpose.

Sitting one evening in my study, and letting a wayward fancy guide a too idle pen, I wrote what, haply, the reader has just perused. There is in it, probably, just about that *enchainement* of ideas usually found in similar productions. It does sometimes happen that, in my study, reflections occur to me that I would gladly have some one to share, and perchance there are readers of the CANADIAN ILLUSTRATED NEWS, to whom they would not be wholly unwelcome. I propose, therefore, *Dis faventibus*, to shake out upon paper a few random thoughts on things in general. *Nihil humanum a me alienum puto*. Sometimes I have a word to say on politics, sometimes on poetry, sometimes I like to dwell on and enlarge a thought that has struck me in a book I am reading. I have no set speeches to make or treatises to compose and those who call upon me, "In My Study" will, at least, never be detained long. With these explanations and promises, I bid my readers, for to-day, farewell.

COUGHING TIME.

The *Tablet* relates a story of a priest who had a coughing congregation, and who cured them thus: No sooner had he cessed to speak than, singular to relate, one cough after another died out until soon there was absolute silence in the church. Whereupon the father said something to the following effect: "My friends, I know that in this weather colds abound, and therefore it is difficult for you to refrain from coughing. Still it is impossible for me to preach and for you to cough at the same time. Let us come, then, to a mutual agreement, so that you may cough and I may preach without disturbing each other. I will speak say for five or ten minutes at a time; when I raise my handkerchief there will be an interval allowed for coughing. As soon as I let it fall I will resume my sermon, and you your silence." The plan succeeded admirably.

WHO PUFFS PAYS.

A funny suit against an editor has been decided in the Circuit Court at Waukesha, Iowa. The Fays, proprietors of the La Belle House at Oconomowoc, brought an action before a justice to recover \$97.04 for meals and cigars furnished Ashley D. Harger, editor of the Oconomowoc *Times*. Harger set up a counter claim of \$160 for "puffing" the La Belle House. Judgment was rendered for the plaintiff, and Mr. Harger appealed to a jury. The case excited much interest, Harger being well liked, and having a solemn, earnest manner of making very witty remarks. He testified that Fay would say to him: "Harger, I've got a nice dinner to-day—come in." "No, I thank you, I'm going home." Fay would prevail on him to stay, and after dinner the following colloquy: "Everything is there all right, Harger?" "Everything excellent." "Dessert all right?" "Excellent." "Ice-cream all right?" "Delicious, Mr. Fay." "Very well, remember this in your paper next week." In return for dinners and cigars, Harger says that he told a great many lies—editorially—worth more than a thousand dollars. He would never have presented a bill for lies had not Fay fallen out with him and wanted pay for the dinners. Harger pleaded his own case, and the jury found a verdict for him, which threw the costs upon the hotel-keeper.

SCRAPS.

Prince Arthur has asked, ineffectually, for permission to proceed to the Gold Coast.

The noxious effects of mercury on the health of workmen in factories where this metal is used, are being discussed with a view to a remedy.

It is proposed in England to establish a national school in cookery, in connection with the annual international exhibition at South Kensington.

Mr. Goldwin Smith, who is now in England, proposes remaining in London for two months, from January, before returning. He was to have spent Christmas at Oxford.

The natives of certain districts in West Africa are in the habit of pawning each other all round: husbands pawn their wives, wives their husbands, and parents their children.

A New York court has decided that when a man loses his trunk, and in it there are presents for his family, the latter are not personal baggage, and suit for their recovery cannot be made.

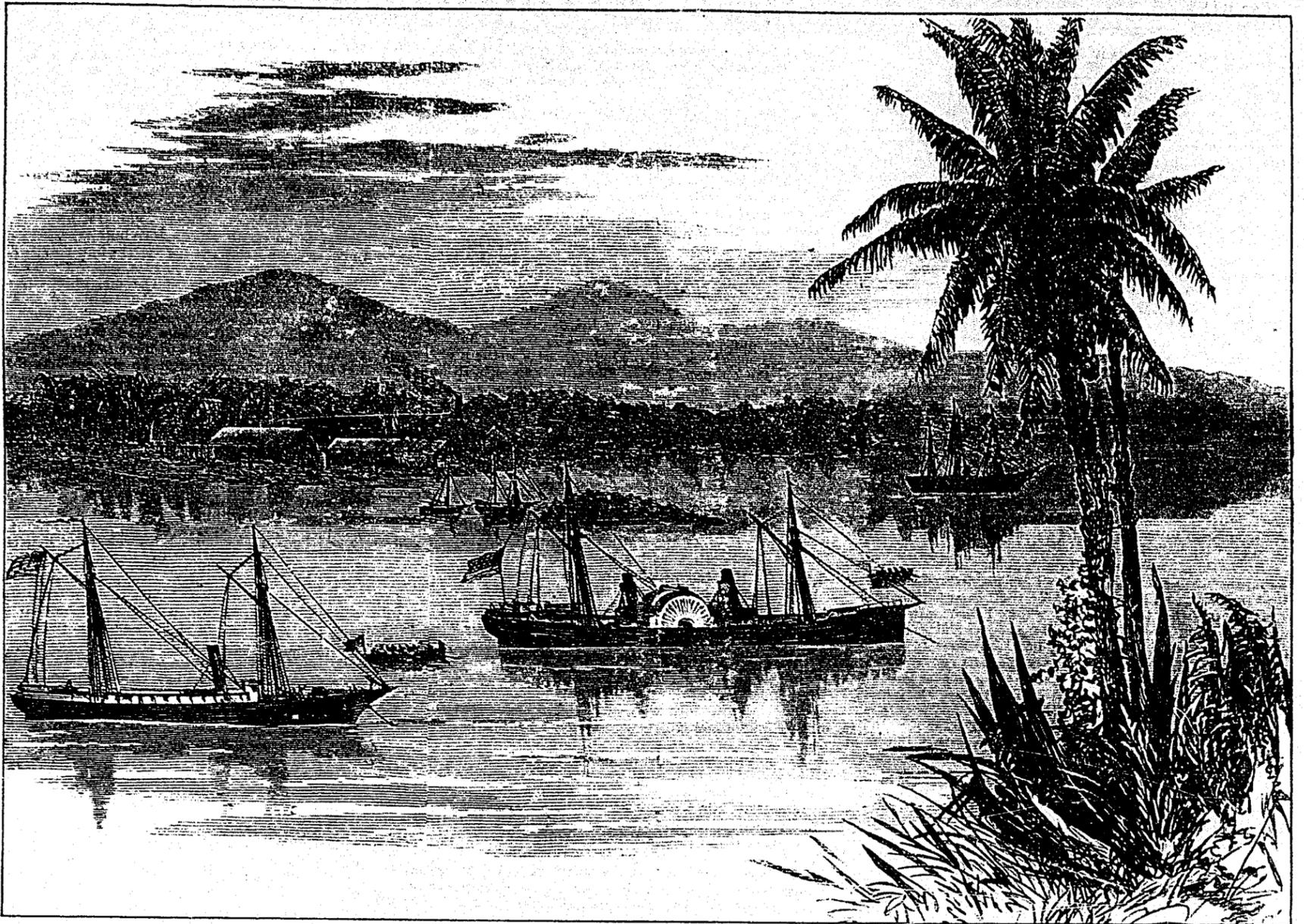
From Osborne, in the Isle of Wight, Her Majesty's marine residence, a large cask of fresh sea water, taken from the Solent, is despatched every day to Buckingham Palace or Windsor Castle for the Queen's morning bath during her residence at those palaces.

The late Rev. Baron Stowe had a correct idea of "the eternal fitness of things" when he said, "Sermons are like guns, long or short, new or old, bright or rusty, loaded or empty. Some shoot too high, some too low. They teach, arouse, or exasperate, according as they are managed."

* Hide and Seek. By Wilkie Collins. 12mo. Cloth, illustrated. Price, \$1.50. New York: Harper & Bros. Montreal: Dawson Bros.

† Golden Grain. By B. L. Farjeon, author of "Blade-o'-Grass," etc. 8vo. Paper, illustrated. Price, 35 cents. New York: Harper & Bros. Montreal: Dawson Bros.

‡ Essay Concerning Human Understanding. Book III. Chap. X.—4.

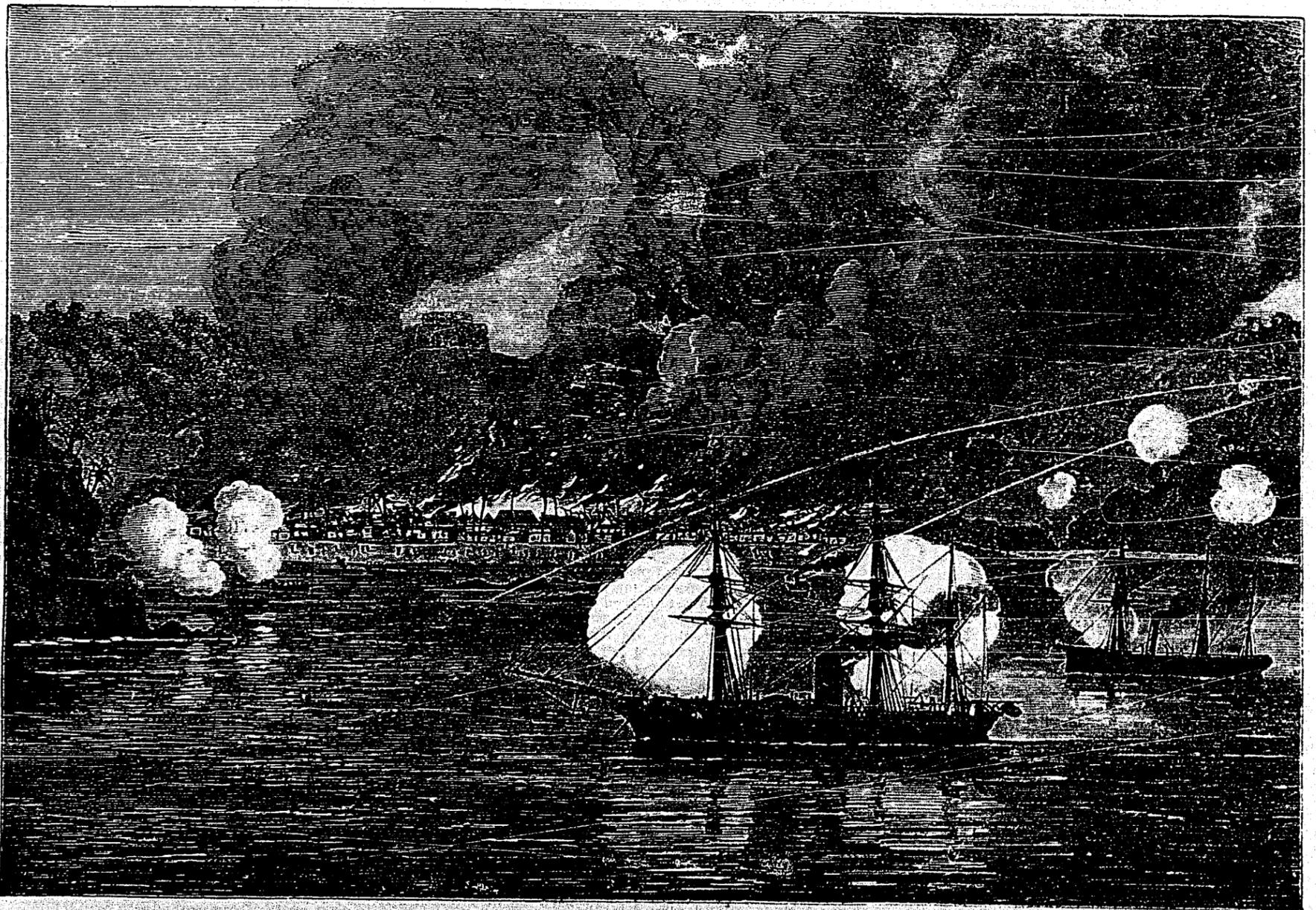


U. S. STEAMER "DESPATCH."

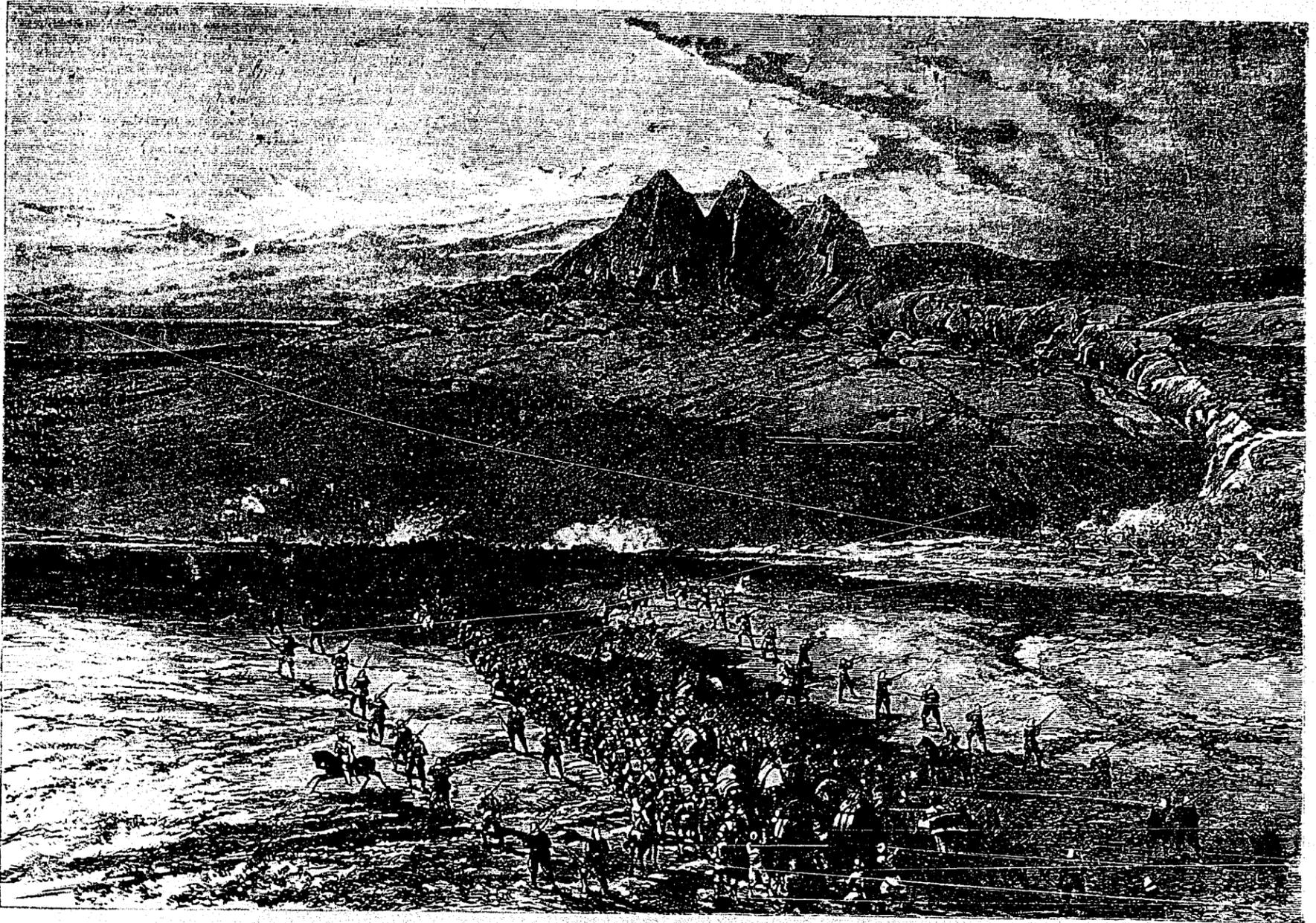
THE "VIRINIUS."

SPANISH SLOOP "LA FAVORITA."

THE SURRENDER OF THE "VIRINIUS" AT BAHIA BONDA.



THE ASHANTEE WAR.—BOMBARDMENT OF BOOTRY BY H. M. S. "ARGUS" AND "DECOY."



THE KHIVAN EXPEDITION.—FIRST SIGHT OF WATER AFTER CROSSING THE DESERT.



A REMINISCENCE OF THE BAZAINE TRIAL.—THE OFFICERS OF THE GUARD BESIEGED BY TICKET-SEEKERS.

CHALKED.

How I won my darling?
This is all the tale:
On the broad Atlantic
We were under sail.

Wide outspread, the water
Rippled in the light;
Swiftly on the quarter
Hove a sail in sight.

In its onward speeding
We, with eyes intent,
Every movement heeding,
Watch'd it as it went.

Soon it pass'd, and fleetly
Rosa darling flew,
'To the Bow!' cried sweetly;
'There the better view.'

Luckless victim! Smartly
Jack was to the fore,
Quick for fun, though partly
Bent on grog galore.

All absorb'd he found her
Loat to fee or fine;
Knelt, and deftly round her
Chalk'd a magic line.

By the circle bounded,
What might set her free?
Coin or kiss? surrounded,
Smiled she then on me.

Like the prison'd starling,
Caught and ill at ease,
'Do,' she cried—the darling!—
'Do un-chalk me, please!'

I obeyed, and won her—
Mine to have and hold—
In a defter circle,
In a ring of gold.

WILLIAM SAWYER.

Miscellaneous.

Tragedy With a Vengeance.

A cheerful volume is in course of preparation in Paris. The daily registers of the Morgue, in which the "sensational" information obtained about the bodies exposed there, is carefully written, are being collected and bound in volumes, and they will be placed for the benefit of the lovers of tragedy in the National Library.

The Drama in The Eastern Hemisphere.

There are 348 theatres in Italy, 387 in France, 191 in Germany, 164 in Spain, 152 in Austria, 150 in England, 44 in Russia, 34 in Belgium, 22 in Holland, 20 in Switzerland, 16 in Portugal, 10 in Sweden, 10 in Denmark, 8 in Norway, 4 in Greece, 4 in Turkey, 3 in Roumania, 3 in Egypt, and 1 in Servia. The general total of dramatic, lyric, and musical artists and employes is 2,157,800 women, and 3,027,000 men.

A Scandinavian Sub-Marine Tunnel.

Two Danes, MM. S. Edwards and C. F. V. Peterson, have applied to the King of Sweden for a concession of the right to make a tunnel under the Sound. In support of their request they have forwarded a letter from the Danish Minister of the Interior agreeing to give them a similar concession as regards Denmark if they can show by the 1st September, 1874, that they can command the needful capital.

A Novel Egg-Detector.

The French dyspeptic is particular about his egg. He wants to know just how fresh it is. This is the way he ascertains. He dissolves 120 grammes of common salt in a litre of water. If the egg is one day old, it will sink to the bottom; if it be laid the day before, it will not reach the bottom; if three days old, it floats; and if more than five, it comes to the surface, and the shell projects more and more according to the staleness.

The Cost of Little Wars.

Four wars have cost the English government within the last fifteen years upwards of £16,000,000 sterling. The Persian expedition cost £900,000. The outlay on the Chinese war amounted to £3,114,000. Then the New Zealand war, which did not extend beyond the year 1866, was covered by £765,000; and the Abyssinian war entailed the expenditure of £3,000,000 or £3,000,000. Now it is estimated that the Ashantee war will cost about £4,000,000.

A Pair of Bricks.

The Nevada miners have read about the gallant conduct of Captain Lambertson Lorraine, of the British ship "Niobe," in the matter of the "Virginus," and they approve of it. So they have gotten up a silver brick, which they intend to present to the Captain, upon which is this inscription: "Lambertson Lorraine: You are a 'brick'; this is another—presented by Americans who love Humanity and its manly defenders. Virginia City, Nevada, U. S. A., 1873."

Cheap at Two Dollars.

A merchant writing from Honolulu says: "Two weeks ago we had a ball at the palace of our king, Lunali'i. He is our friend. When he was still merely crown prince I loaned him two dollars—only for a day," he said. When I met him a year after I reminded him of the loan, but he told me to wait till he should have become king, of which the prospects were then very slight. But now he is king, and I have silently made him a present of two dollars. Cheap friendship, considering he is king!"

A Novel Trip.

There is a Highlander at present engaged in the neighbourhood of Kilpatrick in the construction of a wheelbarrow, which he proposes dragging from Glasgow to London without any assistance, carrying with him everything necessary for the journey in the shape of provisions, water, bed, and clothing. He will cook and sleep on the barrow without shelter, and add nothing to his stock by the way, and perform the journey under all weathers, only resting at nightfall or when inquiring the way. With this portable camp on wheels he expects ere long to enter London in triumph.

Apropos of Tucker.

The London correspondent of the Belfast Newsletter says: "A good story is going the round of the British Museum just now. It appears that a gentleman named Tucker, finding in the library catalogue, under the head of 'Histories,' a work by a namesake, asked one of the attendants to bring it. The official bowed, and retired to fulfil the mandate. He was a very long

time away; but, on his return, after an interval of two hours, he handed Mr. Tucker a very thin volume, which proved to be *The History of Little Tom Tucker!* Mr. Tucker has not again turned up in the reading-room."

Schoolboy's Relations.

A schoolboy's table of relationship, says a writer in *Macmillan's Magazine*, is graduated by a pecuniary scale. A father is worth so much per annum. A grandmother or grandfather, so much a piece; or the pair together a lump sum down, and have done with them. Bachelor uncles and spinster aunts are "safe tips;" while married ones are not to be relied upon for a sixpence. Every relation can have his sovereign's worth, or half-sovereign's worth, of a schoolboy's affection, just as a schoolboy can go and have his fourpenn'orth or twopenn'orth of luxury at the "sock" shop. "This a mean spirited world at best, and money is the power after all. You can buy guests, as you can buy dolls; you can buy opinions, you can buy friendship; in short, what is there that you cannot buy, from a penn'orth of nuts to an act of parliament, if you have sufficient money?"

Two Old Follies Revived.

One of the most eminent scientists, says the London correspondent of the *Suffolk Chronicle*, has lately been informed by a lady that she has discovered a method of inventing gold out of a mixture of other metals. She has asked the gentleman in question to assist her in bringing out her discovery. Your readers may think him very ungallant for refusing, but after all science is science, and one can hardly expect an eminent metallurgist to go back 500 years and turn alchemist. I fancy another invention which I have heard of during the last few days must be placed in the same category of spurious discoveries. A gentleman professes to have found out that by a certain arrangement of metal rods placed underground he can produce so much galvanic force as to drive machinery. In other words, he alleges that he has discovered a motive power which is practically permanent and comparatively costless.

"Scientist."

Richard Grant White in the January *Galaxy* says: "The word *scientist* has been brought to my attention by more than one correspondent. It has attained a degree of usage among those who it would seem are dissatisfied with 'scientific man' and 'man of science,' and who doubtless, with like displeasure of 'literary man' and 'man of letters,' will soon contrive some dreadful combination in *it* to use in their stead. *Scientist* appears to me, as it does to many others, intolerable both as being unlovely in itself and improper in its formation. 'Sample-room' language gives us *drinkist*, *shootist*, *walkist*, and the like, with an undisciplined incongruity which has a ridiculous effect, partly at least intentional, if not wholly so. Those words are regarded as the creations of exquisite humour by the persons who use them; nay, their very use is looked upon as an indication of latent powers which would place the user, if he would but let himself out, foremost in the ranks of the noble army of 'American humourists.'"

The Good Old Times.

An agreeable relic of the "good old times" has been discovered by a German paper, in the shape of a bill of charges submitted by an executioner at Bonn to the authorities at Cologne in 1688. The following are a few of the items contemplated in his estimate: "To quartering by means of four horses, 8 thalers; to beheading and burning, 8 thalers; to strangling and burning, 6 thalers; to burning alive, 6 thalers; to breaking on the wheel alive, 8 thalers; to beheading and fastening the body to the wheel, 6 thalers; to beheading, 4 thalers; to beheading after cutting off one hand, 5 thalers; to cutting off a hand or two fingers, 1 thaler. Tearing with red-hot pincers to be paid for at so much per gripe. Drowning or burying alive not being usual in these parts, the executioner will, in the event of such executions being required, ask as much as for beheading or fastening to the wheel, namely, 6 thalers. To fastening screws on the thumbs and legs, and driving the same, 1 thaler for the first quarter of an hour. For every subsequent quarter of an hour, 1 thaler. The executioner reserves the right of afterwards receiving what may fairly be due to him for his trouble in setting limbs to rights again."

MacMahon's Daily Life.

The French President's life is regulated with the most military precision; he is always up and dressed—very often in uniform—by five o'clock. It is not yet daylight when he is already out on horseback, and may be seen galloping along the high roads of Versailles to Satory or Rocquencourt. If he meets a company of *Vignards* or a detachment of cavalry, he cries "halte!" and rides round the men, scrutinizing their appearance. He is back at the Présidence before eight, where business and his young secretary, the Vicomte d'Harcourt, await him. Business despatched, he has a few moments to give to his family; then the usual procession of visitors is admitted until half an hour before *déjeuner*, a time which the Marshal always employs in fencing. Nothing can be simpler than the mid-day meal, and it is soon over; other visitors are then admitted, or the President takes another ride, a military survey, or pays a visit until he can slip away with his gun and dogs, in company with a friend or two, into the Versailles preserves, or perhaps as far as Marly. It is not until evening, in the half hour that precedes dinner, that he can snatch a hurried glance at the daily papers.

A Darwinian in Trouble.

A rarely philosophical "bummer," who was brought before the Bangor Police Court the other day, evolved a theory that must be exceedingly comforting to the weak and erring. James Hennessey was his name, and when the justice, severe of aspect asked him what he had to say to the charge of being drunk, he calmly rose and said: "Your Honour, I am a Darwinian, and have, I think, discovered the origin of my unfortunate tendency. One of my remotest grandfathers was an anthropoid of a curious turn of mind. One morning, about 4,291,632 B. C., he was looking over his store of coconuts, when he picked up one for his breakfast, in which the milk had fermented. He drank the liquor and got gloriously drunk, and ever after he always kept his coconuts until fermentation took place. Judge, then, whether a tendency handed down through innumerable ancestors should not be taken in my defence." Casting a sarcastic look at James, the justice said, "I am sorry that the peculiar arrangement of the atoms of star dust resulted in giving me a disposition to sentence you to pay \$3 and costs." As James couldn't pay he went to the winter retreat.

Yet Another World's Fair.

Another World's Fair is announced. While the American Republic will hold its centennial exhibition in 1874, at Philadelphia, the modest Swiss Republic will rival it by having a world's exhibition in 1875 at Geneva. The failure of the Vienna exhibition does not appear to dishearten the industrious Swiss nation, who have entered warmly into the project. The buildings to be used for the purpose will include an immense cupola and dome, to be the largest ever erected. In the centre of the cupola will be raised a colossal column, from which visitors can see both the interior arrangements of the exhibition and the most beautiful panorama in Switzerland; for from the platform the entire extent of Lake Lemán, the mountains of the Jura, the Swiss Alps

and Mont Blanc will be visible. Among the other features of the Exhibition will be a vast concert hall, where besides ample space for the audience, there will be room for four thousand chorus singers; a colossal organ; a diorama of European scenery; a monster aquarium; a captive balloon and other attractions. The buildings will be separated from the lake only by a roadway over which will be flung bridges in the form of arches, leading to piers projecting far out on the lake, on which will be erected summer houses and refreshment saloons.

At Chislehurst the ex-Empress Eugénie lives in complete retirement. The imperial household now consists of only six persons—the Empress herself, Mlle. L'Armina (her Majesty's companion), the Duc de Bassano, Count Clary, Dr. Conneau, and Dr. Corvisart. The Prince Imperial, however, arrives at Camden Place every Saturday from Woolwich, with his tutor, M. Filion, and remains with the Empress until Monday. The Prince is reported to be making most satisfactory progress with his studies at the Royal Military Academy. The Empress seldom goes abroad, but takes walking exercise within the park. The ponies she was accustomed to drive before the Emperor's death she has never since driven.

Sothern's Little Joke.

A correspondent relates that on one occasion Miss Amy Crawford, who played in "Notre Dame" at the Lyceum Theatre, met an intimate friend of Sothern's at a party in London. Speaking of that gentleman she remarked that she understood he was originally designed for the church. "Oh, no," responded her friend; "for the law." A good-natured dispute ensued on the subject, and the two parted, each unconvinced, but each asserting that he or she would, some day, prove the other wrong. Miss Crawford went home and to rest, but about three A.M., was aroused by the hotel porter, who with much excitement announced a telegram. Anticipating something very important at such an hour, Miss Crawford made a hasty toilet, and, receiving the telegram, tore it open to read as follows:

London, —, 187 .

Miss Amy Crawford,—I was not brought up for the church, but the bar. Yet, if you wish, will leave the stage at once and study for the church. Yours,

SOTHERN.

It seems that Sothern's friend, a joker like the actor, had telegraphed Mr. Sothern the facts of the case on leaving the party which drew out the above response from that indefatigable joker.

The Original Mrs. Brigham Young.

The number of Brigham Young's wives and the rebellion of Ann Eliza have been subjects of wide discussion lately, and there is likely to be more talk now about that erring man. A Yorkshire person has written a letter, in which he gives some account of one of Brigham's wives who has never before appeared in print. She is a Mrs. Brigham, and lives in the almshouse at Stockton-on-Tees. This woman believes that Brigham Young is one William Brigham, who became her husband more than forty years ago, when he was a cooper and a lath-splitter. William Brigham, it appears, was an illegitimate child, whose father's name was Brigham and whose mother's name was Young. A few years after his marriage he deserted his wife and children, and they became paupers. He returned after a time, but again deserted them, and has never since been seen by his family. Only recently his wife learned that after he left her he went to America and became a Mormon leader. She feels sure that our Brigham is no other than her Brigham, and her friends will make as much of an investigation as lies in their power. Mrs. Brigham is eighty-one years of age, and she says her Brigham will be seventy-six years old next St. Valentine's Day. If it should prove true that the Prophet has been as hardened and neglectful as these statements make him appear, an indignant world will demand that he do something handsome for Mrs. Brigham, who has cherished his name and held out faithful for so many long years.

A Spanish Amazon.

Andalicia Bravo has twice served in the Carlist ranks in Spain. On the first occasion she, with other soldiers, was taken prisoner while fighting against the government troops, and was sentenced to be banished to the Canary Islands. But banishment was not in the role which Andalicia Bravo had laid down for herself, and she disclosed the fact that she was "only a woman." However, as soon as she was free she again donned male attire, and enlisted in another Carlist battalion. The penetrating glance of the priest of her native village found her out the second time. The curé, passing through a town where Andalicia's regiment was quartered, was struck by her likeness to one of his flock, and asked whether she was not Andalicia Bravo. "No," answered she, "I am her brother." But inquiries instituted by the dissatisfied curé resulted in the confirmation of his suspicions. Don Carlos, when told of the occurrence, presented the girl with a military cross of merit, but ordered that she should be sent to the military hospital in Durango, to become a nurse there. When he visited this hospital Andalicia implored him to allow her to rejoin her regiment, and Don Carlos is said to have promised that when he organized a battalion of woman he would make her colonel. She replied, "That will never happen." The confinement and work of the hospital are very trying to Andalicia, and she has made various efforts to obtain a release.

Marriage by Wholesale.

Marriage is frequently mentioned as a lottery, and it certainly is a lottery in a place called Hollandtown, near Green Bay, Wis. It seems there were twelve widowers in the place and eleven widows, and that their marriage was advisable. Accordingly a committee was appointed to fix things. A report, signed "M. Vandenberg, Secretary," says that, "thinking it economy to have them married, and not knowing how to pair them, a committee was selected to hold counsel as to the best mode of coupling." It took this committee the space of one hour to decide as to the method. It was decided to dispose of them by lot, and "consequently," says the report, "the names of all the widows were placed in a box, and likewise the names of the widowers." The drawing took place at five o'clock p. m. Monday, the 8th, at which time it was decided that

R. Menton shall marry Mrs. De Bruin.
M. Menton shall marry Mrs. Vink.
Mr. Bode shall marry Mrs. Vandenberg.
Mr. Fustenberg shall marry Mrs. Kersten.
J. W. Wessenberg shall marry Mrs. Wilde.
M. Verkullen shall marry Mrs. Perrenboom.
Mr. Weyenberg shall marry Mrs. Heesakker.
John Kobusen shall marry Mrs. Tillman.
L. Tenruzen shall marry Mrs. Van Doren.
R. Herremans shall marry Mrs. Roof.
Mr. Score shall marry Mrs. Van Bloemar.

The twelfth widower, we learn from the *Green Bay Advocate*, is D. H. Pentermann, and at present he is happy over his narrow escape; but the committee are casting about for some means to supply him with a partner—advertising that if there are any widows in neighbouring towns who would like to take Mr. Pentermann, "application can be made to Peter Kersten, President."

[REGISTERED according to the Copyright Act of 1868.]

THE UNSPECIFIC SCANDAL.

An Original, Poetical, Grittical, and likely to be Historical Extravaganza performed by Her Majesty's Servants at the Great Dominion Theatre, Ottawa.

ACT III.

SCENE I. Ottawa—The day before the Session—A meeting of Grits—Alexander in the chair.

Song and chorus.
Air.—"Slap Bang."

Alexander (sings)—

Since last we met, have strange events
Occurred, as you're aware,
On which 'tis my intention to
Address you from this chair.
Our prospects now look brighter than
They ever did before,
And there's no doubt we soon shall change
Our places on the floor.
And I feel so very jolly oh!
So jolly oh, so jolly oh!
I feel so very jolly oh,
With thoughts of coming power.

Chorus— Slap bang, here we are again,
Here we are again, here we are again,
Slap bang! here we are again,
Such jolly Grits are we.

Alexander—We've managed by our little schemes
To raise a mighty fuss,
And I fancy that the Ministers
Are in a precious muss.
'Tis true the charge which first we made
Has rather proved a sell,
But matters which have leaked out since
Will suit us quite as well.
And we ought to feel quite jolly oh!
Quite jolly oh! quite jolly oh!
We ought to feel quite jolly oh,
At having such good luck.

Chorus— Slap bang! here we are again,
Here we are again, here we are again,
Slap bang! here we are again,
Such downy Grits are we.

Alexander (log.)— My friends,
The proposition I shall make to-night,
Will probably surprise on all excite;
But though of *étiquette* it no doubt a breach is,
'Twill save us listening to prosy speeches.
So I propose that each of this great throng,
His views and sentiments express in song;
And first, with your approval, I shall call
Upon the member for West Montreal.
(Cries of hear, hear.)

Song—THE JOLLY FLOUR INSPECTOR.
Air.—"The Young Man From the Country."

I'm a jolly Flour Inspector,
To Montreal I came,
The twenty-foot channel for to find,
And win myself great fame.
I'm a public benefactor, too,
As you may plainly see,

Spoken.—And all the great improvements during the past twenty years, which have made Montreal what it is to-day, why

They've all been done by me.
I'm a jolly Flour Inspector
And they've all been done by me.

Now there's Victoria's famous bridge,
Which spans our stream so fair,
Why if it hadn't been for me
It never would have been there.
I didn't exactly build it myself,
But I made the suggestion, you see.

Spoken.—And therefore I maintain that I am entitled to quite as much credit as the man who designed it, or the people who paid for it. In fact, I may fairly say that

It's all been done by me.
I'm a jolly Flour Inspector,
And it's all been done by me.

When first to Montreal I came
The city was quite small,
And as for manufacturers
There was next to none at all.
I felt we were designed by fate
An emporium grand to be,

Spoken.—And I said as much to many of my friends and acquaintances, and surely on the strength of that I may fairly claim that

It's all been done by me.
I'm a jolly Flour Inspector,
And it's all been done by me.

In fact, there's scarcely anything,
So far as I can see,
That, if the matter's sifted close,
Has not been done by me.
And I've yet one more accomplishment,
Which had better mentioned be,
I'm a dab at finding letters, too,
Which don't belong to me.
I'm a jolly Flour Inspector,
And John A's been done by me.

Alexander.—We're much obliged, and gratified I'm sure. Member for Shefford next will take the floor.

Song.—ANNEXATION.

Air.—"Yankee Doodle."
Annexation, people say,
A sentiment of mine is,
And though my body's here, my heart
The other side the line is.
Well, I'm quite prepared to say,
Though it cause vexation,
That I think our destiny
Must be Annexation.
Oh! Yankee doodle doo,
Yankee doodle dandy,
Canada you're bound to take,
For it lies so handy.

Independence is a sham
Won't bear examination,
We've not material to make
An independent nation.
So why not let us join at once
The great American nation,
And perhaps I may be President
When we get Annexation.
Oh! Yankee doodle doo,
Yankee doodle dandy,
Walk in quick and ohw us up,
For we lie so handy.

Alexander.—With all due deference to our friend, I'm bound to say he's treading upon dangerous ground; I say, and say it without hesitation, The time is not yet ripe for Annexation; When it will come, if ever, I can't guess, And therefore no opinion will express; But less dissonance in our ranks, because I trust our honourable friend will pause Before he speaks too openly his mind, But keep his feelings to his breast confined; I now propose—and know it will please all— Upon the member for South Bruce to call.

Song.—LOGICAL TEDDY.

Air.—"Champagne Charlie."

The member for South Bruce am I, the pride of all the Grits,
I'm always ripe when called upon to give the Premier fits;
Whenever in my place I rise, and time and subject suits,
There's not one of the ministers but trembles in his boots.
For Logical Teddy is my name,
Logical Teddy is my name,
Good for a speech at any time my boys, (bis)
Who'll sit and listen to me.

On law and constitution to my dictum all must hark,
And when "Sir Oracle" propounds, no Tory dog dare bark.
At any time to mount the stump you'll find me quite prepared,
I'm the only Grit in all the House of whom John A. is scared.
For Logical Teddy is my name,
Logical Teddy is my name,
Good for a speech at any time, my boys, (bis)
If you'll only listen to me.

I've got my points all cut and dried when this debate comes on,
And it's all arranged that I shall follow close upon Sir John;
And after he has said his say, and Teddy Blake gets up,
Just bet your boots you'll see John completely gobbled up.
For Logical Teddy is my name, &c.

Alexander.—Although I've known our brilliant friend so long,
I never thought he sang so good a song;
At all he undertakes he seems a bright un',
In fact he's quite an "Admirable Crichton;"
But as it's getting late, I'll call upon
Our mutual friends, Holton and Dorion.

Duet.—MESSRS. HOLTON AND DORION.
Air.—"Write me a letter from home."

Holton.— Two jolly members are we—
I'm Holton and he Dorion,
And we're waiting John Young to advise
Respecting this note from Sir John.

Dorion.— Publish the letter of course,
Not to do so would surely be wrong.
'Twould be sinful to lose such a chance,
So we'll publish your letter, Sir John.

Holton.— 'Tis true it is not meant for us,
And to read private letters is wrong;
But perhaps Pope has sent it himself,
So we'll publish your letter, Sir John.

Dorion.— The letter is sent by "a friend,"
And discloses a great public wrong;
So no one can say it's not right
To publish your letter, Sir John.

Chorus.— Publish the letter of course,
Why should we hesitate long;
Such a chance we shall ne'er get again.
So we'll publish your letter, Sir John.

Alexander, enthusiastically.—

Of harmony like this I never tire,
And scarcely know whether I most admire
The sentiment or music; but I think,
Considering that we pay for our own drink,
And that it's getting late, that it were best
To break up now and seek our natural rest.
You know that those to bed who early go,
Healthier, wealthier, and wiser daily grow;
Wisdom, of course, we none of us require,
But health and *reerth* I think we all desire.
Therefore, with this becoming end in view,
To all of you I now will say adieu.

(Exeunt all, singing "There's a good time coming.")

SCENE II. A Chamber in the Parliament Buildings—Time, Middle of the Session—The Premier, in a very disconsolate attitude, seated in a chair with his head on his hand.

Melancholy music—He sings dolefully.

Song.—Air, "Sam Hill."

My name it is John A.,
Premier, Premier,

My name it is John A.,
Premier.
My name it is John A., and mournfully I say,
That I do not see my way
Out of this.

Maokenzie he will come,
He will come, he will come;
Mackenzie he will come,
Bless(?) his eyes!
And Blake he will come too, and all the cussed
And I don't know what to do, (Cries)

(Trombones accompaniment.) Bless(?) their eyes!
(Weeps noisily)
(Enter a number of Ministers who console their chief.)

Sir Francis.— Cheer up respected chief, don't pipe your eye;
I know it's very hard, but pray don't cry.
See all your faithful followers muster thick
Around you, quite prepared by you to stick.
Though you are licked you did the best you could
And over your misfortune should not brood.
Just look at me, a politician old
After so many years out in the cold.
Yet see how stiff an upper lip I keep;
You never hear me whine, or see me weep.
Losses we must expect as well as winnings,
And you have had a pretty lengthy innings;
And even now e'er many months elapse
Our party may be in again perhaps.

(Sir John shakes his head doubtfully.)

Pooh! Pooh! I thought you made of tougher stuff!
See here, I'll sing a song to cheer you up.

Song.— Air.—"Captain Jinks."

I'm Francis Hincks from the Windward Isles,
I'm full of playful tricks and wiles,
And I'm trying now to move the smiles
Of my Leader in the Parly ment.
For it won't do to look glum, you know,
Look glum, you know, look glum, you know,
It won't do to look glum, you know,
Because you're bent in the Parly ment.

(Air changes to the "Dogs Meat Man.")

For I used to be a nobby little Financier,
A 'sinivatin' 'tittivatin' Financier,
And I managed the finances in a way that made it clear
That Nature did design me for a Financier.

(Dances a wild dance between the verses.)

Still in the dumps?—Oh dash it! this won't do.
Here. Lively Peter, try what you can do.

Song.— "LIVELY PETER"

Air.—"Billy Taylor."
I'm Lively Peter, a brisk young fellow
Full of mirth and full of glee,
And I am head of the department
Of the Marine and Fi herce.
Tiddy fol de rol lol, rol lol lido, &c.

Long Sir John I've followed after
Since the Premier he has been,
And for not rattin' before this crisis
People say I'm very green.
Tiddy fol de rol lol, &c.

But Lively Peter ain't the fellow
To leave his leader in distress,
Though I'm bound to say he's got his party
Into a most tarnation mess.
Tiddy fol de rol lol, &c.

I'm sorry to see him looking so gloomy
And in the blues so tightly stuck.
It's setting us all a bad example
To be so down upon his luck.
Tiddy fol de rol lol, &c.

Chorus of Ministers.
Cheer up John, don't let your spirits go down
You shall turn out the Grits
And give them all fits
As you did once before with George Brown.

Sir John rises cheerfully.

You're right my friends, 'tis foolish to repine,
I never was so weak before this time;
But 'tis enough to make a fellow pout
That those whom I brought in, should turn me out.
'Twas these ungrateful Islanders who sold me
I wouldn't have believed it, if you'd told me.

Song and Chorus. Air.—"Ten Little Indians."

Six Prince Edward Islanders, looking a'live,
One joined the Grits, and then there were five.
Five little Islanders seated on the floor,
One was bought over, then there were four.
Four little Islanders as cheeky as could be
One got converted, then there were three.
Three little Islanders, looking rather blue,
Blake talked one to death, then there were two.
Two little Islanders as sad as sad could be
They couldn't save the Government from a minority.

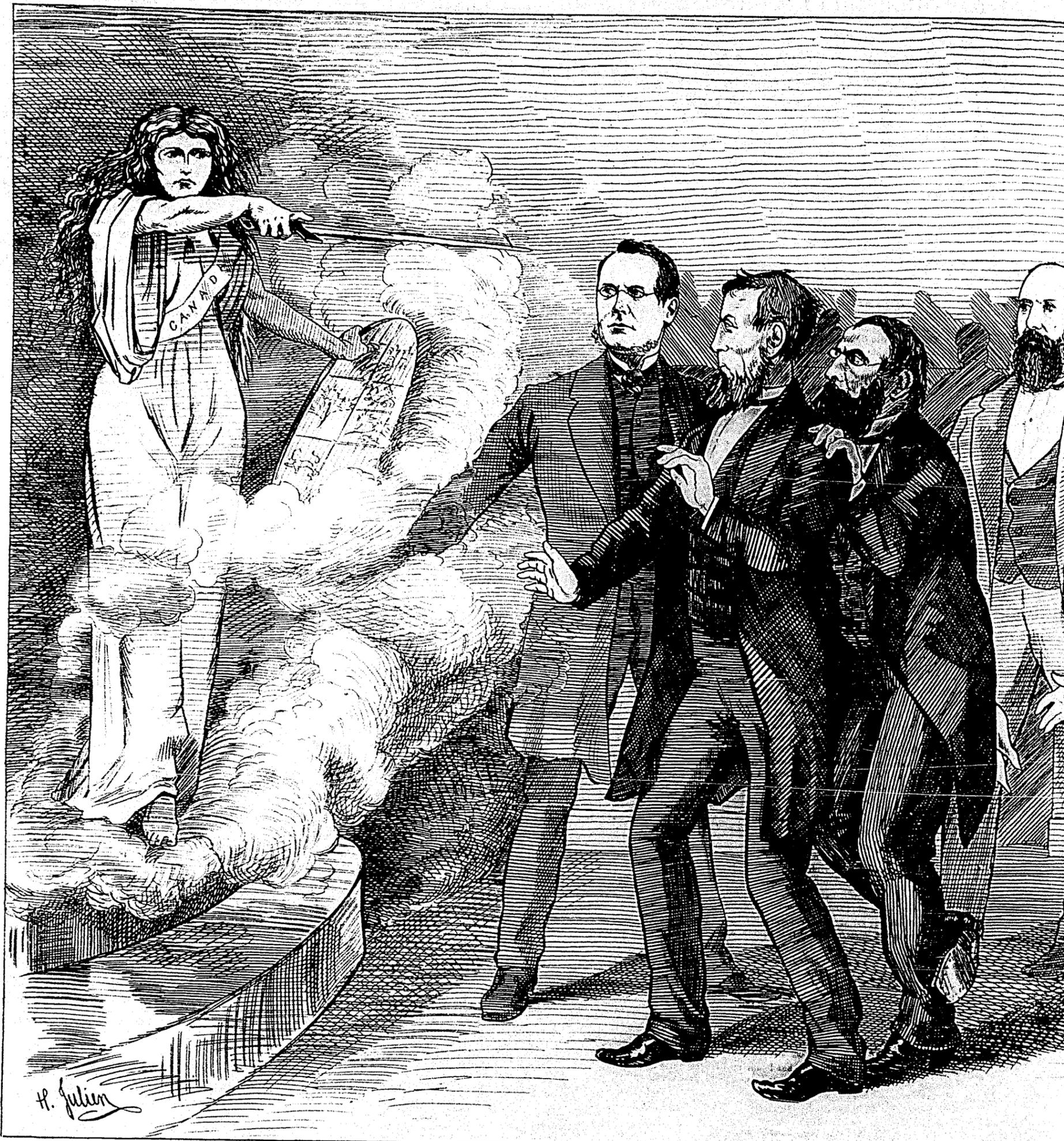
Chorus.— One little, two little, three little,
Four little, five little, six little Islanders, &c.

Sir John.— I can't declare how comforted I am
With your kind sympathy. I never can
Express the thoughts which fill my grateful mind.
To my sad fate I'm really quite resigned—
Resigned! ah ha!—that word suggests a plan
By which I really do believe I can
Ameliorate our painful situation
And save defeat by timely Resignation!

Song.— "RESIGNATION."

Resignation, Resignation,
Is the only thing for the situation.
'Twill put a stop to reerimination
And save my friends from much vexation.
Things are in such a conglomeration
They really won't bear contemplation;
So I think without more hesitation
We'll tender at once our resignation.

(Exeunt.)



SCENE III. House of Commons in full Session.—Sir John announces the resignation of the Ministry—Grits surround Alexander clamouring noisily for places.

The Genius of Canada rises—all stand abashed and silent.

Genius.— Peace, I command, and cease this rude turmoil! What! quarrelling already o'er the spoil? If this is how you mean to carry on

You'll really force me to recall Sir John;
(Cries of "No, No, please don't.")
 Then to these noisy clamours put a stop,
 Assume a virtue if you have it not,
 Nor let it to the country thus appear
 That place and power your only objects are.

(Turns to Alexander).

To you my friend, now you have gained the day

A few important words I have to say:
 All through this contest, Purity was your cry,
 Mind that your acts do not your words belie;
 Remember what great interests rest on you,
 And think that I shall have my eye upon you.
 I know you're passing honest! but you've got
 Mixed up with an uncommon sony lot—
 From folks like these 'tis difficult to break off,
 I fear you'll find them rather hard to shake off—

THE UNSPEC



Of one thing *specially* be warned in time
 Be careful about this PACIFIC LINK,
 And recollect that under no condition
 Will I accept a *Railway Coalition*.
 The Railway must be *mine* and *only* mine,
 I want no junction with a Yankee line.
 Through my own territory 't must be laid
 And by my own resources, must be made.
 Farewell—so act that Alexander's name
 To future years be heralded by Fame.

Song.—

“GENIUS OF CANADA.”

Air.—“After the Opera is Over.”

Now that the contest is over,
 Now that the battle is done,
 Now that Sir John is defeated,
 Now that Mackenzie has won,
 Let's be a little bit quiet,
 Let's look tranquilly on,
 Let's give fair play to Mackenzie

And not be too hard on Sir John.
 True that Sir John has been guilty
 Of acts which I cannot condone;
 Still none of you s're so spotless
 That you should throw the first stone.
 Long as he worked in my service—
 And many a good deed has he done—
 And was ne'er swayed by personal motives,
 So don't be too hard on Sir John.
 (Genius vanishes and the House adjourns.)

PACIFIC SCANDAL.

THE COMING ELECTIONS.

The following is a partial list of candidates at the coming elections. The names printed in italics are those of members who sat in the last Parliament.

- Algoma :—Dennison, M. Brown, O.
- Argenteuil :—*Abbott, O.* Bellingham, M.
- Bellechasse :—*Fournier, M.*
- Bonaventure :—*Robitaille, O.*
- Cardwell :—*Hon. J. H. Cameron, O.*
- Carleton, Ont. :—*Rochester, O.* Holmes, O. Fraser, O.
- Chambly :—*Benoit, O.* Jodoin, M.
- Champlain :—*Gaudet, Trudel, Normand.*
- Dorchester, Q. :—*Langertn, O.* Morriset, M.
- Durham, East :—*Ross, M.* Williams, O.
- Frontenac :—*Kirkpatrick, O.* Cartwright, M.
- Gaspé :—*Flynn, Eden, Lebouillier.*
- Hallfax :—*Jones, M.* Power, M.
- Hamilton :—*Witton, O.* O'Reilly, O. Ewing, M.
- Hastings, West :—*Brown, O.* Patterson, M.
- Hochelaga :—*Duhamel, M.* De Bellefeuille, O.
- Huron, Centre :—*Horton, M.*
- Huron, South :—*M. C. Cameron, M.*
- Jacques Cartier :—*Loftin, M.* Girouard, O. Dawes, O.
- Kamouraska :—*Pelletier, M.*
- Kingston :—*Sir John A. Macdonald, O.* Carruthers, M.
- Lanark, N. :—*Gabraith, M.*
- Lanark, S. :—*Haggart, O.*
- Laval :—*Outmet, O.*
- Leeds, N. :—*Jones, O.* Montgomery, M.
- Levis :—*Fréchette, M.* Chabot, O.
- Lincoln :—*Merritt, O.* Norris, M.
- L'Islet :—*Casgrain, M.*
- London :—*Carling, O.* Walker, I.
- Lotbinière :—*Beaudet, O.* Fabre, M.
- Maskinongé :—*Boyer, M.* Caron, O.
- Middlesex, E. :—*Glass, M.* Ros, O.
- Middlesex, N. :—*Scatcherd, M.*
- Middlesex, West :—*Ross, M.*
- Missisquoi :—*Baker, O.* Kay, M.
- Montmagny :—*Taschereau, M.*
- Montmorenci :—*Langlois, O.*
- Montreal, Centre :—*Ryan, O.* Devlin, M.
- Montreal, East :—*Jetté, M.* Hudon, O.
- Montreal, West :—*Young, M.* Workman, O.
- Niagara :—*Currle, M.*
- Ontario, South :—*Gibbs, O.*
- Ottawa :—*Currier, O.* Lewis, O. Featherstone, M. Martineau. Beaubien, M. Aumont.
- Ottawa County :—*Chapleau, M.*
- Oxford, North :—*Oliver, M.*
- Oxford, South :—*Bodwell, M.*
- Peterborough, East :—*Miller.*
- Peterborough, West :—*Bertram, M.* Scott, O.
- Pontiac :—*McKay Wright, O.*
- Portneuf :—*De St. Georges, O.* Bellemare, M.
- Quebec Centre :—*Cauchon, I.*
- Quebec West :—*McGreavy, O.* Alley, Hearn, M. O'Farrel, Murphy, Roche.
- Quebec County :—*Caron, Rhodes.*
- Renfrew, N. :—*Findlay, M.* White, O.
- Richmond and Wolfe :—*Graham, M.* White, O.
- Rimouski :—*Fiset, O.*
- Rouville :—*Mercier, M.* Cheval, M. Poulin, O.
- Russell :—*Grant, O.* Cameron, M. Sparks, O. McCaule, O. Blackburn, M. Bell, M.
- St. Maurice :—*Lacerte, O.* Lajole, M.
- Shefford :—*Huntington, M.* Curran, O.
- Sherbrooke :—*Brooks, O.*
- Simcoe, North :—*Cook, M.*
- Soulanges :—*Lantier, O.* De Beaufeu, O.
- Temiscouata :—*Pelletier, O.*
- Three-Rivers :—*McDougall, O.* Dawson.
- Toronto, Centre :—*Wilkes, M.* S. Blake, O.
- Toronto, East :—*Bealy, O.* O'Donohoe, M.
- Toronto, West :—*Morrison, O.*
- Vaudreuil :—*Harwood, C.*
- Victoria, South :—*Donner, O.*

The Magazines.

With the New Year the *Atlantic Monthly* appears under new management and in a new dress. It is now published by Hurd & Houghton of New York, whose evident intention it is to keep up the standard of excellence, for which the *Atlantic* has so long been celebrated. The principal feature of the current number is a paper on Evolution and Permanence of Type, by the late Prof. Agassiz. Charles Dudley Warner contributes the first chapter of what promises to be a most interesting and agreeable account of a dilettante's ramble. The quaint title the writer has chosen, "Baddeck and That Sort of Thing," will at once attract the reader's attention, and the racy, sparkling humour that crops out throughout the whole cannot fail to captivate him. Two serials are commenced in this number, "Prudence Palfrey," by T. B. Aldrich, and "Mose Evans" by Wm. M. Baker, both of which promise well for the future. There are also two short stories of more than usual power, an important paper on local taxation in the States, a short but interesting account of the origin and history of the dollar mark, and poems by Dr. Holmes, Whittier, Bayard Taylor, and Celia Thaxter. The contents of this initial number are marked by a literary excellence and a judiciousness of taste that warrant us in indulging in great expectations for the future of the *Atlantic*.

Harper's Magazine for January is, as usual, filled with good things. The author of "John Halifax, Gentleman" begins a new story entitled "My Mother and I," and Prof. De Mille continues "The Living Link." There is an excellent account of the Rathschild family, with portraits of its principal members and numerous illustrations. Other illustrated articles are "Rambles in Martinique," "South Coast Saunterings in England," and "Washington News," the latter an account of newspaper doings at the capital during the Session. The shorter articles and stories are full of interest, and the poetry, led by a beautiful Christmas poem by R. H. Stoddard, entitled "Dies Natalis Christi," good.

An able criticism by Charles Dudley Warner of Mr. Froude's "Progress" is a prominent feature in this month's *Scribner*. The historian contributes another paper on the Annals of an English Abbey, and his critic himself undergoes a critical notice, to which a portrait is attached. The serials are "Katherine Earle," by Adelaide Trafton, and "Earthen Pitchers" by Rebecca Harding Davis; "The Great South" is also continued, the current chapter giving us a glimpse at Texas. In poetry this number is unusually rich, there being no less than seven pieces. A short story by Bret Harte, "A Monte Flat Pastoral" will prove an unerring attraction. "Topics of the Time" and "The Old Cabinet," as usual, contain much instructive and entertaining reading matter.

The *Galaxy* opens with a gossip sketch by Justin McCarthy on the Duke of Argyll. Richard Grant White's "Linguistic and Literary Notes and Queries," are excellent and should be read by all who take an interest in our language and literature. "The French Press" by Albert Rhodes gives much information on journalism as understood and practised in France, and Carl Benson's Physical Impediments to Social Success is far more amusing than the title would lead one to suppose. "Other Folks' Money," and "Mr. Black to Mr. Adams" (the latter a trenchant criticism of Mr. Adams' Memorial Address on the late Mr. Seward) deserve the attention of serious readers.

The ever-welcome "New Hypertion" with its well-seasoned descriptions, racy anecdotes and vigorous sketches opens the January number of *Lippincott's*. Wm. Black's "Princess of Thule" draws on toward the close. Marie Howland's account of the Trianon Palaces comes in good season and will find eager readers in all who have been interested in the *Bazaine* trial. There are two short stories in this issue: "A Wife's Revenge" and "My Christmas Ball." A pleasant sketch of French marriages; an account of the gambling establishment at Monaco; a paper on Japanese fox-myths; a critical notice of Chester Harding, the self-made artist; and an interesting review of the various busts and portraits of Shakespeare complete a very appetizing bill of fare.

The last four weekly numbers of *Appleton's Journal* contain such a quantity of useful and amusing matter of very general excellence that it is difficult to select any two or three for particular notice. They form an excellent collection of articles and papers of all sorts—stories, sketches, biographies, with a complete résumé of art, musical, literary and scientific notes. Those in want of a pleasant readable weekly would do well to try *Appleton's*.

The best children's magazine is without any doubt *St. Nicholas*. Each number of this already popular periodical is filled with attractive illustrations and reading-matter suited to the tastes and comprehension of the young people. The cover alone, gorgeous in colour and design, is irresistible and gives good promise of what is to be found inside; while the name of the lady editor, Mrs. Mary Mapes Dodge, is a sufficient guarantee of the excellence of the literary nourishment she supplies to boys and girls. Every number contains some fifty pages of clearly printed reading matter and beautifully executed illustrations. Three serials are now running in this magazine; one for boys, one for girls, and one for little folk in general. There is also an abundance of short stories, sketches of travel and adventure, fairy tales, puzzles and charades, besides a special department for very little people. A good feature of this publication is the entire absence of the gaudy, gaudy element. It is throughout characterized by a pure, genial, whole-souled spirit that is perfectly refreshing, and is doubtless appreciated by thousands of hearty children. We have no hesitation in saying that every house where there are young people should be supplied with *St. Nicholas*. The publishers are Messrs. Scribner & Co., New York.

Our Illustrations.

Our front page illustration depicts the well-known bracelet scene in "Cymbeline."

We reproduce another picture illustrative of recent events in Cuba—the surrender of the "Virginus," by the commander of the Spanish sloop "La Favorita" to the U. S. steamer "Dispatch," in the lonely anchorage of Bahía Honda.

The bombardment of Booty by English vessels was one of the first episodes of the Ashantee war.

One of the chief sources of suffering in the Khivan expedition was the want of water during the toilsome march across the Asian Sands. The sketch strikingly indicates the joy of the troops on sight of the inland river.

The *Bazaine* trial is over at length. We have presented our readers many scenes connected with it. The episode given on the fifth page illustrates the intense curiosity of the public who pursued the door-keepers even into the guard room, in quest of tickets of admission.

The sketch of the sinking of the "Ville du Havre," on the twelfth, is one of startling reality. It shows the terror and confusion which reigned at the last fatal moment, when the vessel pitched and the masts fell over the bulwarks. As a work of art, the picture is of a very superior character.

Copenhagen is one of the finest cities of Europe, though comparatively little visited by tourists. The view of the port is superb and the walks around it form one of the fashionable promenades of the citizens.

Music and the Drama.

Chicago is to have a new opera-house.

The Strakosch Opera Troupe are playing this week at St. Louis.

The Viennese Ladies' Orchestra has not been particularly successful in Paris.

Mr. Dion Boucicault is engaged for San Francisco for the latter part of this month.

Signor Giulio Perkins, the American basso, has made a great hit in *Mephistopheles*.

Franz Abt is writing an opera, "The Sharpshooter," for his next visit to America.

Jannaschek, Lotta, and Miss Nilsson will speedily begin engagements at Booth's Theatre.

M. Gounod, assisted by his choir and orchestra, intends giving five concerts in London this month.

A version of "Dombey and Son" was produced at the Globe Theatre, London, before Christmas.

"Man and Wife" was produced at the Fifth Avenue Theatre, New York, last Saturday, with Miss Ada Dyas as *Anne Sylvester*.

Adelina Patti is to receive two hundred thousand dollars in gold for one hundred nights, for her next season with Strakosch.

Plotow's new opera, "La Nafade," produced at Genoa, has disappeared after three representations. The composer is contemplating a new effort.

The Berlin Royal Library has just acquired a valuable collection of Mozart's autograph compositions, consisting of 531 pieces in which are included 10 operas, 16 symphonies, 5 masses, and 1 oratorio.

Sir John Bannet has announced his intention to offer a premium of a hundred guineas for the best English national song and chorus, a jury to be appointed to decide upon the merits of the compositions offered.

The MSS. left by Mendelssohn have been offered by the family to the Royal Library of Berlin, provided the German Government will found two exhibitions, of 700 thalers each, for young musical students deemed worthy of the prizes.

Charles Gounod has written to say that he will forego all the composer's dues to which he is entitled on the performance of his opera of "Faust" for one year, the same to be applied to the relief of the sufferers by the recent destruction by fire of the Grand Opera-house, Paris.

A comic opera in three acts, entitled "La Belle Parfumeuse," words by MM. Crémieux and Blum, and music by M. Offenbach, has been produced at the Renaissance, Paris. The lively acting and pleasant singing of Madame Théo, with beautiful dresses in the Louis XV. style, and pretty scenery, carried the piece through.

The second part of Goethe's "Faust" has been arranged for the stage by Herr Willman, and the musical accompaniment has been contributed by Mr. Pierson, an Englishman resident in Leipzig. The drama was recently performed for the first time at Leipzig, and evoked enthusiastic applause, though the performance lasted over four hours.

"La Jeunesse de Louis XIV.," a play of the late Alexandre Dumas the Elder, is to be brought out this winter at the Paris Odéon. This work was on the point of being produced at the Théâtre Français in 1853, when the Censor prohibited its performance, and the piece was then transferred to Brussels and to St. Petersburg, where it was highly successful. Now the prohibition has been removed, and M. Dumas fils, has been for some time engaged in making some alterations necessary before its production in Paris.

The non-production last season at Drury Lane of Her Majesty's Opera, by Mr. Mapleson, of Balfe's posthumous opera, "Il Talismano" (Sir Walter Scott's tale), was ascribed to the *prima donna*, Madame Christine Nilsson, but the lady has formally denied this, and has made a formal stipulation in her new contract with the director that the work shall be produced for her first appearance, next May, in order that she may fulfil her promise to the late composer to undertake the part of the heroine. Signor Campanini will be the Knight of the Leopard.

Art and Literature.

Mrs. Grote has intimated her intention to give the MSS. of her late husband to the British Museum.

A book of poems from the pen of the late Lieut.-Governor Howe has been issued in Nova Scotia.

The management of the South Kensington Museum will probably be transferred to the Trustees of the British Museum.

An extensive deposit of pure terra-cotta, equal to the finest Greek or Etruscan, has been discovered near Torquay, England.

"The Way We Live Now," by Anthony Trollope, will be completed in twenty monthly parts, the first of which is issued this month.

Some crayon drawings have recently been exhibited by an Austrian artist in London, which were drawn entirely with the native clays of Victoria.

Mrs. Agassiz will soon finish a life of her husband which she has partly written. She was the author of the interesting and valuable "Journey to Brazil."

The *School Newspaper*, an organ of information and discussion for those who are engaged and interested in higher education, will shortly be issued in London.

A new edition of Chambers' Encyclopædia, brought down to the dates of the last census in Great Britain and Ireland and other European countries, is being issued.

M. Gustave Doré's picture, "The Dream of Claudia Procula," (Plato's wife), on which he has been engaged for some time past, was to have been completed by the end of the year.

Dr. George Macdonald has completed a new work of fiction dealing partly with Americans and partly with Scotch life. It will be published, in the first instance, in the *Glasgow Weekly Herald*. The title of Dr. Macdonald's new novel is "Malcolm."

Prof. Spencer Baynes, of St. Andrew's University, is editing the ninth edition of the "Encyclopædia Britannica," in which it is believed that Messrs. A. & C. Black, the publishers and proprietors, will invest a sum of not less than £200,000. The first volume will appear shortly.

News of the Week.

THE DOMINION.—The rumoured dissolution of Parliament was announced in a *Gazette* extra last week. The writs for the new elections are returnable on the 21st proximo, with the exception of those for British Columbia, Manitoba, Gaspé, and the Saguenay district, which are returnable on the 12th of March.—It is currently reported that Attorney-General Irvine will be offered a seat on the Bench of the Court of Appeal.—The Hon. John Young has been appointed to the Montreal Flour Inspectorship.

UNITED STATES.—The examination of the "Virginus" survivors has had no result. They all agree in saying that they had no knowledge that the vessel was on a filibustering expedition. From the similarity of their statements, there is no doubt that there was a secret understanding among the survivors as to a statement to be made. The question has been raised by the Spanish Government, through Admiral Palo, whether the sinking of the "Virginus" does not cancel the second part of the protocol.—It is reported that President Grant has stated that he will not under any circumstances consent to be a candidate for a third term.

UNITED KINGDOM.—The English court of enquiry into the "Ville du Havre" disaster have exculpated Captain Robertson, of the "Loch Earn" from all blame in the matter.—Thirty-two lives were lost by the foundering last week of the steamship "Elbe," from London to Hamburg.—The Department of Immigration of New Zealand have extended an invitation to Mr. Joseph Arch to visit that country, to examine and report upon its resources.

FRANCE.—The French Admiralty Court has pronounced judgment, declaring the manoeuvre of the steamer "Ville du Havre" to have been blameless, and gives the bad management of the "Loch Earn" as the cause of the disaster. The court eulogised Captain Surmont.

GERMANY.—The health of the Emperor has considerably improved.

AUSTRIA.—It is expected that Baron Schwarz Serborn, Director of the Universal Exposition, will be appointed Ambassador to Washington.

RUSSIA.—The treaty between Russia and Bokhara is published. It gives Khibyan territory on the right bank of the Armandian river to Bokhara, who in return agrees to abolish slavery, and establish mutual trading facilities with Russia.—The Duke of Edinburgh has arrived at St. Petersburg.

HOLLAND.—Another engagement has taken place in Acheen, in which the Dutch troops are reported to have been very successful.

SPAIN.—President Castelar's Government was defeated on two votes in the Cortes, on Saturday, whereupon General Pavía, a friend of the President, occupied the palace of the Cortes and all the public buildings with a force of some 11,000 troops, and dissolved the Cortes. There was great excitement and the streets were filled with people, but no blood was shed. A new Ministry has been formed with Marshal Serrano as President. It is stated that England, France, Prussia and Italy, are pledged to recognize Serrano as President, on the same basis as they have recognized the President of the French Republic.—The Government has relieved General Burrel of the command of the Eastern Department of the Island of Cuba, because in his proclamation, he attacked the existing Administration of Spain. He has been ordered to appear at Madrid to answer charges preferred against him in this matter. Captain-General Gouvillar insists that the Government shall accept his resignation unless he is granted in full the extraordinary powers enjoyed by his predecessors. The Government has conceded the increased powers, but they are restricted by certain conditions.

AFRICA.—Advices from Cape Coast Castle, December 15, report that the Ashantees were driven across River Pra, re-entering their own country in great disorder. They left a large number of dead and wounded on the bank of the river. Sir Garnet Wolseley was in pursuit with 500 sailors. Troop-ships "Himalaya" and "Tamar" had arrived, and everything was ready for an advance upon Coomassie. The Gold Coast was very unhealthy.

Oddities.

"Transactions in Hair," is the heading by a Detroit editor to an account of a street fight.

A Jersey paper describes a man as being "as sociable as a batch of candidates two weeks before election."

One advantage of living in Troy is that one can go to any hydrant, any day, and get an eel for dinner, and no extra charge.

Georgia Item—"Bill Bridges, of Dooley County, attempted to knock down a pine tree with his horse, and killed the latter."

A Maine man has sued a paper for slander for calling him an indefatigable genius, and a local paper says a jury has awarded him \$212 damages.

A young lady of Logansport recently sent a young man four quarts of butter-nuts as a token of acknowledgment for having saved her from drowning.

A boy at Portland, Me., applied at the police headquarters the other day to be sent to the reform school. He was told that he could not go unless he was naughty, and that he must not be naughty.

Douglas Jerrold, at a party, noticed a doctor in sober black waltzing with a young lady who was dressed in a silk of brilliant blue. "As I live!" exclaimed the wit, "there's a blue pill dancing with a black draught."

It was bad enough for the Boston *Advertiser* to say of Wilkie Collins as a lecturer: "The Loudon intonation is noticeable in a flattening of the vowels." But it was worse when a Western compositor made it read "a flattening of the bowels."

A genius was explaining the utility of an India rubber ship which he was inventing, when an old salt exclaimed: "No, no; it will never do. An India rubber ship would rub out all the lines of latitude and longitude, to say nothing of the equator!"

An old seaman, at a religious meeting recently held in New York, in relating his experience, stated that when at sea in storms and tempests, he had often derived great consolation from that beautiful passage of Scripture, "Faint heart never won fair lady."

The Boston *Traveller* says: "Positively frightful! Are our liberties to be insulted? They propose to raise the tax on whiskey to one dollar a gallon! Do they forget a hundred years ago? Send a cargo of whiskey here with a dollar a gallon tax on it, and see how quickly, in the garb of 'first offenders,' some one will take care that it is all poured into the harbour—or somewhere else."

A man who had recently been elected a major of militia, and who was not overburdened with brains, took it into his head on the morning of parade to exercise a little by himself. The field selected for this purpose was his own apartment. Placing himself in a military attitude, with his sword drawn, he exclaimed: "Attention, company! Rear rank, three paces, march!" and he tumbled down into the cellar. His wife hearing the racket, came running in, saying, "My dear, have you killed yourself?" "Go about your business, woman," said the hero, "what do you know about war?"

TO CONTRIBUTORS.

Write upon pages of a single size,
Cross all your T's and neatly dot your I's;
On one side only let your lines be seen;
Both sides filled up announce a Verdant Green.
Correct, yes, re-correct all that you write,
And let your ink be black, your paper white;
For spongy foolscap of a muddy blue
Betrays a mind of the same dismal hue.
Punctuate carefully, for on this score
Nothing proclaims the practised writer more.
Then send it off, and, lest it merit lack,
Enclose the postage stamps to send it back;
But first pay all the postage on it, too,
For editors look black on "six cents due,"
And murmur, as they run the effusion o'er,
"A shabby fellow and a wretched bore."
Yet ere it goes, take off a copy clean;
Poets should own a copying machine.
Little they know the time that's spent, and care,
In hunting verses vanished—who knows where?
Bear this in mind, observe it to the end,
And you shall make the editor your friend.

TAKEN AT THE FLOOD.

A NEW NOVEL.

By the Author of "Lady Audley's Secret," "Strangers and Pilgrims," &c., &c.

CHAPTER XXXIV.

"SO FAIR A FORM LODGED NOT A MIND SO ILL."

Sylvia had been married six months. February, the weariest month in a cold, cheerless winter, was dragging slowly to its dismal end. Bitter gusts of north-east wind shook the casements of Perriam Place. The leafless trees in the long avenue tossed their ragged branches as in the writhings of despair, as if they ejaculated hopelessly, "When is warmer weather coming?" "When are we going to bud?" Only the cedars stood up, grimly stern, and defied the north-easter.

Very dreary had been that long winter to Lady Perriam. After the half-dozen dinner parties given in her honour at the Manor House, Granges, and Towers within fifteen miles of Perriam Place. There had been no further gaiety of any kind. Even her solitary airings in the yellow chariot had been curtailed by the inclemency of the weather, there had been nothing for her to do but walk about the spacious old house, with its vast, empty, useless rooms, and speculate what it might have been under a different master.

"If fortune had given Edmund and me such a house, with Sir Aubrey's wealth, how delightful we would have made it. We could have filled these dismal corridors with pleasant people, and made that vault-like dining room brilliant with light and fire, and bright eyes and jewels, and splendid dresses. Every day would have brought some new pleasure."

This was the drift of Sylvia's fancies very often as she paced the long music room—which knew not the sound of music—on wet afternoons, when there was not one gleam of brightness in the leaden sky, hardly a glimmer of hope in her own life.

She had thought to taste all the pleasures of the world as Sir Aubrey's wife. With the baronet newly subjugated, and at her feet, it had seemed such an easy thing to rule him. She had hoped for a slave, and she had found a master; a stricter master than her father, for beneath his sway she had been able to do pretty much as she pleased, so long as she administered to all his wants and gave him a well-cooked dinner. With Sir Aubrey for her master, she had her own way in hardly anything.

He was not unkind to her, and that made her bondage seem all the worse. She had no ground for complaint. Against that smooth tyranny, rebellion was almost impossible. He forbade this, he advised that, but he was always suavity itself. He narrowed her life into so small a circle that a squirrel in a cage might have known as much of liberty. Friends or acquaintance she had none; for the county people who had been willing to take her by the hand had all fallen away, receiving no encouragement to be civil.

That severe winter tried Sir Aubrey's somewhat feeble constitution. He had a good deal of illness, and the stately gentleman who had seemed such a model of old-fashioned gallantry that warm summer afternoon in Mr. Hopling's orchard, was restless, fretful, and peevish when afflicted with influenza, or a mild attack of bronchitis. At these times Sir Aubrey preferred the ministrations of Jean Chaplain to those of his young wife, yet expected that Sylvia should spend a good deal of her time in the sick room, and liked her to read the political articles and foreign correspondence in the *Times* for his edification. She performed all her duties with a tolerable grace, but weariness was in her heart nevertheless.

But if Sir Aubrey's society was at times a burden almost too heavy for impatient youth to bear, Mordred Perriam's dullness was still harder to be endured. He was a more fatiguing companion than his brother, inasmuch as he talked a great deal more. He was fond of talking, and the chief deprivation of his life hitherto had been the lack of listeners. He found Sylvia courteously attentive to his discourses. She did not wish to be rude to her husband's brother; and he at once seized upon her as the long-desired listener. He had just sense enough to perceive her intelligence, and he told himself that his dryasdust discourse would expand and improve her mind.

"You are not like ordinary young women, my dear," he said, when Sylvia confessed her desire to learn Latin, and to know something of the classic writers, "You can take an interest in great subjects."

Day after day, evening after evening, he twaddled on in the same dull, dry way, shedding no ray of light from his own intellect upon the pages he por'd over, and whose contents it was his delight to recapitulate. He was always finding little bits in his daily studies which he thought would interest her, and the little bits were usually the dullest passages in the prosings of some third-rate philosopher—the tritest axioms of morality, inflated into importance by grandiloquent language.

When the baronet was confined to his room, which happened often during that doleful winter, Mordred Perriam and Sylvia took their meals *à la tête* in the gloomy dining-room. The mild old bookworm would even desert his beloved kitchen garden to take his constitutional in Sylvia's company, shambling up and down the Italian garden, never ceasing from that even flow of prosiness. There were moments when Lady

Perriam was wicked enough to wish him a sharer in that tranquil silence which ruled among the rest of his race in that hallowed ground below the terrace.

Mordred's health was very little better than his brother's, but being a person of secondary importance, the household took less notice of his ailments. He grumbled a little about himself from time to time; complained of pains here and twitches there; now pointed to his chest, and now to his head; but received little more attention from any one than if he had been some piece of household machinery slightly out of order.

"I know I shall die suddenly when my time comes," he said one day to Lady Perriam. "It may be many years hence—"

"I dare say it will," returned Sylvia, with an involuntary sigh.

"Or it may be much sooner than any one expects; but I feel a conviction that I shall go off without a moment's warning. There are a great many cases on record of men who had a prevision as to the manner of their death. I have my prevision. So many twitches and pains as I suffer must have some significance. It may be that my heart is wrong, or the seat of disease may be in the brain. When you consider the delicate functions which the spinal marrow has to perform in relation to the cerebral matter, you can hardly wonder that the brain is apt to get out of order. When you look at the heart as a complicated pumping apparatus which is never permitted to rest, and not subject to repair, you cannot wonder that the machinery is liable to collapse. I have received warning from both directions, and I am prepared for the worst."

"Mere fancy, I daresay, Mr. Perriam," said Sylvia, with the serenity that springs from indifference.

"No, my dear, it is not fancy. But I am prepared for the worst. I have made my will."

"Indeed," murmured Sylvia, with a shade more interest. She thought it just possible that Mordred intended to reward her endurance of his dullness by the bequest of his worldly substance.

"Yes. I bequeathed my library—nearly five thousand volumes of solid and instructive literature—to the Mechanics' Institute in Monkhampton. I also bequeath my estate, now yielding two hundred per annum, but likely to improve with the lapse of years, to trustees, for the benefit of the same institution. They will build a wing for the reception of the books, they will from time to time, as funds accrue, collect other books, always of a like character. They will furthermore employ a librarian for the care of the aforesaid books and any further collection, as heretofore mentioned, at a salary of fifty pounds per annum."

Mordred was quoting verbatim from the will, a document which he kept in his own possession, and perused frequently, with enjoyment.

"I have sometimes thought," he added, graciously, "that such a situation would suit a man of studious habits, like your father."

Christmas had been in no wise different from other seasons at Perriam. There was some customary dole given to the poor, but this was done unobtrusively through the hands of the housekeeper, so that the blessings of the recipients reached not Sir Aubrey's ears. Christmas Day seemed an extra Sunday in the week, and that was all.

It was now two months after Christmas, and Sir Aubrey had been more or less ailing all the time. The Monkhampton surgeon who attended him declared there was no cause for alarm. The severe weather had been trying; Sir Aubrey was a little out of sorts; and so on; but with the coming of spring he would doubtless be himself again. Lady Perriam must not feel uneasy.

This, Mr. Stimpson, the surgeon, an elderly man who enjoyed high repute in Monkhampton, said to Lady Perriam herself, in a cheery confidential tone.

"There is no danger, then?" asked Lady Perriam, in a thoughtful tone.

"None, whatever; a temporary derangement of the system, nothing more."

"I am glad to hear that," said Sylvia, almost mechanically. "I have sometimes thought that Sir Aubrey must be seriously ill. His memory seems to fail him a little, now and then. He repeats things two or three times, and does not seem to know that he has said them before."

Mr. Stimpson looked a little grave at this, but speedily recovered himself. It is a doctor's duty to be cheerful. He brings to bear an amiable gaiety, by way of contrast to the gloom of sickbeds and incurable diseases.

Sylvia sat alone, absorbed in deepest thought for some time after the doctor had left her. Sometimes, out of this illness of Sir Aubrey's, piercing the doleful shadows of the sickroom, there had arisen, pale with distance, the star of an unholy hope. What if the end were nearer than she had ever deemed possible? What if her husband were doomed to die ere very long, and leave her free to marry Edmund Standen?

In her young life Death had been, as yet, a stranger. She could not think of that dreadful presence as calmly as some to whom the fatal visitant has grown a familiar guest. She thought, with a shudder, of the dark gulf, the mysterious, impenetrable grave, which lay between her and liberty. Sir Aubrey had been a tyrant, but at the worst an unconscious despot. He had never been intentionally unkind. He had tried to shape the young, bright life to fit his own dull even existence, had stifled all the natural aspirations of joy-loving youth, had made Sylvia's days a burden to her; yet, after his own fashion, he had been kind. It seemed almost impossible that she should wish for his death.

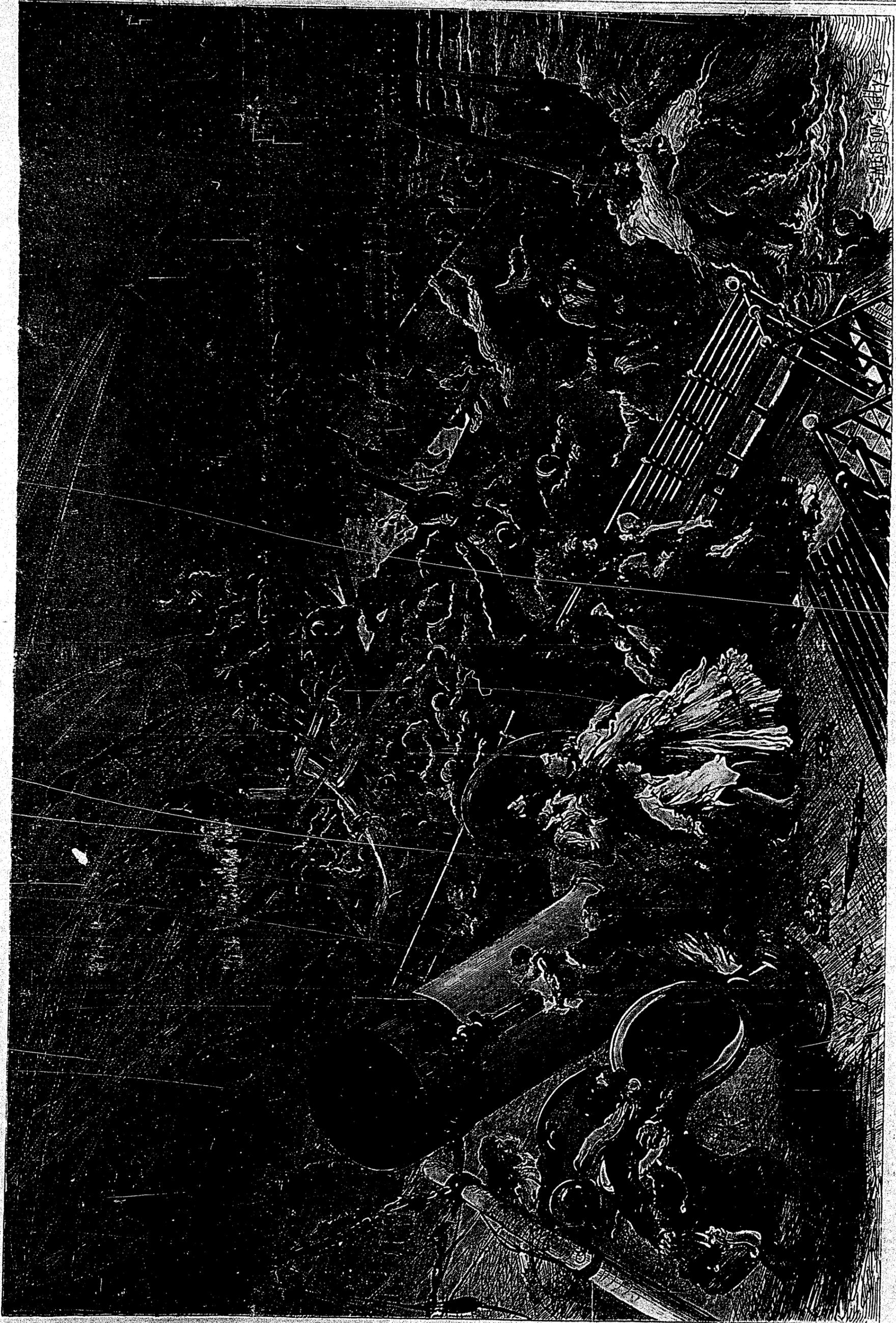
"I do not wish him dead," she said to herself, when that possible release presented itself like a hope, "but, if he dies, I shall win my love back again—my first and only love. I will make him forgive me, though I have sinned against him so deeply. I will make him trust me again, although I have been so false. I know that I have power to win him back."

CHAPTER XXXV.

STRIKEN DOWN.

In the first day of March Sir Aubrey left his room. He was now pronounced well enough to spend a few hours in the saloon daily, and even to take a short drive in the yellow chariot on a sunny day, when the wind was in a genial quarter.

He was very glad to avail himself of these privileges, and made haste to abandon his invalid habits, dressed himself as carefully as ever, and re-appeared with that gracious and pa-



THE SINKING OF THE "VILLE DU HAVRE."



THE FASHIONABLE PROMENADE AT COPENHAGEN.

trician aspect which made him look like one of Vandyke's portraits in modern costume.

He thanked Sylvia courteously for her attention to him during his illness, and was kinder than usual to her, forbearing to criticise her conduct in trifles, and to lecture.

"My dear," he said, "I have given you no present since I put my mother's diamond keeper upon your finger. It belonged to her mother's mother, you know, and has a higher value from association than from the worth of the stones, which are of the purest water, but small."

Sylvia gave a little regretful sigh. She had once supposed that diamond hoop to be the forerunner of a shower of gifts, plenteous as that golden rain which descended on Danae.

"I have not given you jewels, Sylvia, partly because I do not care to see a woman bedizened with precious stones, but more because I do not wish to be associated in your mind with rich gifts. When I am dead and gone you will be rich—rich enough to be the match for some adventurer, should you be so foolish as to marry again."

Hereupon Sir Aubrey opened an oval morocco case, in which reposed on black velvet a necklace of single diamonds, each as large as a prize pea. The silver setting was so light as to be hardly visible. The necklace seemed a circlet of liquid light.

Sylvia's eyes sparkled, she gave a gasp of mingled surprise and delight.

"How lovely!" she exclaimed.

"It is yours, my love," answered the baronet, in his placid way. "I bought that necklace for a duke's daughter, but death stole my promised bride—I give it now to my true and kind wife."

Lady Perriam, not easily melted, burst into a flood of tears. "God keep me true to you, in thought as in deed," she cried passionately. "But I am not worthy of your kindness."

"You have been my patient nurse, my faithful companion," answered Sir Aubrey, gently. "Dry your tears, my dear. A diamond necklace is not a thing to cry about."

"I am very proud of your gift, it is more splendid than anything I ever dreamed of. But it is your kindness that touches me," said Sylvia.

She remembered how mean she had thought him because he had doled her out a small allowance of pocket money; how she had ascribed the dreariness of her life to his desire to save expenditure; and, behold, he threw a gift worth ever so many thousands of pounds into her lap, as carelessly as if it had been a handful of summer blossoms.

"When shall I wear these diamonds?" she asked herself—or rather enquired of Destiny—as she clasped the necklace around her throat before the glass in her dressing room. "Perhaps, if Sir Aubrey is inclined to be indulgent, he will take me to London this year, and let me see the world. It is hard to have wealth, and jewels, and a title, and youth, and good looks, and yet to be buried alive at Perriam Place."

The next day was the brightest of the new year, but Sir Aubrey protested against the yellow chariot when Mr. Stimpson, who was still in attendance, recommended a quiet drive.

"I detest being shut up in a coach," he said. "I'd rather take a little walk in the garden with Lady Perriam."

"So be it, then," replied the doctor, who wished to make his regimen agreeable to so profitable a patient. "I don't know that a walk mightn't be better than a drive. Only be sure you don't fatigue yourself. Just a gentle stroll up and down that delightful terrace, with Lady Perriam's arm for a support."

It was about three o'clock in the afternoon when Sir Aubrey and his wife went out for this promenade. A bright, tranquil springlike afternoon, only the gentlest west wind faintly stirring the evergreens, a calm blue sky, with fleecy clouds, and a gentle sunshine upon the landscape. There had been much rain lately, and the pastures looked emerald bright against the dark arable lands, while here and there the first tinge of green showed faintly on the southward fronting hedgerows.

"A beautiful world, my dear," said Sir Aubrey, as he surveyed the varied prospect. "I have seen a good deal of it, but I have found nothing so good as Perriam."

"Perriam is very nice," replied Sylvia, meekly; "but you will show me a little more of the world some day, won't you, Sir Aubrey?"

"Yes, my love, we will travel a little more by-and-bye, when I am stronger. I wish your life to be happy. I fear you have had rather a dull winter; but then happily you are not used to society."

"No," answered Sylvia, "perhaps that's why I long for it more than other people."

"True, the unknown is ever delightful. You remember what Pope says: 'Man never is but always to be blessed.'"

"I hate Pope," replied Sylvia impatiently, upon which Sir Aubrey gave her a brief lecture on the folly of hating a poet whose philosophy is as correct as his versification is brilliant.

The effort appeared to exhaust him, for he drooped a little on his second perambulation of the terrace.

"I am not so strong as I fancied myself this morning," he said, "I feel a little shaky in spite of the support of your arm. I'll go back to the house after this walk."

They lingered a little for Sir Aubrey to rest on the spot where they had stood when he asked Sylvia to be his wife. Sir Aubrey looked down at the little green churchyard with a dreamy gaze. The very spirit of tranquility pervaded the scene. The gray old church tower, with its quaint corbels and water spouts and varied tints of moss and lichen stood out clearly defined against the clear cold sky. Death wore its softest aspect in that placid valley.

Mild as the atmosphere was the invalid shivered.

"I'll go indoors, my love," he said; "I am not strong enough for walking yet."

They went back to the house, Sir Aubrey leaning a little on Sylvia's arm, and sighing once or twice during the journey, as if it were rather a troublesome business. The invalid returned to his easy chair by the fire in the saloon, where Sylvia gave him his book, a volume of the "Spectator," whose leaves he turned listlessly now and then, reading a page here and there, and smiling faintly at the familiar passages. She arranged the little table by his chair, on which he kept a book or two, the day's newspapers, and a glass of weak sherry and water, and then prepared to take her place on the opposite side of the hearth, where it was her wont to beguile the slow hours with fancy work. Novels, and, indeed, modern light literature of all kinds, Sir Aubrey set his face against; thus woman's favourite amusement was, in a manner, forbidden to Lady Perriam.

But the baronet begged his wife to enjoy the afternoon sunshine. "Finish your walk, my dear," he said graciously,

you can come back to me when you are tired of the terrace. I am always glad to have you near me, but you have been too long a prisoner."

Sylvia obeyed. She was very tired of that spacious saloon, with its unchanging splendour—chairs and tables always in the same positions—no variety, no look of life or movement. She was glad to be alone with her own thoughts, which of late had taken shapes that disturbed and perplexed her. Sir Aubrey's unsettled health gave rise to agitating conjectures. She knew very well that there was guilt in many of these meditations. These visions of a possible future; but she had never acquired the habit of ruling her own thoughts; she let them drift as they would, and the image which oftenest filled her mind was the image of one whom it was the first duty of her life to forget.

She walked to and fro for about an hour, and was beginning to think of returning to her post by the fireside and her duties of nurse and comforter, when she heard a distant step on the gravel walk, firm, light, and quick—a step that reminded her of Edmund Standen's. She knew that the step could hardly be his; Mr. Standen's presence in that place scarcely came within the limits of the possible; yet the sound set her heart beating vehemently, so weak was that undisciplined heart.

She walked towards the other end of the terrace, and saw the well-known figure of Mr. Bain, the lawyer. He had been away from Monkhampton for nearly a month, in the south of France with his ailing wife, whom the doctors had ordered to the shores of the Mediterranean, as her sole chance of surviving the severe winter. Difficult as it was for Shadrack Bain to leave business, he had performed his duty as a husband, escorted his wife to Cannes, and stayed with her until her health had been in some measure re-established. Monkhampton had been loud in his praises for this domestic loyalty, though some among his clients had grumbled a little at the loss of their astute adviser.

It had been no small relief to Sylvia so escape the searching gaze of those keen eyes. From the very beginning of her acquaintance with Shadrack Bain, Sylvia had felt that here was a man who was in the habit of looking deeper than the surface of things, and that she had need to guard her secret thoughts against his watchfulness. He had always been courteous to her—nay, had evinced the most profound respect by his every word and action. Yet, knowing no more of him than that he was a good man of business, and a trusted agent of Sir Aubrey's, she felt an undefinable fear of his influence. Or, in a word, she fancied that he knew her.

He approached her with his usual grave politeness—not ceremonious—but gravely respectful.

"Good afternoon, Lady Perriam. I have just been with Sir Aubrey. He has been kind enough to ask me to stay to dinner—and as the dew is falling, he suggested that I should request you to come in doors."

"There is no dew yet awhile," answered Sylvia, somewhat impatiently. Sir Aubrey had a tiresome way of ordering her about through the medium of Mr. Bain. "I shall walk a little longer."

"May I be your companion during that time?" asked Mr. Bain.

"I have no objection," replied Sylvia, coldly. She would have given a great deal to keep Mr. Bain for ever outside the gates of Perriam—yet subservient as he appeared, she felt that he was just the kind of man to make her pay dearly for anything like incivility.

"Your permission sounds almost like an interdiction," said the agent, "yet I will venture to remain. Sir Aubrey must have been very ill while I was in France."

"Not worse than he has been several times this winter." "Indeed. Yet I see so marked a change in him. I don't know how to describe it, but it struck me at the first glance and I was pained to perceive it."

"Do you think he is dangerously ill?" asked Sylvia, turning upon him with a quick, bright light in her eyes.

"No, Lady Perriam. I do not think there is much danger of your being left a widow yet awhile," answered Mr. Bain, with inscrutable gravity.

"You really frightened me with your talk about a change in Sir Aubrey. I can see no change myself—and Mr. Stimpson says he is improving daily—that there is nothing wanted but the warm weather to make him quite well and strong again."

"I am glad Mr. Stimpson is so hopeful. The change which struck me so painfully was perhaps more in Sir Aubrey's manner than his appearance—there was an altered tone—a feebler manner—an indecision about everything he said. I was talking to him nearly an hour about business, and I had plenty of time to observe him. In a word, he is not the man I left less than a month ago."

Sylvia was silent. She remembered her own discovery of Sir Aubrey's uncertain memory—that almost childish habit of repeating his speeches. Did death come thus in this slow decline of the faculties? Sir Aubrey was by no means an old man. It was not time for memory to grow dim—for sight to fail—for hearing to grow faint.

"Let us go back to the house," said Lady Perriam. "If once Sir Aubrey gets that idea of dew into his head he will fidget himself till I am indoors."

"You have reason to be proud of such thoughtfulness on his part," remarked Mr. Bain.

"Yes, 'tis very kind—but rather tiresome," returned Sylvia, who was more candid with Mr. Bain in trifles than with other people—having that inward conviction that he could see through small artifices.

She went back to the saloon before going up stairs to dress for dinner—went back dutifully, to see if her husband had any further need of her attendance. Though there had been still a soft gray light in the Italian garden, here in the saloon reigned deepest dusk. So much of the waning day was excluded by the ample draperies of those seven tall windows. The seven windows looked white and wan in the twilight, like seven tall ghosts. The fire had burned low, and only shed its ruddy glow in the region of the hearth.

Lady Perriam stood by the door looking in, Mr. Bain standing just behind. Sir Aubrey sat with his arm hanging loosely across the arm of the chair, his head lying back against the cushions, an open book at his feet. He had fallen asleep, no doubt.

"I won't disturb him," said Sylvia. "Mr. Stimpson said rest was of great importance."

"I think I'd better replenish the fire," suggested Mr. Bain. "It will go out directly if it isn't attended to."

He went softly towards the hearth, Sylvia still waiting near

the door, to see if that replenishing of the fire would awaken Sir Aubrey.

Mr. Bain knelt down, and put a couple of dry logs gently on the ashes. The dry wood began to sputter and crackle immediately. An ornamental brass screen, wide and tall, guarded the invalid from those flying sparks of burning wood.

The recumbent figure never stirred. The agent, still on his knees, looked round at his employer. The dry log burst into a sudden blaze which lighted all the room, and shone full upon Sir Aubrey's face. One quick, startled look at that face, and the agent sprang to his feet, and pulled the bell rope. A bell rang in the distant offices with a loud shrill peal that sounded through the house. The agent bent over that motionless figure, loosened the neckcloth, raised the head, all quietly enough, Lady Perriam looking on all the while, with unutterable terror in her colourless face. She had rushed to the hearth when Mr. Bain rang the bell.

"Do you think he is dead?" she asked, in an awful whisper.

"No, I can feel the beating of his heart. Send a messenger to Mr. Stimpson on the fastest horse in the stables," continued Mr. Bain to the servant who appeared in answer to that loud summons. "If Mr. Stimpson is out, when he gets to Monkhampton, let him fetch Dr. Cardross—if he's out, let him go on to Mr. Byfield. He must ride for his life, mind, and not lose a minute in getting off. And let another messenger—John Bates, he is a sharp fellow—go to Dr. Tapsall, of Hedingham. Sir Aubrey has an attack—I fear paralysis. Tell someone to fetch Chaplain."

Chaplain, the valet, had heard that shrill peal of the bell, and was by his master's side before the other servant had left the room. There was no time lost. Mr. Bain and the valet laid Sir Aubrey on a sofa, in the most comfortable position they could place him in, and this done, there was little more to do than wait the coming of medical aid. Perriam Place stood midway between Monkhampton and Hedingham. Either way the messenger would have three miles to ride, the doctor three miles to come.

"There's no hope of anybody being here under an hour," said Mr. Bain, who had been wonderfully self-possessed throughout.

Lady Perriam sat like a statue, and was hardly less white than the sculptor's veinless marble. Her eyes alone moved, and they kept wandering restlessly from yonder prostrate form upon the sofa to the anxious faces of the agent and the valet.

"Is there any danger?" she asked, always referring to that one, last, awful hazard of death. She had wished her husband dead, but the wish had been but a vague thought. She shrank appalled from the realization of that half-formed desire. There is something peculiarly awful in a wicked wish being gratified almost as soon as it is formed. It is like the direct interposition of Satan.

"A first attack is rarely fatal," answered Mr. Bain, as calmly as if he had been a physician of long practice. "There is every reason to hope that Sir Aubrey may be quite restored in a few days. But it is rather alarming while it lasts."

"Alarming!" echoed Lady Perriam. "It is horrible. Is he quite insensible, do you think?"

"I am not sure. He seems half asleep. I'm afraid this arm is paralysed. It hangs so helplessly."

"And is so cold," said the valet, who was on his knees by the sofa, chafing the lifeless hand.

The dreary hour of waiting wore on, Sylvia sitting silent and unobtrusive, Mr. Bain and the valet doing what little they could, yet afraid to do much lest they should do the wrong thing. The ticking of the clock on the chimney-piece had an awful sound in that mournful stillness. The wood ashes fell lightly on the hearth. Sir Aubrey's troubled breathing was painfully audible.

By-and-bye, after half an hour's waiting which had seemed half-a-day to the watchers, they were startled by feeble, half-articulate sounds. They came from the pale lips of Sir Aubrey, who was striving painfully for speech.

When he did speak, after that laborious effort, his voice was dull and hollow. So might Lazarus have spoken when he came out of the cavern at his Master's bidding. To Sylvia those strange tones sounded like the voice of the re-arisen dead.

"Have I been asleep?" asked Sir Aubrey, in imperfectly formed syllables, as if in awful mockery of the child's first efforts to shape the words he hears from others.

"Yes, Sir Aubrey."

"Very long?"

"For some time."

The dim grey eyes looked wonderingly about.

"Why, is it dark already? Why don't they light the lamps?"

"We thought this subdued light was better for you, Sir Aubrey."

"Better for me! I'm not an invalid—I don't mean to be an invalid any more," mumbled the baronet, always with the same effort, the same uncertain articulation.

They did their best to prevent his talking much, or exciting himself; but, in trying to raise himself presently, he discovered that one side of his body was powerless.

"What is this?" he asked, more distinctly than he had spoken before, as if an awful fear gave force to his accents.

"I can't move; I've lost the use of one side. What does it mean?"

Neither the agent nor the valet answered this anxious question. They looked at each other doubtfully. The valet murmured some soothing speech in his own tongue.

"I know what it means," said Sir Aubrey, "it is paralysis, the one disease I have dreaded ever since I saw my grandfather wheeled about Perriam in a Bath chair, with his head hanging on one side, when I was a little boy. And yet I hardly thought it would seize me. I thought Mordred might be stricken; he has always been a weak, ailing creature. I never thought I should be the one."

CHAPTER XXXVI.

LADY PERRIAM ENGAGES A SICK NURSE.

Mr. Stimpson came in a little less than an hour from the time when the messenger started in quest of him. The man had found him at home, and the old surgeon had driven over to Perriam as fast as a good horse and a light gig would take him. He made his examination, ordered the invalid to be taken up to his bedroom, and suggested an immediate telegram to a famous London physician.

"We must have Crow down to-morrow," he said confidentially to Mr. Bain, when he had assisted at Sir Aubrey's removal, and seen him made comfortable in the vast four-post bed, which had the grandeur and funereal gloom of a catafalque.

Lady Perriam, Mr. Bain, and the doctor were all in the dressing room adjoining Sir Aubrey's bed-chamber. "Cannot I nurse my husband?" asked Sylvia. "He likes me to be with him."

"As his companion, no doubt, but to attempt anything more in his present state would be to impair your own health. We must get some reliable person to be in constant attendance upon Sir Aubrey. His valet, of course, will be able to do a good deal—but a woman will be wanted as well. I know what ordinary servants are; they soon get tired of sick rooms."

A curious look flashed into Lady Perriam's face. It had been cold and expressionless as marble till this moment.

"I think I know of a person in London who would do," she said, quickly.

"Has she had any experience as a sick nurse?"

"O, yes—she has had experience. Shall I write to engage her?"

"It would be better to telegraph," answered Mr. Stimpson.

"I can take the message, if you'll be so good as to write it."

"No, I'd rather write to her. She'll want money for travelling expenses. I can enclose a bank note in my letter."

"Would it not be wiser to get some one from Monkhampton?" suggested Mr. Bain.

"I do not know anyone in Monkhampton, and I do know this person in London," said Lady Perriam, looking at the doctor, and not at Mr. Bain.

"If my husband is to have a nurse, I should like her to be a nurse of my choice, rather than any one else's."

This was her first defiance of Mr. Bain, and trivial as the occasion seemed, Sylvia felt that it was not without its significance. She had an inward conviction that Shadrack Bain wanted to be master in that house; aspired, in his presumption, to rule her even. Sir Aubrey's helplessness laid the household in a manner at the agent's feet. Now, therefore, was the time for her to assert her supremacy.

"I'll write to this person, Mr. Stimpson," she added, without once looking at Mr. Bain, yet feeling that those cold grey eyes were watching her. "You may consider that matter settled."

"Very well, Lady Perriam, we must contrive to get on till she comes down. You are sure she is experienced?"

"Quite sure. Do you suppose I would engage her if it were otherwise?"

"Certainly not, Lady Perriam. Only your own experience of illness has been happily so slight. What is this woman's name, by the way?"

"Carf—Carter," replied Lady Perriam.

Mr. Bain observed the hesitation, and a bright red spot that kindled in the cheek of the speaker, and slowly faded back to pallor.

The slow steps of shuffling, slipshod feet sounded without, the door opened, and Mordred Perriam came into the room, carrying an old-fashioned silver candlestick, with a guttering candle that had burned almost to the socket. It was one of the absent-minded book-worm's habits to let his candles burn down to the socket, and to let his fire go out half-a-dozen times a day. Custom had made him independent of servants, and he relighted his own fire, and had a stock of candles at hand to fill the empty candlesticks. No one ever gave less trouble in a household than harmless Mr. Perriam.

As he came into the dimly-lighted room with the yellow glare of that flaming candle on his face, the same thought entered the minds of Sylvia and Mr. Bain. They were both alike impressed by the awful resemblance which Sir Aubrey's countenance, changed as it was by the paralytic stroke, bore to the face of his younger brother. That painful change which had aged the elder man by ten years made the brothers as much alike as if they had been twins. Mordred stared at the three in a helpless agitated way for a minute or two before he spoke.

"Is there anything wrong?" he asked at last. "Has anything happened? It's eight o'clock, and the dinner bell hasn't rung."

"You had better dine in your own room to-night, Mr. Perriam," answered Shadrack Bain; "our brother is very ill."

"Is he worse than he was this morning?"

"Much worse," said Mr. Stimpson, and then he told Mordred about the seizure.

"Why wasn't I sent for?" asked Mordred piteously.

"You would have done no good," replied Mr. Bain, with his practical air. "Don't agitate yourself, Mr. Perriam. Sir Aubrey will be all right in a day or two, I daresay."

"Is he in there?" inquired Mordred, pointing to the open door of the bedroom.

"Yes, but you had better not disturb him," said the doctor. "Chapelain is with him, and he has fallen into a doze. Quiet is a grand point—supreme quiet. No one must go in and out but Lady Perriam."

"Very well; I will do whatever is best, though I should like to see him," said Mr. Perriam, with resignation, yet dolorously. "But please don't keep me away from him longer than is necessary. I am very fond of my brother; indeed I have reason to be so, for he is the only friend I have."

Mr. Stimpson said something reassuring.

"Would there be any objection to my sitting here for an hour or two?" enquired Mr. Perriam; "I shall not make any noise. I won't speak a word, so I don't think I can disturb my poor brother. I should like to feel that I was near him."

"I see no objection," said Mr. Stimpson, "unless Lady Perriam—"

he added vaguely, appealing to Sylvia.

(To be continued.)

Chess.

It is impossible for us to answer letters by mail. Games, Problems, Solutions, &c., forwarded are always welcome, and receive due attention, but we trust that our correspondents will consider the various demands upon our time, and accept as answers the necessarily brief replies through our "column."

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

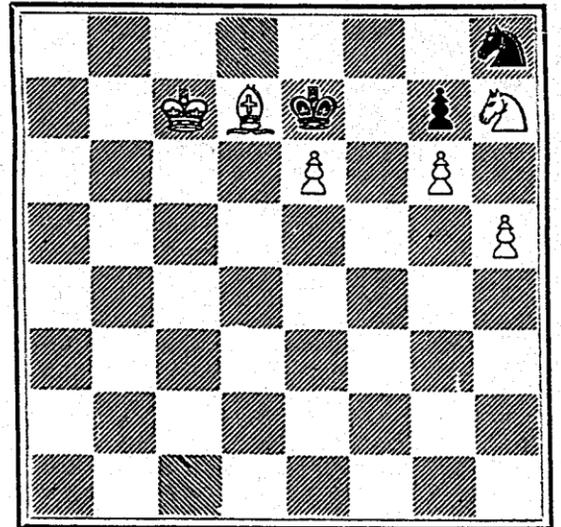
W. H. P., Montreal.—We do not see how the Bishop can mate. If Black King moves, the White King must move also, and then Rook mates.

CORRECT SOLUTIONS RECEIVED.—No. 109, J. T. W., Halifax; Nos. 110 and 111, F. X. L., Ottawa; No. 111, Delta, Rock Island, P.Q.; No. 112, J. W. B., Toronto.

PROBLEM No. 113.

By J. W. B., Toronto.

BLACK.



WHITE.

White to play and mate in three moves.

SOLUTION OF PROBLEM No. 113.

White.

- 1. B to Q sq
2. K to K 6th
3. Kt to Q 6th mate.

Black.

- 1. K takes K Kt
2. P moves.

A.

- 2. K to Q B 6th
3. Kt to Q 6th mate.

- 1. K takes Q Kt
2. P moves.

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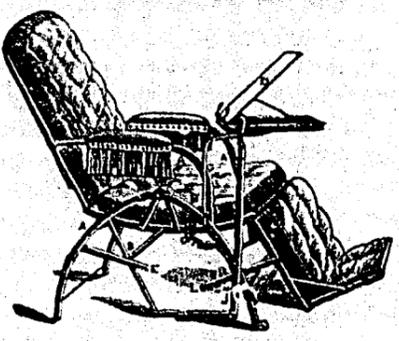
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For further information, and time of Arrival and Departure of all Trains at the terminal and way stations, apply at the Ticket Office, Bonaventure Depot, or at No. 143 St. James Street.
C. J. BRYDGES, Managing Director. Montreal, October 6, 1873. 7-15-22

WILSON'S

ADJUSTABLE CHAIR.
THE NOVELTY OF THE AGE!
An ingenious piece of mechanism, which can be arranged in
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INTERCOLONIAL RAILWAY.
1873. Summer Arrangement. 1873.
On and after **MONDAY, 26th inst.**, a Passenger and Mail Train will leave Halifax daily, at 7.30 a.m., and be due in St. John at 8.30 p.m. A Passenger and Mail Train will also leave St. John daily, at 8.00 a.m., and be due in Halifax at 8.50 p.m.
Trains will connect
At **Paince** with trains to and from Shediac and intermediate stations.
At **Truro** with trains to and from Pictou and intermediate stations.
At **Windsor Junction** with the trains of the Windsor and Annapolis Railway.
At **St. John** with the Consolidated European and North American Railway for Bangor, Danville Junction, Montreal, Quebec, Portland, Boston, also with the International Steamers to and from Eastport, Portland, and Boston.
LEWIS CARVELL,
General Superintendent
Railway Offices,
MONCTON, N.B., May 1873. 7-2-2f

Reduction in Freight Rates.
THE GRAND TRUNK RAILWAY WILL continue to send out, daily, **THROUGH CARS** for **CHICAGO, MILWAUKEE, ST. PAUL,** and other Western points; at reduced rates from the winter tariff.
Shippers can get full information by applying to **Mr. BURNS**, Agent G. T. R., Chaboullier Square, or at the Office of the General Freight Agent,
C. J. BRYDGES, MANAGING DIRECTOR.
P. S. STEVENSON, General Freight Agent. 7-21-2f

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

AVOID QUACKS.
A victim of early indolence, causing nervous debility, premature decay, &c., having tried in vain every advertised remedy, has discovered a simple means of self-cure, which he will send free to his fellow-sufferers. Address,
8-14 ly **J. H. REEVES**, 78 Nassau St., New York.

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