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Illustrated News

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TORONTO.—THE ONTARIO ART UNION EXHIBITION.—THE GALLERY.—FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY NOTMAN & FRASER

(Written for the Canadian Illustrated News.)

AFTER MANY YEARS.

Here is the old church. Now I see it all—
The hills, the sea, the bridge, the waterfall.
The dear old sleepy town is still abed.

II.

There is the school-house; there the lake, the lawn;
And there, just fronting it, the barrack-square;
But of all those I knew not one is there—

III.

Oh! what could wake to life that first sweet flame
That warmed my heart when by the little Bay
On blissful summer evenings I lay

IV.

The mountains gather round thee as of yore.
O holy lake, across whose tranquil breast
Was borne the saint who to the farthest west

V.

It is ebb-tide. The scientific eye
May see slow changes creeping o'er the shore.
I know not whether it be less or more,

VI.

Why in the day-dream of a vain regret
Lap the soul's energies? Why linger near
The place of graves for ever? Every year

JOHN READE.

(Written for the Canadian Illustrated News.)

A CHAPTER ON EPITAPHS AND GRAVES.

"Let us talk of graves, and worms and epitaphs."
SHAKESPEARE.

For the origin of these compositions we are referred to the scholars of Linus, who first bewailed their master in doleful verses, then called Obitum, afterwards Epitaphia; for they were first sung at burials and afterwards engraved upon the sepulchre.

The writer has selected a few which tend to show the manners and feelings of the people in the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries. A great number of them are proverbially offensive; they express, it is true,

"Here lies the great! False marble, where?
Nothing but serf-dust lies here."

YOUNG.

Shakspeare thus expresses himself in relation to false honours:

"Honours best thrive
When rather from our acts we them derive
Than our forefathers: the mere world's slave,
I launch'd on every tomb, on every grave;
A lying trophy, and oft as dumb,
Where dust and oblivion is the tomb
Of honour'd bones: indeed!"

The following lines by Dr. Donne express the qualifications necessary to write an epitaph:

"He that would write an epitaph on thee,
And do it well, must first begin to be
Such as thou wert: for none can truly know
Thy worth, thy life, but he that lived so."

The following curious verses are on the tomb of F. Caldwell in St. Martin's Church, Ludgate, London, date 1590:

Earth goes to Earth } As mould to mould,
Earth treads on Earth } Glistening in gold,
Earth as to Earth } Return ne'er should,
Earth shall be } Go where he would.

"Be merciful and charitable,
Relieve the poor as thou art able;
A shroud to thy grave
Is all thou shalt have!"

On an old monument in Ste. Ann and Ste. Agnes' Church, London, is the following:

Quos anguis tristi diro cum vulnere stravit,
Hos sanguis Christi miro tum munere lavit.

In this distich the last syllable of each word is the same as of each corresponding word in the last line, and is to be found in the centre. It reads thus:

Quos anguis tristi diro cum vulnere stravit,
Hos sanguis Christi miro tum munere lavit.

Which may thus be translated:

Those who have felt the serpent's venom'd wound,
To Christ's miraculous blood hath healing found.

William Lawes, an eminent musician and composer, who was killed in battle by the Roundheads, is thus immortalized:

Concord is conquer'd! In this urn there lies
The master of great music's mysteries;
And in it is a riddle like the cause,
Will Lawes was slain by men whose wills were laws!

The loyalty and religion of Daniel Blachford, who died in 1681, and was buried in Oxhill Churchyard, Warwickshire, is thus commemorated:

When I was young I ventured life and blood,
Both for my king and for my country's good;
In elder years my care was chief to be
Soldier to Him who shed his blood for me!

What amusement and instruction may be found in a country churchyard, to

Steep o'er the place of graves, and softly sway
The sighing herbage by the gleaming stone;
That they who near the churchyard's willows stray,
And listen in the deepening gloom alone,
May think of gentle souls that's passed away,
Like the pure breath into the vast unknown,
Sent forth from heaven among the sons of men,
And come into the boundless heaven again.

The epitaphs on children are oftentimes very expressive and simple; there is a thorough absence of fulsome adulation about them:

Beneath a sleeping infant lies,
'Twas earth to ashes lent;
In time he shall more glorious rise,
But not more innocent.

When the archangel's trumpet sounds,
And souls to bodies join;
Many would wish their lives below,
Had been as short as thine!

Our ancestors entertained great fear of being disturbed after death, probably from their strong hope in the resurrection of the dead; the following, somewhat similar to the expression used on Shakspeare's tomb, is to be found in St. Giles' Church, Shrewsbury, date 1685:

Stir not my bones, which are laid in clay,
For I must rise at resurrection day.

In Friendsbury Churchyard, near Chatham, a gravestone thus speaks to the living in monosyllables:

Time was I stood as thou dost now,
And view'd the dead as thou dost me;
Ere long thou'lt lie as low as I,
And others stand to look on thee!

On an old tombstone in Clonatin Church, Ireland, there is a paraphrase of the 12th verse of the 7th chapter of St. Matthew:

Let all thy thoughts, thy words, and deeds,
Be such unto thy brother,
As thou wouldst his should be to thee,
And let them be none other.

On the tomb of the once beautiful Mary Vigers, 1703, in the Cathedral of Ferns, Ireland, there is written:

Thou dust and clay, tell me, I say,
Where is thy beauty fled?
Was it in vain? or doth it gain
The favour of the dead.

Here is an epitaph written in 1626, taken from the "Notes and Queries" 1865. The gentleman furnishing it asks "Can any reader kindly inform me of the name of the author, and in what collection of poems it is to be found?"

"Birth is a pain; life, labour, care, toil, thrall,
To ill age strength fails; lastly death ends all,
Whilst long life lasts, let virtuous deeds be shown;
Fruits of such trees are hardly seen thereby or known
To have reward with lasting joys for aye,
When virtuous actions fall to ends decay,
Of wealth, of riches, land, money, stock, or store,
In life that will relieve aged, needy, poor,
Good deeds defer not till the funeral rites be past;
In life-time what's done is made more firm, sure, and fast;
Sooner after it shall be known and seen,
That leaf and fruit shall ever spring fresh and green.

An epitaph in South Wales says:

"The village maidens to her grave shall bring,
The fragrant garland each returning spring,
Selected sweets, in emblem of the maid
Who underneath this hallowed turf is laid."

The allusion is to a custom which prevails in Wales, namely: the decoration of graves with flowers. The graves of children have snow-drops, primroses, hazel-blossoms and sallow blossoms on them; while those of older people have tanzy, box and rue. In South Wales no flowers are permitted to be planted on graves but those which are sweet-scented; pinks, carnations, sweet-williams, gillflowers, mignonette, thyme, and rosemary are used. The red rose is appropriated to the graves of good and benevolent persons. There is a kind of pathos and touching tenderness of expression in these sweet and fragrant emblems of affection, which language cannot reach, and which is calculated to perpetuate a kind of soothing sympathy between the living and the dead. They speak of cords of love too strong for even the grave to break asunder. How forcibly do these beautiful emblems speak to the roughness of human nature:

"Here eglantine embalm'd the air,
Hawthorn and hazel mingled there;
The primrose pale and violet flower,
Found in each cleft a narrow bow;
Fox-glove and night-shade side by side,
Emblems of punishment and pride."

In Easter week most of the graves are newly dressed and covered with fresh earth. In the Whitsuntide holidays they are again dressed, weeded, and, if necessary, replanted. No person ever breaks or disturbs the flowers thus planted; it would be considered a sacrilege.

Leigh Hunt delicately observes: "Nature likes external beauty, and man likes it too; it softens the heart, enriches the imagination, and helps to show that there are other goods in the world besides utility."

In conclusion, we may ask, what can be more appropriate than beautiful flowers to deck the graves of those we loved when on earth and whose memories we revere, although their bodies are beneath the earth.

CORRESPONDENCE.

SOCIAL POLITICS IN 1873.—A FRAGMENT.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE Canadian Illustrated News:

DEAR SIR.—Sitting at the breakfast-table a morning or two ago with my friend E—, the conversation turned upon the protection of life from the failures of machinery, and as we sipped our coffee in pleasant chat, E— settled the whole question with the greatest satisfaction to his own mind. In me he had a good listener, for, like a good many other people in these modern days, I dearly delight to get at the rights of everything, and before all things to ascertain how every evil that afflicts the world can be remedied. As soon as I feel well certified of the remedial measures that ought to be employed in any particular case that may have come up for consideration, my mind is wonderfully relieved, and I am not in the habit of taking up the same question again until another disaster arrives. So E— being, with all of us in Canada, (for we are really a warm-hearted people) deeply moved by the late awful "Atlantic" disaster—began his prelections with the subject of the steamships. The piteous argument that soon flowed from his lips was so unusual in its tone, and, as I began to realize as it proceeded, so likely, if only listened to by those awful people who hold the reins of power in the Anglo-Saxon world, to work in the end to good results, that it would have been a pleasure to me to have given it entire, but the disquisition into which he speedily launched, upon the birth of civilization—the simple common sense of the old Greeks—the warm heart and spirit of mutual help of the Civis Romanus—the gradual conversion of the Phœnician Tin Islands into a British Empire, under the heavenlyegis of Christianity—and the astonishing progress of that empire in its agricultural and productive industries, its primitive ships and public highways; with some really æsthetic comments upon the excellent quality of the work turned out by its antique factories and guilds—and with a great deal more of the same sort—until he arrived in due course at that portentous change that came over the fabric of humanity when machinery was born into the world, and when steam commenced to bestow its multitude of precious gifts on man, and to flank them with its abysmal liabilities—terrible giant as it is—all this, I say, was rather too much to think of harlequin our readers with, for I well know they love prolixity no better than I do myself. "A new spirit of valiant defiance," E— went on to remark, "has seized our race. Feeling their superiority to material forces, they treat them with contempt and indifference. It is not a fine spirit. It is not a sensible spirit. It reminds one of the defiance of the worm before it is trodden upon. It makes one think of the cult perire and the prius demerit, when we come to realize that we have not only gone on needlessly exposing our own bodies to the untrammelled rage of these dreadful powers of steam and wind and wave, but that we are equally ready to submit our women and children to a full participation in these frightful contingencies—and that we can discern few signs of a decrease in their amount and intensity, but on the contrary, certain ugly portents of their being vastly increased. When we get all this pictured upon the retina of the mind, we really cannot think without a shudder of the ages immediately to follow in the history of the world. Again and again are heaps and hecatombs of human frames, the abodes of loving hearts—thus miserably mutilated—immolated. The ever-recurring recitals only strike upon the general ear like jangled bells. We join the respectable chorus in a checked gasp and a suppressed groan. Collectively, that is representatively, and according to the most approved forms, we make a faint—for, strictly analyzed, it is nothing else but a faint—of enquiring into causes—immediate and ultimate—and governing principles in matter and in morals, as they have in each case, affected and caused this ever-recurring destruction of our own flesh and blood. We take these fits upon us after each several shameful (as regards the race) calamity by land or sea; and having accomplished so much, with a good deal of satisfied feeling, we bring our busy hands and thoughts back to their daily tasks, and await the approach of the next terrible shock to our sensibilities—but which, be minded, shall startle us a little less than the last—for such is the human constitution in its susceptibility to agitations—so that we may look forward to the next following impression as likely to be feeble still, and to the impulses in their due series, becoming less and less, until they arrive at a vanishing point in the no very distant future—the quite conceivable point at which public feeling shall be as stone dead as the periodical heaps of victims. Alas! my friend, what grinning idol—what hideous Mumbo-Jumbo has to-day seized the control of the will and the passions of this progressive race? How soon may we expect the cure to arrive for that which we know to be almost perfectly curable? Let us think of the watchmaker with his beautiful little piece of perfected mechanism—produced entirely, as he informs us, by a sedulous adaptation of means to ends. Is not he, from his particular and very staid point of view, really ashamed of us all? But of course we ourselves know in our hearts it could all be grappled with—though we need say no word of absolute success. Christianity, that has effected so much for the world, is a match for this enemy also. We call despairingly upon Providence, but is it not rather a special grace, alas, that we chiefly need? Is it not public indifference and hypocritical and white-washing enquiries, especially where corporations are concerned, that we have to overcome in the first instance? Is not the expert almost invariably told to stand aside? and, finally, is not legislation of the practical kind ignored? And yet it is a great common interest that environs us all. The people should not be allowed to perish. There are streams running

into oceans of good feeling in England—but they cannot operate to turn the mill of the world—quite as often as not they run wild, and threaten to submerge everything. Some valiant, earnest Alfred Perry will interpose in Canada, to save life after a disaster has occurred, and show how the beautiful idea of the Royal Humane Society may be expanded upon a new soil. May all success attend the efforts of himself and his helpers! But our thoughts, my friend, are engaged just now upon Prevention, so that, by God's help, we may begin to develop those radical, material, and mechanical means of cure, nothing short of which will truly serve our turn. We love heroism, but we want to make as few occasions for it as possible. We feel we had better rather try to bring machinery back from the usurped position it now occupies of an abominable tyrant, to that of an obedient and useful servant of the behests of men. We think of that steamer, lying like a ripped and broken kettle, on the rocks of Nova Scotia. We think of the latest batch of roasted Railway victims (20, besides wounded) in Rhode Island. We add to these one of so many fatal boiler explosions only a day or two since, in a London factory in Ontario, Canada, and we know in our hearts there are remedies for them all. We know also, in sadness, that such will never be discovered by the world until they shall be calmly and deliberately looked for. . . . But as it was now time for us to set out for our respective offices, the conference broke up. We sought our clothes brushes, and then started forth, enjoying the fine spring air, and tramping merrily along the board walks, and carefully threading our way over the slushy streets of the city.

Your greatly interested
and devoted

BROADCLOTH.

THE EXHIBITION OF THE ONTARIO SOCIETY OF ARTISTS.

On Monday, April 14th, this Society opened with a private view to which only members of the Press and subscribers to the Art Union were admitted. The rooms were crowded, and great interest appeared to be taken in the affair by the Toronto public. The President, Mr. W. H. Howland, made a very telling and appropriate speech which is given below. The list of prize winners were then called, while the ballot took place, several citizens of Montreal being fortunate. The highest prize, \$150, went to Mr. Wood, of Chatham, Ont.

The Exhibition has since been open each day, and very fairly patronised by the public. For ourselves we were much gratified and somewhat surprised by the display made at this, the first effort of Ontario to get up a Fine Art Exhibition. The gallery has just been built by Mr. Wilkes for the occupation of Messrs. Notman & Fraser, the eminent photographers, who contemplate establishing a permanent Art Gallery for the convenience and profit both of the artists and the public, who hitherto have sadly needed a mart of the kind. The large room is well lighted from above in the most approved style, and gives all the pictures within a few feet of the spectator a chance of being seen. There are nearly 300 pictures on view; water-colours somewhat predominating perhaps in quality as well as quantity. Mr. S. M. Marten shows a number of pictures in animal life of great merit; indeed, since the death of poor Vogt, Canada can boast of no artist at all equal to him in that particular line.

He also sends some large landscapes in oil which attract much attention and have been very popular, many having been selected by the fortunate prize holders. His water-colour sketches are also very good, particularly "139," "A Canadian Hillside,"—a very truthful and suggestive sketch. Mr. Bagent contributes a number of bits of English landscape, sketched principally in the neighbourhood of Winchester. Mr. Matthews' principal works are two large pictures in oil illustrative of Joaquin Miller's poems; they are grand in subject, and we may say much more important and ambitious works than we should have looked for in a first display. This gentleman shows a number of water-colours which vouch fully for patient and genuine study on the spot. Mr. H. Martin is very prolific in architectural subjects. He visited Europe last year and returned with many studies of historic piles, including Venice, Florence, Bologna, and others. He brings to this year's collection a very fair representation of a part of the old city of Exeter, England. He deserves great praise for the pains bestowed on "St. Paul's, London," "Bridge over the Arno, Florence," "North Cloister Door, Westminster Abbey," and some water-colours representing "The Rialto," Venice, &c.; also flower subjects. Mr. Martin is entitled to much commendation for taking up a branch of art so unremunerative in a monetary point of view. Mr. J. C. Forbes is a young artist very deservedly popular as a portrait painter; his picture of a young lady is not only a portrait, but a picture, and tells a story; in our opinion it is the most valuable work in the Exhibition. His marine views are many of them very good, particularly "A Storm at Minot's Ledge Light-house." In strong contrast to this in sentiment is "Asleep on the Wave," a lovely little hit of calm sea, sky, and sail. Mr. F. A. Verner, two of whose pictures, which were purchased by the President, are reproduced on another page, is one of the most successful exhibitors, nearly all of his pictures being already disposed of. He appears to hit upon a very popular vein, and will doubtless make a very good thing out of this affair. Mr. Whale, of Burford, sends some landscapes; they show little originality and are decidedly too cold and conventional in treatment. His portraits are better, although that shown here is not quite up to his usual standard. Capt. Sutherland, of Clifton, Niagara Falls, is represented by a number of marine views and coast scenes, painted very much in the manner of some of our best English masters. His "White Cliffs of Albion" recalls them so strongly that we cannot help thinking he must have been inspired by the study of them while executing it. Mr. J. Halford's figure subjects are evidently honest and pure in feeling, but lack depth of chiar-oscuro and realisation. His "Students" deserves a better place than it has obtained on the walls. Mr. J. Griffith, London, sends some showy and careful compositions in flowers and fruit; all of which are sold. Mr. H. Hancock, the Secretary of the Society, shows some very pleasing pictures of a good size, representing Autumn scenery in the Eastern Townships. They are very carefully painted, and promise a good future for this artist; unfortunately his prices were in most

cases outside of the prize list, and in consequence, his pictures are still unsold; let us hope that before the Exhibition closes a different story will be told. Mr. J. T. See (erroneously Lee in catalogue) is here represented by several marine pictures of small size—cold in colour. His "Poor Little Birdie" is better. In No. 38 "A shot in the Dawn," we come upon a lovely little work, by J. A. Fraser, Vice-President. His two large landscapes, "The Owl's Head" and "Lake Memphremagog," are among the best in the collection. In fact it is beyond question, he is the strongest man to be met with here, as regards the actual handling of the materials in painting. His little water-colour "In the Wilderness," is also good. Mr. Gagen sends some well-chosen subjects in water-colour, principally woodland hits; one, "A Fall Scene," appears at a distance (it is skied) to be very fine. It was purchased by Mr. J. A. Fraser, Vice-President. Mr. C. S. Millard's out-of-door work is excellent. He sends a number of views taken in the North-West, which are the first really artistic pictures we know of from that region: Indians, Wigwams, Bark Canoes, and rocky foregrounds, forming wild but pleasing themes. Mrs. Blackwell's portrait is not good. We have all heard of D. Fowler, whose brilliant and dashing still-life and flower subjects have for some years been looked for by our art lovers. It is quite fortunate for the society that he has been able to exhibit so strongly. Mr. J. Fowler sends some architectural pictures, an interior view of Westminster Abbey being a fine subject, and handled with knowledge. Mr. J. Hoch sends some little hits in water-colour, showing great care, and painted in a style likely to be popular. We had almost omitted mentioning Mr. G. H. White, whose "Windsor Castle" is so deservedly admired. Mr. Lucius O'Brien is a genuine student of nature. It is shown that if the Society had done good in no other way, the fact of its having "brought out" two such promising members hitherto buried in amateur obscurity, would go a long way to redeem other shortcomings. Mr. O'Brien's "Passing Away" is full of poetic feeling, and gives one a melancholy reminder of the fate of that wild race who are fast disappearing before the advance of "the new civilization." On another page we give a few small reproductions which convey a slight idea of some of the pictures exhibited.

LADIES AND GENTLEMEN,—I have great pleasure in opening the first Exhibition of the Ontario Society of Artists. I presume that of those present there are few who are not surprised to-day by the number of paintings on the walls and by their excellence, and few have had any idea that there were so many artists in the Province, but at any time within the last ten years a similar exhibition might have been held, and as many artists devoted to their profession might have been found with us. Until the present time, however, owing to the ignorance of those who prize good pictures, of their existence here, they have, though Canadian artists and working in Canada, received but little assistance or encouragement from their countrymen. If they tried to sell their pictures here they were sacrificed; hence as soon as an artist could or did paint a good picture he sent it to the States, where he could find appreciative purchasers in the large cities. Often the artists followed their pictures, while many who could not have often sold their works for the cost of their frames in their own Province are now reaping fame and wealth on the other side of the lines, and in several cases on the Continent of Europe. Why should this be? Fifty years ago, when the country was poor and there were few wealthy men in it, such a state of things was not astonishing; but when we look at our present prosperity and the great number of people in our city alone who possess the means to encourage art, we must wonder a little that artists have not been so badly appreciated. I trust and believe that it is not the genius nor the fate of Canadians to become mere money-grabbers and to forget, in the pursuit of gain, all the elevating and ennobling effects that are aroused in them by the works of the painter, the poet, and the musician. For the latter, we know how much Toronto people appreciate good music and how well supported and encouraged are good performers, both native and foreign. But painting deserves at least equal encouragement, and may justly claim a more lasting influence than music, especially as if you have a good painting its beauties are always before you; and in all the fine arts some external attraction, some element of beauty, is the vehicle of mental pleasure or moral influence, and in exciting that pleasure or interest lies the educating and uplifting power. Painting can lay claim to a mighty influence in this direction, and its power in cultivating and informing a people cannot, in my opinion, be over-estimated. Because it has not an immediate influence like music, it is liable to be underrated in comparison. But, nevertheless, its silent power soon shows itself in the superior taste and refinement of those who make it their study or their pleasure. In forming the Society the artists of Ontario have had in view: first, their desire to bring their productions to the notice of their countrymen through the means of this exhibition; and they have had a second but higher motive of establishing their own art in its proper position as one of the means of refinement and education here, and I think the verdict of all our people will be that both objects are good and deserving of all confidence and support. To effect these objects it is necessary to establish public galleries in the large cities, and in connection with them schools of design where students could receive sound instruction in art.

The artists, if they are supported in this matter, generously offer to paint two or three pictures each, and make them a free gift to the public; this would form a good nucleus for a public gallery, as there are now over thirty belonging to the Society, and their numbers will doubtless increase; but to make this offer useful a proper gallery must be obtained, and a suitable place is too costly to be sustained by private and uncertain contributions. At the present time I understand that the Government applies some \$4,000 through the Agricultural Society for prizes for paintings. Now we all know the class of pictures exhibited at these shows in conjunction with the mammoth squashes and wonderful worsted work.

Artists of ability will not send their pictures to be shown in so unfavourable a manner, and the result is that the Government fails in its object. Is it then unreasonable to ask that this money should be applied so as to be useful to the object it is given for, and at the same time to do a permanent good by establishing public galleries and schools of design in the Dominion.

Viewing it as a Canadian, I cannot say too much in support of this, the first public effort of the artists of Ontario. There is too much of a feeling lingering amongst our people that we can produce nothing of great merit among ourselves, and this feeling leads many to spend much money abroad for poorer articles than are to be found at home.

Art and Literature.

M. Hucher, of Le Mans, has lately copied, for his new edition of the early short, and later long, Histories of the Saint Graal, a unique version of the "History of Perceval," from the Didot MS. This history makes Perceval accomplish the Quest; and M. Hucher thinks that the tradition is decidedly the old Bardic version, in which Perceval is Peredur.

The veteran historian, Leopold Ranke, of Berlin, announces as nearly ready for publication a selection of the correspondence between Bunsen and the late King of Prussia, Frederick William IV., from their earliest acquaintance in Rome to near the end of the life of the King. Another work by the same author, "The Genesis of the Prussian State," is advertised as in the press.

Mr. C. G. Leland has in the press a work entitled "The English Gipsies and their Language," consisting almost entirely of fresh material gathered from the Rommany themselves. Among the results of Mr. Leland's research will, we are told, be found a number of almost unchanged Hindustani words, not in any Rommany vocabularies, nearly fifty stories in the original with a translation, and a collection of English words of Gipsy origin.

Melssonier has just completed a picture for the Vienna Exposition, which was sold as soon as it was finished to a London dealer for nearly £5,000, and instantly resold, at an advance, it is reported, to Mr. Bolekow, M.P. It is one of the artist's largest works, being twenty by twenty-four inches. It represents a village sign-painter, who has just given the finishing touch to an alchouse Bacchus, showing his handiwork to the landlord.

The first number of a new English newspaper, entitled the *Times of Germany*—which is to be published weekly in all the principal cities of Europe, with Frankfort-on-the-Maine as its headquarters—was announced last week to appear on April 4th. It is stated in the prospectus that the combined efforts of the staff will be constantly directed towards strengthening the good relations at present existing between England and Germany and between Germany and America.

At the sale at Paris of the "Wilson" Gallery, last month, Delacroix's famous picture, "The Death of Sardanapalus," fetched £3,840. It was bought by M. Durand Ruel, an English bidder having offered £2,500. It is a curious fact that for eighteen years the Government of France refused to buy this picture of the artist for £72. Another picture, "The Environs of Southampton," by Jules Dupré, for which the artist was paid £10, was bought by the same connoisseur for £1,650, or forty-two times its original cost.

Captain Marryat, the novelist, received large sums of money from the publishers of his book; but, though his genius was so prolific, it is not to be supposed that either he or his publishers reposed on beds of roses. From their correspondence—except, indeed, that both were so frank in their scolding—one would have thought they were natural enemies. When one of his publishers confessed that he was "somewhat warm-tempered," and could, therefore, make allowance for the captain's temper, Marryat replied: "There was no occasion for you to make the admission that you are somewhat warm-tempered; your letter establishes that fact. Considering your age, you are a little volatile; and, if the insurance offices were aware of your frequent visits at the Royal Exchange, they would demand double premium for the building. Indeed, I have my surmises now as to the last conflagration." And, again, "We all have our ideas of Paradise; and if other authors think like me, the most pleasurable portion of anticipated bliss is that there will be no publishers there. That idea often supports me after an interview with one of your fraternity."

A warrant has been issued from the War Office, stating that the system under which the cost of maintaining bands of music in the cavalry and infantry regiments of the line and colonial corps having been taken into consideration, it has been decided to grant a contribution of £50 a year to each regiment of cavalry, battalion of infantry, and colonial corps towards the expenses of providing instruments and music and maintaining the band.

The Prussians, says the *Court Journal*, have just added an additional commitment to the decalogue—"Thou shalt not stare at a Prussian ship of war." A member of our staff was passing across the new iron bridge at Galata, when, thinking that as a cat may look at the king, an ordinary individual might look at a galleon belonging to a *parvenu* navy, he stopped for a moment to cast an admiring glance at the "Deiphin," which is anchored close to the bridge, but he was at once rudely ordered on by a rade "Fisvak?" from a Turkish sailor. On remonstrating at such an unwarrantable display of authority, he was informed that the fresh-water officers and sailors of the Prussian ship having complained that they were too much stared at by the passers over the bridge, the authorities had issued strict orders that no one should be allowed even to slacken their pace while in the neighbourhood of the sacred vessel. The fittest commentary to be made on this silly piece of trucking to the great European Power is that one man may steal a couple of provinces, while another may not look over a bridge!

According to the *Illustrated Review*, Lord Byron's secret was that he had a wife before he was married to Miss Milbank.

The Athenæum Club has not added to its reputation in the republic of letters, says a London paper, by blackballing Dr. Russell, of the *Times*, the editor and proprietor of the *Army and Navy Gazette*.

It is proposed that the books of the Bodleian Library shall, under certain conditions, be lent out to members of the University of Oxford.

Mr. Skipworth, the "Claimant's" friend, has published, in the shape of a pamphlet, a long letter, addressed to "The Lovers of Truth and Justice," from the City Prison, Holloway.

The reception of the works by living artists for the annual Exhibition at the Palace of Industry has now terminated. The number sent in exceeded 6,000.

The death is announced of M. Salvador, aged 77, author of the "Histoire des Institutions de Moise," and of "Jésus-Christ et sa Doctrine," which last work produced a certain sensation thirty years ago. The deceased was uncle of M. Hector Cremieux, the dramatic author.

Mr. Browning's poem is in type, and consists of 4,500 lines. It is a poetic version of a great tragedy which came before the law courts of a department in the north of France last year.

Mr. Thomas's long promised volume on *Contemporaries* is at last ready for publication.

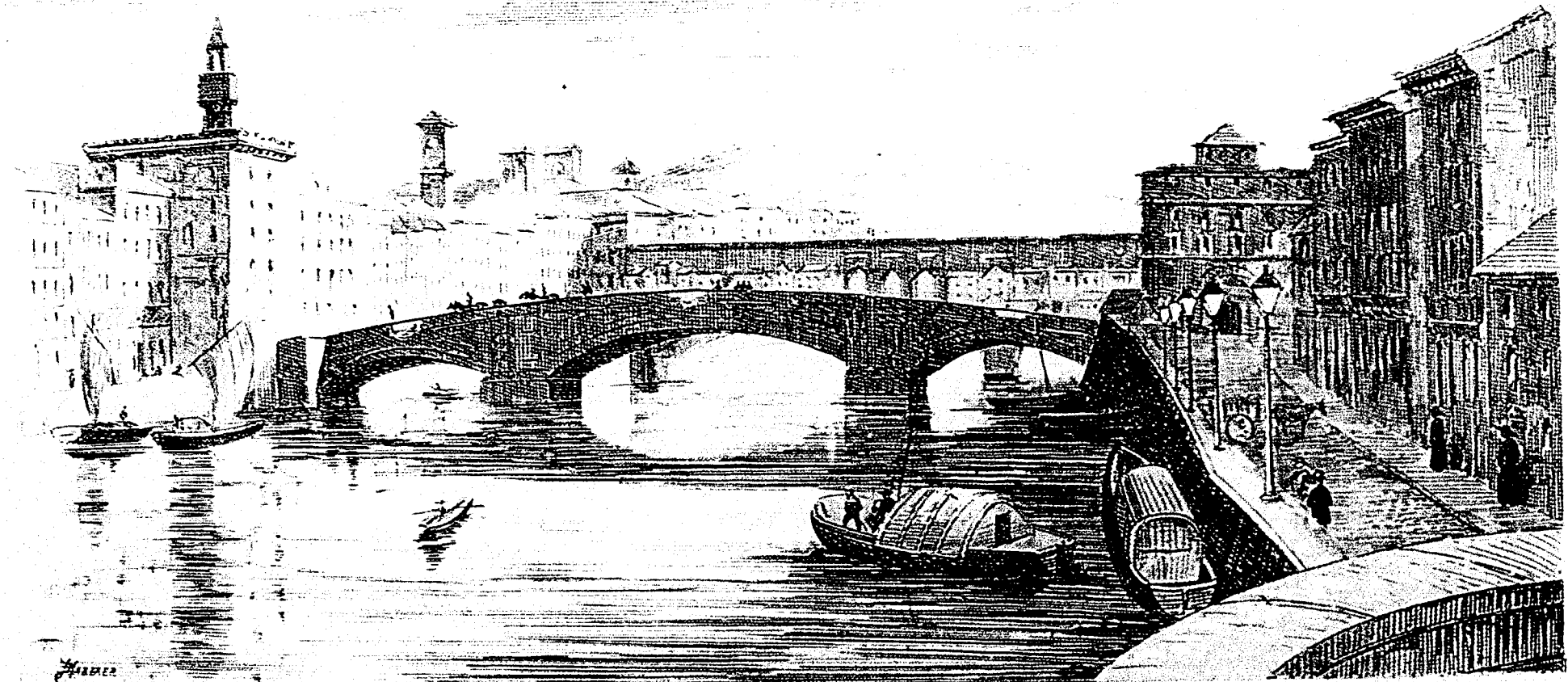
TORONTO.—THE ART UNION EXHIBITION.—FROM PHOTOGRAPHS BY NOTMAN & FRASER.



DEER HUNTING IN MUSKOKA.—BY F. A. VERNER.



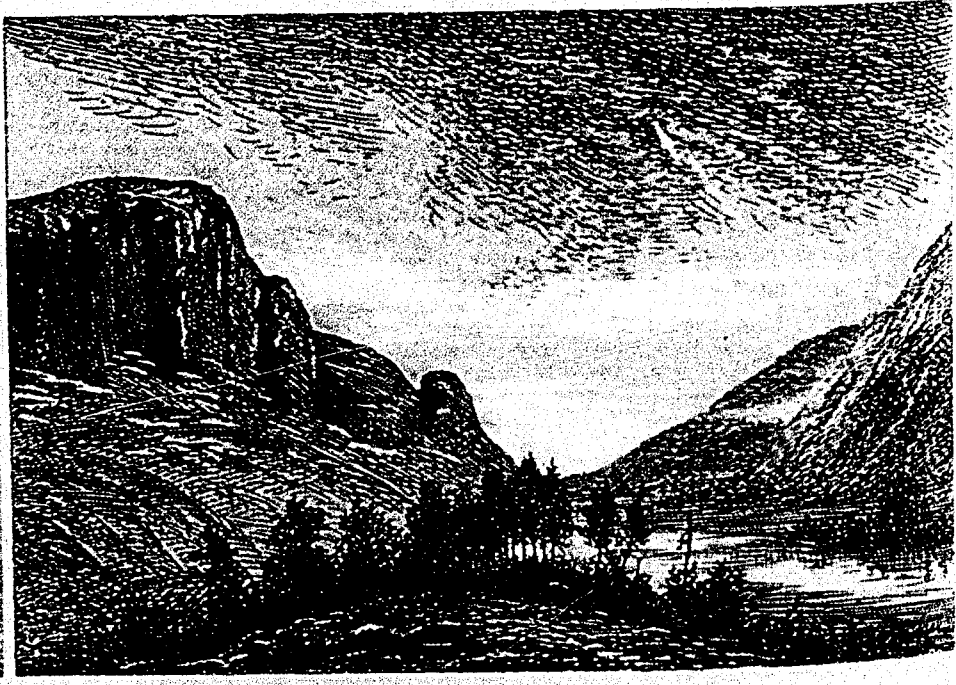
SHOOTING THE RAPIDS.—BY F. A. VERNER.



IL PONTE DELLA TRINITA, FLORENCE.—BY HENRY MARTIN

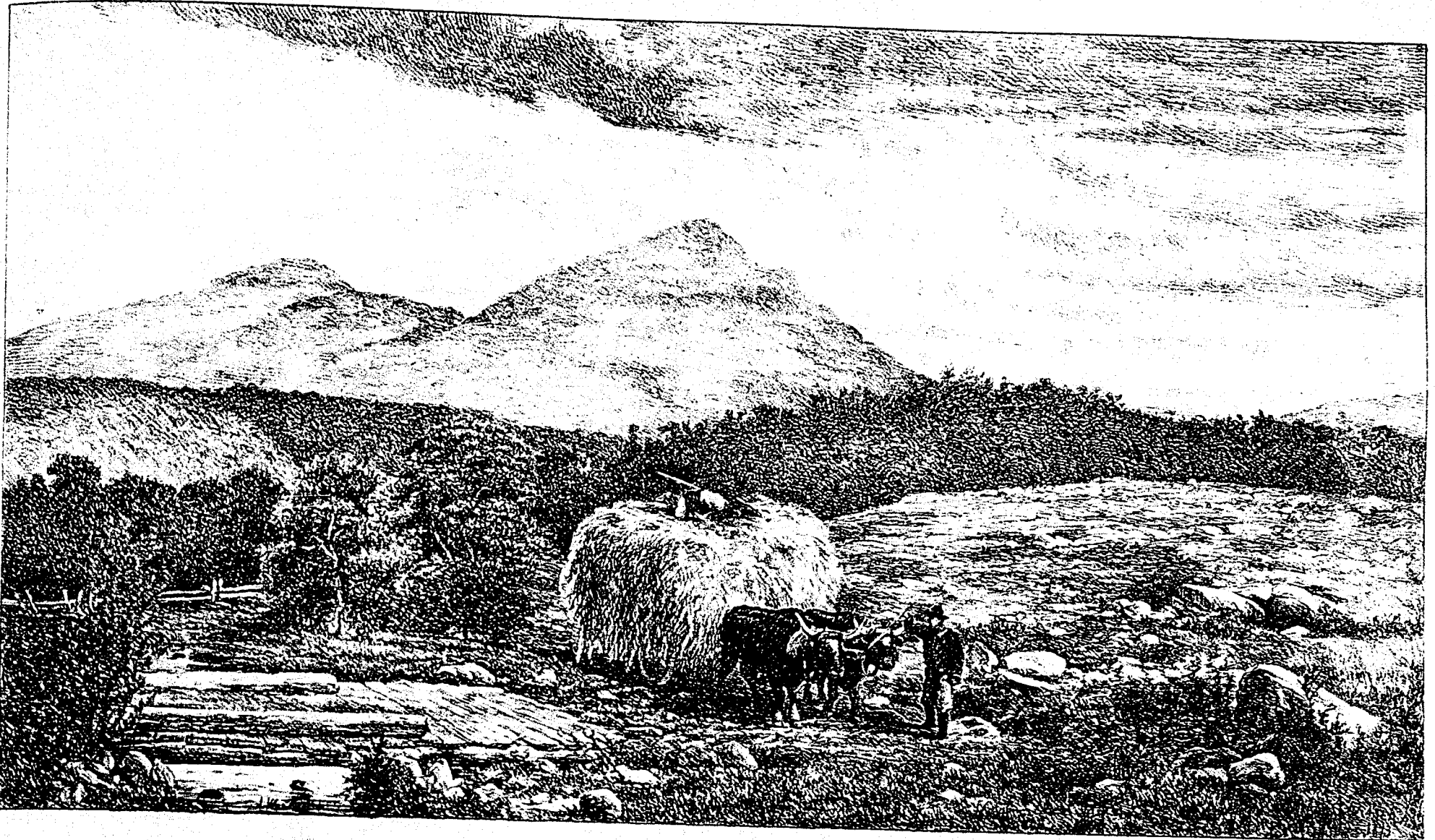


WOODLAND SCENERY — BY J. BOCH.

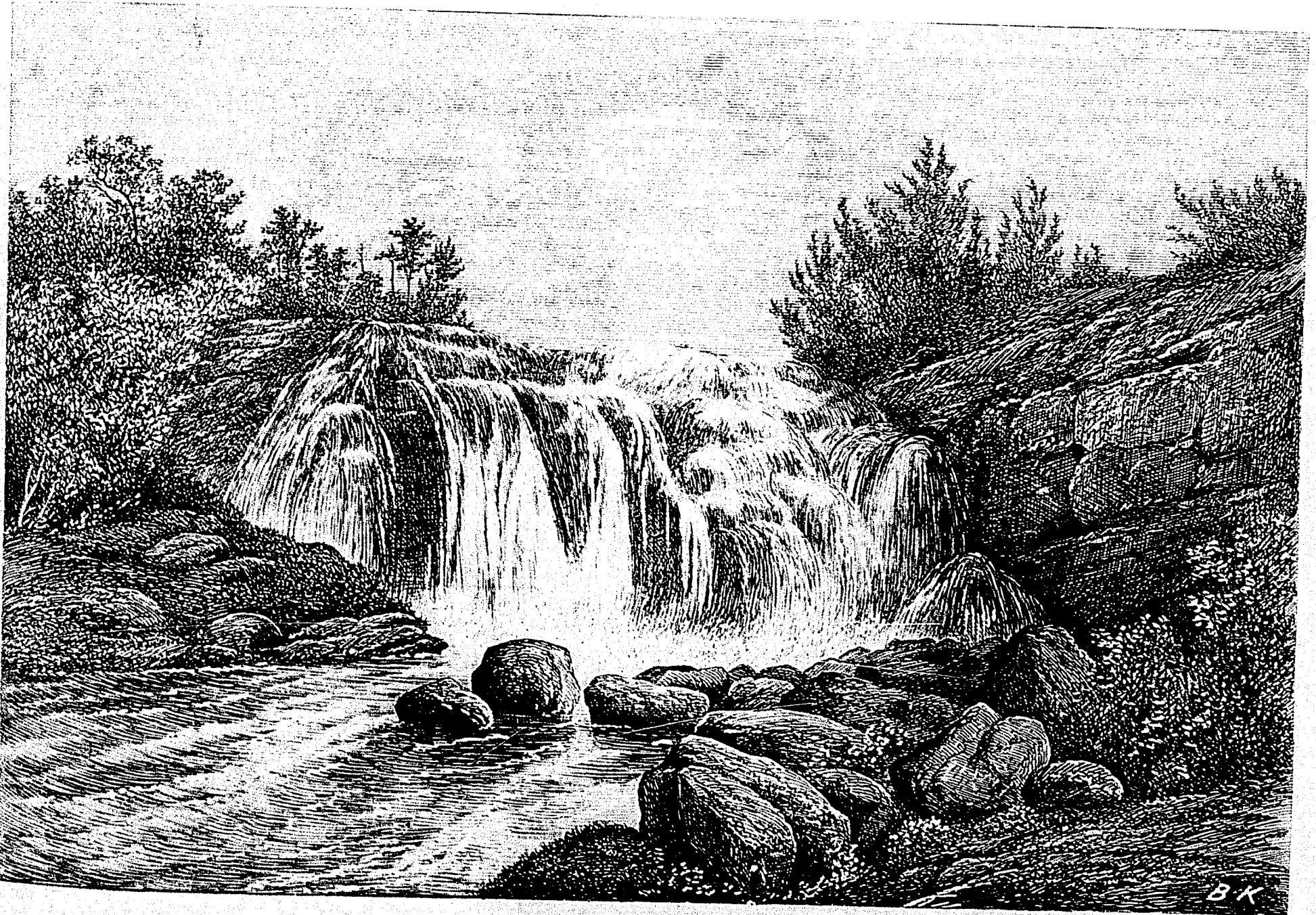


STORM AT DAYBREAK.—BY M. MATTHEWS

TORONTO.—THE ART UNION EXHIBITION.—FROM PHOTOGRAPHS BY NOTMAN & FRASER.



CARRYING OATS, E. T.—BY JOHN A. FRASER.



FALLS OF THE GENESEE RIVER, ROCHESTER, N. Y.—BY R. F. GAGEN.

CALENDAR FOR THE WEEK ENDING SATURDAY,
MAY 10, 1873.

| | | |
|------------|-----|---|
| SUNDAY, | May | 4.—Third Sunday after Easter. Isaac Barrow, D.D., English Divine, born, 1630; died, 1677. |
| MONDAY, | " | 5.—Napoleon Bonaparte died, 1821. |
| TUESDAY, | " | 6.—Francis Grose, English Antiquary, born, 1731; died, 1791. |
| WEDNESDAY, | " | 7.—Lord Henry Brougham, Statesman. |
| THURSDAY, | " | 8.—Battle of Rio Grande, 1846. |
| FRIDAY, | " | 9.—J. C. Fred. von Schiller, German Historian and Poet, born, 1759; died, 1805. |
| SATURDAY, | " | 10.—Sir Charles Wentworth Dilke, English Journalist, born, 1810; died, 1869. |

NOTICE TO CORRESPONDENTS.

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

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

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

TO OUR SUBSCRIBERS.

Both in England and in the United States it is the invariable rule that newspapers—and especially illustrated newspapers—shall be paid for strictly in advance. It is only a matter for wonder that so excellent an arrangement has not been adopted before this by Canadian newspaper proprietors. It has frequently been proposed, but nothing has really come of the proposal. Now, however, it is our intention to inaugurate the movement. In future the *News* will be sent only to those who have paid their subscriptions in advance. The barren honour of non-paying subscribers we do not care at all about. Our establishment is a very large one, as large as any in the country, our staff of writers, artists, and agents very numerous, the expense of publishing a paper like this is, as may be imagined, enormous, and it would be preposterous to suppose that we can furnish the product of money, time, brains and talent without any return. The system we propose to adopt will be as follows:—Subscriptions payable strictly in advance. Each subscriber will find on the label bearing his address two figures indicating the time when his subscription expires. We use only two figures because each subscription dates, in our books, from the first day of the month in which it is received. Thus, for instance, 7-73 will indicate that the subscription is paid to the first of July next; 12-73 to the first of December next; 1-74 to the first of January next, and so on. When the subscription expires, on the date indicated by the label, unless it is at once renewed the paper will be discontinued.

With regard to our delinquent subscribers we are compelled much against our will to have recourse to measures to which we have great repugnance, but which they have themselves rendered necessary. We must request them to accept this notice as final. We have already been put to too great expense and loss of time in collecting the numberless small amounts due. All unpaid accounts will, therefore, be put at once into our solicitors' hands for collection.

CANADIAN ILLUSTRATED NEWS.

MONTREAL, SATURDAY, MAY 3, 1873.

A couple of months ago there were thousands of persons in Montreal, even among the educated classes, who ignored the existence of the University Literary Society. They might have known vaguely that there was a club of young graduates, affiliated to McGill College, who met together for the purpose of debate, but they had no idea that a society possessing vitality, enterprise and discernment deserved to be counted among the institutions of Montreal. Now, however, the whole city is not only aware that such an association has a being, but it is willing to acknowledge the obligation it is under to that body for important literary services rendered during the winter and spring.

The University Literary Society is composed of a number of graduates of McGill University and of other young men who are partial to literary pursuits. Like all the institutions of Montreal, it has had many obstacles to contend with, especially in its initial stages, but thanks to the energy and perseverance of its members, it has struggled through them all. Its meetings are now regularly held, and the attendance at these testify to the growing interest which the members take in its proceedings. Some of the papers lately read before the Society have been of a superior character, revealing elegance of composition and something above the usual sophomoric fund of scholarship.

This winter the Society took the bold resolution of advancing a step farther, and enlarging the circle of its usefulness. To this end, it entered into negotiations with the American Literary Bureau, and invited several eminent literary celebrities to visit Montreal for the purpose of delivering lectures. The enterprise was certainly a hazardous one, but it received such encouragement from the start, that the Society did not fear to undertake it. Some of the most public-spirited gentlemen of the city guaranteed all the expenses, so as to save the Society from

loss. The press took up the project and championed it with unusual zeal, and the members themselves conducted the whole scheme so ably and so prudently, that its execution became an unequivocal success. Edmund Yates, Bret Harte, John Montesquieu Bellow, and George Macdonald succeeded each other in a series of delightful literary entertainments, invariably attended by crowded houses.

There is no question that the Society has inaugurated a good work which will bear fruit. It deserves the thanks of the whole community for thus awakening a literary taste. Next winter they will doubtless take early measures to organize a more complete series of lectures from prominent men of letters. In doing so, they may confidently rely on the support and sympathy of a large portion of the city.

"FRANCE imitates England's sanguinary policy in her treatment of rebellious and semi-civilized tribes." These are the words of a well-known contributor to one of the leading magazines of the United States. From one of the first newspapers of the same model Republic we learn that from the length and breadth of the land a cry has come up for the extermination of the Modocs—the murderers of Gen. Canby. No one is more ready than we to admit that these Indians deserve chastisement—a chastisement in proportion to the magnitude of the breach of faith committed by them. But in reading over the magazine writer's remark and that of the newspaper editor, we are painfully reminded of the applicability of the old saying which counsels the fault-finder to attend to the beam in his own eye before attempting to operate on the mote which, in his opinion, so greatly disfigures his neighbour's eye. When England chastized her rebel Sepoys it was not merely for the act of rebellion, but in revenge for the horrible atrocities perpetrated by them upon helpless English women and children—infamies too frightful to be mentioned. The United States have lost one general officer by the treachery of the Modocs. By the treachery of the Sepoys England lost—how many officers of every rank? how many women, how many children? The United States have decreed the utter extermination of the whole Modoc tribe—men, women and children. No one of the tribe is to be left to boast that "he or his ancestors murdered Gen. Canby." It is to be an utter extermination, so it is decreed, an indiscriminate butchery—guilty and guiltless must suffer alike. This is American justice, American civilization. The castigation inflicted by Great Britain upon her rebel subjects was undoubtedly severe, but no one can assert, with a shadow of truth to back him, that the children were visited for the sins of their fathers, or the wives for those of their husbands. It has been reserved for the United States—the Republic of the nineteenth century—to make war upon helpless women and children.

Tax accounts which we receive from the World's Fair at Vienna, are as yet somewhat meagre, but everything points to the conclusion that it will prove the most magnificent exhibition and bazaar ever held. Not only is the space allotted to exhibitors far larger than it was at London or Paris, but all the nations of the globe are vying with each other in sending thither their choicest products of art and industry. Nearly all the potentates of the world will represent their respective peoples there, and even the Shah of Persia has signified his intention of being present.

Will it be believed that Canada alone will have no place there? When we come seriously to reflect upon that fact, we can scarcely credit it. It surpasses belief that the Government have allowed months and months to pass without preparing even a few samples of timber for exhibition at Vienna. It is just as astonishing that, seeing the supineness of the Government, the people themselves have not organized a commission. It is literally true that Canada, in that great procession of the nations of the earth, will not be seen or mentioned. Is that the way to make the country known abroad? Is that the way to encourage immigration? Is that the way to prove to our native manufacturers the interest which the people feel in their industry and enterprise? There has been much wrangling up at Ottawa over mere personal matters and a host of trivialities, but no one has yet risen and demanded seriously who is to blame for this very singular oblivion of a clear national duty. It is all too late, now. The mistake cannot be remedied, but we trust it may serve as a lesson for the future. Canada must emerge from the shades. She must assert herself. She must tell the world what she is and what she can do. She ought to neglect no single means of drawing emigration to her shores.

GEORGE MACDONALD.—That well-known author, George Macdonald, lectured on Monday and Tuesday evenings in Montreal, taking for his subjects Robert Burns and Tom Hood, and probably amongst the poets of the 18th and 19th centuries he could not have selected two better ones to teach us the grand lesson of sympathy with all forms of life. "The Cottar's Saturday Night" and "The Song of the Shirt" have endeared both of them to every English reader. Mr. Macdonald is an elocutionist of a different stamp to Mr. Bellow—the one having the power of speaking direct to the heart, while the other by his selections spoke only to the understanding. The lectures on Burns and Hood disclosed a treasury of noble sentiment, sage advice, and acute observation; the lecturer, like the poets he was speaking about, was full of pleasantry and pathos. There was about him a certain

manly, healthy, and fearless hardihood far better suited to the rude atmosphere of the working-day world than the effeminate, sickly, and nervous sensitiveness which is exhibited by some at the lecture-desk or in the pulpit. The great lessons taught by the two poets were that we never so gifted we cannot stand erect, even in art or literature, unless we aspire to grow morally better, and to show us that character, in its highest forms, is disciplined by trial, and that sickness of the body and poverty, when the heart is right, are no bars to a cheerful spirit and true harmony. Hood's apparent gayety and wonderful humour often sprang from a suffering heart—as he himself wrote:

"There is not a string attuned to mirth
But has its chord in melancholy."

And yet there was the other lesson that wealth, gold, honour and power could not ensure pure and genuine happiness and pleasure.

J. M. BELLEW, Esq.—The University Literary Society deserve the thanks of the citizens of Montreal in giving them such a treat as J. M. Bellow to read selections from Shakespeare, Scott and Dickens.

Bellow is styled the greatest living elocutionist, but the designation may be slightly open to question; that he is unquestionably a very able reader, and a good delineator of character, no one who had the pleasure of hearing him at the Queen's Hall, during the past week, can doubt; and if the crowded state of the hall and the more than ordinary and enthusiastic marks of applause evinced by the audience are to be a criterion of the reader's ability, the verdict pronounced must be "Bellow is a most wonderful reader."

It has been said that the higher characters of Shakespeare, Scott, and Dickens indicate the stature of the men who produced them. Scott's higher characters are always very superior if not always great men. The higher characters of Dickens do not stand by any means so high; the fluid in the original tube rests at a lower level. Dickens knew his proper walk; and, content with exultating in a comparatively humble province of human life and character, rarely stands on tiptoe in the vain attempt to portray an intellect taller than his own. The intellectual stature of Shakespeare rises, on the other hand, to the highest level of man. There was no human greatness which he could not adequately conceive and portray.

It is not our intention to enter into a minute examination of Bellow's comparative excellencies in those characters which have contributed to the establishment of his general reputation. His readings, though they bespeak patient study, as well as natural intellect and the felicity of genius, yet they seemed to lack that scholastic polish and rigid taste to make them attractive to those of cultivation and refinement. His powers are better suited, in our judgment, for such writers as Scott and Dickens than Shakespeare. As water in a bent tube rises exactly to the same height in the two limbs, so a reader or actor cannot soar above his intellect and imagination. We do not think either in Hamlet or Wolsey that the reader evinced those qualities and style which would enable us to say that they were highly poetical, and full of the breath of a lofty inspiration, and embodied the grandest conceptions with all the truth, boldness and simplicity discoverable in the noblest effusions of poetry, or the most elaborate studies of the sculptor. The characters of Dickens, such as Bumble, Sam Weller, and Pecksniff, or those of Scott's, such as Marion, Lochinvar, and Wilfrid, are better suited to the genius of Bellow than Hamlet, Wolsey, and Coriolanus.

[Written for the *Canadian Illustrated News*.]

TOUCHSTONE PAPERS.

NO V.—FLANEUR.

We know the type, but we have no word in our language to express it. Lounger will not do. That implies idleness with inaction, whereas the other means idleness with languid movement. Your Englishman is a loungeur, reclining on the sea-sand at Brighton. Your American is a loungeur, with his legs high over his head on the bar of a hotel balcony. The true *flaneur* is your Frenchman, sauntering along the boulevard slowly puffing at a "Londres," and following the infinite, ever shifting panorama of the street. Alphonse Karr was a prince of these, in his younger days and he has written a characteristic account of his strolls, with the appropriate title "En Flaneur."

Meré basking is good. Danaë thought so when she received the golden shower in her lap. Russell Lowell believes that the best mental exercise is a periodical casting aside of books and a total quiescence in the mottled shadow and sunshine of an elm tree. A distinguished English Justice, whose suicide we lately deplored, had made up his mind to resign his seat on the bench, equip a yacht and go about floating forever in tropical seas. A friend of mine regards it as his ideal of bliss to loll under a Venetian awning, with or without the murmurings of the Ripetta, or to lie supine in two inches of sweet, sharp-smelling sawdust, on the roof of his ice-house, with a bottle of Beauce by his side. As to the physical benefit of this solar exposure, consult Dio Lewis and Dr. Hall. In literal truth, there is such a thing, as a baptism of holy sunshine.

But I like loafing better. I have two hours of the day which are my particular favourites. The first is the early afternoon, when the streets are flooded with sunshine, the second is the early evening when the gas lamps have just been lighted. At those times I go forth, slowly sauntering from square to square, noticing everything which meets my eye. No one seeing me pass would imagine that I am observant at all. I look no one in the face; I ogle no female. I have an aversion for stopping at the crossings. But I datter myself that there are few objects of any interest in the panorama of the streets which escape me. The amount of knowledge one gathers in such strolls is immense. The study of character there offered is above that of any book. I have my little standards and gauges. I judge of women mostly by their brows and eyes. They can paint their cheeks, pucker their lips, artificially dimple their chins and manage their gait, but the white marble brow is immovable and the light of the eye is beyond the power of volition. I judge of men mainly by the mouth. There is the great test of male character, which even a bushy beard cannot conceal from the practised physiognomist.

As to the moral worth of men and women I have two scales. Of women, I ask myself, how many degrees of love do they deserve? Of men, I inquire how much are they worth? This last trick I learned from an eccentric old Southerner who had been used to appraising negroes. His idea was that whites, as well as blacks, ought to be judged of by the money they would fetch in the market. Tested by this rule, comparatively few white men will be found worth a thousand dollars, while some cannot command fifty.

I make little or nothing of dress, beyond its tidiness. I have passed that time when a man is fascinated by gay colours, or deceived by eccentric fashions. No lady's plume shall lead me headlong into love's battle. As to veils, they are my abhorrence. I never condescend to look at a veiled woman, because I set her down either as rouged or pock-marked. The Osmanli may love his shrouded Odalisque, but the Frank prefers the open face divine. It is every woman's privilege to show her pretty countenance to the day and every man's right to gaze admiringly upon it. I except of course the mourning widow, whose black flowing veil is an object of reverence, banishing worldly thoughts.

But after nightfall, is the stroller's chief harvest time. The gaslight has a magic influence in transforming the prosy, familiar streets into a kind of Oriental bazaar. The shop-windows filled with fruits, jewellery or haberdashery, which in day-time passed unnoticed, arrest attention in the streaming radiance of the lamps. Then the people you meet are so peculiar. A woman in the evening is very different from the same woman in the day. A like remark may be made of men. There is more naturalness displayed in both. Conventionality is wholly or partially set aside. The Duenna is proverbially purblind and cannot peer into the half shadows where Donna Anna parleys amorously with Don Giovanni. However vigilant Mentor may be, he cannot prevent Telemachus from allowing his heart to be stolen away by Calypso under the silver lamps of her enchanted cavern by the sea.

I have said that strolling implies idleness. Let not the word be taken too strictly. He is not idle who is storing his mind with facts, colouring his imagination with life-pictures, schooling his heart in the multitudinous phases of social morality. The painter is not idle who saunters for days along the gorge, watching the kaleidoscopic changes of the landscape. The sculptor is not idle who sits for hours before his model in search of forms whereby he will give substance to his ideal. The musician is not idle who broods the night long over the keys, weaving the infinite combinations of sound, out of which he is to create a symphony. Neither is the *Aneur* idle, if he strolls day after day, in quest of those experiences of human nature which may enable him to write a poem, a moral or an essay and supply him material to instruct his fellowmen in the intimacy of conversation.

There is only one thing which I ask of the stroller—he must be pure-minded. His general disposition must be to interpret everything for good. This does not preclude wit or sarcasm. Indeed the habitual stroller will unconsciously become a satirist. *Uam forte Via Sacra*, says Horace, the prince of loafers, and Horace was the most genial of satirists. But he says, in the same place, that virtue should be the chief aim of every literary man.

PARLIAMENTARY NOTES.

Monday, April 21.—Almost the entire session was taken up with a discussion of the Grand Trunk Amendment Bill on the motion for its second reading. Finally, after several members had given their views on the policy of the company, Mr. Cauchon pressed for a division, which was taken, resulting in the passage of the motion by a majority of 119, in a house of 133. Mr. Smith (Peel) moved for a select committee to enquire into the Sunday traffic on the Government railways, and stated that there are now 11,000 persons employed on our railways, one-half of whom are employed on Sunday. The resolution, amended so as to form an instruction to the Railway Committee, was carried. Mr. Chisholm brought up a motion for a select committee on the manufacturing interests of the Dominion, explaining that the object of the committee was to take into consideration the best means of further developing our manufacturing interests.

Very little business of importance was transacted on Tuesday, the time being mainly taken up with a charge made by the Hon. Mr. Dorian, accusing the Minister of Public Works of having threatened, during the last elections, to deprive the electors of the Counties of Charlevoix and Chicoutimi and Saguenay, of certain public works, unless they returned the Government candidates. Mr. Dorian's charge was supported by Mr. Tremblay, the sitting member for Charlevoix. Mr. Langevin totally denied the accusation, and produced documentary evidence in support of his denial. With which explanation he was perfectly willing to leave the matter in the hands of the House. Mr. Dorian insisted upon the appointment of a committee of investigation, but, at the suggestion of the Premier, allowed the matter to stand. The rest of the session was spent in Committee of Supply.

On Wednesday, Mr. Charlton moved a resolution asking for a geographical and geological survey of the fertile belt of the North-west, and the publication and dissemination of reports respecting that part of the country through England, Germany, Denmark, Sweden and Norway. He condemned the system upon which lands are laid out on the Pacific Railway, and said that the high prices which have been placed on our public lands are calculated to deter emigrants from settling with us. Several members spoke strongly in favour of the motion. After recess the House was for some time occupied with private bills, after which the bill for the better protection of navigable streams and rivers being brought up, Mr. Bellefleur moved the three months' hoist, but withdrew his motion on the suggestion of Mr. Langevin.

The opera season at Covent Garden commenced on the 1st of April, while Drury Lane, under the management of Mr. Mapleson, with more regard for the proprietors, will not open until after Easter Monday. At Covent Garden there are no new operas promised, but a number of the best of the old ones are to be produced by an admirable company of artists. Adolina Patti, Mlle. Albani, Mesdames Stieco, Scaldini, Moubelli, Sinar, and Corsi, are among the singers, and these are to be reinforced by six new lady artists. The list of tenors is a very strong one, comprising Pettini, Manfredini, Urlo, Rossi, Marino, and Nicholau; while for basses and baritones we are to have Grigiani, Coloni, Cappant, Faure, Champ, Bagandoli, and Ragner.

Revivals appear to have been the order of the day in London lately. At the Princess's "Narcisse" has been reproduced; at the Standard "Rebecca," and at the Holborn "The Ticket-of-Leave Man."

NOSTRADAMUS, THE PROPHET.

Michael Nostradamus, prophet and astrologer, was born in 1503, at Rémy, in Provence. He was of Jewish origin, of the tribe of Issachar, renowned for their prophetic gifts. He studied at Avignon, and afterwards at Montpellier, for the profession of medicine. In 1525 a pestilence ravaged the southern provinces, and Nostradamus not only attended to the sick, but invented new methods for their cure. His prescriptions were eagerly sought after; but his principal cures were effected by a powder of which he alone had the recipe. He married a woman of good family, and had a son and daughter, both of whom died young. On the death of his first wife he married again, and had six children, one of whom, Charles, endeavoured to rival his father's fame, but in vain. In 1546 a terrible plague broke out at Aix called "le Charbon Provençal," because those attacked by the disease turned perfectly black. Both there and at Lyons Nostradamus practised as a physician with such success that Charles VIII. paid a special visit to Provence to see this celebrated man. The King was so charmed with Nostradamus that he presented him with two hundred crowns in gold and made him a counsellor. He was often summoned to Court after this, and drew the horoscopes of many famous personages, amongst others that of Cardinal de Bourbon, uncle of Henry IV. He received the title of Physician to Charles IX. Nostradamus always surrounded himself with such mystery that he was all but invisible to the world at large. He carried on his studies in an underground apartment by the light of an ever-burning lamp, and there he received the visits of several distinguished persons, even of Henry IV. himself, when still a child, and the Duke and Duchess of Savoy, the father and mother of Charles Emmanuel the Great. His prophetic utterances were couched in such mysterious language that they might be easily interpreted in any desired way. He died in 1566, and was buried in the Church of the Cordeliers at Salon, where his portrait, with a most pompous epitaph under it, commemorates his fame. He published many prophetic almanacks, the model of those of our day, but his chief work was his far-famed "Centuries." They first appeared at Lyons in 1555, and obtained great celebrity. Each century contains a hundred quatrains, or verses of four lines each. In all, they amount to a thousand, and are written in old French. The prediction embraces a space of time from the year 1555 to 1797. Upwards of 300 years therefore have elapsed since it was first promulgated, and we can see in how much or how little the foretold events of those 300 years came to pass. One of the best-known quatrains runs as following:

"Le lion jeune le vieux surmontera
En champ bellique, par singulier duelle;
Dans cage d'or les yeux lui crevera.
Deux classes, une, puis mourira mort cruelle."

That is, literally,—

"The young lion shall surmount the old one,
In a warlike field, by a singular duel;
Shall put out his eyes in a golden cage.
Two classes as one, then die a cruel death."

This was fulfilled in the death of Henry II. of France who died from the effect of a lance thrust in the eye, which struck him through the golden bars of his helmet during a tournament. The event occurred in 1559, thirty years after the death of Nostradamus. Some of the quatrains allude to the death of our Charles the First:

"Gand et Bruxelles marcheront contre Anvers,
Sénat de Londres mettra à mort leur roi."
Cent. ix. Quatrain 49.

It is singular that except Charles I. no King was ever condemned to death by a legalized senate, and at the time he was led to the scaffold Ghent and Brussels did march against Antwerp.—*St. James's Magazine*.

THE JOURNAL OF LOUIS XVI.

At this moment, when in France the Republic and the monarchy are being weighed in the balance, it seems hardly fair to dip into the private life even of a monarch so estimable and unfortunate as Louis XVI., who has come down to us as something between a locksmith and a martyr—a good-natured family man with few vices and a large appetite. However, M. Louis Nicolardot has published his Majesty's journal, which reveals the King in a new light, one that is far different from that shed upon him by history. The journal extends over a period of sixteen years—from 1776 to 1792—and in it his Majesty has jotted down the most private details of his life, but not a single idea. We know that on many trying occasions the King spoke with sense and feeling, and it is hard to imagine why he should have kept such a journal as that before us, which exhibits him in the light of a childish country-gentleman. Alexandre Dumas some years ago published a volume entitled "Les Grands Hommes en Robe de Chambre," which played havoc with a good many historical heroes. What the novelist did for Richelieu and other great people, Louis XVI. has done for himself. M. Nicolardot has divided the King's voluminous diary into chapters. The first chapter treats of his Majesty's health, informing us when he had the toothache, the mumps, or indigestion; when he was inoculated, bled, or when he took medicine. It appears that sometimes the King put his pills and powders into the fire, and felt none the worse for it. He also recorded the accidents that jeopardized his life or his limbs, and, according to his own account, he tumbled off his horse when out hunting five times. Baths appear to have been ordered, says the author, more as a means of health than for cleanliness.

The diary is dry and uninteresting, but then we know how the story finished. Louis XVI., when quietly noting down the facts of his life, never dreamed that they were leading up to a great tragedy. This is the way in which he chronicled political events:—Departure of the Abbé Terray. Bed of justice at Paris; dined at La Muette; slept at Versailles, March 20, 1778, presentation of deputies from America." In April, 1781, "Comedy, retreat of M. Necker," and so on. A good deal is said about the weather, which was often so bad as to prevent the King from going out to hunt or shoot, though even when it was fine his Majesty now and then had what would certainly be reckoned nowadays poor sport. On the 3rd of October, 1791, we find that he slaughtered three pheasants. In November, 1784, a squirrel; another day, 3

* "Journal de Louis XVI." (London: Hachette. Paris: Dentu. 1873.)

squirrels, another 1 fox; and on the 20th March, 1783, a dog. His Majesty also shot swallows, and on the 28th of June, 1784, he is credited with having killed 290 of these birds; but this is probably a misprint, as on no other day does he seem to have killed more than a dozen. The word "rien" often occurs in the diary, and in the most ridiculous manner. Thus, the King writes:—"Nothing; remonstrances of Parliament." "Nothing; oaths of M. de Malesherbes." "Nothing; illness of my youngest daughter, which prevented me from hunting." "Nothing; death of M. de Maurepas." "Nothing; death of my mother-in-law, the Empress Marie Theresa." "Nothing; sermon," &c. The explanation is that "rien" meant simply that there was no hunting or shooting, and when this was the case his Majesty felt grieved.

In July, 1790, when, as Carlyle would say, things were growing shrill, the King wrote:—"19th. Reviewed federals and troops of the line at l'Étoile; dined at four; hunted the deer at the Cross of Montmorin. 29th. Nothing; my aunts came to dinner; had a face-ache. August 1st. Mass at home. 2nd and 3rd. Idem. 4th. Medicine; hunted at the Cross of Montmorin. 6th. Nothing; Vichy waters. 23th. Medicine; end of Vichy waters; mass as usual." March began badly. "4th. Nothing; began to get fever. 5th. Nothing. 6th. Took an emetic; mass in my bed; got up afterwards."

We should have mentioned that on the 14th of July, 1789, the King entered the simple word "Nothing," though it was upon that date that the Bastille fell, and that old De Launay and its defenders were massacred. The affair, however, did not make much noise in Paris at the time, and the people who were sipping coffee on the Boulevards heard naught of the matter till next day.

On the 20th of June, 1791, occurs "Nothing," though his Majesty must have been very busy making preparations to fly in the direction of Metz, and his army, where Bouillé was waiting for him. His attempted escape is thus briefly jotted down:—

June 21.—Started at midnight from Paris. Arrived and arrested at Varennes in the Argonne at 11 p.m.

June 22.—Departure from Varennes at five or six in the morning; breakfasted at Sainte-Ménéould; arrived at Châlons at ten; supped and slept there.

June 23.—The mass was interrupted in order to hasten the departure; breakfasted at Châlons, dined at Epernay; found the Commissioners from the Assembly at the Binson gate. Arrived at eleven at Dormans; supped there and slept for three hours in an armchair.

June 24.—Left Dormans at half-past seven; dined at La Ferté-sous-Jouarre; reached Meaux at eleven; supped and slept at the bishop's palace.

June 25.—Quitted Meaux; arrived at Paris without stopping at eight o'clock.

June 26.—Nothing at all. Conference with the Commissioners of the Assembly. I took some whey.

The King noted down with great minuteness his personal expenditure, and all his gains and losses at play are carefully recorded. On one occasion he appears to have lost with his associates 36,000 livres at lansquenet at Marli, and on the whole his Majesty was not a winner; probably he did not cheat at cards as Napoleon did after him. His household expenditure is chronicled in a way which would have made Frederick the Great jealous. We find 12 sous for a watch-glass, 7 sous for sending a watch to Paris, 2 livres 14 sous for greasing a post-chaise, 1 livre 16 sous for a corkscrew. The most prominent item for the table is pork, and there are days when his Majesty must have devoured black-pudding wholesale. If Louis XVI. was careful, however, in registering unimportant items, that did not hinder money from being spent at Versailles with a prodigality that baffled the resources of even De Calonne's fertile mind. The King's civil list was considerably larger than that of the English monarch, and his Majesty's brothers were always dipping their fingers into the Treasury. The Comte de Provence, afterwards Louis XVIII., one day received 200,000 livres, on another 450,000; and 5,000,000 was invested to furnish him with an income of 500,000 livres, which appears to have been insufficient, as he afterwards received 1,800,000 more. The Comte d'Artois, afterwards Charles X., was even more prodigal than his brother, and the King's aunts received considerable sums out of the Treasury.

There are a few items in the King's private expenditure worth noticing; for instance, various sums of money given to Beaumarchais, whose "Mariage de Figaro" hurried on the Revolution and was disapproved by the King. The name of Goumain, the King's locksmith, who afterwards betrayed where the iron chest was concealed, often occurs, and his Majesty gave the son 3,000 livres to set him up in business. Louis XVI. also seems to have paid large sums for diamonds for the Queen to Bohmer, who parted with the celebrated diamond necklace to the Cardinal de Rohan. Another curious entry not explained is 12,000 livres to Madame de Cavaignac for her son!

This diary was in all probability simply meant as a book of reference for private use; but though that circumstance may be remembered, the publication of his diary will not fail to lower the unfortunate King in popular esteem.—*P. H. Mall Gazette*.

The Emperor William has sanctioned the proposal for arming the Prussian cavalry with Chassepot carbines adapted from the rifles captured from the French army. The manufacture of needle carbine cartridges has been discontinued in the armaments.

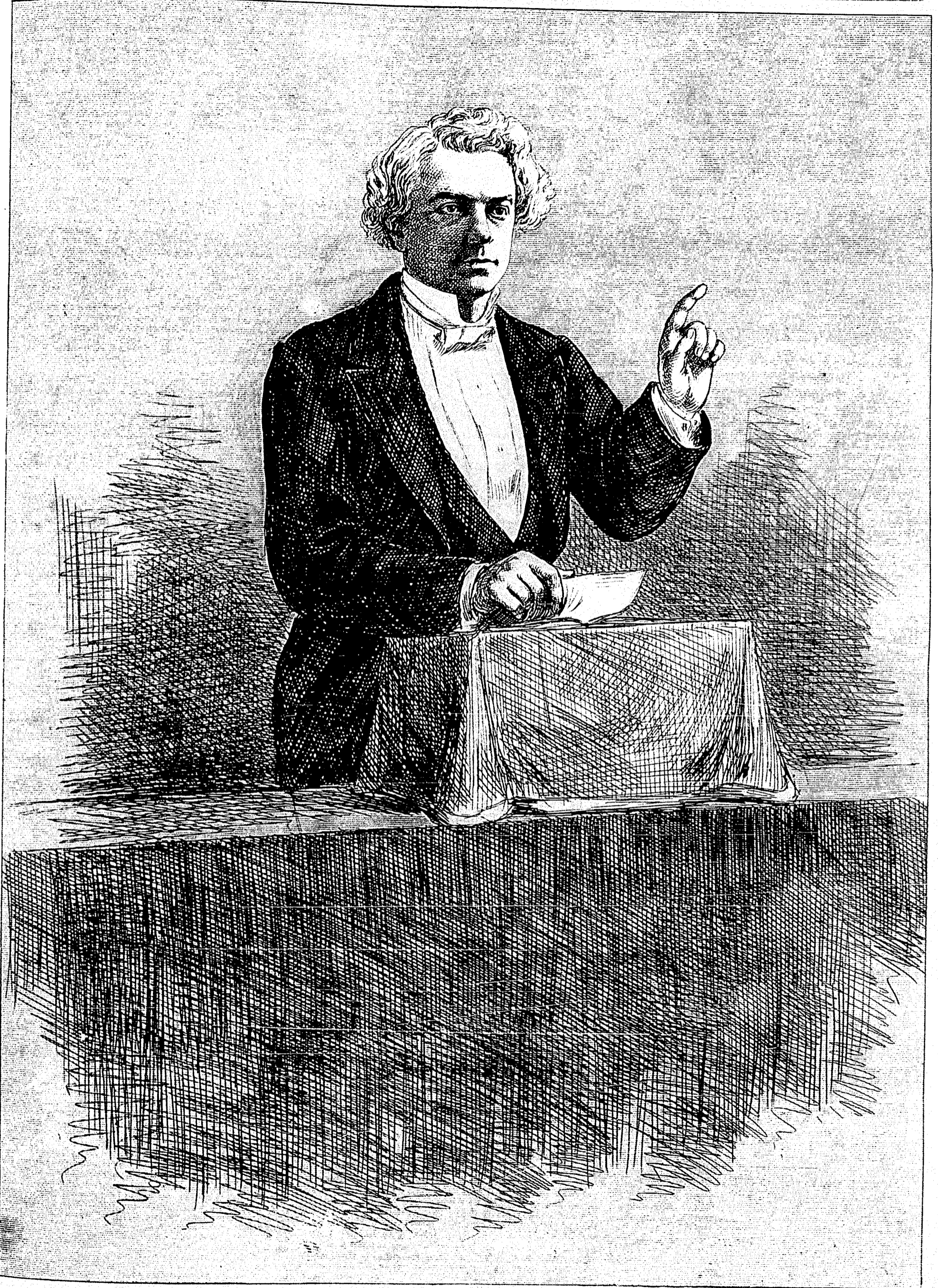
PRIMITIVE METHOD OF LOCOMOTION IN WALES.—Aberystwith is a celebrated watering-place on the Welsh coast, where many improvements have been introduced, but it seems that there is still some difficulty in getting from that place to Aberayron, which is in some respects the chief town of the county. There the county business is transacted, and the quarter sessions are held; but, notwithstanding the progress of railways in the principality, the only conveyance between Aberystwith and Aberayron is a two-horse waggone. First, second, and third class fares are booked by this primitive conveyance, and the following curious distinction is made between the passengers: First-class passengers are allowed to retain their seats throughout the journey; second-class have to get out and walk up the hills, which are both numerous and steep, after the fashion of Welsh hills; third-class have not only to get out at the steep places, but have to assist in pushing the vehicle up them. This arrangement works very well, but the pace is not great, and when magistrates have business at Aberayron they are almost as uncertain when they will arrive at their destination as if there was a railway between the two towns.



THE GALLERY OF CANADIAN HEROES.—No. IV.—GREAT PRIAM.

There sat the seniors of the Trojan race :
 (Old Priam's chiefs, and most in Priam's grace),
 The king the first; Thymotes at his side;
 Lampus and Clytus, long in council tried;
 Panthus, and Hicetion, once the strong;

And next, the wisest of the reverend throng,
 Antenor grave, and sage Ucalegon,
 Lean'd on the walls and bask'd before the sun :
 Chiefs, who no more in bloody fights engage,
 But wise through time, and narrative with age,
 Pops, *Iliad III.*, 91-100



J. M. BELLEW, Esq., THE ENGLISH ELOCUTIONIST

(Written for the Canadian Illustrated News.)

CANADA'S FUTURE.

Not mine to sing of martial episode,
Or sweep the strings with wild heroic fire,
Raising toward heaven the loud triumphal ode.—
A lowlier Muse attunes my humbler lyre.

Not ours the tale of strife and conquest gory,
Of deeds of valour, or of slaughter dire,
Learn we from ancient lays of minstrels hoary,
How to more peaceful fame we may aspire.

Not ours to boast in legend or tradition
Of chivalrous deeds of warlike days of yore;
Not vainly vaunting a fulfilled ambition,
But rather humble that we are not more.

Leave us to others to record our praises,
To our own merits still remaining dumb,
Fired by the nobler stimulus, which raises
Our soaring thoughts to what we may become.

Still, humbly from our past experience learning,
Not unforgetful of our Nation's youth,
In Life's great contest still fresh laurels earning,
Press forward in the cause of Good and Truth:

That day by day our lives may form a story
Fruitful in lessons, where each future age
May trace fair footprints on the path of glory
In every line of the unsullied page.

Striving the nobler features of each Nation,
Still not to envy but to emulate,
Till, in Time's fulness, we may win our station
In the illustrious annals of the great.

Thus by achievement, or sublime enduring:
Each stalwart son may do his earnest part
To Canada a glorious name assuring,
The Mart of Commerce and the Home of Art.

NEO P. MAU.

MONTREAL.

CURIOUS FLOWERS.

To begin with a plant brought from New Grenada, an extensive country in South America, now part of Columbia, and which is called the *Coriaria thymifolia*, or Ink Plant! The juice which is extracted from it, and which is called "cauchi," is at first of a reddish tint, but in the space of a few hours assumes a hue of the deepest black, and can be used in its natural state without preparation. The merit of this cauchi consists in its not affecting steel pens as the ordinary ink does, and besides it will resist the action of time, and the influence of chemical agencies. During the Spanish régime, all the public documents were written with this ink, otherwise they would have been rendered illegible by the action of sea-water. Some of our botanists are engaged in the acclimatization of this plant, which will enter into competition with our own ink manufacturers. An extremely curious flower has been recently described by an eye-witness at Constantinople, at which place it is said the vegetable treasures of the Eastern world were first collected. This flower belongs to the Narcissus kind of bulbs, and bears the botanical name of *Ophrys mouche*. There were three naked flowers on the stalk, hanging on one side; the underneath one was fading, but the other two were in all their beauty. They represented a perfect humming-bird. The breast, of bright emerald green, is a complete copy of this bird, and the throat, head, beak, and eyes, are a most perfect imitation. The hinder part of the body, and the two outstretched wings, are bright rose colour; and the under part of the flower is of a deep brown tint, in the form of a two-winged gad-fly, and here the seeds are found. Another extraordinary plant is a native of Sumatra, an island in the Indian Ocean, and was discovered in 1813 by Sir Stamford Raffles, but is very little known, as it has never been cultivated in any European gardens. The dimensions of this flower exceeds any that have ever been heard of, and is truly astonishing. The whole flower was of a very thick substance, the petals being one-quarter of an inch thick, and in some parts three-quarters of an inch thick. It had a very disagreeable smell. There were five petals, covered with yellowish-white protuberances, which were thick, and of a brick-red colour. Each flower measured a full yard across; the petals being of a roundish shape, growing wider in the middle, and rounding off towards the top; the base of each petal where it joined the centre part (called the nectarium) was about a foot across. The hollow nectarium held about twelve pints, and the weight of this prodigy was fifteen pounds! Before the flowers open they look like a very hard cabbage. These enormous flowers are what is called parasitical, like the mistletoe, growing on another plant, which is a trailing vine, so they cover the ground and show no leaves or stem at all. This plant has been named the *Rafflesia Arnoldi*, and there is a beautiful coloured engraving of it in the fifth part of "Nature and Art." Another immense plant is the famous tropical water-lily, named the *Victoria Regia*, discovered in 1837, in the river Berbice, South America. The round light green leaves of this queen of the water plants measure no less than six feet in diameter, and are surrounded by an elevated rim several inches high, and show the pale carmine-red of the under surface. The sweet white blossoms, deepening into roseate hues, are composed of several hundred petals; and, measuring no less than fourteen inches in diameter, they rival the proportions of its immense leaves. One more flower, to be seen nearer home. A gentleman amateur floriculturist, well known in Wimbledon, has succeeded in raising a new species of geranium, and such is its rarity that he estimates its worth at £1,000, and hopes to make at least that sum of it. This precious plant is of a pure white—stem, leaves, and flowers. It looks almost like wax, and is of a bright transparency. Never was such a thing heard of before, and, no doubt, if the owner is fortunate, there will be a great demand for it.—*Aunt Judy's Magazine*.

SHORT SPEECHES AND CURT CORRESPONDENCE.

When people are driven half-distracted with long speeches in and out of parliament, and sigh for brevity, it is delightful to call up recollections of the possibility of saying much to the point in few words. We sometimes wish that our accomplished legislators would take a lesson from the first speech of the Maori member of the New Zealand General Assembly: "England is a great nation. The Maoris are a house. We sit here. They have pounded my cow at Wangui. I have done." This was sufficiently brief; but perhaps the shortest speech ever delivered in any legislative chamber was that of the member of the United States Con-

gress, who, having got out this sentence: "Mr. Speaker, the generality of mankind in general are disposed to exercise oppression on the generality of mankind in general," was pulled down to his seat by a friend, with the remark: "You'd better stop; you are coming out of the same hole you went in at!"

Daniel Webster was apt to over-indulge himself at public dinners, but managed, when called upon, to make a speech—if a brief one. At Rochester, New York, he once delighted the company with the following: "Men of Rochester, I am glad to see you, and I am glad to see your noble city. Gentlemen, I saw your falls, which I am told are one hundred and fifty feet high. That is a very interesting fact. Gentlemen, Rome had her Cæsar, her Scipio, her Brutus, but Rome in her proudest days had never a waterfall a hundred and fifty feet high! Gentlemen, Greece had her Pericles, her Demosthenes, and her Socrates, but Greece in her palmiest days never had a waterfall a hundred and fifty feet high. Men of Rochester, go on! No people ever lost their liberties who had a waterfall a hundred and fifty feet high!" On another occasion Webster finished up with: "Gentlemen, there's the national debt—it should be paid; yes, gentlemen, it should be paid. I'll pay it myself. How much is it?" In a similar strain, Peggy Potts, a fish-dealer, made her debut as a public speaker on the opening of a new fish-market at Sunderland, and, considering all things, did not acquit herself badly, for this was her speech: "God bless our fishermen, pilots, and sailors, and when they return from the deep waters may they reach the port in safety. God bless our workmen, and may they have plenty of work and good wages to buy fish and support their families. God bless the Prince of Wales and all the royal family. God save the Queen!"

Sir Arthur Helps somewhere suggests that clergymen would be more successful in attacking the pockets of their flocks if they sent round the plates before instead of after the sermon, with the understanding that if they gave liberally they should be let off from the sermon altogether. The experiment might be worth trying, although it would be unnecessary if charity sermons were modelled upon Swift's well-known laconic appeal. A more modern instance of the efficacy of brevity in a good cause may be cited. M. Dupanloup, the eloquent Bishop of Orleans, preaching in behalf of the distressed workmen of Rouen, contented himself with saying: "This is no time for long sermons, but for good works. You are all acquainted with the calamities of those whose cause I have come this day to plead. Once upon a time a king, whose name is still cherished by us, said to his companions-in-arms, on whom he thought with reason he could rely: 'My good friends, I am your king; you are Frenchmen. You are the enemy; let us march!' I will not address you in other words to-day than these. I am your bishop; you are Christians. You are not our enemies, but our brethren who suffer. Let us flee to their succour!" The result was the collection of more than six hundred pounds. Edwin, a once popular English actor, is credited with the authorship of one of the briefest of sermons, his text being: "Man is born to trouble as the sparks fly upwards."—"I shall consider this discourse under three heads. First, man's ingress into the world; secondly, man's progress through the world; thirdly, man's egress out of the world; and

First—Man's ingress into the world is naked and bare.
Secondly—His progress through the world is trouble and care.
Lastly—His egress out of the world is nobody knows where.
If we do well here, we shall do well there;
I can tell you no more if I preach for a year."

The last time Justice Foster went the Oxford circuit he dismissed the grand-jurymen to their work with: "Gentlemen,—The weather is extremely hot; I am very old, and you are well acquainted with your duty—practise it!" Equally curt, if not quite so courteous, was the Irish judge, who, after his two brethren had delivered opposite judgments at great length, said: "It is now my turn to declare my view of the case, and fortunately I can be brief. I agree with my brother J—, from the irresistible force of my brother B—'s arguments." In an action for slander, Justice Crosswell put the case to the jury in the emphatic words: "Gentlemen,—The defendant's a foul-mouthed fellow. What damages?"—an example of judicial brevity only to be matched by Baron Alderson's address to a convicted prisoner who prayed that God might strike him dead where he stood if he were not innocent. After a moment's silence, the judge sternly and coldly said: "Prisoner at the bar, as Providence has not interposed in behalf of society, the sentence of the court is that you be transported for the term of twenty years." An American judge once intervened in an odd way to prevent a waste of words. He was sitting in chambers, and seeing, from the piles of papers in the lawyers' hands that the first case was likely to be hardly contested, he asked: "What is the amount in question?" "Two dollars," said the plaintiff's counsel. "I'll pay it," said the judge, handing over the money; "call the next case." He had not the patience of taciturn Sir William Grant, who, after listening for a couple of days to the arguments of counsel as to the construction of an act, quietly observed when they had done: "The act is repealed."

An inquisitive French bishop once caught a Tartar in the Duke de Roquelaure. The latter, passing in haste through Lyon, was hailed by the bishop with: "Hi! hi!" The Duke stopped. "Where have you come from?" inquired the prelate. "Paris," said the duke. "What is there fresh in Paris?" "Green Pease." "But what were the people saying when you left?" "Vespers." "Goodness, man," broke out the angry questioner, "who are you? What are you called?" "Ignorant people call me Hi! Hi! gentlemen term me the Duke de Roquelaure.—Drive on, postillion!"

NOODLES.

Everybody knows that a noodle is not a gem of intelligence yet in his way he is a very useful man—that is, his presence serves well for grouping a contrast. He is an instrument out of which you can get no sound of harmony. Is it not better than to be bored with bad music, for the heart of a noodle is not tuned to the finer issues of life? Yet, like the guitar, which, though silent and without strings, is often a treasure for a painter, he helps to make a good picture! Many carry with them mysterious probabilities of descent, and recall to the mind Darwin's theory—many are to be seen at flower shows, exhibitions, and in Rotten Row. A noodle is a very harmless individual, after all, and amusing sometimes; for instance,

when he gets in a passion, and utters his broken sentences, and looks as if he feels he were one of nature's noblemen. The poetical noodle is less amusing; he will tell you a long story about the stars, and compare women to everything in the sky—sun, moon, stella, &c.—the same story to everyone that he meets. A noodle never changes, and never improves—he is born so. It will not be said of him that he is a new creation every day. The noodle of the period may be a strong word, but no word expresses better that class of weak specimens of the "genus homo." A noodle is not a snob—far from it. I would not undertake to describe a snob after Thackeray. A snobapes gentility; the other is gentility itself, although a simpleton. Why could not a simpleton look genteel! Do not confound again the noodle with the "squire"—a strong word very graphically applied to a man with fluent speeches but no basis of education—a babbler with some show of power in ejecting a volley of words, too often without significance whatever. Yet where there are noodles there is always a "squire," for it is only simpletons who can have the patience to listen to such a compound of ignorance and vanity. Our noodle of the period only utters broken sentences, and haws and yaws with a drawling finish. "Confound the fellow!" is about the strongest of the expressions of this exquisite individual. As I say, a man born a noodle remains invariable. Eton, Rugby, Oxford, and Cambridge are full of them. They take apparent polish—they do not look common by any means—and a silent noodle may be a picture to look at, that fills its place in society. In a word, they are the coryphæes of this immense stage called "society." The Duchess de M—, the queen of good manners and the best salons in London, never invites snobs, but she loves silent noodles to serve as foils for the stars of her parties. To enter a reception or a conversation where this silent element is not prominent is perfect torture, for the buzz of voices talking all together does not bring much harmony of sound. Therefore a noodle is a useful fellow after all, and if he is not vain of imaginary talent he is tolerable. It is not his fault if brought up in idleness, the sparkles of his intelligence were smothered in the cradle of luxury. "You cannot make a silk purse out of a sow's ear" is a good old saying, yet one can always educate stupidity into a semblance of wisdom. The noodle in love is a curiosity worth looking at; his appearance is then like a porcelain figure—one invariable smile fixed on his features. He is not vain; generally good-natured, he is liable to be made "pigeon pie" of. Nothing in God's creation is more unchangeable than the noodle. Like his love smile, he is always the same—*toujours au beau fixe*. Such natures are happy, and to many women a noodle is an exquisite. The way that eye-glass drops when his lavender holds the tiny hand of the girl he thinks he loves, is certainly a picture. Of course birds of a feather flock together, and exquisites, "with souls so dead," should be happy together. I hope that the entire nation is not judged by the family of noodles, for they flock largely abroad—I should say, in the language of exquisites, "abward." I have seen them the ornaments in the Bois du Boulogne in Paris, on the Pincio in Rome, in the Prado in Madrid, in the Central Park in New York. In the spring they appear in force, and look very fresh indeed. I saw many in Rotten Row the other morning; and how dandified and supercilious they looked. One would think they felt that they were born to be adornments; and why not? I can assure you I felt quite pleased with my morning stroll. There was nothing vulgar. The clay of which they are made is refined, and the immovable physiognomies of these noodles put me in mind of a fine collection of Dresden statuettes, and great ornaments to the park.—*Cosmopolitan*.

Miscellaneous.

The annual contingent of the Belgian army is to consist of 14,000, and the army on the war footing of 110,000 men.

Sir John Lubbock's tame wasp, the hero of the Brighton meeting of the British Association, is dead. It has been interred in the British Museum.

There will be a grand carrier pigeon match at Brussels on the 8th of June. 3,000 pigeons will take part in the contest, the first prize for which will be 1,000 francs.

"A dowry of £8,000, good expectations, and a very old and sick father," are amongst the recommendations of a young lady of good family advertising for a husband in a Continental newspaper.

Two great reviews will be held at Vienna on the 4th and 11th of June by the three Emperors. All the troops garrisoned about Vienna and the military students will participate, thus making a force of from 40,000 to 50,000 men at each review.

The *foyer de la danse* of the New Grand Opera House, in Paris, is to be adorned with portraits of twenty of the most famous danseuses, beginning with Madlle. Lafontaine (1681), and ending with Madlle. Rosati (1845). Madame Tagliani, who now resides in London, will, of course, be included in the list.

NEW METHOD OF HEATING RAILWAY CARRIAGES IN ENGLAND.—A new invention for the purpose of heating railway carriages has been tried on the Caledonian Railway. The new apparatus is simply a small oblong copper case placed under the floor of each apartment, and filled with a patent composition for fuel. This composition is in cakes of different sizes, some of which on being ignited undergo a slow process of combustion for twenty hours, while smaller ones burn for ten or twelve hours.

A most melancholy thing recently happened to a young gentleman in Paris. He had been dining out and whiling pretty freely, and as he was going to the *bal d'opéra*, he submitted himself to the operations of a street shoeblack. Leaning back in his chair, he was asleep before the polishing was concluded; but when the juvenile artist found out the condition of his customer, he hastened to improve it. He gently drew off the boots, added his victor's purse and watch to the booty, gathered up his brushes and departed. The gentleman was at last aroused by his cold feet, and ignominiously made the best of his way home. There was no dandling for him that night.

Conjugal statistics are the last mania of the Paris *Figaro*, and if we are to believe the figures of an industrious collaborateur, married life is anything but happiness for a Parisian. Out of 1,618 persons married last April, 58 wives have run away from their husbands, and 90 husbands from their wives; 342 couples are separated, 698 living together at "dangers drawn," 596 covertly disliking each other, 1,868 are mutually indifferent, 761 spouses are dead, 192 couples are reported nearly content with their state, and only 16 are "really happy." When the chances of being "really happy" a year after marriage are 4 per 1,000, persons about to marry would do well to take *Punch's* famous word of warning.—"Don't."

Courier des Dames.

Our lady readers are invited to contribute to this department.

ON HOME SERVICE.

II. THE "DOMINA" (CONTINUED.)

We must suppose that every young wife when she first enters upon her reign is full of high and hopeful purposes, steadfastly determined to do her utmost to make her new home the ideal "woman's kingdom."

The change wrought in a woman's state by the ceremony gone through on "the wedding day," great and momentous as it is, is by no means realised then, and is only understood by degrees. The practical part of the new life is supposed to be "so easy"—the words "oh! of course," when it becomes necessary for me to take charge of a household, I shall be perfectly able to do it, it comes naturally to every woman," are often heard; but they have only too often proved to be vain. Some girls there are who, from having had good home training and a sound education, joined to naturally fine instincts and dispositions, turn quite easily and fearlessly to the exercise of the rule and governance demanded of them, and simply continue in their new homes the system which resulted in so much happiness and comfort under their parents' roof. Other young girls there are who at the very outset of their married life, find themselves beset by a multitude of petty domestic annoyances, difficulties, and anxieties.

The consciousness of incapacity in the young wife leads to a distressing state of wavering and indecision; therefore, she loses gradually all that peaceful calm and ease appertaining to those who have within themselves the power of "setting things to rights."

The gift of organisation is very rare in women; those who possess it require but little help, but for those who have it not, and they far outnumber the former, there are a few plain, simple, practical hints and directions to be given, which, if stated clearly, should be of much assistance. But nothing that can be said, no rules that can be laid down, can avail anything unless the heart of the mistress is thoroughly bent upon realising to their fullest extent all the responsibilities that rest upon her. No matter if the household be large or small, conducted upon the most economical principles, or upon the most liberal scale; the working of all the small delicate wheels of household machinery must be watched and guarded so carefully by the "Domina," that when, as must occasionally happen, her husband claims her help and attention in some other sphere of action, or if she herself be for a time rendered helpless by illness, the orderly movement of the works may be in no way impeded. To secure such a result, we must have perfect confidence in our servants. How is this to be attained? Certainly not all at once; it can only be gained by experience of their ways, dispositions, and tempers, and unless, as is sometimes the case, the young wife brings with her one or two well-known and tried domestics from her old home, she is surrounded by strangers. Therefore, the first difficulty to be encountered lies in the selection of servants. On this point much care and deliberation are required, and, although registry offices and advertisements may occasionally bring the right people together, we should always rather advise consultation with friends.

The main object now in view is to impress upon all young women who are just married the true nature of the responsibilities they have undertaken. The mistress of a household is the pivot upon which the entire household machinery revolves. Whilst yet unmarried, she had but to fall into her place amongst other members of her family, to follow, to assist, to help, to exercise self-denial, and guard against ill-temper and caprice; married, she must lead, regulate, command, advise, comfort, and control; each department looks to her as its head; she must know in order to direct. Much is expected from her; but we would venture to say, not more than any woman true to herself will achieve if she do but recognise the importance of the place she has to fill. By her own daily life, that of her servants will inevitably be moulded. One of her most essential practical duties is orderliness; in fact, it is the corner stone of all genuine home-comfort. Want of order produces hurry, irritation of temper, and numberless evils of that kind, all reacting upon the servants—hence they become discontented and careless; and we think it will be found that the housewife who complains the most about her domestics will be herself devoid of all system. Equally negligent will she be of another great duty, precision in the giving of orders. It is quite marvellous to hear the vague and pre-occupied manner in which some women will make known their wishes for the day. Obviously enough, nothing but mistakes can ensue.

Another special point is the management of temper, and the necessity for understanding the tempers and dispositions of those under her command; but in any case we hold that scolding, high words, and loud reproaches are worse than useless for the preservation of authority—every thoughtful woman will agree with us. And there is a piece of advice we would give, which may sound novel, and may even give rise to a slight smile of scorn. We mistresses are not all perfect—we may have our "little tempers" at times, which we are not able to keep under complete control; therefore, let no one imagine she would be lessening her authority if she were to say to her lady's maid or cook, "I am apt sometimes to speak a little sharply and hastily, but do not instantly take offence, and give me notice to leave. I never mean to be unjust or unkind; do your best to rectify the fault that caused my angry words, and depend upon it I

shall not be slow to recognise the improvement." By thus admitting a common bond of infirmity, mutual confidence will be established, and assuredly the concession will increase, not abolish, respect.

To revert to the habits of order and early rising, too much stress cannot be laid upon the necessity for them. The day should be regularly planned out, and so far as circumstances admit, the scheme adhered to steadily. The morning hours are golden ones, and can never be recovered if once let slip. We know a lady who, from her first year of wifehood, always rose early enough to gain for herself a clear hour and a half before breakfast. Then she made her plans for the day, wrote out her orders, looked over accounts, wrote letters, and was beforehand with the world, ready and at perfect liberty to enter upon the day's duties and pleasures. So she was never hurried, and was always quick to interest herself in the pursuits of others, and to render active sympathy and help wherever needed.

As years go on, and children are born, the young wife and mother will feel more and more the value of having cultivated the habits of early rising, order and punctuality. Her servants will insensibly be influenced by her spirit and method, and assuredly the other members of her household will value and treasure the harmony and peace which must ensue. We wish, indeed, that all young housewives could recognise fully the responsibilities resting upon them, as the dispensers of all love, beauty, and comfort within their homes. They display often energy enough in the pursuit of amusement, excitement, and dress, and in worthier objects too—in promoting charities, and setting on foot many admirable institutions for the aid and improvement of poor and suffering sisters; but do they put forth their greatest activities for good in their own homes? We do not speak here of husbands and children, but solely of relations to your servants. To us the regret so often expressed in this nineteenth century, that the old attached family-servitor can no longer be found, is a very sad one indeed; it betokens a lamentable failure in family and household attachments. We believe that the power of restoring them to their full strength mainly rests with the "Domina." All women, it is said, love power. Assuredly the mistress of a household has ample scope for the exercise of it; but as one of the most subtle writers of the present day has said, "Woman's power is for rule, not for battle; and her intellect is not for invention or creation, but for sweet ordering, arrangement, and decision. She sees the qualities of things, their claims, and their places. Her great function is praise; she enters into no contest, but infallibly adjudges the crown of content."

Periodical relaxation and leisure are an absolute necessity to those employed in any monotonous daily routine of work. Therefore it will be seen that, as it is to be expected that servants will sometimes wish to see their friends, holidays must be given in rotation, and at stated times. Domestics will soon discover that, with a kind, wise mistress, there is no such very urgent need to insist upon their rights. At the same time it especially behoves the mistress of a household (in London particularly) to know where her young servants spend their holidays. It is only cruel to give them a few hours' leisure, without making sure that content and happiness, and not unrest and misery, will be the result. If they have no friends of their own near, let them be put under the charge of an elder servant. There is always a certain degree of fellowship amongst the class, and a wish to render kindnesses.

We are very sure that it is unwise to give "evenings out" on Sundays in all cases, unless one can be very certainly assured that they are passed in the company of parents, or of steady, respectable friends and connections. But, on the other hand, a point should be made of all servants attending Divine service once at any rate during the Sunday. No matter what their denomination may be, they should always be given an opportunity of attending their own place of worship once in the day; but, as a rule, a Sunday "evening out" is a bad plan. Certainly it may be urged that it is the only day on which servants' friends (people who in all probability have also been hard at work during the week) can receive them, and it seems hard that mistresses should object; but it should be borne in mind that Sunday evenings in London streets present dangers to which no young woman should be exposed.

In small establishments, whenever the family is away from home, it is not a bad plan to allow the servants by turns to stay with their friends; but this can only be done where there are three left in charge; if there are only two it could not be done, as one servant should not be left alone in the house.

At the present day it is not unusual, especially in the homes of professional men, to keep all but open house every Sunday, so that the day in many instances becomes the busiest one in the week. There is no need here to enter upon the question whether it is right or not that it should be so, but we would rather endeavour to meet the difficulty. The preparations for cooking can be brought very forward on the Saturday, and everything requisite for perfect table service being kept at all times (as should be the case) in good order, nothing beyond pre-arrangement and a little extra activity beforehand will be needed. And even where there is only a small household, and the master and mistress frequently dine alone, the same order, neatness, and punctuality should be exacted as when many guests are present. The announcement of "friends to dinner" should occasion no more change or disturbance than would be caused by the placing of additional table appointments.

We believe that the old habit of giving "walks" (as gratuities bestowed upon servants by visitors are called) is growing somewhat into disuse;

but, although it is now absolutely prohibited in some houses, it is difficult to put a stop to it entirely. It does no good—it merely encourages extravagance amongst the servants; for, as the gift comes as a superfluity, they believe themselves quite justified in spending it. If, instead of being allowed to receive gratuities, a slight increase in wages were made, the additional sum might stand a chance of being saved instead of wasted.

In cases of illness it is quite requisite that medical advice and attention should be given at once, and at the expense of the master. In so serious a matter as health, negligence becomes culpable; but at the same time it is a well-recognized fact (probably arising more from want of education than anything else) that servants, and the lower classes generally, are very apt to complain and to imagine themselves seriously ill, if only suffering from a slight indisposition. They are very like children in illness, and require great management. But we think it very unkind at once to send a sick servant out of the house to uncomfortable, dirty lodgings, or even to a hospital, where very often the sight of sufferers all around increases the natural depression caused by illness, and renders recovery more difficult. In cases of accident, however, it is very different, as no more perfect and efficacious surgical aid can be obtained than that given in our hospitals. But in ordinary illnesses servants should not be sent away; the healthy ones will wait upon those who are ill very readily, and supply their places also in the household, unless the time should be too much protracted; then additional help will become necessary.

The house lady should herself pay a daily visit to a sick servant, and, if possible, see the doctor in attendance at the time of the visit. She should be careful that all directions are honestly carried out, and should either administer the medicine herself, or depute an upper servant in whom she has confidence to give it. At the time of convalescence also, servants require looking after like children, as they are seldom careful enough in what they eat and drink. Should the disease be of a contagious nature, and should there be young children in the house, or others likely to suffer from the presence of the invalid, removal from the house, of course, is absolutely necessary.

The wise and good mistress, who, having found out her servant in a flagrant act of dishonesty, still longs to save her from utter disgrace and a miserable life, and for that reason retains her in her service, upon trial as it were, thus giving her a chance of re-establishing herself, and causing the past to be forgotten, will come nearer to our ideal "house lady" than the one who should in righteous indignation chase the offender from her roof, and render it all but impossible for her ever to do right. Still we own the matter is difficult, but we will trust the right solution of it to the house lady who does not hold herself too much aloof from her servants, but who makes herself, as far as possible, acquainted with their families; and if she sees signs of distress or anxiety on the face of any one attending upon her, let her find out what it is, that she may help, comfort, or advise, as the case may be. It is wonderful what good a little timely sympathy may do in preventing a young servant perhaps from parting too readily with her recently-earned wages to some idle or unworthy relative. Servants should be paid regularly every three months, but the remuneration is not complete unless they are taught the worth of money. On this point, as on all others, it is the educated and the thoughtful who must try to show the uneducated and thoughtless how to make the most of what life offers to them.—Queen.

Mrs. Garrett Anderson, M.D., has been unanimously elected a member of the British Medical Association.

The ladies are coming in for some of the good things. Mrs. Carey, sister of Senator Stewart, has been appointed postmistress at her native town in Ohio, with a salary of \$2,200. She presided over the household of Senator Stewart during the absence of his family in Europe, and is a very charming and estimable lady—and widow.

A Western paper gives the history of a young woman who has for several years past successfully cultivated a farm of 120 acres. In 1868 she was attending a young ladies' seminary; but her father died, leaving a farm encumbered with debt, with only her feeble mother to oversee the hired help. The daughter left her school, and with the assistance of her little brother, ten or twelve years old, commenced farming. She dresses in a gymnastic suit, with broad-brimmed hat, gloves, and boots; but she has learned to do most kinds of work, and has been successful in her harvests. She chiefly cultivates corn and wheat, though several acres are devoted to grass, and her young orchard has borne a good deal of fruit, which she herself has taken to market.

Theatrical ladies seem to be in high favor at Vienna, three of them having had exceeding good fortune during the past year. Miss Dustmann, a lady of limited means and unlimited aspirations, had an admirer whom she turned away for another. The swain whom she disdained has recently died, leaving her a large fortune. Another, Miss Rabatinski, is to be married to a very wealthy manufacturer. One of the paragraphs of the marital contract stipulates that on separation, no matter for what cause, or which party demands it, one hundred thousand dollars are to be paid to the lady. The third, Mlle. Troust, a singer, is engaged to a captain in charge of the German North Pole expedition. He has legally pledged himself to marry her on his return, or to leave her all his possessions.

The best remedy known for Summer Complaint, Colby's Pills.

News of the Week.

THE Prince of Wales has gone to Vienna.

THE Sultan, it is rumored, is seriously ill.

FOUR cases of cholera are reported in Vienna.

THE Shah of Persia had departed on his western tour.

TWENTY thousand miners have struck work in Leicestershire.

HIS Holiness the Pope has had a relapse and is confined to his bed.

THE death of the wife of Henri de Rochefort, if reported from Paris.

AN amalgamation of the different Cable Companies is spoken of.

THE trial of the Tichborne claimant for perjury, began on Wednesday.

A BAND of Cuban insurgents have been defeated by the troops opposed to them.

THE Mo-loes, after a severe fight, have been beaten, and the troops are in pursuit.

THE Postal Treaty between France and the United States is still under consideration.

BIDWELL has been handed over to the British authorities by the Captain General of Cuba.

THE Czarewitsch of Russia and his wife, the Princess Dagmar, will visit London next month.

AT the request of Spain, France has permitted the transport of war material through her territory.

THE Vienna exhibition will be opened on the 1st of May, although the building will not then be complete.

CABLE rates will be advanced after the 1st of May to six shillings sterling, or one dollar and a half per word.

PRINCE ALBRECHT, nephew of the Emperor of Germany, was married to Princess Mary of Saxe-Altenburg a few days ago.

THE two banks at Liverpool, Nova Scotia, which suspended, are expected to resume business immediately.

THE beer riots at Frankfort have not broken out afresh, the rioters being overawed by a strong display of military force.

A MASS meeting of Democrats will be held in London to protest against the non-recognition of the Spanish Republic by England.

EDOUARD MAINVILLE, the murderer of the little girl Robitaille, has been caught at a place called Deschenes, not far from Aylmer.

SEVEN hundred sons of St. Crispin struck work at Cincinnati, because their Society is not formally recognized by their employers.

PERSIA having complained of the violation of her frontier, the Russian troops have received orders to respect Persian territory in future.

THE Dutch, who are at war with the natives in Sumatra, have met with a repulse in which they lost 200 men and the officer commanding.

AN Englishman has been arrested by French officers on the frontier and sent to Perpignan, charged with holding a commission in the Carlist force.

BISMARCK, in a debate on a bill to regulate ecclesiastical appointments, denied that he had prompted the occupation of Rome by the Italian Government.

PREDATORY bands of Carlists were still cutting the railways in the north of Spain, and killing such passengers as were so unlucky as to fall into their hands.

A GERMAN professor has dissuaded the Japanese Embassadors, now in Europe, from reporting in favor of making Christianity the state religion of Japan.

JUDGE DAVIS has granted the District Attorney's motion to set aside the writ of error in the Stokes case, which decision of course lessens the prisoner's chances of a new trial.

THE violence of the earthquake at San Salvador has been greater than at first reported, the entire city being destroyed as well as surrounding villages. Loss of life, 500.

TURKEY is taking rapid strides in civilization. The railway between the chief city of the empire and Adrianople, the next in rank, has been completed and trains are now running.

A FRIGHTFUL railroad accident occurred on Saturday, on the line between Stonington and Providence, R. I., by a train going through a bridge. Fifteen to twenty persons were burnt to death and many were injured.

O'KELLY, the N. Y. Herald correspondent, is in no immediate danger, as even in case of his conviction by the Court, the Captain General will, according to his expressed intention, extend to him a free pardon. In the meantime his trial will go on.

It is stated that over 200 immigrants arrived in New York who had been promised employment immediately on their arrival there by Immigration Agents in London, a promise which was not fulfilled. This is a form of deception which is deserving of the severest censure.

THE village of Berthier, opposite Sorel, is completely inundated, the river having risen to within thirteen inches of the level attained by the great flood of 1865. Happily, however, the ice, which was much feared, has moved away. At Riviere du Loup (en haut) the ice is still firm and the water causes much damage, sweeping away houses, barns and other buildings.

Nightmare in children denotes a want of nervous energy commensurate with the strain upon the general system, and should be attended to by the parent or guardian early to prevent graver complications. Follows' Hypophosphites will restore healthy activity to the nervous system in a short time.

LIFE AND LOVE IN NORWAY.



TRYING ON THE BRIDAL CROWN.

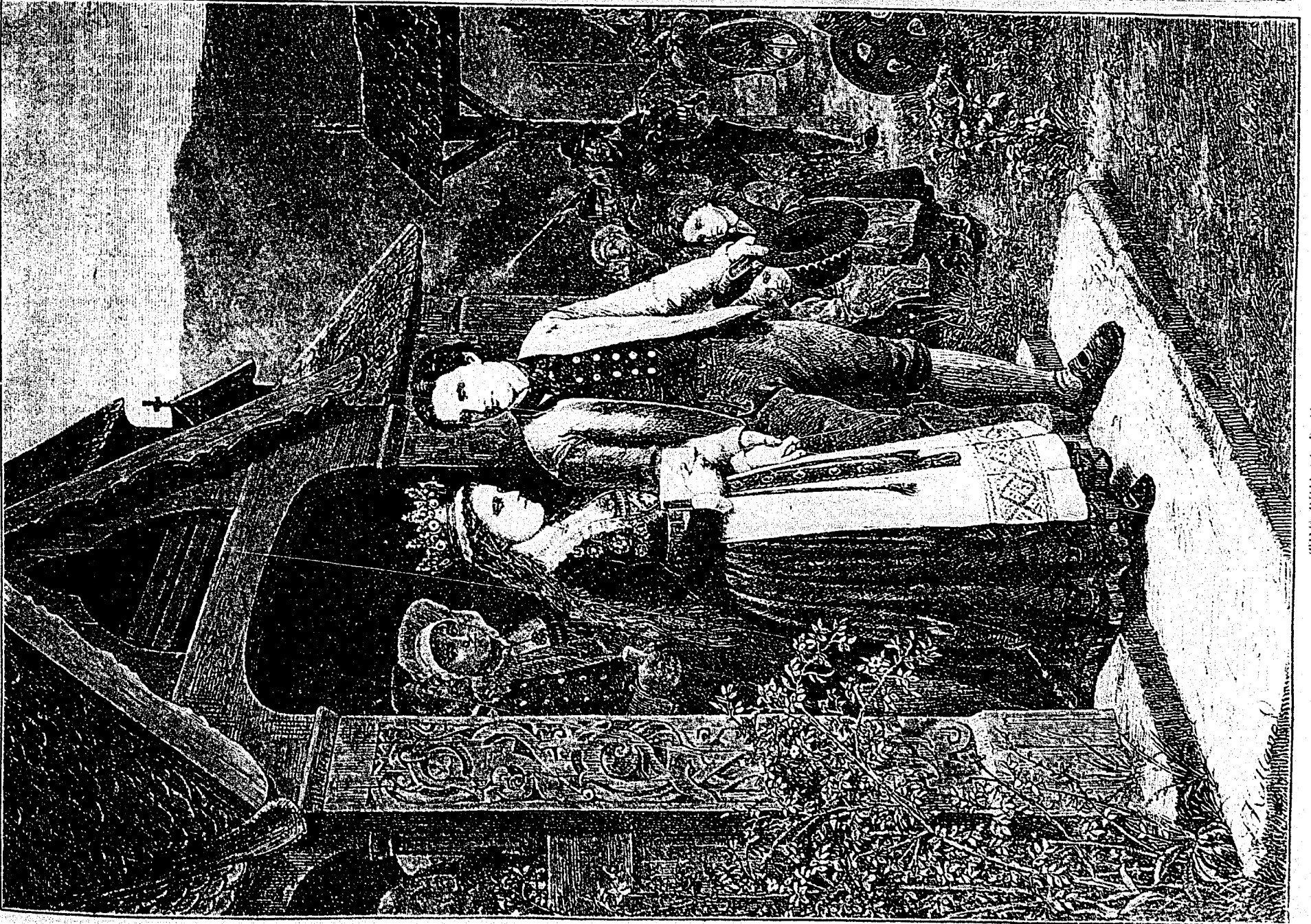


THE RENCON TRE.

LIFE AND LOVE IN NORWAY



THE GRANDPARENTS' VISIT.



THE BRIDAL PAIR.

REGISTERED in accordance with the Copy-right Act of 1868.

THE NEW MAGDALEN.

BY WILKIE COLLINS.

SECOND SCENE—*Mablethorpe House.*CHAPTER XXVII.—*Continued.*

"For three happy years I lived under that friendly roof. I was between fifteen and sixteen years of age when the fatal inheritance from my mother cast its first shadow on my life. One miserable day the wife's motherly love for me changed, in an instant, to the jealous hatred that never forgives. Can you guess the reason? The husband fell in love with me.

"I was innocent; I was blameless. He owned it himself to the clergyman who was with him at his death. By that time years had passed—it was too late to justify me.

"He was at an age (when I was under his care) when men are usually supposed to regard women with tranquillity, if not with indifference. It had been the habit of years with me, to look on him as my second father. In my innocent ignorance of the feeling which really inspired him, I permitted him to indulge in little paternal familiarities with me, which inflamed his guilty passion. His wife discovered him—not I. No words can describe my astonishment and horror when the first outbreak of her indignation forced on me the knowledge of the truth. On my knees I declared myself guiltless. On my knees I implored her to do justice to my purity and my youth. At other times the sweetest and the most considerate of women, jealousy had now transformed her to a perfect fury. She accused me of deliberately encouraging him; she declared she would turn me out of the house with her own hands. Like other easy-tempered men, her husband had reserves of anger in him which it was dangerous to provoke. When his wife lifted her hand against me he lost all self-control on his side. He openly told her that life was worth nothing to him, without me; he openly avowed his resolution to go with me when I left the house. The maddened woman seized him by the arm—I saw that, and saw no more. I ran out into the street, panic-stricken. A cab was passing. I got into it, before he could open the house door, and drove to the only place of refuge I could think of—a small shop, kept by the widowed sister of one of our servants. Here I obtained shelter for the night. The next day he discovered me. He made his vile proposals; he offered me the whole of his fortune; he declared his resolution, say what I might, to return the next day. That night, by help of the good woman who had taken care of me—under cover of the darkness, as if I had been to blame—I was secretly removed to the East End of London, and placed under the charge of a trustworthy person who lived in a very humble way, by letting lodgings.

"Here, in a little back garret at the top of the house, I was thrown again on the world at an age when it was doubly perilous for me to be left to my own resources to earn the bread I eat, and the roof that covered me.

"I claim no credit to myself—young as I was; placed as I was between the easy life of Vice and the hard life of Virtue—for acting as I did. The man simply horrified me; my natural impulse was to escape from him. But let it be remembered, before I approach the saddest part of my sad story, that I was an innocent girl, and that I was at least not to blame.

"Forgive me for dwelling as I have done on my early years. I shrink from speaking of the events that are still to come.

"In losing the esteem of my first benefactress, I had, in my friendless position, lost all hold on an honest life—except the one frail hold of needlework. The only reference of which I could now dispose was the recommendation of me by my landlady to a place of business which largely employed expert needlewomen. It is needless for me to tell you how miserably work of that sort is remunerated—you have read about it in the newspapers. As long as my health lasted, I contrived to live and to keep out of debt. Few girls could have resisted as long as I did the slowly-poisoning influences of crowded work-rooms, insufficient nourishment, and almost total privation of exercise. My life as a child had been a life in the open air—it had helped to strengthen a constitution naturally hardy, naturally free from all taint of hereditary disease. But my time came at last. Under the cruel stress laid on it my health gave way. I was struck down by low fever, and sentence was pronounced on me by my fellow-lodgers: 'Ah, poor thing, her troubles will soon be at an end!'

"The prediction might have proved true—I might never have committed the errors and endured the sufferings of after-years—if I had fallen ill in another house.

"But it was my good, or my evil fortune—I dare not say which—to have interested in myself and my sorrows an actress at a suburban theatre, who occupied the room under

mine. Except when her stage-duties took her away for two or three hours in the evening, this noble creature never left my bedside. Ill as she could afford it, her purse paid my inevitable expenses while I lay helpless. The landlady, moved by her example, accepted half the weekly rent of my room. The doctor, with the Christian kindness of his profession, would take no fees. All that the tenderest care could accomplish was lavished on me; my youth and my constitution did the rest. I struggled back to life—and then I took up my needle again.

"It may surprise you that I should have failed (having an actress for my dearest friend) to use the means of introduction thus offered me to try the stage—especially as my childish training had given me, in some small degree, a familiarity with the Art.

"I had only one motive for shrinking from an appearance at the theatre; but it was strong enough to induce me to submit to any alternative that remained, no matter how hopeless it might be. If I showed myself on the public stage, my discovery by the man from whom I had escaped would be only a question of time. I knew him to be habitually a play-goer, and a subscriber to a theatrical newspaper. I had even heard him speak of the theatre to which my friend was attached, and compare it advantageously with places of amusement of far higher pretensions. Sooner or later, if I joined the company, he would be certain to go and see 'the new actress.' The bare thought of it reconciled me to returning to my needle. Before I was strong enough to endure the atmosphere of the crowded work-room, I obtained permission, as a favour, to resume my occupation at home."

"Surely my choice was the choice of a virtuous girl? And yet, the day when I returned to my needle was the fatal day of my life.

"I had now not only to provide for the wants of the passing hour—I had my debts to pay. It was only to be done by toiling harder than ever, and by living more poorly than ever. I soon paid the penalty, in my weakened state, of leading such a life as this. One evening my head turned suddenly giddy; my heart throbbed frightfully. I managed to open the window, and to let the fresh air into the room; and I felt better. But I was not sufficiently recovered to be able to thread my needle. I thought to myself, 'If I go out for half an hour, a little exercise may put me right again.' I had not, as I suppose, been out more than ten minutes, when the attack from which I had suffered in my room was renewed. There was no shop near in which I could take refuge. I tried to ring the bell of the nearest house-door. Before I could reach it, I fainted in the street.

"How long hunger and weakness left me at the mercy of the first stranger who might pass by, it is impossible for me to say.

"When I partially recovered my senses I was conscious of being under shelter somewhere, and of having a wine glass containing some cordial drink held to my lips by a man. I managed to swallow—I don't know how little, or how much. The stimulant had a very strange effect on me. Reviving me at first, it ended in stupefying me. I lost my senses once more.

"When I next recovered myself the day was breaking. I was in a bed, in a strange room. A nameless terror seized me. I called out. Three or four women came in, whose faces betrayed even to my inexperienced eyes the shameless infamy of their lives. I started up in my bed; I implored them to tell me where I was and what had happened—

"Spare me! I can say no more. Not long since, you heard Miss Roseberry call me an outcast from the streets. Now you know—as God is my judge I am speaking the truth!—now you know what made me an outcast, and in what measure I deserved my disgrace."

Her voice faltered, her resolution failed her, for the first time.

"Give me a few minutes," she said, in low, pleading tones. "If I try to go on now, I am afraid I shall cry."

She took the chair which Julian had placed for her, turning her face aside so that neither of the men could see it. One of her hands was pressed over her bosom, the other hung listlessly at her side.

Julian rose from the place that he had occupied. Horace neither moved nor spoke. His head was on his breast; the traces of tears on his cheeks owned mutely that she had touched his heart. Would he forgive her? Julian passed on, and approached Mercy's chair.

In silence he took the hand which hung at her side. In silence he lifted it to his lips and kissed it, as her brother might have kissed it. She started, but she never looked up. Some strange fear of discovery seemed to possess her. "Horace," she whispered timidly, Julian made no reply. He went back to his place, and allowed her to think it was Horace. The sacrifice was immense enough—feeling towards her as he felt—to be worthy of the man who made it.

A few minutes had been all she asked for. In a few minutes she turned towards them again. Her sweet voice was steady once more; her eyes rested softly on Horace as she went on.

"What was it possible for a friendless girl

in my position to do, when the full knowledge of the outrage had been revealed to me?

"If I had possessed near and dear relatives to protect and advise me, the wretches into whose hands I had fallen might have felt the penalty of the law. I know no more of the formalities which set the law in motion than a child. But I had another alternative (you will say). Charitable societies would have received me and helped me, if I had stated my case to them. I knew no more of the charitable societies than I knew of the law. At least, then, I might have gone back to the honest people among whom I had lived? When I recovered my freedom, after an interval of some days, I was ashamed to go back to the honest people. Helplessly and hopelessly, without sin or choice of mine, I drifted, as thousands of other women have drifted, into the life which set a mark on me for the rest of my days.

"Are you surprised at the ignorance which this confession reveals?

"You, who have your solicitors to inform you of legal remedies, and your newspapers, circulars, and active friends, to sound the praises of charitable institutions continually in your ears—you, who possess these advantages, have no idea of the outer world of ignorance in which your lost fellow-creatures live. They know nothing (unless they are rogues accustomed to prey on society) of your benevolent schemes to help them. The purpose of public charities, and the way to discover and apply to them, ought to be posted at the corner of every street. What do we know of public dinners and eloquent sermons and neatly-printed circulars? Every now and then the case of some forlorn creature (generally of a woman), who has committed suicide, within five minutes' walk, perhaps, of an institution which would have opened its doors to her, appears in the newspapers, shocks you dreadfully, and is then forgotten again. Take as much pains to make charities and asylums known among the people without money, as are taken to make a new play, a new journal, or a new medicine known among the people with money, and you will save many a lost creature who is perishing now.

"You will forgive and understand me if I say no more of this period of my life. Let me pass to the new incident in my career which brought me for the second time before the public notice in a court of law.

"Sad as my experience has been, it has not taught me to think ill of human nature. I had found kind hearts to feel for me in my former troubles; and I had friends—faithful, self-denying, generous friends—among my sisters in adversity now. One of these poor women (she has gone, I am glad to think, from the world that used her so hardly) especially attracted my sympathies. She was the gentlest, the most unselfish creature I have ever met with. We lived together like sisters. More than once, in the dark hours when the thought of self-destruction comes to a desperate woman, the image of my poor devoted friend, left to suffer alone, rose in my mind and restrained me. You will hardly understand it, but even we had our happy days. When she or I had a few shillings to spare, we used to offer one another little presents, and enjoy our simple pleasure in giving and receiving as keenly as if we had been the most reputable women living.

"One day I took my friend into a shop to buy her a ribbon—only a bow for her dress. She was to choose it, and I was to pay for it, and it was to be the prettiest ribbon that money could buy.

"The shop was full; we had to wait a little before we could be served.

"Next to me, as I stood at the counter with my companion, was a gaudily-dressed woman, looking at some handkerchiefs. The handkerchiefs were finely embroidered, but the smart lady was hard to please. She tumbled them up disdainfully in a heap, and asked for other specimens from the stock in the shop. The man, in clearing the handkerchiefs out of the way, suddenly missed one. He was quite sure of it, from a peculiarity in the embroidery which made the handkerchief especially noticeable. I was poorly dressed, and I was close to the handkerchiefs. After one look at me he shouted to the superintendent, 'Shut the door! There is a thief in the shop!'

"The door was closed; the lost handkerchief was vainly sought for on the counter and on the floor. A robbery had been committed, and I was accused of being the thief.

"I will say nothing of what I felt—I will only tell you what happened.

"I was searched, and the handkerchief was discovered on me. The woman who had stood next to me, on finding herself threatened with discovery, had, no doubt, contrived to slip the stolen handkerchief into my pocket. Only an accomplished thief could have escaped detection in that way, without my knowledge. It was useless, in the face of the facts, to declare my innocence. I had no character to appeal to. My friend tried to speak for me; but what was she? Only a lost woman like myself. My landlady's evidence in favour of my honesty produced no effect; it was against her that she let lodgings to people in my position. I was prosecuted and found guilty. The tale of my disgrace is now complete, Mr. Beaumont. No matter whether

I was innocent or not, the shame of it remains—I have been imprisoned for theft.

"The matron of the prison was the next person who took an interest in me. She reported favourably of my behaviour to the authorities, and when I had served my time (as the phrase was among us) she gave me a letter to the kind friend and guardian of my later years—to the lady who is coming here to take me back with her to the Refuge.

"From this time the story of my life is little more than the story of a woman's vain efforts to recover her lost place in the world.

"The matron, on receiving me into the Refuge frankly acknowledged that there were terrible obstacles in my way. But she saw that I was sincere, and she felt a good woman's sympathy and compassion for me. On my side, I did not shrink from beginning the slow and weary journey back again to a reputable life, from the humblest starting-point—from domestic service. After first earning my new character in the Refuge, I obtained a trial in a respectable house. I worked hard and uncomplainingly, but my mother's fatal legacy was against me from the first. My personal appearance excited remarks; my manners and habits were not the manners and habits of the women among whom my lot was cast. I tried one place after another, always with the same result. Suspicion and jealousy I could endure, but I was defenceless when curiosity assailed me in its turn. Sooner or later inquiry led to discovery. Sometimes the servants threatened to give warning in a body—and I was obliged to go. Sometimes, where there was a young man in the family, scandal pointed at me and at him—and again I was obliged to go. If you care to know it, Miss Roseberry can tell you the story of those sad days. I confided it to her on the memorable night when we met in the French cottage. I have no heart to repeat it now. After a while I wearied of the hopeless struggle. Despair laid its hold on me—I lost all hope in the mercy of God. More than once I walked to one or other of the bridges and looked over the parapet at the river, and said to myself, 'Other women have done it, why shouldn't I?'

"You saved me at that time, Mr. Gray—as you have saved me since. I was one of your congregation when you preached in the chapel of the Refuge. You reconciled others besides me to our hard pilgrimage. In their name and in mine, sir, I thank you.

"I forget how long it was after the bright day when you comforted and sustained us that the war broke out between France and Germany. But I can never forget the evening when the matron sent for me into her own room, and said, 'My dear, your life here is a wasted life. If you have courage enough left to try it, I can give you another chance.'

"I passed through a month of probation in a London hospital. A week after that I wore the red cross of the Geneva Convention—I was appointed nurse in a French ambulance. When you first saw me, Mr. Holmroft, I still had my nurse's dress on, hidden from you and from everybody under a grey cloak.

"You know what the next event was, you know how I entered this house.

(To be continued.)

Varieties.

A clergyman in the vicinity of Hartford advertises for "six enthusiastic church members to set the other six hundred on fire."

Arkansas newspaper correspondents in the Legislature make assertions and back 'em up by saying: "I've got six bullets which says it's so."

The following concise and comprehensive note was sent to an Illinois merchant by a neighboring farmer the other day: "Send me a trace-chain and two hinges. Jane had a baby last night—also two pallocks."

"'Twas ever thus; from childhood's hour I've seen my fondest hopes take flight, I never held a harbored bower, But some one took it with the right."

An eccentric old fellow, who lives alongside of a graveyard, was asked if it was not an unpleasant location. "No," said he, "I never find places in all my life with a set of neighbors that muddled their business so studdly as they do."

They are experts on all manner of subjects in these days of litigation. A woman testified at Norwich, the other day, in a turkey case, and declared she knew these turkeys "by their walk, their countenance, and their manner of roosting."

This is the way a delighted Michigan "local" puts it:—Brighter days are coming—just think of it. Blue birds, dandelions, caravans, self-sorghers, arichokes, violets and hand-organs, will soon sing, shine, show, sharpen, scent and shriek that Spring has come.

A very unpleasant fix was that of the gent on Saturday night, who struggled manfully but hopelessly to enclose himself within a pair of tight boots while a dog-fight was going on around the corner. He finally got out there in his stocking feet, but the fight was over.—*Danbury News.*

All who see Jacobs' Liquid recommend it!

Chess.

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

ERRATUM.—In Enigma No. 26, for "K. R. th," read "K. R. 5th"

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

All communications should be accompanied by the name and address of the sender (for publication or otherwise as may be expressed) in guarantee of good faith. We cannot notice any others.

C. S. B. Montreal.—Yours of the 25th April will receive due consideration.

THE CHESS CONGRESS.

The Managing Committee of the Canadian Chess Association have adopted the following programme for the Grand Tournament to be held in Toronto on the 13th of May next. Two Tourneys will be held; one for games, the other for problems, open to all residents of the Dominion, as follows:—

GAME TOURNEY.

Only one class to be opened. Three prizes to be given, one to each of the three players winning the greatest number of games. Drawn games to count as half won and half lost to each player. Intending competitors can enter their names at once with the Secretary. Entries to be closed at the meeting, at 10 p.m., on the 13th of May. The method of play and of pairing competitors to be arranged at the meeting by the majority of those entered present. Entrance fee to non-members of the association, \$2. Should the players present at the meeting desire it, a second-class or Minor Tourney will be held also.

PROBLEM TOURNEY.

Five prizes will be offered, one for the best and one for the second best set of three Problems of 2, 2, and 4 moves respectively; and three others, viz., one each for the best two-move Problem, the best three-move Problem, and the best four-move Problem. The Problems to be ordinary ones. Problems of the winning sets to be excluded from competition for prizes for a single Problem; Problems of the other sets to be considered as competing for those prizes. Competitors allowed to send in as many sets or single problems as they please. Each competitor to affix a motto to each Problem or set sent in, and also to enclose his name and address in a sealed envelope, bearing the same motto. The award will be made by a judge or committee of judges chosen by the Committee. Problems to be sent to Dr. I. Ryall, Secretary-Treasurer of the Association, Box 531, P.O., Hamilton, so as to reach him not later than the 1st of June next, after which date none will be received. Entrance fee to non-members, \$2. The entrance fees to the Game Tourney will be devoted exclusively to the prizes for play; and the entrance fees to the Problem Tourney to the prizes for Problems. Members of the Association admitted to compete in both Tourneys free. The Committee are unable to state what amounts will be given for prizes, but hope to be in a position to offer the following:—

GAME TOURNEY.

Table with 2 columns: Prize level (First, Second, Third) and Amount (\$50, \$25, \$10).

PROBLEM TOURNEY.

Table with 2 columns: Problem type (Best set of 3, Second best, Best 2-move, Best 3-move, Best 4-move) and Amount (\$25, \$15, \$10, \$10, \$10).

Whether they will be able to carry out their wishes in this respect depends altogether on the liberality with which chess-players throughout the Dominion come forward to aid them with the necessary funds. If the amount at their disposal is not sufficient, the value of the prizes will be proportionately reduced; if, on the other hand, the funds available are more than enough, it is in their discretion to offer prizes of greater value.

The annual subscription to the Association is:—For clubs, \$5; individual members, \$2; life members, \$50. Intending subscribers will please communicate with the Secretary-Treasurer, Box 531, P.O., Hamilton.

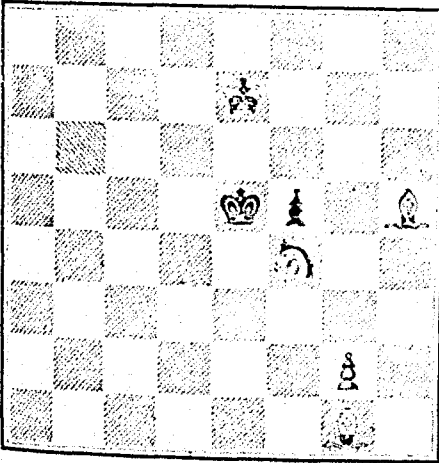
By order, I. RYALL, M.B., Sec.-Treas.

The Secretary-Treasurer acknowledges the receipt of Problems (to compete as above) with the following mottos attached:—

- List of mottos: "Success to our Tourney," "May we have good games," "May we have good problems," "A pleasant reunion."

PROBLEM No. 8.

By Mr. J. A. Russell, Toronto. BLACK.



White to play and mate in four moves.

- SOLUTION OF PROBLEM No. 79. White: 1. Q. to K. 3rd, 2. Kt. to B. 4th ch., 3. Kt. to K. 2nd mate. Black: B. or Kt. takes Q. K. moves. VARIATIONS: 1. 2. P. to B. 4th ch., 3. Q. to Q. Kt. 3d mate. 2. 3. Q. to Kt. 6th mate. 3. Q. to Q. 4th mate. K. takes Kt. K. takes P. K. to B. 3rd K. to K. 4th.

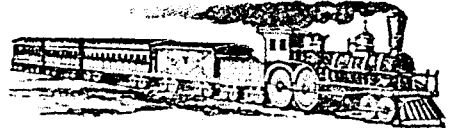
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The only work of the kind ever written by a woman, is a necessity in every household, its entire novelty and eminent practicalness will create an immense demand. Notwithstanding the delicate subjects necessarily treated, it is written in such a brave, pure style as will not offend the most fastidious. Lady agents never have had such an opportunity to make money and do good. Terms and sample sheets mailed free on immediate application.

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Pullman Palace, Parlor and Homelike New Ordinary Cars on all Through Day Trains, and Palace Sleeping Cars on all Through Night Trains over the whole Line.

TRAINS now leave Montreal as follows:— GOING WEST.

- Day Mail for Prescott, Ogdensburg, Ottawa, Brockville, Kingston, Belleville, Toronto, Guelph, London, Brantford, Goderich, Buffalo, Detroit, Chicago and all points West, at 8:00 a.m. Night Express at 8:00 p.m. Mixed Train for Toronto, stopping at all Stations at 6:00 a.m. Passenger Train for Brockville and all intermediate Stations at 4:00 p.m. Trains leave Montreal for Lachine at 7 a.m., 9 a.m., 12 noon, 3 p.m., 5 p.m., and 6:30 p.m. Trains leave Lachine for Montreal at 8 a.m., 10:00 a.m., 1 p.m., 3:30 p.m., 5:30 p.m., and 7 p.m. The 3:00 p.m. Train runs through to Province line.

GOING SOUTH AND EAST.

- Express for Boston via Vermont Central Railroad, at 8:40 a.m. Express for New York and Boston, via Vermont Central, at 3:30 p.m. Mail Train for St. John's and Rouse's Point, connecting with trains on the Stanstead, Shelburne and Chambly, and South Eastern Counties Junction Railway, at 3:00 p.m. Mixed Train for Island Pond and Way Stations, at 6:00 a.m. Mail Train for St. Hyacinthe, Richmond, Sherbrooke, Island Pond, at 1:45 p.m. Night Express for Island Pond, Graham, Portland, Boston, and the Lower Provinces, at 10:30 p.m. Night Express for Quebec, stopping at St. Hilaire and St. Hyacinthe, at Midnight.

As the punctuality of the train depends on connections with other lines, the Company will not be responsible for trains not arriving at or leaving any station at the hours named.

Steamer "FALMOUTH" will leave Portland every Tuesday, at 5:30 p.m., for Halifax, N.S. The splendid steamer "CARLOTTA," running in connection with the Grand Trunk Railway, will leave Portland for Halifax, N.S., every Saturday at 4:00 p.m. She has excellent accommodation for Passengers and Freight.

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The International Company's Steamers, also running in connection with the Grand Trunk Railway, leave Portland every Monday and Thursday at 6:00 p.m. for St. John, N.B., &c.

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Through Tickets issued at the Company's principal stations. 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 21, 1872. 7-15 1/2

CUSTOMS DEPARTMENT.

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

MARAVILLA COCOA. OPINIONS OF THE PRESS. "Those who have not yet tried Maravilla will do well to do so." Morning Post. "It may justly be called the PERFECTION OF PREPARED COCOA."—British Medical Journal.

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

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

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STOCK'S CELEBRATED EXTRA MACHINE OIL.

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TO MANUFACTURERS, PATENTEES, INVENTORS, and OTHERS.

THE Canadian Patent Office Record (OFFICIAL.)

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The first or March number of "The Canadian Patent Office Record and Mechanics' Magazine" contains 32 pages of interesting illustrations and letter-press on mechanical and scientific subjects; the short descriptions or claims of 25 inventions patented in Ottawa from October 15th to December 15th, 1872, with complete index; 249 diagrams, illustrating the same; the whole forming a handsome quarto pamphlet of 72 pages. For sale by all News-Dealers at 15 Cents per number.

Advertisements for the April number should be sent in at once. Address Geo. E. Desbarats, Publisher, Montreal. 7-14 1/2

INSOLVENT ACT OF 1869.

Canada, Province of Quebec, District of Montreal.

IN THE SUPERIOR COURT. In the Matter of JAMES MCCLURE, An Insolvent.

THE UNDERSIGNED has filed in the office of this Court a deed of composition and discharge executed by his creditors, and on the seventeenth day of May next he will apply to the said Court for a confirmation of the discharge thereby effected.

JAMES MCCLURE, By MONK & BUTLER, his Attorneys. Montreal, 13th April, 1873. 7-15-6

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

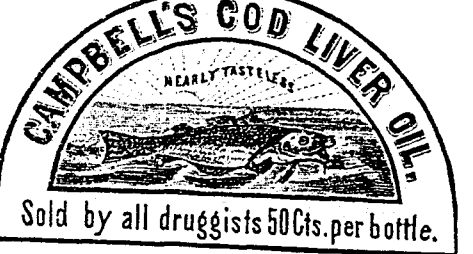
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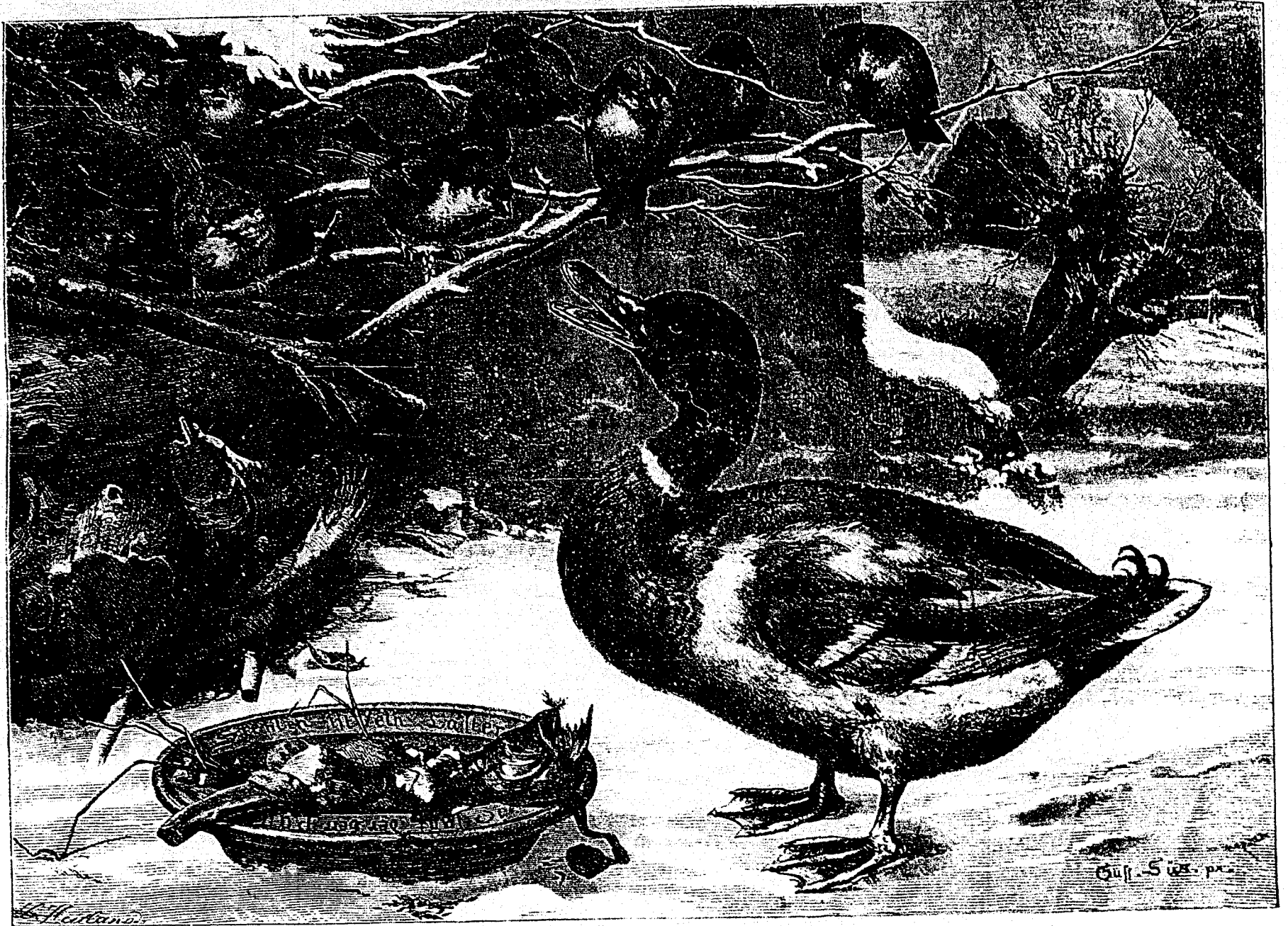
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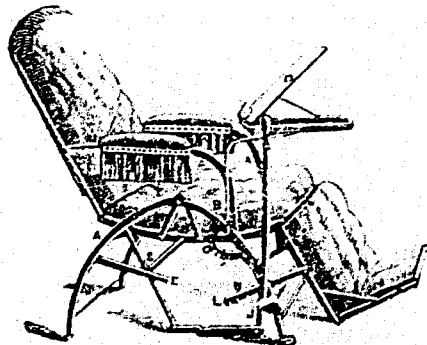
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Terms: \$1.50 Per Day.

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IT WAS THE FIRST AND IS
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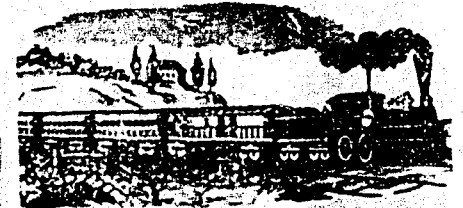
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BALSAMIC, SOOTHING, EXPECTORANT,
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INTERCOLONIAL RAILWAY.

1872-3. Winter Arrangement. 1872-3.

On and after **SATURDAY, 21st inst.**, a Passenger and Mail Train will leave Halifax daily, at 7:30 a.m., and be due in St. John at 8:35 p.m. A Passenger and Mail Train will also leave St. John daily, at 8:00 a.m., and be due in Halifax at 9:30 p.m.

Trains will connect at Painesec 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,
 Montreal, N.B., Dec. 1872.

7-2-11

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