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Wholesale News

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THE LATE POPE PIUS IX.

The CANADIAN ILLUSTRATED NEWS is published by THE BURLAND-DESBARATS LITHOGRAPHIC AND PUBLISHING COMPANY on the following conditions: \$4.00 per annum in advance, \$4.50 if not paid strictly in advance. \$3.00 for clergymen, school-teachers and postmasters, in advance.

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City subscribers are requested to report at once to this office, either personally or by postal card, any irregularity in the delivery of their papers.

MORRISBURG ILLUSTRATED.

In the present number we present the first of two large double-page illustrations of Morrisburg, Ont. It consists of views of prominent public and private buildings, with such scraps as will tend to give an artistic finish to the scene. This new enterprise of ours is beginning to excite attention throughout the country, and we are in receipt of flattering commendations. And we are certain that the more it is known, the more it will be appreciated. It will be the first time that Canada, its history, resources, industries, geography, &c., will have been set before the people of the country. Not only persons resident in the several localities described, but others also should make it a point to collect these illustrated articles to preserve them for future reference. Nowhere else will they ever find such a mine of useful and entertaining information. The letter-press is equal to the pictorial execution. Our Special Correspondent, Mr. George Tolley, well known for years as the editor of the *Montreal Star*, is devoting his whole time, energy and ability to the work, and he has an eye especially for bits of curious antiquity connected with each place which he visits. We bespeak for Mr. Tolley the consideration of our friends wherever he goes. Orders for the first of this Morrisburg Illustrated Number should be sent in early, as back sets are often difficult to supply.

We have a second double-page of Morrisburg which will be held over till the next fortnightly number, owing to the intervention of Lord Dufferin's visit to Montreal, which will occupy the following number all to itself.

ST. JOHN, N.B.

The present number contains the fifth of the series of portraits of the principal men and notabilities of St. John, N.B. We beg to call the attention of all our friends in the Maritime Provinces to this series.

NOTICE.

BY CELIA'S ARBOUR.

Owing to some unaccountable delay, we did not receive the advance sheets of this serial in due course, and must, in consequence, postpone the publishing of the closing chapters for one or two numbers. Meantime, we give our readers the choice of two very beautiful short stories.

NOTICE.

THE DUFFERIN NUMBER.

In the next number our paper shall be almost entirely devoted to

Lord Dufferin's Visit

to Montreal. The sketches will comprise:—

- The Great Ball, on the 12th.
- The Visit to Mackay Institute, on the 13th.
- The Conferring of Degrees by McGill, on the 14th.
- The Art Association Conversation, on the 15th.
- The Military Drama, at the Academy, on the 14th.

Together with new portraits of their Excellencies, and an excellent view of the

WINDSOR HOTEL.

GREECE.—The Greek Government has consented to stop the advance of troops and refer the question of their withdrawal to the Conference.

THE EASTERN WAR.—A renewal of hostilities between Turkey and Montenegro is imminent, on account of the Porte's objecting to Montenegro establishing a line of demarcation.—The presence of the British fleet in the Bosphorus is apparently to be made an excuse by Russia to claim greater liberty of action, and to throw off any restraint which the Czar's promises may have imposed upon her. It is claimed, at least that Russia will now regulate her action by the attitude of England. The rumors of the preliminaries containing secret clauses in relation of an alliance between Russia and the Porte and relative to the Straits and the limits of Bulgaria, are denied.

CANADIAN ILLUSTRATED NEWS.

Montreal, Saturday, Feb. 16th, 1878.

PIUS IX.

One of the great figures of this century has disappeared with the demise of POPE PIUS IX. Viewing him from the standpoint of the man of the world, and leaving out theoretical differences altogether, there is no fair-minded man who will dispute the claims of POPE PIUS to a high historic place, while among Roman Pontiffs, few names are more eminent. He was born at Sinigaglia, in the States of the Church, on May 13, 1792. He was a son of Count GIUGLIANO MASTAI-FERRETTI and the Countess CATERINA SALUZZI, receiving the name of GIOVANNI MARIA MASTAI-FERRETTI, with the title of "Contino." in accordance with the common usage of the province. He began his studies in 1803, in the College of Volterra, which were interrupted in 1808 by frequent attacks of epilepsy. In 1809 he received the clerical tonsure and went to Rome to study theology. He returned to Sinigaglia in 1810, and continued his studies under the direction of his maternal uncle. In 1812 his name was placed by the French authorities on the lists of the Italian guard which they were organizing at Milan, but he was excused from military service on account of his physical infirmity. In the autumn of 1813 he attended as a layman the lectures of the Roman Academy. Soon afterwards, his epileptic fits recurring less frequently, he was encouraged to resume his clerical dress, and was allowed to receive minor orders. Pius VII. personally gave him permission to receive priests' orders in 1819, when he was appointed director of an institution called Tata Giovanni, for the education of poor boys. He was chosen in June, 1823, secretary to Monignore Muzi, apostolic delegate to Chili, where he ministered to the Indian populations of the interior. On his return to Rome in June, 1825, he was made domestic prelate to Leo XII. In 1827 he was nominated Archbishop of Spoleto, and he created, at his own expense, charitable and industrial establishments like those which he had governed at Rome. In 1831 he induced a body of 4,000 insurgents to give up their arms to him, obtained their pardon from the authorities, and governed for a time the provinces of Spoleto and Perugia. In 1832 he did much to alleviate the distress occasioned by severe earthquakes, and he was made Archbishop of Imola. On the 23rd of December, 1839, he was created Cardinal, and proclaimed as such on the 14th of December, 1840. He was, when GREGORY XVI. died, June 1, 1846, immediately designated by the representative men of the moderate national party as the most suitable successor. On June 16 he was elected Pope.

He began his Pontificate by many acts of clemency and liberality, which endeared him to his people, but, on the outbreak of the Revolution, in 1848, his troubles began. On the 15th October of that year, his Prime Minister Rossi was assassinated, and the next day the populace, the civic guard, the gendarmerie, the troops of the line and the Roman legion, besieged the Quirinal and forced the Pope, whose Secretary, Monsignore PALMA, was shot down at his side, to accept a Radical Ministry. At length Pius IX. escaped from imprisonment in his own palace, and, disguised as a simple priest, sought refuge in Gaeta. He immediately issued a protest against the acts of the revolutionary government, and in February, 1849, he called upon the Catholic Powers, particularly France, Spain, Austria and Naples, for armed resistance. Rome capitulated to the French forces on July 1, 1849. The Pope re-entered Rome, April 12, 1850. On September 24, he published a brief restoring the Roman Catholic hierarchy in England. In 1854 he invited the bishops from all parts of Christendom to meet at Rome, and with their consent, formally defined the

doctrine of the Immaculate Conception to be a dogma of the Catholic faith. The ceremony took place in St. Peter's, December 8, 1854. Other important acts of his Pontificate have been the conclusion of concordats with Spain, 1851, Baden, 1854, and Austria, 1855, all of which have since been revoked or annulled; the foundation at Rome of English and American colleges for students of theology; a bull of excommunication, March 26, 1860, and published with the usual formalities on March 28, against all persons concerned in the invasion and dismemberment of his dominions; his reform of the great religious bodies, begun by the encyclical letter of June 17, 1847, and since consummated so as to make the period of probation more protracted, and to raise the standard of descriptive and intellectual training; the publication, December 8, 1864, of the encyclical *Quanta cura* and the accompanying Syllabus or catalogue of propositions condemned by him at different times; the celebration in 1869-70 of the first session of the Council of the Vatican, which ended in decreeing and promulgating the dogma of Pontifical infallibility; creation in the United States of a vast Roman hierarchy; the conflict with the Russian Government after 1863 in defence of the Polish Catholics, and the conflict which took place with the German Empire and the Republic of Switzerland after the Council of the Vatican.

With the success of the German arms in France came the occupation of Rome, on the 20th of September, 1870, by the troops of Italy, and the downfall of the temporal sovereignty of the Head of the Catholic Church. From that time until the moment of his death, the Pope never set foot out of the Vatican, although urged in many ways to do so, and considered himself a prisoner. His life, subsequent to the Italian occupation of the Eternal City, was, therefore, uneventful and perfectly tranquil, barring the evils of feeble old age and the afflictions of disease. He attended to business regularly, rising at 4 in the morning and going to bed at 10 p.m., with minute precision; slept on a monastic bed, fared frugally, and, whenever the weather and his strength would permit, took walks in the Palace galleries and garden. He gave audiences and made short speeches to thousands of pilgrims and visitors, who thronged to do him reverence, from all parts of the earth. His wants were always few, and the vast sums showered upon him were only used for strictly religious purposes, and placed in reserve for a rainy day in behalf of the Church, as he never would harbour the idea of receiving the annuity allowed by the Parliament of MONTE CITRIO. He lived to see all the great actors in the Italian revolution interred, with the single exception of Garibaldi. He completed the twenty-fifth year of his Pontificate in June, 1871, and, by reigning longer than any of his predecessors, even St. Peter, he contradicted the traditional saying, "*Non videbis annos Petri*," uttered at his coronation. On the occurrence of the last-mentioned date, a marble slab was affixed to the interior wall of St. Peter's Church, just above the iron statue of the Saint, in order to commemorate the fact of his having reigned so long. He died a little after four o'clock on the afternoon of Thursday, the 7th inst. He will lie in state for nine days, after which the Conclave will sit for the election of his successor.

PANEBIANCO.

It is, of course, too early to speculate on the probable successor of the late Pope. But the following curious incident, suggested to us by a gentleman connected with our office, is worthy of being published in advance of the meeting of the Conclave. It appears that there is an old French prophecy, published some years ago, to the effect that, in these later times, there will be a terrific upheaval of the social and political elements of Europe, in which the Church will be particularly involved, and in which her very foundations

will be shaken, but that in the height of the crisis, a Pontiff will arise who will rescue and save. That Pontiff will bear a name expressive of the elements of the Sacrament. Now, Cardinal PANEBIANCO's name is very suggestive in this connection. It means "white bread." It is already known that this Cardinal is one of the principal candidates for the Chair of Peter. What if he were elected?

OUR ILLUSTRATIONS.

THE LATE POPE.—A biography of the late Pontiff will be found imbedded in the editorial article which we have devoted to his memory.

A. C. SMITH, Esq.—We regret that we have not procured any biographical details of this gentleman, who was Mayor of St. John, N.B., for several years—a proof of the esteem in which his character and talents are held by his fellow citizens.

PORTRAIT GALLERY.—Brief sketches of Mr. James Reynolds, and the late Dr. Peltier will be found under separate headings. The biography of Hon. A. G. Jones reached us too late for this week.

MARRIAGE OF KING ALFONSO.—In the early part of December the King officially announced his intention to a Cabinet Council of marrying the Princess Mercedes, and on December 6th despatched the Duke of Sexto, his Chamberlain, formally to demand her hand from her father, the Duke of Montpensier. Our sketch represents the envoy handing the Royal letter to the Duke of Montpensier in the White Hall of his Palace of San Felmo at Seville. On the right of the Duke of Sexto (who is holding the letter in his hand) is Senor Raphael Esquivel, the Chamberlain of the Palace, and the priest beyond is the Archbishop of Seville. By the side of the last-named stands the Duke of Montpensier leaning on his cane, his Duchess standing next him. Next to her is his eldest unmarried daughter, the Infanta Christina, and then the lady most interested in the ceremony, the Infanta Mercedes. The small boy in the sketch is the Duke's son, the Infante Don Antonio.

THE DEATH OF VICTOR EMMANUEL.—The following are the particulars of the last moments of the deceased monarch: At noon the King's condition was such as to dispel the last ray of hope, and nothing remained but to administer the sacraments. The Canon Anzino, his Majesty's chaplain, was then admitted, and, in presence of Prince Humbert, the Princess Margherita, all the great dignitaries of State, Baron Nicotera and Baron Haymerle, the Austro-Hungarian Ambassador, the King communicated, and received Extreme Unction. The scene was profoundly touching, and all were moved to tears. By this time it was half-past one. The King, who in the morning had sat up in his chair, was reconveyed to bed. At half-past two the physicians made his Majesty inhale some oxygen gas, and he seemed for a moment to regain his old energy. He nodded thrice to the bystanders not to weep; then as if the effort had been too much, he turned round on his pillow, lifted his hand to his lips to arrange his moustache, and heaved a long sigh. It was his last. The hands of the clock stood at thirty-five minutes past two. Round his bed were the Ministers of State and the principal members of his household. At that moment a noise was heard. It was the entrance of Baron Uxkull, the Russian Ambassador, bearing a sympathetic telegram from the Czar. With all decent despatch the Ministers met in Council, and after a short deliberation with Prince Humbert, Signor Crispi, the Minister of the Interior, forwarded telegrams to all the Prefects throughout the Peninsula intimating the King's death, the accession of Prince Humbert to the throne, and the confirmation of the Ministry in office.

ADRIANOPLE.—This ancient city was the objective point of the Russian commanders when their march toward the Balkan Mountains was arrested by the bold movements of Osman Pasha and the necessity of reducing the improvised stronghold of Plevna. From 1866 to 1877 it was the capital of the Turkish Empire, and is still second only to Constantinople in importance. The city lies on the Maritza River, about 135 miles from the present capital. The population before the exodus caused by the approach of the Russian forces was variously estimated from 80,000 to 140,000, about half of whom are Turks, 30,000 Bulgarians and Greeks, and the remainder Jews and Armenians. Adrianople is virtually an open town, for although the old part is surrounded by a wall and contains a citadel, these are now useless as defenses. Recently more modern works have been constructed by the Turks, but only of a field, or at the most a provisional, type. The country around Adrianople is lovely, and the first view of the city from a distance is wonderfully charming. Within, however, the streets are narrow and irregular, the shelving roofs of many of the houses projecting so as to meet those on the opposite side. The city derives its name from the Emperor Hadrian, by whom it was founded. It was at Adrianople that peace between Turkey and Russia was concluded in 1829; and now, unless the pending negotiations fail, the victorious Muscovite will, for the second time, exact severe terms from the defeated Turks within the walls of their ancient capital.

A SPANISH GIRL'S LAMENT.

(From Théophile Gautier.)

From my white breast a crimson rose
Drooped, where you angry torrent flows,
And vainly from the rushing wave
Life's fragrant gift I strove to save.

O, bright-hued blossom, whirling by,
Why didst thou seek the stream—to die?
If thy faint leaves were fading—see,
I had these tears to water thee!

GEO. MURRAY.

THE FREE LANCE.

QUEEN VICTORIA has given her garter to King Humbert. *Honnè soit qui mal y pense.*

"I AM not such a fool as I look," said A.
"I hope not," said B, "for that would positively be too bad."

THE United States Congress does not believe in "Missions."

Two French jokes connected with the late war:—

A Russian general rides forward to the Grand Duke.

"I have the honour, your Imperial Highness, to announce a great victory."

"Very well. Go and congratulate your troops."

"There are none left!"

Another:

A Turkish Pasha is surveying the field with his glass. An aide-de-camp rides up.

"All our artillery has been captured."

The Pasha strokes his beard philosophically: "Fortunately it was not paid for."

A LESSON of politeness.

"What street is this?" asked a pompous fellow, in a gruff tone, of a passing gentleman.

"Notre Dame street, sir—if you please."

A GRAND dinner on Beaver Hall Hill.

A magnificent wild turkey is served.

"What an admirable bird!" was the universal exclamation.

"Yes," said the host. "Dr. — sent it to me. He killed it himself."

"Ah! What illness was it treated for?" asked a guest.

A SUBTLE bit of criticism.

Being asked his opinion of a certain work, a critic said:

"There is much that is beautiful in it and much that is new. Only..... what is beautiful is not new, and what is new is not beautiful."

A SERVANT-GIRL drops a valuable dish upon the floor. It does not break.

"That's lucky for you, Bridget," says the mistress.

"It's lucky for the plate, you mane, mum," was the ready response.

THE old bachelor was tired of life. Nothing more could satisfy him. He must put an end to his troubles. His faithful housekeeper tried in vain to dissuade him. At length she said:

"But the serial, sir, in the *Blunderbus!*"

"You're right. I'll wait till that is finished."

The old fellow is still living.

THERE is to be no bar for the sale of liquors in the American department of the Paris Exposition. No one ever expected that there would be.

IT is a cool-headed man you want? Well, I will tell what I saw on St. James street, last Saturday afternoon. A tall, handsome gentleman thus accouted:

Heavy over-shoes.

Immense fur coat, with collar up.

Long fur gauntlets.

Thick black muffler.

Light silk hat.

And under the hat?

A perfectly bald head!

LACLEDE.

BEFORE THE FOOTLIGHTS.

The star of Albani is in the ascendant. She is at present at Paris, with her younger sister, her guardian (what does she want with a guardian at thirty?), and a numerous suite, among which figure a nightingale and a little dog, called "Beauty." The opinion of the famous critic, Auguste Vitu, on her *Gilda* in "Rigoletto," has been sent me. He says that the voice of Albani is of admirable fulness, roundness and homogeneity. In the beginning of her career, this voice was accused of dryness, but that defect, if it ever existed, has entirely disappeared.

The critic adds that, in listening to the part of *Gilda* in the quatuor, he never heard anything so vibrating, so large or so penetrating since the days of Frezzolini, the only singer who herself shed, and caused others to shed, real tears.

When my friends across the border read this, they will rub their hands and exclaim:

"Good, for our American star!"

There is one thing, I am certain, that no one ever heard in Montreal, and that is a solo on the double bass. I wonder that Strakosch or Grau never thought of bringing over Bottesini, who

is, with his colossal instrument, what Paganini was with the violin, or Servais with the violoncello. He makes the big fiddle speak like a stringed quartet, and that played by artists on the double-bass, the violoncello, the viola and the violin. He has surmounted the incredible difficulties of his instrument, transforming its cables into light cords, and extracting from them sounds of the most marvellous sweetness, tenderness and penetration. On the sole great string he executes a vertiginous waltz, for example, that from afar would be mistaken for the production of a flute. His fingering is extraordinary. But what distinguishes the great contra-bassist above all is the elevation and serenity of his play—the true test of high art. There is a soul in the flanks of his giant. He sings in the diapason of the monster, and this sonorousness, deeper than that of violoncello, is not inferior in tenderness and melancholy.

I have just heard of the incomparable Mario. He is living at Rome. He is a handsome old man, with a long white beard, who laughs at the flight of years. His conversation sparkles with wit and humour, and is full of reminiscences of Paris, London, St. Petersburg, New York, and all other places where he obtained so many triumphs. Everybody is his friend, and at the Café Morteo, the fashionable restaurant which he frequents, they like to make him speak of Rossini, Meyerbeer, and the great composers whom he knew. He sings no more, alas! but has taken to gathering antiquities. He says:

"I am Mario, among the ruins of Rome, as my ancestor Marius was among the ruins of Carthage."

One of his daughters is the wife of a Church of England clergyman, of Brighton, I believe. He had two daughters by his marriage with Grisi. One day the great prima donna presented her two daughters to the Emperor of Russia, who received them with great cordiality.

"Ce sont deux Grisettes," he said.

"Pardon, sire, ce sont deux Marionnettes," was the witty reply.

The Mendelssohn Choir of this city is chiefly remarkable for its homogeneity, and its last concert reflected the greatest credit upon the energy, perseverance and his musical taste of its conductor, Mr. Gould. The training of the human voice, especially in concerted singing, is an art hitherto little known in this country, but Mr. Gould is doing much toward introducing it. A few of its simplest rules may be laid down here.

- I. Always sing within the register.
- II. Never go beyond the point of fatigue.
- III. Never sing too loud.
- IV. Never sing when the voice is affected by the slightest cold.
- V. Always sing standing upright, and the chest must not be compressed by tightly-fitting clothes.
- VI. Always sing on a comparatively empty stomach.
- VII. Never indulge in spirituous drinks.

PICCOLO.

ECHOES FROM LONDON.

THE Duke of Connaught is about to marry the Princess Louise of Prussia.

THE Premier gets a second riband of the Thistle to give away by the death of Sir W. Stirling-Maxwell.

TEN gentlemen have offered a thousand pounds each for the planting of trees from King's-cross to the Edgware-road.

AN engagement has been made for London of a beautiful Maltese lady, with a voice like a nightingale's, who is to take the town by storm.

OF making clubs there would appear to be no end. There is some talk of establishing a club for the clergy in the West End.

THE Marquis of Conyngham was amongst the Peers who were present at the Earl of Beaconsfield's Parliamentary Banquet. It is a very long time since a Marquis of Conyngham was the political guest of a Conservative Premier.

IT is understood that in the coming session a motion in favour of establishing a national theatre, on the principle of the Théâtre Français and the Odéon, will be brought forward in the House of Commons.

LIEUT.-COLONEL RUSSELL clearly prefers the surplice to the sword. He served with distinction in the Ashantee war, subsequently retired on pension, and last week was admitted to holy orders in the Church of England, and now ministers in a curacy near Bristol.

THE question of a peal of bells for St. Paul's Cathedral is again under discussion. Several of the companies of the city will each defray the cost of a bell, to bear the arms and motto of the company by which it is presented. The weight of the whole peal will be eleven tons. The cage in which the bells will be enclosed will require an outlay of 1,000*l*. The bells, which will cost about 5,000*l*, are being cast by Messrs. Taylor, of Loughborough.

HER MAJESTY has been graciously pleased to

permit the portrait of the Prime Minister, recently painted by the Queen's command for Windsor Castle, to be exhibited in Glasgow for one day, on the occasion of the annual meeting of the West of Scotland Conservative Association. The portrait is painted by Prof. Angeli, of Vienna. Messrs. P. and D. Colnaghi & Co., of London, have the commands of Her Majesty to prepare an engraving of the portrait.

THE Queen's speech contained 800 words, and the time occupied in its transmission from London to the provinces by the Wheatstone instrument varied from 4½ to 8 minutes; and by the Morse, printer or sounder, from 17 minutes to 36 minutes. The demand for the speech was greater than on any previous occasion. It was telegraphed to upwards of 300 newspapers, and to nearly 200 clubs and newsrooms. The aggregate number of copies printed in the course of the afternoon must have exceeded 3,000,000. The speech was telegraphed to Alexandria in 34 minutes.

THEY have commenced the planting of trees along the Blackfriars-road, which is more than a mile in length, and if the good work be continued this will become a splendid boulevard. In several other parts of London trees have also recently been planted, and as the beautiful effect of these becomes apparent the planting of trees will become contagious, much to our benefit and pleasure. The work of planting and decorating our disused churchyards also goes on apace, and altogether we are displaying a cheering amount of common sense in this respect.

IT is said that there is to be a change of Russian Ambassadors to our Court, Count Schouvaloff being about to be replaced by Count Orloff. Count Schouvaloff was sent here as the special friend of the Czar, in order that he might arrange the marriage between the Duke of Edinburgh and the Grand Duchess of Russia. Count Orloff is a military man, took an active part in the siege of Silistria, and lost there an arm and an eye. He has been Russian Minister at Brussels, and has written a history of the Crimean campaign.

ECHOES FROM PARIS.

THE portrait of Georges Sand, in semi-masculine costume, taken by Eugene Delacroix, has just been sold in Paris for 280*l*.

THERE has been an exhibition this week at one of the most noted establishments in Paris a service of crystal for 140 persons, made by order for the King of Spain. The work was singularly fine.

Mlle. SARAH BERNHARDT, the well known French actress, has received from an unknown person as a New Year's gift a splendid ebony and satin coffin. Another member of the same profession recently received the title to a freehold grave in a fashionable cemetery. It was in a black-edged envelope.

A NEW museum has been inaugurated at the Invalides, to amuse not only the old pensioners, but the public; the gallery contains plaster and coloured models of all the "savage" warriors—in every part of the world, who prefer clubs, bone lancets, bows and arrows, &c., to Krupp canon and repeating rifles for knocking out brains.

HUMMING birds are actually worn on shoes now! Gold heels are the fashion, and lace, flowers, and precious stones used for ornamenting them. Gold and silver gilt gloves are also fashionable. Is it the golden age, or the age of gilding? The age of brass or of electro-plate more likely.

THE government intends working several of the small or "feeding" lines of railways, that the big companies prevent from living profitably. It is proposed that it should also take in hand the direction of the abominable night cabs of Paris. A "coffin ship" is safety itself, as compared with many of these vehicles; some of the drivers are said to carry revolvers, perhaps bowie knives too, to clear their way in some of the suburbs; a hint for nervous gentlemen and maiden aunts.

M BARBARET, of the *Rappel*, tired of hearing England held up by economists as a model to the French industrial classes, sets himself to dispel the illusion. He states that the soil is monopolized by 46,000 proprietors, and that, according to "the English patriot, Brogly" (Bradlaugh), 150 lords own half England, and ten or twelve others half Scotland, the "Duc de Sarterland" having half a million acres, the "Duc de Bokley" has 4,000,000*l*. a year; the "Duc Hamilton" and the "Duc de Roesborough" nearly as much, the right of primogeniture preventing the division of the property.

INCREASING activity characterizes every department of the Exhibition. After the Trocadero structure itself, perhaps the next most remarkable object at present there is an immense flag of the Chinese Empire, floating over a "summer palace" in course of erection by native citizens. The Dutch continue to merit the blue

ribbon as being the most advanced among the foreign sections. Their fittings up are very graceful and coquettish. The United States at last show signs of life—they may be yet first at the finish. The facade of the Belgium Department promises to be a veritable *bijou*. It is in marble, and will be decorated with first-class statuary. To make up leeway, and to defy the hard frosts, some contractors cover their works with boarding; and the electric light, if it does not warm, contributes a most useful brilliancy to the men engaged at over-time duties. Croatia, it appears, will not be of our party. It is quite willing to forward exhibits at the expense of the Hungarian Committee, but insists on designating the articles in the Jellachich tongue—something as if the Home Rulers demanded that the English Commissioners should describe Irish exhibits in the Celtic language.

THE GOVERNMENT IS THE PROVINCE.

A CONSTITUTIONAL POINT.

A slight but interesting interchange of words (it could not be called a discussion,) took place between the Leader of the Opposition and the Hon. Mr. Chapleau, on the principle affirmed by the latter, during the debate on the Railway Resolutions, that "the Government is the Province," *le Gouvernement c'est la Province*. This affirmation was suggested by what the speaker termed the narrow-minded and factious policy of the Opposition, which injured not only the Government, but also the "interests of the Province," *car enfin le Gouvernement c'est la Province*.

There are, in every clever discourse, certain phrases which, embodying some thought or principle whose boldness challenges enquiry, detach themselves from the rest of the discussion and rivet themselves in the minds of the auditors to be thought over at leisure. Of such a nature was this assertion of the Provincial Secretary, apparently uttered, merely as the outcome of his reflections on the injurious tendencies of the Opposition policy and not laid down as a dogmatic definition. It, nevertheless, created a slight stir in the ranks of the Opposition, an uneasy sentiment of dissent manifested itself, and each member glanced instinctively towards the Leader of the Opposition, evidently expecting him to give suitable expression to this dissent. But Mr. Joly was not then prepared to break a lance with his opponent, and contented himself with an incredulous smile, which was readily taken up by his supporters, and it would have been a study worthy a Lavater to watch their various efforts to mould their countenances to the fit expression of amused incredulity. Mr. Chapleau noted the expression, paused a moment, then continuing, said, "at least it is not the Opposition." This retort provoked a general laugh, along the galleries as well as on the floor of the House, but elicited no reply. After recess, Mr. Joly took up the debate and during the course of his speech alluded to this assertion of the Provincial Secretary. "It is astonishing," he said, "that a number of honest persons in the Province of Quebec are of opinion that the Government is the Province of Quebec, and when the Opposition become strong, they cry out, 'do not go too far, you will injure the Province.'" They reminded him, he continued, of the servant who, on entering the service of Monsieur Le-Curé, spoke of Monsieur Le-Curé's house and *ménage*, then our house and *ménage*, finally my house and my *ménage*; a similar position was assumed by the Government, to which Mr. Chapleau retorted, "the Government is also somewhat, in the position of Monsieur Le-Curé," and again turned the laugh in his favour. It is to be regretted that Mr. Joly did not discuss the question in a more serious manner, not that it had any practical bearing on the subject in hand, but in order to have drawn from Mr. Chapleau an explanation of a principle, which few people, on first impression, will be prepared to admit. That Mr. Chapleau was right, in the sense in which he used the words, will, after a little reflection be evident. The Government and the country, where the Government has been legally constituted, are one. What affects the one equally affects the other. What injures the credit of the Government injures the State. This does not preclude opposition to the Government where that opposition is warranted. Opposition may be necessary to force the Ministry to alter their measures or to make way for a more competent one. Still, whatever party holds the reins of power, the Government and the country are identical. The Government may inflict evil on the country by bad management of its affairs, but this evil will redound on the Government itself, the interests of the two being so closely united that they cannot be separated.

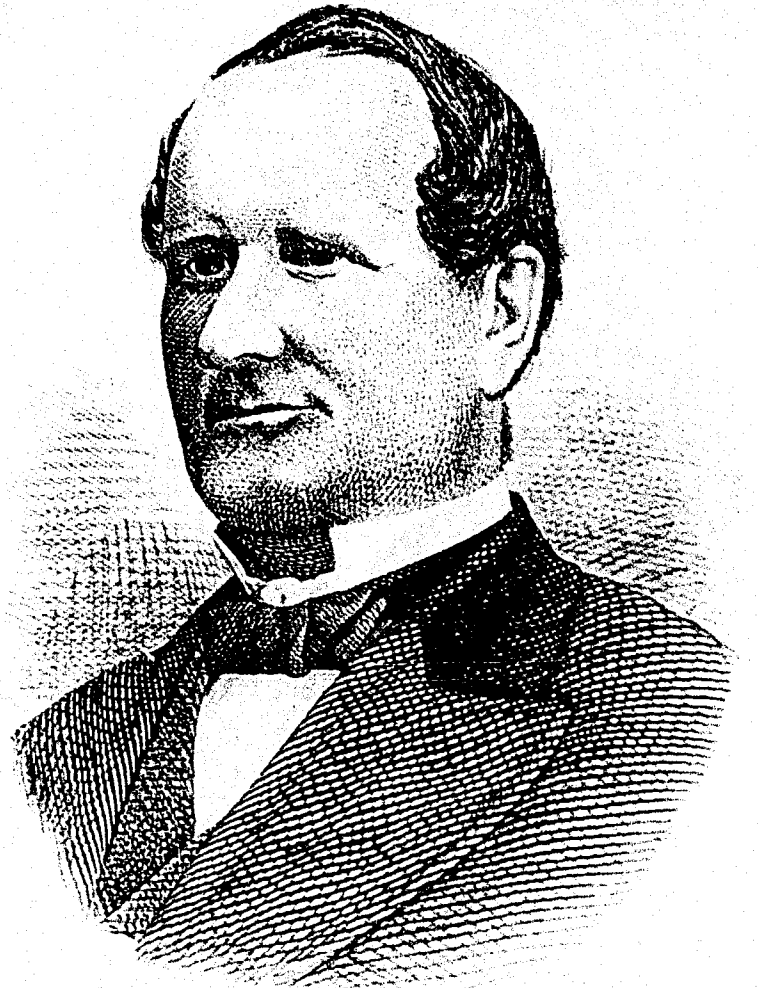
The great evil of Canadian politics is the general tendency to disregard this principle. Every question is looked at from a party point of view, irrespective of its merits. Neither party can be taught to believe that any good can result from the measures or the principles of the other. Thus men, otherwise well intentioned towards their country, are carried away by this spirit of party, and driven to extremes in supporting or opposing measures, basing their support or opposition, not on the merits of the measures or policy proposed, but on the exigencies of party, which may well cause many of them, in moments of sober reflection, to exclaim with honest Mercutio, "a plague on both your houses."

X. Y. Z.

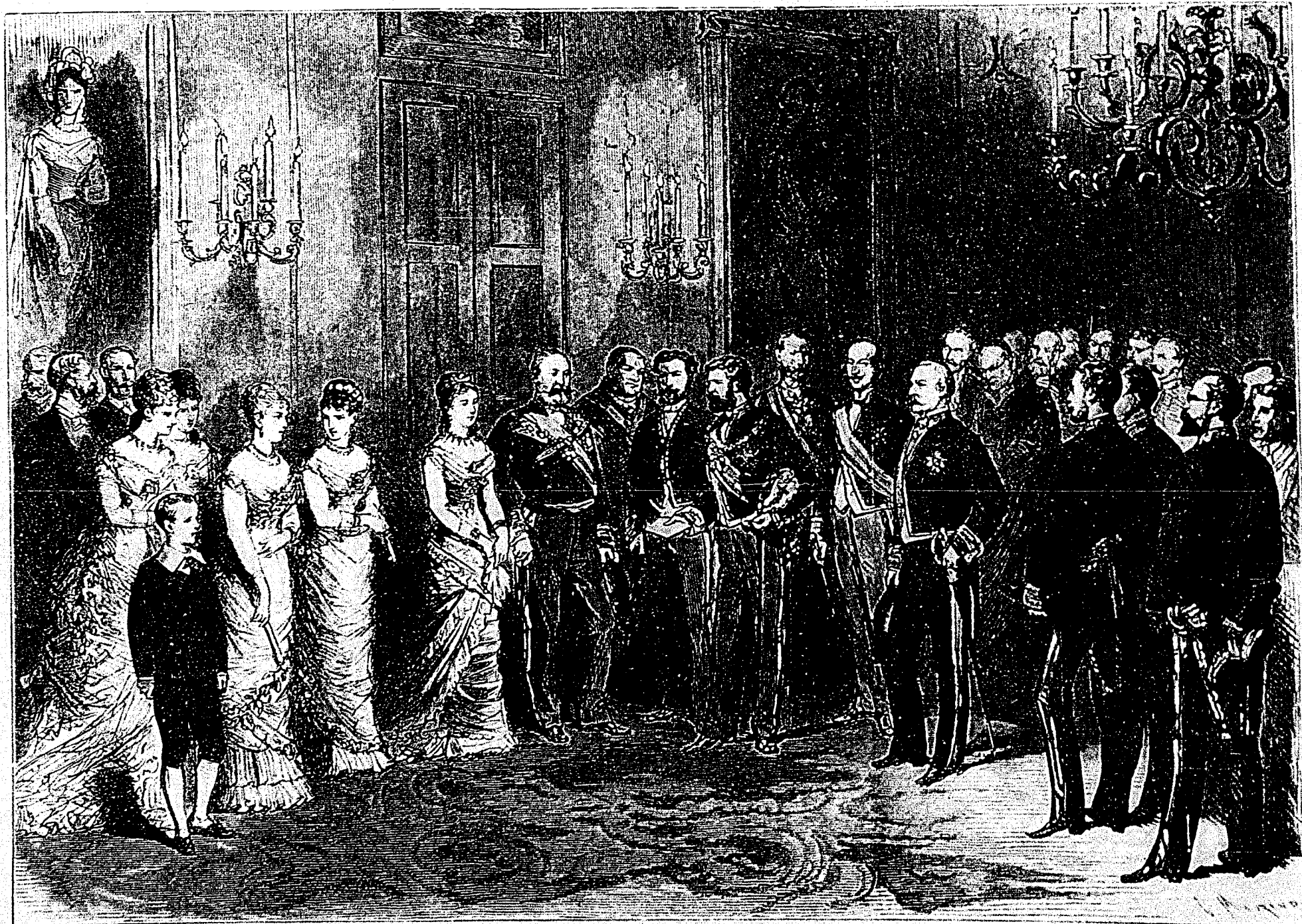
OUR CANADIAN PORTRAIT GALLERY.



No. 288.—A. C. SMITH, FORMER MAYOR OF ST. JOHN, N.B.



No. 289.—JAMES REYNOLDS, ST. JOHN, N.B.

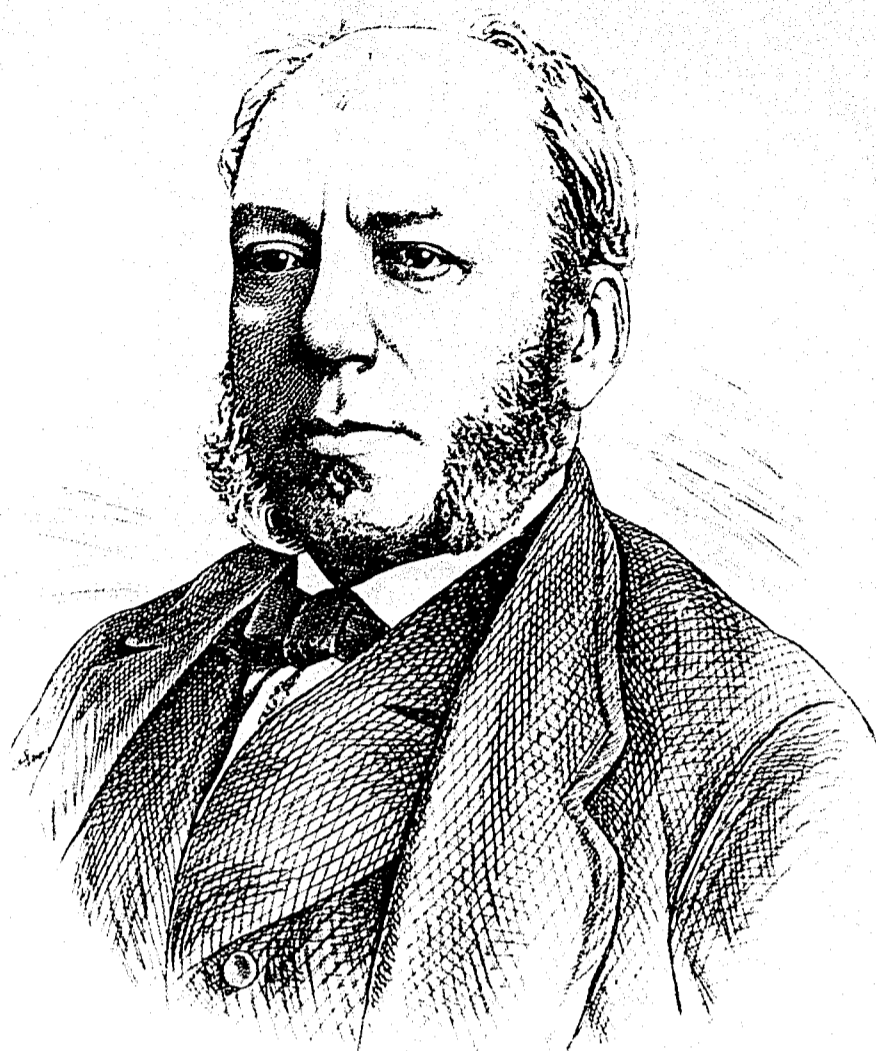


CEREMONY OF THE ASKING THE HAND OF THE PRINCESS MERCEDES, BY AN ENVOY OF KING ALFONSO.

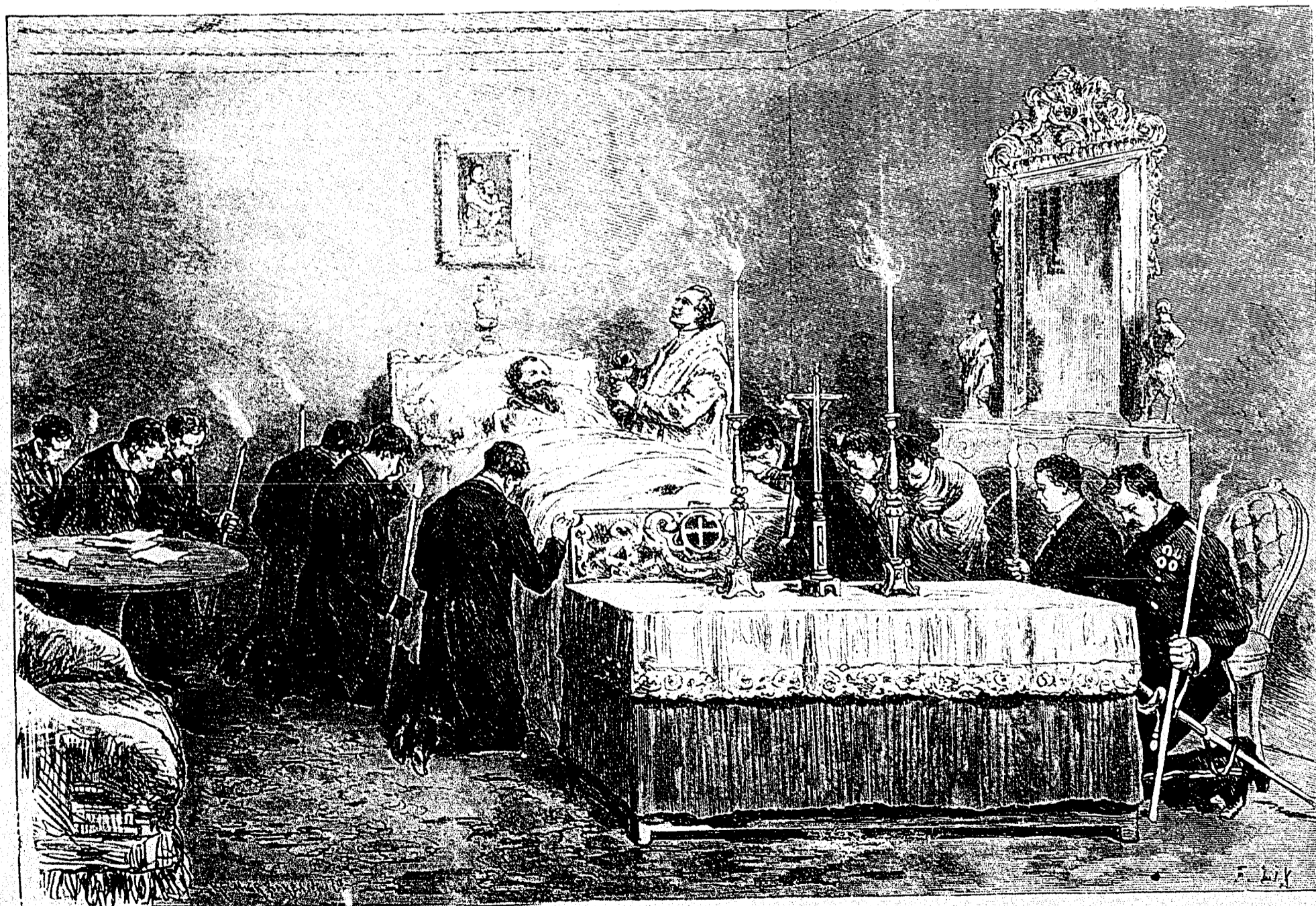
OUR CANADIAN PORTRAIT GALLERY.



No. 290.—HON. A. G. JONES, MINISTER OF MILITIA.



No. 291.—THE LATE DR. HECTOR PELTIER.



VICTOR EMMANUEL RECEIVING THE LAST RITES AT THE HANDS OF HIS CHAPLAIN, CANON ANZINO, AND IN PRESENCE OF HIS HOUSEHOLD.

Dulcissima! Dilectissima!

A PASSAGE IN THE LIFE OF AN ANTIQUARY.

"Come, my dears," said I, looking in upon the room where my children were engaged in their various avocations; "come and see what a very interesting acquisition I have got to my collection of antiquities. It is the remains of a little Roman girl just discovered close to the place where the foundations of the Roman villa were turned up last summer; and it seems very probable that this little girl was a daughter of the house.

"O what funny shoes," exclaimed one; "there must have been very bad roads in those days, when even little girls wore shoes studded with nails like that."

"On the contrary," said I, "the Romans were the first road-makers in the world; but never mind that now, here is the stone tablet which records her history, and a very interesting one it is."

D M

LUC. METELLAE.

FILIOL. DULCIS. DILECTISS.

VIX. ANN. VI.

"The letters D M at the top stand for Diis Manibus, something like," said I, with a free translation suited to family comprehension, "our 'Sacred to the Memory of.' The inscription then reads thus: 'Sacred to the memory of Lucia Metella, a little daughter most sweet, most tenderly beloved. She lived six years.' Observe that the Romans always, as Dr. Bruce remarks, avoided the mention of death; they tell us how long a person lived, never when he died. But is it not interesting," I went on, "to find more than a thousand years ago, and among a stern and warlike people like the Romans, these little touches of family tenderness and love?"

"O how very interesting! What a charming acquisition! How excited Dr. Harris (Dr. Harris was the antiquary of the district next in repute to myself) will be when he sees it!" were the various parting remarks made by my auditors, as they scampered back to their ordinary employments.

All but one. My Lily, my youngest, the apple of my eye, still stood, her fair head resting on her slender arms, gazing in silence, her lips slightly parted, a tear trembling in each soft blue eye, upon the relics of the little Roman girl. At last she spoke—

"Papa," she cried, "this little girl was just the same age that I am."

"Yes, my darling," I said, "that is so; and moreover," I added, as a playful diversion to the child's gloom, "both your names begin with L—another coincidence."

But the thought that was in the child's heart was too deep for playfulness. After a pause she spoke again, in pleading tones:

"Dear papa," she said, "it seems so pitiful for this poor little girl to lie here among all these queer things."

"My darling," said I, "these queer things, as you call them, are Roman things, such as this little girl was accustomed to see around her every day during her lifetime. Indeed, many of them came from the villa of which it seems very probable that she was the daughter."

"But, dear papa," she said, "you would not like me, when I am gone, to be laid out like a curiosity, and have strangers come and examine the little things I used to be fond of, and remark what funny shoes I had."

"Well—but, my dear child," said I, "what would you do with her?"

"I would bury her," she said, with childish seriousness, "in the garden, beneath the weeping ash, where good old Cato and my dear little dicky and Willy's white rabbit are buried. And—and," she added, in a low voice, "I would add upon the stone, if there is room, 'Suffer little children to come unto me.'"

"My darling," I said, "I think all that would be a little incongruous; but I'll tell you what you might do," I went on, as a device occurred to me, which I thought might soothe the feelings of the child, "you shall gather, from time to time, fresh flowers to lay upon her as she lies, and then, if her poor little spirit can look down upon this world, she will see that, though a thousand years have passed, one dear little English girl watches over her with tenderness and love."

"Q yes," she said, brightening at the idea, "I think she would like that. I will gather fresh snowdrops for her now, and then when summer comes again I will change them for violets."

"When summer comes again!" A sudden pang of foreboding shot through my heart as the dear child spoke. She, too, was most sweet—she, too, was most tenderly beloved. But we were not without our fears on her account, and anxious whispers had passed between my wife and myself respecting her. Soon after my wife entered the room with a troubled countenance.

"I am very uneasy," she said, "about dear Lily; she talks in such a strange way about a little girl in white that appeared to her last night. Of course it is all imagination, but I am afraid it looks as if there was something no quite right with her."

"We must have it looked to immediately," I replied, gravely; "perhaps we ought to have had some better advice before. I will send off at once to London for Dr. S—, and as the distance is not great, we will have him with us this evening. In the meantime, you will send Lily to me, and let me hear what she has to say?"

"Now, my darling," I said, as Lily entered the room, "come and tell papa all about it."

She climbed upon my knee, threw her arms about my neck, and hiding her face against my breast, as is sometimes the wont of children when they have something grave to relate, she went on—

"I fell asleep, you know, papa dear, with my thoughts full of this poor little girl. I awoke in the night with a trouble, I could scarcely tell what, upon my mind. When I looked up, I saw standing by my bedside a little girl dressed all in white, and pale—oh! so pale. She held in her hand a wreath of snowdrops like the one that I had made, and looking at me with a mournful expression, but still very kindly, she stretched forth her hand as if to hand me back the wreath. When I looked again, she had disappeared."

I reasoned for some time with the child, trying to persuade her that what she fancied she had seen was only the result of her own excited imagination; but I could clearly see that, though her deference to me prevented her from disputing anything I said, her belief in the reality of what she had seen remained unshaken.

So at last I said to her, "Well, now, my darling, just tell me what you think should be done, and what this little girl would like if she could tell us."

She burst into tears, flung her arms round my neck, and sobbed out—

"O! dear papa, I know you are so fond of it."

"My darling," I said, "all the antiquities in the world are as nothing—nothing compared to my dear little girl's peace of mind."

"O, dear papa," she said, through her tears, "how can I ever, ever love you enough?"

"My darling," said I, "I know you love me as I love you. But now, what is it you think this little girl would like?"

"I think that what she wants is to be laid in her grave in peace."

"And so it shall be," I replied; "and it shall be done at once."

So we dug a grave in the corner of the garden where all the departed pets of the family were laid, and I had it carefully lined with flat stones like a miniature vault, and therein we two—the puzzled gardener looking on—reverently laid the young Roman girl, with all her little treasures disposed around her, filled in the earth, and set up the stone tablet at the head.

We had scarcely finished our task when a well-known form was seen stalking up the avenue, and Lily, touching my hand in a little tremor, whispered—

"O papa! Doctor Harris!"

Dr. Harris was the vice-president of the society of which I was president, an ardent antiquary, and in the main a very good fellow, but he was one of those men whose excessive vitality sometimes gives an appearance of roughness to their manner. But as he approached, he hallooed out with all the force of his lungs—

"Lucky dog! I've heard of your discovery. Everything comes to you. Why does not some little Roman girl fling herself into my arms?"

"The fact is," said I, "that my dear little girl, whose health you know is rather delicate, took it so much to heart, that for her sake I have buried all the relics again."

"I see," he said, "and when the fit is over you'll dig them up again."

"Not so," said I, for some of my little girl's earnestness had imparted itself to me; "she shall lie in her grave for me till God comes to judge the world."

Towards evening the great physician from London made his appearance. He was one of those few men who, in addition to the skill born of natural sagacity and vast experience, are endowed with something of that subtle intuitiveness which is a gift not to be acquired.

"Well," he said, "there is no great harm done as yet, but your little girl will require great care." And he then went into various details, which it is not necessary here to recapitulate. Before taking his departure, however, he said—

"Just one word more. Let me tell you, my friend, you never did a wiser thing than when you yielded to your little girl's whim—I don't like to call it, for it seems more of a sacred feeling—about the Roman girl. I know well what a sacrifice it must have been, but I frankly own to you that I would not have liked to be responsible for the case of this child—so sensitive as she seems to be to certain deep impressions—with such a burden on her pure, unselfish little mind."

Summer had come again. The golden sunlight shed a glory on our stately elms, and cast their flickering shadows on the grass; the birds—we all loved and cherished them—sang their blithe carols on every side; all nature around seemed awakened to new life and loveliness. Within, all was darkness and desolation; for the edict had gone forth that Lily was to die, and not to live.

I had prayed, as I had never prayed before, that God would spare me this one ewe lamb, but it was not to be. In spite of all that skill and tenderness could do, the disease had of late so rapidly gained ground, that now even love could no longer hope. She had seen, she told us, the little Roman girl once more, bright and glorious as an angel, with outstretched arms and loving smiles, waiting to welcome her; and too well we knew what that sign meant.

I stole to her bedside for the few minutes during which, in her now weak state, I was allowed to be with her. I found her propped up with pillows so that she could get a view of the loved garden corner where, among the childish graves,

the sunlight flecked with gold the grey memorial stone of Lucia. Her fair hair, soft and glossy as floss-silk, hung around her in tangled waves, that told of the restlessness of weariness and pain. Her sweet face was drawn in by hard, cruel lines, till the blue eyes stood out unnaturally large and bright; her poor little wasted arms trembled as she stretched them out to me. The wan little face lighted up with smiles as I approached, and, taking her hand in mine, bent over her to listen to her accents, now scarcely above a whisper.

"Oh! dear papa!" she said, "how I have longed for your coming. It is of you I have been thinking all this morning. How good you have been to me always—always—and especially that one time when you gave me up Lucia. She will be the first to meet me, for she will run before the rest, and I will take her by the hand, and lead her up to dear Aunt Mary and grand-mamma; and I will take her aside and tell her all, and she shall love you—Oh! how she shall love you! And then, oh, dearest—dearest papa!—when you come—wo—!" The lips still moved with loving words, but the feeble voice was choked.

They sleep together in God's acre—the loved ones of a thousand years apart. It was Lily's last request that the little Roman girl should rest by her side, under the shadow of the text, "Suffer little children to come unto me."

"O, Dulcissima! Dilectissima!"

CANADIAN SPORTS.

CURLING.

QUEBEC CHALLENGE CUP.—This match was played at the Caledonian Curling Club Rink of this city, between that Club and the Ottawa for the Quebec Challenge Cup, which resulted in a victory for the Ottawa, by seven points. The ice was not in very good condition owing to the thaw.

TORONTO, ORILLIA, BARRIE.—At Barrie, on the 6th, the competitions were between the rinks of the Caledonia Club of Toronto and the Barrie and Orillia Clubs. In the morning the match was between the Caledonia and Barrie; the latter, being but a young club lately organized, was no match for such experienced players as the Caledonians, but in the match between Orillia and Caledonia, played in the afternoon, the Orillians at the outset proved the better curlers. Caledonia over Barrie, 38 points; Orillia over Caledonia, 23.

MONTREAL.—A very exciting match took place on the 4th, between eight Old Country and eight Canadian curlers of the Montreal Club, which, after one of the keenest games of the season, was won by the former by 7 shots.

INTERPROVINCIAL TOURNAMENT.—In this match, at Pictou, the Nova Scotians defeated the New Brunswickers by 3 points, St. John defeated Halifax by 23 points, and Fredericton beat New Glasgow by 9 points; Pictou vanquished St. John.

WINNIPEG.—David McArthur won the stones presented to the Winnipeg Curling Club by the Hon. A. Morris. There were 15 competitors.

JAMES REYNOLDS, ESQ.

The father of this gentleman, who is now at the head of the relief organization in St. John, was a native of Ireland, and his mother an Englishwoman, so that he naturally inherits the best characteristics of the two races from which he sprang. He was born in St. John, in October, 1820, and received his education at the Grammar School of that city, which was then under the management of Dr. Patterson, completing it at the Baptist Seminary, in Horton, N.S., where he studied Latin and Greek under Dr. Pryor. He was then placed in the office of J. & J. G. Woodward, who were at that time doing a large shipping and West India trade, remaining with them for two years. For the next two years he was in the dry goods business in the employment of S. Nicholls, Esq., then President of the Bank of New Brunswick. When he left this establishment he went to assist his father who was then engaged in a large mechanical business, but after remaining with him for a short time, he went to New York with the intention of perfecting his knowledge of the trade. While in New York he was for a short time employed in the office of the *New York Tribune*. When he returned to St. John his father gave up his business to him, and he continued to pursue it steadily until 1871, when having secured a handsome fortune, he retired. For many years Mr. Reynolds employed a large number of men doing a profitable business, and the same business was carried on under the same name for nearly fifty years. Mr. Reynolds, who has always been a public spirited citizen, was one of the principal movers in the formation of the Volunteer Fire Department, and for many years he was an active member of it and engineer of No. 5 Company. He has been all his life a consistent and outspoken Liberal Roman Catholic from whom no one ever heard a prejudiced or bitter word. In his work as head of the relief organization, Mr. Reynolds infuses the same activity and energy which have always distinguished him in business, and no one could have performed the duties more satisfactorily or efficiently.

THE LATE DR. PELTIER.

This distinguished physician deserves a place in our Canadian Portrait Gallery, because he was a leading professor of Victoria College, Cobourg, stood at the head of his profession, and, by his liberal principles, his thorough education and genial manners, served as a living link between the French and English-speaking sections of the medical faculty.

Dr. Peltier was born at Montreal on the 16th September, 1822, his father being a prominent lawyer of his time, and his maternal grandfather, Dr. Herigault, an eminent physician. After spending two years at the Nicolet College, he continued his studies at the Seminary of this city till 1838, when he went over to Paris to pursue his course of philosophy at the College Henri IV. Among his colleagues there were the Prince de Joinville, the Duc d'Anmale and other sons of the first French families. On terminating his classics, and choosing medicine as a profession, he remained in Paris, following the lectures at the Faculté de Médecine de Paris, where he greatly distinguished himself. Then he went over to Scotland, where, after two years of assiduous application, he took his degrees at the University of Edinburgh. He returned to Montreal in 1846, entering at once upon a distinguished practice. In 1847 he was appointed Professor of Physiology in the Montreal School of Medicine and Surgery, a position which he held to the time of his death. In 1850 he was elected Governor of the Lower Canada College of Physicians and Surgeons, and afterwards filled the grades of Secretary, Registrar and Vice-President of the same. On the recent establishment of Laval University in this city, he was offered the Chair of Physiology. His practice was very extensive, and his standing among his colleagues was of the highest. Indeed, he was an universal favourite. He leaves a wife and one daughter to deplore his loss, but otherwise well provided for. One of his acts of foresight and devotion to his family is worth recording. Having been, at different times, Consulting and Inspecting Physician for as many as fourteen different life insurance companies, he allowed the emoluments arising therefrom to accumulate, in the shape of premiums on his life, and when he died, these united sums rose to the proportions of a large fortune.

TO MAKE A CHEAP TELEPHONE.—Take a wooden tooth-powder box and make a hole of about the size of a half-crown in the lid and the bottom. Take a disc of tinned iron, such as can be had from a preserved meat-tin, and place it on the bottom of the box, and fix the cover on the other side of it. Then take a small bar-magnet, place on one end a small cotton or silk reel, and round the reel wind some iron wire, leaving the ends loose. Fix one end of the magnet near, as near as possible without touching, to the disc, and then one part of the telephone is complete. A similar arrangement is needed for the other end. The two are connected by the wire. With this Professor Barret says he has been able to converse at a distance of about one hundred yards.

DRAMATIC READING.—The other day while Alexandre Dumas was reading his piece to the members of the Odéon company, M. Dumas having reached the end of the second act, folded his manuscript, and proposed an adjournment till the morrow. A unanimous protest was raised *ore rotundo*, for the actors and actresses had been listening with breathless interest. M. Dumas, satisfied with his little stratagem for discovering whether his plot had made a hit, continued to read, and wound up amid general applause. These readings to dramatic troupes are sometimes productive of queer results. Balzac used to grow so hot and excited that he would peel off his garments one by one. On the occasion of his reading *Mercadet* he had arrived at the green room of the Français in full evening costume. After the first act he asked leave to remove his necktie; after the second off went his coat; at the end of the third he found his patent leather boots too tight; in the midst of the fourth and last he discarded his waistcoat and braces: "*Mon Dieu, c'est heureux qu'il n'y ait pas de cinquième acte!*" remarked an actress when the author sank back in his chair at the finish with a complaint that the heat was stifling.

ROUND THE WORLD.

OBITUARY.—Senator Shaw, of Smith's Falls, after a short illness.—Pope Pius IX., aged 85, on Thursday afternoon, 7th inst.—Claude Bernard, eminent French physiologist.

FRANCE.—A committee of Deputies and merchants has been formed in Paris for the purpose of promoting trade with the United States and the conclusion of a commercial treaty between the two countries. A delegate will be sent to the United States to make arrangements for a Franco-American Congress on the subject to meet in Paris during the Exhibition.

UNITED STATES.—The Judiciary Committee of the Washington House of Representatives lately voted on the proposed sixteenth constitutional amendment, *i.e.*, that of the advocates of woman suffrage, the result being a tie. One member of the Committee, who is known to be opposed to the scheme, was absent at the time, and it is likely the measure will fall through.

ITALY.—The Convener of the Glasgow Presbytery has telegraphed to the Pope, relative to the proposed restoration of the Scottish hierarchy, that an interdict will be demanded from the Supreme Civil Court of Scotland, and that the laws of the country will be rigidly enforced.—The Congregation of Cardinals have decided not to fix upon a place for the meeting of the next Conclave, in view of the constantly changing circumstances affecting the Vatican.—The Powers have declined to entertain the protest of the Vatican against the accession of King Humbert.

THE Cities and Towns of Canada

ILLUSTRATED.

III.

MORRISBURG, Ont.

GENERAL NOTES AND EARLY HISTORY.

In legal parlance, Morrisburg is an "incorporated village," but a stranger would unhesitatingly call it a town, and across the border it would, on an emergency, pass for a city. It is beautifully situated on the north bank of the St. Lawrence, 92 miles west of Montreal, in the Township of Williamsburg, County of Dundas, Province of Ontario. The river at this point varies greatly in width. Opposite Morrisburg it is about one mile wide, while above and below it narrows to a few hundred yards. The boundary line is the centre of the steamboat channel, and as this is invariably close to the north shore, our American cousins have possession of nearly all the many beautiful islands which add such a charm to the scenery hereabouts. Morrisburg is at the foot of the Rapid du Plat Canal, which is three miles in length. The rapids are not so swift but that powerful steamers can ascend them. As at Prescott and Caughnawaga, the river never freezes over here, and a ferry runs every day, except Sunday, to the town of Waddington, N.Y., which is situated nearly opposite. As a winter ferry, it is considered the most reliable on the St. Lawrence.

The County of Dundas is made up of the Townships of Williamsburg, Matilda, Mountain and Winchester, and embraces an area of about 250,000 acres. The first settlers were the disbanded soldiers of the Royal Regiment of New York volunteers, who had espoused the cause of the King at the outbreak of the American Revolution. The regiment was commanded by Sir John Johnston. It was 800 strong and composed mainly of Germans, the balance being Scotch. At the close of the war surveyors were set to work to divide as much land as was deemed necessary into lots for distribution among those who stood firm to their allegiance and preferred the wilderness under the Union Jack to their comfortable homesteads beneath the Star Spangled Banner. These people were known by the name of "United Empire Loyalists," soon contracted into U. E. Loyalists, and each man was entitled to one hundred acres of land on the river front and two hundred further back. If married, he was entitled to fifty more for his wife and fifty for each child. Each child was entitled to two hundred acres additional on coming of age or at marriage. When the Loyalists arrived at Cor wall they were met by the Land Agent, who requested each man to take a slip of paper from a hat. Thus were the lots appropriated, but, it is said, the settlers afterwards arranged matters more to their satisfaction by exchanging, and so it came that old comrades, who had side by side fought the enemy, now settled down as neighbours to do battle against the primeval forest. The British Government gave each family clothing sufficient for three years, food enough to suffice until crops could be gathered, a supply of seed, an axe, a spade and a hoe; a plough and one cow were deemed sufficient for two families, and a cross-cut and whip saw served four. Beets and portable mills were also distributed. The first settlers arrived in the county on the 20th June, 1781. Most of them found that they had more land than they could manage, and U. E. rights became a drug in the market. It is on record that two hundred acres of land now the site of a thriving village were sold for a gallon of rum. The average price, however, was from \$25 to \$30 per lot of two hundred acres. Speculators thus gained possession of a large number of the lots drawn for children, and subsequently sold them to immigrants at a large advance. The early settlers did very little farming, devoting their attention mainly to the getting out of timber for the Quebec market. Later on, when the tide of immigration set in, many turned teamsters, earning four dollars per day for conveying passengers, and freight between Cornwall and Prescott, towing vessels, &c. A female ancestor of one of the wealthiest families in the county used to drive one of these passenger wagons. This good woman gave as a reason for thus trenching upon the domain of the Lords of Creation, that the rascals and other rough customers who formed the bulk of the passengers, could easily cheat or frighten a woman out of his just dues, but that she was not to be thus imposed upon with impunity. After the St. Lawrence canals were completed and steam tugs introduced, the people settled down to agricultural pursuits, and the county is to-day one of the most prosperous in the Dominion. To the excellence of the back country the gratifying progress of Morrisburg is largely due. There is no regular market day, but all the week long the farmers wend their way to the village with wagons or sleighs, according to the seasons. Tuba with wheat, barley, oats, peas, beef, pork or butter—the latter commodity being a speciality. The manner of doing business here is rather novel. As the loads of produce arrive they are surrounded by the buyers, and the owner becomes an auctioneer, standing on his load and stimulating the bids to the best of his ability.

The market building is a rather shabby wooden structure on an open space at the eastern extremity of the village. A new and more creditable building is to be erected during the coming summer. The market building includes the Town Hall, which serves as a Council Chamber and Court rooms. The Reeve acts as Police Magistrate, but, to the credit of Morrisburg, his labours in this direction are exceedingly light. A Division Court is held here six times a year.

The population of Morrisburg is about 2,000. The total assessment amounts to \$581,679, and the rate of taxation six mills to the dollar. It is the most important village in Dundas, and, in the event of a secession from Stormont and Glengarry which is now being agitated it would undoubtedly become the County town. Farms in the village are held at \$350 per acre; outside the municipality they bring from \$70 to \$120, according to location and soil.

The first impression a visitor receives upon entering Morrisburg is that he is among a community of well-to-do people. Everywhere are to be seen residences which would grace the fashionable streets of any of our cities, and in the business quarter there are blocks and buildings equally creditable. Our illustrations, from photographs just taken by the clever and pains-taking local artist, Mr. S. B. Fell, speak for themselves, but a few facts and figures respecting the establishments depicted, may not be out of place.

FARLINGER'S BLOCK

is a fine pile, occupying a commanding site near the business centre. The owner, Mr. Alexander, or Captain Farlinger, as he is generally called, many years ago commanded one of the Hon. John Hamilton's line of steamers. When the "Trent affair" caused such a stir through the empire, Mr. Farlinger was not found wanting. In a very brief time he raised a company of volunteers, and, doubtless, had duty required it, he would have been among the first to "do or die." Thus the gallant Captain has a dual claim to the title which he bears so worthily. Bidding goodbye alike to navigation and the tented field, Captain Farlinger now deals extensively in real estate, and is also a warehouseman, commission and produce merchant. His offices and stores occupy half the block. Some idea of the volume of his business may be formed from the fact that, during the past year, he handled about 85,000 bushels of oats, 50,000 of barley, and butter to the value of \$20,000, besides a large quantity of miscellaneous produce. His real-estate dealings are upon a corresponding scale. Having established a system of farm tenantry, granting leases of from five to ten years, he has over two hundred tenants, and so mutually satisfactory is the arrangement, that many of his tenants have been occupants for upwards of twenty-five years. He has a large number of farms and village lots in Dundas to dispose of, and 8,000 acres in the counties of Prescott and Russell. Captain Farlinger resides in a venerable mansion on the river side, at the east end of the village, but purposes erecting a palatial residence during the coming summer. Believing that Morrisburg is bound to grow, he has had the home farm of 280 acres surveyed and laid out in town lots, with roads seventy feet wide.

The Captain and his estimable wife are among the "mainstays" of the village, being, as St. Paul enjoins, "given to hospitality," and always ready to help onward any good work. It is said that Captain Farlinger will be nominated as the Conservative candidate at the next election for the Commons. He is exceedingly popular throughout the county, and, by all accounts, he would make a capital representative.

The Melsons Bank branch, which occupies the other half of Farlinger's Block, is, as may be imagined, a great convenience to the business community. In the management, a commendable desire to meet the wants of the public has always been shown. The branch was established in 1872.

MEIKLES' BLOCK.

Another fine block is that known as Meikles'. The Messrs. W. & J. Meikles are dry-goods merchants, and their store attracts customers from far and near. Their stock is large, well-assorted and marked in accordance with the truthful adage that "the humble penny is better than the slow shilling." Adjoining is the tailoring establishment of Messrs. Smith & Montgomery. This, like many of the Morrisburg business houses, is quite city-like in all its details. It is often remarked in country towns that a city man can easily be recognized by the cut of his clothes. In the case of Morrisburg, this guide would certainly fail, for it is a fact that the gentlemen residents are as well dressed as the orthodox "citizen." It is true, many village tailors are dreadful failures, but Morrisburg happily possesses tradesmen who thoroughly understand their business.

BRADFIELDS' BLOCK

occupies a central position. The Messrs. Bradfield deal in shelf and heavy hardware, iron and steel, coal, prints and oils, and, as in the case of most country stores, there is a grocery department attached.

Mr. William McKendry, dry-goods merchant, tailor and grocer, is the biggest advertiser in the village. His announcements usually occupy a whole page in the local papers. His use of printer's ink, backed, of course, by a performance in accordance with the promises set forth, has evidently proved a good investment, for his store is one of the best in the place and the run of business is very large.

GIBSON'S MILL AND ELEVATOR

are situated at the foot of the canal. The former is a large frame building containing four run of stones. The latter is a substantial erection of brick. Its capacity is 90,000 bushels, and it will elevate 1500 bushels per hour. The firm, W. Gibson & Co., handle a large quantity of grain, sending a deal of barley to Montreal. Their purchases this season of all kinds of grain, wheat, oats, barley, buckwheat, corn, &c., will amount to about 150,000 bushels. The head of the firm, Mr. William Gibson, represents the County in the Commons, having been elected as a supporter of the MacKenzie Government at the general election in 1872, and re-elected in 1874. He is a shrewd business man, a keen observer of human nature, and one who, having travelled a good deal, has profited by what he has seen and learned. He is a most genial soul, very fond of a joke, and rarely seen without a smile upon his face. His social qualities, allied with the fact that he is not a "rabid" party man, have won him many friends. When Sir John A. Macdonald was entertained at Morrisburg last fall, it is said matters went rather tamely until jovial "Willie" Gibson joined the festive party and cracked a joke or two with the Conservative chieftain. Mr. Gibson's residence has some historical interest attached to it. At the time of the American invasion, Gen. Wilkinson halted there. It was then occupied by "Squire" Rose, whose little boy Isaac was so scared by the soldiers that he hid under a bed. One of the officers coaxed him out, and lifting him up, said, "Here, my little man, you shall have something to say that no one else can," and with that he seated the child astride of one of the field pieces, saying, "You can boast of having sat straddle-legs across one of Uncle Sam's cannon."

THE WINDSOR HOUSE.

Last spring a considerable addition was made to this house, and it is now wanting in nothing. It has comfortable public and private parlors, the bed-rooms are roomy and neatly furnished, and in every other respect the proprietor, Mr. Walter Ford, is uniting in his endeavours to cater to the wants of his patrons. The yard and stable accommodation (for 60 horses) is excellent, and, in a word, Mr. Ford claims that the Windsor is "unsurpassed by any dollar-a-day house in Canada."

THE CHURCHES.

The Lutheran Church, close by, is a tastefully designed structure in red and cream-coloured brick. The Lutherans are very strong in this County, and their churches are invariably exceedingly creditable. The Rev. M. Fishburn is the minister of the Morrisburg church.

The Wesleyan Methodists worship in a commodious, comfortably appointed edifice. The body seems to be in a prosperous condition. The Rev. R. Hammond is pastor.

The Roman Catholic Church is a small neat structure, occupying a commanding site overlooking the river. The Rev. J. R. Meade is the resident priest.

MISCELLANEOUS NOTES.

A few words respecting some of those whose residences figure in the accompanying pages may prove interesting.

Mr. William Broder is an excellent type of the gentlemanly business man. He is a buyer and shipper of butter, doing an extensive business, his transactions during the year amounting to between \$80,000 and \$100,000. His brother Andrew, residing at West Winchester, is the representative of the County in the Local Legislature, having defeated Mr. Simon S. Cook, Grit.

Mr. Thomas Dardis, banker and broker, is a successful son of the Emerald Isle, who came to Morrisburg when the canal was building. His ventures in different branches of trade proved profitable and his operations as a financier abundantly prove the truth of the old adage, "Money makes money."

Mr. McMartin is a retired hotel-keeper. When at the Centennial Exhibition he was so pleased with the plans of what was called the Centennial Cottage, that he decided to follow them in the erection of a residence. The site, at the west end of the village on the river side, is very fine, commanding as it does an uninterrupted view of the glorious St. Lawrence which at this point is surpassingly beautiful.

Mr. W. C. Gibson is a manufacturer and wholesale dealer in biscuits. His factory was recently partially destroyed by a fire which swept over a considerable area, but he expects to be in full running order in a few weeks. The factory contains the more improved machinery and will turn out fifteen barrels of biscuits per day.

VARIETIES.

VICTOR-EMMANUEL.—The late King of Italy is said to have made one pun in his life, and that was in the heat of battle. During the campaign of 1859, against the Austrians, he led an attack upon an Austrian position at San Martino. Addressing his soldiers, he cried out in stentorian tones, "Comrades, we must either take San Martino or make San Martino!" "to make San Martino" being an Italian equivalent for what used to be called long ago in England "shooting the moon," in other words, decamping from one's lodgings. It was in this campaign at the battle of Palestro, that Victor-Emmanuel, the King of Sardinia, received the rare honour of

being created by a French Zouave regiment Corporal of Zouaves on the battle-field. This is an honour seldom conceded by French soldiers, and only where it has been earned by an extraordinary display of courage. It was enjoyed before by two great commanders, Marlborough, known as "Corporal Jim," Napoleon, familiarly termed "Le Petit Caporal."

OSMAN PASHA.—Osman Pasha is said to have had the habit of often punishing officers for cowardice, with his own hands. A German correspondent describes one case when a captain and lieutenant were brought before the marshal. Both stood in an humble attitude, with their heads bent and their eyes fixed on the ground. Osman first spoke to them gravely and in a low tone; he then suddenly sprang upon the lieutenant, lifted him into the air with his left hand, struck him repeatedly with his right fist on the head and chest, and then dashed him to the ground. He next turned to the captain, and gave him also a good thrashing. "It was strange," says the German critic, "to see this man, usually so calm and reserved, leaping about with the agility of a cat, his eyes flashing and his face glowing, gnashing his teeth, and accompanying every blow with an exclamation of disgust and contempt."

ACTORS AND PRINTING.—Mr. Stuart Robson tells a reporter that "all our leading actors have worked with the stick and rule at the case," and then proceeds to enumerate: "Montague, the gallant that half Murray Hill is breaking its heart over, was a type-setter on the London Era, and that at not a very remote period either. Then there's Harry Crisp and Lawrence Barrett; both were printers. Barrett had an humble origin, but he has been studious, and is now one of the best read men in the profession. John Moore, of the Fifth Avenue Theatre, is another type. Joe Jefferson, the best actor of modern times, once earned his bread at the case. So did that capital comedian, W. H. Crane; as did William Warren, of Boston, and Charles Burke, of Philadelphia. Of dead actors who achieved world-wide fame William E. Barton and James W. Wallack, jr., belonged to the craft. John Parselle was a compositor. So was your humble servant, but I think I was a better printer than I am an actor. I believe Neil was a fly-boy; and I am sure Barney Williams was one. Steve Fisher, of the Fifth Avenue Theatre, had something to do with newspapers, but I am not certain that he was ever in a composing room. Theodore Hamilton, another good actor, was a sub-printer for years. I had almost forgotten Charles Fisher. He used to stick type like a race-horse."

BURLESQUE.

VAGARIES OF A BACHELOR.—The wine-cup, it is said, is in gradual process of abolition for New Year's receptions. This was noticeable yesterday. It seems to be supplanted by coffee and mince pie.

Fragrant coffee and mince pie are good. But when offered several times an hour, it may become a burden to the flesh.

Where, yesterday, I made my first call, they had coffee and mince pie. The coffee was rare in flavour. The pie was all a New Year's pie could be. I participated. Hours waited upon me and anticipated every want. Our American hours, you know, have souls. I said: "This pie and coffee and salad is so good I'd like, if you please, to sit down to it. I don't like to eat perpendicularly." With all that ease, grace and tact peculiar to the New York lady, I was allowed to sit down and put down much pie. Which I did.

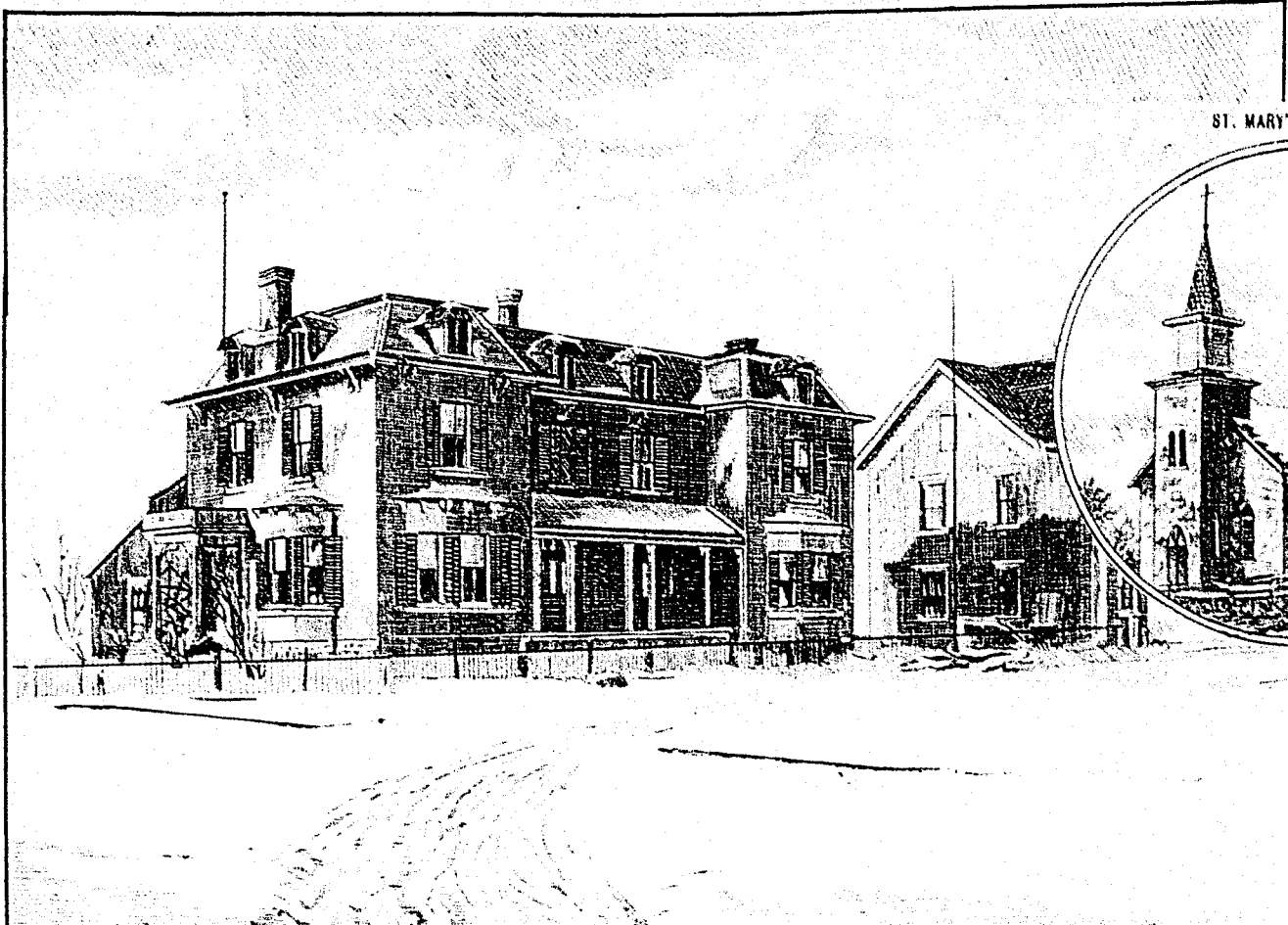
Coffee and mince pie at the next call. At the next pie and coffee. I partook every time, of course. What can a weak man do when urged by hours to partake of pies, tingled by their own fair hands? Refuse? It is impossible. But coffee and mince pie or plum cake is not exactly the right refreshment wherewith to supplement the banished wine-cup. At my seventh call I left, quoting Paul to Timothy, "A little wine for thy stomach's sake."

At the next house they had coffee and mince pie. No wine. I partook. At the next they had coffee and mince pie. No wine. I partook. "This is the age of temperance," I said. "How we have improved on the fashions of our dads and granddads. The y, at this hour, would have been tangled as to mind, tongue and legs." At the next house, no wine; more coffee and mince pie. Well! Can a man refuse!

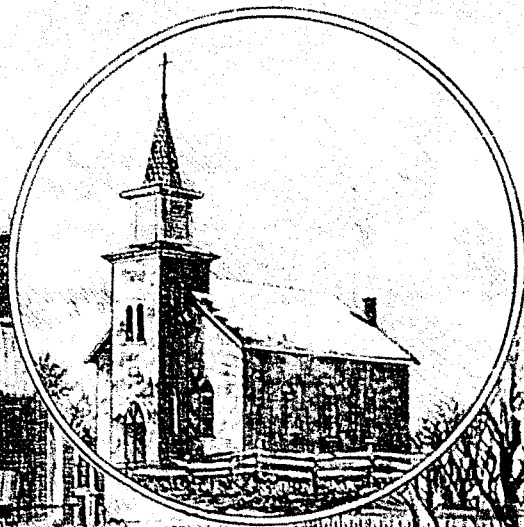
"Now, you must try our mince," she said at my sixth call.

"But I'm not so hungry as—" "Oh! you must try our pie. Oh! you must, you must!"

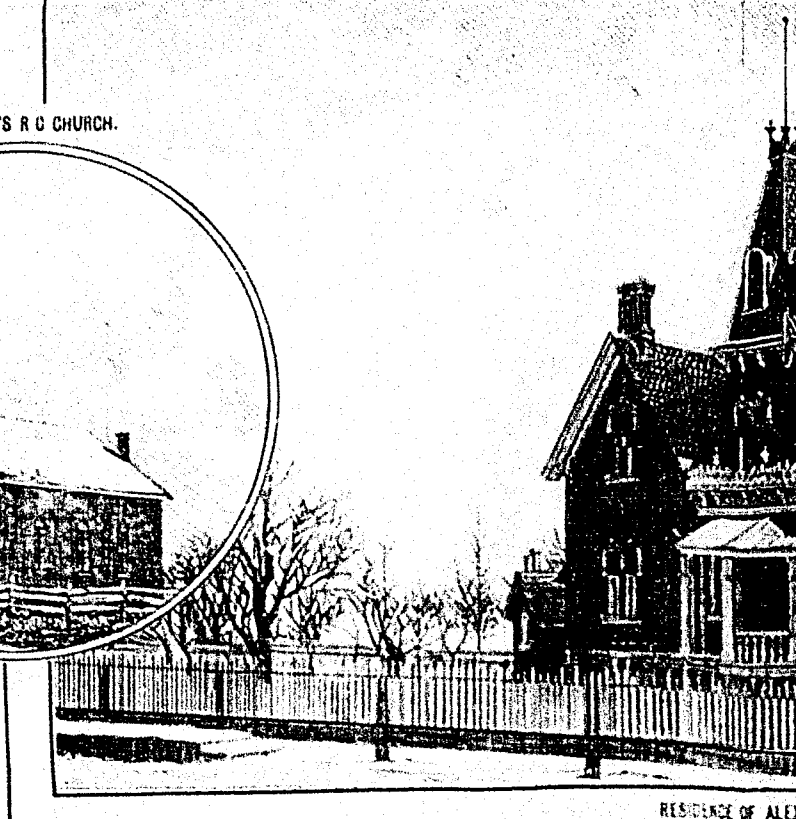
Weak, feeble man; I was led like a lamb to the slaughter before mince pie. I staggered from that house overbalanced and unbalanced by New Year's mince pie. I went home. I retired, but not to sleep. *Maintien a patte!* Mince was mince a pie! It is worse than the wine-cup. You can't look not upon the mince pie when it moveth itself aright in a suffering and stinging manner. It biteth like a serpent and stingeth like an adder. I dreamed dreams. The hours were transformed into skimmy bags. They sat down upon me. A witch's cauldron was simpering with the future contents of an immense New Year's mince pie. Meat, citron, raisins, currant, toe of frog, old shoes, toaks, newspaper, bricks, mortar. No. Give us up New Year's Day a little less pie for the stomach's sake.



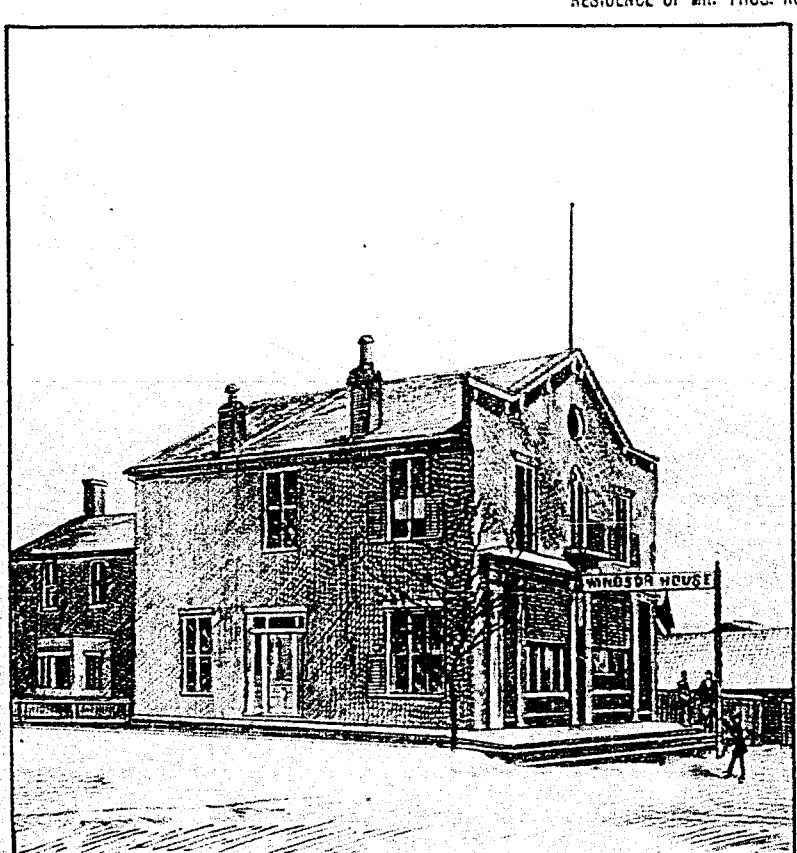
RESIDENCE OF MR. THOS. RUSSELL.



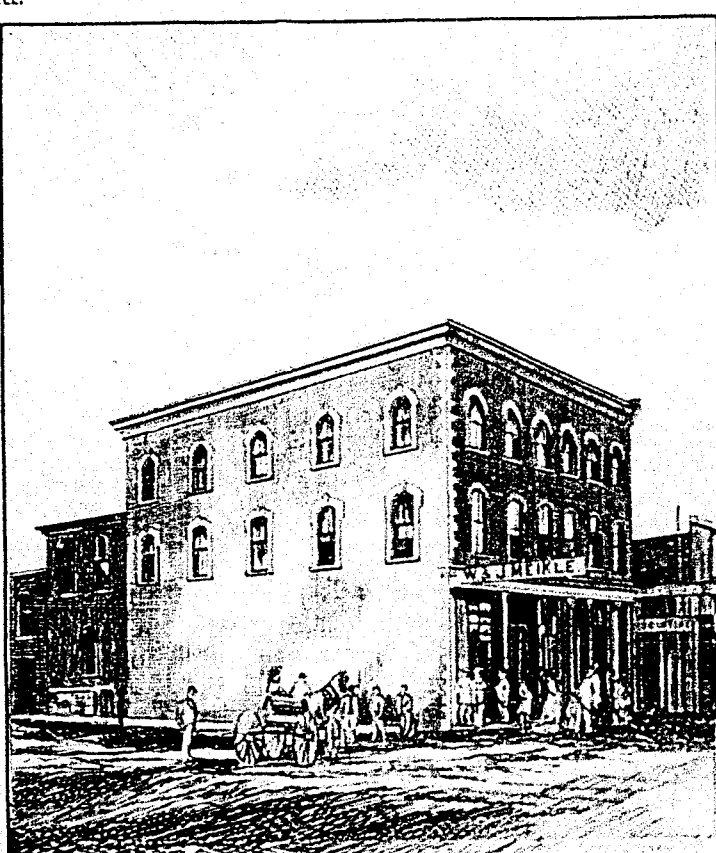
ST. MARY'S R C CHURCH.



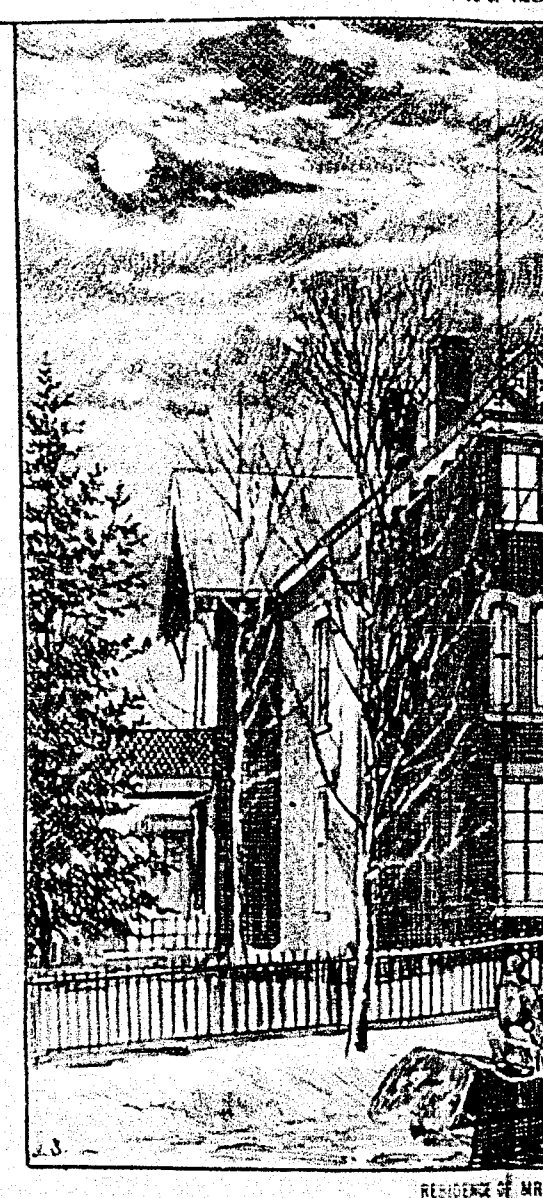
RESIDENCE OF ALEX.



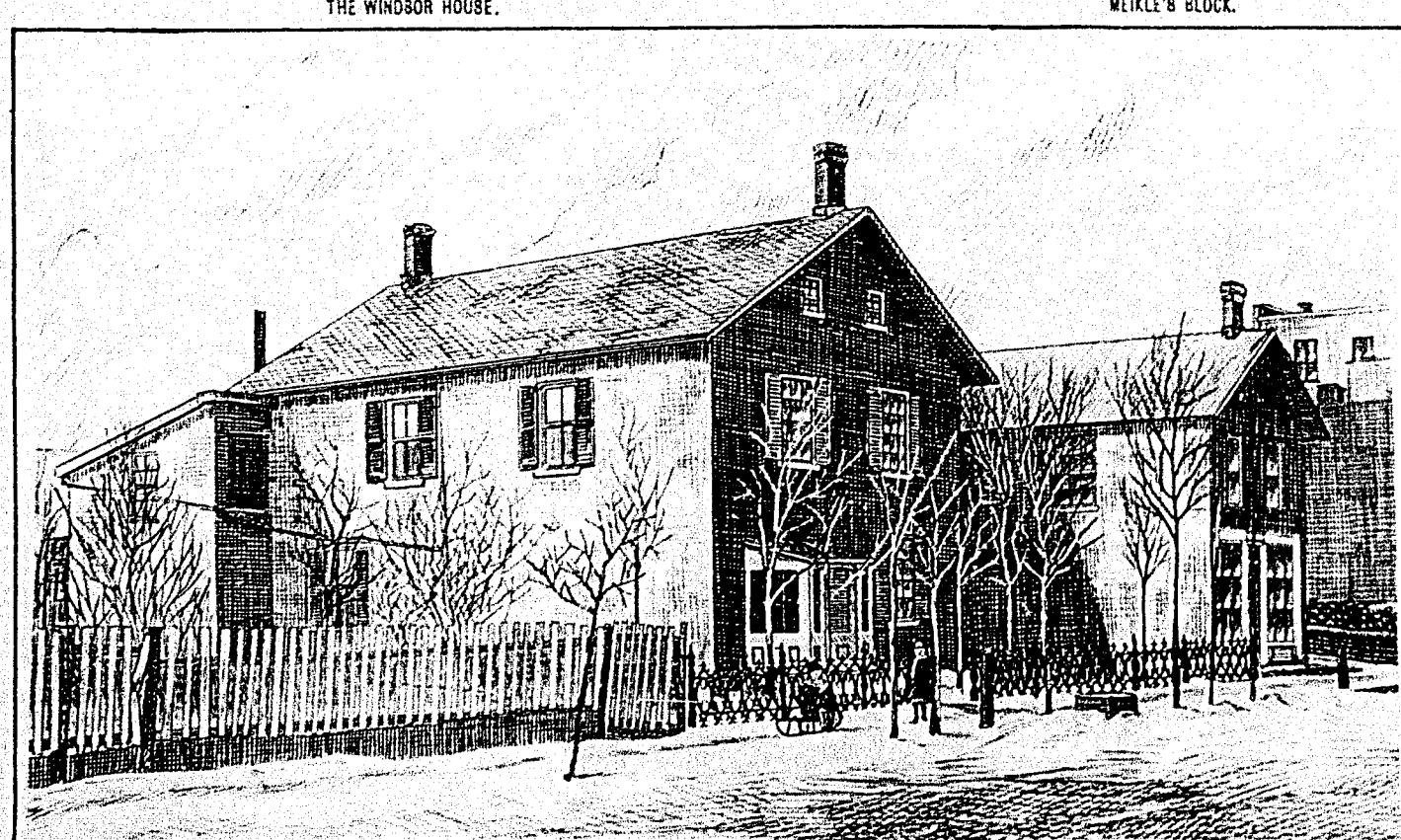
THE WINDSOR HOUSE.



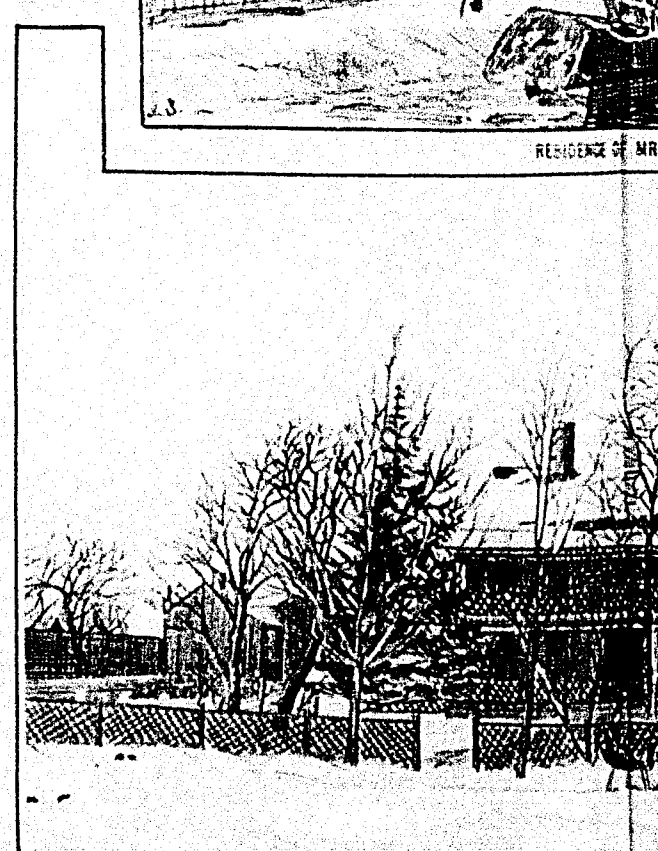
MEIKLE'S BLOCK.



RESIDENCE OF MR.

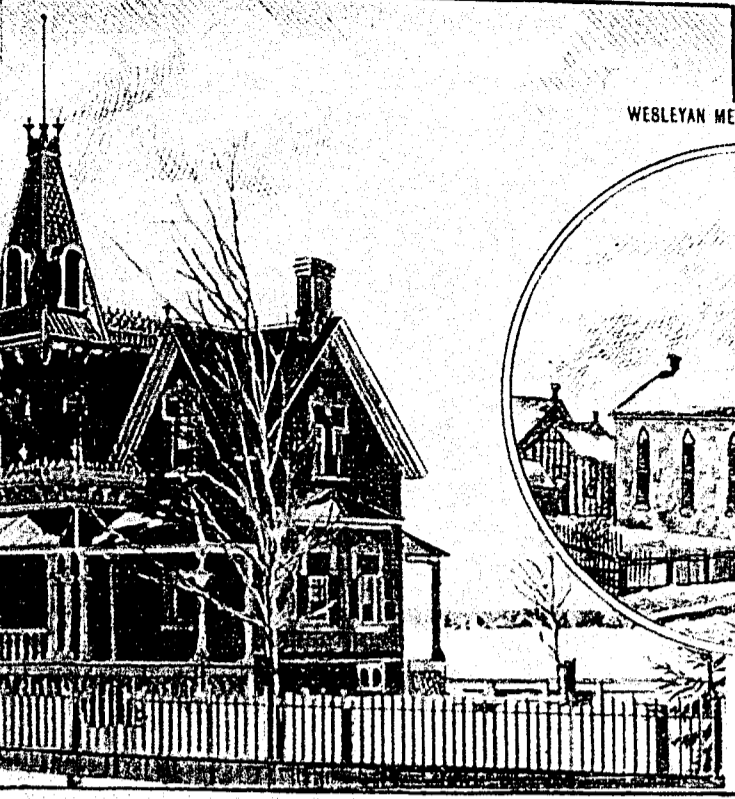


RESIDENCE OF MR W O BIBBON.

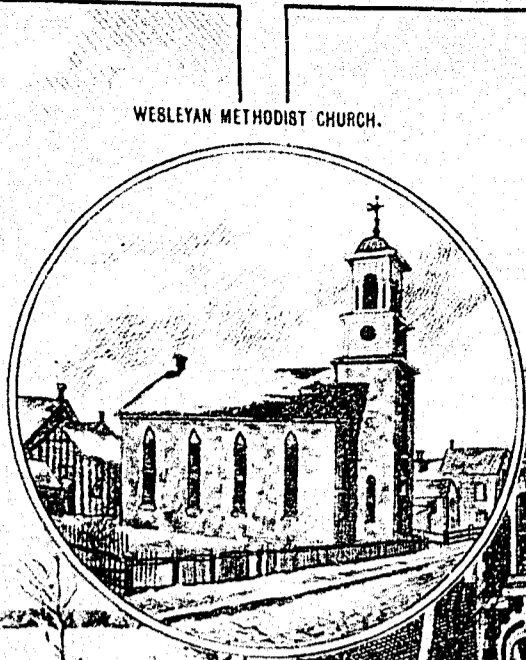


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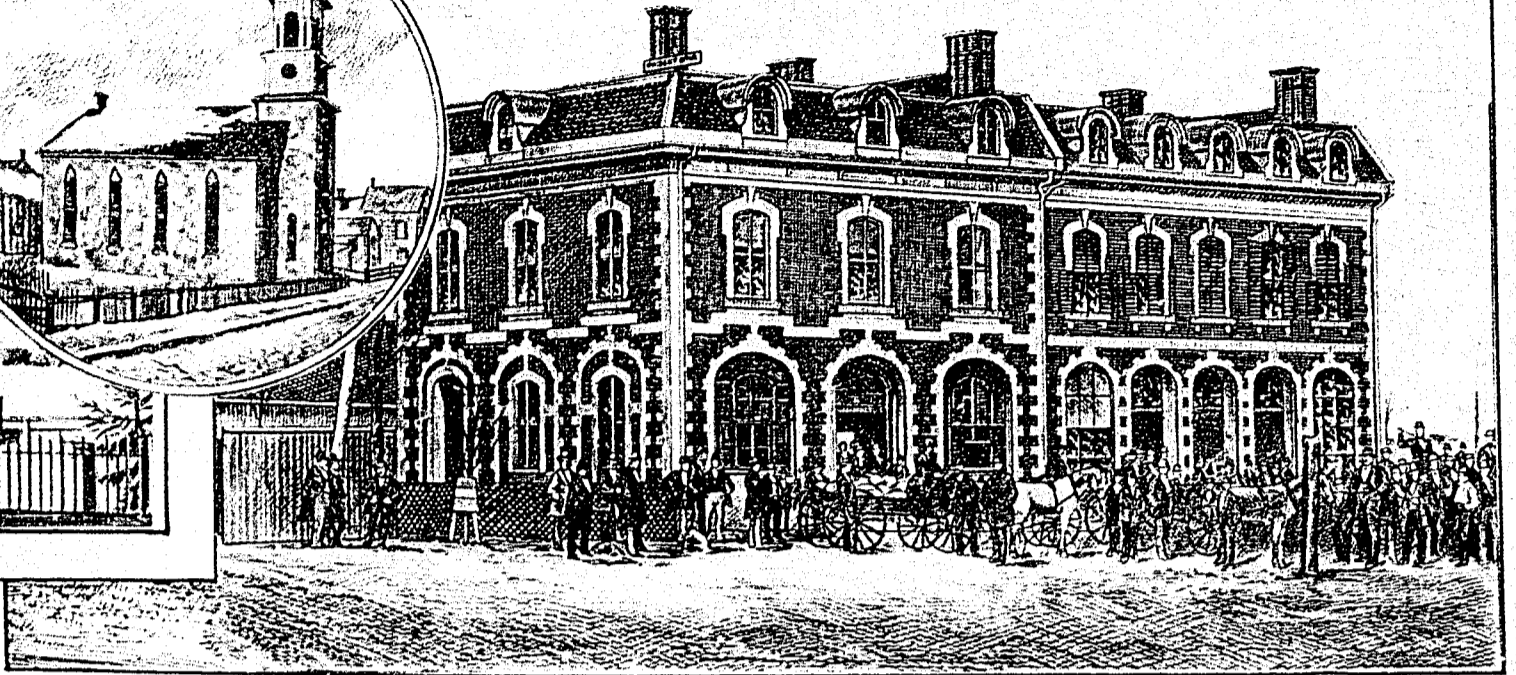
MORRISBURG ON



OF ALEX. M. MARTIN.



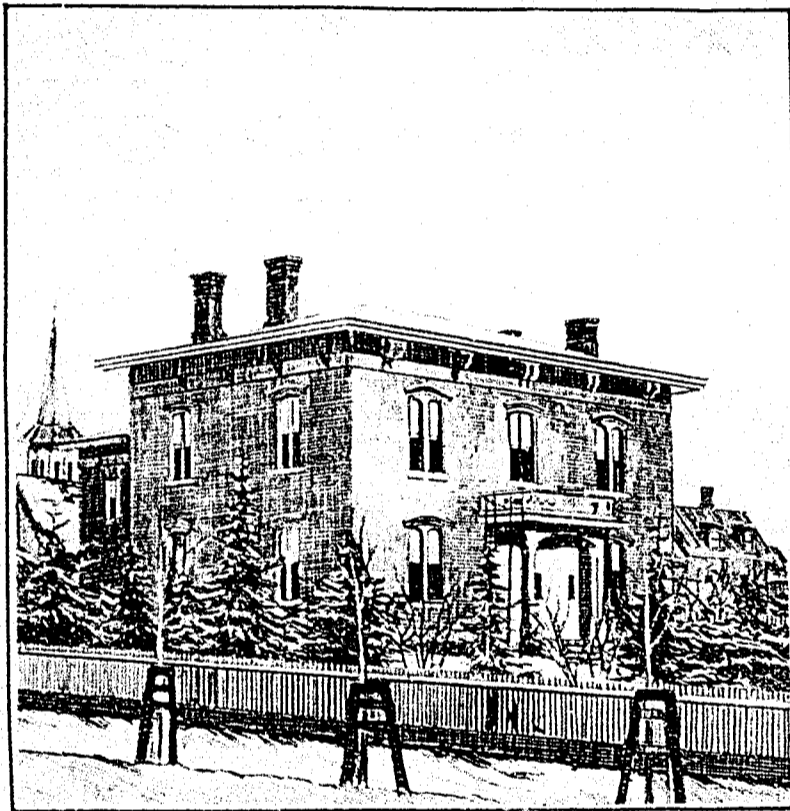
WESLEYAN METHODIST CHURCH.



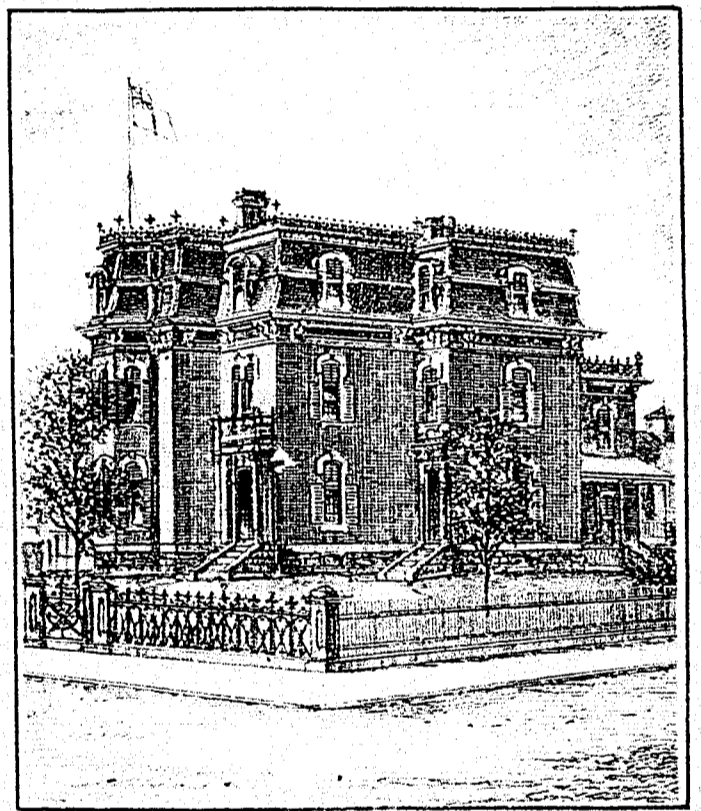
FARLINGER'S BLOCK.



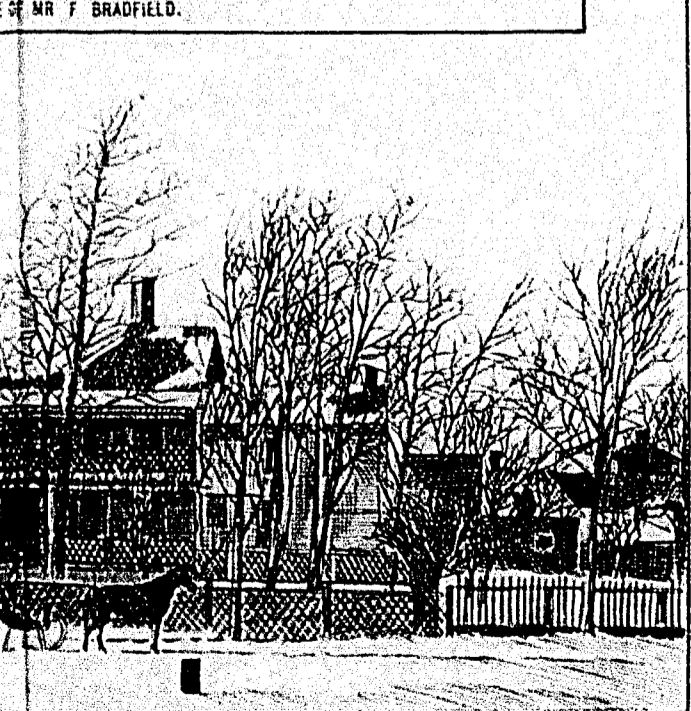
OF MR. F. BRADFIELD.



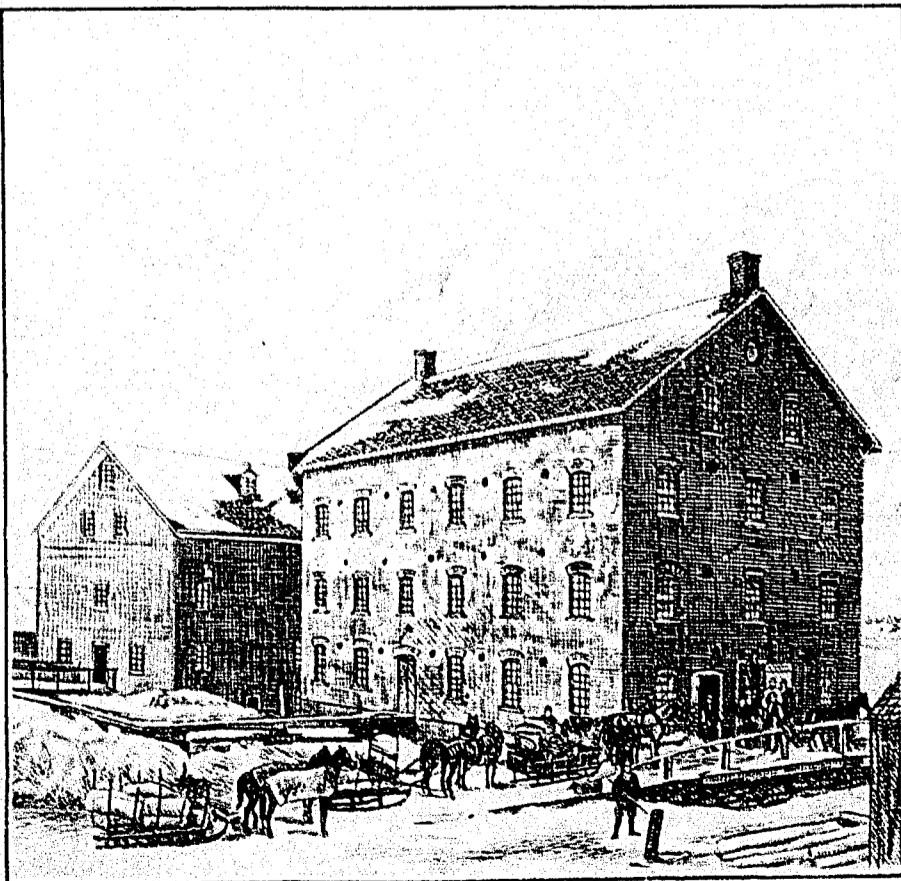
RESIDENCE OF MR. THOS. DARDIS.



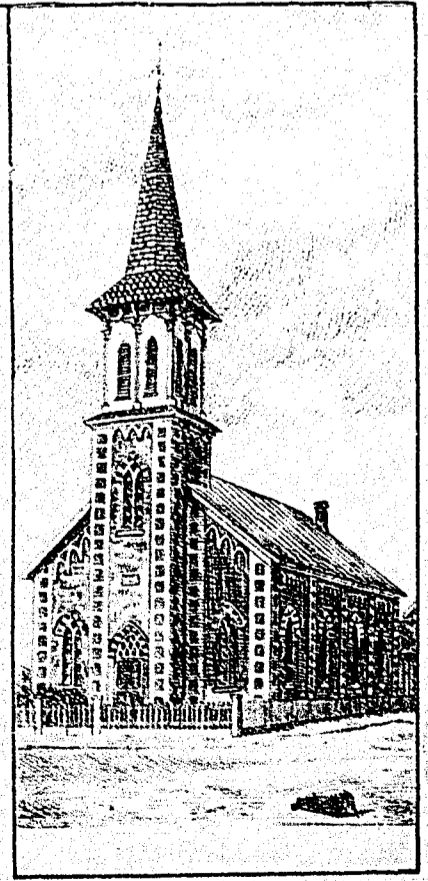
RESIDENCE OF MR. WM. B. ODER.



OF WM. GIBSON, ESQ., M.P.



MILL & ELEVATOR OF MESSRS. GIBSON & CO.



LUTHERAN CHURCH.

A SONG OF ARRAN.

O for the Arran breezes!
O for the sunny glow!
O for the glens and mountains
Of just ten years ago!
I see it all in fancy.
As I lie with half-shut eyes,
And fairer still in dreamland,
When slumber o'er me lies.

Where are the happy voices
That gladden'd all the day,
And rose in songs at evening
From boats across the bay?
Where is the fading splendour,
That linger'd, like a smile,
Upon the peaks of Goatfell,
And on the Holy Isle?

Not in my heart is envy
That youth returns once more
In other forms and voices
Than those I loved of yore:
Yet all my heart is craving
For pleasures that are fled,
For voices of the distant,
And voices of the dead.

The mist comes down on Arran,
Rich in its purple dyes:
I see that mist no longer,
A mist is o'er my eyes.
O for the Arran breezes!
O for the sunny glow!
O for the loves and friendships
Of just ten years ago!

D. BROWN.

HER GRACE, LETITIA.

IN THE TIME OF QUEEN MARY AND WILLIAM.

Bradfax Chase it is called. The mansion is almost a palace, and its owner's style regal.

The true greatness of the house began only in the reign of William III., when the first Duke fought with that sovereign in Ireland.

In early life the Duke had lived very precariously, sharing the exile of Charles II. and his Court; but when the Stuarts were done with, and William of Orange reigned, his estate was flourishing. He had many years before married one of the wealthiest heiresses in all England.

In the year when Mary, Queen of William III., died, there was not a more prosperous nobleman or man in all England than the Duke of Bradfax, and most men who knew his Grace envied him.

But he was sad and melancholy, especially when his daughter, the Lady Letitia, caressed him.

She was his only child. The Lady Letitia followed her mother in beauty, and that lady, by the maternal side, was of the blood of Southern France.

Her father, an Englishman of vast wealth, the architect of his own fortunes, had married a French woman, and their only daughter had gained by her united wealth and beauty the hand and title of the first Duke of Bradfax, then twenty years her senior.

Letitia was their only child.

By the time the Lady Letitia was of marriageable age, the French grandmother and millionaire grandfather slept with their forefathers, but the Duchess of Bradfax still kept up communications with her French relations, and rare was the year that did not see several dark, bright and keen-eyed visitors arriving at Bradfax Chase, who, if truth must be said, enlivened it very materially.

But why was the Duke melancholy and solitary? Why, more especially, was he markedly sad when his daughter, the Lady Letitia, actuated by her partially French blood, caressed him openly before the world—that is to say, the world of Bradfax Chase, for the family never went to town?

No one knew. But this fact became evident, as time went on, to all the Duchess's Court—that the best news which ever reached Bradfax Chase made its master droop his head yet the more.

It was this: The Duchess, undesirous that the title should die out, used all her influence at Court to obtain the royal permission to continue the peerage to the husband of her daughter, the heiress, so that the dignities of the house should be continued.

The Duchess, a clever, and, if the truth must be admitted, artful woman, spared neither trouble nor treasure to gain her ends; and in the last year of his life, William III. decreed that the husband of Letitia, only daughter of the first Duke of Bradfax, should take the title upon the death of the Duke, but with this condition—that the husband should be noble before marriage.

The intelligence rejoiced greatly the heart of mother and daughter, but the Duke showed no sign of joy, and gave no word of welcome to the news.

Suitors now poured upon Bradfax Chase, for marriage with Letitia meant not only the possession of a young and beautiful wife, but the enjoyment of the highest title but one in the land, with the possession of an immense fortune.

Before Queen Anne was proclaimed at Winchester and St. Paul's Cross, the news circulated at Court that the Duke of Bradfax's daughter had accepted the hand of Lord Bellamars.

Wide King William shook his then dying head, and said it was a bad choice.

The Duchess, not Letitia, decided upon this alliance.

Letitia, rather a French than English daughter, in thorough obedience, offered no opposition,

and she and her father yielded to the well-meaning Duchess.

The bridegroom was polished, well born, better bred, but cold and repellent.

He had no passions. Now, in the first year of Queen Anne, a virulent disease broke out in England, and the Duke was one of the first to be seized with it.

Nothing would prevent Letitia, Lady Bellamars, from nursing her father. Neither the mother's nor the husband's authority prevailed, and for the first time in her life her really imperative nature asserted itself.

On the third day, when his Grace feared that delirium was setting in, he called his daughter to him, and she learnt why habitually he drooped his head.

How long he talked, what particulars he gave, need not here be told.

Suffice it to say, when the paid nurses, hearing certain strange cries, entered the room, they saw the Lady Letitia cowering from her father's bed, and evidently not mistress of her senses.

Twelve hours afterwards, the physician who attended the father pronounced the daughter to be seized with the epidemic.

When Lady Letitia recovered consciousness, she was bewildered.

"Where am I?—who is there?"
"Do not be afraid, my lady!" said a pleasant voice. "You have been very ill, but your Grace is now better."

"Grace!" she said, with the quick apprehension of her Southern blood. "If you call me Grace, my father, the Duke, is dead!"

"No, no!" replied the servant, panic-stricken at the unintended disclosure she had made. "I—"

"Do not deceive me!" she entreated. "Tell me the truth, good woman!"

"Ay, the noble Duke is dead!" said the woman.

"Where is the Duchess, my mother?"

"Fled to France, your Grace."

"And the Duke, my husband?"

"He is with her Grace."

For so it was, that, while the epidemic raged, the dearest relations fled and left their loved ones to the care of hired servants. Ten days after, her Grace Letitia was in a fair way to renewed health.

But within another week she became the mother of a son, who was heir to the dukedom.

Strangely enough, gentle creature as she was, she shrank from the poor child, who was safely born, though the mother had passed through the valley of the shadow of death.

Evidently she loved the child, but yet she seemed possessed of an aversion for it.

She wrote a long letter as soon as she was strong enough, and over which she spent hours.

This letter was dispatched to France.

From that country came a soothing letter, written by the husband and mother, while a second was addressed to the family physician, asking him if the Duchess was wandering in her mind.

Her Grace Letitia was evidently suffering from deep mental anxiety.

The great withdrawing room was not wide enough for her pacing all through that long succeeding winter, and it came to be her habit to walk up and down the painting gallery, which had been founded by an ancestor when Charles I. brought galleries of paintings into fashion. Up and down her Grace would pace for hours, her velvet train rustling, and her pearls now and again clinking.

The epidemic had very slightly, if at all, injured her imperious style of beauty; and the black hair was as thick, the dark eyes as bright, the olive skin as brilliant, as in the days when she went a not unwilling bride to the altar.

When her mother and husband returned to Bradfax Chase, in the spring, they were accompanied by a distant cousin of the dowager's, a French woman, some years the elder of Letitia, in whose veins ran some of the old Italian Medici family blood.

The Duchess showed some anxiety to consult with her mother and husband, and as really the head of her father's family, the others displayed absolute deference to her.

When the three were alone, she said almost immediately, "My lord, you are not the Duke of Bradfax, neither am I its Duchess, nor our son its heir: for my father was married, and no widow, before he wedded with my mother, and I am but his natural daughter, and not you, my mother, nor you, my husband, nor I, have right to remain in this house."

"She is mad!" cried the Dowager Duchess.

"And yet I think we are well established here," said the Duke, with a curious smile.

"Daughter, speak more plainly," cried the dowager.

"My mother, on the third day of the Duke's illness he called me to him, and saying he was convinced he should die, he must relieve his mind of a terrible secret. Twenty-five years since he married a poor girl whom he was ashamed to own. He was then poor, and when he became rich he was a coward—a coward! Mother, no sin is upon your soul!"

"He was wandering in his mind when he spoke," gasped the dowager.

"No! no!" replied the Duchess. "He told me their names—where they lived, and gave me the key of the secret place where I should find the proofs—here, in the Chase. I have the key!" and here she drew one from her bosom. "But I have forgotten all—all!—where are the mother and son—where are the proofs—all! But, mother, they must be found, even if we pull

down the Chase. We are intruders here, and we must go out and give up all!"

The mother and son-in-law looked at each other, and they beheld a mutual determination to oppose the honest lady, her Grace Letitia, so-called Duchess of Bradfax.

One whole year went past, she withdrawing herself more and more away from the company of her mother and her husband, and even dreading to look upon her child, whom she held as an innocent thief.

Gradually, throughout the district, it came to be believed that the witch-looking beautiful Duchess of Bradfax was insane.

Who first spread the report?

Was it the foreign woman, Catherine Concin, the dowager's cousin, who had taken up her residence at the Chase, and who was so frequently seen riding, hunting, and fishing with the Duke?

This French-Italian woman, upon one day as the year was drawing to a close, said carelessly to the Duke, as they rambled through the late autumn leaves, "My lord, should my lady die, would her fortune, so far as you are concerned, die with her?"

"What a strange question, Rina!" he replied—Rina being the derivation of her name.

"As well such a question as any other."

"No; I should possess her fortune for the use of our son."

"And if he were to die?"

"Then the title and estate would pass to the next of kin, and I have nought but a moderate annuity."

"Then," said Rina, "by your wife's death your fortunes would not suffer, while by your son's death you would be ruined?"

"Tis very much as you say, my Rina; but why these strange questions?"

"Your English law of land and marriage is so interesting to us poor foreigners, who have so few acres of our own to lose."

In the following winter the end came.

That her Grace Letitia's heart became affected by her anxiety concerning her unknown half-brother's existence may be accepted as certain.

In vain she sought to remember what her father told her—in vain she bade her woman watch her in her sleep, and bear in mind such words as she spoke in slumber; for, as the weeks passed on, she often muttered when no longer wearily awake.

The servants either spoke falsely, or she never in her sleep gave by word or mouth a clue to the secret which was wearing away her life.

Neither her mother nor her husband openly opposed her, but both were determined not to give up their titles unless they were compelled.

Ah! had worldly position so gripped them, that they were glad when the end came, and her Grace Letitia was silent, tongue-tied evermore?

For in that winter she died.

She had been again pacing the great picture-gallery for an hour, when suddenly she was seized with what appeared to be a fainting fit.

As she fell in the brilliantly-lit gallery, a servant, stationed at one end, gave the alarm.

But before he reached the Duchess, the demoiselle Catherine Concin had hurried from a side door in the gallery, and was stooping over her.

Ten minutes afterwards, when the physician-in-ordinary attached to the house had been found and approached, he had only this intelligence to submit—the Duchess was dead!

She still lay in Rina's arms.

One of her Grace's hands was covered with a kerchief.

To his great surprise, when the physician began to busy himself about the dead lady, he found that the hand upon which the handkerchief lay was arched over a large circular piece of solid ice.

In the hurry and agony of that moment no one thought to ask himself whether that fragment of ice came—whether or not it could have anything to do with the death.

Yet it was strange how it got there with- out the house upon that winter night—a solid, rounded lump of clear ice, over which the dead lady's right hand lay arched, when the physician removed the kerchief.

The faculty of that day were quite incapable of finding a cause for death.

The jury summoned found a verdict in accordance with the evidence.

And after laying in state some days, her Grace Letitia, second Duchess of Bradfax, was placed in the tomb of her father's ancestors, and close to that shroud which enclosed the late Duke and all his secrets.

A year afterwards, the Duke married Catherine Concin, third Duchess of Bradfax.

But sad was her life, for her husband went to Court and left her lonely at Bradfax Chase.

Slowly, but surely, she aged, but grew fearfully weary of her lot.

At last she fled, after some terrible and unknown fright, to her own people in the South of France, and never again was she heard of. Her ambition had ended in her own complete wretchedness.

At Bradfax the grandmother now alone remained watching the grandson.

When the boy was ten, his father was killed in a duel in Leicester Fields, by London City, and near Westminster, and the boy became third duke.

He was thirty when his grandmother died, full of years.

Never once had he heard of his mother's secret.

And he lived and died, leaving a son, and the

generations went on, and so in the fullness of time it became the reign of Victoria.

II.

IN THE TIME OF QUEEN VICTORIA.

The Chase had not altered much in all those years. The scenes were a little more rounded—the portions built of brick somewhat mellow— that was all.

The same pictures hung in the great gallery, and even the sconces in which the wax candles were set were as in the time of Queen Anne.

In the great drawing-room, adjoining the painting-gallery, sat the reigning Duke and his mother. She was fair and fresh-looking, but her son, the last and youngest descendant of the first Duke, and therefore of her Grace Letitia, second Duchess, inherited much of that dark and beautiful woman's attributes.

He was dark, his eyes were eager, his olive skin rich in easily rising choler, and his pale lips were ever ready to wreath themselves.

The fair English lady, his mother, was calmly watching the fire, for it was winter time. But the young Duke (his years were about 24,) was reading a book eagerly.

"Tudor," she said, "what do you find so very interesting in that book? Let me look at it!"

"No, my lady, it is scarce fit reading for you."

"Oh, you are very considerate, my son! It is 'Balzac,' I suppose?"

"Yes, mother, dear Balzac—always Balzac; there is nobody in the world worth Balzac. I hope always to be reading him slowly, and never to read him through."

"What a singular fancy, my dear Tudor! Which of his books are you reading?"

"'Vautrin.' No woman could understand it, and not one man in a thousand."

"Ah, I suppose you are a thousandth?"

"I sincerely hope so."

"But what so interests you in the book now?"

"A wonderful page. Mamma, Balzac says that if the palms of the hands be bound over two lumps of ice, death must ensue, unless the constitution is wonderfully strong, within twenty minutes."

"How horrible!"

Suddenly the young Duke shivered.

"Mother," he said, "do you recall that it is history in our family that Letitia, the second Duchess, who died in the painting gallery most mysteriously, was found, after she was dead, to have a large fragment of ice in one of her hands?"

"Oh, you dreadful boy! Do you mean to infer—"

"That the woman, Catherine Concin, destroyed her? Certainly I do; and, depend upon it, that was the means she used. She came of the Medici; and there was not any secret made of producing death unknown to that family."

"Nonsense! You have read those ugly yellow-covered French novels until you have injured your judgment."

"No, your Grace; nothing of the kind. The Bradfaxes have always paid considerable attention to French literature, probably because of their descent from Letitia's mother, who, you know, was thoroughly wealthy and partly a French woman."

"But, Tudor, how do you know all about these strange tales in your family to which you so often refer?"

"Oh, many of the servants have as long a descent in the family as I have! Half a dozen of the old men and women here can tell a deal more about our predecessors than I myself, and their children are learning all about it from them. Of that I have no doubt."

Her Grace was startled. Indeed, in the first years of her marriage she heartily repented of her entry into the lugubrious family of the Bradfaxes. She came of a cheerful English house herself, which had never had a phantom, or even the ghost of one, in the family.

"Why, mamma, dear, I can recapitulate the occasions upon which the shade of her Grace Letitia has appeared here at Bradfax Chase. She never is seen except when one or more of the family are in danger. She first appeared in '45, when the eldest son of the house was furiously about to join the cause of the Young Pretender. He was, happily, warned. Upon the second occasion the head of the family was about to marry a woman of infamous character; this was in 1780, and the marriage was never solemnized. Then, in January, '93, she prevented Tudor, sixth Earl, from going to Paris, where his intended travelling companion, who went alone, being seized as an aristocrat and a spy, was beheaded. On the fourth and last occasion, the seventh Earl was about to join the conspiracy for the recall of Napoleon from Elbi; he was a real Bonapartist. He bowed to the guardian Letitia."

"And do you believe all this, dear Tudor?" asked his mother.

"As firmly as I believe I live."

"Do you really think that if you were in danger she would appear to you?"

"Yes; if the danger were of my own seeking, and which, by the use of my own will, I could avoid."

Here the door was tapped, and the footman, upon entering, stated that "Miss Bradfax had arrived at the Chase."

"Miss Bradfax," ejaculated the young Duke. "Yes," said the amiable and smiling Duchess

"She has our name, and, what is more remarkable, her name is Letitia."

"How strange!"
The Duchess looked at her son, smiled, and then said, "Tell the young lady when she has rested and refreshed herself, I shall be glad to see her."

The footman being gone, the eager young Duke asked, "Who is she?"

"My new companion, my dear; and you will be glad to know she speaks French as well as yourself. Her people have lived chiefly in France for a very long time. She is of considerable family, I believe; she has been recommended to me by the Count of the Comte de Chambord, whose people have shown the young lady much favour. I hear she is charming and well-bred; but I need not say, Tudor, that I trust you will be reserved in your intercourse with this young lady, for you are sufficiently good-looking to attract attention, while, of course, your title is a further attraction."

These two persons, mother and son, were perfectly honest individuals, but, of course, they had their class prejudices; and it is scarcely to be wondered at that they considered the mass of people, including ladies' companions, as really very much below them in station.

As the young lady entered the room, her glance fell on Tudor, and his on her; their hearts beat responsively, and a fascination at once was felt by both. Meanwhile, her Grace the Duchess was as completely ignored as though she had been in the next country.

Even in that very instant the honourable lady knew she had committed a foolish act in receiving this young lady into the house.

But this conviction was almost immediately swallowed up in amazement as she marked that these two persons, strangely attracted toward each other, were in some degree alike.

"I am glad to see you here, Miss Bradfax," said the Duchess, wisely desirous of ending this strange scene. "I am afraid you will find this house dull, and discover me to be a dull old woman; but we must endeavour to make it up to you by extended kindness. Come and sit by the fire."

"Your Grace is very good," replied the young lady, obeying with charming unaffectedness.

"Tudor's very choice," thought the Duchess, "as far as a woman's tones can resemble a man's! This is my son, the Duke," she continued.

And as both saluted each other, she added, "Tudor, this is the young lady with your family name, who is good enough to brighten up the old place, especially after you have gone away!"

"I am so glad to see you, Miss Bradfax!" And he saw with great satisfaction that she trembled as his voice came to be heard. "It seems very familiar here, does your name. My mother has spoken of my going away, but I am not about at once to leave the Chase, and I must myself show you all our wonderful antiquities and curiosities."

"Your Grace is very good," she said, in a low, soft voice.

When the Duke went to his rooms that night, he knew not what was the matter with him.

This was his malady: he had become possessed of a violent passion for his mother's new companion.

She, in turn, appeared charmed.

Within those following three weeks she never resented or mistrusted one word or look of his. She yielded her will and individuality before him as a bird does under the spell of a serpent.

The Duchess was made but little uncomfortable by all these things. She knew her son was a noble-hearted gentleman, and her womanly knowledge convinced her there was no harm in Miss Bradfax.

But the Duchess had not reckoned upon the nature of mutual passion.

Had Letitia Bradfax shown any comprehension of her danger, Tudor would have at once been master of himself.

But it was her blind concession to him, her utter relinquishment of herself, which completed his wild adoration.

He never stopped to ask himself whether he could marry her. He was not arrested by any truth of the every-day life around him. He did not even give thought to the enquiry as to the necessary watchfulness of the servants.

If she was under his influence, he, in another degree, was dominated by her.

She remained calm, serene—resigned, it might have seemed, to his will.

But he was beginning to war with the grosser portion of his nature.

Yes; it was the conviction that she never contemplated her danger which so immeasurably increased his passion.

At last, one evening, as the winter was passing away, he could endure no more.

"Letitia," he said (for by that time he had come to call her by her Christian name), and when they were alone—"Letitia," he said, "my mother does not like you to see the new French books. I have known that—but when all is quiet to-night, I will bring two or three to your rooms."

She looked at him with the angelic glance which always confounded him, and said softly, "Yes, my lord, I shall be delighted."

He pressed her hand.

But her eyes did not droop; indeed, she appeared grateful for the kindness.

It was a perilous moment, but he turned away.

Night came, and the young noble, taking several books in one hand, and a branched can-

delabrum in the other, hurried towards the painting gallery, at the end of which he knew he should find the outer door of Letitia's room unfastened.

To his great surprise, he found that several of the gallery sconces held burning candles.

He supposed they had been lit by some of the household for showing the paintings, and that they had gone to bed, having forgotten to extinguish them.

No thought of the guardian phantom of his house possessed him.

But as he traversed the gallery, he fancied that the light increased behind him.

He turned.

Ah! he knew that traditionary form in a moment.

The flowing dress of Queen Anne's time, the rich, black, training robe, the wide, lace-trimmed sleeves, the many lines of pearls, and the rich, clustered, flowing black hair.

In an instant he saw that he himself was more like her than he resembled his own mother.

She carried in one hand a spray of roses.

As he approached, rays of light seemed to dart from her body, and still more from her head.

There was nothing formidable about the apparition.

As it passed him, there was a glorious smile upon the features, and she gently waved the white flowers she was holding.

Then she swept grandly on her way, passing him.

As she glided on, he drew back towards the wall. When she had passed, he fell forward on his face, hiding from the beautiful yet terrible phantom.

Which way went it?

Where did it disappear?

Of those things he knew nothing. When he was once more himself, he was in darkness, and quite alone.

He had no fear then.

He rose, and went to his room, his passion swept away, and his gratitude immeasurable that he was saved.

He fell asleep quite calmly. He had never done much harm; indeed his peers had but a poor opinion of him; and he awoke, inexpressibly thankful that the gentle phantom of honest Duchess Letitia had saved him and guarded Letitia.

Next morning the young lady met him with a charming smile.

"You came last night to my room, but I saw nothing of your Grace."

"I went to your room, Letitia?"

"Yes; for I found these white roses, which must at this time of year have come from the south of France, set in the carving of one of the oak panels in my sitting-room."

Suddenly Tudor Bradfax was struck as if by a revelation.

"Letitia," he said, seizing her hands, "have you ever been told that you belong to our family?"

"Often, your Grace. My grandma, there, frequently informed me that I came of the Dukes of Bradfax, and that my first forefather of that name, in the reign of Queen Anne, had been deprived of his rights by the daughter of the second so-called marriage of his father. But, your Grace, I have only looked upon their tales as I would upon fairy lore."

"No, no, Letitia, it is no fairy lore. As I am before you, I feel convinced that you are the true descendant—I, the false! Nay, I am absolutely certain that behind the oak panel, set in the carving of which you find these flowers, are the proofs of what you have heard as family legends."

"I should be very sorry to pain you by such discoveries."

"Letitia, listen! Before I seek these proofs, will you accept me as your husband?"

Her mute answer was to fall, pallid and insensible, into his arms.

It was as he had suggested. When the panel came to be examined, a secret spring was discovered, and the wood being removed, a casket was found, which, being opened, parchments and papers were there, which sufficiently convinced Tudor that the legend touching her Grace Letitia, second Duchess of Bradfax, was true.

He had no doubt the first Duke had described to his daughter the panel and the room where this proof of his first marriage was concealed; that she was then sickening for the complaint which possessed her father, and forgot this description; and that the honest spirit could not rest until justice was done.

He saw that right would prevail after all those years by uniting himself with Letitia, who, for her part, had yielded her heart to this her distant cousin, the very instant she saw him.

The poor Duchess, Tudor's mother, was at first desperately opposed to this wild marriage; but she yielded to the proof upon proof which Tudor adduced.

"So, finally, she conceded, in these words: 'Tudor, you are the head of your house, and I am glad to submit. I cannot love Letitia more when my daughter than I do at present.'"

But Tudor's peers maintain that he was always a fool, and that his marriage showed it.

At Bradfax Chase they have no fear of the spirit of her Grace Letitia.

It is reported that the unfortunate Empress Charlotte, who has so long been demented, is now dying.

BRELOQUES POUR DAMES.

EXPERIENCE may be a dear teacher, but she isn't any dearer than a pretty schoolma'am.

It is better to love a man you can never marry than to marry a man you can never love.

The wife who is presented with a water-proof by her husband exclaims, "Water-proof of affection!"

THE newest style of dresses are made with a hollow pocket—a tunnel for the train to be drawn through.

THE slipper season is at hand, and far-sighted young clergymen are having their bins fitted for the winter supply.

A NEW YORKER remarks that "Boston girls are not so well educated as the boys, but they know more."

THE celestial opinion is that the happy women died in a blind, deaf and dumb asylum many golden years ago.

OBSERVE a young father trying to appease a bawling baby, and you will witness ingenuity enough in ten minutes to make you think that the man ought to be an inventor.

A WESTERNER has invented something that beats the telephone. He proposes to put in a line of women, fifty steps apart, and commit the news to the first as a secret.

"Always try to hit the nail upon the head, my boy," said an uncle to his nephew: but the nephew's little cousin whispered to him, "Don't hit the nail on your finger, for it hurts awful."

THAT was a scrupulous young lady who refused to meet her lover—Justus his name was—at home, because she heard her minister say that justice should always be meted out.

"My dear," asked Mrs. J— of her husband, on coming home from church the other day, "what was the sweetest thing you saw in bonnets?"—"The ladies' faces," was the bland reply.

A GENTLEMAN named More proposed by letter to a young lady, who answered him with a glowing description of the last party, emphasizing the last line of her note, "So no More at present."

"How can I leave thee," he was singing in a very tender tone. He wasn't very popular with her parents, and it was verging on twelve o'clock, and the old man came in and showed him how he could leave her.

A NEW MILFORD (Conn.) maiden, who found herself in unpleasant company after accepting an invitation to take a sleigh ride with a young man, dropped her handkerchief on the road, and, when he got out to pick it up, applied the whip and drove home.

CHARLIE, as everyone knows, is the pet name for Charles; but Charlie is also a short-and-sweet for a girl's name. It will help in pronunciation to remember that the original is Charlotte, but at the best it is as confusing as to have the girls wear the boys' overcoats and collars.

IT seems hard, but the beautiful moon that smiles down a soft, encouragement to the lovers leaning over the garden-gate is the same old reprobate that provides illumination for the midnight cat concert, and smiles the same smile as the sounds of woe are wafted to his ears from the hapless denizens below.

A MAN more than half-seas-over was observed one day supporting the parapet of the North Bridge, Edinburgh, shaking his head and repeating to himself sadly, "It must be done, it must be done." An old lady passing by, thinking he contemplated suicide, said to him, "What must be done?"—"Must go home and face my wife" was the woful answer.

THE prettiest curiosity at a recent baby show, was a yearling baby with a bonnet that wasn't big enough for the court house cupola. It came within eight or ten inches, indeed, of fitting the baby, but it is understood that the incomparable artist who designed it, expired with the effort. Awe struck Christendom would kneel in voiceless wonder at the feet of a baby with a perfectly fitting bonnet.

THEY were walking arm-in-arm up the street, and just ahead of them was a woman in a new princess dress. The setting sun was gilding the western heavens, and throwing a beautiful crimson glow all over the earth. He said, in a subdued tone, "Isn't it lovely?"—"Well, I don't know," was the reply of his fair companion; "I don't think the trimming matches very well, and it doesn't fit her a bit." He shuddered.

"Is this the place," she asked, as she wandered down on the barren sands, "where a young lady—a beautiful young lady—fell into the water last season, and was rescued by a gallant young man, whom she afterward married?" He looked at her carefully, estimated her at a square forty-seven, with false teeth, and said, "Yes, ma'am, but I don't know how to swim."

A BIDDEFORD girl has just got a husband by means of her graduating essay. It was published in one of the papers of that city, and an extract from it, in which the young lady declared her intention of earning her own living, was widely copied, and met the eye of a Mr. P., a Cincinnati iron merchant, who was so much taken with it that he sought the author's name and address. A correspondence ensued, and the young lady was persuaded to abandon the determination announced in her essay.

Saxe Holm, alleged to be a woman, says:—Women have perpetual craving to be recognized, to be admired; and a large part of their ceaseless chatter is no more nor less than a surface device to call your attention to them, as little children continually pull your gown to make you look at them." Since reading it, a large army of indignant women are charging through the country with parasols in rest, inquiring with flushed faces who this Saxe Holm is.

"TO MY FIRST LOVE."

I remember	Rather funny,
Meeting you	Wasn't it?
In September	Vows we plighted,
Sixty-two.	Happy pair;
We were eating,	How delighted-
Both of us;	People were!
And the meeting	But your father,
Happened thus:	To be sure,
Accidental,	Thought it rather
On the road	Premature:
(Sentimental	And your mother,
Episode).	Strange to say,
I was gushing,	Was another
You were shy:	In the way.
You were blushing,	What a heaven
So was I.	Vanished then!
I was smitten,	(You were seven,
So were you	I was ten.)
(All that's written	That was many
Here is true).	Years ago,
Any money?	Don't let any
Not a bit!	Body know.

THE PRODIGAL.

Inheritors of vast wealth are proverbially spendthrifts. The golden ore is dug from the mine, refined, and coined, by the labour of other hands and the sweat of other brows. Like children playing with an expensive toy, they can form no just estimate of its value. When the donor weighed it, he cast into the balance so many days of unremitting and fatiguing toil, so many anxious and sleepless nights, so much self-denial and so much care. But the inheritor into his balance throws only—pleasure. The one values it, by what it cost him; the other for what it will purchase. Like the Prodigal in the Scripture parable, he thoughtlessly expends it to gratify the caprice and cravings of his nature. Then comes the last scene—the misery, the remorse, and the long and wearisome journey back to the home of frugal industry. But there are other prodigals. On her favourites our bounteous parent, Nature, has lavished her richest treasure—health. But the prodigal values it lightly, for it cost him naught, and recklessly squanders it in riotous living. Present pleasure obscures future want. Soon the curtain rises on the last scene. We see him helpless, impoverished,—the rich treasures of body and mind all lost,—in misery and despair. Remorseful Conscience holds up to him the mirror of memory. In his own reckless folly he perceives the cause of his present pain. He resolves to return. The journey is long and tedious, but if he perseveringly follows the right road, he will at length see the haven of his hopes in the distance, and Nature seeing her invalid child afar off, will come out to meet him, and receive him back with love and blessing. To find the right road homeward the suffering prodigal should read "The People's Common Sense Medical Advertiser." Therein it is completely mapped out, its landmarks all indicated and its milestones all numbered. Read it. Price \$1.50 (postage prepaid). Address the author and publisher, R. V. Pierce, M. D., Buffalo, N. Y.

ECCLIASTICAL.

REV. A. J. BRAY lectured at Kingston last week, in connection with the Civil Rights Alliance.

REV. MR. LAING, of Montreal, has been invited to the pastorate of St. Matthew's Church, Halifax.

It is proposed to re-build the Archbishop's Palace at Quebec in a style worthy of the Metropolitan See of the continent.

A KINGSTON clergyman, who skated instead of driving across to Garden Island, to officiate last Sunday, has incurred the censure of his congregation.

It is said that Dr. Conroy, the Papal Delegate, will remain in the United States as Legate of the Holy See, endowed with all the powers conferred on Nuncios in Catholic countries.

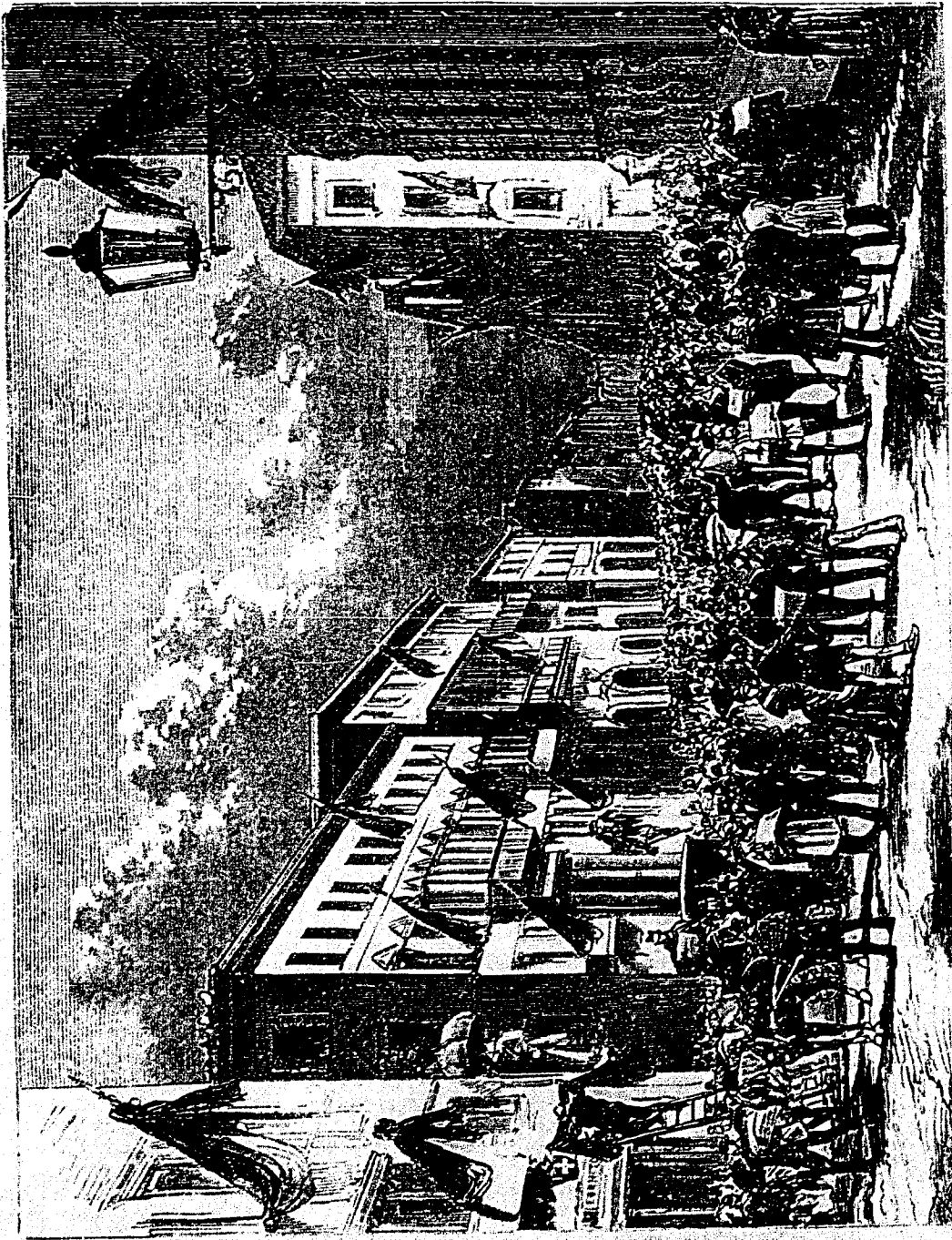
It is understood that the Bishop of Ontario has suspended the Rev. Mr. Higginson, late pastor of St. Bartholomew's Church, from all clerical duty or employment for three years. This resolution will apply throughout the whole jurisdiction of the Church in Canada.

ON arrival of the foreign Cardinal the Sacred College will permanently constitute itself in congregation. The Bull left by Pius IX. authorizes Cardinals to deviate from the established procedure, but does not prescribe any special new rules. The public are admitted to St. Peter's to view the remains of the Pope. The body of the Pope, arrayed in Pontifical robes, lies on a crimson bed, at each corner of which stands a member of the noble guard, with drawn sword. The bed is surrounded by 12 large candles, and is so placed that the feet of the deceased are outside the altar rail, in order that the faithful may kiss them. The face is calm and unchanged.

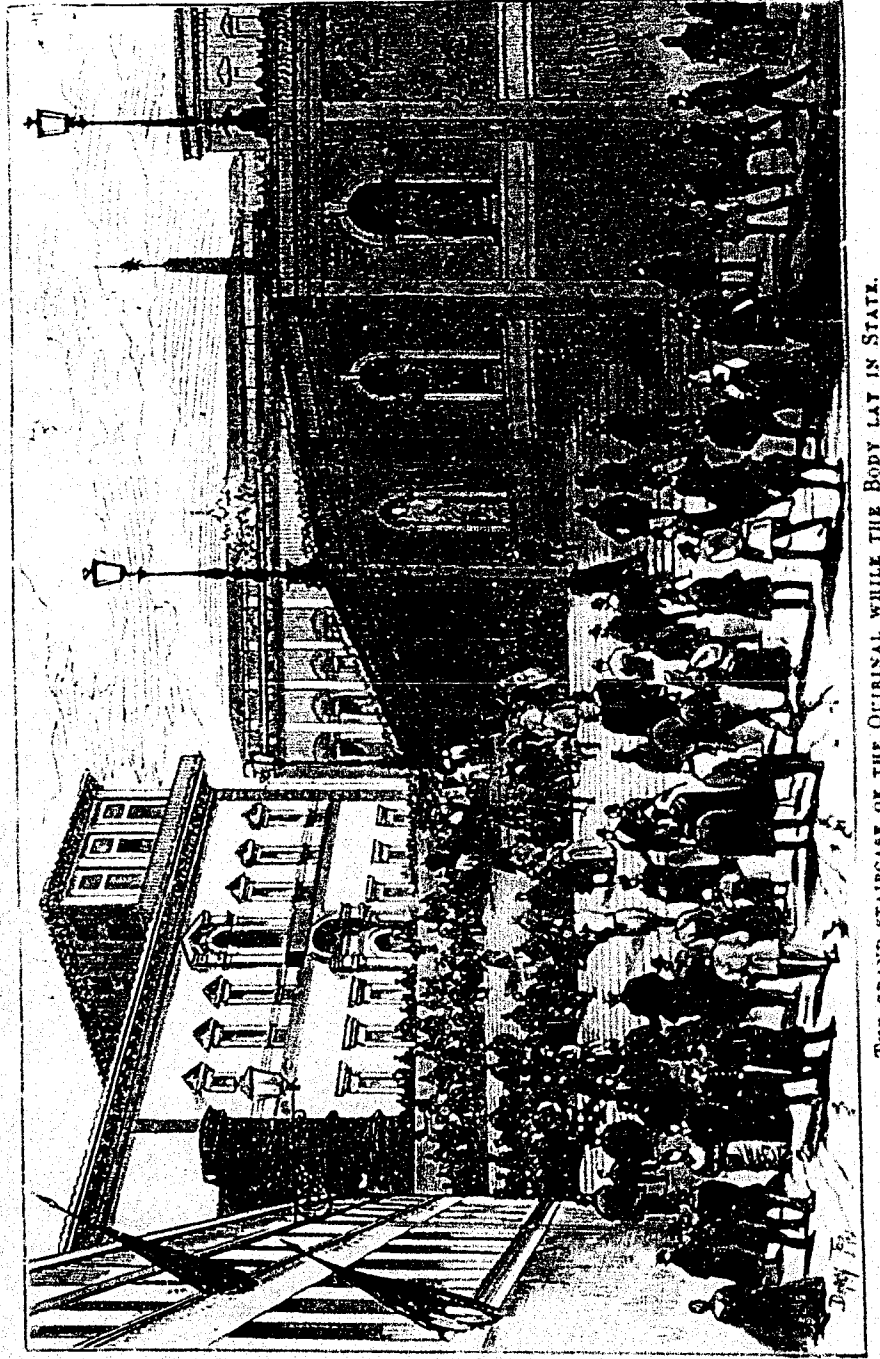
"PUBLIC HEALTH MAGAZINE,"

Edited by Geo. A. BAYNES, M.D., &c., &c.,

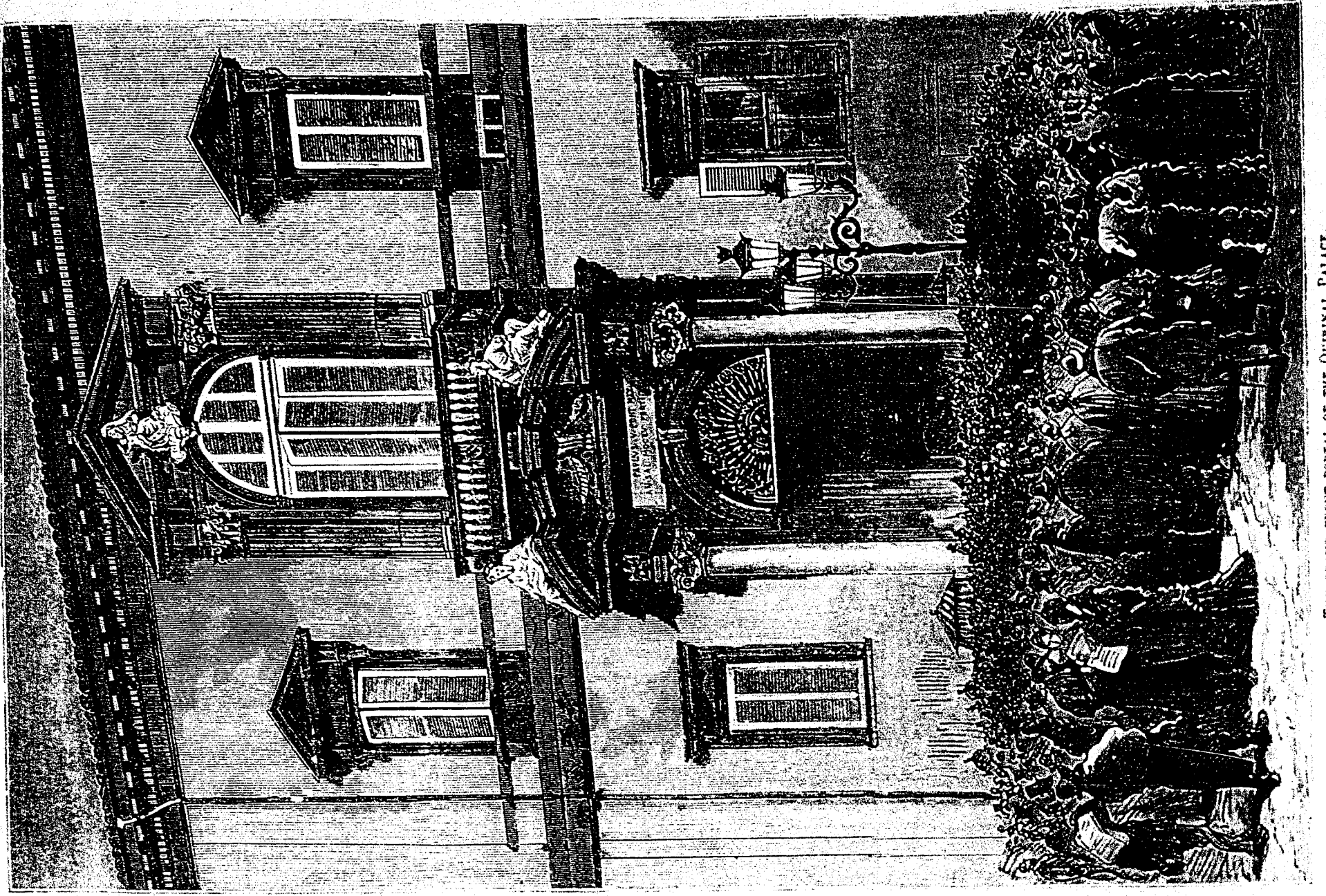
Says:—We have used Phosfozone in suitable cases with marked advantage, and were so pleased with the results that we now prescribe it constantly, having perfect confidence in its action. AS A TONIC during convalescence we know of nothing equal to it, and felt it a duty to recommend its use to our conferees and the public generally. Sold by all Druggists, and prepared in the Laboratory of the Proprietors, Nos. 41 and 43 St. Jean Baptiste street, Montreal.



THE CORSO ON THE AFTERNOON OF THE 9TH JANUARY.

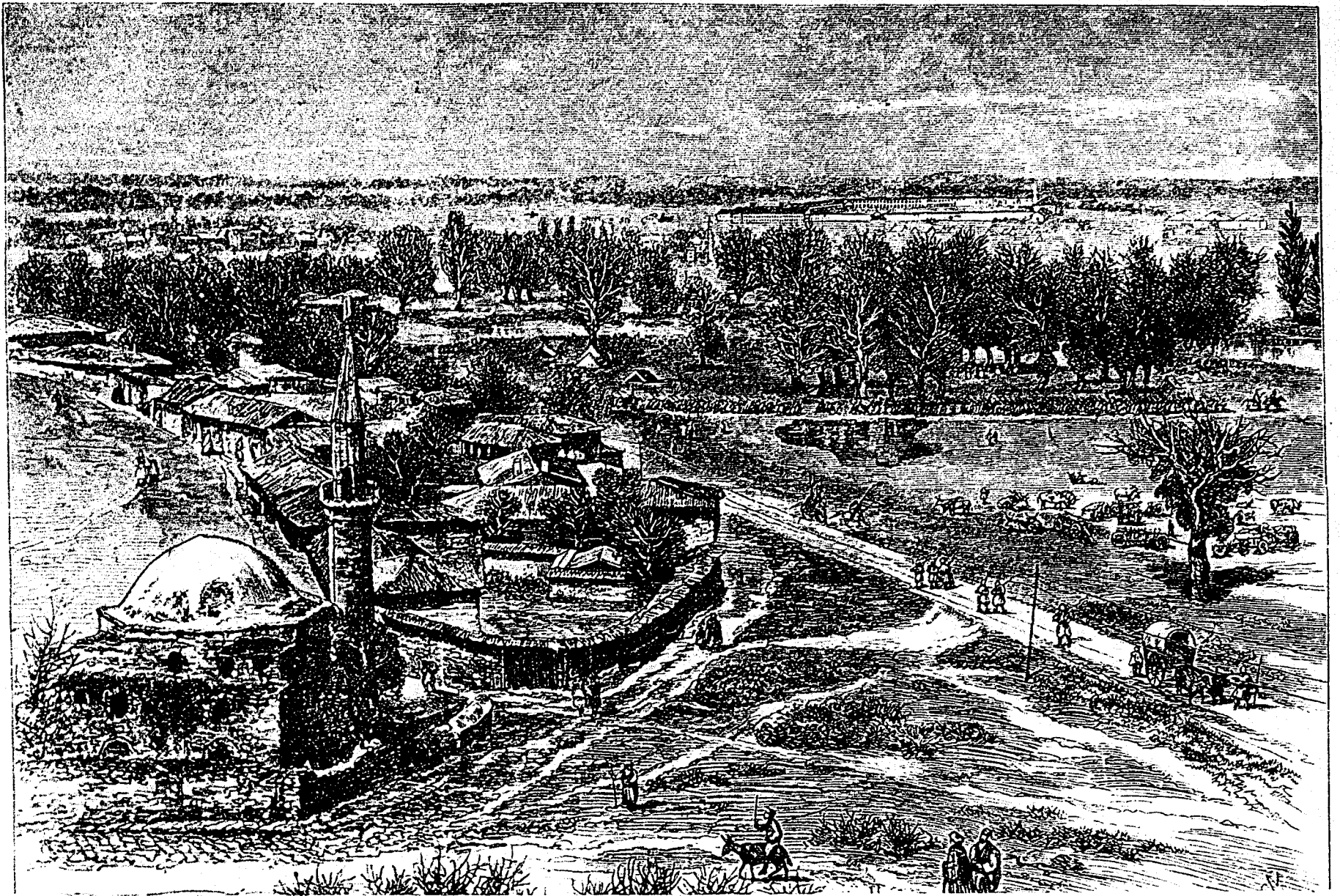


THE GRAND STAIRCASE OF THE QUIRINAL WHILE THE BODY LAY IN STATE.



THE GRAND FRONT PORTAL OF THE QUIRINAL PALACE.

THE DEATH OF VICTOR EMMANUEL.



ADRIANOPLE.—THE SEAT OF THE PEACE NEGOTIATIONS.



OSMAN PASHA RECEIVING A BOUQUET ON ARRIVING AT BUCHAREST.

A PICTURE.

One picture fair within my heart I carry
Unshadowed by the weary weight of years;
And often, as amid strange scenes I tarry,
A vision of my early youth appears.

The houses clustered on the water's border,
Clear imaged in the softly flowing stream;
The trees beyond it, set in gracious order,
The bridge, the road—delicious is the dream!

Each nook recalls fond thoughts, and memories soften
My heart to those that still by them abide;
I think of those that wandered with me often—
Of those who now in earth lie side by side.

Long years have rolled, and other children gladly
Rove in the woods and by the waterside;
And some who walked with me may eye them sadly,
And think of other days, whose light has died.

And yet it lives, and sheds a wondrous sweetness
Around the ways, else darkly shaded all;
Making the heart, prepared in all meetness,
Like "darkened chamber," when the bright rays fall.

A home of beauty, where the past is cherished,
Each common thing made radiant in the light;
No gleam of love or beauty that has perished,
But here, relinced, is clear to inward sight.

W. P. BLACKMORE.

* "The heart is the true camera obscura, in the lowliest making pictures that can never be painted."—SCHMIDT.

THE ANCIENT CAPITAL.

PECULIARITIES OF MEMBERS—COURTESY—JOKES
—FLOWERS—MEDICAL—THE MOB—THE PREMIER—THE POPE.

After last week's budget of political news, the importance of which must plead for its length and weight, I am able to confine myself to more interesting and personal matters.

Two Government measures have made their appearance this week, one the Phosphate Resolutions of Mr. Garneau, and the other the License Bill, introduced by Mr. Solicitor-General Baker. The former imposes a tax of 50 cents per ton on all phosphate obtained from any Government lot hereafter sold as such; and if any lot sold for agricultural purposes turn out to have phosphate, then the owner shall pay an additional amount sufficient to raise the price of the land to two dollars. The License Bill, to which Mr. Baker acts as god-father, is the product of the Codification Commission, and reflects great credit on that body. Mr. Baker, in introducing it, made his first speech of the Session, and among his most attentive listeners were Judge Lavanger, Chairman, and J. J. Curran, Q.C., Secretary of the Commission from whence the Bill emanated. Some of the changes are important, principally to license holders, but as it is intended to send a copy of the Bill to anybody who wants one, I shall not trouble you with them, but simply mention that a temperance society in Montreal sent a number of suggestions to the Government in connection with this Bill, and these suggestions Mr. Baker considered of sufficient importance to read to the House one by one, and give his reasons why they could not be entertained.

The Chairman of the Committee of the Whole House on supply is Mr. Loranger, member for Laval. It is customary after the Budget speech is made to call on the member who is the Chairman of the Public Accounts Committee to take the Chair in committee, and on all occasions after that when the House goes into Committee of Supply the same member is appointed Chairman. The naming of Mr. Loranger is a coincidence worthy of mention, as his predecessor, Senator Bellerose, was not only member for Laval but Chairman of the same committees as Mr. Loranger for many sessions previous to his leaving for Ottawa permanently.

Some amusement can always be gathered by watching the actions of members while debating. Mr. Angers, the Leader of the House, has a trick, when rising to speak, of buttoning his frock coat, and when speaking turns around and addresses the Conservative members behind and on each side of him, while all the time he is supposed to be addressing the Speaker. In this he is, unconsciously perhaps, imitating the late Sir George E. Cartier. On the other side of the House, Messrs. Joly and Marchand have resolved themselves into a mutual admiration society. When one is speaking, and he makes a joke, he looks down at the other, who immediately says "Ecoutez" or "Hear, hear," while the ponderous laugh of the jolly member for Montreal Centre makes the House echo again.

When Mr. Ogilvie rises he is sure to command a hearing, and whatever he says is not only attentively listened to, but it carries great weight.

By the bye, I made a mistake in my last letter. It seems Mr. Houde of Maskinonge was not at all pleased with the comparison Mr. Marchand made between him and Mr. Speaker Blanchet, and afterwards abused him roundly for his disrespect towards him in speaking as he did. I hear that Mr. Coupal, M.P. for Napierville, referring to the incident, charged Mr. Marchand, at a meeting of the latter's constituents, with being impolite to the members of the House. Mr. Marchand asked him to detail the incident which had been published in one of the French papers. Mr. Coupal read it, and then Mr. Marchand pointed out that what he had said was polite, while all the impoliteness had come from Mr. Houde.

While on that night session of four years ago, when the vote had been taken at half-past four a.m. the mace had lain on the table all night untouched, but just as the Speaker declared the question then being voted on "Lost," the head of the mace jumped off and lay prone on the table.

Throughout the week the galleries have been crowded with spectators, and on Tuesday even-

ing the one set apart for the fair sex was crowded up to the ceiling, not a male among them. It was expected at one time there would have been some demonstration of disapproval during the discussion of the railway resolutions, but on the contrary, any Ministerial jokes, and they were numerous, were received with marked preference to those which came from the Opposition.

Talking of jokes, some of the members have fallen into a bad habit of crying "lost" when some motion is put in Committee of the Whole, and to which there is no objection, and immediately after there is a laugh, but where the amusement comes in it is hard to say, for if there ever was any wit in it, it has long since been worn threadbare by repetition.

Colonel Rhodes, of market-garden fame, presented the House with a magnificent basket of flowers, which were placed on the table in the centre of the House, and was used by Mr. Joly as a subject for a joke by his saying that he trusted the debates would be as flowery as the basket he saw on the table.

Dr. Lafontaine, a medical member of the House, celebrated here for his anti-vaccination proclivities, took occasion the other day to object to the annual grant of \$750 to the Medical Faculty of McGill. The Treasurer in reply said it was the first time any member of that House, and that member a medical man, objected to the pittance given to so good and useful an object as a school of medicine. The item was adopted.

On Wednesday evening it was evident from the nervous appearance of many of the members that something out of the common was brewing. The anxious looks cast every now and then at the windows showed that, whatever it was, it would come from the outside. As the time went slowly on, the symptoms increased, till at 8:30 a yell from the exterior and the glare of torches seen through the windows caused a number of members to go to those on the Opposition side of the House to see what was going on. What they saw was a mob bearing torches and transparencies and bearing on a pole a figure clad in dark clothes with a rope around its neck. This figure was set fire to, and when nearly consumed was thrown to the ground and kicked to pieces by the mob. Then more yells arose, a few windows were broken with potatoes thrown from the outside, and it having become known that the military were approaching, the mob dissolved. They vanished as suddenly as they arrived. In the meanwhile the business of the House went on. Mr. Angers sat quietly in his chair, his hands crossed with fingers interlaced, his body inclined backwards, with his head resting on the desk behind, apparently unmoved at the fact that an effigy of himself was being burned in the yard of the House. Mr. Wurtele had risen to speak when the first yell was heard, and the Speaker, immediately the members began to move, called "Order." Three times Mr. Wurtele commenced, three times the Speaker shouted "Order," and then Mr. Wurtele put his hands into his trousers pockets and waited till all was quiet, when he resumed. At the sound of the breaking glass, the ladies in the gallery started to their feet, and it only required another volley of potatoes to create a panic. Fortunately, however, all without remained quiet, and so also did affairs within. B Battery arrived shortly after nine, and guarded the House till the adjournment, about an hour later.

A debate took place during the week on a motion to abolish the Legislative Council. The Government, however, opposed it, and it was lost on a division of 38 to 21.

This morning a deputation consisting of about sixty of the leading citizens of Quebec, headed by the Mayor, waited on Mr. de Boucherville in order to support resolutions adopted a day or two since at a meeting of property holders, condemning the railway policy. Mr. de Boucherville, on their entering the Council Chamber, asked if they had come to support those resolutions, a copy of which he had received. On the Mayor answering in the affirmative, Mr. de Boucherville said, "Then, gentlemen, I must decline to receive you," and the deputation departed. They are furious at this treatment, and are breathing vengeance, but what they will do remains to be seen.

This afternoon the House was adjourned at its opening on account of the death of the Pope. The motion was made by Mr. Angers, and seconded by Mr. Joly, who stated the majority of the Province and the House being Roman Catholics, he felt, out of respect to the heavy loss the death of the Pope must be to them, it was proper that the House should adjourn.

KRISS KRINGLE.

HEARTH AND HOME.

MUSIC IN LIFE.—If one note in the organ be out of key or harsh of tone, it mars the whole tune. All the other reeds may be in harmony; but the one defective reed despoils the sweetness of all the rest. In every tune this reed makes discord somewhere. Its noise jars out in every note. And so one sin destroys the harmony of a whole life. A boy or girl may be obedient, filial, industrious, and honest; but ill-temper is a jarring reed that touches every grace with chill and discord. Let every affection and every thought, and every word, and every action, be right; then there is music in the life.

TRUE LOVE.—No great feeling is wholesome where it comes up as a feeling and is allowed to go down as a feeling. Love that burns at first as love leaves the heart desolate unless it takes on activity. All great feelings must incarnate themselves and assume some form of definite

action, or they will perish, and will perish in a way that after a time prevents their ever existing again with such purity and power as in the beginning. When the attraction of love first brings persons together, and they come into holy matrimony, if they all the time wait for this feeling to exist as a feeling they wish for a mirage; but, if it takes on the form of self-denial, of mutual service, of etiquette, or respect, or courtesy, or acts of love, then the emotion changes itself into a habit which is better than any mere emotion. Love that ceases to have a flame and has action is deeper than love that has a flame and no action. But little observation of life is necessary to prove this.

ELIGIBLE WIVES.—A competency is essential to happiness and to comfort. It is wise in a young man in selecting a wife not to be wholly indifferent to the consideration whether she has been brought up to save or to waste. A wise economy is much farther removed from meanness than that reckless extravagance which leaves nothing for oneself or anybody else. The love and poetry of the honeymoon are seldom long preserved without something in the locker. Mothers should teach and daughters should learn domestic economy. They ought to insist upon this as of the greatest importance.

KNOWLEDGE OF OTHERS.—The only way by which people can be thoroughly known is by living with them in the same house or travelling with them in the same carriage. The smooth surface which we can maintain, with so much success for a short time gets broken up then by the thousand petty details of daily life, and tempers are tried and characters revealed to an extent which years of ordinary drawing-room intercourse would not have allowed. Then the real man or woman comes out, and the human nature which has been suppressed reasserts itself, sometimes with startling sincerity, and almost always in unexpected places; for no one is what his casual acquaintances and superficial friends believe him to be, and the depths reveal secrets never so much as outlined in the shallows.

SLEEP.—The tired brain must have repose; true, sleep does not give the brain a total recess from labour; imagination and memory are often vividly active during sleep, and unconscious cerebration likewise takes place, but enough rest is obtained for the renovation of the brain, and that which has been torn down during wakefulness is to a certain extent rebuilt. Sleep is a most wonderful power, often stronger than the will, as in the case of the sleeping soldier—and more mighty than pain, as when sick persons and tortured prisoners sleep in the midst of their suffering. No torture, it is said, has been found equal to the prevention of sleep. The amount of sleep needed differs according to the constitution and habits. Big brains and persons who perform much brain labour need a large amount of sleep. Children need more sleep than grown people, because construction is more active than decay in their brains.

A PHYSICIAN'S OPINION.—Let the children wear short socks, by all means. I trust the custom of confining children's limbs in hot, and especially in dark-coloured stockings, will, at least in summer, give way before the pretty fashion—now almost universal in France, Italy, Belgium, and Holland—of keeping boys and girls, especially the latter, in socks. As a medical man, I am convinced that, provided a child is healthy, and otherwise warmly and suitably clad, it is all the better at any time of the year for having its limbs exposed. In summer there is no doubt about it. There is no finer health-giving agent than fresh, warm air and bright sunshine. Children cannot have too much of either. Their limbs ought to be bathed in both. Those who see our little people wading on the sea-shore, delighting to paddle for hours in the waves, their scanty clothing tucked up charmingly, know that children are never so happy as when their arms and legs are bare and free.

THE HUMAN GARDEN.—Look at your flower garden, lying yonder before your windows. You know what care you must give it if you would have it prosper—how you must train the tender vines, and water the young plants, and weed and loosen the soil. Left to itself, great weeds would soon choke the flowers; and, though you find it hard to have as many roses as you want, it would be difficult to be rid of all the crop of nettles that would spring up if you forgot those beds a week. So it is with a human garden. The bad things grow faster than the good, and without help too; while you must not only help the earthly blossoms—the human herbs of virtue—but fight for them against the human weeds. It is romantic and pretty to say that good always triumphs, and the right is always victorious, but it is not true; and those who have power should always remember this. One of the noblest tasks a great man can take upon himself is, to weed the human garden and give the good, the pure, and the honest chance to bear flowers and fruit, of which those stinging nettles, evil men, are always striving to rob them.

BURLESQUE.

A hand-organ man was making his way up the street, when a boy met him, and asked, "How many tunes do you play?"

"Sixteen shunes—nice, sweet shunes," replied the man.

"My father is fond of music, but he is a little deaf," continued the boy.

"Oh, dat make no deference—I mak a him hear."

The boy led the way up the street to where a plaster bust of Sir Isaac Newton had been arranged in a bay-window to look like a living man, and the Italian spit on his hand and began on the crank.

He ground out all the tunes in rotation, and then began at the bottom and ground back up the scale till he got all the tunes in the garret of the box again. The man in the bay-window didn't move a hair, and the Italian drew a long breath, and sighed, "Play moar muzeek—mak a him hear soon."

He ran out eight tunes, and threw some gravel at the window. The bust didn't even work its ears, and the Italian leaned the organ on the fence, and loudly sang:—

"Oh, who shall drink of me som moar,
When I am far a-w-a-y?"

The seven other tunes were rattled off at a lively pace, while the man coughed, whistled, kicked on the fence, and encouraged a dog fight, in order to attract the deaf man's attention.

"Sing louder—play harder!" called the boy from the next street corner.

The grinder secured a stand for his feet, unbuttoned his vest, and the way he roared brought out the citizens by the score. He kept his eyes on the bust, and gave no heed to the crowd, and the axle was smoking hot when he left off the grind. Resting the music on the ground, he leaped over the fence, and got a square look at his victim. His quiet grin faded into a look of woe, and misery, and murder, and, getting his eyes on the boy with the red necktie, he ran him four streets, and into a carpenter-shop before a still small voice whispered that he had better hold on.

ROUND THE DOMINION.

A MOTION to abolish the Legislative Council of Quebec was negatived by 38 to 22.

THE Northern Light has been frozen in five miles off Picton, and will probably remain until the ice breaks up in the Gulf.

TWO hundred thousand whitefish ova from the Ontario lakes have been placed in the Nova Scotian fish-breeding establishment at Bedford.

DRS. FENWICK and Worthington, the defendants in the celebrated medical forgery case tried at Montreal, have been fully committed for trial.

STEPS are being taken by claimants to share in the Half-breed reserve, Manitoba, to stop the wholesale denudation of trees carried on for a supply of cord-wood and railway ties, which appears to have been going on to a great extent.

A MOB at Quebec, estimated at 6,000 strong, marched on the night of the 6th, with a band, torches and tar barrels, to the Parliament House, which they were prevented from entering by the Government Police. They broke some of the windows, and then burned the Hon. Mr. Angers in effigy in front of the building. They afterwards paraded the streets of the city. Col. Stranges-Battery was called out, and the mob quietly dispersed.

HUMOROUS.

"MONEY-SYLLABLES"—I. O. U.

A ROUND OF AMUSEMENTS.—The circus.

SNORING is now politely described as indulging in sheet music.

WEDNESDAY last was as cold as the glance of a rich man at a poor cousin.

WHEN is a walk on the Thames Embankment good for weak sight? When it is "high water."

WHY are novelists the most remarkable of animals?—Because their tales come out of their heads.

ALMOST anybody can send a boy on an errand; but only the wealthy have leisure to spare to wait for him to get back.

THE Jew who said, "My deeds upon my head, I crave the law," was an extensive real estate owner, and had his office in his hat.

THE "Hamlet" in a strolling dramatic troupe in Arkansas was arrested for drunkenness last week, and had to pass a melancholy Dane, the County jail.

If Thomas Lord, the New York millionaire, who at 87 married Mrs. Hicks, is proved to be of unsound mind, the widow will have taken the name of Lord in vain.

NEVER do things by halves, and always go to the root of the matter. A Chicago German who wanted to add a postscript to a letter after he had mailed it began to dig up the lamppost.

THE statement that the coal-fields of the world will be exhausted in two thousand years brings no permanent solace to the man who has to carry the present daily supply for the family up three pairs of stairs.

THE rising youth feels the need of an invention that will instantaneously absorb a lighted cigar, and save him the trouble and danger of putting it in his coat pocket when he unexpectedly meets either of his parents.

EYES have they, but they see not—potatoes. Ears have they, but they hear not—orn-stalks. Arms have they, but they hug not—windmills. Legs have they, but they walk not—tables. Heads have they, but they think not—cabbages. Hands have they, but they toil not—tramps. Noses have they, but they smell not—pitchers. Lips have they, but they kiss not—tulips. Teeth have they, but they masticate not—back-saws. Wings have they, but they fly not—houses. Feet have they, but they walk not—verses. Panses have they, but they grumble not—windows. Joints have they, but they bend not—grain-stalks. Hearts have they, but they love not—trees.

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A POET'S PROEM.

It on the great world's wide and shifting sand I scrawl my meagre alphabet of song.

KING Alfonso's Government played a shrewd trick upon the Opposition in the royal marriage.

OUR CHESS COLUMN.

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

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

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

J. W. S., Montreal.—Letter and contents received. Much obliged. Also, solution of Problem No. 190. Correct.

The following letter from our visitor of last winter, Mr. Bird, to a gentleman in Montreal, will be read by many with pleasure.

London, St. Mark's Crescent, Regent's Park, N. W. 19th January, 1878.

Thos. Workman, Esq., M. P.

Dear Sir,—I have forwarded to Mr. Ascher and Mr. Shaw letters with copies of Messrs. Deans' circulars explaining the delay in issuing my little work on Chess openings.

I reached here, January the 11th, and have been most cordially welcomed, both amongst my business friends, and in the Chess circle.

The unbounded liberality I experienced from yourself and the Montreal Chess Club is most highly appreciated.

I am fully occupied with accounting work, but leave off early to-day, Saturday, for two or three hours' play with Boden, at 4 o'clock.

Rev. G. A. Macdonnell, Mr. Blackburne, Mr. Steinitz, Mr. Boden and Mr. Zukertort, are all in London, and well.

A dinner to celebrate my return is announced for next week. It is likely to be an interesting affair, as all grades of the Chess community will be represented.

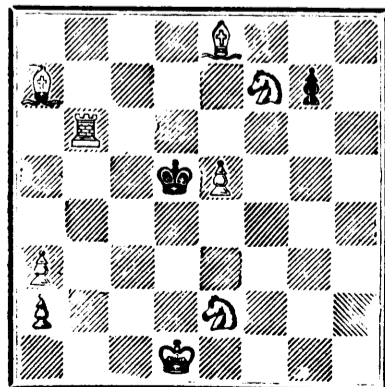
My most respectful and kindest regards to Dr. Howe and Principal Hicks. I send copy of Laurel and Water.

From the Chessplayers' Chronicle, Jan. 7, 1878. As the result of the Anderson Festival at Leipzig, it is now announced that a "General German Chess Association" is about to be formed.

M. Jules Grévy, the successor of M. Thiers in political life, has a great reputation as a Chessplayer, and in this game and shooting, he finds his chief recreation.

In Paris, (France), Mr. Thompson, an American, has inaugurated a series of most agreeable Chess reunions at his own house, which are to be continued weekly.

PROBLEM No. 161. By S. H. THOMAS.



WHITE White to play and mate in three moves.

CHESS IN ENGLAND. GAME 240TH.

The following fine game is one of two encounters between Messrs. Vyse and Macdonnell, in a recent tourney at the City of London Chess Club.

(From the Dramatic Times.) Remove Black's K B P

- WHITE (Mr. W. E. Vyse.) 1. P to K 4 2. P to Q 4 3. B to Q 3 4. P takes P (a) 5. B to Q 2 (b) 6. Kt to Q B 3 7. B to K 3 8. P to Q R 3 9. P to B 4 10. P to Q Kt 4 11. Kt to Kt 5 12. Kt to K B 3 13. Kt to Q B 3 14. Castles 15. B to Q 2 16. P to Kt 3 17. Q to K 2 18. K to R sq 19. Q to Kt 2 20. Kt to K 2 21. P to B 3 22. Kt to Kt 5 23. B takes B 24. Q to B 3 25. Q to Kt 2 26. K R to Q sq (d) 27. Q to R 3 28. Kt takes Q 29. R takes Kt 30. R takes Kt 31. R to Q 2 32. R takes B 33. R to K 3 34. Kt to B 2 35. Kt to Kt 4 36. Kt takes P (ch) 37. P takes P 38. K to Kt 2 39. R to Q 3 40. P to Q R 4 41. R to B 3 42. Kt takes R 43. P to R 4 44. P to R 5 45. Kt to Kt 4 (g) 46. Kt to B 6 47. Kt to K 8 (ch) 48. Kt takes P 49. K to B 4 50. P to Kt 6 (ch) 51. Kt to K 8 (ch) 52. P to Kt 7 (i) 53. P to R 6 54. K takes P 55. Kt to B 6 (ch) 56. P Queens.

NOTES.

- (a) This is now considered the strongest move here. (b) Much better than Kt to B 3, as it forces the Q into a cramped position. (c) A strong move. White must take this B, as, if he retreats his own B, then Black takes Kt with his Q, with a won game. (d) Certainly his best course; he cannot remove the attacked B on account of Kt to K 6, and he cannot take the Kt, for then Black wins thus— 26. — R takes R (ch) 27. R takes R R takes R (ch) 28. Kt to Kt sq R to B 7

SOLUTIONS.

- Solution of Problem No. 159. WHITE. 1. K to Q Kt 3 2. R to K B 6 3. P to Q B 4 mate. BLACK. 1. K moves 2. K moves. Solution of Problem for Young Players, No. 157. WHITE. 1. K to K Kt 6 2. P to K B 5 (ch) 3. B to K Kt 2 mate. BLACK. 1. Kt to Q B sq 2. K to K 4. PROBLEM FOR YOUNG PLAYERS NO. 158. WHITE. K at Q B 8 R at K B 3 K at Q B 6 Pawns at K B 6 and Q B 4. BLACK. K at Q R sq B at Q R 2 Pawns at K B 2 and Q B 4. White to play and mate in three moves.

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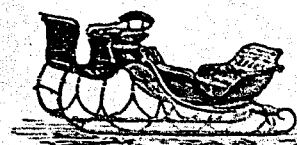
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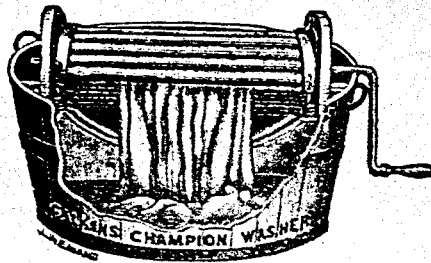
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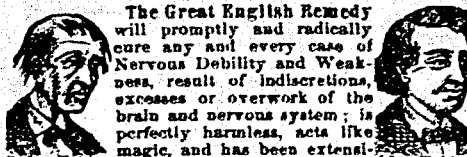
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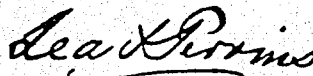
dated 15th May, 1872, from an old inhabitant of Horningsham, near Warminster, Wilts:—
"I must also beg to say that your Pills are an excellent medicine for me, and I certainly do enjoy good health, sound sleep and a good appetite; this is owing to taking your Pills. I am 78 years old.
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16-5-32-28



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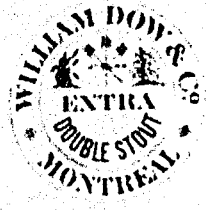
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