

Technical and Bibliographic Notes / Notes techniques et bibliographiques

Canadiana.org has attempted to obtain the best copy available for scanning. Features of this copy which may be bibliographically unique, which may alter any of the images in the reproduction, or which may significantly change the usual method of scanning are checked below.

Canadiana.org a numérisé le meilleur exemplaire qu'il lui a été possible de se procurer. Les détails de cet exemplaire qui sont peut-être uniques du point de vue bibliographique, qui peuvent modifier une image reproduite, ou qui peuvent exiger une modification dans la méthode normale de numérisation sont indiqués ci-dessous.

- Coloured covers /
Couverture de couleur
- Covers damaged /
Couverture endommagée
- Covers restored and/or laminated /
Couverture restaurée et/ou pelliculée
- Cover title missing /
Le titre de couverture manque
- Coloured maps /
Cartes géographiques en couleur
- Coloured ink (i.e. other than blue or black) /
Encre de couleur (i.e. autre que bleue ou noire)
- Coloured plates and/or illustrations /
Planches et/ou illustrations en couleur
- Bound with other material /
Relié avec d'autres documents
- Only edition available /
Seule édition disponible
- Tight binding may cause shadows or distortion
along interior margin / La reliure serrée peut
causer de l'ombre ou de la distorsion le long de la
marge intérieure.
- Additional comments /
Commentaires supplémentaires:

Continuous pagination.

- Coloured pages / Pages de couleur
- Pages damaged / Pages endommagées
- Pages restored and/or laminated /
Pages restaurées et/ou pelliculées
- Pages discoloured, stained or foxed/
Pages décolorées, tachetées ou piquées
- Pages detached / Pages détachées
- Showthrough / Transparence
- Quality of print varies /
Qualité inégale de l'impression
- Includes supplementary materials /
Comprend du matériel supplémentaire
- Blank leaves added during restorations may
appear within the text. Whenever possible, these
have been omitted from scanning / Il se peut que
certaines pages blanches ajoutées lors d'une
restauration apparaissent dans le texte, mais,
lorsque cela était possible, ces pages n'ont pas
été numérisées.

AMERICAN Wholesale News

Vol. XIV.—No. 25.

MONTREAL, SATURDAY, DECEMBER 30, 1876.

{ SINGLE COPIES, TEN CENTS.
\$4 PER YEAR IN ADVANCE.



OUR NEW-YEAR'S CARD.

NOTICE.
—
THE
BEST PRESENT
FOR
CHRISTMAS
AND
New Year's

That you can make yourself, your family, relative or a friend, is a year's subscription to the

Canadian Illustrated News,
THE ONLY ENGLISH
Illustrated Weekly in the Dominion
and the sole purely Literary
Journal.

OUR NEW SERIAL.

With the first number of the New Year, we shall begin the publication of

JOAN:

A TALE, BY RHODA BROUGHTON.

All the critics speak in the highest terms of this the latest and best work of its author. Among others, the *N. Y. Home Journal* says: "Rhoda Broughton is unmistakably the most original and potent light that is now arising in the sky of English fiction. . . . For that native vigor of personalism which impresses the multitude, and that simplicity and strength of mental movement which mark the masters of literature, she holds a distinct and unique place among the newer English writers. The author has given a fresh illustration of her style in "Joan," a tale which the many readers of "Good Bye, Sweetheart," "Cometh up as a Flower," "Red as a Rose is She," will not long delay to plunge into."

CANADIAN ILLUSTRATED NEWS.

Montreal, Saturday, 30th Dec., 1876.

A GLANCE AT OTHER DAYS.

It will, we suppose, be pretty generally admitted that drafts of cold air through the sleeping room are to be avoided. Our ancestors had elaborated this point by centuries of observation of their own sensations, and manful combat with discomfort, and had provided against such drafts in many ways, of which we may instance the old tapestried curtains spread over the entire surface of the inner wall of the building, and which, forming as it did an ample field for the work of the artist, was often decorated with the highest pictorial skill of the time. The old baronial castles, with their pervious though often very thick walls of rubble masonry, and very imperfect heating arrangements, and long drafty corridors everywhere, were doubtless sufficiently comfortless as places of habitation, especially in winter. They had been built for defence, not comfort. They must have wanted the element of snugness sadly, and the lighting also, through those picturesque lancet windows, must have been very deficient and injurious to the health of the inmates. When the wars of the Roses had come to an end, after decimating the fine old aristocracy of the land, and the country breathed once more in peace, the general desire for more human habitations came to be expressed in the ample and commodious Tudor and Elizabethan Hall, with its union of many styles in architecture, its oriel windows, its elaborate woodwork and carvings and needlework, its stained glass and pictures, and studiousness of the comfortable generally. At this time commenced also the monstrous custom of squeezing the female waist in tight corsets; before Elizabeth, the object of the fair ones having been to bring out the natural lines of the figures, which they did with success and modesty. In the new ideas, we suppose the active mind of the period thought it was conserving the

human frame to the best of its ability. The down-drafts froze the chimney corner in the very presence of the Yule log. When they did so, we have no doubt the social party heaped on more wood and so increased them. Good feeling supplied many deficiencies. Rich and poor felt their mutual dependence, and even the cottages of the agricultural people were rebuilt. In the mansions, the Tudor bedstead with its wide area, its pillars and complete envelopment of curtains and covered valance, of which the four-post bedstead, hardly yet gone out of mind, was the legitimate successor, was established in all its glory and state. In Shakespeare's time and long afterwards, fresh air was almost universally looked upon as an enemy, and to such an extent did the feeling exist that its absolute exclusion seemed to be the object always aimed at, though this, in the breathing interest, was happily found to be unattainable. The great body of the people had long been subjected to much discomfort in their dwellings, but they were well fed and clothed, and the fine practice of archery, that made men of them, was but just going out, and distilled spirits, being little known, were only on the threshold of their devastating work. Small freehold possessions were very numerous and gave them independence. As regards interiors, something of this state of affairs lasted down to the early days of many now living, for although the houses of the middle class, which then first began to be recognized as people with a voice in the State, were smaller and more compact, science had done little for them. A century ago, the germ of new arrangements was beheld in the discovery of oxygen by Dr. Priestley. Here was the foundation of a new order of things. Studious men came to know what were the true conditions of breathing as regarded the chemistry of the air. The idea of the value of fresh air began to diffuse itself in Britain very gradually, it must be admitted. Dr. Arnott invented his stove and wrote his "Physics." At length, at the building of the new Houses of Parliament, about the time of the accession of our present beloved Queen, the Northern Professor, Dr. Reid, found a sort of cathedra or chair of instruction prepared for him in the permission to test the value of his theories upon the new Palace of Westminster, as the chambers of the Legislature are strictly entitled. The members who were the first subjects of his experiments, which extended over a course of years, complained a good deal, but we suppose they are better suited now. These air-warming discoveries and adaptations have indeed been quite a tedious business in their development, and, to the hour in which we write, they have not come into anything like general use. We can talk learnedly in the departments either of pneumatics, chemistry or physiology; indeed, we have had in Canada also able discussions on these branches of the subject, but when it comes to practice, we reserve the advantage and comfort of our more practical elaborations for houses upon which large outlays can be incurred. We believe the true system will sooner or later be found to be quite generally adaptable. Many of our less wealthy citizens know, in a crude sort of way, how to keep a room warm and free from drafts, and sometimes, be it admitted, also, a little too hot and close. This faculty has developed itself under a quite different habitude, amid the winters, and by the aid of the woodstoves of North America. We all know now, pretty well, that though we absolutely need a renewal of the interior air, we also need it to be warmed in winter, and that though we generally gain rather than lose by exposure to the outer air in all its coldness and freshness, if well clothed and in vigorous exercise, we need a homogeneous atmosphere within doors, in the night time particularly, seeing that the delicate apparatus of the human lungs is unfitted to cope with two temperatures at one time.

In our great North West country we suppose no dangers from inundation are to be apprehended, as affects, at least, almost the entire area of that vast domain, for the country consists of a vast alluvial plain, converted into an almost regular slope at the period of the rise of the Rocky Mountains and foundation of the great chain of Lakes which stretches up towards the Northern ocean, and in this plain the rivers, having cut their channels deep into the soil, are now running many feet below the surface. The land, with all its sources of fertility and security, forms its own invitation to energetic and tasteful people everywhere. If they will only submit to vaccination, as doubtless the great majority will have no difficulty in doing, they will probably be as safe from contagion there as in any other part of the world.

Our rather bold suggestion of large rafts for the protection of the dwellers in countries exposed to the inundation of the sea or rivers would doubtless stand a much better chance of being adopted, in certain cases, if the rafts could be made available in ordinary and undisturbed times, as roofs for the shelter of sheep and cattle, on the farms. It would seem that a great want might be supplied in this way, also; for in no country can it be said that the cattle do not gain greatly by such protection from the elements. The precise nature of the upright supports for such cattle-roofs we would take leave to submit to the consideration of the architects generally.

THERE has been a meeting of citizens in Quebec pursuant to requisition on the pro-Mayor, to arrange for an investigation into the state of the principal public buildings, as likely to affect their inmates in the awful risk of fire. After a spirited discussion, resolutions were adopted unanimously having such an enquiry for their object, and also for petitioning the Legislature for the appointment of inspectors and renewable licenses on Certificates of Security for every such building in the city—embodying a project of law which, if too late for the present session, will yet, we trust, form an important chapter of the Statute Book.

It is only proper to state, in view of the discussion held, and the revelations made, in the papers of this city, with regard to the *Graphic* Company, that that company never had, and has not now, any connection whatever with the company which publishes the *CANADIAN ILLUSTRATED NEWS*, *MECHANICS' MAGAZINE*, and other publications. These journals are under the management of Mr. G. B. BURLAND, and the company of which that gentleman is President and General-Manager, is entirely distinct in all its relations.

THERE is nothing in the world a woman looks so well in as a fur cap, and yet this engaging half of the creation will persist in wearing those open hats at the risk of the exposure of their foreheads to the cold, and general depression of the cerebral power. Is it not almost time for a reform of this arrangement? We are quite aware that we have no little voice in a matter that will have to come before the conclave of fashions; but still we grudge fashion its victims.

FUNERAL OF THE LATE LIEUT.-GOVERNOR CARON.

The funeral of the late Lieut.-Governor Caron took place on the 18th inst., in the midst of one of the most terrific snow storms experienced in Quebec for some years past. The members of the Legislative Assembly met at Parliament House at 8.15 a. m., where they took sleighs furnished by the Government, and went out to Spencer Wood, where they assembled. Shortly after nine o'clock the corpse, which had been placed in a magnificent oak coffin, was borne from the house and placed in the hearse, which was drawn by four black horses. The procession, which consisted of some seven or eight hundred carriages, then started at a walk for Government House, where

it arrived after one of the most terrible of drives—the wind blowing across the Plains of Abraham in fitful gusts of great violence. On arriving at Government House (one of the most exposed positions in the City of Quebec), the Marshals, Messrs. Vohl, Hatt, Roy, Colfer, C. Pentland, and G. Amyot, the ex-aide-de-camp, did their best to get the procession in order. It was formed as follows:

Detachment of Police.
The Brothers and Scholars of the Christian Brothers' School.
The Students of the Seminary.
Band.
Guard of Honour.
THE BODY.
The Members of the Family and Relatives.
The Family Physician.
Chief Justices.
Members of the Privy Council (not of the Cabinet).
Members of the Senate.
Puisne Judges of the Court of Queen's Bench and the Superior Court.
Judge of the Vice-Admiralty Court.
Members of the House of Commons.
Members of the Executive Council of the Province of Quebec.
Members of the Legislative Council.
Members of the Legislative Assembly.
Foreign Consuls.
The Judge of the Sessions of the Peace.
The Recorder of the City.
The Rector and Professors of the Laval University.
Clergy of the Different Denominations.
The Bar.
The Medical Profession.
The Notarial Profession.
The Staff and Officers of the Volunteer Militia.
His Worship the pro-Mayor and Members and Officers of the City Council.
Mayors and Deputations from Municipal Councils of Other Cities.
The President and Members of the Harbour Commission.
The President and Members of the Board of Trade.
The Press.
The Superintendent of Public Instruction.
Members of the Civil Service.
Officers of the Several Courts and Officers of the Federal and Local Governments.
The Rector and Professors of the Laval Normal School.
The Students of the Laval University.
The St. Jean Baptiste Society, of which the late Lieut.-Governor was one of the founders.
The Other National Societies according to Seniority.
The Literary and Historical Society.
L'Institut Canadien.
St. Patrick's Catholic and Literary Institute.
Choral Societies.
Students of Morin College and the High Schools.
Workingmen Societies.
Citizens.

The procession started and passed down St. Louis road, round the Place d'Armes to the Basilica, where the bells had been ringing a funeral peal. A royal salute was fired from the Citadel, beginning just as the procession started. The Basilica was hung in black and white, the colours of the late Lieutenant-Governor, with appropriate notices. The catafalque, prepared especially for the occasion, was placed immediately opposite the high altar, which was tastefully decorated and fairly blazed with candles. After Mass, which was said by Archbishop Taschereau, with Vicar-General Langevin, assistant priest, Rev. G. Drolet as deacon, and Rev. A. Legaré as sub-deacon, and Rev. Tatu and Leduc as assistant-deacons, Rev. M. Hamel, rector of Laval University, pronounced the funeral oration, in which he gave a brief description of the life of the deceased, and pronounced a most glowing eulogy on his character. All the Bishops of the Province were present. At the conclusion of the service the procession reformed, the pall-bearers being Sir N. F. Bellan, Chief Justice Dorion, Mr. DeBoucherville, the Speaker of the Legislative Council, the Speaker of the Legislative Assembly, Hon. Mr. Langevin, Judge Stuart, and Mr. Joly, and proceeded as far as St. John's Gate, when the various societies dispersed and the other mourners took sleighs to Belmont cemetery, where the body was placed in a vault. Hon. Letellier de St. Just, the new Lieutenant-Governor, was present at the funeral with his aide-de-camp.

LITERARY.

ROBERT BROWNING objects to the publication of Mrs. Browning's juvenile letters and poems, which she wished to have suppressed.

MARIA ROSETTI, the author of the "Shadows of Dante" and the sister of Christina Rossetti, and William Rossetti, the well-known writers, died recently in one of the Protestant ritualistic sisterhoods. She was of an almost morbidly religious turn of mind, and so far as her former associates were concerned she has for some time been already dead, but she will continue to be mourned by all who knew her fine qualities of heart and head.

It is said that Gustave Planché, the distinguished reviewer, read so much that he had seldom time to wash his hands. One day, however, a lady with whom he was engaged to dine, succeeded in persuading him to accept a ticket for a warm bath. He took the bath, but presented himself at dinner with his hands still unwashed. During his immersion he had read incessantly, and, holding the book in his hands, had not once dipped them in the water.

THE Benedictine monks of Monte Cassino are at present engaged in the publication of all the codices they possess in their invaluable library. These are published *in fac simile*, and are accompanied by full and detailed descriptions. The offices for printing in ordinary type and chromo-lithography are contained within the monastery walls. The work is entitled *Bibliotheca Cassinensis*, and forms one of the most beautiful and important specimens of the paleographic art. Two volumes of this valuable work have already appeared, edited by the illustrious Father Abbot Don Luigi Testi, who has prefixed to the first volume a most interesting historical summary, relating to the growth and fortunes of the library from the earliest period, beginning with the foundation of the monastery, passing through the various misfortunes that accompanied the various invasions that the Middle Ages brought about down to the latest dispersal of its treasures at the end of the last century. The services rendered by the Benedictines to literature and science, and their devotion to these, are fully vindicated in the elegant and elaborate work now in the course of publication.

AUTUMN'S BURIAL.

Hark, light footsteps going!
No one near I see.—
Only dead leaves blowing
From the withered tree.

Yet I make confession,
That I feel a dread
Of the dead procession
Burying its dead.

Through the naked branches
Press the pallid Queen,
Weaving ghastly fancies
With her flickle sheen.

Mockery of mortals!
Skeleton on high!
Sentinel of portals,
Where souls never die!

White as alabaster,
Thou art like a tomb!
Reared above disaster—
Brightest in the gloom.

Still the leaves keep shifting
Through the silent night;
Mournful faces lifting
In the wavering light.

And they mourn with reason,
As they restless wave,
For they bear a season
Dying to the grave.

Dead—the last endearment
Sadly they bestow;
Winding like a serpent,
With the drifting snow.

Montreal, December, 1876. HARRY DANE.

THE INTERCOLONIAL RAILROAD IN WINTER.

The Government is determined to keep this road open during the winter season, "regardless of expense." In addition to the snow-sheds and snow-fences already erected, special engines with ploughs will be run to keep the track clear.

A friend says, in a letter which I have just received from him, "I am going to send tonight for a copy of the NEWS of December 2, to send home to Scotland, in order to give the good folks there some idea of our Canadian winters, and of the means we have to resort to, in building snow-sheds, &c., in order to keep our railroads open in winter."

Please, allow me, in justice to myself, to refer to a mistake made by the artist who copied for the NEWS my inside views of the snow-sheds. He has represented the braces as merely fastened by trenails on the outside of the posts and beams. According to this arrangement, the whole stress would be on the trenails, which would never do for a snow-shed. He should have represented the braces as sunk into the beams and posts, the sides of the former next the spectator being "flush" with the corresponding ones of the latter. They are so in the sheds, and I so represented them. Of course, builders who see these views in the NEWS will ascribe the mistake to me.

As Britons and Canadians, it is gratifying to us to think that we can now have connection with a sea-port of our own during the winter. "The glorious privilege of 'bein' independent."

Yours, respectfully,

Métis, Que.

T. F.

SCENES ON THE INTERCOLONIAL RAILWAY.

SAYABEC HOUSE.

The principal house in our picture is Sayabec House. It is so named after a small brook which flows past, between it and the stable to the left. This brook was formerly called "Gosselin's," but some of the engineers on the Intercolonial Railroad called it "Sayabec," the name by which it is now known and is likely to continue to be. The meaning of the name we do not know. Sayabec House was built by the Government for the use of the engineer in charge of that part of the works. The only engineer who lived in it was Mr. T. D. Taylor. The house to the extreme left is a store kept by a Mr. Saucier. Close to it is a bakery. The road which crosses the Intercolonial Railroad in the picture is the Metapédia which extends from St. Flavie to Cross Point—a distance of 110 miles. The nearest house to Sayabec in the opposite direction of the store is what is commonly termed "Madame Brochu's," on the Metapédia Road and at the head of the Metapédia Lake, though that part is often called "Brochu's." The distance between them is four miles and a half. It is about the same from the store to the nearest house in the other direction. In small places along the Metapédia Road, the houses are much further apart. It is, therefore, a very lonely road. On the Kempt Road, however, whose place it has taken, the nearest houses used to be 30 miles apart. Sayabec house is only a station for the present. Sayabec Station, which is being built, is about two miles distant. The nearest house to it is Sayabec House. The Station is, of course, in a very lonely place. The same is true of several others on the Intercolonial Railroad, as, for example, Tartigon, Cedar Hall, Assametchuagan, and Mill Stream Stations. There are, however, certain advantages connected with such stations. The traveller who comes to them is not almost deafened by a multitude of cries consisting of "St. Lawrence Hall," "Victoria Hotel," "Albion Hotel," and so forth. Neither is he pounced on by a host of cabmen, some on his right, and others on his left, who act as if they meant to tear the poor fellow to pieces among them. Our picture re-

presents a somewhat elegant sign at the crossing of the two roads. A large number of the same pattern were set up, at the first, along the line. The crossing signs now used are much simpler and, consequently, much cheaper. They are like a T, and not so high. They answer the purpose equally well. There is no need of signs like triumphal arches. Some of the "new style" are of a deep red, with the words on them in black—"Railway Crossing." The consequence is that one can hardly read the inscription till he is almost near enough the sign to touch it. Many of the crossings, however, have no signs of any kind. Putting up crossing signs appears to us a waste of money. If they are of any use, they are of as much by night as by day. But in a dark night, we cannot see them soon enough to receive any benefit from them. Sayabec is the second station south of Métis.

CHATSWORTH STATION, TORONTO, GREY AND BRUCE RAILWAY, ONT.

The situation of the Chatsworth Station of the Toronto, Grey and Bruce Railway, which is beside the river Spey, is of a somewhat romantic nature. For the following particulars regarding the station and the village, we are indebted to the courtesy of Rev. J. Cameron, Presbyterian Minister of Chatsworth.

Chatsworth is nine miles south of Owen Sound, on the Garafraxa road. Here, the road to Toronto branches off to the east, while the Garafraxa road runs on, nearly due south, through Durham, Mount Forest and Guelph to Hamilton. The Toronto road, on the other hand, takes a south-easterly course, through Orangeville, to Toronto. The situation of Chatsworth at the junction of the two leading roads in the country, has given the village a very favorable position. The absence, however, of water-power and its nearness to Owen Sound have been always a hindrance to the growth of the place. For a long time, the village consisted of only a tavern and a few houses. The first houses, in addition to these, were the Presbyterian church and manse, built in 1857 and 1861. Other churches followed and also parsonages, first, New Connexion Methodist Church, then Roman Catholic Church, then Wesleyan, then Episcopal and parsonages in connection with three of these. Private houses, stores, and taverns have been increasing slowly since 1867, till four years ago, Chatsworth became a station on the Toronto, Grey and Bruce Railway. Since that time, its progress has been more rapid.

This railway is a narrow gauge road of 3 feet 6 inches. It and the Nipissing roads were built on this gauge from ideas of economy and, also, a good deal through the influence of Toronto merchants who saw it to be for the interest of that city that there should be a necessity of transhipment there through the break in the gauge. Toronto is now reaping the fruit of its astute idea by the large volume of traffic brought to its streets by these two roads, a traffic that cannot cheaply or easily move eastward from the cause stated above.

It is felt generally, however, that it was a great blunder to have built these roads on such a gauge as places them always out of connection with all the other railroads of the Dominion. A narrow gauge road is a good summer road for a limited traffic; but it is very incapable of contending with the heavy snow-drifts of the north-west sections of Ontario; and would break down under heavy traffic. There is not the least prospect that any more of them will be built in Ontario for many a long day to come.

Chatsworth is 109 miles from Toronto. Its climate is cool, dry, healthy, and pleasant in summer, and in winter no colder than Toronto, but liable to deep snow, and from its lying high, liable also to heavy drifts in January and February. The country around lies on the Niagara limestone, is tolerably fertile in grain, and ahead of most districts as a grazing country chiefly from its cool summer, its extensive woodlands, its springs, and its unrivalled streams which abound in fish. The Chatsworth monthly cattle fair is well known to the drovers of Ontario. From one of its fairs a month or two ago, it is said that about 500 head of tolerably fat cattle went out to the east and south.

The traffic returns from this station, as given in the general traffic statement of the Toronto, Grey and Bruce Railway for the year ending June 30th, 1876, are as follows:—Number of passengers, 1,796; receipts, \$1,819; freight forwarded, \$9,029; freight received, \$1,508; bushels of grain, 95,000; square feet of lumber, 75,000; head of live stock, 2,382.

The village was originally surveyed and laid out in regular and wide streets. Sidewalks are being laid down. There is a foundry (which turns out a great deal of work), the property of Mr. Andrew McGill who has the confidence and patronage of the whole of the surrounding country. The school-house is a large stone building well furnished. The school is taught by two teachers. There are five general stores and a drug store. There are four taverns; but there is a temperance society of over 100 members. By a majority of over 700 votes the provisions of the Dunkin Bill come into force in the County of Grey, one of the largest in Ontario, next summer. Two good hotels will always be needed in Chatsworth, and these, it is expected, will pay on temperance principles. An unsectarian magazine called *The Canada Christian Monthly*, edited by Rev. James Cameron, Presbyterian minister, is published at Chatsworth.

LUNACY OF A TRAGEDIAN.

"Shade of Kemble!" ejaculated Ward, at that time manager for Jefferson McKenzie, Baltimore, "here it is past seven o'clock, and crooked-backed Richard not in his dressing-room."

"My dear sir," said the most original of all men, the imperturbable Thomas W. Gannor, "do not precipitate. When the late Daniel Reed—"

"And you love me, Hal," interrupted the stage manager, "go to the devil!" and the poor manager *chattered*, as was his wont, with his hands clasped in agony, from one side of the Holiday stage to the other.

"Ring in first music, sir?" inquired the call-boy, who scratched his head and seemed to enjoy the despair of his manager.

"Ring? You red-headed imp of Satan, you juvenile Caliban, get out of my sight or I'll wring your neck off."

Away went the call-boy and away went the manager. Ward searched every bar-room in the vicinity of the theatre for the great tragedian, but all in vain. At last a little boy came running to him, almost breathless with fatigue, and told him that Mr. Booth was in a hay-loft in Front street. The manager found a crowd of people gathered around the building in question, and he had some difficulty in edging himself through the dense mass. Climbing up a rough ladder he cautiously raised his head above the floor of the second story, and there he saw the object of his search seated on a rafter, with a wreath of straw about his temples in imitation of a crown.

"Booth," said the manager, imploringly, "for heaven's sake, come down! It's nearly eight o'clock, and the audience will pull the theatre to pieces."

The tragedian fixed his dark eye on the intruder, and raising his right arm majestically, he thundered forth:

"I am seated on my throne!
As proud a one as yon distant mountain,
Where the sun makes his last stand!"

"Come, my dear fellow, let's go; we'll have a glass of brandy and a supper, and all that. Come, please come."

Booth descended gradually from his yellow-pine throne, and, kissing the tips of his fingers, replied with a smile: "I attend with all becoming grace. Lead on, my Lord of Essex. To the tower—to the tower."

After a little persuasion Ward led the tragedian to the theatre, got him dressed, the curtain rose and the play went on. Just as the second act was about to commence a messenger covered with dust rushed behind the stage, and before he could be stopped was in earnest conversation with the tragedian.

"What?" said Booth, as he pressed his long fingers on his broad, white temples, as though he tried to clutch the brain beneath, "dead, say you? My poor little child—my loved, my beautiful one!" And then, seeing the curtain rise, he rushed on, commencing:

"She has health to progress as far as Chertsey,
Though not to bear the sight of me," &c.

The beautiful scene between *Anne* and *Glacier* was never better played. The actor, "the noblest of them all" when he chose to be, gave the words of the bard with thrilling effect, but there was a strange calmness about his manner that told that his mind was not upon his character. Still, the multitude applauded until the old roof rang again, and those behind the scene stood breathless with eager delight. The third act came out, but Booth was nowhere to be found.

It was a bitter cold night, and the farmer, as he drove his wagon to market, was startled from his reverie as he saw a horseman wrapped in a large cloak—and as it opened it disclosed a glittering dress beneath—ride rapidly past him. It was Booth in his *Richard* costume! Madness had seized him, and, regardless of everything, at the still hour of midnight he was going to pay a visit to his dead child. Drawing his flashing sword and throwing his jewelled cap from his head, he lashed his horse's flank with the bare weapon until the animal snorted in pain. The tall, dark trees on each side of him touched his heated brow with their silver-frosted branches, and, thinking they were men sent in pursuit, the mad actor cut at them with his sword and cursed them as he flew rapidly by.

At last, after a gallant ride of two hours, the horseman came in sight of a country graveyard, and, as he saw the white tops of the monuments peeping through the dark foliage like snowy crests upon the bosom of the black billow, he raised a shout wild enough to have scared the ghosts from their still graves. He dismounted, and away sped the riderless horse over hill and dale. It was the work of a moment (and the insane are cunning beyond all imagining) to wrench the wooden door from the vault containing the body of his child. He seized the tiny coffin in his arms, and with the strong arm of a desperate man he tore open the lid, and in a moment more the cold blue lips of the dead child were glued to the mad actor's!

The next morning some member of the tragedian's family heard a wild strain of laughter that seemed to proceed from his sleeping room. The door was forced open, and Booth was discovered lying on his bed, gibbering in idiotic madness and caressing the corpse of his little one.

ARTISTIC.

THE death of M. Diaz de la Peña, the well-known French painter, is announced. He was born at Bordeaux in 1809, and made his debut in the Salon of 1831 with sketches and studies of landscape.

THE Art Union of London have decided to engrave, for presentation to their subscribers, Mr. Armitage's "Christ among the Doctors." The original oil painting, purchased for £400, will be the chief prize in the distribution of next year.

THE Prefect of the Seine has given orders that a complete catalogue be made of the artistic possessions of the city—monuments, paintings, statues, and of the invaluable contents of the museums of Cluny and Carnavalet. This will give rise to the recital of many legends, and revive in the memory of the Parisians the names of persons who bestowed upon them so many of the treasures in question.

DR. SCHLIEHMANN has made some more discoveries at Mycenæ. In the tomb previously explored he has found a great quantity of women's jewellery in gold, and handsomely worked. Immediately after commencing excavations at an adjoining tomb a large head of a cow in silver, with immense horns of pure gold, was found. A large girdle of gold, five gold vases, and immense golden buttons were also found. All these objects are said to be marvellously worked. Among other discoveries are nine silver vases and numerous swords of bronze, but no trace of ironwork.

PERSONAL.

LOUIS RIEL is said to be recovering from his insanity. He has been in an asylum for a long time.

HON. JOHN SHARPLES, member of the Legislative Council of Quebec for the division of Stadacona, died lately after a brief illness.

ROUND THE DOMINION.

THE oldest inhabitant of Winnipeg predicts a mild winter.

It is said that Mr. Crooks has had under his consideration the question of University consolidation, which is at present occupying considerable attention.

SMALL-POX is on the decrease in Keewatin, thanks to the energetic measures adopted to prevent the spread of the epidemic.

THE Canadian Commissioners at Philadelphia have forwarded circulars to the successful exhibitors, asking for the necessary information to enable them to have the medals awarded to the latter properly inscribed.

THE Bonaventure local election case came up last week in the Court of Review at Quebec. The respondent was unseated on the ground of insufficient property qualification, and sentence of disqualification for corrupt practices was pronounced upon the petitioner.

ROUND THE WORLD.

THE Italian Parliamentary Committee on the revision of the penal code have decided to report in favour of the abolition of capital punishment.

THE Greek Chamber of Deputies have authorized the contraction of a loan of ten million drachmas (about \$1,700,000) for extraordinary measures of military organization.

It is reported that the Khedive is dissatisfied with his American officers, and has given them notice that their services will not be required after the close of the term of their several contracts.

THE United States Senate has appointed a committee of seven of its members to act with a committee appointed by the House in devising means to count and declare the electoral vote.

TERRIBLE accounts have been received of the ravages of the famine in the Madras Presidency. Much distress and disease prevail in the country districts, whence large numbers of starving people are flocking into the city.

TROUBLE is anticipated in the Basque provinces of Spain, consequent upon the refusal of the Provincial deputation to pay the eighteen and a half millions réals demanded of them for the maintenance of the army of occupation.

MUSICAL AND DRAMATIC.

SOPHERN will, next season, manage a theatre in New York.

MR. W. H. CHIPPENDALE, of the Haymarket Theatre, is confined to his bed by a severe attack of gout. He is the father of our Chip.

"PAULINE," an opera in four acts, the libretto (founded on "The Lady of Lyons") by Henry Hersee, the music composed by F. H. Gowen, was produced in London before a crowded audience, whose demonstrations of approval were many and emphatic. The opera is one of considerable merit.

To make theatres safe use—Iron curtain between stage and auditorium.

Unflammable fabrics for scenery.

Wider staircases.

Doors opening outward.

No "jags."

No camp-stools in aisles.

Paid firemen in attendance.

Grand shower-bath over stage.

Brick partition walls between stage and auditorium.

Directions on the back of every seat advising people what to do in case of fire.

Directions for obtaining speedy egress and diagram of theatre and drop curtain.

Audiences to cultivate presence of mind.

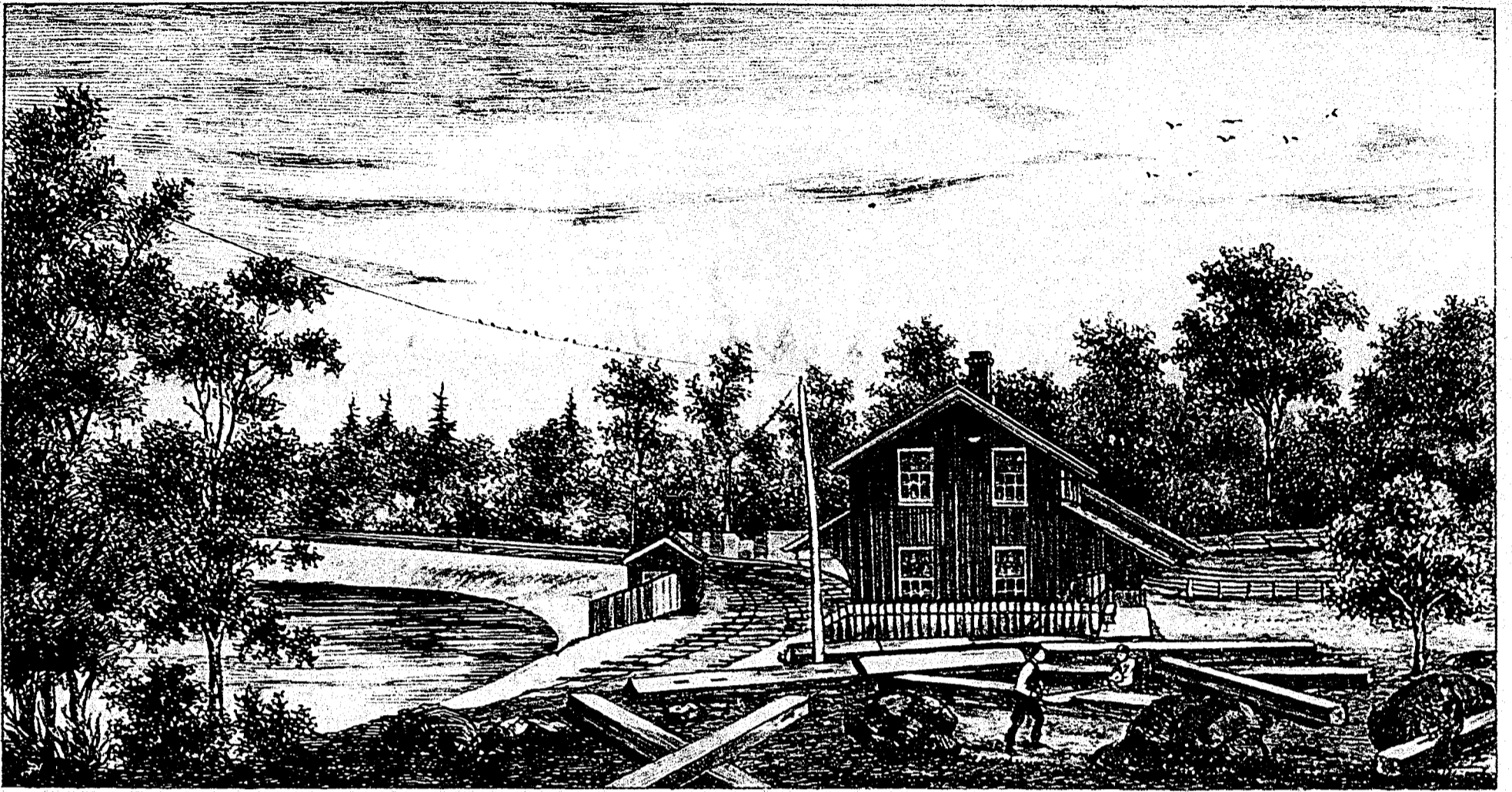
Stay away from theatres.

SCIENTIFIC.

MR. COXWELL, the English balloonist, maintains that the conditions of the Arctic regions are such as to render the ordinary methods of ballooning impracticable in that quarter.

REPORT has it that a river of genuine ink has been discovered in Algeria. It is formed by the union of two streams, one coming from a region of ferruginous soil, the other draining a peat swamp. The water of the former is strongly impregnated with iron, that of the latter with gallic acid. When the two waters mingle, the acid of the one unites with the iron of the other, forming a true ink.

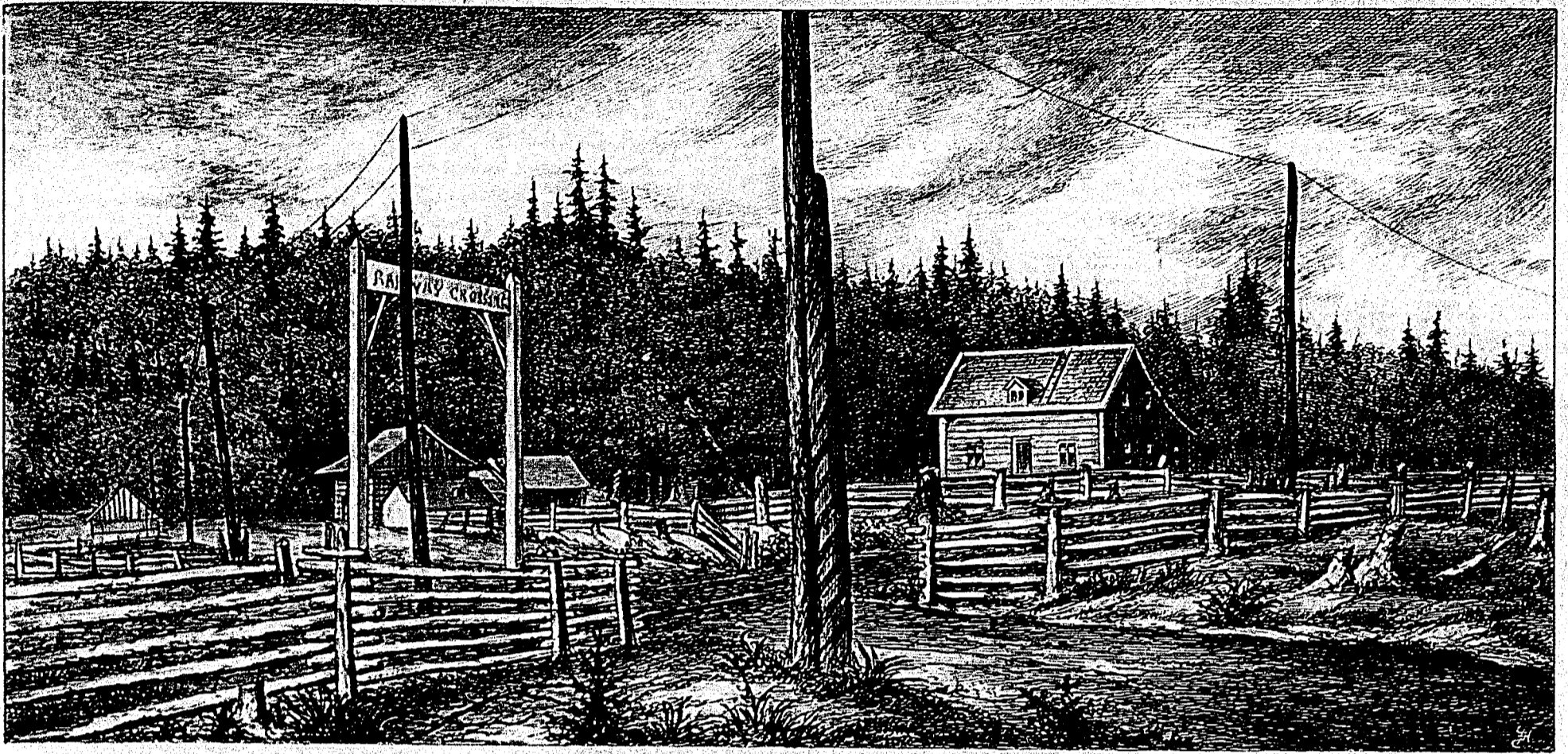
A M. MENIER, of Bordeaux, has invented a new contrivance for the steering of balloons. The mechanism is placed behind the car, and by a clever arrangement of network acts upon a belt which encircles the body of the balloon, extending about four or five degrees above and below a horizontal plane through its centre—its equator, so to say. The rudder is plane, and can be used as a sail. The balloons are said to move obliquely upwards and downwards and also sideways, according to the position of the rudder. The sideways motion is very likely facilitated by changing the position of ballast. One circumstance, which may be of special practical use, is that a balloon provided with this new apparatus, when falling to the ground, can be made to touch the earth's surface very obliquely, and thus avoid any sudden shock, and at the same time facilitate a safe anchoring.



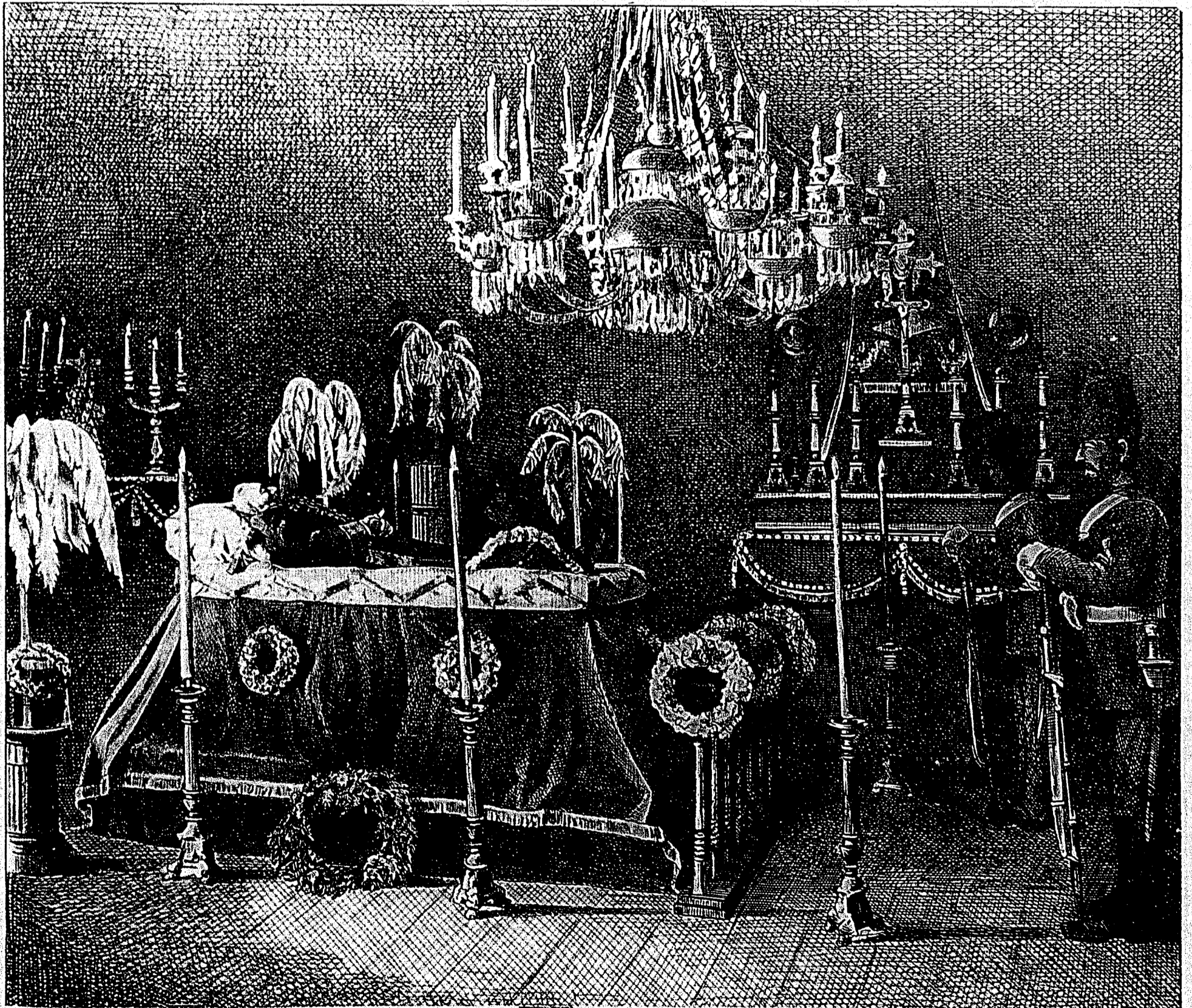
CHATSWORTH, ONT.:—STATION OF THE TORONTO, GREY & BRUCE RAILWAY.—FROM A SKETCH BY THE REV. T. FENWICK.



THE YOUNG CANADIAN MECHANIC.—FROM A SKETCH BY JAS. McDONALD, COLLINGWOOD, ONT.



ON THE INTERCOLONIAL RAILWAY:—SAYABEC HOUSE, P. Q.—FROM A SKETCH BY THE REV. T. FENWICK.



QUEBEC:—BODY OF THE LATE LIEUTENANT-GOVERNOR CARON LYING IN STATE AT SPENCER-WOOD.—FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY LIVERNOIS.

THE GHOST'S VISIT ON THE "FELDBERG."

(Translated from the German of Hebel, "The German Burns," written in the Alemanic dialect. A story told by a young man of Basle to a group of beer-drinkers in the tavern at Todtnau, a little village at the foot of the Mountain "Feldberg," South-Western corner of Germany.)

Hark ye, fellows of Todtnau, if ever I told ye the *Seythe Ghost*!

Was a spirit of evil, I've now (2) got a different story; Out of the Town am I, yes, that I'll honestly own to. Related to Merchants. At seven tables free to take Pot-luck.

But I'm a *Sunday's child* (3) and wherever the Ghosts at the cross-roads.

Stand in the air, in vaults and cellars and out o' w'y places.

Guardin' hidden money, with eyes like fiery saucy pans, Washin' with bitter tears the spot where somebody's murder'd.

Shovelin' the dirt and scratchin' it over with nails all so bloody.

Clear as day I can see, when it lightens. When I how they whimper!

Also, whenever with beautiful blue eyes the Heavenly Angels.

Deep in the night, in the silent, sleepin' villages wander, Peepin' in at the windows, and talkin' together so pleasant.

Smilin' out at the 'other, and sittin' outside o' the house-doors,

So that the pious folks shall take no harm while they're sleepin'.

Then ag'in, when in couples or three they walk in the grave-yard.

Talkin' in this like, "There a faithful mother is layin'." (4) And, "here's a man that was poor, but took no advantage o' no one." (5)

Take your rest, for you're tired. "We'll waken ye up when the time comes!"

Clearly I see by the light o' the stars, and I hear them a meetin'.

Many I know by their names, and speak to whenever I meet 'em.

Give 'em the time o' day, and ask 'em, and answer their questions.

How do ye do? How's y'r watch? "Praise God, its tolerable, thank you!"

Believe it or not! Well, once on a time, my cousin he sent me

Over to Todtnau, (6) on business with all sorts o' trouble-some people.

Where you've coffee to drink, and biscuit they give you to eat in 't.

"Don't you stop on the road, nor gabble whatever comes foremost."

Hooted my cousin at startin', "Nor don't you let go o' your snuff box!"

"Leavin' it round in the Tavern, as gentlemen do for the next time."

Up and away I went, and all my cousin he'd ordered Fairly and squarely I fixed. At the sign o' the eagle in Todtnau

Sat for a while, then, sure o' my way, tramped off again home-wards.

Nigh by the village I reckoned, but found myself climbin' the "Feldberg."

Lured by the birdies, and down by the brooks the beautiful posies.

That's a weakness o' mine—I run like a fool after such things.

Now, it was dusk, and the birdies hushed up, sittin' still in the branches.

Hither and yonder, a starlie stuck its head through the darkness.

Peepin' out as uncertain whether the sun was in bed yet. Whether it might n't come, and called to the "other ones" "come now."

Then I know'd I was lost, and laid myself down. I was weary.

There, you know there's a hut, and I found an armful o' straw in 't.

"Here's a go." I think to myself, and I wish I was safely

"Coddled in bed to home, or 'twas midnight and some little spirit.

"Somew'ere popped out, as o' night, when it's twelve, they're accusin' o'."

"Passin' the time with me, friendly, till winds that blow early o' mornin'."

"Blow out the Heavenly lights (8) and I see the way back to the village."

Now, at thinkin' in this like, I felt all over my watch-face.

Dark as pitch all around, and felt with finger the hour hand.

Found it was nigh on to eleven and hauled my pipe from my pocket.

Thinkin', "May be a bit of a smoke'll keep me from swoozin'."

Thunder! all o' a sudden, beside me, was two o' 'em talkin'!

Like as they'd business together, you'd better believe that I list'n'd:

"Say, a'n't I late a coupla' because there was over in Mambach. (9)

"Dyin', a girl with pains in the bones and terrible fever. Now, but she's easy, I held to her mouth the drink o' departure. (10)

"So that the sufferin' ceased, and softly lower'd the eyelids

"Sayin' "Sleep and in peace." "I'll waken thee up when the time comes!"

"Do me the favor, brother, fetch in the basin o' silver water, ever so little.

"My seythe as you see must be whetted."

"Whetted I says I to myself, "and a spirit!" and peeped from the window.

Lo and behold, there sat a youngster with wings that were golden.

White was his mantle, white, and his girllie the color o' roses.

Fair and lovely to see, and beside him, two lights all a burnin'.

"All the good spirits," says I, "Mr. Angel, God have you in kee-pan'!"

"Praise their Master, the Lord," said the Angel, "God thank you, as I do."

"Take no offence, Mr. Ghost, and by y'r good leave and permission,

(1) Note.—"Seythe Ghost" (*Dengle Geist*), literally "whetting spirit." The exact meaning of *dengeln* is to sharpen a seythe by hammering the edge of the blade, which was practised before whet stones came into use.

(2) On a former occasion the narrator had told them that the "Seythe Ghost" was a spirit of evil.

(3) Note.—The superstition is universal among the German peasantry that a child born on a Sunday, has the power of seeing and conversing with spirits, at midnight.

(4) Pointing at one grave.

(5) Pointing at another grave.

(6) Note.—"Todtnau" a small village a short distance beyond Mambach.

(7) Note.—I do not know exactly what this expression signifies; it may be intended to convey a caution.

(8) The stars.

(9) Note.—"Mambach," a small town situate a few miles from Basle.

(10) "Drink o' departure." The Holy Sacrament and Sacramental Cup.

"Tell me, what have you got for to mow?" "Why," the Seythe "was his answer.

"Yes," says I, "for I see it, and that is my question ex-actly."

"What you're goin' to do with the Seythe?" "Why to mow," was his answer.

Then I ventur'd to say, "And that is my question exactly.

"What you're goin' to mow, supposin' you're willin' to tell me?"

"Grass!" "—And what is y'r business so late up here in the night time?"

"Nothin' special," I answer'd, "I'm burnin' a little tobacco."

"Lost my way, or most likely, I'd be at the 'eagle in Todtnau."

"But to come to the subject, supposin' is'n't a secret.

"Tell me, what do you make o' the grass?" And he answer'd me, "Fodder!"

"Don't understand it," says I, "for the Lord has no cows up in Heaven!"

"Not precisely a cow," he remarked, "but helps and asses."

"See't up yonder, the star!" (11) and he pointed one out with his finger.

"There's the ass o' the *Christmas Child* (12) and Fridolin's heifers, (13)

"Breathin' the starry air and waitin' for grass that I bring 'em."

"Grass doesn't grow there, nothin' grows but the Heavenly raisins,

"Milk and honey a runnin' in rivers, plenty as water. "But they're particular cattle, grass they must have every mornin'."

"Mouthful o' hay and drink from earthly fountains, they're used to."

"So, for them I'm a whettin' my seythe, and soon must be mowin'."

"Wouldn't it be worth while, if politely you'd offer to help me?"

So the Angel he talked, and this way, I answered the Angel.

"Hark ye, this it is, just, and I'll go with the greatest of pleasure."

"Folks from the town know nothin' about it; we write and we cypher."

"Reckon up money, that we can do, and measure and weigh out."

"Unload and unload, and eat and drink without any trouble."

"All that we want for the belly, in kitchen, pantry and cellar."

"Comes in lots from every gate, in baskets and boxes. Runs in every street and cries at every corner."

"Buy my cherries!" and "Buy my butter!" and "Look at my salad!"

"Buy my onions!" and "Here's y'r carrots!" and "Spinach and parselie!"

"Lucifer matches!" "Lucifer matches." "Cabbage and Turnips!"

"Here's y'r umbrellas!" "Caraway seed and juniper berries!"

"Cheep for cash and all to be traded for sugar and coffee."

"Say Mr. Angel, didn't ever drink coffee? and how do you like it?"

"Stop with y'r nonsense!" then he said, but he couldn't help laughin'.

"No, we drink but the Heavenly air, and eat nothin' but raisins."

"Four on a day o' the week, and afterwards five on a Sunday."

"Come, if you want to go with me, now, for I'm off to my mowin'."

"Back o' Todtnau, there, on the grassy bolt (14) by the highway."

"Yes, Mr. Angel, that will I truly, seem' you're willin'."

"Seems to me that its cooler, give me y'r seythe for to carry."

"Here's a pipe and a pouch, you're welcome to smoke if you want to."

While I was talkin' "Poo-hoo!" (15) cried the Angel. A fiery man stood

Quicker than lightnin' beside me! "Light us the way to the village!"

Said he, and truly, before us, march'd a burnin', the "Poo-hoo."

Overstock and rock, through the bushes, a travellin' torch-light.

"Handy, is n't it?" laughin' the angel said: "What are you doin'?"

"Why do you nick at y'r flint?" (16) You can light y'r pipe at the "Poo-hoo."

"Use him whenever you like, but it seems to me you're a frighten'd."

"You, and a Sunday's child as you are? do you think he will bite you?"

"No, he ha'n't bit me, but this you'll allow me to say, Mr. Angel,

"Half and half, I mistrust him, besides, my tobacco's a burnin'."

"That's a weakness o' mine; I'm a fear'd o' them fiery creatures."

"Give me seventy angels, instead o' this big brain'd devil."

"Really, it's dreadful," the angel says he, "that men are so silly."

"Fearful o' ghosts and spectres, and skeery without any reason."

"Two o' 'em only, is dangerous, two o' 'em hurtful to mankind."

"One o' 'em's known by the name o' "Delusion" (17) and "Worry" (18) the 'other."

"Him Delusion, a dweller in wine; from cans and decanters."

"Up to the head he rises, and turns y'r sense to confusion. "This is the ghost that leads you astray in forest and highway."

"Undermost, uppermost, hither and you, the ground is a rollin'."

"Bridges bendin' and mountains movin' and everything double."

"Hark ye, keep out of his way." "Aha!" I says to the Angel.

"There you priek me, but not to the blood: I see what you're after."

"Sober am I, as a Judge, to be sure, I emptied my tankard."

"Once, at the 'Eagle, once, and the landlord (19) 'll tell you the same thing."

"S'posin' you doubt me, and now, pray, tell me, who is the 'other?"

"Who is the 'other?" "Don't know without askin'!" answer'd the angel.

"He's a terrible Ghost! the Lord forbid you should meet him!"

"When you waken early, at four or five in the mornin'."

"There he stands a waitin' with burnin' eyes at y'r bed-side."

(11) The Star of Bethlehem.

(12) Our Saviour.

(13) Note.—According to an old legend, Fridolin (a favorite Saint with the German peasantry,) harnessed two young heifers to a mighty fir-tree and hauled it into the Rhine near Saekingen, thereby damming the river and forcing it to take a new course on the other side of the town.

"Gives you the time o' day with blazin' switches and pluchers."

"Even prayin' don't help, nor help all your *Sanctas!*"

"W'en you begin 'em, he takes your jaws and claps 'em together."

"Look to Heaven!" he comes and blinds y'r eyes with his ashes.

"Be you hungry and eat! he poisons y'r soup with his wormwood."

"Take you a drink o' night! he squeezes gall in the tankard."

"Run like a stag! he follows as close on y'r trail as a blood hound."

"Creep like a shadow? he whippers, 'good, we had best take it easy."

"Kneels at y'r side in the church, and sits at y'r side in the tavern;

"Go wherever you will, there's Ghosts a hoverin' round you."

"Shut y'r eyes in y'r bed! they mutter, 'There's no need o' hurry."

"By and bye, you can sleep, but listen! 'We've somethin' to tell you."

"Have you forgot how you stole? and how you cheated the orphans?"

"Secretly stolen! and this and that 'other, and when they have finished"

"Say it over ag'in, and you get little good o' y'r slumber. So the Angel he talked, and, like iron under the hammer Sparkled and spurted the "Poo-hoo." (20) "Surely," I says to the Angel.

"Born on Sunday was I, and friendly, with many a preacher."

"Yet the Father protect me from these! Says he to me smilin'."

"Keep y'r conscience pure, it is better than crossin' and blessin'."

"Here we must part, for y'r way turns off and down to the village."

"Take the "Poo-hoo" along, but mind, put him out in the meadow."

"Lost he should run in the village, settin' fire to the stables."

"God be with you and keep you!" And then says I, "Mr. Angel,

"(God the Father protect you, Be sure when you come to the city. (21)

"Christmas evenin', call, and I'll hold it an honor to see you."

"Raisins I'll have at y'r service, and hippocras (22) if you like it."

"Chilly's the air of mornin', especially 'down by the river."

Day was breakin' by this, and right there was Todtnau before me!

Past and onward to Basle I wander'd on! the shade and the coolness.

When into Mambach I came, they bore a dead girl (23) to the grave yard.

After the Holy Cross and the faded banner o' Heaven (24) With the funeral garlands upon her, with sobbin' and weepin'.

Ah! but she'd heard what he said, "I'll waken thee up when the time comes!"

Afterwards, Tuesday it was, I got safely back to my cousin,

But it turned out as he said, I'd somewhere "FORGOTTEN MY SNUFF BOX!" (25)

C. A.

Cap Santé, 15th January, 1876.

THE HUNCHBACKS.

They lived in a queer-looking shanty, the roof of which sloped down behind to the ground,

and protruded in front like the peak of a fireman's cap. The walls were good, solid log

ones however, that could keep-out almost any pressure of storm, and bid defiance to Jack Frost.

There was only one window in the place, and that was of little use, as it contained but a single pane of glass, badly broken, and

stuffed with an old coat.

The Hunchbacks had not much furniture, and evidently were strongly in favor of home manuf-

acture, as the little they had—to wit: two rough stools and a large article, that looked like an overgrown stool, but was called a table—bore

token.

They slept upon a motley heap of old rags, that lay piled upon the floor in one corner of the

hut, and they used the broad, old fire-place for what little cooking they did.

There were only two Hunchbacks—senior and junior—and they were of the masculine gender.

They resembled each other considerably, inas-

much as they were both greatly deformed, wore very ragged clothes, and were very dirty.

Oh, no, they were not father and son!

Hunchback senior had no son, and Hunchback junior had no—well, his father was dead; he

had been dead several years, and the boy could not remember him. His mother was dead also.

She, poor unfortunate creature, had been a drunkard. It was the old story, that has been

so often repeated. Once she was young, fair, and happy, but whiskey ruined all, and for

years before her death she led a beggar's life, wandering from place to place, and spending

what she had begged in the purchase of liquor.

Hunchback junior had a tough bringing up.

His mother used to take him around with her in order to excite pity among the people.

Many a weary jaunt the tottering little fellow had over the country after whiskey money.

One day he went crying to the saw-mill, where Hunchback senior was fireman, and told the

men that his mother was sick on the side of the road not far off. The men were busy, and no

one paid any attention to him except the dirty little fireman, who looked with pitying eyes at

the lad, deformed so like himself, and trotted away with him to see what he could do for the

sufferer.

The mill hands laughed, and shouted after

(20) Of course all this was very distasteful to the "Poo-hoo."

(21) The city, Basle.

(22) Note.—"Hippocras," a kind of preserved fruit.

(23) Note.—The same young girl mentioned above by one of the angels.

(24) The faded banner o' "Heaven" the sky over east.

(25) I rather think that the narrator "tarry'd too long at the wine-cup," in the "Tavern at Todtnau," and that all the above was a *reverie*. Be this as it may, however, to my mind it is a singularly beautiful poem and conveys an excellent moral.

them: "Hallo! There goes Hunchback senior and Hunchback junior!"

Thus they obtained the names, that stuck to them for a long time. When they reached the

poor woman she was dead. Whiskey had done its work. The little fireman shrunk back in

horror. The child rushed forward and flung himself upon the cold, ghastly corpse in an

agony of grief. She had not been good to him in life, and had frequently beaten him cruelly

when she was drunk, yet she was his mother and he loved her.

Hunchback senior gave the alarm, and crowds of people, uttering exclamations of horror,

thronged to see the dead woman, who would exert themselves cry she died to prevent such a

catastrophe. There was a brief inquiry into the cause of her death, and then she was buried.

In the meantime the orphan boy clung to his friend the fireman.

"Who among you can take care of this boy?"

was asked, after the clouds had been hastily thrown over the woman's coffin. It seemed at

first as if nobody could. Mrs. Jones said she had more children now than she could manage,

but if she was Mrs. Smith who had none, she'd be most happy to take the lad. Mrs. Smith

could not see the matter in the same light as her friend, however.

<

arrived opposite the door he was resolved to say out his errand, no matter what was the consequence. Again he knocked, and, without waiting for anybody to come, he opened the door and hurried in.

"I've come to see if you'll be my—my—wife!" he shouted, and held out his long arms towards her.

The girl screamed and started back in amazement. Her mother, who was mopping the floor, began to belabor the poor fellow over the head with the mop, and he was obliged to run away to escape from the terrific onslaught.

He went home, bruised, confused, and disappointed. The story of his love-making spread far and wide, and many a joke was cracked at his expense.

The Hunchbacks seemed to agree together very well, and passed the long winter in great harmony. Hunchback Junior did not go out much in the cold weather, as he had a bad cough, but when summer came again he used to play about among the bushes in a lonely way, while his companion was at work.

One evening they sat together upon the green before the door. It had been a very warm day, and the cool, twilight air was pleasant and refreshing. A couple of lovers walked past at a little distance. They stopped at the edge of the winding mill-stream, that bubbled its way round the foot of the hill, upon which the Hunchbacks' house was built. Their conversation was carried on in low tones, but the still air wafted the words farther than they thought, and carried them to the Hunchbacks' ears.

"Do you see those two horrid creatures up there?" said the girl.

"Yes. They're nice specimens," was the reply.

"Now, would you believe it! That old man asked me to be his wife," the girl said with a scornful toss of her head.

The man laughed a loud laugh of derision. "The rib-nosed baboon!" he ejaculated; "surely he didn't, did he?"

"Oh, yes, he did! Whatever could God have created such a useless, ugly thing for! He's no better than an animal, and that little wretch alongside of him!"

Hunchback Senior hurried into the hut, his eyes flashing fire, and his heart thumping wildly against his ribs. He dragged the boy along with him, but did not speak. The lovers sauntered away. The man was from a neighboring village. They had been engaged to be married for some time, and the next day was their wedding day. As darkness settled upon the earth great streaks of lightning flashed across the sky, and presently the wind began to blow with a hollow, unearthly sound, and the deep-mouthed thunder kept up an almost unceasing war. Then the rain poured down with awful violence. Hunchback Junior crept close to his companion, and shivered with fear. The storm abated not, and the wild dashing of the mill-stream—now a foaming giant—became more and more audible as the night drew on. After a while, the Hunchbacks were aroused by the watchman, who said that the mill-dam was likely to break.

It was a wild sight. The glare of the lanterns, here and there in the darkness, disclosed a terrific torrent, foaming and surging with awful power. The whole village became alarmed, and the shouting of the men mingled with the din of the storm. After a time the rain ceased, but the flow of water increased, and as the gray light of early dawn lit up the scene, the boom across the pond broke, and down came the saw logs upon the dam. Desperate exertions were made by the men to force the logs down the stream, for if they collected upon the dam, it would surely give way. A large log had stuck, and several men were trying to push it over, when one of them lost his balance, uttered a wild shriek, and disappeared in the boiling flood. The shriek was echoed back by a female voice from the bank near. It was the voice of the intended bride! What a wedding morn!

"Save him! save him!" she screamed wildly.

"No wedding to-day!" groaned her mother. The rest for a moment stood spell-bound, gazing into the wilderness of waters.

"There he is! I see him!" screamed the girl. They held her back, for she was tottering blindly forward to the verge of the bank.

Struggling violently he passed down the stream, and the waves tossed him about like a cork. Soon he neared the Hunchbacks' hut, and they saw him coming. A rope was lying on the ground. Quick as thought, Hunchback Junior grasped it, and threw one end towards the drowning man, who caught it. The strain jerked the boy upon his face, but he held on like a hero. Over thistles and stones he was dragged violently; he screamed but would not leave go. For an instant the rope caught upon a snag, and then Hunchback Senior, who had advanced with amazing celerity, laid hold of it also. He fell violently against a stone as he did so, but retained his grasp. "Hold on! Hold on!" shouted the frantic crowd, as they rushed to the rescue. Help soon came, and the man was drawn from the flood, and sank insensible upon the turf. He recovered in a few minutes, however, sufficiently to thank the Hunchbacks for saving his life, and was able and willing to be married at the appointed time, so the ducking did him little harm.

Hunchback Junior was considerably scratched up, but otherwise was no worse for his adventure. Hunchback Senior was the principal sufferer. Several of his ribs were broken when he fell, but he made his way back to the hut without telling anyone that he was hurt. In

fact, he thought that he was merely bruised a little, and that the pain would soon pass off. But it became rapidly worse, and he rolled about in agony. His young companion wanted to call some of the neighbors in, but he would not let him.

An invitation came for them to attend the wedding, but it was gruffly declined.

At night the pain had become so acute, that Hunchback Junior was allowed to bring in a neighbor, who at once went for a doctor. Next day found the man worse. Pleurisy had set in, and he sank rapidly under its influence. A week after he had been hurt, the doctor told him he was going to die.

"It's just as well," he whispered, huskily. Then he muttered to himself in an indistinct voice, and the doctor could only make out a word here and there: "good for nothing—she thinks—saved husband—when—dead."

"What did you say?" asked the doctor.

"Oh," he replied with a start, "I was only thinking. But I want to—tell what's—on my mind—before I go. I'm a—"

The door opened quickly, and two strangers entered.

"You're our man. We've got you at last, Bob!"

"You're—too late!" was the answer. "There's another—detective—ahead of you—and he's got me."

"Who is it?" quickly asked the men.

"Death!" was the solemn reply.

The men were astonished by his answer, and looked silently at him.

"What's the meaning of this?" said the doctor, turning to them.

"Why, that little buffer yonder is an escaped guol bird—that's what it means! We lost nearly all track of him years ago, but saw in the paper a day or two since something about a deformed feller saving a man's life, and we think p'raps he's our man, and he is. We knowed he was around somewheres as the folks, that he stole from, has been a-gettin' their money sent back to 'em at times."

"It's—all—paid back!" interposed the sick man. "I mortgaged—the house and lot—to pay the last."

"But you've got to go with us for all that, little feller!"

"He's not able to go now!" said the Doctor, hastily.

"Not able—Death has me under arrest—God will be—merciful Judge—"

Hunchback Senior ceased speaking and fell back dead.

"He's gone to a higher court," said the detectives solemnly, as they withdrew.

Hunchback Senior had been a thief in his day. He had been convicted, but had escaped from prison, and had spent the rest of his life in restoring the money he had stolen, back to the proper owners.

The police, ever on the watch, at last found him, but they were too late, for the hand of Death had arrested the criminal in the name of Him who ruleth and judgeth all things well. Hunchback Junior grieved bitterly over his dead friend, but he was not left alone in the world, for the newly married couple took him away with them, and under their kind care he is growing rapidly, and promises to be a good and useful man.

Stayner, Ont. C. E. JAKWAY, M. D.

REVIEW.

The ATLANTIC for January, contains a poem of special interest by Longfellow; a very lovely and characteristic poem by Lowell; and a story in verse delicately and beautifully told by E. C. Stedman; Prof. Greenough's charming extravaganza of "The Blackbirds"; a lively series of travel-notes, "Prom Ponkapog to Pesh," by T. B. Aldrich; a final paper on Weimar, by Bayard Taylor; and an admirable short story by G. P. Lathrop. Mr. Howells contributes a critical paper on recent volumes of poetry. In the new department of Music there is a lovely Song by Bayard Taylor, with original music by John K. Paine. "The Contributor's Club" hold its first meeting around the new table; and under the head of Education is a powerful attack on the study of Greek in Colleges, by one of the most accomplished Greek scholars in the country.

With the January number The GALAXY enters on its twenty-third volume. The marked success which it has attained in its twelve years' existence proves pretty clearly that a high-toned literary magazine will be generously supported. At no time during its existence has The GALAXY been surrounded with so strong a staff of elegant and brilliant writers. By giving hospitable reception to the expression of varying opinions, and inviting rather than repressing individuality of thought, view, and statements, this Magazine commands a class of contributions which otherwise might find no place in periodical literature. It has no set theories of politics, religion, sociology, or criticism to propagate, and is ready to afford a field for thoughtful discussion, but not for dogmatic statement. The papers on subjects connected with American political history, by conspicuous actors in the events and movements described and discussed, which have hitherto formed so marked a feature of The GALAXY, will continue to have a leading place in its pages.

Among the illustrated articles in SCRIBNER for January are: a sketch of John Burroughs (with portrait), by Joel Benton; "Liverworts and Ferns," by Mrs. S. B. Herrick; "Day-

Dreams," a poem of New England life by Hannah R. Hudson; Dr. Holland's "Nicholas Min-turn," in which there is a shipwreck; and "Papa Hoon's Tulip," by R. V. C. Meyers, an extravaganza with laughable silhouettes by Howard Pyle. In a light vein also are "My Friend Moses," by John Habberton, author of "Helen's Babies"; a talk "Concerning Cheapness," by Charles Carroll; and "Ghosts," a short story by Miss Isabella T. Hopkins. "What our Churches cost us," by James M. Whiton, shows by comparison, the relative cheapness of church work. In "Topics of the Time," Dr. Holland discusses "The Chinese in San Francisco," "The Moral Value of Physical Strength," and "The Disease of Mendacity." "The Old Cabinet" is about "Charlotte Brontë," "Savage Life in the City," "American Authors and English Critics," "Pictures" and "Essipoff." "Home and Society" is given up to the third of the "Letters to a Young Mother." "Culture and Progress has a new feature in a regular letter from London on "English Books."

ST. NICHOLAS for January, contains contributions by noted writers. The venerable poet William Howitt contributes a "Letter to a Young Naturalist," and Professor Richard A. Proctor has an article on "The Stars for January," illustrated with five handsome engravings. J. T. Trowbridge is represented by the second installment of his new serial for boys, "His Own Master." The author of "Helen's Babies" gives us Budget's amusing "Story of the Centennial," and Hjalmar Hjorth Boyesen furnishes a fine fairy tale, entitled, "Mabel and I." Among the most notable of the stories are "Katinka," a Russian story, and "The Two Dorothys," a very interesting Centennial narrative. Lucy Larcom has a beautiful poem called "King Lonesome," and Henry Baldwin contributes the comical "Modern and Mediaeval Ballad of Mary Jane," with fourteen silhouette picture by Hopkins. Mrs. Dodge's opening poem of "The Minnet" is published in another column.

APPLETON'S JOURNAL for January contains several notable features. A posthumous story by Mrs. Shelly, the author of the famous "Frankenstein," discovered among the papers of Leigh Hunt, will attract attention. It is powerfully written, and full of striking incidents. An unusual feature is a long story in verse from an anonymous author, the title of which is "Two Women" a stirring and powerful picture of an incident of the late war, describing two women, effectually contrasted in all particulars of character, who are on their way to nurse a lover wounded in battle. There is an illustrated paper on Northwestern waterfalls; an excellent article by Junius Henri Browne on Heinrich Heine; a good short story by Albert Rhodes; the continuation of Julian Hawthorne's "Out of London"; a very striking description of a winter sledge-ride over the frozen lakes of the Northwest; various papers on subjects of current interest; and, as a light finish to the number, an off-hand, rattling, sparkling story of the Centennial. The editor discusses scurrility in politics, Antonelli, modesty in American women, and other themes.

The number for January begins the nineteenth volume of LIPPINCOTT'S Magazine, and while its past record is deemed a sufficient guarantee of future excellence, we are promised that no efforts will be spared to diversify its attractions and to provide an increased supply of popular reading in the best and most emphatic sense. The great object and constant aim of the conductors will be to furnish the public with literary entertainment of a refined and varied character, as well as to present in a graphic and striking manner the most recent information and soundest views on subjects of general interest; in a word, to render LIPPINCOTT'S MAGAZINE strikingly distinctive in these features that are most attractive in magazine literature. The contributions now on hand, or specially engaged, are by talented and well-known writers, among whom are Mrs. Rebecca Harding Davis, Rev. William M. Baker, author of "The New Timothy," Thomas Hughes, author of "School Days at Rugby," Edward C. Bruce, author of "The Century; its Fruits and its Festival;" and T. Adolphus Trollope. A large proportion of the articles, especially those descriptive of travel, will be profusely and beautifully illustrated. The pictorial embellishments of the Magazine constitute one of its many attractive features.

It was to be expected that the visit of the Prince of Wales to India would result in a number of volumes descriptive of that event from the pens of the several special correspondents who accompanied him. Several of these have appeared, but the only one which has been republished in Canada is that of Mr. GAY DREW, representative of the London Daily Telegraph on that memorable voyage. The book has the merit of being complete in its account of the Prince's movements, while its descriptions of Indian places of interest, manners, costumes, traditions and the like are wrought in a popular vein. The volume is handsomely illustrated, and is published by Belford Brothers, of Toronto.

We have received from Mr. LOUIS MEYER, of Philadelphia, some specimens of his latest musical publications. On former occasions we had the pleasure of speaking in language of merited approbation of the publications of this house, and this year, we cannot say more than that it is improving in both the extent and quality of its contributions to popular music. The Scandinavian songs, entitled Lays of Sweden

and Finland, are a novel feature opening fresh fields in the literature of the art. In the whole range of American and Foreign Music, this Philadelphia firm yields to no other for fertility of production, while a careful pruning judgment always insures excellence, as distinct from the ephemeral mediocrity which is so often palmed off upon the young and inexperienced.

THIBAUT, LANTHIER & CO.

We had occasion a day or two ago to visit the large fur store of this firm, illustrations of some patterns of which appeared in our last issue. The general view is one which impresses at once with the idea of variety, tastefulness and the display of the very best material. We were particularly attracted by magnificent show-rooms for ladies fitting on saques, a facility which is seldom, if ever afforded. The show of Centennial furs, that is furs which carried off the gold medals at Philadelphia, is very fine indeed, although owing to unnecessary and vexatious delays in the return of the goods, the firm has lost the sale of a large number of exhibited furs. Parties had promised to come for them from the States, and there were consignments promised to persons in England, France, Belgium and Switzerland. This is not the first instance of complaint against the management of some of the Commission at Philadelphia, and we trust these mistakes will not be repeated. Mr. Thibault is the first Canadian who has ever imported direct from Russia where he has made several trips. He makes a speciality of Persian lamb, Royal ermine, and buys the finest of Royal sables. The firm exchanges patterns with the great Berlin house of Michelf, who furnish the German Imperial and other Royal families. It deals directly also with the house of Odnoschersky, of St. Petersburg, and others in Moscow. Notwithstanding the pressure of the times, Messrs. Thibault, Lanthier & Co., have been as busy as possible. Since the month of October they have had fifty cutters, finishers and sewers hard at work supplying the constantly continued demands. It is only fair to say that this house is justly entitled to the first place in its own line, and that, for variety of goods and superior workmanship, it is probably not excelled on the continent.

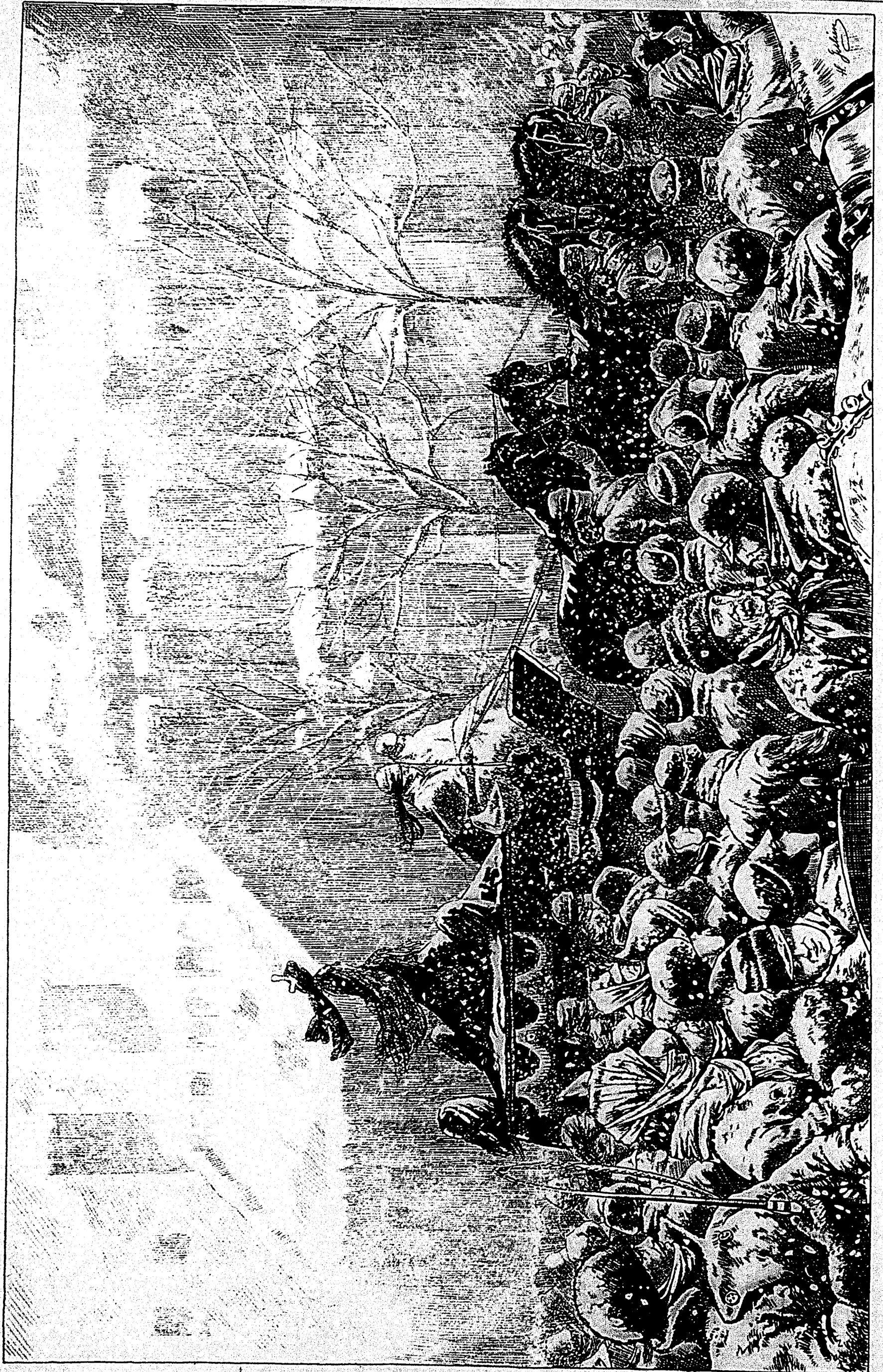
THE YOUNG CANADIAN MECHANIC.

The subject of this sketch is a young engineer and the scene is a workshop in which he is employed as a machinist and engineer. Those who know him say that the young engineer is a very fair likeness of himself and also that the surroundings are good. His name is James McDonald, and he resides at Collingwood.

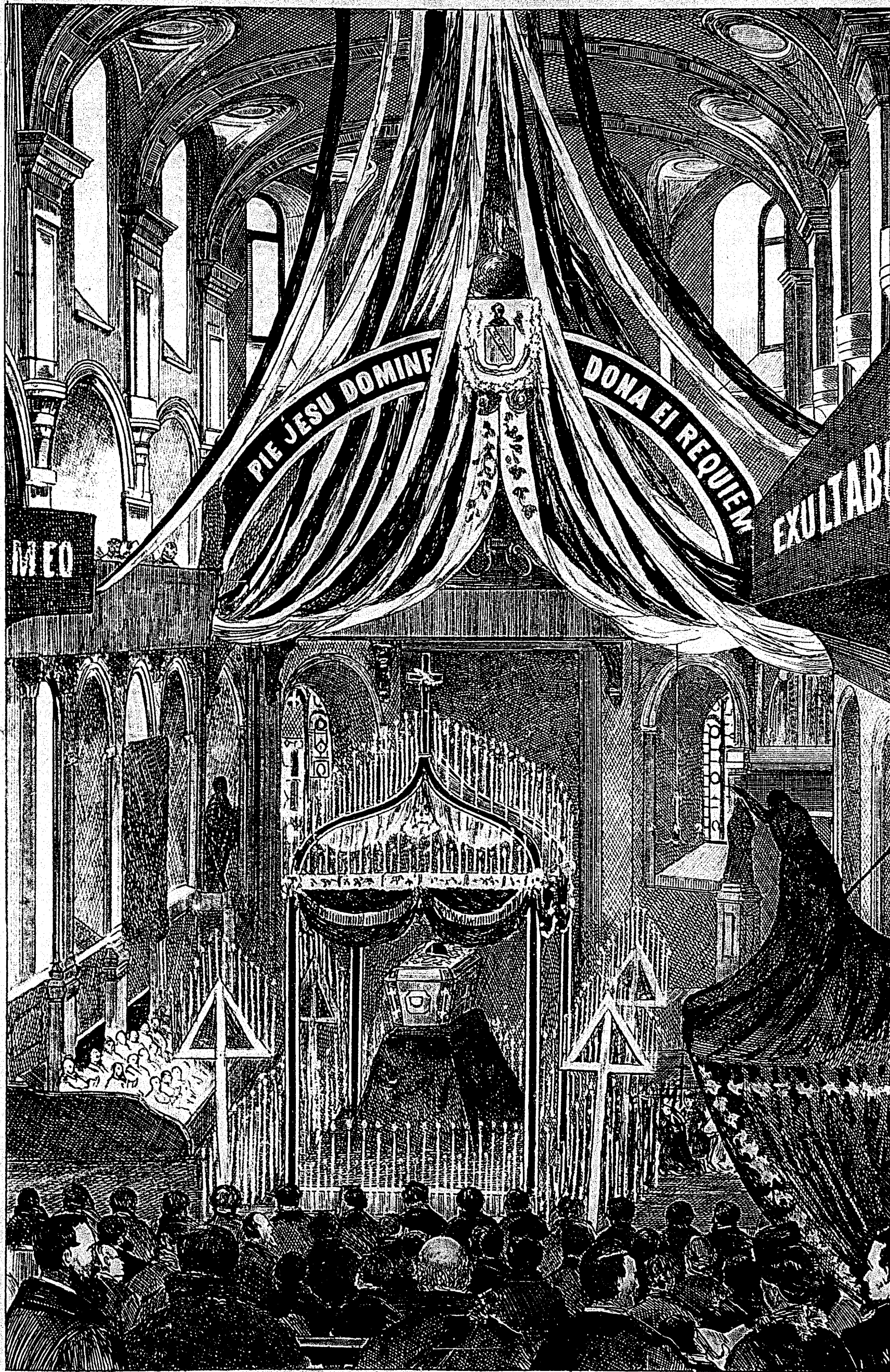
VARIETIES.

WHAT BREAKS DOWNS YOUNG MEN.—It is a commonly received notion that hard study is the unhealthy element of a college life. But from tables of the mortality of Harvard University collected by Professor Pierce, from the last triennial catalogue, it is clearly demonstrated that the excess of death for the last ten years after graduation is found in that portion of each class of inferior scholarship. Everyone who has seen the curriculum knows that where Eschylus and political economy injure one, late hours and rum-punch use up a dozen; and that the two little fingers are heavier than the loins of Euclid. Dissipation is a sure destroyer, and every young man who follows it is as the early flower, exposed to untimely frost. Those who have been inveigled into the path of vice, are named Legion. A few hours sleep each night, high living, and plenty of "smashes," make war upon every function of the body. The brain, the heart, the lungs, the liver, the spine, the limbs, the bones, the flesh, every part and faculty are overtaken and weakened by the terrific energy of passion loosened from restraint, until like a dilapidated mansion, the "earthly house of this tabernacle" falls into ruinous debt. Fast young men, rightabout.

DUKE OF SALDANHA.—The Duke of Saldanha, the Portuguese Ambassador at the English Court, died early this month at his residence in London. He was born about 1790, and was therefore about 86 years of age. The Duke had taken an active part in public affairs in Portugal during the last fifty years. He was Minister for Foreign Affairs under King John VI., and took a prominent part in opposing the usurpation of Dom Miguel. After the failure of that opposition he retired to England, where he remained until 1834, when he returned to Portugal, and became one of the chief counsellors of Dom Pedro in his war against Dom Miguel, in which he acted as general and chief of the staff, and signed with Dom Pedro the decisive capitulation of Evora. The Duke afterwards became Minister of War and President of the Council, but after his retirement from office he, in 1836, was concerned in an unsuccessful reactionary movement, and was again exiled to England, where he remained until 1846, when another revolution brought him back to power. From this he was dispossessed in 1849 by the second dictatorship of Costa Cabral, whom the Duke in turn overthrew in 1851, and remained in office during the minority of Don Pedro V., until 1856. In May, 1870, he headed a military outbreak, which resulted in a new ministry being formed under his presidency. He retained office until February, 1871, and had for some years represented his country at the British Court.



QUEBEC:—FUNERAL OF THE LATE LIEUTENANT-GOVERNOR CARON: THE HEARSE PASSING OPPOSITE THE CITY HALL.—FROM A SKETCH BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST.



QUEBEC:—FUNERAL OF THE LATE LIEUTENANT-GOVERNOR OARON; THE CATAFALQUE IN THE BASILICA.—FROM A SKETCH BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST.

THE MINUET.

BY MARY MAPES DOUGL.

Grandma told me all about it,
Told me, so I couldn't doubt it,
How she danced—my grandma danced!—
Long ago.

How she held her pretty head,
How her dainty skirt she spread,
How she turned her little toes—
Smiling little human rose!—
Long ago.

Grandma's hair was bright and sunny;
Dimpled cheeks, too—ah, how sunny!
Really quite a pretty girl,
Long ago.

Bless her! why, she wears a cap,
Grandma does, and takes a nap
Every single day; and yet
Grandma danced the minuet
Long ago.

Now she sits there, rocking, rocking,
Always knitting Grandpa's stocking—
(Every girl was taught to knit,
Long ago).

Yet her figure is so neat,
And her way so staid and sweet,
I can almost see her now
Bending to her partner's bow
Long ago.

Grandma says our modern jumping,
Hopping, rushing, whirling, bumping,
Would have shocked the gentle folk
Long ago.

No—they moved with stately grace,
Everything in proper place,
Gliding slowly forward, then
Slowly courtesying back again,
Long ago.

Modern ways are quite alarming,
Grandma says; but boys were charming—
Girls and boys, I mean, of course—
Long ago.

Brevelly modest, grandly shy—
What if all of us should try—
Just to feel like those who met
In the graceful minuet
Long ago!

With the minuet in fashion,
Who could fly into a passion!
All would wear the calm they wore
Long ago.

In time to come, if I perchance,
Should tell my grandchild of our dance,
I should really like to say,
"We did it, dear, in some such way."
Long ago.

—St. Nicholas, January.

A CHAPTER OF ACCIDENTS.

CHAPTER II.—(Continued.)

So I had four or five days' walking by myself. It was something strange this being thrown so much into my own society. Here was my life, I thought to myself, and what on earth was I to do with it! One humble feeling I certainly had—the conviction of its insignificance; that it was no particular value to any one but the owner, and from his point of view it did not much matter what became of it. These dreadful practical questions have a trick of recurring like recurring decimals. Should I emigrate? I thought to myself. Emigration I felt was the natural outlet for young men; but I had had the superfluous education that unfitted me for a kind of work of which I was quite ignorant. This idea was unwelcome, and I put it away. I think it was now for the first time that the idea was consciously presented to me—suggested to me, I imagine, by that conversation the other evening at the Point—that I ought to look at my limited human life as a whole, make it a work of art if possible, and try and put into it something like a sense of duty and aspiration, that should prove a dominant theory of life ruling all the details. The idea was a novel one, something altogether new to my experience, but it somehow gave me strength and courage. I turned it over and over in my mind several times while I was wandering about in those well-remembered days of old.

CHAPTER III.

The "Chapter of Accidents" was unfolding itself. My next adventure came and proved a damp one. I had formed no settled plan of travel, and was striking almost at random across field and lane as any pretty prospect seemed to open before me; my general idea being that I was to jot off the places of interest mentioned by Murray. But certain things came to pass in this wise.

I had been to see the ruins of an old castle overhanging the river, a famous old castle that almost enabled me to realize the old baronial type which it so vividly recalled. From this castle I could see the promontory of the Point where I had been only a few evenings before with the two ladies. The old castle would have been all the pleasanter if they were still my companions; they would "have made a sunshine in a shady place." A pretty child showed me all about; with fearless grace she ran along the narrow edge of wall. I could see the view on the right hand expanding into a tawny estuary of the sea, and diminishing on the left almost to a thread of light in the distance. The idea came into my head that I would beat up by the side of the river until I came to some neat town or village on its shore, or to some bridge or ferry that would take me to the opposite bank.

So I went up the river shore, mile after mile, hour after hour. The path sometimes skirted the bank which, with level spaces interspersed,

preserved for a considerable distance the character of a sheer cliff. Now, as I was going along one of those level spaces, meadow-land shadowed by noble timber, a somewhat singular incident came to pass. I heard a strange, strong, sudden sound; a sound as of rushing water—thunderous, unearthly. The noise was behind me, and I looked back in amazement to see what it might be. The river presented a singular phenomenon. There appeared to be a wall of water, almost of a man's stature, gliding onwards with the utmost velocity. I at once recollected—my ramble being about the time of the autumn Equinox—that this must be the *ayer* or bore so well-known on some parts of the coast. The appearance was so striking, and to one previously unacquainted with it even so threatening, that I took at once to my legs, and ran rapidly so as to gain the next cliff. But before I could do so, the water had spread itself over half the meadow, and I was wet through to the knees. I quickly was out of reach; and watching the onward rushing stream I perceived that the banks, where they did not rise to cliffs, were flooded on either side by the stream. The path that skirted the river was now untenable, and I was obliged to get into the high road that ran parallel with the river, so far as a straight line could be parallel with a devious stream. On I went, mile after mile, hour after hour. I did not know that I was on a great ducal property, where the farm-holdings were unusually enormous; and consequently the country-side had for leagues no collection of inhabitants, but was chiefly diversified by farmhouses big and stately as manor-houses. The only guide that I had was the broad white river, that still gleamed white, although the day had long since waned, and I was again benighted. At last I saw some lights gleaming on the further shore. I thought that perhaps there might be a ferry here, and I shouted and shouted in the hope of attracting attention. At last there came back an answering shout, and I heard in the darkness the clashing of a chain. Presently I heard voices, and was told to go to the steps. I went in the direction of the steps, having positively to wade through two feet of water, and discerned a wall, by which I rightly guessed the flooded steps were situated, which at a dry season went down from the bank into the river. A good-looking young fellow, smoking a cigar, was sitting in the big ferry-boat, one so big that it served for the carriage of cattle and heavy goods, worked, though the river was broad, by a chain. When we arrived on the other side the boat was almost exactly under the projecting gables of a big house, whence were gleaming the lights of which I spoke. I soon perceived that this was a hostel called the Fisherman's Arms, into which I was very glad to get entrance, and proceeded, according to the former precedent, to obviate the bad effects of my wetting. The landlord said that there was only one sitting-room, which was rented by two gentlemen who were fishing; but he had no doubt they would let me have a share in their fire and their apartment.

When I entered, after a courteous message, I found that the fishermen were not only fishers, but also—a very different thing, as my own experience testified—had taken some fish. A large appetising dish of trout was before them; and with an easy kindness they said I had better have some with them, as there was no more in the house. One of the men was the young fellow who, cigar in mouth, had come over in the ferry-boat apparently for the lack of something to do. I had never seen a pleasanter, more contented fellow, sunny as the sunward peach on the wall.

The elder was a different sort of man, quiet, thoughtful, intensely occupied, with an array of books and papers on the table behind him which had overflowed to the tea-table. From red tape around piles of paper I conjectured that he was a barrister taking a holiday to freshen himself up for the beginning of term. They made their headquarters at this fishing inn, whence they had explored a good deal of the country, and had fished, not without success, in the river, having caught several salmon with rod and line in the main river, and lots of trout in the tributary streams.

I had my own little story to tell in answer to their frank confidences. I was a stranger in this part of the country, had never been here before, and only came as a sort of whim. But I had accidentally met a clever man in London, Sir Henry Westlake, who had advised me to take this sort of pedestrian trip; and happening to have his card about me, I took it up and looked at it.

"I know Sir Henry," said the elder of my companions; "he is a singular man, but good and clever; and once he went out of his way to do me a great kindness, though really I had no sort of claim upon him."

This little incident broke the ice, if indeed their kind hospitality had not broken it already. We sat up till quite late at night chatting. I and the younger man had it chiefly to ourselves, until the elder cousin—for that was the connection between them—put aside his papers and went into the conversation with a vigour that atoned for his previous silence. I too was glad to find my tongue again. I had been silent and solitary for some days, and had been inclined to share the opinion of that morbid old gentleman, who declared that conversation was the bane of society. But now that society was ready-made to my hand once more, I enjoyed it as much as in the smoking-room of the club; indeed the talk was of better quality than I think the club could have furnished.

There were just two or three days left of their holidays, and as I had nothing at all to do with my time I easily arranged that I would join them.

The young one said rather unexpectedly, "When Ellis leaves me on Thursday, I am going on to Dorchester to stay with my uncle, who is one of the canons. He is a very kind old man, and will be delighted to see you at dinner on Friday or Saturday. He always tells me to bring any friend I like."

I thought Mr. Blount was a little reckless with his invitations, and I looked inquiringly at the elder man.

"O, you had better go," he said smilingly. "If you are looking at the county, Murray in hand, you ought to see something of the county people. You will have a capital opportunity at the canon's. Cathedral cities are curious places. The city people keep to the city people, and know nothing of the county people. But, on the other hand, the cathedral people are hand in glove with the county people, and know little or nothing of the city people."

"He had better come to the meeting of the Naturals on Wednesday,—that would be the day after the morrow,—and that will be an opportunity of comparing differences between city and county people."

"Who are the Naturals?" I inquired.

"O, that is our county Naturalist Society. They have a field-day on Wednesday at Brey Castle. O, that is great fun. Our favourite Naturalist is to read a paper on local edible snails found near Brey Castle, and originally imported by the Romans. And a celebrated antiquary is coming down on purpose to discuss the style of boot used in the time of the earlier Plantagenets."

"A little dry, isn't it?"

"You're not obliged to listen to it unless you like. The feeding will be better than the reading, I expect. It is quite the best day of the year. You will see our clever heiress, Mary Edgeworth; and if you like I will introduce you. I am a married man myself, and so I am out of the competition; and as for Charley, he is nobody until he gets into the Foreign Office. Then you will see all our county society. You may know Cambridge and London as well as you like; but if you have not lived in the counties you may not understand county society."

"I am told that after all 'county people' are the nicest people out."

"All our county society is really included within very manageable limits. The railways take us about everywhere, and so the whole thing lies in a nutshell. We all know one another by name, and generally by sight. We are not altogether unlike the condition of things in Attica, if you remember your Thicksides—the men of the hills, the men of the plain, and the men of the seaboard. Among the hills we have our nobles—the county only boasts of three—and on the plains the towns, with burghesses; and as for the seaboard, by which I mean the coast of our broad tidal river, why, I am afraid my analogy rather breaks down here. The Earl of Lechmere is our lord-lieutenant—his property stretches from the sea to the hills—very pleasant unassuming people, and often give me a few days' shooting. I hardly suppose they will be at the Naturals; but there will be some Honourable or other to represent them. When we get away from Lord Lechmere's lands there are a great many country squires scattered about, and the parsons here all belong to squires' families, and are as good as squires themselves. You will find that they know the burghers, meeting them at railway and hospital meetings, and all that sort of thing, but you will find that they do not cohere very easily. Bishop, dean and canons of course make common cause with the county people. Our merchants are all on the look-out to buy land and become county people themselves."

So it was settled that we should go to the Naturals.

CHAPTER IV.

Brey Castle presented a very different scene this crowded gala day from the silence and solitude it presented a few evenings ago when I lingered and meditated in its deserted court. Carriage after carriage rolled past the old stone lions, and one gay party after another passed through the old gateway between the turrets. The Naturals mustered in large force, and with less appearance of lunacy than might be imagined from their nickname. It was easy to draw a line of distinction between those who were bent on improving their minds and those who meant to improve the occasion according to their own peculiar theories. There was no mistaking the spectacles, the note-cases, the instruments, the subdued raiment, with the gayer costumes of flirts and butterflies whose researches would hardly extend beyond the geology of a pasty-pie. I was introduced to the President of the Naturals, and I am not sure that I was not there and then elected a Natural myself. As I was entering an old corridor whose windows looked out on the gray barbacann, whom should I meet but Mrs. Percival, that sweet old lady who was with "Mary" at the Point, and in the crowd was "Mary" herself, the cynosure of many eyes.

After hasty kindly greetings, "Now what is the name of the young lady who was with you the other evening?"

"Why, surely you know her name!" said Mrs. Percival, with a smile. "That is Mrs. Edgeworth."

"Mrs. Edgeworth!" I exclaimed in wonderment, almost in terror, glancing at the exquisite form in the sumptuous-coloured dress. "Is she married then? Who is her husband?"

"She is a widow," answered the lady.

"A widow!" I exclaimed. "She looks as little like a widow as any lady I have ever seen." This was with another glance at the lady's attire.

"She has had a very singular history," said Mrs. Percival, "which goes far to explain one or two things which may appear singular to you. I have known her all my life, and I sometimes have called her the child-wife and sometimes the maid-widow. You could not belong to this part of the country without hearing all about her history. She was married when she was only sixteen to an officer in the Guards. She was wild about him, a spoilt child; and her parents could not refuse her. I cannot say that I cared for him at all myself, nor do I think, if things had turned out differently, that he would have made her a good husband. She was an only child and an heiress, and he was seventeen or eighteen years older than herself,—more than as old again, which I always think is too great a disparity. But, as I said, she was wild about him. I have repeatedly seen cases when quite young girls have been devotedly attached to men old enough to be their fathers. Now Mary Gorst—"

"Mary Gorst!" I exclaimed. "Was she, then, any relation to Mr. Gorst of Amesbury?" And I thought of the pretty place I passed in going from the station.

"The very same; his daughter, his only daughter, whose sad story was known all over the country some five years ago. On the very marriage morning Major Edgeworth, riding over to Amesbury Church with his best man, had an accident with his horse. The branch line had just been finished, and for the first time, perhaps, the animal heard the shrill railway whistle, at least that is what we supposed, for the horse had borne him in safety for years before. He was thrown from his horse on his head, but he gathered himself up all right, and proceeded to church, where the marriage service was performed. The breakfast was passing gaily off, and he was just rising to return thanks for himself and his bride, when he fell back insensible. It was then found out that he must have sustained some serious brain injury from the fall, although the mischief was some hours in showing itself. He never got over that attack. Instead of going on his marriage tour he was carried upstairs in a lamentable condition. Softening of the brain set in, and within six months after the wedding he died. Now I think her peculiar history will account for a little that is peculiar about herself. She is a rich man's only child, and, indeed, she has a considerable independent income of her own in right of the marriage settlement, whereon even the ink was hardly dry when all her hopes of happiness were dashed to the earth by this terrible disaster. It altered her character altogether and at once. From a laughing child she became a grave earnest woman. Her father is so aged and ailing that she has to manage his property as well as her own. She has had many suitors, and though I think she ought to marry again, she gives no encouragement; her peculiar history and position make her very straightforward and independent, and a little autocratic; but I know her genuine worth, and have every reason to think gratefully of her kindness. You must know she has taken rather a fancy to you, Mr. Hylton. She was quite interested by your adventure the other night, and thinks you showed more originality and independence than is to be found among the interesting young men in this part of the country. But here she is." And, looking upward, I saw her moving along the old castle wall, almost broad enough to admit two, and then descend rapidly down the narrow time-worn steps with a free, graceful, careless carriage peculiarly her own.

We were sitting on a ruined buttress of the old castle, overlooking the wide champaign and the broad-flowing peaceful river that flowed just beneath the castle's ancient watergate.

She came and sat down beside us.

I don't know whether there was any consciousness betrayed on my side or on her friend's, but she said quickly and decidedly,

"You have been talking about me."

"Yes, Mrs. Edgeworth," I answered.

"And you know my sad history?"

"Well," I said, "as I suppose all the people here know it, more or less."

"What is your history, Mr. Hylton?"

"I am in the uninteresting position of not possessing a history, Mrs. Edgeworth."

"That can be hardly correct, I think." Then she stamped her little foot somewhat imperiously.

"Tell it to me."

A sudden thought passed through my mind:

"If you want the literal truth, you should have it, coarse, repellent, commonplace; and if you are a mere woman of the world, amusing yourself with me, it may make you take yourself off as soon as you choose, fair lady." Then I spoke:

"Mine is a very commonplace and vulgar history. In my past life I have wasted nearly all my time and all my money; and, like Mr. Micawber, I am waiting for something to turn up."

"That is rather hard things to say against oneself at the age of—"

"Twenty-three."

"I am twenty-three myself, and of course I am getting on to a quarter of a century, and I feel at least as if the century were three-quarters

over. But there is a great difference between man and woman in this respect."

"So they say," I answered; "but I am never quite certain that these received sayings are always right. I distrust all generalisations."

"Do you see that pretty little church peeping up among the trees?"

"Yes. The situation, with the river laying it, is unusually fine."

"Would you like to see it? It has been perfectly restored. All the windows are of painted glass; and in those woods through which our path will lie you will, perhaps, hear the night-ingale for the last time this season."

She looked at her companion.

"Yes, my dear," said the old lady; "I thought, perhaps, a little too submissively."

"Or perhaps you would prefer to hear about the edible snails. They really are the same snails that are found in some parts of Italy, and the Roman soldiers must have brought them over with them, for they had a bath about here."

"I had rather see the wood and the church, and have a walk with you and Mrs. Percival."

"Come, then," she said. "It is rather a steep path from here to the moat, and from the moat we get into a path across the meadows."

She knew the old locality perfectly, and bounded down the path. Her elderly companion followed, not without some signals of distress.

"So you are still wandering about the country in this undefined sort of way?"

"Yes," I answered; "it is rather a 'Wilhelm Meister' sort of life, wandering about as one lists without the shadow of a moral obligation."

"I daresay it is very nice; but it is one so opposite to what we ladies lead, that it is difficult to give a clear presentation of it to one's mind. Do you know whom you remind me of, Mr. Hylton?"

"Who?"

"That scholar of Oxenford there is such a pretty poem about, who went and lived with the gypsies, and was called the gipsy-scholar."

"You are the only gipsy I have seen."

"And I make a poor sort of Romany, I suspect, as I am a very sober-minded and unromantic personage."

"I fancy I am more like Wilhelm Meister serving an apprenticeship of some sort or other."

"I never could admire the immortal Wilhelm very much."

"Then you cannot really care," I answered, "for Goethe's philosophy or Goethe's life. I suppose he himself would say, in vindication of Wilhelm and of himself, that they were allowing their moral nature to work a self-development untrammelled by conventionalities, and so come to a true theory of being."

Her beautiful eyes had a sort of merry scorn in them.

"That sounds very grand, Mr. Hylton, and I think I have heard something of the sort before; but, reduced to plain English prose, it is only a wordy excuse for abominable selfishness."

"You are a little hard on me."

"O, I don't mean you. I do not put you down as anything so poetical as a Scholar-gipsy or a Wilhelm Meister."

"I think there may be a tendency that way."

"Possibly. But what I am thinking of is this: if we all took to going out gipsying, who is to encounter the real duty and dullness of life? Who are to keep the wheels of life going and look after the teaching, nursing, cooking of life—to speak of poor woman's pursuits alone—besides the more ennobling business of our lords?"

"I expect I shall have to get into harness one of these days; and though I don't profess to like work, I shall by and by do it."

"You see," she said, "my life has been altogether illusion and mirage. I was a wild self-willed girl when I married a man whom I simply worshipped, and the marriage-bond was sundered as soon as made. I am altogether a different being now. I can hardly recognise my former self. He could not have made me happy, if I had been then as I am now; we should, perhaps, have had our altercations, but on the whole have lived harmoniously."

"I hardly know," I said. "He was much older than you, and at his age the character becomes stereotyped."

"Anyhow," she said, "I feel that my loss has broken the springs of my life. All the freshness and colour have gone out of it. I have my dearest father to care for."

"And keep awhile one parent from the skies."

I have my poor people and all my duties. But I have to look to the skies for any real happiness. I recognise and submit to my fate, and even approve of it. I get very tired, and sometimes I think I feel my wings growing."

"Forgive the thought, but suppose you had lived to find out that the husband whom you worshipped were altogether an illusion?"

"I should not have lived at all; I should have died—have died of a broken heart. I did so very nearly as it was; for years my great grief hung upon my heart. Perhaps I wanted a great grief."

"Schubert, the musician, said that character could only be formed out of a great grief. That would suit you, Mrs. Edgeworth. He also proceeds to say that there is something poor and frivolous about natures that have not been subjected to it; and that, I suppose, would suit me!"

"And I think you deal hardly with yourself, Mr. Hylton. If you are not satisfied with your-

self, I am sure you have an ideal that is better than yourself."

We had now got back to the old castle. It was emptying fast of the Naturals. All the noisy life with which we had peopled it had died out, and we were leaving the grim reliquary ruins to the bats that nestled in the towers and the mists that swam up from the river. The neat well-remembered carriage was standing outside the balustraded gates, and I assisted the ladies to enter. Most of the excursionists had gone back by the special train. My friend had found me a vacant place in a friendly drag where he himself mounted the box. For a short time there was a merry conversation among the occupants, but as the evening shadows darkened we all relapsed into silence. The thought, what was I to do with myself? came with a sickening sense of care upon my mind. I dwelt on Mary Edgeworth's perfect features, on her silvery tones; but there was a difference as great as if oceans rolled and mountains rose between us. She was as sacred and inaccessible as the evening star that now began to glimmer through the umbrage of the trees by the river. Her parting words consoled me. I had said, in conventional phrase, "I hope we shall meet again;" and she had answered with prophetic voice, "I am sure we shall."

CHAPTER V.

Early next morning I received a short note written by Mrs. Blount, "I am obliged to go away, but my uncle Canon French expects you to dinner all the same at seven."

This is an odd sort of thing, this going to a house which you have never seen, and dining with people whom you do not know. My first impulse was to send off a note to decline. But I felt I must go on with my series of adventures and misadventures. I should go on pedestrianising so long as the fine weather held up. The clouds were threatening, and when the rains came down it would be time to shift the venue. My portmanteau had arrived by train from Amesbury Station, according to a telegram which I had sent. Nobody need be at a loss to kill a morning in a cathedral city. Every cathedral city has a history; the cathedral itself is an embodied history. Then you may be sure that it has had something to do with the Wars of the Roses or with the Great Rebellion. I got through the day, and up to this present time I have a misty recollection of the painted glass and the rolling anthem.

I turned into the cathedral close. There was something about it which at once satisfied my æsthetic sense. There was a central space of green, along each side of which was an avenue of trees, now shedding fast the yellow leaves. There were large sleepy-looking houses about, with close-shaven lawns, chiefly ornamented with standard roses and basket beds of flowers. A servant in dark livery took charge of my traps and ushered me up-stairs. It was a large oaken drawing-room. No candles were lighted, and I should never have suspected gas in such a room. The ruddy blaze of a cheerful fire contented with the last red light of the westerling sun. An old-fashioned gentleman advanced, with the most beautiful eyes that I have seen in an aged face, and at once set me at perfect ease with his wonderful sweetness and benignity of manner. A tall handsome-looking army man and his elegant wife, son and daughter-in-law of the widowed canon, did the honours. One lady I was greatly struck with, who seemed the queen of the room. I understood afterwards that she was Lechmere, the wife of the lord-lieutenant, who kept together the society of the county while her husband was salmon-fishing in Norway. There were no introductions, except to a rather plain man and a very acute-looking Cambridge man (who, I was told, was an inspector of schools), a well-known critic and writer of articles. I thought too, from the description of things given me by my friend at the fishing place, that if a county lady were to appear anywhere in the society of the cathedral town of Dorchester, it would be at the venerable canon's. I looked for her, feeling at the time that I had no right to do so, and it almost appeared a bit of fairy glamour, a hearing that could not be trusted, a seeing that could not be believed, when Mr. Gorst and Mrs. Edgeworth entered the room.

It was very touching to see the old canon meet the still older squire, and testify his thankfulness in that he had violated his rule about not going out to dinner. The erect man now bent, the vigorous man now feeble, marks of manly beauty gleaming through physical decay—such was Squire Gorst, and I could well imagine how once he could ride to his hounds. And blessings on that kindly canon—not only that his ready hospitality had welcomed the stranger within his gates—not only that the ecclesiastical cookery had left lay efforts far behind, but because it brought that beautiful face again before me, which had such power to elevate and purify, and gave me that formal introduction to Squire Gorst which is a sort of fetish in English society, absolutely indispensable in all our social arrangements! It was an exquisite happiness to me to see this eloquent face mantling with pleasure when I made that unexpected apparition of myself. It was almost hid from me by a mass of splendid flowers, grouped in the centre of the table, which made me savagely critical on the iniquities of an English dinner-table. But that marvellous evening it was not even the presence of my mistress which made the scene so memorable. Its interest mainly belongs to the most uninteresting person in the

room; that combative, cynical, self-contented inspector of schools whom I mentioned just now. He was a Fellow of Trinity, and as a Cambridge man I had learned both to respect and detest Fellows of Trinity. They have brain-power and industry; but each Fellow deifies himself and his order, and there is generally also a mixture of sharp worldliness, the echo of that perpetual question which mars so much of Cambridge study—will it pay? I happened to sit next to him at dessert, and he went off into quite a monologue about himself.

"There's nothing like being an inspector of schools," he said, "after all. There are bad points about it, no doubt. There is always a certain amount of drudgery in going over elementary matters so constantly with children. Thus you see the certificated teachers always at first regard you as their natural enemy. By and by, however, they come to like you better. You really begin to be interested in watching the progress of education. Then you go wherever you like, and book Government with the expenses. Then you come to know the whole of the county, and the squires and parsons regard you as one of themselves. There are compensating mercies, besides quarter-day, even for H. M.'s inspector of schools. I don't mean to say that I should not enjoy doing nothing better; but as this work is to be done, I do it, and get what enjoyment I can out of it. All real work you know, so the moralists tell us, ought to have an element of fag and grind and unpleasantness about it, to be worthy of the name."

"Well, I am a leisure man myself," I answered; "and, in fact, I have never been very much anything else. But I begin to think I ought to be doing something. I should not at all mind grinding up the first four rules of arithmetic, and some geography and grammar, and going about the country to examine the little beggars about it."

H. M. Inspector laughed, and seemed to take it as a capital joke, and the decenter coming round he took another glass of the Dean's port, and said something that brought him into the current of the general conversation.

I could hardly believe my ears when, some time after, the inspector of schools came up to me and said,

"Would you really like something to do in my line, Mr. Hylton? I am looking out for a man that would have to do very much the same kind of work that I am doing myself. We inspectors of schools have got to employ men under us for a time for a special purpose. The Government are collecting all the information they can, with a view to future legislation. We are consequently wanting men who will be called Inspectors of Returns. It is only for a couple of years, and only two hundred a year; but it is said, though of course, I cannot guarantee the statement, that in future the full Inspectors will be selected out of the Inspectors of Returns."

If ever there was music in my ears, this proposition made such music for me. In my solitary rambles I had been forced to think. I had been thinking of the future; and once or twice when I woke up in the morning I found that future weighing on me like a nightmare, although the brightness of morning had never failed to chase the shadows away, although the fresh trust of youth in a controlling Providence had quenched despair. The delightful feeling which I felt at the moment was not the feeling that I was dropping into a pleasant kind of berth, suitable to a man whose banking-book was in such a deplorable condition, but the novel sensation that I was really finding something to do, that somewhere I had a niche in the world where I might fill my appointed place and do something useful—a sensation that superinduced that other novel sensation of self-respect procured by internal self-congratulation. And somehow or other the thought of Mary Edgeworth mixed itself up with the whole. The thought flamed into sudden life and purpose when her glorious voice filled the old canon's house with music, and made me vow a vow that there was no time I would not wait, nor work I would not work, if only I might link my fortune to the golden hope that entered my heart. It was quite a new sensation to me to find that there was some living being with whom I might link all the dormant powers and aspirations of my nature; whose presence was to me an intellectual stimulus that stirred up all my energies, and at the same time gave me a sense of rest and peace and unutterable happiness. From which state of mind it may be concluded that I was beginning to be very much in love with Mrs. Edgeworth. I don't profess to be a superior kind of man—the man who can guide and elevate and develop a woman's nature, and all that style of thing. On the contrary, I am of the opinion that I want a deal of guiding and elevating and developing myself; and I could worship as a divinity an angelic woman who would do this sort of thing for me.

Presently H. M. Inspector said to Mr. Gorst, "My friend, Mr. Hylton, is coming into the neighbourhood of Amesbury to look after the Government returns of schools. I have been telling him how good the country people are to an inspector; and as he is going to be one of us in a sort of way, I am sure you will extend to him the same sort of kindness."

"He must come and stay with me exactly as you have done. You must make Amesbury Hall your headquarters, Mr. Hylton, whenever you have anything to do in our part of the county."

Thus it was that in the course of a few weeks I was a guest of Mr. Gorst's and Mrs. Edgeworth's. I do not know how it happened; but

when I went to my pretty chamber and lay down that night, there stole over mind and body a sense of delicious restfulness and peace. I had always been a wanderer and wayfarer, unknowing the care either of sister or mother; and, though not without glimpses of better things, to which I have hardly done justice in this scanty narrative, I had led the in-consequential, careless, selfish life of a mere idler about town. I contrasted that ignoble existence with one so full of plan and purpose, of order and beneficence, like Mary Edgeworth's. She wanted to know what I was saying about Amesbury, and under that pretence she taught me my business as Inspector of Returns, which required more skill and method than I had looked for. Very puzzled indeed did the worthy station-master look when he met me and Mrs. Edgeworth walking about the fields; he merely touched his hat, however, and appeared to plunge into an illimitable train of thought.

She was so very dear to me. I felt that a false nature was disappearing, "as a serpent throws its skin," and that my true self was coming into conscious life. I did not like to tell her what I thought and felt. This new life, not only of my pleasant stay at the Hall, but of my quickened nature, would be shattered if she should be astonished at my presumption—should wonder how I had misconceived the nature of her feelings. There was something in her of the clever house-keeping elder sister's advising attitude towards her collegian brother. There were some wretched worldly thoughts that made themselves felt in my unstable mind. It was rather early to fix myself at three-and-twenty. I might meet some one whom I might like better. Then a widow, despite the child-wife theory and the very peculiar history, was a widow; and I had thought, in the rare moments when I ever thought, that I would never marry a widow. I had better think it over again, and, as Lord Dundreary says, speak about it to her in a year or two. But I soon blushed for the meanness of such thoughts. It seemed to me that a happy chance had come to me, a turning-point in life, and I should be like the base Judean who threw away "a pearl richer than all its tribe" if I should lose the glorious chance. I have known aged men who with wet and weary eyes had mused over the glorious possibilities of their youth which waywardness or selfishness had thrown away. "Now don't you be blind, old fellow," I said to myself, in that easy conversational tone which I occasionally adopt when in my own company. "You are not to postpone, or dream, or shilly-shally. Approach the deadly imminent breach, and it will lead into a garden of Paradise. Make up your mind clearly, worthily, irrevocably, and act on your decision. Try as a man, and if it is against you, take your fate as a man. At least you will not have the remorse that you lost by your own fault—lost what might give a richer colour and higher meaning to your life. And suppose you should win?"

There was the thought of that fine old place, the goodly estate, the horses and hounds. But I bless myself in the recollection that for the time I lost sight of these in thinking of Mary herself. Would it be possible that the treasures of that heart and mind could ever be mine? "Ah," I said to myself, "there are some people who have to accept the wealth, the greatness, the happiness, of this life. They have never deserved, they can never repay, all the blessings that have been showered on them. They can only live a life of thankfulness and love." I could not but whisper to myself, too, that there was a fate which was leading up to the consummation of my life, so marvellously strange had been this "chapters of accidents;" only I have heard of stranger chapters still. Certainly I shall have a story to tell Sir Henry.

At last a day came when I sat by her side, in the old oaken library, in the firelight glow. I think she knew the sense to which my words had pointed, and she did not interrupt me. "I am only a good-for-nothing fellow, I am afraid: an idle man, a bit of a scamp, a good deal of an ignoramus. But I think I have one merit—that of being able to appreciate excellence and loveliness when I see it. And I really have one thought now before my mind,—that as the years go on I may ripen into the power of bearing a worthy part in life—that there is something in the world that I may win and wear. It may help me if I only thought that you watched my work—that you gave me sympathy and regard, and let me tell you now, though I feel I am venturing my all in making the admission, that I do look forward to a time when I hope to make myself worthy of telling you of my love."

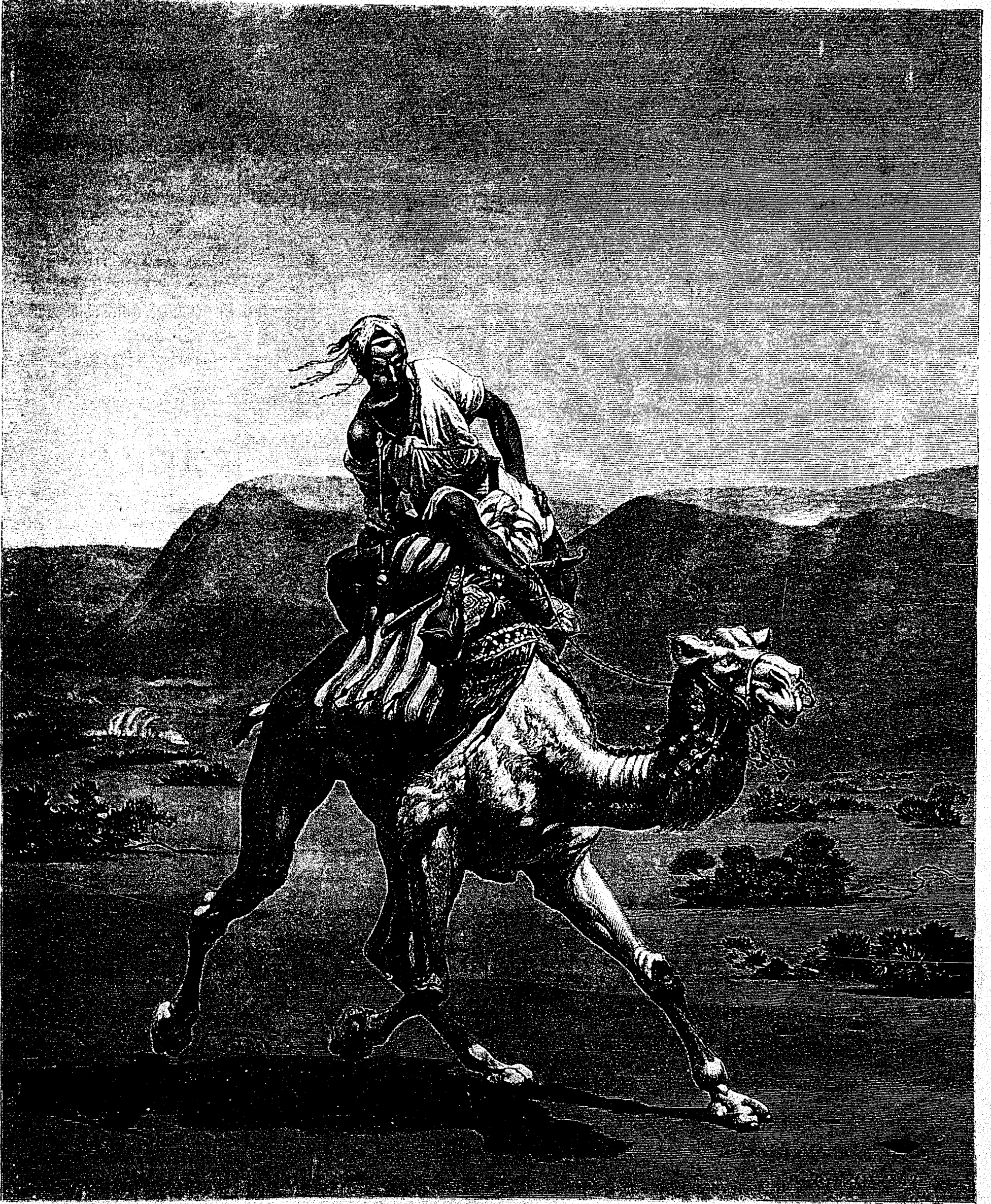
I took her hand in mine. I thought it would be withdrawn, but it was not. I sought her eyes, but they were downcast, a tear trembling through the lashes.

"Perhaps," she said, very quietly and simply, "I do not think that you are unworthy now."

"DEVINS' VEGETABLE WORM PASTILLES" are one of the greatest medical improvements of modern times. They combine what has hitherto been considered the most opposite and distinct qualities—being as agreeable to the taste as the most delicious confectionery, as delightful to the smell as fresh flowers, and more effective in their medicinal operation than any preparation hitherto discovered; they are safe for the most delicate child, and are guaranteed to remove every vestige of worms. The genuine have the word "Devins" stamped on each pastille.



A WOMAN OF THEBES.—FROM A PAINTING BY LANDELLE.



THE POST OF THE DESERT:—AN ARAB BEARER OF DESPATCHES.—FROM A PAINTING BY HORACE VERNET.

THE GRAVE OF THE YEAR!

BY THE LOWE FARMER.

Within a lonely forest glade,
A way-worn wanderer lies;

The old, old year came tottering on,
Bound to that mystic shore;

He saw him sink, he saw him die,
And saw his yawning grave;

And soon, before his wond'ring gaze,
An Andean mound doth rise;

A myriad hands are working there,
Old young; the mean, the grand;

And all who came a burthen bore
Of every shape and hue;

The stars grew dim, wild clouds obscured
The glorious vault on high;

He saw the multitudinous throng,
With one intent, haste all;

First came (and horror reigns supreme)
By death and furies borne;

Close on his steps were those who forge
Dread superstition's chains;

Ambition's votaries passed on;
They bore their prostrate hopes;

High up the mound the conqueror stride,
Aloft his gory spear;

The swindling knave, the paltry cheat,
The man of worthless word;

The unhappy came, uncountable,
Their sorrows in their hands;

The love-lorn maiden brought her tears
To swell the wondrous pile;

The loyal and the true appear'd;
The honest and the brave;

But who are they, the joyous band,
Marching with step elate?

And sweet to them the fair fresh joys
Anticipation showers;

The pile recedes, but ere it goes,
O, let us hope and pray;

The mountains sink, the vision flies,
The bright New Year awakes!

To all and each, a glad New Year;
For the old a sigh—for the new a cheer.

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

H. A. C. F., Montreal.—Solution of Problem No. 99 received. Correct.

M. J. M., Quebec.—Letter containing Problem received. Many thanks.

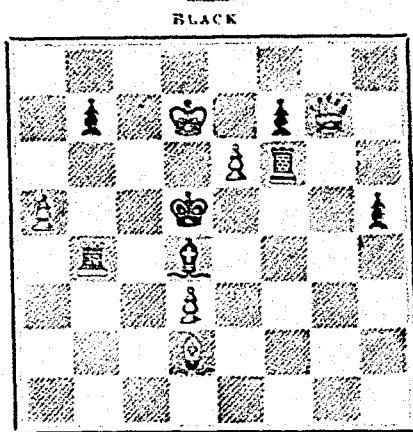
J. W. S., Montreal.—Solutions of Problems No. 99 and No. 100 received. Correct.

During the Christmas week the members of the Montreal Chess Club expect the honor of a visit from Mr. Bird, who ranks so high among the great Chess players of the day.

He will, during his sojourn in Montreal exhibit his skill in the game by simultaneously playing a large number of the players of the Montreal Chess Club, and we have no doubt the contest will interest greatly all in our city who appreciate the noble pastime.

The telegraphic match between Seaford and Montreal is not yet arranged, but it is in a fair way to come off at an early date.

PROBLEM No. 102. BY A. C. PEARSON.



WHITE. White to play and mate in three moves.

GAME 146TH.

Played at New York between Mr. Bird and Mr. Williams, in the late New York Tourney.

(Counter Gambit.)

- WHITE.—(Mr. Williams.) 1. B to K 4. 2. Kt to K B 3. 3. Kt takes P (a). 4. Q to K 2. 5. P to K R 3. 6. P to Q 4. 7. B to K Kt 5. 8. P takes R. 9. Q to Kt 5 (ch). 10. Q takes Q (ch). 11. Kt to Q B 3. 12. R takes Kt. 13. Kt to Q 5. 14. Kt takes K B P (ch). 15. Kt to Q 5 (ch). 16. Kt to K 3. 17. B to K 2. 18. P to R 3. 19. P to K Kt 4. 20. Kt to Kt 2. 21. P to K B 3. 22. Castles (QR). 23. R takes B. 24. R to Kt sq. 25. R to Q R 5. 26. B takes P. 27. R to B 5 (ch). 28. R takes Kt. 29. R takes R. 30. R takes P. 31. R to R 2. 32. K to Q 2. 33. K to K 2. 34. R to B 2. 35. R. o. B 5 (ch). 36. K to B 3.

NOTES.

- (a) P takes P is a stronger reply to Black's last move. (b) Throughout the game the play on both sides is deficient in vigour, but here Mr. Bird is guilty of a blunder that costs him two valuable Pawns. (c) This suicidal stroke is entirely in keeping with the 26th move referred to above. After it, mate in a few moves cannot be averted.

GAME 147TH.

Played in Paris some years ago by Mons. Laroche and M. Schulten, of New York.

(Gioco Piano.)

- 1. P to K 4. 2. K Kt to B 3. 3. K B to Q B 4. 4. P to Q B 3. 5. P to Q 4. 6. P to K 5. 7. P takes Kt (b). 8. P takes K Kt P. 9. Q B to K Kt 5. 10. Q B to K R 5. 11. Castles. 12. Q Kt to Q 2. 13. Kt to K Kt 5. 14. Kt takes K R P. 15. B to K Kt 5. 16. B takes R. 17. Q to K B 3. 18. K to K R sq. 19. R takes Kt. 20. R takes R. 21. B to K Kt 5. 22. B to K B 4 (f). 23. Kt to K 4. 24. Kt to K B 6. 25. Q to K Kt 4 (ch) (g). 26. Kt to Q 7 (ch). 27. Kt takes Q. 28. Q to K Kt 2. 29. K takes B. (a) Best return. (b) A bad move.

- (c) Giving up the exchange to strengthen the attack. (d) A good move. (e) Q to K 4 is better. (f) K Kt to B 6 is better play. (g) White here overlooks a mate in 4 moves by check with Q at K R 3. (h) The winning move.

SOLUTIONS.

- Solution of Problem No. 100. WHITE. 1. Q to K 3. 2. Kt to B 4 (ch). 3. Kt to K 2 mate. BLACK. B or Kt takes Q. K moves.

- 1. P to B 4 (ch). 2. Q to Q Kt 3 mate. 3. Q to Kt 6 mate. 2. Q takes Kt. K takes P. 2. K to B 3. 2. K to K 4.

Solution of Problem for Young Players, No. 98.

- WHITE. 1. P to Q B 4. 2. B takes P (ch). 3. R mates. BLACK. P to K B 4. K to K 3.

PROBLEMS FOR YOUNG PLAYERS NO. 99.

A position occurring in a game between two players of the Montreal Chess Club.

- WHITE. K at K Kt sq. Q at K R 3. B at K B 5. B at Q Kt sq. Kt at K 5. Pawns at Q R 2, Q Kt 3, Q B 3 and Q 4. BLACK. K at Q sq. Q at Q 4. B at Q B 2. B at K sq. Pawns at Q R 2. Q Kt 2, Q B 3. And K 3. White to play and mate in six moves.

New Work of Vital Interest. Post Free 12 Cents or 6d. sig. FROM J. WILLIAMS, P. M. 22, MARSHALL STREET, ABERDEEN, SCOTLAND, NORTH BRITAIN.

A LONG AND HEALTHY LIFE. CONTENTS: 1.—Medical Advice to the Invalid. 2.—Approved Prescriptions for Various Affections. 3.—Phosphorus as a Remedy for Melancholia, loss of Nerve Power, Depression, and Feeble Digestion. 4.—Salt Baths, and their Efficacy in Nervous Affections. 5.—The Coca Leaf a Restorer of Health and Strength. 14 25-27-197

EN FRESHMAN & BROS. ADVERTISING AGENTS. 186 W. FOURTH ST. CINCINNATI O. ESTIMATES FURNISHED FREE. GENS FOR OUR MANUAL.

DR. BULLER, M.R.C.S., ENGLAND. (Late of Berlin, Prussia, and London, Eng.) Oculist and Aurist. To the MONTREAL GENERAL HOSPITAL. Office, Corner Craig St. and Place d'Armes Hill. Hours, 1 to 3 P.M., except by special appointment. 13-9-22-90

THE FOLLOWING IN AN EXTRACT FROM A LETTER dated 15th May, 1872, from an old inhabitant of Horningsham, near Warrminster, 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. Remaining, Gentlemen, Yours very respectfully, L.K. To the Proprietors of NORTON'S CAMOMILE PILLS, LONDON. 14-6-26-2w.

CHROMOS LARGE AND SMALL—FOR DEALERS, AGENTS AND TEA STORES. The largest and finest assortment in North America, Twenty 9 x 13 Chromos for \$1.00. Address W. H. HOPPE, 26 Henry St., Montreal, Headquarters for Foreign and American Chromos. Send for Superbly Illustrated Catalogue. 14-1-26-134.

DR. WILLIAM GRAY'S SPECIFIC MEDICINE. The Great English Remedy is especially recommended as an unfailing cure for Sexual Weakness, Spermatorrhea, Impotency, and all diseases that follow as a consequence of Self Abuse, as Loss of Memory, Universal Lassitude, Affect of Pain in the Back, Dimness of Vision, Premature Old Age, and many other diseases that lead to Insanity or Consumption and a Premature Grave, all of which as a rule are first caused by deviating from the path of nature and over indulgence. The Specific Medicine is the result of a life study and many years of experience in treating these special diseases. Pamphlet free by mail. The Specific Medicine is sold by all Druggists at \$1 per package, or six packages for \$5, or will be sent by mail on receipt of the money, by addressing WILLIAM GRAY & CO., Windsor, Ont. Sold in Montreal by R. B. LATHAM, J. A. HARTE, JAS. HAWKES, PICAULT & CO., and all responsible Druggists every where. 14-3-22-130

DR. CODERRE'S EXPECTORATING SYRUP For COUGHS, COLDS, BRONCHITIS, etc., etc. Dr. Coderre's Infants' Syrup, for Infantile Diseases, such as Diarrhoea, Dysentery, Painful Dentition, &c. Dr. Coderre's Tonic Elixir, for all cases of Nervousness, General Debility, and diseases of the skin or blood. These valuable remedies are all prepared under the immediate direction of J. EMERY CODERRE, M.D., of over 25 years experience, and are recommended by the Professors of the Montreal School of Medicine and Surgery. For sale at all the principal Druggists. 13-17-32-109

WM. SCOTT, MANUFACTURER OF MANTEL and PIER MIRRORS, Portrait & Picture Frames. NEWEST STYLES, BEST OF WORKMANSHIP, AND MODERATE CHARGES. 363 Notre Dame Street. SCOTT & FRASER. Importers and Dealers in Oil Paintings, Water Color Drawings, FINE ENGLISH AND FRENCH Engravings and Chromo-Lithographs.

Now in stock a large stock of Choice Paintings in Oil and Water, by well-known Artists, selected in Europe for our Mr. FRASER. 363 NOTRE DAME STREET.

PARKS' Magnificent Gallery and Studio is the centre of attraction to those looking for exquisite things in PHOTOGRAPHIC ART for presents. Nothing can be more durable or appropriate. Sittings by appointment. 195 1/2 St. James St., MONTREAL.

ASK for the IMPROVED MARSHALL'S, Queen's, Sky and Uranian Balls, also Button and English Liquid and Parisian Squares. WASHINGTON SQUARE. 14 25-27-197

APPROVED BY THE MEDICAL FACULTY DEVIN'S WORM PASTILLES. The most effective Remedy for Worms in Children or Adults. Le meilleur remede contre les vers chez les enfants ou adults. PASTILLES DE DEVIN'S CONTRE LES VERS. APPROUVEES PAR LA FACULTE MEDICALE

REVOLVERS! REVOLVERS!! New Seven-shot Nicks (patented) Self-acting REVOLVER, and 100 Cartridges for \$5.00. Circulars free. J. A. WATERHOUSE. SHEPPARD AVENUE, QUE. 13-25-22-129-2w

XMAS MOTTOES FOR NEW YEAR HOLIDAY RECEPTIONS & FESTIVALS AT HICK'S SHOW-CARD ROOMS 147 MCGILL STREET.

\$12 a day at home. Agents wanted. Outfit and terms free. TRUE & CO., Augusta, Maine. RONAYNE'S POPULAR SHOE STORE 192 & 194 St. Joseph Street WHERE BOOTS AND SHOES ARE BEST AND CHEAPEST.

Don't Fail

Before Purchasing your Furs, to call at

Robertson's, 232 McGill St. LATEST STYLES. HARD TIME PRICES.

The Hammam

IMPROVED TURKISH BATH 140 ST MONIQUE ST., In rear of Exposition Building, between St. Catherine and Dorchester Streets.

GODFREY RUEL, Proprietor.



ACME CLUB SKATE. (FORBES' PATENT.)

Used extensively in Europe and America, and acknowledged to be the leading self-fastening Skate in point of quality, finish and convenience. For sale by all respectable dealers. Wholesale orders solicited by

THE STARR MANUFACTURING COMPANY. MANUFACTURERS, HALIFAX, N. S. Patent rights secured. 14-13-13-139

FAMILIES

who want to have the best Family newspaper in their homes, should send for a Specimen Copy of the "Family Herald and Weekly Star" published in Montreal. By dropping a postal card to the publishers, sample copies will be sent free. You will be delighted to see it even if you do not subscribe. It has 135,000 readers in Canada. Handsome cash prizes are offered to canvassers. Agents wanted everywhere.

\$66 a week in your own town. Terms and \$3 out of free. H. HALLETT & CO., Portland, Maine.

MERCHANTS' BANK OF CANADA.

NOTICE

IS HEREBY GIVEN THAT A DIVIDEND OF THREE AND ONE-HALF PER CENT

Upon the Capital Stock of this Institution for the current half year has been this day declared, and that the same will be due and payable at the Bank and its Branches and Agencies, on and after

Tuesday, the Second day of January next.

The Transfer Book will be closed from the 15th to the 31st December next, both days inclusive.

By order of the Board. JACKSON RAE, General Manager. Montreal, 24th November, 1876.

OUTFITS FREE

to AGENTS selling Holt's Improved Rubber Printing Wheels, Daters, Hand Stamps, &c. manufactured by HOLT & CO., Toronto. Address: HOLT & CO., 56, King Street West, Toronto. 117-2-116

Field.
No. 1 Bleury St.
Montreal.
PORTRAITS.

SHOPS TO LET.

Two fine, commodious Shops to let, No. 9 and No. 11, BLEURY ST.

Both heated by steam—very of them well fitted up with shelves, drawers, &c., and very suitable for a Tailor or Milliner's Establishment.

Apply to G. B. BURLAND.

ARCH. McINTYRE, CARPENTER and JOINER.

BANKS, OFFICES and STORES fitted up in the best and most economical style.

JOBGING of all kinds promptly attended to.

1078 ST. CATHERINE STREET, CORNER DUNDAS. 13-1-52-294

W. NOTMAN, Photographer to the Queen,

ANNOUNCES THE FOLLOWING SPECIALITIES.

A NEW ROOM has been erected with Rustic Arrangements for SUMMER PORTRAITS. Also for WINTER COSTUMES, Walking, Skating, Snow-Shoeing, Tobogganing, &c. Also an EQUESTRIAN COURT for Portraits on Horseback, or in Carriage, Sleigh, &c.

MEDALS AWARDED!

LONDON, 1862. PARIS, 1867.

And the highest honors at the recent

PHILADELPHIA EXHIBITION, 1876,

Viz. a MEDAL and DIPLOMA by the International Judges. A Special GOLD MEDAL awarded by the British Judges, the only

GOLD MEDAL AWARDED FOR PHOTOGRAPHY.

A large assortment of Albums, Velvet and other Frames, &c., &c., suitable for Christmas Presents.

Portraits intended for Xmas should be ordered early.

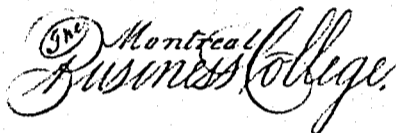
Parties are invited to call and inspect our new styles whether they intend to order or not. November 21st, 1876.



In first-class Style.

J. MURPHY.

766, Craig St., Montreal



Corner NOTRE DAME AND PLACE D'ARMES.

Imparts a thoroughly commercial education, and offers superior advantages for preparing young men for business pursuits. The course includes Book-keeping in all its forms, Commercial and Mental Arithmetic, Correspondence and Penmanship. The progress is rapid and the results beneficial and practical. Special instruction in French and Shorthand. For full information apply at the College of address

TASKER & DAVIS.

DON'T READ

your newspaper when you can procure the "Family Herald and Weekly Star" in clubs of five new subscribers at \$1.00 each. The "Family Herald and Weekly Star" is the great family newspaper of the country. It has a national aim and scope and is edited with the utmost care in every department. Its pages teem with interesting subjects for thought, study and conversation, and are an unending source of new and instructive information. Its editorial columns, under the management of powerful and vigorous writers, present able and strong arguments in favor of political economy, expose all manner of knavery and corruption, and point out the ways and means for the advancement of the industrial and agricultural interests of the country. The agricultural department of the "Family Herald and Weekly Star" is in charge of men of intelligence and practical experience in farming. The "Veterinary" and "Medical" departments, new features in newspaper press, are under the charge of gentlemen of eminent professional skill and enlarged experience. The monetary and commercial department gives the most complete reports of the financial affairs of the great monetary centres of the continent, the ruling prices and market value of all stock, produce and merchandise. The "Family Herald and Weekly Star" is the only paper in the English language that agrees to refund the subscription money to any subscriber who is not thoroughly satisfied with the paper, price \$1.25 per annum, clubs of five new names \$5. A list of handsome cash prizes is published in the paper. Canvassers wanted everywhere. Sample copies free.

\$5 to \$20 per day at home. Samples worth \$5 free. SIMMONS & CO., Portland, Maine.

\$54.50 Can be made in one week at home. Samples free. ADDRESS: MONTREAL NOVELTY CO., 14-14-32-161 236 St. James Street, MONTREAL, P. Q.

THE CANADA SELF-ACTING BRICK MACHINES!

Descriptive Circulars sent on application. Also HAND LEVER BRICK MACHINES.

244 Parthenais St., Montreal. 13-12-52-98 BULMER & SHEPPARD.

HOPKINS & WILY, ARCHITECTS and VALUERS. 13-9-52-88 253 ST. JAMES STREET, MONTREAL.

HUTCHINSON & STEEL, ARCHITECTS, Valuers of Real Estate, Buildings, &c., 181 St. James St. A. C. HUTCHINSON. A. D. STEEL. 13-9-52-87

50 Bristol Visiting Cards, with your name finely printed, sent for 25c. 9 samples of CHROMO, Snowflake, Damask, Glass, etc., with prices, sent for 3c. stamps. We have over 200 styles Agents wanted. A. H. Fuller & Co., Brockton, Mass. 14-6-52-143

\$55 to \$77 a Week to Agents. Samples FREE P. O. VICKERY, Augusta, Maine.

WANTED! SALESMEN a salary of \$1900 a year to travel and sell goods in Dealers, NO PADDING. Hotel and Traveling Expenses paid. Address: Montreal Manufacturing Co., Montreal, Ohio.

WATCHES. DIAMONDS. JEWELRY. BRONZES. 303, NOTRE DAME STREET, 303. SILVER WARE. Plated Ware, CLOCKS, Fancy Goods.

We have decided to make such substantial reductions from our prices through our entire stock, as shall induce an early examination and selection

It is our intention to sell a better article for the same money than any other House in Montreal.

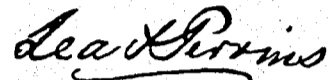
We Mean what we Say.

J. W. WILKINSON, Manager.

In consequence of spurious imitations of

LEA AND PERRINS' SAUCE,

which are calculated to deceive the Public, Lea and Perrins have adopted A NEW LABEL, bearing their Signature, thus,

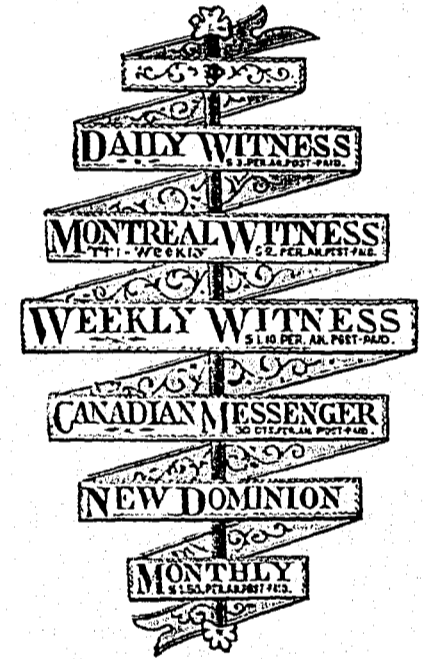


which is placed on every bottle of WORCESTERSHIRE SAUCE, and without which none is genuine.

Ask for LEA & PERRINS' Sauce, and see Name on Wrapper, Label, Bottle and Stopper. Wholesale and for Export by the Proprietors, Worcester; Cross and Blackwell, London, &c., &c.; and by Grocers and Oilmen throughout the World.

To be obtained of MESSRS. J. M. DOUGLASS & CO., MONTREAL; MESSRS. URQUHART & CO., MONTREAL. 14-14-52-165

CHEAPEST AND BEST.



JOHN DOUGALL & SON, 218 and 220, St. James Street, Montreal. Electrotyping and Job Printing, Chromatic and Plain, cheaply and neatly done.

FARMERS

who wish to improve their Farms and Stock, should subscribe for the "Family Herald and Weekly Star" published in Montreal. It will not cost anything to get sample papers. Drop a postal card to the publishers. The "Family Herald and Weekly Star" has been a wonderful success, having now at least 135,000 readers. It is a marvel in Journalism. Handsome cash prizes to canvassers. Agents wanted everywhere.



LAWLOR'S CELEBRATED SEWING MACHINES,

365 Notre Dame Street, 13-10-52-91 MONTREAL.

THE COOK'S FRIEND BAKING POWDER

Has become a HOUSEHOLD WORD in the land, and is a HOUSEHOLD NECESSITY in every family where Economy and Health are studied. It is used for raising all kinds of Bread, Rolls, Pan cakes, Griddle Cakes, &c., &c., and a small quantity used in Pie Crust, Puddings, or other Pastry, will save the usual shortening, and make the food more digestible

THE COOK'S FRIEND SAVES TIME. IT SAVES TEMPER. IT SAVES MONEY

For sale by storekeepers throughout the Dominion and wholesale by the manufacturer. W. D. McLAREN, UNION MILLS, 13-17-52-150 53 College Street.

50 VISITING CARDS, name finely printed, for 25 cents. 1000 Agents wanted. Samples 3c stamp. A. W. KINNEY, Yarmouth, N. S. 13-26-52-131

"Health the Crowning Blessing of Life."



WINGATE'S Standard English Remedies.

These valuable Remedies which have stood the test of trial, are the best that experience and careful research can produce for the cure of the various diseases for which they are especially designed. They are prepared from the receipts of the celebrated Dr. Wingate, of London, England, and none but the purest drugs are employed in their composition. They are pure in quality, prompt in action, effectual in use, and employed with great success by the most eminent Physicians and Surgeons in Hospital and private practice, in all parts of the world.

Wingate's Blood Purifier.—The most effectual remedy known for the cure of Scrofula, Erysipelas, Salt Rheum, Skin Diseases, and all impurities of the blood, Chronic complaints, and Disorders of the Liver. A perfect Restorative and Invigorator of the system. Put up in large bottles. PRICE, \$1.00 PER BOTTLE.

Wingate's Infant's Preservative.—The safest and best remedy for Children Teething, Diarrhoea, Dysentery, Wind Colic, and all the various Ailments of Infancy, ever produced. It quiets pain, soothes the suffering child, and produces refreshing sleep. In use all over Europe for nearly 50 years. PRICE, 25 CENTS PER BOTTLE.

Wingate's Cathartic Pills.—For all complaints of the Stomach, Liver and Bowels. Mild, yet certain and speedy in operation; they thoroughly cleanse the alimentary canal, regulate the secretions, and cut short the progress of disease. PRICE, 25 CENTS PER BOX.

Wingate's Nervo-Tonic Pills.—Used with remarkable success in Neuralgia, Epilepsy, Cholera Paralysis, Softening of the Brain, Lapse of Memory, Mental Derangements, Impotency, and all Nervous Affections. PRICE, \$1.00 PER BOTTLE.

Wingate's Dyspepsia Tablets.—For the cure of Dyspepsia, Indigestion, Flatulency, Irritability of the Stomach, Loss of Appetite, and Debility of the Digestive Organs. A powerful aid to Digestion, and far more palatable and effective than the ordinary remedies. PRICE, 50 CENTS PER BOX.

Wingate's Pulmonic Troches.—An excellent Remedy for Coughs, Colds, Hoarseness, Bronchitis, Asthma, and all Irritation of the Throat and Lungs. Public Speakers and Singers will find them very effectual in giving power and clearness to the voice. PRICE, 25 CENTS PER BOX.

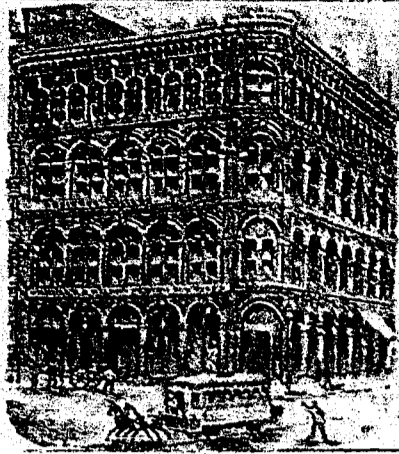
Wingate's Worm Lozenges.—A safe, pleasant, and effectual Remedy for Worms, easily administered,—will not injure the most delicate child,—and sufficiently laxative to remove all unhealthy secretions, and regulate the action of the Bowels. PRICE, 25 CENTS PER BOX.

Stanton's Pain Relief.—The best Family Medicine known for internal and external use. It cures Cramps and Pains in the Stomach, Back, Side, and Limbs. It cures Sudden Colds, Sore Throat, Bruises, Burns, Rheumatism, Neuralgia, and all Pains and Aches. PRICE, 25 CENTS PER BOTTLE.

Smith's Green Mountain Renovator.—We have the sole control for the Dominion of Canada, of this well known remedy, which as a Liver Corrector, and specific for all Bilious Disorders, and derangements arising from diseases of the Liver, is unequalled. PRICE, \$1.00 PER BOTTLE.

The above Remedies are sold by all Druggists and dealers in Medicines. Descriptive Circulars furnished on application, and single packages sent, pre-paid, on receipt of price.

PREPARED ONLY BY THE WINGATE CHEMICAL CO. (LIMITED) MONTREAL.



WHEELER & WILSON
Sewing Machine

Received 2 Medals and Diplomas

AT THE

PHILADELPHIA EXHIBITION.

The ONLY MACHINE that makes the lockstitch without a shuttle, thus ensuring greater speed and saving time.
1 & 3 PLACE D'ARMES.

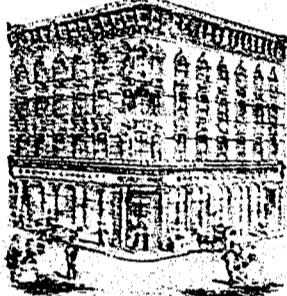


AMERICAN AND CANADIAN MEDALS

AWARDED TO

BROWN & CLAGGETT,
FOR EXCELLENCE OF DESIGN, STYLE, FINISH AND WORKMANSHIP

Ladies' Dresses, Suits and Costumes.



Being the only medals granted for such goods in the whole DOMINION OF CANADA.

The EXHIBIT will be displayed in the RECOLLET HOUSE on their return from PHILADELPHIA, which may be about CHRISTMAS.

BROWN & CLAGGETT would call the attention of the CITIZENS OF MONTREAL, and elsewhere to their large and varied STOCK OF DRY GOODS.

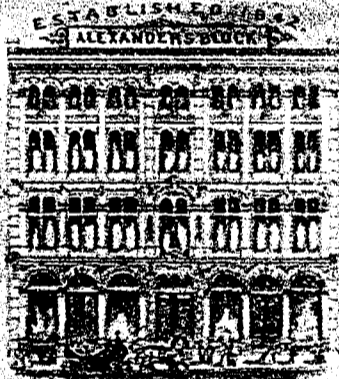
EVERY DEPARTMENT is replete with novelties in FOREIGN AND DOMESTIC GOODS.

PRICES VERY LOW

AT THE

RECOLLET HOUSE,

Corner of Notre Dame and St. Helen Streets,
MONTREAL.



LAND-O'-CAKES.

CHAS. ALEXANDER & SONS,

(ESTABLISHED 1842)

Have on hand a full supply of all descriptions of

CONFECTIONERY

SUITABLE FOR THE HOLIDAY SEASON.

Crystallized Fruits, Bon-Bons, Horns of Plenty, Christmas Decorations, Holly and Mistletoe Wreaths, Hanging Baskets, etc. Also, Canded Peel.

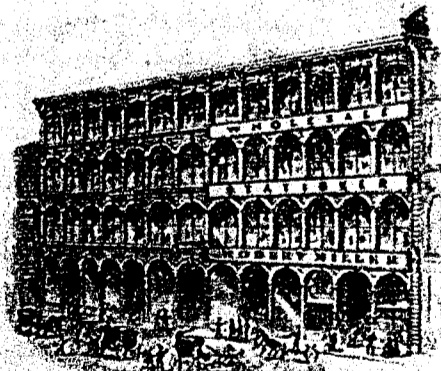
CHAS. ALEXANDER & SONS respectfully request that orders may be left or sent in as early as possible.

SHOW-ROOM NOW OPEN.

387 and 389 NOTRE DAME STREET,

AND CATHEDRAL BLOCK, CORNER ST. CATHERINE AND UNIVERSITY STREETS.

ROBERT MILLER,

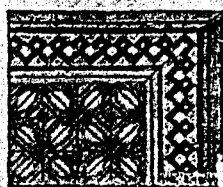


Publisher, Book-Blinder, Manufacturing and WHOLESALE STATIONER,

IMPORTER OF

Wall Papers, Window Shades and SCHOOL BOOKS,

397, NOTRE-DAME STREET, MONTREAL.
14-6



JAMES WRIGHT,
501 Craig Street

Manufacturer of
WOOD CARPETING, CHURCH-BANK, Store and Office Fit-ting, Fancy Walnut, Par-quet Floors, Carving, Turn-ing, Sawing, Planing, &c.
1st prize for Wood Car-peting at Toronto and Ottawa Exhibitions of 1874 and 1875

13-5-52-85

D. A. PROUDFOOT, OCUList & AURIST
Special attention given to DISEASES OF THE EYE AND EAR. Artificial Eyes inserted. 37 Beaver Hall. Office hours before 10.30 a.m., 3 to 6 and 7 to 9 p.m. 13-7-52-77

THE ROYAL INSURANCE COMPANY OF LIVERPOOL.

FIRE.

CAPITAL,

ASSETS, OVER

Unlimited Liability of Shareholders.

W. E. SCOTT, M. D.,
Medical Adviser.
JOHN KENNEDY, Inspector.

13-15-52-107



LIFE.

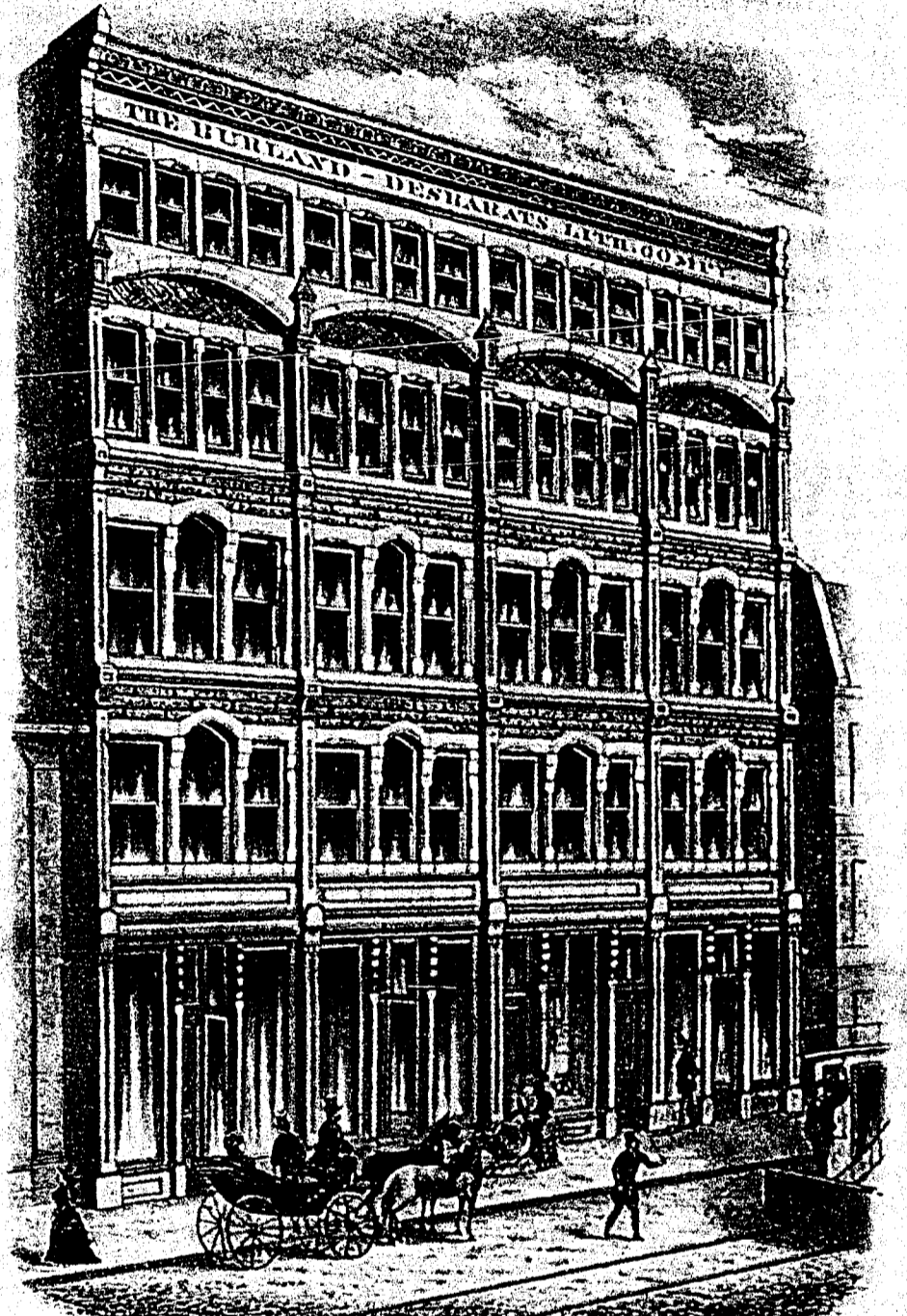
\$10,000,000

\$16,000,000

Agencies in all the Principal Cities and Towns.

H. L. ROUTH,
W. TATLEY, } Chief Agents

OFFICE: 64 St. Francois Xavier Street, Montreal.



REMOVAL! REMOVAL!!

The Engraving, Die Sinking, Lithographing, Printing and Publishing Business

Heretofore carried on at No. 115 St. Francois Xavier Street, by the late firm of BURLAND, LAFRANCE & Co., and at 319 St. Antoine Street, by GEO. E. DESBARATS, being merged into the

BURLAND-DESBARATS LITHOGRAPHIC COMPANY,

has been REMOVED to those substantial, commodious and spacious premises, erected for the Company at
3, 5, 7, 9 & 11 BLEURY STREET, NEAR CRAIG, MONTREAL.

The double facilities acquired by the fusion of the two firms, the conveniences provided by the removal, and the economy and efficiency introduced by the united management, enable THE BURLAND-DESBARATS LITHOGRAPHIC COMPANY to execute orders for every kind of

ENGRAVING, LITHOGRAPHING, TYPE PRINTING & ELECTROTYPING,

AT SHORT NOTICE, IN THE BEST STYLE, AND AT LOWEST PRICES.

Our friends and the public are invited to leave their orders for every description of

ENGRAVING, DIE SINKING, LITHOGRAPHING, TYPE PRINTING, ELECTROTYPING, EMBOSSEING, PLAIN, GOLD, & COLOUR PRINTING, STEREOTYPING, &c. &c.

At the Office Bleury Street.

PHOTO-LITHOGRAPHY A SPECIALITY.

To this branch the attention of ENGINEERS, SURVEYORS, ARCHITECTS, &c., is particularly requested; the Company being prepared to reproduce MAPS, PLANS, and DRAWINGS, in an incredibly short space of time and at a trifling cost.

ENGRAVINGS, BOOKS, ILLUSTRATIONS, &c., &c., reproduced same size or reduced to any scale. ILLUSTRATED CATALOGUES for manufacturers done by this process at very cheap rates.

REMEMBER THE ADDRESS:

THE BURLAND-DESBARATS LITHOGRAPHIC COMPANY,

5 and 7 BLEURY STREET, MONTREAL.

PIANO-FORTES, JOSEPH GOULD, Im-
CABINET ORGANS, Street, Montreal.

The Canadian Illustrated News is printed and published by the BURLAND-DESBARATS LITHOGRAPHIC COMPANY (LIMITED), at its offices, Nos. 5 and 7 Bleury Street, Montreal. 13-7-52-77

EAGLE FOUNDRY,
14 to 34 KING ST. MONTREAL.
GEORGE BRUSH,
MANUFACTURER OF
STEAM ENGINES, STEAM BOILERS,
STEAM PUMPS, DONKEY ENGINES,
CIRCULAR SAW-MILLS,
GEAR WHEELS, SHAFTING, PULLIES,
HANGERS, & C.
IMPROVED HAND AND POWER HOISTS,
BLAKE'S PATENT
STONE AND ORE BREAKER.
AGENT FOR
WATERS' PERFECT ENGINE GOVERNOR.

CANADA METAL WORKS,
877, CRAIG STREET.

Plumbers, Steam & Gas Fitters,
MATTINSON, YOUNG & CO.
13-5-52-70-04

PAPER HANGING
WINDOW SHADES, WIRE
SCREENS, MANNERS, RUSTIC
BLINDS, and BOBBERY.
GEO. C. OZOUCHE,
351 NOTRE DAME STREET
2-5-52-841