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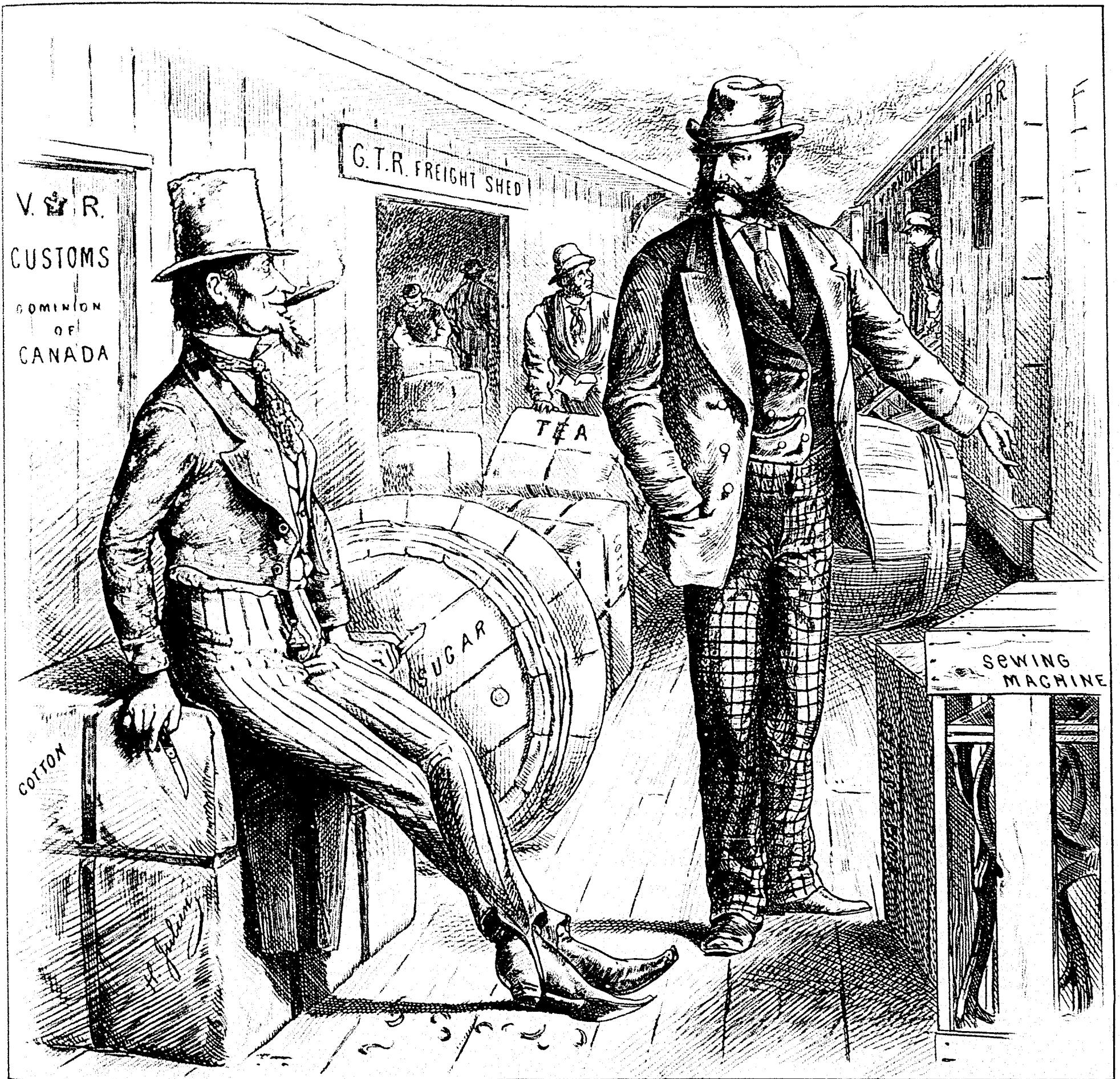
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GRAND AND Wholesale News

Vol. XII.—No. 17.

MONTREAL, SATURDAY, OCTOBER 23, 1875.

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



THAT'S THE WAY THE MONEY GOES!

CANADIAN MANUFACTURER :—It's too bad, JONATHAN, that you should swamp us with your surplus stock this way. It kills manufacturing and trade up here. You should have more regard.

BROTHER JONATHAN :—Waal, I'm on the make, you know, and I particularly like British money; so, as long as you keep your Revenue Tariff, I'm on hand!

CANADIAN MANUFACTURER :—Just wait till T. W. gets into Parliament; he's pledged to be even with you on that score, and he'll do it.

BROTHER JONATHAN :—Reckon he can't do it alone. I've got good friends in there that'll stand by me.

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All remittances and business communications to be addressed to G. B. BURLAND, General Manager.

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

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

One or two good reliable carriers required—Apply to the MANAGER, BURLAND-DESBARATS COMPANY.

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CANADIAN ILLUSTRATED NEWS

Montreal, Saturday, Oct. 23rd, 1875.

OUR INSANE.

A case of the most painful interest has been brought to light in this city, which cannot be passed over without serious animadversion. An insane girl, only sixteen years of age, was found by Mr. ALFRED PERRY, lying almost hopelessly ill, in one of the dark, narrow cells of our common gaol. HANNAH HILL is one of Miss McPherson's youthful immigrants, and has no home, relatives or friends in this country. By swift and energetic appeals through the telegraph, MR. PERRY, zealously seconded by MR. OGILVIE, M.P.P. for Montreal Centre, procured the release of the girl from the prison, and her transportation to the Asylum of Longue Pointe, pending her recovery and ultimate removal to Beauport.

The peculiar hardship of this case is that, being a Protestant, HANNAH HILL it seems may not be housed at Longue Pointe, which is an institution conducted by Roman Catholic nuns, but must perforce reside at Beauport, a Government institution under secular management. When the Asylum at St. Johns was broken up in the month of June, the Roman Catholic patients were transferred to Longue Pointe, and it was left optional with the Protestants to follow DR. HOWARD, their medical superintendent, thither, or go to Beauport. The almost totality elected to go with DR. HOWARD, and the arrangement appeared altogether satisfactory, when suddenly, and on the very eve of separation, an order was received from Quebec that all the Protestant patients should be removed to Beauport. We can quite understand this decision of the Provisional Government. It was with the view of obviating all objections which Protestants might have to being under the control of the nuns at Longue Pointe. MESSRS. ROBERTSON and CHURCH must have acquiesced in this decision, if they did not prompt it. In so far, therefore, the Government are not to blame, for they merely attempted to conciliate all interests. Their only mistake was to make that obligatory, which should be optional. Now that the Longue Pointe Asylum is established, and especially since leading Protestant gentlemen of this city, including REV. MR. CHAPMAN and MR. JOHN DOUGALL, have visited it and praised its management, thus partially removing the natural prejudice entertained by Protestants in regard to it, we think the Government would act wisely in not insisting on moving all Protestant lunatic patients to Beauport. The Longue Pointe Asylum is intended for the Montreal district, and we think the inhabitants of the district have the right to demand that their unfortunate relatives or friends who may require treatment for mental disease, shall be kept near them at Longue Pointe, where they may be easily visited, instead of being exiled down to Beauport. The exception judiciously made by Attorney General CHURCH in the case of HANNAH HILL will, we trust, be the inauguration of a change of system.

In stating his case to the public, MR. PERRY has taken occasion to utter some pretty unpalatable things to Young Men's Christian Associations and other Protestant public bodies. Barring some asperities of expression, we are very much inclined to side with MR. PERRY. Instead of speeches and meetings, if there were more active zeal and charity, Protestants would succeed better in forcing a provision for their infirm, their bereaved and their insane. And considering the vast amount which they yearly contribute to the public revenue, it would be a matter of comparatively little difficulty to achieve a great deal in this direction.

With regard to the Longue Pointe Asylum, we must repeat what we said months ago, when there was first question of its establishment. We did not approve it then, and we do not approve it now. Of course our objection is not sectarian, but purely scientific. We have full appreciation of the saintly lives, the beautiful disinterestedness, and the tireless charity of the ladies who conduct the Asylum. But the system of "farming" lunatics which obtains with them, as at Beauport, is an old experiment abandoned nearly every where, and which has received the almost unqualified disapprobation of every specialist. DR. HOWARD himself, who is certainly one of the best authorities in America, is opposed to it. The example of Beauport should certainly have opened the eyes of the authorities to the propagation of the system. However, we must now take things as they stand, and as the Longue Pointe Asylum is a Government institution, we claim that Protestants should be allowed to make use of it without hindrance, and without the remotest feeling of being under obligation to any body in doing so. We may refer to this subject pictorially in our next number.

THE LECTURE SEASON.

Public lectures follow the fluctuations of all public amusements. They are regulated by a certain fashion. Some seasons they succeed very fairly. At other seasons, they prove a notable failure. This varied experience has been displayed even in Montreal. Three winters ago, the University Literary Society had a very remunerative series of lectures. The next winter was a constant drag, and at its close the Society found itself considerably out of pocket. This year the lecture season opens under favorable auspices. Instead of engaging a number of British celebrities who, whatever their talents as writers, were deplorable mediocrities as speakers, such as YATES, WILKIE COLLINS, GEO. MACDONALD, KINGSLEY and others, the American Bureau has secured the services of professional lecturers, men trained to the business, and who adapt themselves to the superficiality of the average audience, and the consequence is that it is likely to do pretty well by them. Available mediocrity in literature, as well as in politics, is, we are sorry to say, the standard of excellence and success with the American and Canadian people. In Montreal, we have already heard two of these lecturers. DE CORDOVA was well relished because he is a true humorist, with an artistic eye to fitness, a pleasant style, an unambitious range of observation and very considerable mimetic powers. His lectures if printed and perused in the critical scrutiny of the closet, would not stand the test, but read aloud or declaimed, they strike the fancy and help to spend an evening quite pleasantly. DE CORDOVA will not live in literature, but he is well up in the requirements of the lecture profession, gives the full worth of the money which he asks, and deserves, as we are pleased to learn is the case, to make an ample living by his profession. JOSH BILLINGS proved an unmitigated fraud. Every body who heard him here last week was disappointed, and one journalistic friend left the hall with a splitting headache. His lecture was not a connected whole, but a fragmentary jumble, a pell-mell of the old jokes published in the New York Ledger and other periodicals.

There is no redeeming feature in his delivery which is cold, dull, monotonous, and made additionally unpleasant by his ostentatious New England twang. JOSH will never draw a second audience in Montreal, and it is a wonder to us how Toronto should have wanted him to return to it. THEODORE TILTON is one of the many who will follow him. TILTON is a man of unquestionable ability, but his success, here as elsewhere, will be mainly one of curiosity, growing out of the late Beecher trial. We fancy that only the want of means could induce a man of TILTON'S talents and character to subject himself to so questionable an ordeal.

Lecturing as a system has everything to commend it. It is an admirable mode of popular instruction. It is an easy and pleasant way of acquiring a great deal of useful information, through the agreeable channel of entertainment. We believe it will be found that the Canadian public is as ready as the American people to patronize this species of amusement. That, of course is satisfactory and creditable. But it would be more creditable if we could devise the means of encouraging purely Canadian lectures. We have a number of men, prominent in science and literature, who would take pride to address their countrymen on topics particularly relating to Canadian history, politics, and sociology. On no subjects do the people of this country more sorely need information than on those which affect their own nationality. We venture to say that politicians alone will never succeed in infusing that national spirit about which we read so much in the newspapers. Literary men are imperatively required for the task. And literary men will not come near accomplishing this until they are largely encouraged by public sentiment.

POSTAL PREPAYMENT.

In our last number, we fully explained the provisions of the new Postal Act; but there is one point upon which it may be well to insist again. We have before us a printed circular from the Post Office Department, Ottawa, containing the following:—Sir, I have the honor, by direction of the Postmaster General, to inform you that a letter to your address, unpaid, posted at—and chargeable with the rate of three cents, has been received at this department. As the present postal arrangements prevent the forwarding of any unpaid correspondence, I have to request that should you wish the letter to be forwarded to your address, you will remit the above amount in Canadian postage stamps, Canadian coin, or its equivalent, to this department, together with this notice.—This circular is intended to show the necessity of prepaying all letters from one portion of the Dominion to the other. Under the new postal arrangements prepayment is not optional, as formerly, and failure to observe the rule will consign all correspondence between different parts of Canada to the Dead Letter Office. The failure, therefore, to prepay letters must entail a great loss of precious time, and in some instances, may result in positive loss either to the writer of the letter or to the party to whom it is addressed.

There is a light in which the steamship question has now come properly to be regarded, and that is—in the view of the responsibility of the general Government of the Dominion for putting safe-steamers upon the Atlantic stations. The Government takes upon itself to spend the people's money for what is termed postal subsidy to the larger of these lines between Canada and Europe. The subsidy is really given to keep the vessels running, more than with reference to the value of the postal work performed. Now, MR. MACKENZIE is a practical man, and he is also First Minister. He knows as well as we do that these ships ought not only to be safe against ordinary hazards of the open seas, but able also to meet the special contingencies of the impact of ice, rocks and ships, and they

should be so unfortunate as to incur either of those calamitous chances. He knows the calamity can be taken out of the chances, at least so far as it has been done in the British Arctic Expedition now wintering amongst the Icebergs of the North. He cannot overlook a question that involves in the future, as it has bitterly affected in the past, the safety of the lives of Canadians and travellers, either as a Minister or as a man. And so for the present we leave the issue in his certainly not unable hands, in the assured confidence that the wishes of thousands of good citizens and subjects will receive more than a passing attention from him upon a question which yields to no other in importance. The safety of the public is the highest law.

The shocking railway disaster near Sorel recalls forcibly the well-established rule of the great impropriety of ever allowing cars of any sort to be driven in front of the locomotive. At the slow rate at which the train was moving, no serious consequences might have ensued had the heavy engine and tender been the first to meet the opposing obstacle, and it was the weight of that engine and tender behind them that drove the platform cars one over another. The train, of course, ought to have had the additional security of the powerful head-light of the engine over the track, to assist the driver in his lock-out. On the absence of watchfulness in other respects we are not now remarking, and can only trust the authorities will do their duty in the circumstances. We are concerned to have to record another loss of life at the Wellington street level crossing, in Montreal. Government action is our only hope in these cases.

OUR ILLUSTRATIONS.

OUR CARTOON.

The Cartoon on our front page so correctly depicts the situation that it may be said to explain itself. The question of effectual protection to native manufactures has at length forced itself to such an extent on public opinion, as to be made a distinct political issue. A remedy must be devised to secure the country against American competition.

THE MICHAEL ANGELO CELEBRATION.

We offer a further series of beautiful views descriptive of the great celebration of the fourth Centenary of Michael Angelo, at Florence. One of the views is the illumination of the Michael Angelo Square, seen from the old fortifications. Another is the inauguration of the colossal statue of David, in honor of the great artist. A third is the procession forming in the square Dei Signori. A fourth is the room in the Parisian Museum of Antiquities dedicated to the works of Michael Angelo.

AUTUMN.

A charming and original fancy of the well-known artist Hamon, copied with rare perfection from the original steel engraving. It is a picture to be studied and preserved.

THE LAST DAYS OF MOZART.

This picture is by the celebrated painter Kaulbach and represents the memorably pathetic scene of Mozart's last day on earth. All the adjuncts are there—the resigned musician dying prematurely in the blossom of age, the disconsolate wife, the faithful but impotent physician, the artistic friends sorrowfully grouped in the distance. As we gaze upon the sad details, we fancy we hear the opening strains of the immortal *Requiem* just finished by the dying master and which was destined to be first performed over his grave. *Pie Jesu, Domine, dona ei requiem!*

THE VOLUNTEER CAMP, LONDON, ONT.

The Camp was 2½ miles from Richmond Street on Dundas Street, or Governor's Road, on the property adjoining the Asylum, known as Carling's Farm. The 7th London Battalion, being the local corps, were first on the Camp ground and took their position on the extreme right, followed by the London Artillery and Cavalry. The 22nd, "Oxford Rifles," under Mayor Cowan, formed next, and the 27th, "St. Clair Borderers" (Lieut.-Col. Davis), marched in shortly after. Then came the 26th, "Middlesex Light Infantry," from various parts of the County, some by waggons, others by train, &c. They were commanded by Lieut.-Col. Atwood, of Strathroy. Two other battalions followed from the Western and Southern Railway, the 24th, "Kent Battalion," under Lieut.-Col. Smith, and the 25th, "Elgin Battalion, commanded by Lieut.-Col. Charles O'Malley. The Mooretown, Kingsville and St. Thomas Troops of Cavalry followed next in succession and took up their quarters in rear of the Artillery—picketing their horses in the low grounds that marked the division between

them. The Sarnia Garrison Artillery, under Capt. J. F. Adams, accompanied the 27th Battalion. In less than half an hour after the arrival of the troops, the tents were pitched and the business of the Camp actually commenced. The Camp was under the command of Colonel Taylor, D.D.A.G., assisted by Lieut.-Col. Moffatt, Brigadier, Quarter-Master Reid, Supply Officer, J. P. Smythe, District Paymaster, Major Leys, &c. The staff tents were pitched on the extreme left and nearest the road. The first day was occupied by the men in getting their arms, &c., in order, and the evening in singing till "lights out" sounded, when military silence prevailed till "réveille."

On the second day, with *réveille* began the drilling of the men, and they were turned out to "squad drill" before breakfast, to battalion and Company drill before and after dinner. This was the daily routine excepting one "field day" and "march out" and one particularly wet and unpleasant day, when it poured from 8 a.m. till 2.50 p.m. This effectually spoiled the "Grand Field Day" which was to have been the thing of the Camp. The rain created quite a hecira from the tents in the low grounds (where they were regularly deluged) to the higher rows on the upper ridges.

Owing to the extraordinary coolness of the weather, orders were issued after the first night to give the troops extra blankets, and they were very acceptable. The Officers of the Camp to the number of 15 ran for a cup given by the London Turf Club to those who ran their own horses. Captain George Steward, of the Mooretown Cavalry, won. The course was well attended by both military and civilians. The strength of the Camp was almost 3,000, Officers, N. C. O's and men, and after remaining 12 days in Camp, with nothing to mar the harmony or pleasure of the troops, (but the rain and the first cold night above referred to), the tents were struck and the Battalions marched off to the Railways, each separate one cheered and saluted with 3 guns from the Local Troops, while their Band played "Should our acquaintance be forgot," and "They are jolly good fellows."

THE GREAT LACROSSE MATCH IN TORONTO.

SHAMROCKS DEFEATED. — TORONTO LACROSSE CLUB WINS THE CHAMPIONSHIP OF THE WORLD.

Many were the eyes which were directed toward the sky, toward 2 p. m., on Saturday, as it was well-known throughout Toronto that a match for the championship was to be played that afternoon at 2.45. The afternoon was well adapted for the purpose, as a cool breeze sprang up and served to invigorate the players for the coming contest. The Toronto twelve are: J. Henderson, J. Hughes, W. Ross, H. Ross, C. E. Robinson, T. Mitchell, C. Nelson, W. C. Cousens, S. Hughes, R. Mitchell, H. Suckling, and J. Ewart. The Shamrock twelve are: J. Mohan, J. Hooben, T. Boerman, C. McHugh, T. Keogh, J. Morton, J. Hiland, J. Davy, A. Moffat, H. O'Rourke, J. McKeown, and J. Bain. Mr. R. B. Hamilton acted as captain for the Toronto Team, and Mr. J. J. Flynn for the Shamrock. The Toronto Team had been picked with the greatest care and probably the result was the strongest team ever put on by them before. This served to inspire our men with confidence, as the match Shamrock *versus* Toronto is always well contested. When we arrived on the field of action, 2,500 anxious spectators had well filled the lower portion of the field and the grand stand shone forth with dazzling splendor; "eyes looked love to eyes which spoke again;" the rich dresses and wonderful beauty of our Toronto ladies adding immensely to the scene. If fair charmers can incite to deeds of valour, then indeed were the Toronto Boys in luck as the result of the day's sport testified. The Shamrocks have hitherto been considered invincible and the title "Champions of the World" which they had won and kept through many a well contested fight, seemed to the majority of spectators to add a lustre to their record which their less fortunate rivals did not possess. The Toronto Lacrosse Club had played the Shamrocks on three occasions, always fighting hard. On one occasion, in 1871, the result of the match was a draw, darkness intervening and preventing further play.

As the Toronto Club was supposed by those interested to have the strongest team ever put on, an immense amount of excitement prevailed and members of the Club were not slow in saying that if ever they could beat the Shamrocks it would be this time. The Shamrocks are, as a rule, strong, sturdy and muscular. The Torontos, while possessing a fair share of these qualities, have also a nervous energy and quickness which their opponents cannot boast of. The ball was faced amid complete silence at 3.15 p. m., Moffat of the Shamrocks drawing the ball which he shied to another Shamrock who threw it on the Toronto defense. A Shamrock ran out and picked up the ball, our coverpoint following close, and our point running out to assist him. The ball was thrown over the Torontos' head and caught by a Shamrock standing in front of the flags, who put it through amid loud cheering on the part of their sympathizers. Time of 1st game, 15 seconds. This made things look bad for the Torontos who, however, nothing daunted by their ill luck, resolved from this out to do or die.

The next game was faced and at the word 'go,' Nelson, of the Torontos, succeeded in capturing the ball and immediately the rubber

passed from one Toronto man to another, a series of catches and fine running on the part of Nelson, Robinson and R. Mitchell eliciting decided marks of approval from the field. The ball was thrown on the Shamrock goal repeatedly and gallantly did their goal keeper maintain his ancient reputation by stopping time and again the ball thrown swiftly from a Toronto Boy's Lacrosse. After a hard struggle the Shamrocks succeeded in working the ball well down the field and fiercely turned the attack on the Toronto goal, W. and H. Ross as usual coming to the rescue in fine style and saving trouble more than once. W. Ross, getting the ball after a scuffle, passed it to Tom Mitchell who threw a splendid 'overshot,' the ball passing a few feet outside the Shamrock's flags. Here Suckling of the Torontos, at times fighting two Shamrocks, particularly distinguished himself. After a hard fight behind the flags, Sam Hughes came to hand, picking up the ball and, running up behind the flags, threw the ball in the air immediately in front of Shamrock's flags, when Ewart, of the Torontos, by a well directed stroke of his Lacrosse, sent the ball between the flags amid deafening cheers. Time of 2nd game 7 minutes. The Shamrocks and Torontos had now one game each and the excitement of the crowd began to manifest itself. A continual hum and buzz was kept up till the commencement of the third game. Time being called, Nelson and Moffat again faced the ball. Nelson for the second time securing the ball, immediately a fight for it ensued, a Shamrock getting it and sending it whizzing down towards the Torontos' goal. The defense worked splendidly together, Henderson taking the ball, and by a series of brilliant dodges, succeeded in reaching centre field, throwing the ball just beyond his opponent's goal. Sam Hughes again got the ball, and repeating his former dodge, the ball was caught by R. Mitchell who sent it through in splendid style, thus scoring game No. 2, for the Torontos. This ended the third game, time 2½ minutes. And now the game stood, Torontos, 2; Shamrocks, 1. Still there were not wanting those among the crowd who still stoutly supported the Shamrocks and loudly asserted that they would yet repair their evil fortune and retain the championship which they prized so highly. The Shamrocks, apparently taken by surprise, could not understand how their skill, dexterity and strength on which they had relied hitherto, had availed them nothing as against the lightning-like rapidity and swiftness of their opponents. At the end of ten minutes the ball was again faced and wassent hither and thither, now taxing the strength and skill of the Toronto defense and anon causing the Shamrocks many an anxious look and hard struggle. The really fine play of the match now began, both sides doing their very best for victory. A finer exhibition of Lacrosse never took place. Hooben, Davy, Moffat and McKeown of the Shamrocks, particularly distinguished themselves. The Shamrock redoubled their exertions and seemed to get wild with excitement as they saw the championship slipping out of their grasp. The Torontos, on the other hand, played with remarkable skill and coolness, one grand feature of their play, viz., science, forming an important element in their success. The play now changed to centre field, Nelson, Robinson, S. Hughes and Cousens having it all their own way, their superiority in running being a noticeable feature. The Shamrocks now massed on goal and formed an almost impenetrable phalanx leaving the Toronto fielders uncovered. Davy, of the Shamrocks, however, secured the ball and making a brilliant dash down field towards Toronto flags, was checked and compelled to throw the ball. Henderson got the ball and after throwing it to J. Hughes, was run into, and violently thrown down by O'Rourke. Such play cannot be sufficiently commended, as it will tend to lower our national game in which we as Canadians glory. J. Hughes now, as all during the match, showed some fine play taking the ball "through a crowd of Shamrocks. He, however, shook them off and sent the ball up the field from whence it was thrown back to centre field, Cousens, of the Torontos, catching it and by a straight overshot sending the ball to the centre of Shamrock goal. The goal-keeper stopped the ball which dropped down in front of the flag. Ewart again coming forward, knocked the ball through, scoring third game for Torontos, time, 10 minutes. The enthusiasm of the crowd was at fever heat. They now broke all bounds and rushed *pelle-melle* over benches, ropes, &c., and almost smothered our boys in frantic congratulations. This finished the most brilliant game of Lacrosse ever played in Canada, and Torontonians are now elated with honest pride at the prowess of our boys which has won them the high honour of being champions of the world. After three cheers for the Shamrocks by the Toronto twelve, the crowd dispersed. The Shamrocks started for home on the 7 o'clock train. YORK.

A PLEA FOR ACTRESSES.

London Society says: If the dramatic profession is one which it is disgraceful for any lady to adopt, reason compels us to say that no lady ought to enter a theatre at all. And social inconsistency is still more strongly brought out when we reflect how excessively popular are amateur theatricals, and to what a professional extent they are carried. There are several private houses in England which possess a regular theatre, where every theatrical contrivance and stage appurtenance are to be found, and where performances are repeated night after night, to which friends, tenants, and, tradespeople are in

turn invited as spectators. Nobody thinks there is any harm in this, and, as a simple matter of fact, there is no harm. Ladies, in the highest sense of the term, eagerly and brilliantly assist in these performances, which are rapidly becoming public in every way; for we know that ladies often act in private theatres to promiscuous audiences who pay their money for admission. Why, then, should educated ladies who are born with the dramatic instinct strong in them, but have no other future to look forward to, except, perhaps, a prize in the matrimonial market, be debarred from adopting the stage as a profession? Surely it is as honorable to work for a livelihood with God-given talents as to sell a handsome face to a wealthy suitor. Surely it is not less worthy a clever woman to teach adults, from the stage, what they are and what they ought to be, than to inculcate the rudiments of education in the school-room. Surely if the theatre is a place to which we may take our wives and daughters with impunity, we should desire that the actresses whose art they are to witness should be in their turn women contact with whom they should have no cause to shrink from. Is it not a crying shame, and a disgrace to the liberal and enlightened age in which it is our boast to live, that, when gentlemen of birth and education find it necessary to adopt the stage as their profession, they should also find it necessary to change their names, as if they were doing something of which society thinks they ought to be ashamed? Those who are practically acquainted with the profession know by bitter experience the toil, the hardships, the drudgery, the disappointments that have to be gone through in years of hardest work, before a substantial position can be gained; and society, for whose intellectual amusement and intelligent recreation the theatre exists, should warmly and heartily recognize the labors and efforts of those upon whom it depends so much, and do all in its power—and it can do a great deal—to elevate and encourage all who possess true dramatic genius.

THE NEW ATALANTA'S ESCAPE.

In the current number of the *Revue Britannique* M. d'Orcelet gives some curious and heretofore unknown details respecting a famous model who posed for the Atalanta of Pradier and the young girl in Gerome's "Cock-Fight," now in the gallery of the Luxembourg. She was also the personage from whom Henri Murger drew his Musette. She was a thorough original and though she arrived in Paris a young and illiterate peasant, she managed to educate herself, even going so far as to study Latin. While posing for the Atalanta, she ceased one day to come at the accustomed hour, so Pradier went in search of her, and found her, as he thought, lying dead. An attack of brain fever had struck her down, and in a few days all was over to all appearance. But this seeming death was only the rigidity of an intense attack of catalepsy, and poor Musette knew all that was passing around her. After the first shock was over, Pradier concluded that he would take a cast from the corpse. The modelling of the hands and feet gave the poor patient no uneasiness, but it was far otherwise when it was a question of taking a cast from the head and chest. Even if care had been taken to keep the mouth and nostrils free, which in the case of an artist modelling a corpse was extremely improbable, the weight of the plaster on her chest would infallibly suffocate her. So great was poor Musette's fright that the very excess of her terror triumphed over the lethargy and enabled her to break its fetters. To the amazement of the artist the supposed corpse bounded from the bed, and seizing a mass of the half-liquid plaster she dashed it full in Pradier's face. The violent exertion did her good. A profuse perspiration ensued and Musette was saved. But the sculptor vainly tried to win her favor again. She never forgave him for having nearly been the innocent cause of her death by suffocation, even though he did actually save her life. She refused ever to set foot in his studio again, and Pradier was forced to engage another model to complete his Atalanta.

THE GLORY OF GLUCK.

In an unknown corner of Paris, there lives an old man of nearly ninety years, and his daughter, who is herself an old demoiseille. This lady has but one passion in her life—music; and but one love—Chevalier Gluck—surely as innocent and respectable a sentiment as could be imagined. Reading one day the pages of Berlioz concerning the venerated creator of the dramatic music of France—pages inspired with enthusiasm—a passage struck her, namely, that where the French composer writes:—"There can be found no prince, so distant protector of the arts, rich enough to avenge the memory of Gluck upon the vulgar editions which publishers have inflicted on his scores, and to give us in their first splendour those works which are to us a sacred book." The old demoiseille was inspired by these words. "Since the prince cannot be found," she thought, "I will raise a monument to the glory of my chevalier." Then she and her father consulted and went into estimates. They counted up the worth of the household effects and the fortunes of the old man and his daughter; they deducted the necessary means for two to live upon. The disposable remainder amounted to the respectable sum of 40,000 francs. Gluck shall be avenged on the profane editions! This edition is already begun; one of the works has appeared. The noble and courageous enthusiast is named Mlle. Pelletan, and is the niece of the Deputy for the Seine who bears the same name.

OTHELLO AND SAMPIERO.

Elliot Browne renews the inquiry whether Shakspeare was indebted for any part of the conception of Othello to the story of Sampiero, the famous Corsican leader. The hint was thrown out more than a century ago by the anonymous writer of a paper in Dodsley's Museum, when replying to some of Rymer's criticisms upon this drama. He said, (in substance)—"Why this continual cry about the unnaturalness of Othello, when there is evidence from real life that a brave soldier, whose character resembled in many points that which Shakspeare has given to the Moor, being placed in similar circumstances of terrible perplexity, behaved almost exactly as Othello is represented to have done?" There is some resemblance between the careers of Sampiero and Othello. Sampiero, or, as the name is more correctly written, San Pietro di Bastelica, was, says Mr. Browne, an Italian adventurer in the service of France, who had arrived at high distinction by conduct and valor, and he had married, against the wish of all her relatives, the beautiful Corsican heiress, Vanina d'Ornaño. After much active service during the civil wars of France, he became the principal leader of the Corsican revolt against Genoa, and is allowed by all the historians of the period to have been a man of considerable military genius. In 1563, leaving his wife in France, he went to Constantinople to beg assistance for the Corsicans from the Turks. During this absence his Genoese enemies are said to have tampered with some servants of his wife's household, and caused a report to reach Constantinople that she was living on to intimate terms with his secretary, Antonio. Immediately returning to France, Sampiero came up with his wife at Aix, and after a scene which all accounts agree to have been characterized on his part by a strange mixture of passionate tenderness and brutal ferocity, and on hers by gentle, uncomplaining submission, he asked pardon upon his knees for the deed he was about to commit, and deliberately strangled her with her handkerchief. It is proper to add that there is in existence another version of the affair, in which the cause of Vanina's fate is attributed to her husband's indignation at some secret advances which she had made to the Genoese Government for the purpose of obtaining his pardon, thus excluding altogether the motive of jealousy.

LITERARY.

STEPHEN MASSETT (Jeans Pipes) will return to this country in the course of a few months. His personation of the poets and comic writers of the Pacific coast have made a hit in English society.

MR. SWINBURNE has nearly a new dramatic poem of about the same length as "Atalanta in Calydon," and, like it, founded upon a subject from Greek mythology. It will be published about Christmas.

JOAQUIN MILLER, the poet, is at Barnum's Hotel. His novel of "The One Fair Woman," now in the hands of his London publishers, it is said, will run through the pages of the Galaxy the ensuing year.

LONGFELLOW recently received presents of two cases, both of which were cut by a native of Acadia. One of them grew on the summit of Cape Blomidon and the other is from an old apple tree that stood near the shop of "Basil," the blacksmith.

THE late M. Athanase Coquerel, *pasteur* of the Socinian Church in Paris, had been engaged for upwards of four years on a "History of Comparative Religion," with a rationalistic aim in view. The work, though not complete, will be published by his admirers and friends.

FUNDS are being asked to provide for the putting up of a marble medallion likeness of John Keats on the blank wall, near the grave of the poet, in the Protestant cemetery at Rome; and for the placing of a bust or medallion in Poet's Corner, if permission can be gained—if not, elsewhere, as may be determined on.

"The Orphan of Cimlico and other Sketches, Fragments, and Drawings," by Thackeray, are announced. Some of the drawings are hasty sketches, and were made in travelling note-books; others were afterwards used for the purposes of illustration; some were done for the amusement of children, others for that of his friends.

W. CHAPPELL, F.S.A., author of "The Ballad Literature and Popular Music of the Olden Time," has commenced the publication of "A History of the Art and Science of Music." In the first of four volumes of which it is to consist, the history of music from the earliest time till the fall of the Roman Empire, receives exposition, illustration, and explanation.

PROBABLY the most successful literary man now living, in so far as pecuniary profits are a test of success, is William Cullen Bryant. But his wealth is due not so much to his poetry as to his journalism. For fifty years (next year) he has been connected with the *New York Evening Post*, and still writes in it, though he will enter his eighty-second year a few weeks hence.

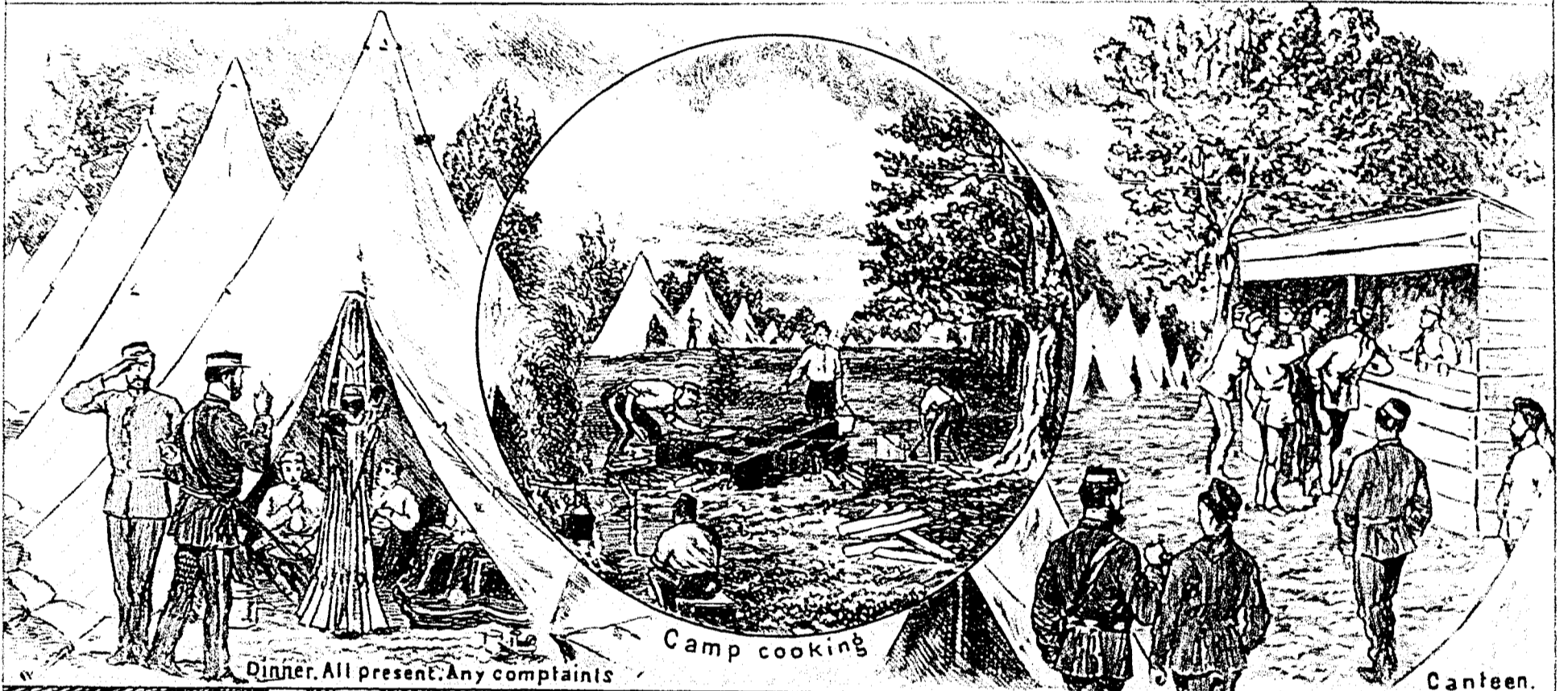
MR. CARLYLE declines with scorn the degree of LL.D. conferred by Harvard University. American universities, he says, are "semblances;" their degrees the "silken sham feathers;" and that he should be asked to "join in heading your long line of D. D.'s and LL.D.'s—a line of pompous little fellows hobbling down to posterity on the crutches of two or three letters of the alphabet, passing on into the oblivion of all universities and small potatoes"—is more than he can bear.

THE death is announced of Dr. Bleek, the eminent philologist. Probably no man had such an acquaintance with the languages of South Africa as he. He was a German by birth, but spent most of his life and died in South Africa. There he prepared his "Comparative Grammar of the South African Languages," and other kindred books. He translated and edited, also, many of the materials collected by Sir George Grey on the Malayo-Polynesian group of languages.

THE following noblemen and gentlemen have been appointed Royal Commissioners to inquire into the operation of the laws of copyright—Lord Stanhope, Lord Rosebery, Hon. R. Bourke, M. P., Sir H. Holland, Bart., M. P., Sir J. Rose, Bart., Sir C. Young, Bart., Sir Julius Benedict; Sir Louis Mallet, C.B.; Sir Drummond Wolff, M.B.; Mr. Daldy; Mr. T. H. Farrer; Mr. F. Herschell, M.P.; Mr. Jenkins, M.P.; Mr. Fitzjames Stephen, Q.C.; and Dr. William Smith. They will probably meet to take evidence in January next. One of the points that will be strongly urged upon the commissioners will be the necessity of protecting novels from unauthorised dramatization.



Regimental Qr. Mr. Stores - Drawing rations



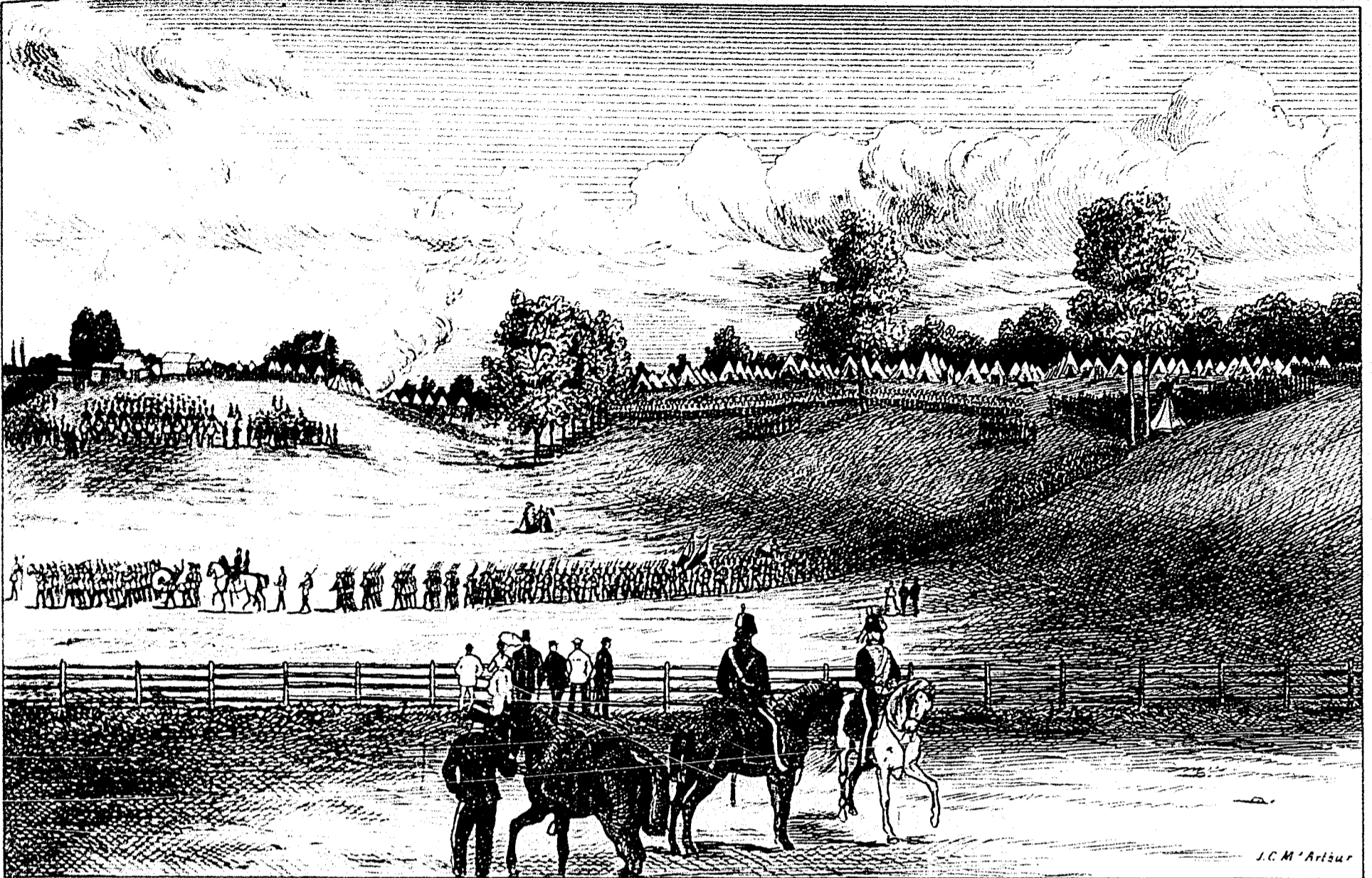
Dinner. All present. Any complaints

Camp cooking

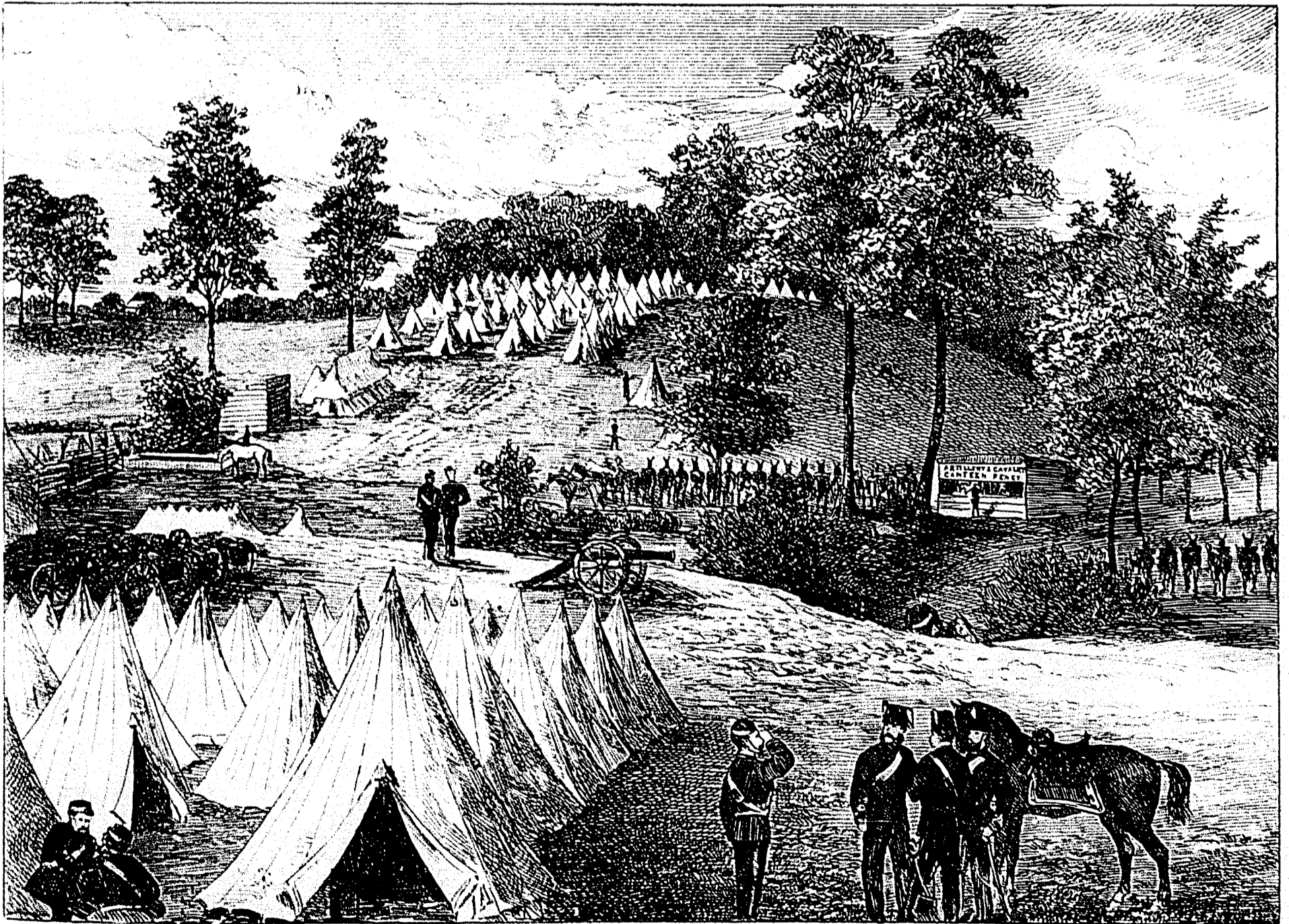
Canteen.



Who comes there? Round! What hour is 't Grand Round.



LONDON, ONT.—THE CANADIAN VOLUNTEER CAMP, CARLING'S FARM, FROM GOVERNOR'S ROAD.



LONDON, ONT.—CAMP OF THE GARRISON ARTILLERY AND CAVALRY.

AT CHESS.

Above a checkered table they bent—
A man in his prime and a maiden fair,
Over whose polished and blue-veined brow
Rested no shadowy tinge of care.

Above the checkered table they bent,
Watching the pieces, red and white,
As each moved on in appointed course,
Through the mimic battle's steady fight—

The pawn, in his slow and cautious pace,
A step at a time; and the mounted knight,
Vaulting, as gallant horseman of old,
To the right and left, and left and right.

Pawns, and bishops, and castles, and knights,
Trembled together in sad dismay,
While a pair of hearts were pulsing beside
To a deeper, wilder, sweeter play.

And gently her fluttering triumph-hand,
As white as a flake of purest pearl,
She laid on the crown of her victor king,
While the other toyed with a wanton curl.

What the maiden answered 'twere treason to tell,
As her blushes deepened to crimson glow
Mounting like lightning-flashes quick,
Till they burned on cheeks, and ears, and brow.

SALLIE A. BROCK.

GERTRUDE ERLE.

BY MRS. ALEXANDER FRASER.

PART II.

'My darling!
Claud's voice had gained considerably in
fervour since his last *à-à-telle* with Gertrude
Erle.

His darling raised shy eyes to his face, and
then flung white arms round his neck.
'O Claud, how good of you to come again so
soon!'

'If I am good, why am I not rewarded?', he
whispered.
A pair of sweet red lips were lifted up, and he
bent and kissed them fondly.

In the lonely lane there was a rustic seat,
almost hidden by drooping larch-boughs. Claud
drew the girl to it, and she nestled quietly into
his arms like a little child.

The two were first cousins, as well as lovers;
and this, united to the fact that they had known
each other for years, made her more demonstra-
tive, perhaps, than she might have been other-
wise.

'And what have you been doing with your-
self since I was here, Alice?' he asked, stroking
her hair softly, as it streamed over his breast in
long golden waves.

'Thinking of you, Claud,' she told him artless-
ly and frankly.
'Is that anything new, pet?'

She blushed a faint pink blush that tinted
her cheek into the colour of a sea-shell.
'It seems as if I remembered nothing that
existed before we loved one another; and since,
I only remember you.'

Claud answered her, and satisfied himself by
drawing her closer to him, and resting her face
against his own.
'Were your mother and Ralph surprised to see
me last evening?'

'A little. Ralph said he could not under-
stand what attraction a man so essentially town-
bred as yourself could find in such an out-of-the-
way place as this.'

'Ah, he doesn't know!' and Claud's violet
eyes looked down straight into the light-blue
ones of Alice with an expression that said plain-
ly, 'If he *did* know, he would not wonder if I
went to the world's end.'

'No, he doesn't know,' Alice replied gently
and a little sorrowfully; then she plucked up
courage: 'Claud, it would make me so much hap-
pier if I could tell him.'

'Not for the world!' he answered quickly;
visions of Miss Erle and her thousands vanishing
in the distance, and the gigantic armies of Israel
advancing to the fore, made him shudder at the
very notion.

'I have not the means to marry at present;
and Ralph would object to a long engagement,
and probably prevent our meeting.'

This was enough to silence her. Anything
would be preferable to the change of being de-
barred seeing him.
'We cannot be too careful, in fact, of our
secret; all our future happiness depends on it,'
he went on persuasively.

So Alice smothered the good impulse that
prompted her to be open and truthful to the
mother and brother who loved her, and consent-
ed to hold her love-trysts with Claud in secret.
'Do you ever see Gertrude Erle?' she asked.

'Occasionally.'
'Does she seem to like you?'

'So-so.'
And as Claud recollected whose head had so

often rested lovingly on the shoulder that was
dedicated now to the peculiar benefit of Alice, he
could not help experiencing a species of self-scorn
at his deceptive answer.

'And do you like her?' persisted Alice.
'As a cousin.'

'Is Gertrude very beautiful?' and the girl
felt a painful thrill at the thought that Claud
liked a lovely woman at all, even as a coun-
sin.

'Not half so beautiful as you, my darling,' he
said earnestly and truthfully enough, gathering
up the slight figure with a fervency that would
have given Gertrude a new lease of life and joy
and hope.

'Claud, I believe I am of a jealous temper; I
feel as if I could hate you if I ever found out that
you liked or admired any one else.'

And Alice drew herself away from with flushed
cheeks and glittering eyes.
He laughed.
'And if you hated me, what would you do—
kill me?'

'No, die myself!' she whispered piteously,
turning pale at the terrible picture of her soul in
revolt against Claud.
'I have eyes for none but you, love.'

'And your heart?'

'Is all your own.'
'Swear it, Claud; swear on your bended knees
that you will always love me, and me only!'
He flung himself on his knees before her.

'I swear it.'
And he was Gertrude Erle's future hus-
band!
'Ralph thinks Gertrude perfection,' Alice said
when the two were seated again side by side.

'Does he?' and Claud was inconsistent enough
to feel angry that any one should dare to admire
or comment on his property.
'She would be such an excellent catch for him,'
he sneered.

'Ralph would not marry any one for money.
Her fortune would always prevent him from ask-
ing Gertrude to be his wife; he is too noble to
be mercenary,' Alice exclaimed in her brother's
defence.

'He is a nonpareil, no doubt,' he mocked;
Alice had hit him so hard while she spoke.
'Not a nonpareil, only an honest-hearted man,
Claud. It must be dreadful to marry one for the
sake of money; I think I should pine away
under a weight of shame and obligation.'

'You see, men are made of sterner stuff than
you are, child; and money is such an excellent
thing that it makes up for so many deficien-
cies.'

'Claud!'

'Well, is your romantic little soul above such
material things as pounds, shillings, and
pence?'

'No; but, Claud, I have no money, and you
have none; and if you cling to it so much, how
is it going to end for us?' she asked in an anxi-
ous voice that went straight to his heart. Ger-
trude's words flashed across him.

'I may have money some day, Alice; then I
shall be Lord of Burleigh, and you my bride,' he
said, kissing her ardently.

She lifted up a radiant face.
'O Claud, it would kill me to lose you!' and
she wound her arms round him, and held him
passionately to her, as if nothing should divide
them.

Claud looked at her; then he remembered Ger-
trude and he was silent.

Mr. Erle died, and quiet suddenly, after all;
and Gertrude, in the first days of her bitter loss,
had no heart to think of any one but him who
had been the best of fathers. But when he was
taken away and she grew calmer, a sense of rec-
titude would not allow her to keep silent any
longer on the matter of the will. She did not
even shrink from the task, strong in her faith in
her lover; desperately reliant on the love and
truth that were but broken reeds after all. Rob-
bed in heavy black, and the sunny beauty of her
face dimmed by tears, Gertrude looked ten years
older when she walked slowly into the room
where Claud awaited her. She did not approach
him, but sank down into the first chair near,
and closed her lips for a moment. Then she plunged
into her subject at once.

'Claud, I have something to say to you—
something that ought to have been said long
ago.'

He looked at her anxiously. Her tone was
ominous. Was she going to throw him over
now, at the last moment, when he had made up
his mind to sacrifice himself without a murmur
at the shrine of Plutus? Her manner was strange
and her words a little incoherent. He was just
making up his mind to a melodramatic scene of
reproaches, protestations, and even entreaties, if
necessary, when she went up to him; a bright
crimson spot burned on her cheeks, and her large
liquid eyes looked larger and softer for the dark
bistre shades that underlined them.

'Claud, I asked you once if you would care for
me the same whether I was rich or poor.'

He thought she was putting him through his
paces, and he determined to come out faultless
from the trial.
'Yes, and I answered that rich or poor I
would love you all the same, Gertrude dearest.'

'Claud, I am poor in purse, but my heart is
rich in love for you.'

He stared at her almost rudely. An instinct
seemed to tell him that she was speaking the
truth.
'Are you joking or are you mad, Gertrude?'

he questioned sternly.
'Neither joking nor mad, Claud. My fortune
was a fraud, and I am no heiress; but if you

love me, I shall be as happy as the day is long,'
she cried joyfully.

He turned as white as a sheet. The last straw
had floated away from his grasp, and he was a
drowning man. But he had the presence of
mind to conceal within himself his woful disap-
pointment, his bitter regret.

'If you speak the truth, Gertrude, I fear we
we two must part. Much as I care for you I can
never marry you.'

'Much as you care for me? Is that true,
Claud?' she asked him eagerly. 'If you had money
we should not part?'

'Of course not, Gertrude. How could you
think it?'

She took both his hands and held them firmly.
Looking him steadily in the face, she said so-
lemnly.

'Then I shall be your wife, Claud—your loving
faithful wife; for you have not only money, but
you are passing rich.'

'Gertrude!'

She let go his hands and took a paper from her
bosom, and opening it out, she held it before
his eyes.

'This gives you the money that I have lost,
Claud.'

He seized the document roughly and perused
it eagerly, his face hotly flushed, his eyes kind-
ling.

'All mine!' he gasped.
'He would sell his soul for gold, and, when he
got it, gloat over it!' Her dead father's words
came back to her as she watched the effect of the
will.

'All your's, Claud; and I am your's too,' she
said quietly and distinctly.
He had the grace to turn his face away before
he answered.

'No, Gertrude, it is impossible, for my heart
has long belonged to another!'

She sat down, never so much as lifting up her
eyes, while he prepared to leave the room; but
when he was fairly gone and she was alone—
alone in the world—great passionate sobs rang
out from Gertrude's breast—sobs for the love that
had lived for Claud and had died so cruel a death
by his hand.

PART III.

'You ought not to make Ralph unhappy, for
he loves you so dearly, Gertrude,' Alice pleaded
with tears in her eyes. Her brother's low spirits
had infected her own.

'Ralph knows that I love him, though I refuse
to be his wife. I cannot consent to be a drag on
him, Alice.'

It was six months since Gertrude had come to
Wales. When she was left homeless and friend-
less, the Dammers had come forward and offered
her shelter and affection. They were her nearest
relatives, and she accepted the offer at once.
Only just enough money was secured to her to
render her independent to a certain extent, as far
as personal wants were concerned; and under
these wretched auspices—for they were wretched
to one who from her birth had been accustomed
to unlimited expenditure—she had entered her
new home.

But the six months had worked a marvellous
change in her feelings. Ralph Damer loved her,
and she had learnt to love him with a deeper and
more enduring love than she had ever lavished
on Claud, for with the affection was united trust
perfect and infinite.

'If I had money I would marry Ralph to-mor-
row—that is, if it pleased him to take me,' she
said shyly. 'Yet I do not care for money, Alice.
It is a curse and a blessing very often.'

'A curse, Gertrude?' And Alice opened her
blue eyes in surprise.
'Yes; it was money that nearly broke my
heart, and killed my faith in the goodness of
human nature.'

'But Ralph has brought back that faith?'

'Dear Ralph!' Gertrude murmured very low,
with a light blush on her face and a soft light in
her brown eyes.
'Have you ever been engaged, Gertrude?'

Alice asked.

She wanted to find out if all girls who were
engaged felt the misery and anxiety that had been
her lot for the last six months, during which she
had neither seen Claud, nor heard from him.

Gertrude did not even change colour as she
replied. Claud's influence over her feelings was
a thing of the past completely, and she could
speak his name calmly and coolly, with only just
a little scorn cropping up in her mind.

'Yes, Alice, I was engaged for some months
to a man who swore he loved me for myself;
but when I lost my fortune he cast me aside like
a worthless glove. Is it any wonder that money
is a horrible thing in my eyes, since it opened
them to an amount of deceit and falsity that I
never imagined existed?'

'Perhaps he could not help himself. He
might have been too poor to marry,' suggested
Alice, in the hope of salving down the bitterness
of spirit that Gertrude evidently felt.

'Oh, no,' she cried scornfully, 'there was no
such excuse for his conduct. My poverty had
made him rich.'

'It was not Claud Wilton?'

And at the tone Gertrude turned hastily, to see
that Alice was as pale as ashes.

'Yes. Is he anything to you?'

'We have been engaged two whole years. And
this is the end!' the girl said, in a dreary
piteous voice that told of the desolation in her
heart.

'O Alice, Alice!' And Gertrude took her coun-
sin's slight figure in her arms, and caressed her
just as she would have comforted a child.

'He has broken his oath: he can never be
anything to me again!' Alice cried.

'What oath?'

'He swore upon his knees that he would never
love any one but me.'

'Be satisfied, dear child: he has kept his oath
as far as I am concerned. Claud Wilton wors-
hipped my money, but he never loved me.'

'He must be so mercenary, so unworthy!'

Gertrude had a good dash of nobility in her
nature, and she forgot her own aggrieved feelings
to try and soothe those of the poor little heart
that beat audibly near her.

'You may prove him neither mercenary nor
unworthy. If Claud really cares for you he will
be sure to marry you by and by.'

'By and by!' It was an indefinite period to
look forward to; but in spite of her jealous fears,
her wounded love, Alice knew she would not be
able to utter 'nay' if her Lord of Burleigh came
and said to her.

'All this is mine and thine!'

'Don't close your heart against me, Gertrude!
Think how long I have loved you.' And Ralph's
eyes, beseeching and sorrowful, met hers. They
were not beautiful eyes, with their iris deeply
violet, and neither was the mouth that spoke so
perfect in shape as that other mouth that had not
scrupled to breathe falsehoods even while she
she gazed upon it in a foolish idolatry of its
beauty. But Ralph, with his manly face, his
tender smile that was almost womanly in its
sweetness, and his strong muscular figure, was
everything to her now. Antinous in propriâ
personâ would have been powerless to tempt her
allegiance from him.

'I don't close my heart, Ralph. You may
read it like an open book, and you will see your
own name inscribed on every page,' she said soft-
ly.

'Then marry me, Gertrude, and make me
happy.'

She looked at him, and she saw that he was
thoroughly in earnest. Now she could not doubt
that she was loved for herself, and loved with all
Ralph's honest soul.

'Will you take me poverty-stricken as I am,
and never regret it, Ralph?'

'Gertrude!'

Only her own name in response; but she knew
that it meant that Ralph would take her for better,
for worse, for richer, for poorer, with a willing
heart.

'Take me then,' she said frankly, putting her
hand into his. But Ralph was not content. In
another moment she was clasped in his arms, and
a kiss, pure yet passionate, lay on her lips.

'I must tell you something, Ralph—something
about an episode in my life.'

'Not that you have ever loved before, Ger-
trude!' he cried jealously.

'Yes, but I have Ralph,' she said quietly. 'I
loved Claud Wilton!'

'And are you sure that that love is quite dead,
Gertrude,' he asked gravely.

'Trust me.'

'I do; but oh, my darling, you must never
see him again!'

Ralph was human, and on the earth perfect
love does not cast out fear.
'Why not? Claud is nothing to me, and you
are'—she hesitated.

'What, Gertrude?'

'Everything.'

'My own!'

'It seems to me as if a blessing rested on
our marriage. Papa said he would die easy if
you and I cared for one another.'

Her listener's face lit up with a pleased
smile.
'I should like to have seen him before the last.
Was he much changed?'

The tears rushed to her eyes, but he kissed
them away.
'I have a picture of him; I will show you.'

And she rose and fetched the little Japanese
cabinet, and tried to unlock it; but the lock was
obdurate, and she gave up her efforts at length.

'Take it, Ralph, and these keys. All my
secrets belong to you now,' she said with a beam-
ing smile.

A little later she walked into the library.
Ralph's face was buried on his folded arms, and
he did not look up as she entered. Thinking he
was asleep, she bent over him and lightly pressed
her lips to his hair. He lifted up a countenance
towards her that shocked her by its exceeding
pallor and the woful expression it wore. The
cabinet stood on the table before him, and its
innumerable small drawers and letters and papers
were scattered carelessly about, as if he had push-
ed them violently aside.

'Ralph, what ails you?' she asked tenderly,
and glancing at the confusion, she added play-
fully:

'I could almost believe that some terrible
secret must have met your eyes!'

'It is a terrible secret to me, Gertrude. Some-
thing that will part us two for ever.'

She sank down in a heap by his side, her
face as pale and as wo-begone as his.

'O Ralph, surely nothing can part us now!'

It seemed to her that if she lost this man, to
whom her real love was given with all the might
and strength of her nature that she could not
bear to live.

'Ralph, my Ralph, speak to me!'

'Could nothing part us now, Gertrude? Sup-
pose you were once more the heiress of broad
acres, the possessor of thousands, would you still
care to marry me—poor, obscure as I am?' he ques-
tioned eagerly.

Her face brightened up beneath his words,
'acres and thousands.' What were they in compa-
rison to his great honest heart—to the love that

would bless her life hourly and daily, for ever and ever?

'Ralph, if I have you I want nothing else.'
'Is that really true, Gertrude?'
'As God is my judge!'
He said not a word, but his face was enough; and Gertrude knew what was in his heart.

'What was the date of the will that made Claud Wilton heir to the Erle property?' he asked in a few minutes.

'January 12, 1843,' she replied at once.
The date was engraved on her mind; for her gaze had mechanically gone over it again and again while Claud held it in his hand.

Ralph took up a document and examined it.
'And this is dated March 5, 1844. I revoke my former will, and give and bequeath all my money and lands to my nephew, John Erle; and at his disease to the heirs of his body,' &c. So, Gertrude, you will be rich once more,' he said, with an unmistakable regret in his voice.

'Rich in my husband!' Gertrude whispered; and putting aside reserve, she crept into his arms; those arms closed round her, and Ralph's face, bright and happy once more, looked into her own.

'I am sorry for this,' she exclaimed. Her hands were firmly clasped in Ralph's, and money and lands seemed to her very secondary objects in existence.

'Sorry for Claud?' with a tinge of reproach in the tone.

'No, not for Claud, but for Alice.'

'Alice! Why, what concern has she in the matter?'

'Ralph, you have been engrossed in me so long, that you have been blind to everything else, I believe,' she laughed; but he stopped the laugh in a way that sent the red blood to her cheeks. 'Alice and Claud have been pledged to one another for more than two years.'

'But Claud was engaged to you six months ago.'

'That fact counted for nothing to him.'

'The scoundrel!'

'Don't say that, Ralph! I forgive him, for if he had been what my foolish fancy painted him, I should never have been here; and she laid her head down on his shoulder lovingly.'

'I am afraid Claud will never marry her now; he might have done so, if he had remained wealthy; and poor little Alice will break her heart for him.'

'As she is doing now at his silence and negligence! This accounts for her ill looks,' Ralph said anxiously, as he remembered how fragile Alice had grown, and the delicacy of her face.

It was true what he surmised. Claud's inhuman silence and neglect had broken her heart, and Alice was dying with forced smiles on her lips. Claud had bid her keep their secret from her brother, and she had obeyed him, but at the cost of her life.

It was a bitter day for Claud when he was told that the wealth he revelled and gloried in was not his after all; but it was not so bitter as that on which he bent over Alice to take a last farewell.

The two were alone: the sick girl had willed it so.

'Do not speak harshly to him, Ralph, for my sake, and let me see him alone,' and Ralph, with tears that he could not keep back, had promised to mind her words.

Claud knelt by the bed, clasping two white wasted hands closely, in his, and Alice did not say much; but her blue eyes rested tenderly, yearningly on his face.

'You will not quite forget me, Claud? You will think sometimes of the dear old lane and the seat under the large boughs, and of the quiet grave where I shall lie with my heart cold to you—cold for the first time, Claud!' she murmured in low fluttering accents; but to Claud each word was a blow.

'Your hand has touched this so often, don't let it be hidden quite away from you; keep a little piece in memory of the old time,' she whispered, holding out a tress of fair hair towards him.

He could not speak, but he seized the lock eagerly—it looked like burnished gold in his grasp—and he rained down hot kisses upon it.

'You forgot to be Lord of Burleigh after all, Claud!' she said with a faint smile.

'Then her countenance all over pale again as death did grow. But he clasped her like a lover. And he cheered her soul with love; So she strove against her weakness.'

'Alice, I would have come. I never loved any one but you in my life,' he cried passionately.

She believed him. And the knowledge that his heart had been true, though his lips had been false, was dear solace to her now.

'Claud, how happy we were once!' she murmured, closing her eyes; and a beatific look crossed her wan face as memory brought back the past—the old country lane, the drooping larches, the rustic seat; but the look soon passed, and her cheek grew white and forgot to blush rosy red, as it was wont to do when Claud's kisses fell upon it.

Mortal's kisses had lost their power on the soul that was striving to soar heavenward, where there is no marriage or giving in marriage. A few days later, Alice slept under the sod, and all that remained of her on earth was the golden curl that lay on Claud Wilton's breast.

THE GLEANER.

THE *chef de cuisine* of the Serapis was cook to the Emperor Maximilian during that monarch's fatal sojourn in Mexico.

It is said that the French postal authorities are seriously entertaining the idea of providing all the Paris postmen with bicycles.

MORE than five thousand dead babes are annually found in New York city, thrown into the streets, into the rivers, and into out-of-the-way places.

QUADRUPLEX telegraphy (that is, the art of sending four messages, two in each direction, simultaneously by one wire) has been accomplished in London.

It is rumored that Prince Arthur, the Duke of Connaught, has become engaged to the Archduchess Elizabeth of Austria, daughter of the late Archduke Ferdinand.

It is worthy of note that the Holy See has at last sent to Cardinal Manning a brief, giving the Papal blessing to the teetotal movement headed by his Eminence in England, and also to the heads of the same movement in North America.

ANNE BREWSTER, the authoress, had a narrow escape from death during a recent Alpine excursion. Her foot slipped on a shelf of a rock, and below her lay a glacier and death, when she was luckily caught just in time by one of the guides.

THE subterranean gallery of the new St. Gotthard tunnel will be 15,000 metres long. It is not expected that the opening will take place before 1880, as the drift advances but seven metres per day, and only 4,500 metres have been excavated so far.

CHARLOTTE CRAMPTON, the late actress, rendered great service as a *vivandière* in a Maryland regiment during the civil war, being indefatigable in her attentions to the sick and wounded. Miss Crampton was once also a lecturer on the evils of intemperance.

MRS. BLACK, the "Maid of Athens," has an unmarried daughter who is described as "lovely and of exquisite manners." Here is a chance for emulators of Lord Byron to follow his example, and though they "fly to Istanbul," let Athens hold their heart and soul.

M. BLIN, a well-known French swimmer, proposes to outdo Captain Boyton or Captain Webb. He has announced his intention of swimming from Paris to Rouen on the Seine. He will be accompanied by several boats, and will be provided with a stock of hard-boiled eggs and rum.

AN intelligent French engineer has discovered the means of suddenly arresting the progress of an invading army by means of an electric process. The gentleman refuses to give any particulars, as he has forwarded his invention to the War Ministry, where it is to remain a State secret.

It turns out that the phantom ship which lured the Vanguard to her doom, instead of being Flying Dutchman, commanded by Vanderdecken, was a Norwegian barque, commanded by Captain Vick, and that this worthy got into port congratulating himself on having escaped the fate which so shortly afterwards befell the Vanguard.

A chess match has been arranged between Mr. Blackburne, the great blindfold player, and Herr Steinitz, the winner of the first prize at the Vienna International Tournament in 1873. The stakes are £60 a side, and the match will be played at the City of London Chess Club, in Knightrider-street, commencing early in the ensuing winter.

WORTH has invented a new bodice. It fits the figure closely, and is in form like one of the hunting jackets worn in the reign of Louis XIV., the Frondeuse jackets, as they were called. It is open in front, where is a *fouillis* of either black or white lace; there are large pockets on the long front basques, and a deep sash round the waist, with or without ends, according to taste.

It is thought possible that a fifth marshal of France will soon be nominated. The four officers who at present fill this post are MacMahon, Canrobert, Lebœuf, and Baraguay d'Hilliers, who was appointed to replace Bazaine. Each of these gentlemen is paid 30,000 francs per year. As the sum of 150,000 francs for marshals' emoluments have been inscribed in the Budget for 1876, it is believed that the fifth marshal will be shortly appointed.

THE soundings for the submarine tunnel between England and France are being carried on actively. They are at this moment directed to the part of the straits near the English coast, at a few miles from the shore. Each evening the vessel which carries the commission returns to Dover, Calais, or Boulogne, and work is recommenced the next day. The engineers, MM. Larousse and Lavalée, are perfectly satisfied with the results obtained, and so far nothing has occurred to destroy their previsions relative to the depths.

ON the subject of sea-sickness, Col. Knox, who is a great traveler, has this useful hint to offer: To those who contemplate going to sea I have a piece of advice to offer that may save them the pangs of the marine malady. The night you are to sail, take a blue pill—te grains—just before going to bed, and when you get up in the morning, take the first thing, a dose of citrate of magnesia. Then eat your breakfast and go on board, and I will wager four to one that you will not be sea-sick a moment, though the water may be as rough as an Arkansas traveler's manners.

FOOT NOTES.

NONE but the wealthy suffer from overwork. If a poor fellow gets sick it is because he smokes too much, or neglects his business to run about in the evenings.

The question of the right of Nonconformist ministers to the title of "Reverend" is being tried before the Judicial Committee of the Privy Council of England. The case is near its close.

DURING one week recently the London health authorities seized and destroyed two tons and twelve hundred weight of meat as unfit for human food that had been exposed for sale in the markets.

No news having been received for some time from Lieut. Cameron of the African Research Expedition, the Royal Geographical Society of England, it is stated, have grown uneasy as to his safety.

MASSACHUSETTS is putting in claims for both orator and poet at the Centennial exhibition. The choice for orator will fall upon Charles Francis Adams, and that for poet on Mr. Longfellow or Mr. Lowell.

THERE is in Paris just now an Alsatian peasant woman who carries her hair on her arm like a train, as she may well do, for it is seven feet and a-half in length. She is fifty-two years of age, but her hair still grows.

THE burial question is to be brought up again in Prussia at the opening of the next Parliament. The Liberals desire to make the cemeteries the property of the political communes, and to have them undenominational.

It is reported from Vienna that the Pope has directed the Roman Catholic bishops of Turkey to use their influence in quieting the Christian population, and to aid as much as in their power in the pacification of Herzegovina.

WORTH, the man-dressmaker, drives out every day in the Bois de Boulogne. He wears kid gloves of a peculiar lilac hue and always takes care to put one foot up on the front seat so as to disclose silk hose of the same delicate shade as his gloves.

MR. PLIMSOLL'S war upon the owners and agents of rotten sailing vessels has produced one good effect at least. The German Consuls at all the British ports have received orders to prevent unseaworthy vessels flying the German flag from putting out.

MICO LIUBBRITCH, the leader of the Herzegovinian insurgents, is a brave, resolute man. When a student he took part in a revolutionary movement against the Turks. He is about 30 years of age, and is deemed well qualified for the position he has attained.

MR. JOHN W. F. HOBBS of Northampton, Mass., has given \$10,000 for a school house in that town. It is said of Mr. Hobbs that now a great many years ago he borrowed money to start a line of omnibuses in Boston, driving one of them himself, and that now he is worth a million dollars.

A WOMAN in Minneapolis recently astonished a crowd who were trying to start a balky horse by thrusting a handful of dust and sand into the animal's mouth, exclaiming, "There, he'll go now." To the surprise of every one, the horse started immediately without showing the least stubbornness or excitement.

BOSTON has a "Society to Encourage Study at Home," the function of which is to educate persons without requiring attendance at recitations. Members are given a programme of study, and are allowed to select any or all the branches mentioned in it; and they may at any time apply to one of the managers for instruction. Once a year there is an examination, when diplomas are given to those who merit them. The society is three years old and prosperous.

THE Vatican contains only 537 persons. The Pope, Cardinal Antonelli, the Major-Domo, Grand Almoner, and other officers, number 14; the Secretary of State's establishment numbers 29; that of the Palace administration, 15; and the secret printing office, 8. The Pope has one valet and six servants. The Apostolic antechamber has a Dean, 23 couriers, three servants, and three orderlies. The Swiss Guard and Pontifical Gendarmerie muster 200, of whom 23 are married.

"How do you get up your sermons?" asked some one of Mr. Moody. His reply was: "For a number of years, I have kept large envelopes marked, say, 'Blood,' 'Heaven,' 'Faith,' &c., and everything I hear or meet with on any of these subjects I make a note of it in these envelopes. After some time I have material enough in one of these envelopes for three or four sermons. People sometimes speak of me taking four or five months to prepare a sermon; it takes me four or five years."

A bird of great docility, intelligence, and spirit has been found in Iceland, which flies at a meteor-like speed of 150 miles an hour, and is able to find its home over sea and land, from any part of the habitable world. A pair of these birds, a few days ago, brought despatches from Paris to a lonely spot, congenial to their nature, in a wild and rocky part of Kent, within 10 miles of London, in 1½ hours. Press carrier pigeons took the despatches on to the City, the whole distance from Paris to London, by actual parcel mode of conveyance, being done within 1½ hours! If the experiment at present being made in training and educating them continue successful, it is hoped by next summer to establish a daily miniature ocean mail between America and Europe, the whole distance to be traversed between sunrise in one hemisphere and sunset in the other.

MUSICAL AND DRAMATIC.

M. FAURE has been at death's door with inflammation of the lungs.

AGNES ETHEL is the wife of a millionaire—Mr. Tracy, of Buffalo.

MR. FECHTER has resumed his engagements, appearing in Toronto as *Hamlet*.

"AIDA" is to be brought out, after seven months' rehearsal, at the Salle Ventadour, Paris, next April.

MME. JANAUSSCHKE has been acting in Melbourne, where Mme. Ristori has concluded a highly satisfactory engagement.

MISS NEILSON is still in France, and latest reports state that her health is considerably improved, although she is still far from well.

Mlle. ILMA DE MURSKA has been enthusiastically received in Melbourne, where there was recently a grand torchlight procession in her honor.

BLANCHE BARETTA is now the leading *ingénue* on the Parisian stage. Her success in the "Philosophe sans le savoir" at the Francaise has been enormous.

A Boston actress is told by the *Advertiser* that among the rudiments which she has yet to learn is the fact that her nose is too pretty to be talked through.

LA SCHNEIDER has won her suit with the manager of the Variétés. She got only five thousand francs damages, however, instead of the fifty thousand which she claimed.

PAOLA MARIE, sister of Irma, is to sing one of the leading roles in "La Boulangère à des Ecus," in Paris. Mlle. Aimée is the particular bright star of the production.

MISS EMILY SOLDENE has appeared in Glasgow at the head of her company, which still includes Miss Lizzie Robson, Miss Clara Vesey, and others who were seen here.

DONIZETTI'S *Don Sebastian* and *Cimarosa's Rosi Théodore*, two operas which are very popular in Italy, will be performed at the Italian Opera in Paris, during the coming winter.

MR. CAVE has in rehearsal at the Alhambra Shield's famous old English opera, "Rosina," the tuneful melodies of which will form a striking contrast to the airs of modern opera bouffe.

IN "Macbeth," as played at the Lyceum Theatre, London, the music introduced by Davenant is omitted. "In order that the tragedy may have a Shakespearean aspect as possible."

THE *Pall Mall Gazette* says that Mlle. Torriani sings with such distinctness that every word of her songs can be heard, and is thus already, in one respect, more English than a great number of English singers.

Mlle. VILDA has been singing in Vienna, where she is known as Frau Wilt. As she adopts the French *criard* school she is popular in that city with the masses, and is said to be altogether more bearable in her own language than in Italian.

JENNY LIND-GOLDSCHMIDT has presented to the Church of the Holy Trinity, Wimbeldon Park, an elegant Munich window representing the transfiguration, as a memorial to the late Dr. Wilberforce, Bishop of Winchester, England.

THE *Marguerite Gautier* of Mlle. Tallandiera at the Gymnase has not met with much favor from those who are accustomed to the traditional rendering of *La Dame aux Camélias*. She makes *Marguerite* in the earlier scenes a bold and brazen creature who becomes softened and humanized in the play by her real affection for *Armand Duval*.

It is said that discontent is growing in all classes of Parisian society with the management of the opera, for the building which bears on its front "National Academy of Music" has become a mere show place for strangers and *bourgeoisie* from the provinces. It has up to the present time, given only five or six operas to the public, and those with no well-known singers, with perhaps four exceptions.

THE death is announced at Edinburgh, from rapid consumption, of the actress, Lady Don, who was well known in this country. She was the eldest daughter of Mr. John Sanders of the Adelphi Theatre, and was known to the playgoer public as Miss Emily Eliza Sanders. She married in 1857 Sir William Henry Don, seventh baronet of Newtoadon, Berwickshire, formerly an officer in the army, who afterward became an actor, and died at Hobart Town in 1862. Lady Don leaves one daughter.

MAPLESON, the London opera manager, advertises in a Milan newspaper a reward equal to \$1,000 for a tenor singer. Competitive examinations will be held in Milan, Bologna, and Florence. The qualifications required, however, will exclude all except exceedingly gifted artists. The accepted man must speak and read pure Italian—not a dialect, must be of good personal appearance, free from deformity, and have a genial and sympathetic physiognomy, must have the manners of a gentleman, and not wear a wig or false teeth, and must have an agreeable voice, free from tremolo, of a plaintive and elastic character.

DOMESTIC.

RICE.—To boil rice as in India proceed as follows: Into a saucepan of two quarts of water, when boiling, throw a tablespoonful of salt, and then put in one pint of rice, previously well washed in cold water. Let it boil twenty minutes, throw into a colander, drain, and put back into the saucepan, which should stand near the fire for several minutes.

THE *Scientific American* says if a bottle of the oil of pennyroyal is left unworked in a room at night, not a mosquito or any other bloodsucker will be found there in the morning. Mix potash with powdered meal and throw into the rat holes of a cellar, and the rat will depart. If a rat or mouse gets into your pantry, stuff in his hole a rag saturated with a solution of Cayenne pepper, and no rat or mouse will touch the rag for the purpose of opening communication with a depot of supplies.

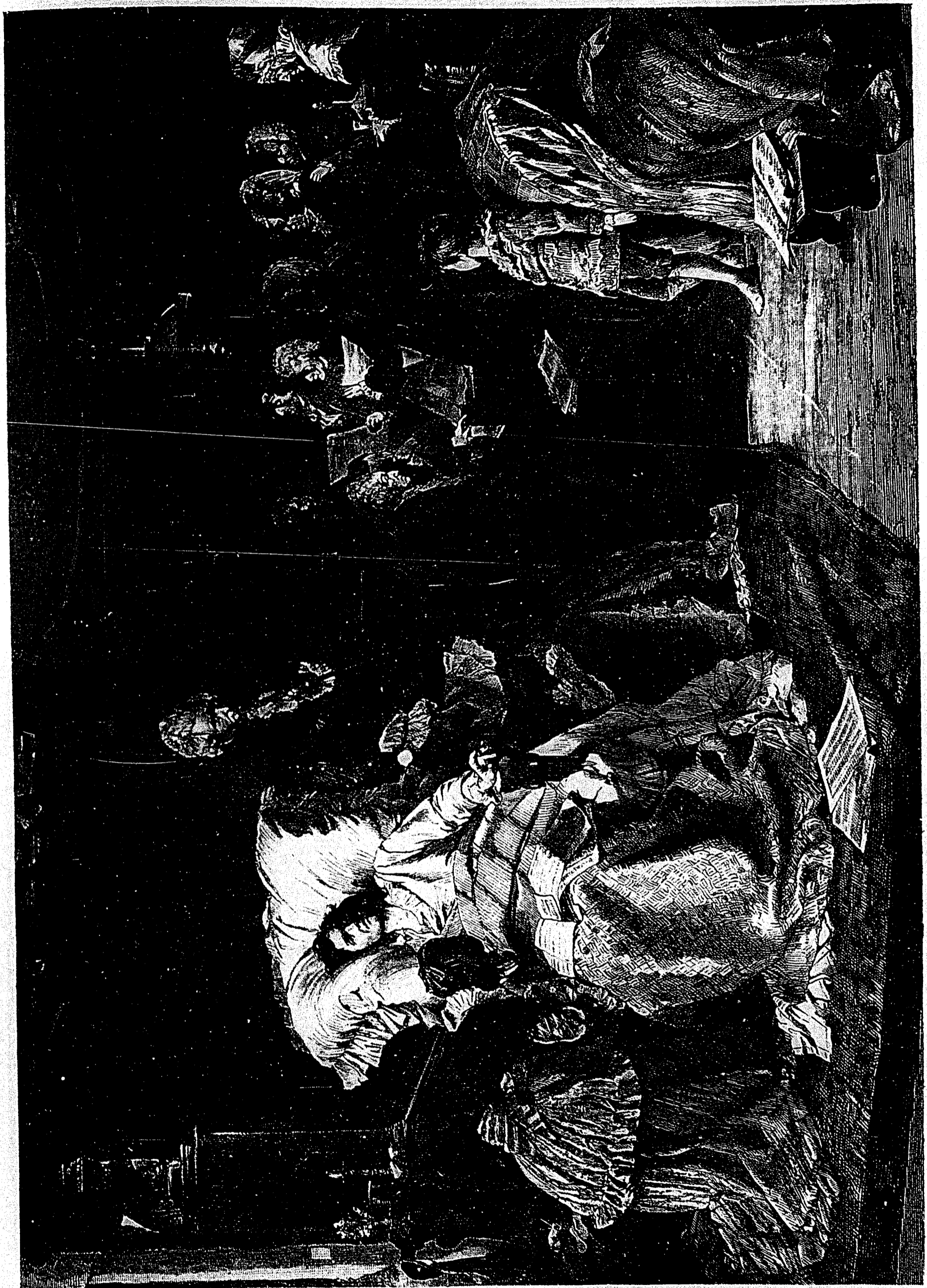
WARTS.—The treatment of warts is to pare the hard and dry skin from their tops, and then touch them with the smallest drop of strong acetic acid, taking care that the acid does not run off the wart upon the neighbouring skin, for if it does, it will occasion inflammation and much pain. If this practice be continued once or twice daily, with regularity, paring the surface of the wart occasionally when it gets hard and dry, the wart may be soon effectually cured.

HADDOCK WITH TOMATOES.—Soak a dried haddock in plenty of cold water for half a day, drain off the water, and replace it with boiling water; when the haddock has been in this a couple of hours, take it out, carefully remove all the bones and skin, and break the meat into flakes; slice a moderate sized onion, and put it into a saucepan with an ounce of butter; as soon as the onion is soft, add one ripe tomato cut into slices, after a couple of minutes add the flesh of the haddock, a sprinkling of pepper, and some finely-minced parsley; shake the saucepan on the fire until the contents are thoroughly heated, and then draw it aside to be kept warm till the time of serving.



AUTUMN. BY J. F. HAMON.

J. F. HAMON



THE LAST DAY OF MOZART.

(For the CANADIAN ILLUSTRATED NEWS.)
THE MERCHANT'S GOLDEN RULE.

BY R. EVANS.

Merchandise unsold
Stints, and steals the gold;
Man it makes a slave,
Truth it makes a knave;
Borrower, or Buyer,
Debt is but a liar;
Promise overdue
Never yet was true.
Paper vows are trash,
Buy and sell for cash;
Work within your plan,
Every inch a man.

(For the CANADIAN ILLUSTRATED NEWS.)
WALTER PENWELL'S PROGRESS.

CHAPTER II.

I only knew one poet in my life:
And this, or something like it, was his way.
Browning.

A newspaper office at night is often a jovial place enough if the people around it are young, or old men who have kept their youth. There is a vast amount of intelligence afloat among the growing class of men who write in and report for the daily papers. Always reading exchanges because the reader is interested in Smith of the *Trumpet*, or Brown of the *Banner* &c., ever on the look out for news of any sort whether it be political, social, historical, literary or scientific, these young men acquire an enormous accumulation of facts of various degrees of importance. They can tell you what the latest production of poet, historian, novelist is like; for they have perhaps read a dozen reviews of it. They know the men who contribute to the British and American press. Copying despatches and correcting proofs, they are forced into habits of careful reading, and acquire much information in that way. But it must be confessed that for the actual reading of books, newspapers men are not, as a rule, noted. Newspapers take away the taste for books, as a habit of nibbling between meals takes away the appetite for dinner. And they try the eyes so that books are a dangerous recreation after a long day's or night's service in a newspaper office. Well, my friend Penwell went, the evening after he left my sanctum, somewhat later in the office of a morning journal, the young men on which were noted for conviviality and rough humor personally, though strange to say their productions were of the most sober, dignified and severe tone, usually, except when they indulged in invective, when they were apt to launch into a sea of adjectives of the most dangerous and destructive sort.

Now Penwell was not in good humor. His conscience was at war with his ingenuity and the strife disturbed his whole mental system. He was irritable and petulant, and that office was the last place on earth for him. When he entered, he was saluted with a chorus of very free and friendly remarks. One chaffed him about his late articles in the *Expositor*. Another went for him fiercely about his late verses, reading them aloud in a staggish way, and adding sarcastic comments. And to cap all, another attacked him about his goings on with young ladies.

"Hear you're going out to Utah, Penwell; it isn't true, is it?" said the tormenter.

"Yes," said another, "he is going to marry the little Maynard and 'seal' the LeBlanc and the Bayfield, and go off to Brigham; 'for I'm going to be a soldier in the army of the Lord as we go marching on'" drawled another young rascal, with his head in a cloud of tobacco smoke.

"See here," said Penwell, "you fellows, don't you make too free with ladies' names. Chaff away at me if you want to; I can stand it from such louts, but you had better leave the others alone."

"He wants to do all the demoralization himself," growled out a big fellow who was bent over a proof. "If you tickle us ain't we to laugh? If you make a show of yourself ain't we to pay our shilling and say whether we like it or not? Do you respect the young women so much that you have any right to come here to quarrel with us?"

Penwell left them after a little sparring, with something like rage in his heart against himself, his friends, his loves and all the world. But his better nature triumphed after a while, and he resolved that he would cut his entanglements and keep himself to his work and his room for the future. But how? That was the question. He couldn't cut his friends without any reason, you see. If he remained away from Prince street for a week, he was reproached so pathetically that his resolution gave way and he was more tender than ever in that quarter. If he didn't go to West street for a few nights, he was treated by the fair young lady with a coldness that made him bound to conquer it, so he plunged deeper into the entanglement in that quarter. If he remained for two weeks, as he could do, away from East street and the laughing little Bayfield, he would be treated to an exhibition of a rival's books or picture or some story of his cleverness and wit that usually excited Penwell, and before he left he had, ten chances to one, committed himself in a most endearing and shameful fashion in that quarter. He was plainly in a sort of Slough of Despond. A certain humorist has said that when a man is going down hill, all creation seems to be greased for the occasion; and surely when a man has got into a snare, the bringing of him up "all standing," as the boys say, is usually accomplished in a remarkably quick fashion. The occasion of Penwell's disaster was very suitable. He that loves the sword shall perish by the sword, saith the Scripture. He that loveth the wine cup shall perish therein à la "maudin Clarence in his Malmsey butt," say the temperance folk.

And surely he that outrages the British or the Canadian laws of female society shall perish by the decrees of the same! For women are the makers of society—and their work is not on the whole very creditable to them. The great Duke of Lougherlin, of the Peerage of Ireland, had come on a visit to Canada, and the Canadian cities surpassed themselves in doing him honor. One city had presented him with an address, given him a ball and gotten him up a pic-nic; another had gotten him up a pic-nic, made him a ball and presented him with an address; and, by way of variety, Wharftown determined to make him a ball, present him with an address and ask him to a pic-nic. The poor Duke had listened to all the addresses with exemplary patience, but with a sad look in his eyes, as if he was thinking of the vanity of Dukedoms which entailed upon the owner such a frightful infliction of elderly bores and endless bad grammar; he had danced at all the balls as solemnly as if the night was only preliminary to his execution; and he had attended all the pic-nics and danced with all the Aldermen's daughters, till the whole world seemed one vast collection of old idiots with addresses and old aldermen with daughters. At last he came to Wharftown; and took his address manfully, and did his ball with desperate courage, and came to his pic-nic with a dare-devil devotion to duty which is the characteristic of travelling Dukes. He was a handsome gentleman, with a dark face, and a smile that was slightly mephistophelean; and he had a very pleasant manner and danced divinely. His lady was beauty and grace personified; she raised enthusiasm by a smile; she won all hearts with her graciousness; she prostrated the city councils of seven cities with her waltzing; and she drove all the ladies into light green by force of her admirable example. The pic-nic was the triumph of the century in Wharftown. On this occasion the great deeds of society were broken up; people mingled with each other on friendly terms who had been for years content to despise each other at a distance; and even the most vital points of church doctrine and discipline were forgotten in the all absorbing devotion to a Duke and Duchess. Mrs. Wesley whose doctrine was so "low" that it gave the observer an idea of no doctrine at all, or at best a strong belief in the goodness of Mrs. Wesley, led on her band of beauties to amalgamate actually with Mrs. St. Albans—whose doctrine was so high that it led her to send her daughters to a convent and to deprecate all disrespectful references to the Pope's nose by blasphemous boys at dinner time. When Earl Douglas fell in the battle with Earl Percy, shot through by the sudden English shaft, we know that the battle became general and that ere ever it was over,

"Full many a gallant gentleman
Lay bleeding on the ground."

On this occasion the rival leaders shook hands and smiled a truce, and at once their followers and the followers of other leaders of less renown, amalgamated for a day of enjoyment. If at the conclusion of the day's pleasure there were any gallant gentlemen metaphorically "bleeding on the ground," I dare say that no one's wound was so deep, no one lost more blood or was knocked out of time more completely and flatly than Master Walter Penwell. All three of his flames had gone to the pic-nic. Here was richness! here was confusion! here was vanity and vexation of spirit. He must go also, of course; he had promised all three to go; and there was no getting out of it. They had gone in the morning; he had saved himself one more chance for salvation by waiting till the afternoon. But the fates were preparing a nice trap for him in his absence. In the general amalgamation of social elements, what miserable fate was it that brought the little Maynard, and the LeBlanc and the Bayfield girls into one circle on that fatal afternoon? But so it was done. They, with others, had wandered about the ground waiting for the great Duke and practicing Christian charity in gala dress. The men had not yet begun to come; and, of course, there was a little weariness. The girls were slyly teasing each other about the Coming Man, and at last one elderly spinster who was too devoted a worshipper of the great god of Gossip not to know a little about Penwell, slyly comforted Miss Maynard by observing with that peculiar emphasis of chin characteristic of gossips, that Mr. Penwell would soon be there. "He is coming, is he not?" she said. Miss Maynard blushed and laughed and said "she did not know whether Mr. Penwell was coming or not, and he might remain away if it suited him." Miss LeBlanc dropped her parasol. Miss Bayfield shut her lips and looked interested. The conversation was turned to millinery at once. Then, when they had gotten in among the matrons again, a second shot was sent among them by one fat old lady, who had a sandwich in one hand and a little girl in the other, who remarked to Miss Bayfield, "you look pale dear, but Mr. P., (she was an odious, vulgar woman of course), will soon be here and the color will come again." Miss Bayfield stared quietly at the fat lady and said it was good of her to take such an interest in her complexion and she was very much obliged to her; at which the old lady remarked "girls will be girls" and laughed and ate a large piece of sandwich. Miss Maynard began to hum a little tune. Miss LeBlanc went into the wood alongside to pick ferns. The conversation began to flag and even millinery was a failure; novels were even a most disastrous success. They excited sarcastic reflections in the minds of at least three of the party, and were dropped. Happily at this moment the whistle sounded as a signal that the steamer with the men, and the Duke and Duchess, was coming to the wharf of the Island where the pic-nic was to be held. There was a general rush for the landing place, and a most enthusiastic reception was given to the noble pair. But there were three girls for whom even Duchesses were things of earth and vanity that afternoon. Not one of them was very desperately in love. The sentiment was

not deep that any one of them entertained for Penwell. It was not such a feeling as the poet mentions in the "Gardener's Daughter"; when he says that such

"Light touches are but embassies of Love
To temper with the feelings ere he found
Empire for life."

But then their vanity had been engaged in the matter and had received a fatal shock. Little LeBlanc was the worst hit of the party. She had been the softest and tenderest of Penwell's flames. His manly courage and strength, you see, were proud to exhibit themselves once or twice a week to this little beauty, and to escort her safely through the streets and over the fields on occasions. She had gone farther than the rest with him, and had given him such unmistakable and honest evidences of something that might be termed affection that she felt angry at herself for being so weak, and indignant with him for being so selfish and false. She did not go down to the wharf, but sat apart among some of the smaller girls, and picked ferns and arranged them, and then quietly picked them all to pieces again, looking very pathetic and pretty. I own when I saw her that afternoon I wanted to cowhide Penwell or make him go and comfort that pathetic little countenance.

When the boat neared the shore Penwell was standing in a conspicuous position; and was the earliest person on shore. When Earl William leapt ashore on the British strand there was one omen, we know, by which he claimed the land as his. Was there was no omen that afternoon to show Penwell that he had lost his empire, and fallen down among the lowest class of those banished Perils, the "detrimentals?" Not one! He rushed on to his fate. When he had sought and found Miss Bayfield, she was talking with young Chitty, a rising barrister whom Penwell hated; and she bestowed such curt remark and hard glances at Penwell that he was speedily routed, and retired to fresh fields and flirtations new. His next advances were made to Mary Maynard. He congratulated her on the beauty of the day, and flung himself down at a little distance from where she was seated with her mother. Her silence rather puzzled him. She was usually talkative. He rallied her a little on her silence and said with an air of gallantry, and in an undertone, that he wished she would talk to him, he loved music so.

"Indeed Mr. Penwell," she said, "You have the reputation of being able to talk for a dozen ladies; can't you entertain even one, this afternoon?"

"I admit the game is worth the candle, and that the effect to please Miss Maynard is its own reward."

"It's the only reward it will be likely to get," this with something of spiteful emphasis.

"I have not always been so unsuccessful," said the unlucky Penwell with a spice of sharpness.

"Do you boast of it to others as you boast of it to me?" she said.

"I have not boasted, I do not boast," he said, aghast at the turn things were taking, and feeling that there was a screw loose in the mighty universe somewhere that was jarring very badly the calmness of that summer afternoon.

"Yes, you do, you do, you do," she said, as Penwell rose, and her mother rose, and all of them stood up together. "You do boast, and I'm a fool, and you may go to your other two to amuse them and insult them, but you musn't stay here any longer, sir." And Penwell, struck dumb, backed out in a trance and left Mrs. Maynard taking Mary into the shade of the trees to hide her tears and confusion.

Penwell walked like the man in Coleridge's poem who "walks in fear and dread, for well he knows a frightful fiend doth close behind him tread." He walked over to the thickest part of the wood, hoping to be able to throw himself down in some secluded spot and try to think. But there was to be no cessation of trouble for the wicked this afternoon; and his first steps into the wood took him into the circle where pretty Alice LeBlanc was binding wreaths and feeling like Ophelia. He was sad and mad at once; yet he hoped for peace in this quarter. The soft eyes had often looked gently at him when he was in trouble; the little hands had often let themselves lie in his; he had helped to put up those soft tresses when they had fallen in some playful pastime; and more, than all, there was the memory of a kiss between these two. Therefore he was but half annoyed and half relieved when he came on the little circle of girls, all too young to be sophisticated, but all old enough to feel that no young man could help falling in love with their Queen Alice.

Some of them skurried away as he came in, and one who had been reading Tennyson whispered something about:

"A fairy Prince with joyful eyes
And lighter footed than the fox,"

ere she left the little spot where they had all been squatting, or camping out. Poor fairy Prince! Walter the Penniless was never in sorer plight than our Walter was at this moment. He had been snubbed and banished; and his quickened senses told him that he was not to have a pleasant interview. Little Alice rose up, looking very pale and proud, and he said, "What is the matter with you to-day?"

He could not help emphasizing the *you*, and then she knew he had seen the others. "Will you come a little way with me?" she said.

A little time before he would have said, "Aye to the end of the world," with his best smile; but there was no smiling in the case. She led him to a little spot where they would not be likely to be interrupted; and then she turned to him and said "Will you tell me the truth Walter?"

"Do I ever tell lies?"

"Ask your conscience. There are many ways of telling lies. Have you always told the truth to Miss Maynard and Miss Bayfield and to me?" she said, with a struggle to keep down the angry prideful sobs that were rising in her breast.

"I have done wrong, I know it, I am a fool, a villain," he said with considerable incoherence; "but I didn't mean to. You were all so good to me. I liked you all, I liked you best, Alice, and I wasn't in earnest—how could I be? I have no name, no money, no position! I was led away by my own folly and vanity and have done wrong, and been false and mean, and have no way to make reparation, except to go away and let you forget me."

"You would have done better if you had remembered all that in time, and you wouldn't have exposed me, me, to be talked about and laughed at by everyone."

"I can not answer you," he said. "You tell the truth. Only I hoped you did not—did not—you know, feel serious—that is, that you did not love me. I thought it was only play on both sides."

"You are too quick to think a girl is in love with you," she said with a little scorn. "There is nothing of love to be said, only of truth and honesty and manliness, and you seem to value these very lightly."

"I told you I would not answer your scorn, and I won't," he said. "You may say what you like and I will not answer. You may spurn me and I will not resent it, for I feel too guilty. Oh pardon me, forgive me, forget me, let me go away from you. I have given you pain enough already! It is best that I should go. What am I that you should suffer for me?"

He was evidently suffering so much that she felt a little pity for him.

"Yes, you had better go. We had better be strangers from this time. But if you had never come into my life, I would have been happier, and not have lost my self-respect for you—and—I hate you,—there, go away!" and the little thing ran away herself into the woods after the children. Poor little woman! I don't think the blow was very hard after all. She was thinking about as much what the girls would say about her as of what she would feel when Penwell's place by the piano knew him no more. And what of that? That sort of grief is true and keen after its fashion. We can bear a good deal if we feel sure that no one knows our secret trouble. It is the lookers on we fear, and the harsh cynical tongues of them. The bitterest of all for Earl Douglas when he lay stricken to death in the Scottish wood, was this—

"Earl Percy sees me fall."

The pic-nic came to an end. The noble Duke of Ireland, having done his duty, retired.

The social circles began to gather around their centres again. Mrs. Wesley parted with Mrs. St. Albans with a smile of regret as if she was bidding good-by to a woman who was predestined to Rome and perdition; and Mrs. St. Albans sorrowfully surveyed her rival as if, when she next saw her, her beliefs would have got down to zero and infidelity. Then they parted. And very late that night the burning end of a cigar was flung out of the fourth story window by a young man who was thoroughly miserable, but who had had a lesson, and had made a good resolution.

(To be continued.)

ARTISTIC.

THE death, at St. Petersburg, is recorded of Mr. Théodore Bruni, in the seventy-fourth year of his age. The deceased was one of the most celebrated painters in Russia, and a member of the Academy of Fine Arts of that country.

M. PILLS, one of the decorators of the Paris Opera House, died recently. He executed, while already suffering from the malady to which he subsequently succumbed, the fine and varied frescoes that adorn the staircase. He was lifted on the scaffolding in order to complete his task.

MR. JOHN RUSKIN has recently published a work on Florentine embroidery under the title of "Ariadne Florentina." In it he introduces a description of three remarkable pieces of needlework, which he discovered in a room in the King's Arms Hotel, at Lancaster, where he passed a night. The subject of these tapestries was the history of Isaac and Ishmael, and in their treatment and execution Mr. Ruskin recognized many of the qualities of the Florentine school of embroidery.

M. EDOUARD LABOULAYE, President of the Franco-American Union, requests the press to notify that he will receive subscriptions for a statue in bronze representing about 65 feet high, which shall represent "Liberty enlightening the World." This statue is to be placed upon an island in the harbor of New York, "designating itself upon space, framed on the horizon by the American cities of New York, Jersey, and Brooklyn. On the threshold of this vast continent, full of new life, where come all the ships of the universe, it will rise from the bosom of the waves. At night a luminous aureole, emanating from its brow, will spread far over the immense ocean."

HANS MAKART has recently thrown open his studio in Vienna to the public. The two new compositions that he is exhibiting are a "Bacchus and Ariadne," and "Dürer at Antwerp at the entry of Charles V." The latter subject is taken from a passage in Dürer's journal in which he relates "how the king (Charles V.) was received with a costly triumph, how there was music and great rejoicing, and beautiful young maidens, whose like I have never seen." These beautiful young maidens, it appears, were exhibited in the procession almost naked, and Dürer afterwards told Melancthon that he observed them "very attentively and closely and without shame, because he was a painter." Charles V. who had not this excuse, is said to have cast down his eyes as he passed them, which mightily offended the fair but airily-clad maidens. It is this incident in the procession that Hans Makart has depicted with a pomp and glory of colour strongly reminiscent of the great Venetian.

HISTORY OF THE WEEK.

The London *World* says that Mr. Gladstone has assured his family that he will never resume the Liberal leadership.

The presiding Judge at the opening of the U. S. District Court at Salt Lake City, recommended the Grand Jury to indict all persons guilty of bigamy or polygamy.

The London press condemn the Minute of the Admiralty exonerating Admiral Tarleton and Captain Hickley, of the Iron Duke, but dismissing the navigating lieutenant of the latter ship, who, they say, is made a scapegoat for the rest.

The latest news from China is favourable to the continuance of peace. The Chinese Government have granted the guarantee demanded from them by M. Wade.

The Spanish Government have informed the Vatican authorities that the clause in the new Constitution of Spain providing for religious liberty must be maintained.

HEARTH AND HOME.

IMMORTALITY OF THE BEAUTIFUL.—There is nothing beautiful and good that dies and is forgotten.

CO-OPERATION OF THE WIFE.—No married man ever prospered in the world without the co-operation of his wife.

HOME.—If there is a word that fills the heart with joy, it is "home." Home is an old word, yet it has invincible power that can never lessen or wear out.

SLEEP FOR CHILDREN.—There is no danger that children can sleep too much. The old proverb, "Who sleeps, eats," is illustrated in those little ones who sleep most.

MOTHERS AND CHILDREN.—It is singular, but it is no less a fact, that in reference to juvenile folly, frequent instances of mistaken management proceed from the laudable anxiety of the mother to encourage the tender sympathies of children towards each other.

With proper management, the affection and care of the elder children, towards the younger, will be a matter of course. The exercise of this affection will bring with it its own reward, and repay them for any little sacrifice of their own self-indulgence it required of them.

A child may be very early trained to be obedient; but this training must begin in the earliest infancy. Accustom your child to understand and to adhere to a certain number of prohibitions. You have it always in your power to enforce obedience, by removing the child from within reach of the forbidden object.

ROUND THE DOMINION.

News of a large number of accidents to shipping has been received from the lower ports. The Dominion Parliament will be summoned somewhat earlier for the coming session than usual.

The gross earnings of the Government railway in Prince Edward Island since its opening in May is \$61,916.

An eight-foot-eight seam of coal has been discovered by the manager of the Bridgeport Mines at Port Caledonia, C.B.

Furs are getting perceptibly scarcer about Minden, and the fall hunt this year will not be so extensive as formerly.

The Supreme Court will meet on the 4th of next month to determine rules of practice. The Judges expect to be ready for work by the new year.

Much distress is expected to prevail amongst the mining population of Cape Breton during the coming winter. Many of the miners are out of employment.

Redpath & Son, closed on Monday, on account of the drawback allowed by the Americans on refined sugar, and the present arrangement of the Canadian tariff.

A fire broke out in South Quebec on Thursday week, and six houses were destroyed. A piano thrown out of an upper window of one of the burning houses struck and instantly killed Mr. Thom, of the Emigration Department.

The waters of the River-aux-Sables, between Lambton and Middlesex, were yesterday turned into a new channel cut for the purpose, and it is claimed that by this work 19,000 acres of drowned land will be reclaimed.

The number of vessels which arrived at Montreal this year shows an increase of 7,000 tons compared with any previous year. The business of the port financially shows a deficiency of \$21,000 this year, owing to the general depression in trade.

For the purpose of improving the live stock of the Province, the New Brunswick Government recently bought in the other Provinces thoroughbred animals to the value of \$21,000.

BRELOQUES POUR DAMES.

If your wife is good, kiss her for reward. If she isn't, kiss her for punishment.

It is said that when a girl is born in Indiana the unhappy father begins to save money to buy a piano.

An anti-hymeneal punster says that the recriminations of married people resemble the sounds of the waves on the sea-shore—being the murmurs of the tied.

A young man stepped into a book-shop, and said he wanted "a young man's companion." "Well, sir," said the bookseller, "here is my only daughter."

A cynical man insists that the fewer relations or friends we have the happier we are. In your poverty they never help you, in your prosperity they always help themselves.

"CAN you swim?" is now the somewhat startling and embarrassing question addressed by an ardent young aristocrat to a blushing partner just introduced to him for a quadrille.

A Westerley, R. I., clergyman married a couple the other night, received his fee and sent them away, apparently satisfied, but, a day or two after, the bridegroom returned, and said that he had come to pay more, as the woman had turned out much better than he expected.

A Presbyterian minister, in marrying a couple of his rustic parishioners, felt exceedingly disconcerted, on asking the bridegroom if he were "willing" to take the woman for his wedded wife, by the man's scratching his head and saying, "Ay—I'm wullin', but I'd rather hae her sister."

MRS. MILLIS was asked the other day how she managed to get along so nicely with Mr. Millis, and frankly replied: "Oh, I feed him well. When a woman marries, her happiness for a little while depends upon the state of her husband's heart; after that, it's pretty much according to the state of his stomach."

A Transatlantic editor informs his readers that "black-eyed ladies are most apt to be passionate and jealous; blue-eyed, soulful, truthful, affectionate, and confiding; gray-eyed, philosophical, literary, resolute, cold-hearted; hazel-eyed, quick-tempered and fickle; green-eyed, jealous. Ours is green-eyed."

THE RETICULUM.

It would seem from the last Paris reports that the ancient Roman reticulum is going to be the new fashion in hair-dressing. The celebrated M. Auguste Petit, of the Rue de la Paix, has just introduced in Paris a patent single hair net, which he calls the Arachne, on account of the strength given to the one hair of which the net is made.

ed her into a spider. And it is in honour of that Miss Arachne that M. Auguste Petit has named his new invention. The advantage of the net is, that by wearing it, a lady cannot only dance or drive to a summer ball in an open carriage, but can almost undertake to face a hurricane without her Chignon La Vallière or Coiffure Montespan (new kinds of elaborate hair-dressing) being in the least disturbed.

OUR CHESS COLUMN.

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

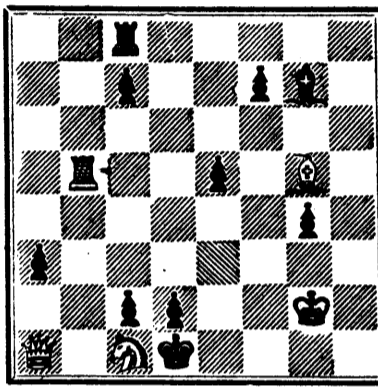
TO CORRESPONDENTS

H. A. C. F. Montreal. Problems and letters received. Many thanks. Would have answered before by letter, but have been absent from home.

PROBLEM No. 43.

By F. HEALEY.

BLACK.



White to play and mate in three moves.

SOLUTIONS.

Solution of Problem No. 40.

- WHITE. 1. R to Q B 6th. 2. Q to K B 4th (ch). 3. Q to Q 4th mate. BLACK. 1. K to K 5th. 2. K to Q 6th. IF 2. K to Q 4th. IF 1. K to K Kt 5th. 2. K moves.

Solution of Problem for Young Players.

No. 39.

- WHITE. 1. K to K B 6th. 2. B mates. BLACK. K takes Kt. PROBLEMS FOR YOUNG PLAYERS. No. 40. By M. D'Orville. WHITE. K at Q R sq. Q at Q R 2nd. Kt at K 3rd. Kt at Q B 5th. White to play and mate in three moves. BLACK. K at Q B 6th. Q at K R 7th. R at K 7th.

GAME 45TH.

Played recently at Quebec between C. Champion Esq. of that city and Prof. Hicke.

- WHITE. C. Champion Esq. 1. P to K 4th. 2. P to Q 4th. 3. Q takes P. 4. Q to Q sq. 5. K Kt to B 3rd. 6. K B to B 4th. 7. Castles. 8. B to K Kt 5th. 9. P to K R 3rd. 10. B to Q 5th. 11. P takes B. 12. Q Kt to B 3rd. 13. Q Kt to K 4th. 14. P to Q B 3rd. 15. P to Q R 3rd. 16. K Kt to R 4th. 17. K Kt to P 5th. 18. B to R 4th. 19. K Kt takes Q P. 20. Kt takes B. 21. Q to Q 3rd (ch). 22. P to Q Kt 4th. 23. Kt to Q B 4th. 24. B takes Kt. 25. Q takes Kt. 26. Q to Kt 3rd. 27. Q to B 2nd. 28. K R to K sq. 29. K R to K 3rd. 30. Q R to Q B sq. 31. Q to Q 2nd. 32. P to K B 3rd. 33. K R to Q 3rd. 34. P takes P. 35. R to K B 3rd. 36. R to Q 3rd. 37. Q R to K sq. 38. R takes R. 39. Q to K B 2nd. 40. K to B sq. 41. Q to Q B 2nd. 42. Q to K 2nd. 43. Q to B 3rd. 44. R to K 3rd. 45. R to K 6th. BLACK. Prof. Hicke. P to Q B 4th. P takes P. Q Kt to B 3rd. K to K 4th. K B to B 4th. K Kt to B 3rd. Castles. P to Q 3rd. B to K 3rd. B takes B. Q Kt to his sq. Q Kt to Q 2nd. Q R to B sq. P to Q 4th. Q to K 2nd. P to K R 3rd. Q to Q sq. K to R 2nd. B takes Kt. Q R to Kt sq. K to Kt sq. Q Kt to Kt 3rd. Kt takes Kt. Q takes B. P to Q B sq. P to R 5th. P to Q Kt 4th. K R to Q B 5th. Q R to Q B sq. P to Q 3rd. P to K B 4th. P to K 5th. P to K 5th. R takes K P. Q R to Q B 5th. K to R sq. P to Kt 4th. R takes R. K to R 2nd. R to B 5th. K to Kt 2nd. K to B 3rd. K to B 4th. P to R 4th. Resigns.

GAME 46TH.

Chess in London.

The following sparkling skirmish was played between the Rev. G. A. Macdonnell and Mr. Bird. It is a specimen of the Muzio Gambit.

- WHITE. Mr. Macdonnell. 1. P to K 4th. 2. P to K B 4th. 3. Kt to K B 3rd. 4. B to Q B 4th. 5. Castles. 6. Q takes P. 7. P to Q 4th. 8. B takes P at K B 4th (b). 9. Q to Q 3rd. 10. B takes Q B P. 11. P to K 5th. 12. B to Q 6th. 13. K to R. 14. Kt to Q B 3rd. 15. B takes K B (ch). 16. Q takes Kt. 17. Kt to Q 5th. BLACK. Mr. Bird. P to K 4th. P takes P. P to K Kt 4th. P to Kt 5th. P takes Kt. Q to K 2nd (a). Kt to Q B 3rd. Kt takes Q P. B to Kt 2nd (c). Kt to K R 3rd. Q to Q B 4th. Q to Q Kt 3rd (d). K Kt to K B 4th. Q takes Q Kt P (e). K to Q sq. Kt takes Q. Resigns.

NOTES.

- (a) 6 Q to K B third is the strongest defence to the Muzio. (b) Better than supporting the Queen's pawn. (c) Kt to K third is much better play. (d) Checking would have availed nothing. (e) There is now no good move on the board.

FRENCH FURNITURE.

An American writes from Paris. It is rather interesting to note the difference between the styles of French furniture and American. With us all pieces of furniture are solid and large, as befits our trying climate and the grandiose proportions of our dwelling-houses. French cabinet-work, under the influence of our intense frosts, dry atmosphere, and furnace heat, or crks and springs, and ultimately falls to pieces. Prettiness, grace, and adaptability are more studied than are strength and massiveness. The Oriental styles in furniture coverings and carpets are greatly in vogue. The heavy Smyrna and Turkish carpets have driven the more delicate Aubusson clear out of the field. Satins in dark blue and dark brown, embroidered with Chinese monsters in gold, and gay-colored silks form the most recherché coverings for the large arm-chairs that form part of the fittings of every French parlor. Rich materials for curtains and furniture covering are not so exclusively used as with us. A material much in vogue for more economical furnishings is called satin de laine (woollen satin). It comes in all brilliant colors and is very effective, though of course less durable than the costly silk reality. It is a curious fact in French furnishing that our most popular and useful piece of a bedroom set, next to the bed itself, namely, the bureau, should be wholly out of vogue. A bureau no longer forms part of the furniture of a modern French bedroom. It has been replaced by a tall, slender wardrobe, with a glass set in its single door and fitted with shelves only, the width not being sufficient to allow any "hanging-up side," as in American wardrobes. Then, too, the washstand is usually made with a top that shuts down and is fitted with drawers to the floor. These two pieces of furniture are supposed to do away with any necessity for a bureau. The bed (usually of far narrower proportions than at home) is fitted with a spring mattress, on top of which is laid a second mattress made of wool, which wool, after a year or so of use, gets matted and lumpy and has to be cleaned and recarded. The couch thus formed is luxuriously comfortable, if troublesome in the long run.

A LADY SPEEDILY CURED

by Dr. Pierce's Family Medicines, after being under medical treatment for two years, which left her in an emaciated and very feeble condition, with terrible suffering from pain, and all hope of recovery gone, writes:

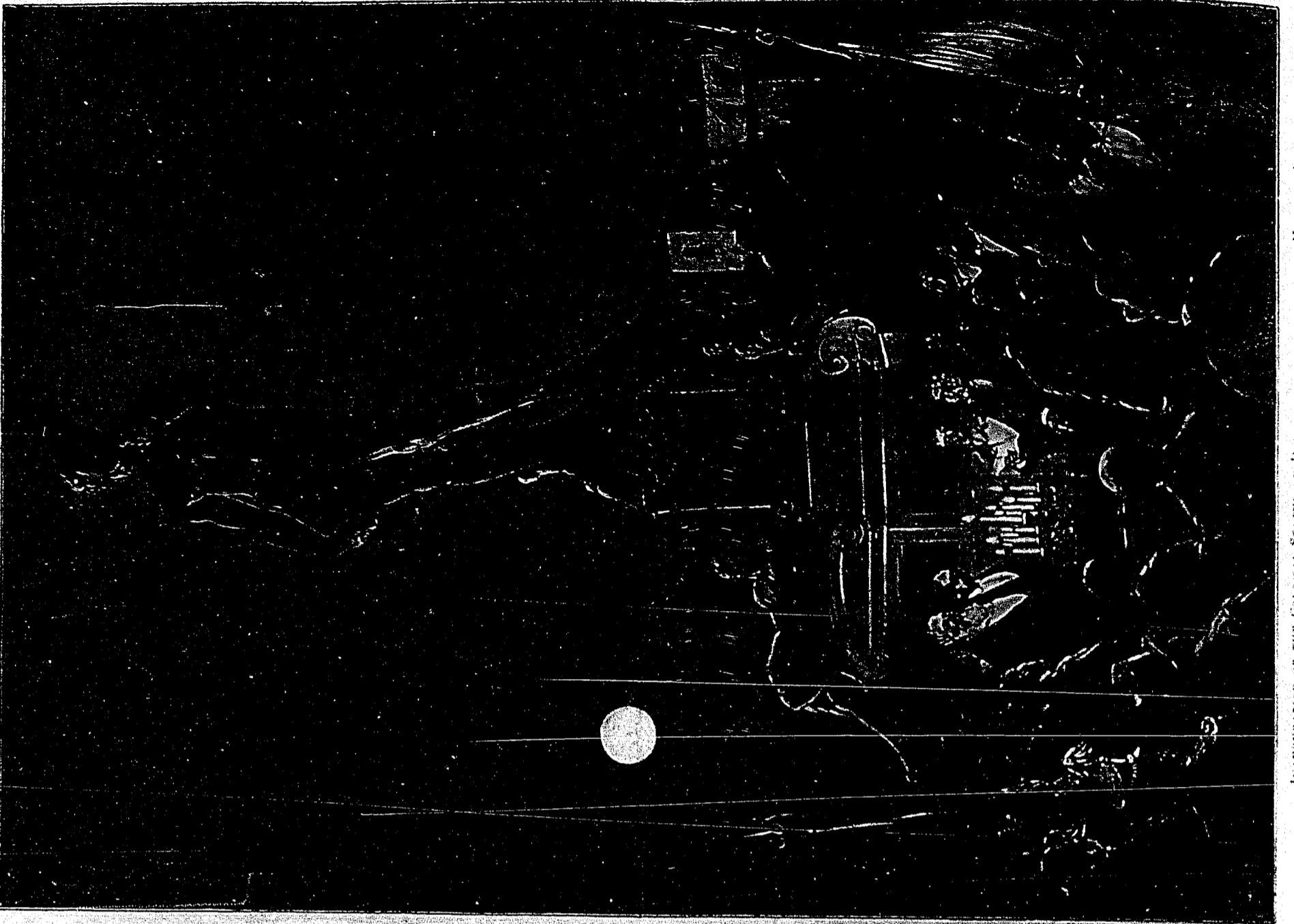
ROME, N. Y., June 15, 1874.

Dr. R. V. PIERCE, Buffalo, N. Y.

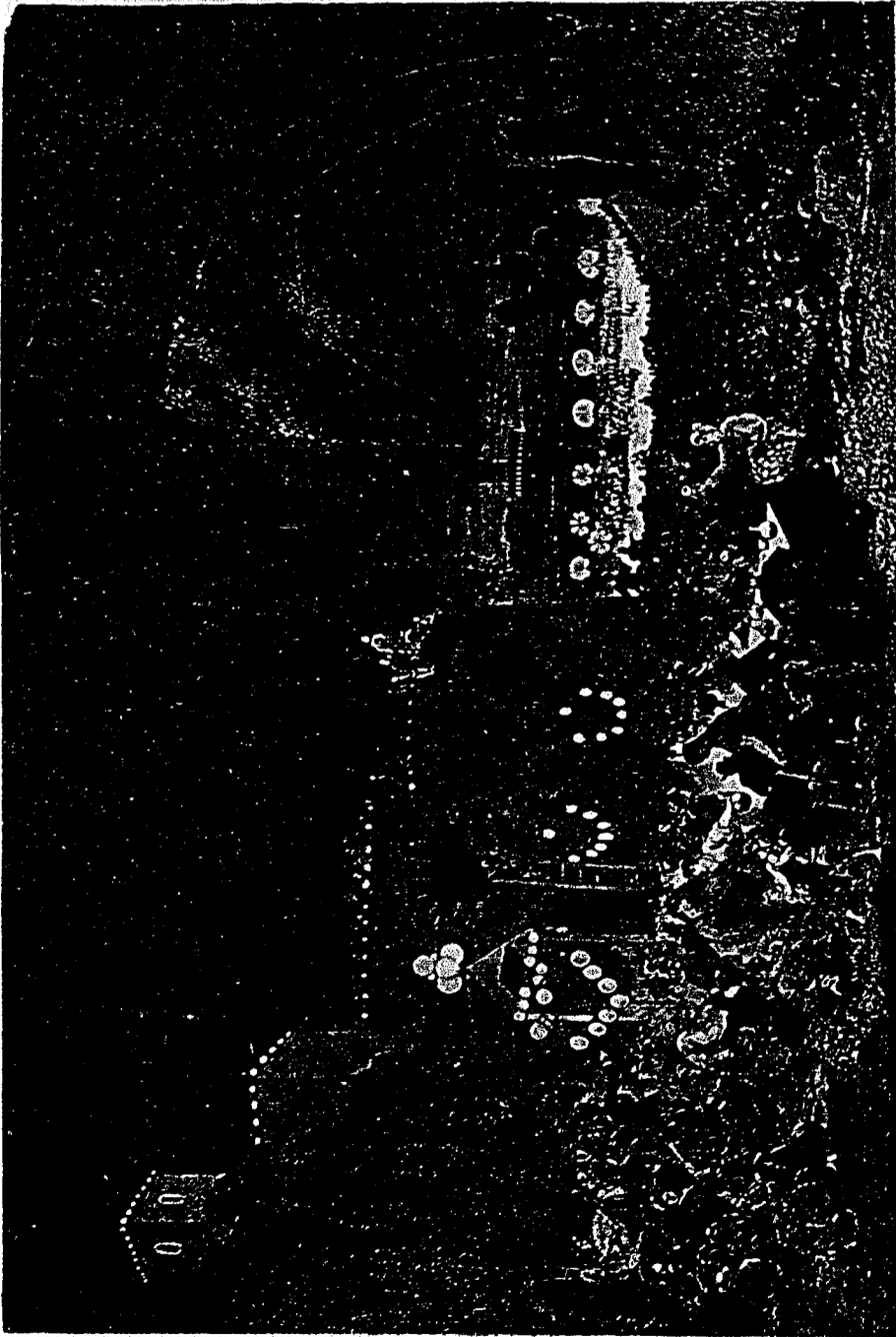
I feel it to be my duty to express my gratitude to you and the Divine Power that assisted you in the study and acquirement of means to relieve suffering. When I commenced the use of your medicines I was in a rapid decline. I had been under medical treatment for nearly two years—had been obliged to wear an internal supporter most of the time for four or five years, and for six or seven months previous to commencing the use of your medicines, I suffered intense pain almost constantly, nothing giving me even momentary relief (much of the time) except opium or morphine, the action of my stomach and liver being almost destroyed by their use. I was rapidly growing weaker, losing in flesh, and could take no nourishment, save a little beef-tea or gruel, could sit up but a few minutes at a time, could not walk across the room, and had formed the opinion that nothing could help me, but that I must soon leave my little children and family. In the midst of my despondency, one of your circulars was brought into my room. I paid little attention to it, thinking little of patent medicines, and supposing yours were such; but, after throwing it aside, I was impressed to look at it again, and, becoming more interested, I wrote you, thinking it useless to purchase any of the medicines before stating my case to you fully. Your reply gave me so much encouragement that I commenced the use of your Favorite Prescription, Golden Medical Discovery and Pleasant Purgative Pellets, according to the printed directions accompanying them. Their effect upon me, and the struggle to rid my system of those poisonous drugs, was indeed wonderful. Some of the time my body has been completely covered with a rash. I can eat and sleep well; walked to church yesterday morning, besides a block in the afternoon, without any supporter, and I consider myself almost entirely well.

With untold gratitude,

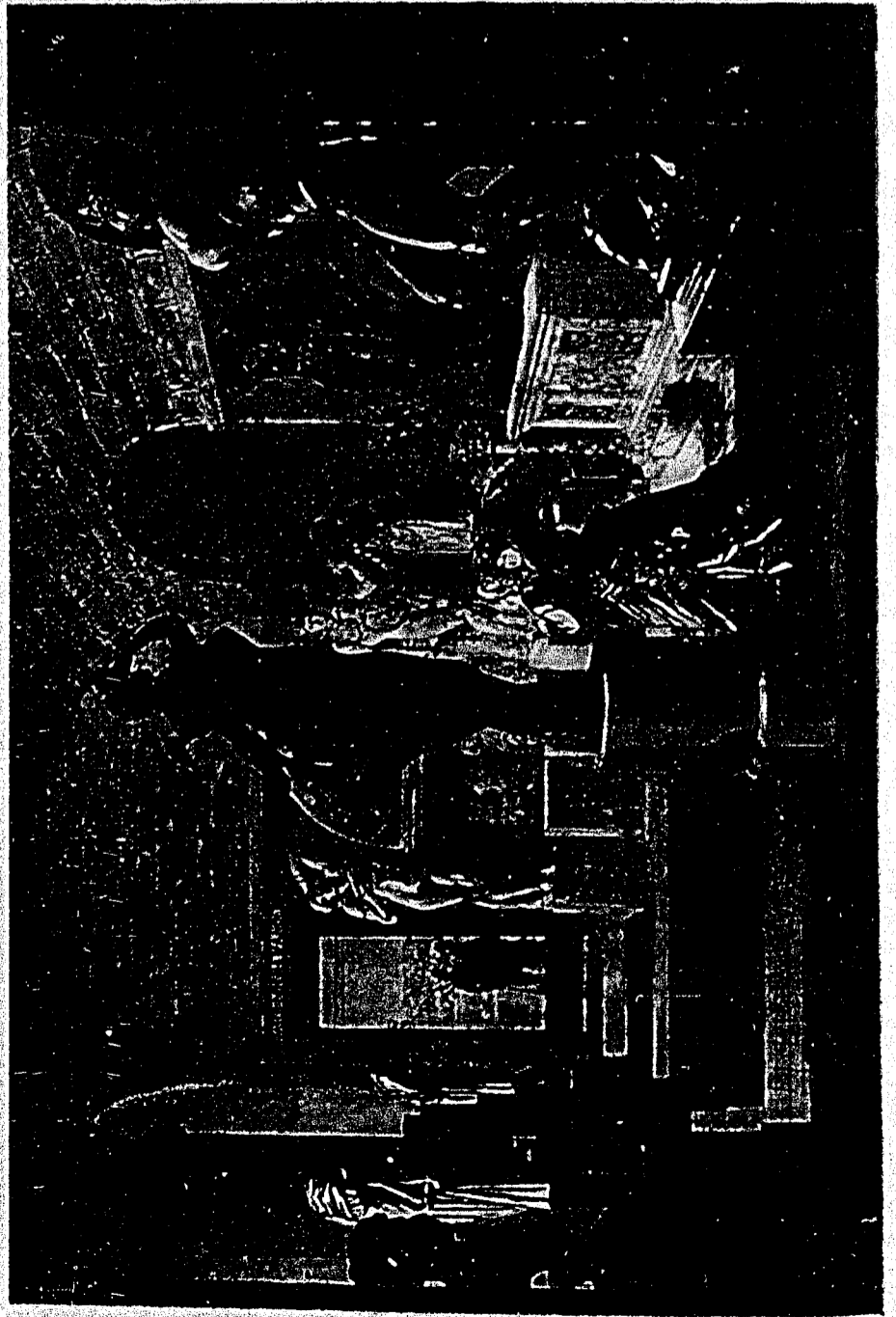
Mrs. T. A. SEYMOUR.



INAUGURATION OF THE COLossal STATUE OF DAVID, ERRECTED IN HONOR OF MICHAEL ANGELO.

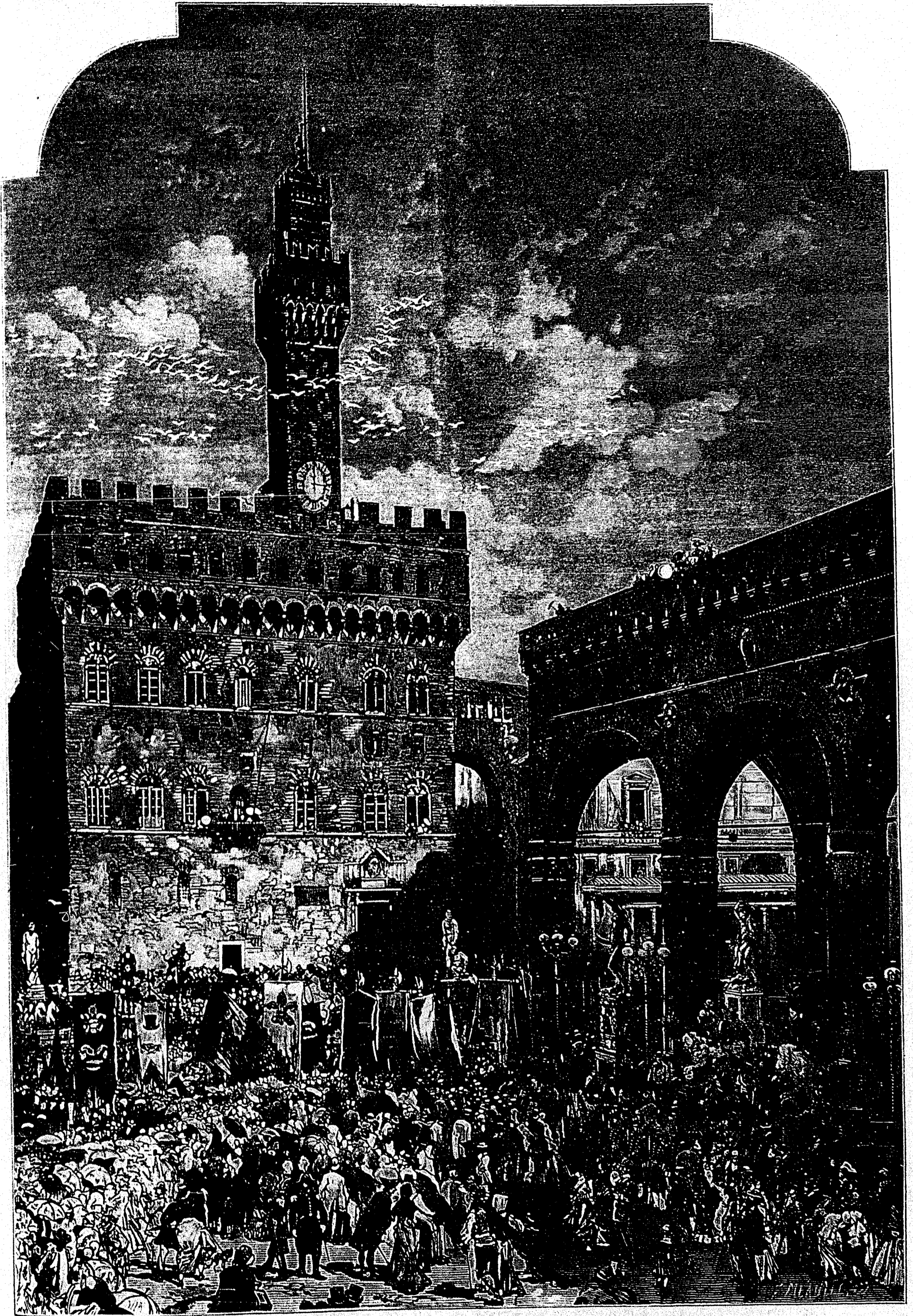


ILLUMINATION OF THE MICHAEL ANGELO SQUARE, SEEN FROM THE OLD FORTIFICATIONS.



THE MICHAEL ANGELO ROOM IN THE MUSEUM OF ANTIQUITIES, (PARIS.)

CELEBRATION OF THE FOURTH CENTENARY OF MICHAEL ANGELO, AT FLORENCE



CELEBRATION OF THE 4TH CENTENARY OF MICHAEL ANGELO, AT FLORENCE.
THE PROCESSION FORMING IN THE SQUARE *DEI SIGNORI*.

AUTUMN FASHIONS.

Lucy Hooper writes from Paris to the Philadelphia Telegraph as follows: At the leading dressmakers' a severer and simpler style appears to prevail at present than that which has been in vogue for some time past. The introduction of brocades and velvet-floated silks for the trains of dresses has necessitated comparative plainness in the skirts of full-dress toilets. The back of the dress is usually formed of brocade or velvet damasked silk or satin, falling in a long train and perfectly plain; the front of the skirt is of plain silk, and is either covered with a long fringe-bordered tablier, or is trimmed with platings and ruchings. One dress recently displayed by Pingot was of steel gray silk, stippled in ribbon-grass pattern with rose pink; the skirt was bordered all round with a full ruching, and was covered in front with a very long tablier of plain gray silk, bordered with a knotted sewing-silk fringe. The cuirass waist was of gray silk, the sleeves of striped silk fitting close to the arm, with a narrow plaited ruffle at the waist ornamented with a small gray bow at the side. The corsage was cut up into a point at the back so as to afford free passage from the train, which was laid in large square plaits at the waist. This peculiarly youthful and elegant toilet was intended for a young American belle. Apron overskirts of heavy net, edged with fringe, are the latest innovation. They come in worsted net for cashmere costumes and walking dresses, and in sewing-silk net for evening toilets. A very handsome costume of brown India cashmere (what is known at home as camels' hair) and brown silk was shown. The corsage was cut very long and square in front, after the fashion of a Louis Quinze vest, while behind, the whole overdress and waist were cut in one in the Princess style, the long end of the overskirt being looped at the side in very graceful scarf-like fashion. The whole of this dress or polonaise was composed of alternate bands of brown silk and cashmere. The skirt was of brown silk, bordered at the bottom with two deep full ruchings, one of cashmere and the other of silk. The apron overskirt was of worsted net, bordered with a worsted fringe, and was so deep as to touch the ruchings around the skirt. A black velvet dinner-dress was also shown. The long train was lined with satin, and was cut in squares along the edge and up the sides where the train joined the side breaths. The front of the skirt was covered with a deep apron overskirt of heavy sewing-silk net; the meshes increased in size towards the bottom of the overskirt, and in each mesh of the last two or three rows was hung a small silk tassel; this overskirt was bordered with a wide silk fringe. A beautiful ball dress for a lady in slight mourning was composed of heavy black silk trimmed with plaited flounces; the overdress was composed of a white Valenciennes inserting and strips of black silk gauze; it was bordered with a wide ruffle of Valenciennes lace, and was drawn in a rich full drapery behind, which drapery was also bordered with Valenciennes.

ECCENTRICITIES IN CHURCH.

John Randolph, of Roanoke, one of the most remarkable men the United States ever produced, was a great Bible reader, and was deeply concerned with religious subjects. He employed an excellent and eloquent man, Mr. Abner Clopton, to preach every Sunday to his negroes in a large chapel he had erected on his plantation. When at home he invariably attended these services, taking his seat by the preacher on the open platform from which the preacher conducted the services. On many occasions while kneeling beside the preacher, who was prone to be carried away by the fervor of prayer, Randolph would slap him on that back and call out loudly, "Clopton, that won't do; that's not sound doctrine; Clopton, take that back," and if Clopton remonstrated, Randolph, though keeping himself on his knees, was ready at once for an argument to maintain his point. No one but Mr. Clopton, who knew the eccentricity and honest motives of the man, could have borne with these irreverent interruptions while in the midst of prayer; but Mr. Clopton, when he found Randolph determined to argue the point, either gracefully yielded or proposed to note the point and argue it at the dwelling-house. To visitors at the chapel—and they were many—these scenes were exceedingly curious, and sometimes absurdly ludicrous. But what that was Mr. Randolph's way. It is said that on one cold Sunday, in this chapel on Mr. Randolph's plantation, while giving out the hymn in the old-fashioned way, two lines at a time, and it was being lustily sung by the negroes, Mr. Clopton, the preacher, observed a negro man put his foot, upon which was a new brogan, on the hot stove. Turning towards him he said in his measured voice, "You rascal, you; you'll burn your shoes." As this was a rhyme of the exact metre of the hymn, the negroes all sung it in their loudest tones. Smiling at the error, the preacher attempted mildly to explain by saying: "My colored friends, indeed you are wrong; I didn't intend that for the song," there it was again, another rhyme in good measure, so the negroes sang that too in pious fervor. Turning to his congregation, the preacher said somewhat sharply, "I hope you will not sing again until I have had time to explain;" but this only aroused the negroes, who sang the last words with increased vigor. Mr. Clopton feeling that his tongue seemed to be turned to rhyme, abandoned all efforts at explanation and went on with his services.

ARABELLA GODDARD.

This great pianist says of herself in the Daily Graphic:—I began to show signs of musical talent when two years old. I became, in fact, a sort of a wonder child—a thing I detest now. At eight years of age I was taken to England to court from Brittany, (I was born in France), but was brought back soon after, and did not leave the country again for several years. I was a pupil of Wallace and Kalkbrenner, and Lablache took a great interest in me. In fact, I was nurtured in the very atmosphere of such great artists as Grisi and Mario. At one time I sang considerably, and became a mistress of the vocal art in all essential things. But my voice began to show signs of weakness, and I gave up the idea. One cannot do two things, you know, and do both well. I travelled in Germany when a girl, and played, too, in Paris. My father met with reverses, and that induced him to put me into the profession. I found that England engrossed all my time and efforts for many years. About ten years ago, Maurice Strakosch made me offers to come to this country, but I declined. I had a horror of the sea then. If I could only have imagined how many oceans I should cross in my lifetime I should not have hesitated at one.

"How long is your engagement with Mr. Max Strakosch?"

"Three months—until January 4. After that I go to Canada; but I shall not return to England until next summer, as I wish to see the Centennial Exposition. You have beautiful theatres here. On Saturday evening I visited the Lyceum Theatre to hear 'La Fille de Madame Angot.' I was delighted with the representation—every part so well done, even to the smallest—and the opera is charming to me. I had heard it in English, but none but the French have the piquancy for opera bouffe. All others lack the *verve*, the *entrain*. I was brought up in France, you know, and like all French performances. Mme. Nilsson is a great favorite here, I understand. She is a superb artist, and I know of no one, moreover, who has such distinguished manners in a *salon*. As for her impersonation, what could be more perfect than her *Mignon*? And she has been successful, too, so wide is her range of characterization, in 'Les Huguenots.' There was the same outcry against her assuming *Valentina* as against Patti doing the same thing. But the latter was triumphant, too; and indeed why shouldn't there be a *petite Valentina* as well as a large one? Mme. Patti is a great friend of mine—we are like sisters. By the way, I noticed in Miss Kellogg, whom I heard abroad, a decided resemblance to Adelina Patti in voice and style. She is a smaller Patti, in fact. You ask me if I have heard Von Bulow. No, but he is, of course, a master. I have played duets with Rubinstein, and I imagine Von Bulow to be very like him in style."

WEBSTER'S HOME.

A correspondent of the Boston Globe has been visiting the farm of Daniel Webster at Marshfield, and writes: The mansion house is a typical American homestead, quite extensive, with an air of comfort and convenience, and in some way impresses one as the abode of past greatness. Sufficiently ornate to satisfy good taste, it has an unpretentious grandeur that accords well with the spot. Though occupied as a private residence and not open for public inspection, still the writer and friend were most politely received and shown the principal rooms by the excellent lady of the house. The first room visited was the library, which is the finest and naturally the most interesting apartment. It is situated in one of the wings of the house, and was designed by Julia, the lamented daughter, especially for her father's use, and in its plan and arrangements, does great credit to her taste and skill. It is left as nearly as possible as it was at Mr. Webster's death—the great massive writing table, the favorite chair, the pictures and ornaments remain mementoes of other days and vividly recall the great life with which they were so intimately associated. Most of the books have been removed from the cases for sale, but their places are supplied with articles of *virtu* and ornaments of great variety and value, the collection of a life-time. The high vaulted walls are adorned with pictures and busts, many of the former being family portraits, the most conspicuous being one of Mr. Webster, by Healy, painted at the time of the signature of the Ashburton treaty, and another of Major Edward Webster in the uniform of the Massachusetts Mexican Volunteers. The staff and white felt hat are suspended in their accustomed place over the picture of their former possessor. Other rooms, the music room, the dining and morning rooms, the star chamber, and Mr. Webster's room, in which he died, were shown us, and the particular features and souvenirs pointed out. They are all preserved in appearance as when the household lost its master and the nation its greatest intellect. In the dining-room many pictures of favorite cattle drawn from life hang on the walls, while in others miniatures of grandchildren and sketches of Webster in rude home garb and white hat attract the eye. From the window of the morning-room, looking out upon the elm, the final farewell was taken two or three days before his death of the herd of 150 cattle, driven up for their owner's last view. Mr. Webster had a strong attachment for his cattle, and talked to them and fondled them as though they were intelligent beings. The rooms have that home-like aspect in keeping with the character of one "to the manner born," who here sought relief from the cares of state and life,

and ever yearned for the peace and pleasures of a beloved New England home in which he was reared.

VARIETIES.

In 1874-75 the total number of pilgrims going to and returning from Mecca amounted to 15,342, an increase of nearly 5,000 over the previous year.

The late Mr. Donaldson is said to have intended delivering lectures on aerostatics this winter, had he lived, illustrating them by flying machines.

It is said that Brigham Young has acquired the title of General from having been called "Briggy dear" so often by his numerous wives.

The Duke of Edinburgh took up the fiddle and the bow at a concert given at the great Russian fair and conducted the band, who were playing his own waltz, "The Galatea." The concert was made so agreeable that it was actually prolonged until five o'clock in the morning.

The following method is used in Germany for the preservation of wood. Mix forty parts chalk, fifty resin, four linseed oil, melting them together in an iron pot; then add one part of native oxide of copper, and afterward one part of sulphuric acid. Apply with a brush. When dry, this varnish is as hard as stone.

A remarkable article called fish flour has been brought forward in the last few years. It is not as yet manufactured in any great quantity, as the article is still new in the market, and consequently there is no great demand for it. The flour is prepared from dried fish of the first quality; it is thoroughly desiccated, and then ground in a mill.

CORN cobs are extensively used in Europe for fire lighters. They are first steeped in hot water containing 2 per cent. of saltpetre, and after being dried at a high temperature, are saturated with 50 per cent. of resinous matter. These lighters, which are sold at from \$3 to \$5 the thousand, are employed with advantage and economy in private houses and for lighting furnaces.

The women of the Karen tribes in Chinese Burmah wear rings of thick brass wire round the wrist and elbow, and again round the knee and ankle, confining them so in every motion that they cannot possibly squat down on the ground in the usual Oriental fashion, or kneel to pray as the men do, while in walking their feet make two separate tracks a foot or so apart.

ANOTHER hard glass, to which the name of metal glass has been given, has been produced at Count Solm's works, near Buntzlau, Germany. The tests withstood appear to be about the same as those to which the Bastie glass was subjected, with the exception, however, that the metal glass is indifferent to cold water when highly heated. The Bastie glass breaks under similar conditions. The treatment to which the glass is subjected in the new process is not made public, but it is probably, like the Bastie method, a system of annealing.

HUMOROUS.

A Canadian Indian has accomplished the feat of running twelve miles an hour. His wife chased him the first two, however.

"I'm two years older than you," said a little eight-year-old girl to a New-Bedford boy the other day. "Well, I don't care," was the reply; "I'm going to wear trousers soon, and that you'll never do."

"WHY, Eliza Mary, I ain't seen yer for I don't know 'ow long!" "No, Mrs. Jenkins, you ain't. I've been that ill I don't seem to get well at all." "But 'ave'n't you taken any remedy?" "No indeed, Mrs. Jenkins, but I've taken a power of physic."

A reporter being called to account for the statement that a certain meeting "was a large and respectable one," when only one other besides himself was present, insisted that his report was literally true; for, said he, "I was large and the other one was respectable."

A MAN ran into German up-town savings bank lately, out of breath, and said: "If you don't got it I want it. If you do got it I don't want it." "We do got it, Leybold," said the cashier, showing the money. "Dat's all right, den. I shoost want it if you don't got it."

A little fellow, five or six years old, who had been wearing undershirts much too small for him, after having been washed, was put into another garment as much too large as the other had been too small. Our six-year-old shrugged his shoulders, shook himself, walked around, and finally burst out, "Ma, I do feel awful lonesome in this skirt."

SUNDAY night, when a young man drove out of Vicksburg several miles to pass the evening with the girl of his choice, he was met at the gate by her father, who at once proceeded to business by saying:

"Cum to spark Louisa, eh?"
The young man let silence answer the question.
"Expect it'll make a match?" continued the father.
Silence again, while the young man tied the horse. As he was ready to go in, the father blocked the way, braced up, and continued:

"See here, young man, let's have an understanding. If ye mean hitch 'tween now and January, all right, but if ye don't, I want ye to understand that candles is mighty high this fall and crops don't turn out worth a cuss!"

As the young man got through the gate it is probable that he gave the father a direct and an agreeable answer.

THE BURLAND-DESBARATS

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NOTICE.

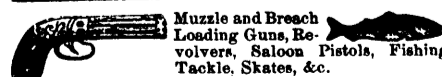
THE ANNUAL GENERAL MEETING of the Shareholders of the BURLAND-DESBARATS LITHOGRAPHIC COMPANY will be held at the Office of the Company, 319, St. Antoine Street, in the City of Montreal, on

Wednesday, the 3rd day of Nov. 1875,

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

By order,
JOHN HUGH ROSS,
Sect'y.-Treas.

MONTREAL, 16th October, 1875.



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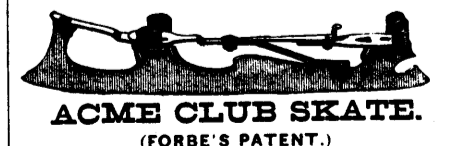
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NOTICE OF CO-PARTNERSHIP.

THE undersigned has this day admitted MR. ANDREW
YOUNG and MR. JAMES MATTINSON, JR.,
as co-partners in his business, which will be carried on
under the style and firm of MATTINSON, YOUNG &
CO. All outstanding accounts will be settled by the
new firm.
JAMES MATTINSON.
May 1st, 1875.

With reference to the above, the undersigned beg to
state that they have fitted up the large and commodious
premises, No. 577 CRAIG STREET, as a manufactory,
where, with increased facilities, they will be prepared
to meet all commands at the shortest notice.
MATTINSON, YOUNG & CO.,
Plumbers, Steam and Gas Fitters, Coppersmiths, &c
12-1-26-175

ALEX. D. DALY,
428 & 428 Notre Dame Street.
Importer and dealer in
Watches, Clocks, Jewellery,
Fancy Goods and Toys, Boys'
Waggons, Carts, Rooking Hor-
ses, Velocipedes, Dull Carriages.
A large stock of these goods.
Retail at Wholesale prices.
12-5-13-188.



ACME CLUB SKATE.
(FORBE'S PATENT.)
The most convenient and only reliable self-fastening
Skate ever invented. Unrivalled in quality and finish.
Preferred wherever known by all Skaters. For sale by
all respectable dealers.
THE STARR MANUFACTURING COMPANY,
MANUFACTURERS.
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Patent rights fully secured. 12-15-13-213.



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MACNIVEN & CAMERON'S PENS!!!

"They come as a boon and a blessing to men
The Pickwick, the Owl, and the Waverley Pen."
"The misery of a bad pen is now a voluntary affliction."
Another Blessing to men! The Hindoo Pen.

1,200 Newspapers Recommend them. See Graphic, 20th February, 1875.
The Patentees would caution the Public to beware of parties offering spurious imitations of these Pens.
23 to 33, BLAIR STREET, EDINBURGH. 12-13-6-205.

The Royal Canadian Insurance Co'y.

CAPITAL, - - - - - \$6,000,000
CASH ASSETS, NEARLY - - - - - \$1,200,000

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Insures every description of Fire Risks, Inland Cargoes and Hulls; also Ocean Cargoes and Freights on
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FIRE AND LIFE
CAPITAL, - - - - - \$10,000,000
ASSETS, OVER - - - - - 16,000,000
UNLIMITED LIABILITY OF SHAREHOLDERS. AGENCIES IN ALL THE PRINCIPAL CITIES AND TOWNS.

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CELEBRATED
SEWING MACHINES,
365 Notre Dame Street,
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FOR THE BLOOD IS THE LIFE."
CLARKE'S
WORLD FAMED
BLOOD MIXTURE.
Trade Mark,—"Blood Mixture."

THE GREAT BLOOD PURIFIER AND RESTORER
For cleansing and clearing the blood from all impuri-
ties, cannot be too highly recommended.
For Scrofula, Scurvy, Skin Diseases, and Sores of all
kinds it is a never failing and permanent cure.
It Cures old Sores.
Cures Ulcerated Sores on the Neck.
Cures Ulcerated Sore Legs.
Cures Blackheads, or Pimples on the Face.
Cures Scurvy Sores.
Cures Cancerous Ulcers.
Cures Blood and Skin Diseases.
Cures Glandular Swellings.
Clears the Blood from all impure Matter,
From whatever cause arising.
As this mixture is pleasant to the taste, and warranted
free from anything injurious to the most delicate constitu-
tion of either sex, the Proprietor solicits sufferers to
give it a trial to test its value.

Thousands of Testimonials from all parts.
Sold in Bottles, 1 dollar each, and in Cases, containing
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a permanent cure in the great majority of long standing
cases, BY ALL CHEMISTS AND PATENT MEDICINE
VENDORS
throughout the world.
Sole Proprietor, F. J. CLARKE, Chemist,
APOTHECARIES' HALL, LINCOLN, ENGLAND.
Sold in England by all Wholesale Patent Medicine
Houses.
Wholesale Agents for Provinces of Ontario and
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EVANS, MERCER & Co., Montreal.
Mailed to any address on receipt of P.O.O.
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OTTAWA RIVER NAV. CO'S STEAMERS
BETWEEN MONTREAL AND OTTAWA.
Passengers by Day boat leave from Montreal and
Ottawa every morning at 7 a.m.
By night boat leave Montreal and Ottawa at 5 p.m.
except on Saturday. Baggage checked through.
Tickets at 13 Bonaventure St. and at Railway Station,
Montreal, and at Office, Queen's Wharf, and Russell
House, Ottawa.
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IMPERIAL
FIRE INSURANCE COMPANY
OF LONDON, Established 1803.
Capital and Reserved Fund, £2,020,000.
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CHAS. D. HANSON, INSPECTOR. 10-22-52-40.

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MANUFACTURER OF
Church, Bank, Store and Office Fittings,
Parquet Floors, Wooden Carpetings & Fancy Wainscots,
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The Treatment and Mode of Cure.
How to use it successfully,
With safety and certainty in all cases of decay of the
nerve structures, loss of vital power, weakness, low
spirits, despondency, languor, exhaustion, muscular
debility, loss of strength, appetite, indus-
triousness, and functional ailments from
various excesses, &c., &c.
Without Medicine.
Full printed Instructions, with Pamphlet and Diagram
for Invalids, post Free, 25 cents.
(FROM SOLE INVENTOR AND PATENTEE.)
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For qualifications, vide "Medical Register."

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
half 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,
11-18-52-135. 55 College Street.

ESTABLISHED 1840.
BERNARD & LOVEJOY,
DENTISTS, 646 Palace Street,
Opposite St. Andrew's Church, MONTREAL.
GEORGE W. LOVEJOY, M.D., L.D.S.,
Resides on the Premises.
Pure Nitrous Oxide Gas always in readiness, and admin-
istered when required. 12-16-47-216.

BOND BROS.,
STOCK & SHARE BROKERS,
Members of the Montreal Stock Exchange.
NO. 7 ST. SACRAMENT STREET, MONTREAL.
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TYPE FOUNDRY
COMPANY,**
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President, ALEX. MURRAY.
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ALEX. BUNTING. D. J. REES.
C. T. PALGRAVE. JOHN WHITE.
W. J. McDONELL. JAMES SIMPSON.
WM. HALL, Managing Director.

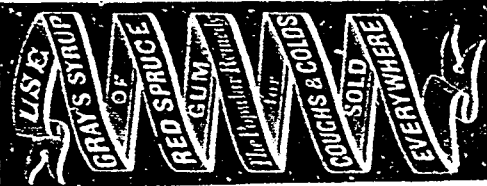
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The latest improvements are introduced, and the Company invite comparison with any imported Type for Accuracy, Durability, and Style.

The newest Designs in JOB LETTER at lower prices than type of foreign manufacture.

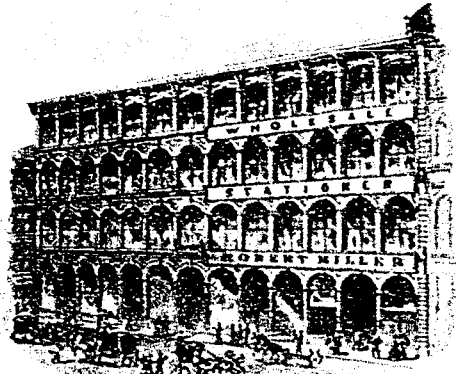
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Estimates for Newspaper and Job Offices on application.
Liberal discount for cash. 12-9-52-179.



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**The Travelers Life & Accident Insurance Co.
OF HARTFORD, CONN.**

CAPITAL - \$500,000. CASH ASSETS - \$3,500,000
SURPLUS OVER LIABILITIES, \$1,000,000.
Grants everything desirable in Life or Accident Insurance on the most favorable terms.
FOSTER, WELLS & BRINLEY, General Agents for the Dominion. OFFICE, 199 St. James St., Montreal.
12-1-52-174

GRAVEL ROOFING. R. ALEXANDER,
41 ST. ANTOINE ST.,
MONTREAL.
04-10-21-52-38.

NOTICE.

Application will be made at the next Session of the Legislature for the passing of an Act to authorize JOHN HENRY PELLY SIMPSON to sell and convey certain Real Estate in this Province, being three islands in the River St. Lawrence above Lac Beauport, known as "LES ISLES D'ORFAL," notwithstanding the substitution affecting the said islands contained in the last Will and Testament of the late SIR GEORGE SIMPSON.
Montreal, 8th Sept., 1875. 12-12-9-270.



MONTREAL CAT SHOW. AN UNSUCCESSFUL COMPETITOR.



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**MYERS' PATENT
PARTLY-MADE DRESS SHIRTS,**
Made from Wamsutta Muslin and Irish Linen.

Only one quality.

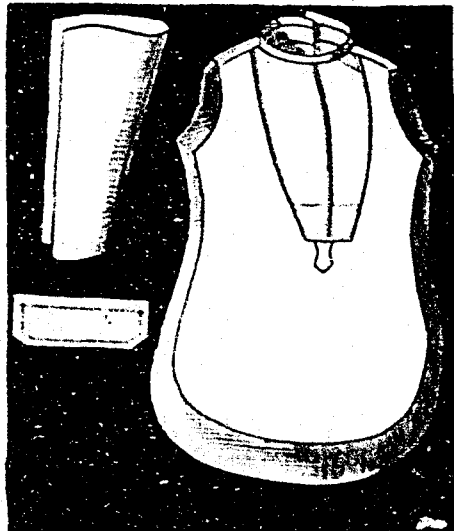
"THE VERY BEST."

ALL SIZES.
ELEGANT STYLES.
PERFECT FITTING.

Wholesale price,
\$15 per dozen.
Half dozen, \$7.50

BOYS' SIZES.
\$12 per doz.
Half dozen, \$6.

RETAIL PRICE:
Men's, \$1.50 each.
Boys', \$1.25 each.



Represented by the cut, cuffs are made, sleeves cut, the shirts can be finished by any one competent to sew a straight seam, and it is only necessary to sew on the cuffs, put in the sleeves and sew up the side seams.

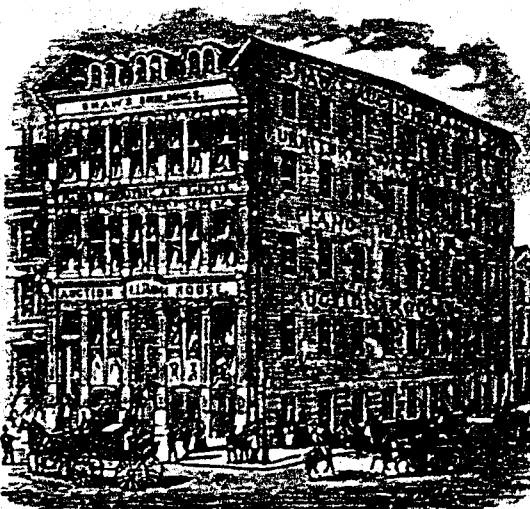
We furnish the same shirts finished in the best style.

Descriptive Circular sent on application free of postage.

MYERS' MANUFACTURING COMPANY,
251 St. James Street, MONTREAL.

Will send postpaid a valuable receipt for making Starch to produce a gloss finish on shirt bosoms, collars and cuffs. 12-17-1-219.

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of
FINE FURNITURE
and
PIANOS
IN THE DOMINION
Always on sale at
WHOLESALE PRICES
PRINCIPAL
AUCTION HOUSE
FOR THE SALE OF
Works of Art,
STATUARY,
PAINTINGS, FURNITURE,
PIANOS, &c.



WHOLESALE AGENT
for several of the
PRINCIPAL FURNITURE
MANUFACTURERS
of the
DOMINION
and
United States,
and also several of the
MOST EXTENSIVE
PIANO-FORTE
MANUFACTURERS
in
NEW YORK and BOSTON.
Auction Sales
TWICE A WEEK, AND DAILY
during the
BUSINESS SEASON.

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Nos. 724, 726 and 728, CRAIG STREET,
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Commercial Union Assurance Company.
HEAD OFFICE, 19 & 20 CORNHILL, LONDON.
Capital, \$12,500,000.—FIRE, LIFE, MARINE.
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Provincial Insurance Company of Canada,
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FIRE AND MARINE. Endeavours to deserve confidence by a PROMPT AND JUST SETTLEMENT OF PAID CLAIMS.
MONTREAL OFFICE: 180 ST. PETER STREET, COR. NOTRE DAME
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CARVER, GILDER,
Looking Glass, Picture Frame
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PASSE-PARTOUT MANUFACTURER,
No. 13 BLEURY ST., MONTREAL.
12-9-52-179.**

**MADE TO ORDER
ON SHORT NOTICE
BY
KEMP & CO.
Gentlemen's Furnishing Establishment
308, NOTRE-DAME ST., 308,
MONTREAL.
12-14-13-210.**

**SIGNOR J. HAZAZER'S
ACADEMY OF DANCING & DEPORTMENT.**
re-opens for reception of pupils, Friday evening Sept. 2nd
Opening Party, Wednesday Evening, September 22nd.
Signor Hazazer's Grand Bal Masque, Fancy and Original
Ball, Victoria Skating Rink, Thursday, October 14th.
Tickets, \$2.00, including a Gentleman and two Ladies.
Gentlemen's Single Tickets, \$1.50. Ladies Single
Tickets, 50 cents.
Fancy Dresses, Masks and Domino's, can be had at 264
St. Catherine Street. Tickets to be had at Music Stores
Private Class on Thursday Evening, October 22nd.
Old Clothes Party on Friday Evening, October 23rd.
For Circulars, address Box 720 P. O. 12-17-1-199

ARMY EQUIPMENTS, CANADIAN PATENT FOR SALE. Adopted by U. S. Army used by Sportsmen, Travellers, Pothers, &c.
Lieut. G. H. PALMER, U. S. Army
12-4-10-193 Nashville, Tennessee.

HAVE YOU made \$4.25 a day for the past year?
Our salesmen average that. For particulars address
H. L. SHEPARD & CO., Boston & Chicago.
12-13-6-200

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HENRY ALLFAGE.—To the Proprietors of Norton's CAMOMILE PILLS. 12-25-190-200

INTERCOLONIAL COAL MINING COMPANY
offer for sale their superior STEAM and HOUSE COAL, arriving weekly, at low prices.
Office, 4 and 5 Union Buildings,
63 ST. FRANCOIS XAVIER ST.
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FOR SALE
At St. Padoine, County of Kamouraska, the celebrated THOTTING MAKE "FIRE FLY." Apply to the Parish Priest of St. Padoine. 12-13-1-207

I. L. BANCS & CO.,
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MANUFACTURERS OF
FELT AND GRAVEL ROOFING.
Gravel Roofs repaired at short Notice.
Prepared Roofing Felt, Roofing Composition, Gravel, Wood Varnish for Painting Shingles. 11-7-1-101



FIRST PREMIUM FOR ESTABLISHMENT.
CORNER NOTRE DAME AND ST. LAMBERT STREETS.
FURS IN GREAT VARIETY.
A Specialty of Seal Cloaks and Coats Trimmed and Untrimmed. Prices to suit the times. 12-16-4-217

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