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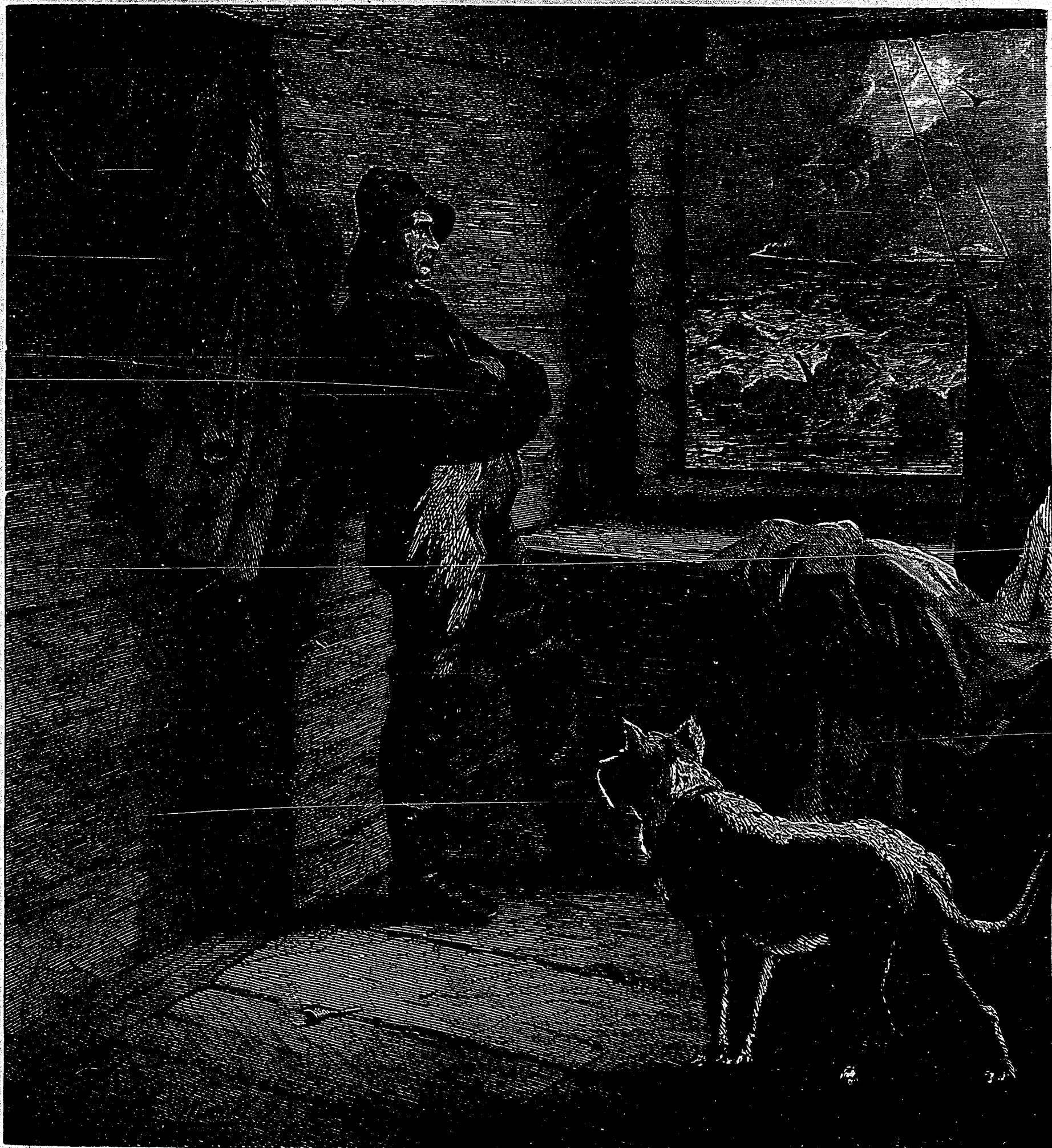
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# AMERICAN Whistleblower News

Vol. IX.—No. 7.

MONTREAL, SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 14, 1874.

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ON THE LOOK-OUT.

Summary of observations taken by T. D. King in Montreal. Barometer and Thermometer observed at 9 A.M., 3 P.M., and 9 P.M. Lat. 45.31 N., lon. 4h. 54m. 17s. W.; 100 ft. above mean sea level. January, 1874.

Date.	Thermometer.				Bar. Mean 9.3.9.	Precipitation		Remarks.
	Mean 9.3.9.	Max.	Min.	R'ange		Rain.	Snow	
1	31.6	3.3	25.2	10.1	30.135			
2	24.9	29.2	16.8	12.4	.195			
3	38.9	40.5	29.2	11.3	.081			
4	45.4	47.2	38.2	9.0	29.817	inapp		Maximum temperature, 47.2. Highest bar., 30.656
5	21.5	24.5	20.0	4.5	30.569			
6	17.5	22.2	10.4	11.8	.387		0.42	Trees covered with ice.
7	32.7	33.5	21.0	12.5	29.875			Lowest bar., 29.332.
8	35.4	40.3	31.2	9.1	.428		0.71	Mean temperature to this day, 31.56.
9	33.9	38.8	30.0	8.8	.346			
10	33.8	36.5	29.2	7.3	.489			
11	28.5	34.5	29.8	4.7	.660		0.06	
12	13.0	17.0	9.2	7.8	30.255			
13	11.2	14.8	7.0	7.8	.433			
14	11.5	15.3	7.8	7.5	29.888		0.12	
15	8.6	11.5	8.5	3.0	.950			Least range of thermometer, 3.0.
16	3.6	6.5	0.9	5.6	.910			
17	7.7	12.5	-3.6	16.0	30.415			Partly rain, sleet, and snow during night of 18th.
18	25.2	32.9	10.8	22.1	.288			Mean temperature 10th to this day, 14.89.
19	32.2	37.9	22.8	15.1	29.972		0.46	Greatest range of thermometer, 30.5
20	7.4	12.2	2.8	9.4	30.606			Partly rain on 22d, fog on river.
21	23.3	29.5	-1.0	30.5	.173		0.28	Min. temp., 18.8.
22	36.4	39.8	21.8	18.0	29.729			Partly on the 27th.
23	35.3	42.0	37.7	4.3	.733			
24	17.3	24.5	14.0	10.5	30.099			
25	-2.0	4.5	-6.0	10.5	.499			
26	-11.0	-8.3	-18.8	10.5	.505			
27	-2.5	2.8	-12.0	14.8	29.954			
28	11.8	15.0	3.2	11.8	.782		0.7	
29	4.2	6.0	1.0	5.0	30.141		0.33	
30	-9.0	-4.1	-12.5	8.4	.58-			Lunar Halo.
31	-4.7	0.0	-17.0	17.0	.411		0.05	Mean temperature 20th to this day, 8.92.
Mean	18.46	22.70	11.89		30.043			Bar. reduced to 32° and to sea level.

THE CANADIAN ILLUSTRATED NEWS..... \$4.00 per annum.  
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CANADIAN ILLUSTRATED NEWS.

MONTREAL, SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 14, 1874.

THE DESBARATS LITHOGRAPHIC AND PUBLISHING COMPANY.

The Engraving, Printing and Publishing business founded and heretofore carried on by G. E. Desbarats, will henceforth be continued by a Joint Stock Company under the above title. This Company, which will shortly be incorporated by charter under the Great Seal of the Dominion of Canada, has acquired the property of "The Canadian Illustrated News," "The Favorite," "The Canadian Patent Office Record and Mechanics' Magazine," "The Dominion Guide," "L'Opinion Publique," and other publications issued by G. E. Desbarats; also his Patents, in Photo-typing, Photo-lithographing, Electro-typing, etc., and the good-will of his large Lithographic and Type Printing Business.

The Company proposes to build a magnificent structure in a conspicuous and convenient locality in this City, where the business can be permanently established on a footing second to none of its kind in America.

Meanwhile, the ample Capital at its command will enable it to push the existing business to the utmost extent compatible with its present location; to improve the above mentioned publications in every particular, and to satisfy its customers, as to promptness, style of workmanship, and moderation in prices.

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

The news from England is of the highest importance. Parliament was suddenly dissolved, new elections were immediately thereafter ordered, and in a little more than a week's time the general result was made known. The Conservatives

have carried the country and Mr. Gladstone finds himself forced to resign the seals of office. Notwithstanding that British politics are followed with much attention in this country, there was nothing in recent events which prepared us for this very striking revulsion of popular feeling. We were aware, indeed, that Mr. Gladstone had lost considerable ground, but had no idea than on his distinct appeal to the country, he would meet with a decided negative answer. Our eyes naturally turn to Mr. Disraeli and the question uppermost in all minds is—whether he will have a sufficiently substantial majority to carry on the Government? On this point we find that the English press is by no means agreed, and, in consequence, we apprehend that the Parliamentary crisis is more serious than appears at first view. It seems clear that many of the Liberals who have seceded from Mr. Gladstone, are not pledged to give Mr. Disraeli their unqualified support. In the next place, the Home Rulers of Ireland, who have been returned in pretty large numbers and who may be said to hold a certain balance of power, cannot remarkably expect any thing from a Conservative Administration, and will therefore be found among the most strenuous of its opponents. On the other hand, however, there is not that keenness and unscrupulousness of party spirit in England, which prevails here, and we may be sure that Mr. Disraeli will meet with fair play from the large majority of Liberals. In the beginning, more especially, much will depend upon the skill of his own management, and judging from the successful management of his former administration, there need be no misgiving on that score. What may be the main elements of Mr. Disraeli, should he succeed to the government, it is of course impossible at present to foresee, but there are three points upon which he will certainly be called to take an immediate action. These are the concession of household suffrage to householders in counties, the overhauling of the land laws and the abolition of the income tax. Considering the tactics which Mr. Disraeli exhibited on the passage of the Reform Bill in 1868, it would not surprise us to find him favourable to the first, of the above-named measures. It is equally possible, that he will postpone, as far as possible any modification of the existing land-laws, when we know from a recent utterance of his that he will oppose the abolition of the income tax. This last is the most thorny point of all, and the fact that he made known his opposition to it, just before the elections, may go far towards inducing him to interpret the favourable result of these elections, as a popular endorsement of his views. The new Parliament meets on the 5th of next month. There will, therefore, be full time for both parties to mature their plans, and when the session opens, we may look out for interesting proceedings.

A great deal has lately been said and written respecting the relations between France and Germany. Fears have been expressed that the religious war which is going on in Germany will have its echo in France, by the sympathies which it has naturally excited among the Ultramontanes of the latter country. Recent events certainly show that the Government of Versailles is sorely perplexed as to the proper manner of acting under the circumstances. The suppression of the *Univers*, brought about, it is boldly asserted, by the intervention of Bismarck, is the latest phase of the crisis. It is to be feared that the exigencies of the situation really forced the Duke de Broglie into the step, and, indeed, he had the courage to state plainly in the decree of suppression that "the policy of the journal was calculated to create diplomatic complications." It is better to let the country know the truth, than to beguile it with specious and delusive explanations. It is right to make Frenchmen understand their real state of weakness. They cannot embark on any adventures. They cannot afford to awaken foreign jealousies, or break with the new allies which they are gradually forming. When France has recovered her strength, she will make such use of it as her interest may direct, but in the present conjuncture, she is not in a position to defy any one and she may admit this with dignity, for true dignity implies common sense and an accurate appreciation of circumstances. On the other hand, we are sorry to see that the German press is lacking in that calm lofty forbearance which is a proof of strength and a manly outcome of generosity. They seize upon every occasion to taunt their fallen adversary and utter vulgar threats. It is true that the religious warfare in which their government is engaged excites their passions much more than mere political troubles would do, and it is perhaps also natural that they should regard the French nation as the supporters of the Ultramontanes whom they are battling against. They defiantly assert that a France subject to Papal theocracy is irreconcilable with the peace of the world and they demand the rupture of the French Government with the cause of Ultramontanism as the surest guarantee of the peace of Europe. This is strong language. To a large number of the French people it will be very painful language. But they will have to make a virtue of necessity. With time, their position will be ameliorated and their patience may yet germinate into triumph. Germany herself is far from having achieved the strength and unity which she inaugurated three years ago. Of the 366 representatives lately elected to the Reichstag, there are 184 Government supporters—namely, 127 National Liberal, 12 Liberal Imperialists, 29 German Imperialists and 16 Conservatives; the Progressists, to the number of 36, will vote part-

ly against the Ministry on such important questions as those of the war budget, the maintenance of the jury and of liberty of the press and of public meetings; finally, the Opposition will have 116 votes—namely, 92 Ultramontanes, 12 Soles, 4 Particularists and 8 Democratic Socialistic. With such an opposing force, it is no wonder the German authorities should feel restive under the lash of foreign interference.

The *Canadian News*, a paper published in London in the interest of Canadians, gravely informs its readers that "It is rumored that the Government intend to appoint Mr. E. G. Penny, of the *Ottawa Herald*, to fill the position rendered vacant by the death of Senator Leslie." As the distance between Ottawa and Montreal—where the *Herald*, whereof Mr. Penny is editor, is published—is something like a hundred miles, we must congratulate the readers of the *Canadian News* upon the reliability of the information respecting Canada with which they are weekly furnished. After such a specimen no one will wonder at the astonishing ignorance of Canadian affairs displayed by Englishmen in general.

THE FLANEUR.

There is a discussion going on in the United States regarding the propriety of introducing into verse the slang phrases, dialectic peculiarities, and social idiosyncrasies of the lower orders, such as the Western bushwhackers, the Southern negroes, and the California bushwhackers. The discussion is, at best, an idle one. If a poet of real merit, such as Hay and Harte, chooses to take up these subjects, and succeeds in tarowing into them some of these touches of nature which make the whole world kin, they will be read and admired by the majority of the people, spite of the critics. These critics may deny realism as much as they like, but if it is invested with the charms of real talent, and studiously kept from lapsing into the mere grotesque, it is bound to find responsive echoes in the breasts of true men and women.

In this species of literature there is only one thing to be remembered. It is, of its own nature, ephemeral. It will not long survive the type which it represents. We of the present day enjoy them, because we know these types; but those of another age will not have that advantage. Hence, it is truly a pity that Bret Harte should think fit to confine himself to the delineations of wild California life. If he cannot do anything else, then his genius is necessarily a narrow one. If he can do anything else, it is high time he should attempt it, for the years are passing, and the public are getting more exacting towards him.

I give below the latest of his pieces, contributed to *Frank Leslie's*. As a poem, it is little to speak of, but as a *genre* picture, I consider it a gem worthy to be framed. Of course, if Bret Harte does not choose to rise above a *Maissonier* or a *Kerchove*, he is welcome to his choice, and he may aptly retort that it is better to paint miniatures with perfection than to daub heroic canvasses.

"THE BABES IN THE WOODS."

BIG PINE FLAT, 1871.

"Something characteristic," eh?  
 Humph! I reckon you mean by that,  
 Something that happened in our way,  
 Here at the crossin' of Big Pine Flat.  
 Times aren't now as they used to be,  
 When gold was flush and the boys were frisky,  
 When a man would pull out his battery  
 For anything—maybe the price of whiskey.  
 Nothing of that sort, eh? That's strange.  
 Why, I thought you might be diverted,  
 Hearing how Jones, of Red Rock Range,  
 Drawed his "Hint to the Unconverted,"  
 And saying, "What will you have it?" shot  
 Cherokee Bob at the last Debating!  
 What was the question? I forgot—  
 But Jones didn't like Bob's way of stating.  
 Nothing of that kind, eh? You mean  
 Something milder? Let's see—Oh, Joe!  
 Tell to the stranger that little spene  
 Out of the "Babes in the Woods." You know,  
 "Babes" was the name that we gave 'em, sir,  
 Two lean lads in their teens, and greener  
 Than even the belt of spruce and fir,  
 Where they built their nest, and each day grew leaner.  
 No one knew where they came from. None  
 Cared to ask if they had a mother.  
 Runaway schoolboys, maybe. One  
 Tall and dark as a spruce; the other  
 Blue and gold in the eyes and hair,  
 Soft and low in his speech, but rarely  
 Talking with us; and we didn't care  
 To get at their secret at all unfairly.  
 For they were so quiet, so sad and shy,  
 Content to trust each other solely,  
 That somehow we'd always shut our eyes,  
 And never seem to observe them wholly,  
 As they passed to their work. 'Twas a wornout claim,  
 And it paid them grub. They could live without it,  
 For the boys had a way of leaving game  
 In their tent, and forgetting all about it.  
 Yet no one asked for their secret. Dumb  
 It lay in their big eyes' heavy hollows.  
 It was understood that no one should come  
 To their tent unawares, save the bees and swallows.  
 So they lived alone. Until one warm night  
 I was sitting here at the tent-door, so, sir,  
 When out of the sunset's rosy light  
 Up rose the sheriff of Mariposa.  
 I knew at once there was something wrong,  
 For his hand and his voice shook just a little,  
 And there isn't much you can fetch along  
 To make the sinews of Jack Hill brittle.  
 "Go warn the Babes!" he whispered, hoarse;  
 "Tell 'em comin'—to get and scurry,  
 For I've got a story that's bad, and worse,  
 I've got a warrant: G-d-d-n it, hurry."  
 Too late! they had seen him cross the hill;  
 I ran to their tent and found them lying  
 Dead in each other's arms, and still  
 Claspin' the drug they had 'aken flyin'.  
 And there lay their secret cold and bare,  
 Their life, their trial—the old, old story!  
 For the sweet blue eyes, and the golden hair,  
 Was a woman's shame and a woman's glory.  
 "Who were they?" Ask no more, or ask  
 The sun that visits their grave so lightly;  
 Ask of the whispering reeds, or task  
 The mourning crickets that chirrup nightly.  
 All of their life but its Love forgot!  
 Everything tender and soft and mystic,  
 These are our Babes in the Woods, you've got,  
 Well—Human Nature—that's characteristic.



## THE COMPOSER OF "MARTHA."

It was in 1812, when April showers were near their apothecies in May flowers, that the wife of a very poor and proportionately proud nobleman of Tenterdorf, in Mecklenburg-Schwerin, gave birth to an heir destined to a heritage of but few and sterile patrimonial acres. Frederick Ferdinand Adolphus were the laboriously international names inflicted upon this helpless scion of the Von Flotows: and had paternal pride of blood been allowed to control his future career their heaviness might have symbolized prophetically the bearer's lumbering way through the world.

But Frederick the small was inspired at a very early period of youth to follow his Bohemian ear rather than his patrician nose, and disdain the aristocrat livelihood of diplomacy, to which the Baron would have consigned him, for the studio of the music master. It was a literal "going off on his ear," then, when, at the age of about sixteen, he deserted the study of court intrigue in Germany for the celebrated tutorship of the composer Reicha in Paris; there to gain for his irrepressible musical inspiration the technical instruction required for its artistic expression. Scarcely, however, had his enthusiasm for melodious numbers settled fairly into its Parisian crucible and practical solution, when the revolution of 1830 recalled him to Fatherland; and it was several years before he again saw the capital of France and of the world of art.

In these years of unwillingly resumed domesticity began the romance of Frederick von Flotow's private history. Despairing of his reclamation from musical composition to a profession befitting his birth, unless he could be bound at home by other ties than those of heritage, his father half-influenced, half coerced the mere boy into a marriage with a high-born young lady of a neighbouring chateau, who was similarly urged into the alliance by parental compulsion. In truth, the bride not only loved, but had been secretly affianced elsewhere and went as a lamb to the slaughter. The youthful bridegroom knew nothing of this, probably, at the time; yet even his inexperience must have been perceptible of something very statue-like in the rigid girlish figure standing with him at the altar. Soon thereafter he awoke to the fact that her heart was another's, and never could be his; and almost simultaneously came the conviction that his own heart was still in music—and in Paris. No domestic happiness was possible in such circumstances. What made it more trying, the parental families on either side utterly refused to recognize or sympathize with the cause of the trouble, save only a sister of the young wife, whose earnest sympathy was given to the husband. As for the mismatched lady, the early lover was her only friend. What could ensue from this pitiful union but dislikes, distrust, and misery?

Reckless of all but his own first love, Flotow defied every family vanity and conventional restriction by escaping back to Paris with the manuscripts of half a dozen crude operas in his trunk; determined to be henceforth a musical genius and nothing else. It was a damper to find that none of the Parisian managers would have anything to do with the aforesaid prized compositions of his desolate hours in Mecklenburg; but by and by (1838) his amateur fame secured for him the composition of the score for "Le Naufrage de la Méduse," the immediate public success of which gave him access to the stage of the opera house. The "Forester," two years later, and "L'Esclave de Camoens," in 1843, were additional French successes, paving the way for the splendid European acclamations over his "Alessandro Stradella," in 1844; "L'Amé en Peine," in 1846, and the delightful "Martha," in 1858. The latter composition had 200 consecutive performances at the Opera Comique, and when the now illustrious young maestro carried it to his native Mecklenburg the people went mad over it.

At the height of his continental fame Flotow was patronized by his aristocratic kindred once more, and the Grand Duke of Mecklenburg appointed him *maître de chapelle*, or director of the Court Theatre at Schwerin; even though his social name was yet under a cloud from the divorce by which he had been separated from his ill-chosen wife. The composer of "Stradella" and "Martha" might be, indeed, at this hour, on the highest wave of professional celebrity and courtly favour but for the chronic perversity of his domestic genius.

Some ten years ago he took for his second wife that sister of the first who was his friend in the earlier matrimonial desolation, and a final ostracism by court and kindred was the penalty. Such an alliance was deemed unparadiseable, and its first fruit was the composer's removal from his court-theatre directorship by the scandalized Grand Duke Frederick Francis. Since then his opera of "Zilda" (1866) has sustained his earlier reputation; but his banishment from patrician circles is irrevocable and keenly felt.

Two or three weeks since, a correspondent of the Berlin *Tribune*, saw him at his present home, or exile, near Linz, in Austria, where his yet vast income from his operas enables him to live in a grand chateau called Prientz, with his wife and two children. Idolized by the lady, who is a handsome matron of forty and a brilliant pianist, he might be happy enough in his old age but for the wrong his egotism feels under the coldness of the great. His new opera of "Haida," cannot be produced in Paris, because he is one of those hated Germans; nor in Berlin, because the offended Grand Duke uses his influence there inimically; nor in Vienna, because Berlin rejects. So, at least, says the embittered Flotow, who, if he had been more discreet in past social affiliations or retained less vanity now, should be exemplary of well-rewarded genius and philosophical serenity in the sunset of his days:

## COPYING MEDALS.

Copies of medals or other similar articles may be readily made by a very simple piece of apparatus. A cast of the medal is first taken in wax. This is done by moistening the medal or coin slightly, and then pouring the melted wax over it. The object of the moistening is to prevent the wax sticking to the surface of the metal. While the wax is still warm, a piece of copper wire should be imbedded in it to serve as a support, and to connect with the zinc in the decomposing cell. After removing the medal from the mould, the surface of the mould is dusted over with fine plumbago until it appears quite black; all excess of the carbon is then carefully removed with a soft brush. If fine iron filings can be had, a few of them are sifted over the face of the mould, and a solution of sulphate of copper is poured on it. It is then carefully washed; this serves to give a very thin coating of copper, and facilitates further operations, but may be omitted if not convenient. Care must be taken, in putting on the plumbago

coating, that it comes in contact with the copper wire. A very convenient way of applying this wire is to bend it into a ring slightly larger than the medal to be copied, lay it on the table around the medal, and pour the wax over both at the same time. Scraping with a knife exposes it completely. The mould being prepared, take an ordinary glazed earthenware basin four or five inches deep, and in it set a small flower pot, having previously plugged up the hole in the bottom of the pot with a piece of wood, a little wax, or other suitable material. The flower pot is to be filled with a weak solution of common salt. The outer basin is then filled with a strong solution of sulphate of copper, and a little bag holding crystals of sulphate of copper is hung in it to keep it saturated. Add a few drops of sulphuric acid to both solutions, place a piece of zinc in the flower pot, and connect it with the wire of the mould. The mould being now put in the outer solution, a coating of copper soon shows itself. The mould may be left in the solution two or three days, if a thick coating is desired.—*Boston Journal of Chemistry.*

## Literary Notes.

## NEW BOOKS.

Another volume of Harper & Bros.' excellent edition of Wilkie Collins' works\* has made its appearance. It contains "The Moonstone," one of the most fascinating of this author's novels. Like its predecessors the book is profusely illustrated and its entire get-up—paper, printing, and binding—is perfect.

The Harpers have just issued volumes 407 and 408 of their celebrated Library of Select Novels. The first of these is Anthony Trollope's Christmas story "Harry Heathcote of Gangoil," which first appeared in the pages of the *London Graphic*. It is a short, interesting story of life in the Australian bush, and is illustrated with two engravings. No. 408 is Miss Braddon's novel, "Publicans and Sinners,"† one of the best productions of the fertile pen of this popular novelist. It is a tale of absorbing interest, written with great power and lacking many of the faults which mar some of Miss Braddon's books. While it is essentially sensational, it is nevertheless true to life, the writer having carefully avoided the impossibilities and improbabilities upon which the majority of novelists rely for success.

Professor Swinton whose "Language Lessons" and "Progressive English Grammar" have been favourably noticed in these columns has published the third of his Language Series—School Composition.‡ Of the object of these books the author says: "It is strictly a manual for school work, and has been made with special reference to the rational remodeling recently accomplished, or now in the way of being accomplished, in the Courses of Study in our public schools—a remodeling in which Language-training for the first time receives the attention that is its due. In the plan here adopted, composition is begun with the very commencement of the study, and is carried on *part passu* with the development of rules and principles. It is a matter of common experience that children's power of producing, in an empirical way, is much in advance of their knowledge of the rationale of writing: hence, in the present work, pupils are not kept back from the improving exercise of actual composition until they have mastered the complicated details of rhetorical theory. It should be added, however, that the demands made on the scholar will not be found beyond his powers. He is provided with the material to work on, and his attention is limited to the process of building this material into shape—the author's conviction being that training in the Art of Expression is as much as can wisely be aimed at in school composition. Pupils must first be taught *how to write at all*, before they can be shown how to write *well*—a maxim that has never been out of mind in the making of this book.

"Among our Sailors" ¶ is the title of a capital book just issued by the Harpers. The writer is Dr. J. Grey Jewell, late United States Consul at Singapore, who has undertaken on this side of the Atlantic a work similar to that to which in England Mr. Plimsoll has so nobly devoted himself. His aim is to excite a feeling of sympathy for the wrongs received by the sailors at the hands of avaricious ship-owners, and cruel ship's officers. An appendix to the work contains extracts from the United States Statutes bearing on shipping and sailors.

Mr. John Cameron, editor of the *London (Ont.) Advertiser* has published a neat volume\*\* containing the letters written by him to his paper during a summer's tour through Europe, in which he gives his impressions of the Old World. The books will doubtless be eagerly read by Canadians.

## THE MAGAZINES.

*St. Nicholas* for February opens with a charming little poem by W. C. Bryant, and then, on the very first page, the stories begin with a well-told tale of the middle ages, "Blanca and Beppo," by J. S. Stacy, full of the flavour of youthful chivalry, and illustrated by a most exquisite engraving by Miss Scannell. Among the other short stories, we have "How the Heavens Fell," by Rossiter Johnson, illustrated by H. L. Stephens; "How Jamie Had His Own Way," by Miss Mary N. Prescott; "What St. Valentine Did for Milly," by Susan Coolidge: all good and each one with a character of its own. Besides these, there are the three serials, "Fast Friends," by J. T. Trowbridge, illus-

\*The Moonstone. By Wilkie Collins. 12mo. Cloth. Illustrated. \$1.50. New York: Harper & Brothers. Montreal: Dawson Brothers.

† Harry Heathcote of Gangoil. A tale of Australian Bush Life. By Anthony Trollope. Small 8vo. Paper, pp. 61. Illustrated, 25 cents. New York: Harper & Brothers. Montreal: Dawson Bros.

‡ Publicans and Sinners; or, Lucius Davoren. A Novel. By Miss M. E. Braddon. Paper. Small 8vo. pp. 190. 75 cents. New York: Harper & Bros. Montreal: Dawson, Bros.

§ School Composition: Being Advanced Language Lessons for Grammar Schools. By Prof. William Swinton, A. M. Linen, 16mo. pp. 119. 50 cents. New York: Harper & Bros. Montreal: Dawson Bros.

¶ Among Our Sailors. By J. Grey Jewell, M. D. Late United States Consul, Singapore. 12mo. Cloth, pp. 311. New York: Harper & Bros. Montreal: Dawson Bros.

\*\* Impressions of a Canadian. Sight and Sensations in Europe. By John Cameron, editor of the *London (Canada) Daily Advertiser*. Cloth, pp. 154. 50 cents. London: John Cameron & Co.

trated by White; "Nimpo's Troubles," by Olive Thorne, with a drawing by Miss Hallock; and "What Might Have Been Expected," by Frank R. Stockton, with an illustration by W. L. Sheppard, and one by Sol. Eyttinge. Among the pictures is a very curious and amusing drawing by F. Beard, showing how little boys may change into frogs if they play leap-frog too much. There are useful articles on the Velocity of Light, Wood-Carving, and about that curious animal the Manatee. C. S. Stephens, who has written so much for *Our Young Folks*, describes a "Moose Hunt in Maine;" and there is a short resumé of Stanley's recent book for boys, bringing in some startling adventures with wild animals in Africa, with pictures that will charm the heart of many a youngster. A poem, "What's the Fun?" by Olive A. Wadsworth, illustrated by eight appropriate cuts, gives, in a lively and rollicking style, an idea of the fun that can be had in each of the months of the year. There are also poems by Celia Thaxter, Silas Dinsmore, Mary E. C. Wyeth—who contributes some baby valentine verses; and a humorous ballad by Theophilus Higginbotham, called "Mild Farmer Jones and the Naughty Boy," which is illustrated by nine very funny Silhouettes by Hopkins. Two pages for little folks are given this month; and there is some capital talk from "Jack-in-the-Pulpit;" a lively pantomime for parlor acting, by G. E. Bartlett, well known in that connection to the readers of *Our Young Folks*; and a well-filled Riddle Box. The Frontispiece, by W. Brooks, entitled "In Sister's Care," is a vigorous, well-drawn picture. This number of *St. Nicholas* like the last, while it keeps its individuality in every particular, shows a decided disposition to accept freely every advantage offered by its late absorption of *Our Young Folks*. The old readers of the latter magazine will recognize several of their favourite authors in this number of *St. Nicholas*, which, by the way, abounds in illustrations, there being no less than fifty pictures in it, all of them good, and some of them remarkably fine. *St. Nicholas* is certainly the brightest and best of children's magazines.

We have also received *Harper's Magazine*, the *Galaxy*, the *Atlantic Monthly*, *Scribner's Monthly*, *Old and New*, and the *Penn Monthly*, on which we reserve our comments until next week.

A new weekly illustrated paper was to have been started in London this month to be called the *Illustrated World*.

It is stated that Mr. Darwin is engaged in the preparation of a revised and extended edition of "The Descent of Man."

Cornell University has courage as well as enterprise. It has made Hjalmar Hjorth Boyesen, the well-known Swedish novelist, Assistant Professor of North European languages.

A sum of fifty pounds is offered for the best essay on the importance of the rest of the seventh day for all, but especially for those who are employed in laborious occupations. Memoirs are to be addressed, not later than September 30th, 1874, to the president of the Swiss Society for the Sanctification of the Sabbath, Place de Champel, 497, at Geneva.

Mr. George Darwin, son of the distinguished naturalist, Mr. Charles Darwin, who was Second Wrangler at Cambridge a few years ago, is engaged upon an important work upon marriage. His researches have been principally in regard to the proportion of all marriages that are marriages between first cousins, and with a view to the discovery of the physical and mental results of these marriages.

The new novel in the *Cornhill Magazine*, "Far From the Mad-dening Crowd," which is so good as to have been almost suspected to have come from the pen of George Eliot, is in reality written by a Mr. Hardy, already the author of one or two novels, which, however, failed to make any impression on the novel-reading public and the critics at large. His new work is attracting much attention; its authorship is eagerly canvassed.

As our readers have long long been expecting the series of articles on Junius, by the Lord Chief Justice of England, we beg to inform them that, although the work has been interrupted by the Geneva Arbitration and the terrible Tichborne case, it has not by any means been relinquished. A good deal has already been written, and the Chief Justice has spent many hours, won from his laborious weeks, at the British Museum in collecting evidence. The services of an eminent expert in hand writing have also been called into requisition.

A very curious book is just now in course of publication by two French firms and Messrs. Trubner & Co. of London. It is a manual of the Chinese mandarin language, compiled after Ollendorff's method. The editor is Monsieur Charles Rudy, of Paris, a member of all the principal Asiatic and linguistic societies. The object of this publication is to teach Chinese English. The pronunciation has been one of the points most carefully noted, several small reading books of tales and fables accompanying the series, which both in idea and execution is certainly original.

The *Counter Poison* is the title of an almanac which is extensively circulated under the aegis of the Government throughout the kingdom, for it is unlawful to speak of the Republic even by inference. The "poison" is the Republic, Liberal ideas, &c. The "counter poison" is the reign of the clergy, the restoration of Henri Cinq. The Government is not to blame for its tolerance of these nonsensical *matérites*, but it is to be blamed for authorizing the circulation of these openly seditious publications, when it stamps its veto on any almanacs which are illustrated with Republican devices.

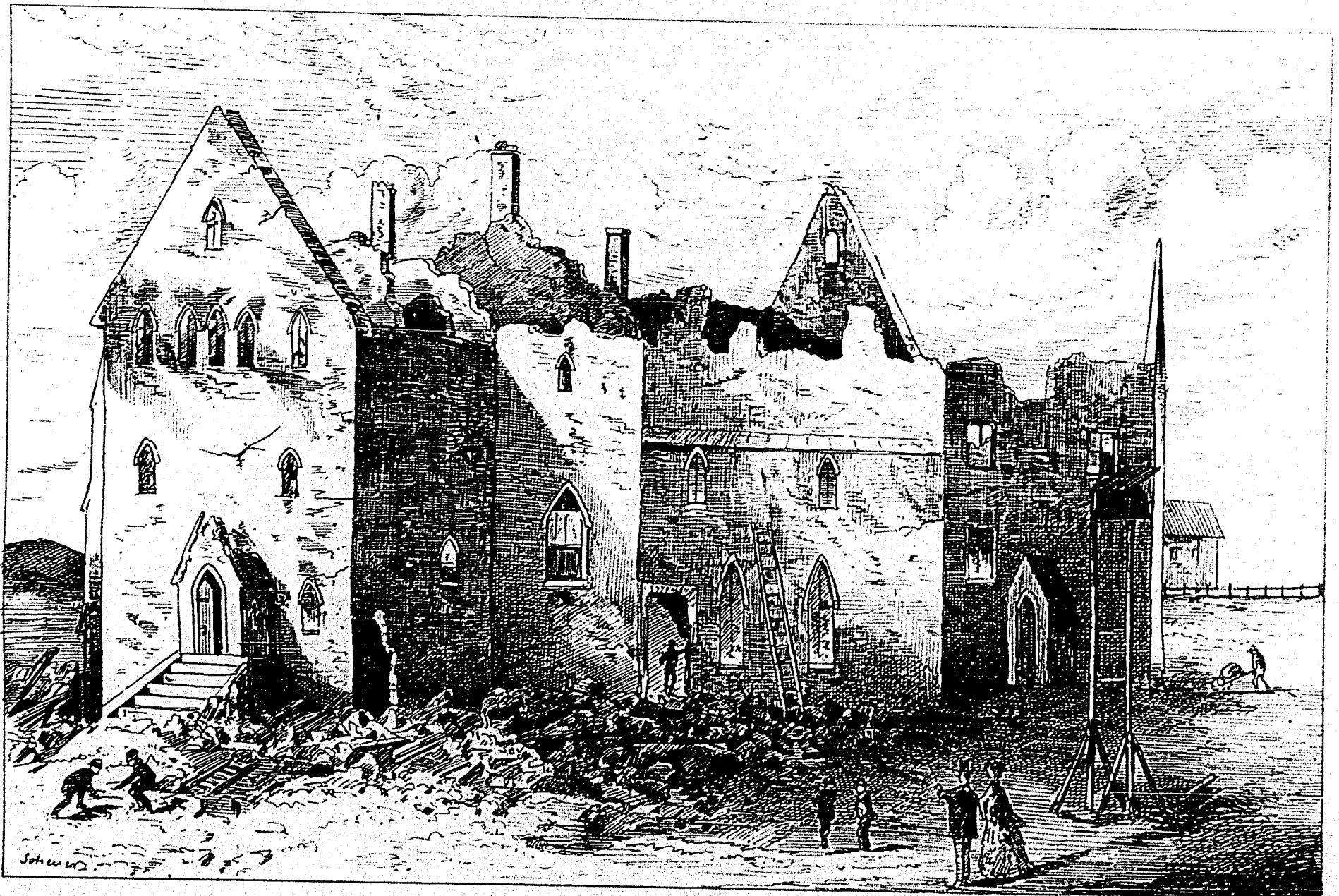
Paris brought out thirty-six new journals and periodicals during the past year; many of these have had only the life of the roses—the space of a morning—or evening. The *Gallant Mercury*, destined to reform the frivolities of society, died on reaching its fifth number. Folly was too powerful. Among those which also succumbed to the diseases of infancy were *The Friend of Religion*, *Universal Suffrage*, *Mme. Angot*, *Actualité*, &c. Among those holding on are the *Soleil* newspaper, the property of the Duc d'Aumale, and "claiming only to pay its way;" the *Avenir Matrimonial*, specially dedicated to old bachelors and flinty-hearted maids; the *Gastronomique Gazette* explains itself—is as great a necessity to the diner-out as a box of Oeikle's or any other body's pills; the *Brocanteur* is devoted to the rag-picking and marine store interest; it devotes a column, however, to art and curiosities.

Mr. Henry Glassford Bell, who was sheriff of Lanarkshire, died on Wednesday last. Recently he had had his right hand amputated, with the view to the removal of a cancer. Unwell, of course, after the operation, it was hoped he would soon, however, be able to resume his judicial duties; but last Saturday he took a slight chill, and on the Tuesday following his illness became alarming, and he died on the next day. He was born in 1805, and was the friend and frequent companion of Professor Wilson, and Wilson speaks of him with respect and affection in the "Notes," where he appears under the name of "Tailboys." In 1832 Mr. Bell was admitted a member of the Faculty of Advocates, in 1839 he was appointed one of the Sheriff's Substitutes of Glasgow, and in 1867 he was raised to the office of Sheriff Principal, on the death of Sir Archibald Allison. Some time ago a volume of his occasional productions was published by Macmillan, under the title of "Romances and Ballads." His literary fame will rest, however, on his well-known poem, "Mary Queen of Scots," written in his early years.





BY THE SEA SHORE.

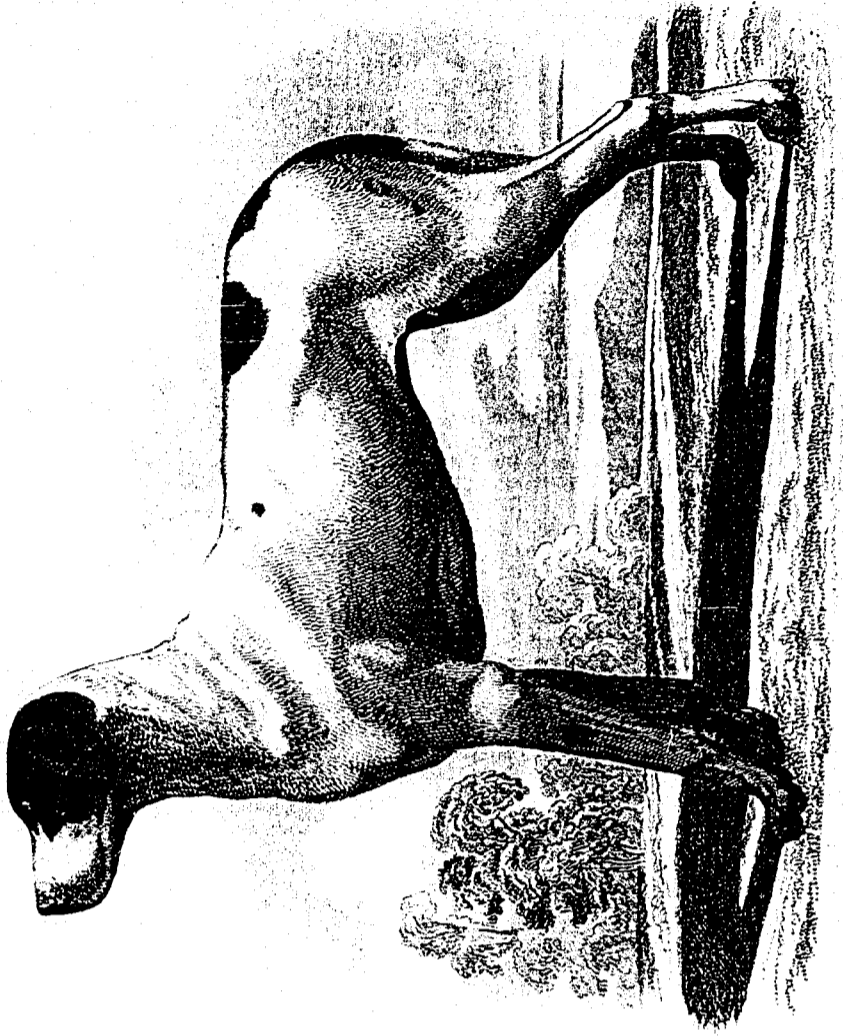


LENNOXVILLE, Q.—RUINS OF THE GRAMMAR SCHOOL, BISHOP'S COLLEGE.

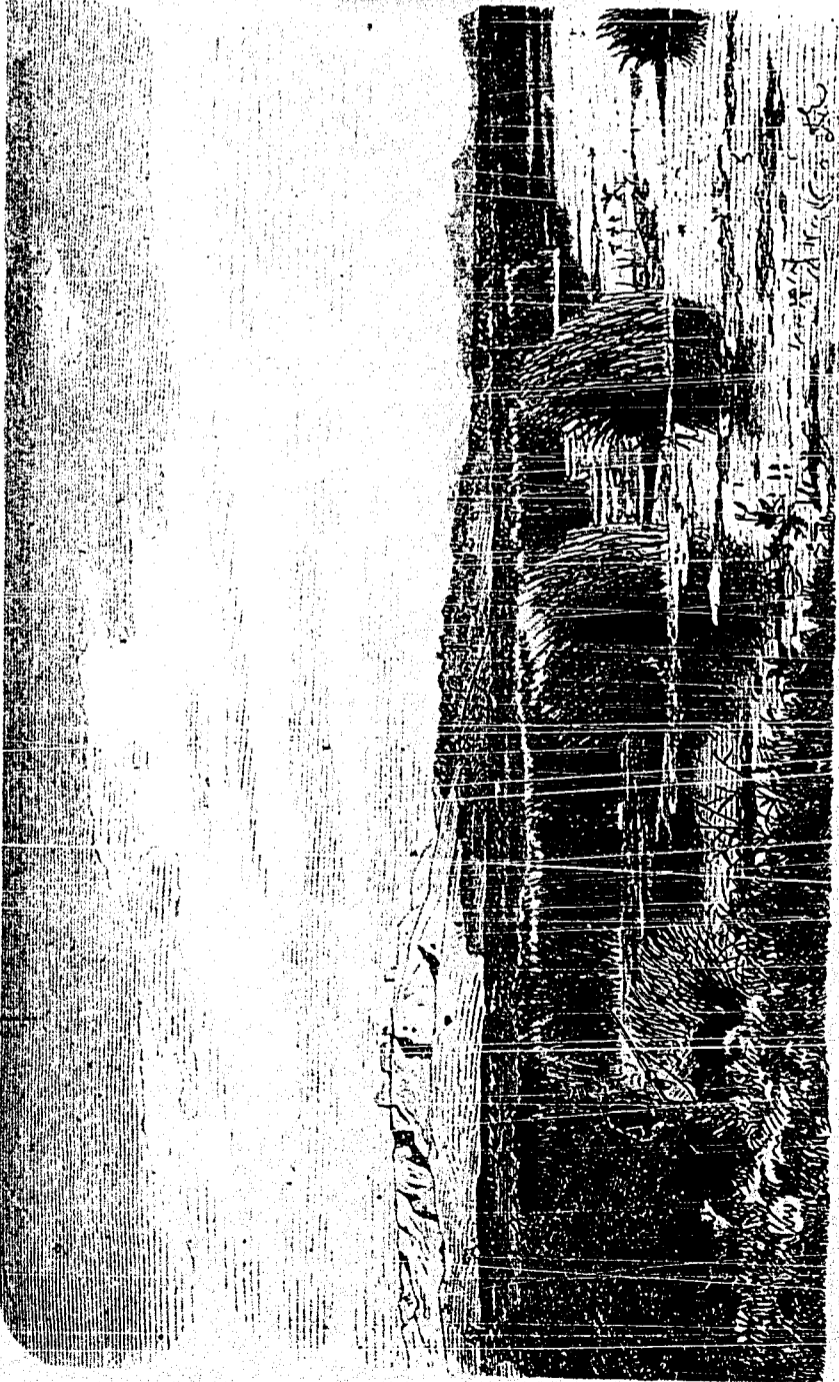


TRIOJAN WINE OR OIL JARS.

PROF. SCHLIEIMANN'S EXCAVATIONS AT TROY.



"BELLE," CHAMPION POINTER OF ENGLAND, 1873.



SITE OF THE DISCOVERY OF THE SUPPOSED TREASURE OF PHIAH.



THE SILAS SAFETY BUOY.



DELIA BACON.

A certain American lady, claiming to be a descendant of the family of the great Lord Bacon, took up her abode at Stratford once upon a time with the full purpose of hunting up and breaking up every Shakespear tradition on and not on record in the full belief that he, at least as a playwright and a demigod of genius, is a myth. With the full conviction in her own mind that he, being nothing more than at first a link-man and horse-holder, and afterwards a mere common second-rate actor at the Blackfriars Theatre and at the Globe, was made to bear the onus and obli quoy of being a writer of stage plays, by their true author Lord Bacon, the puritainical tone of whose family and associations checked him from acknowledging the great poems as his own, did this unhappy lady set to work upon a huge volume wherein to prove her theory. That it was hardly an original one most people will be aware; that they do not share it, fortunately, is also to be assumed. However, for months and months every Shakespearian authority in the neighbourhood was pestered to death by this unhappy fanatic, in her efforts to prove the truth of her belief. But it was only when, after much mystery and precaution, she disclosed to my host the nature of the grand final coup she was about to make for the full accomplishment of her object that her true colours were shown. Imagine one dark winter's night the snug oak-panelled library of one of the most influential burghers of the town being invaded by a wild haggard-looking woman. Imagine her mysteriously informing him that she intended that night to effect an entrance into the church, and with mattock and spade to disinter the mouldering remains of the great bard. Would he help her? Would he share with her the glory and fame of scattering to the winds the myths which men had foolishly nursed for three hundred years? Would he let her have the keys then in his possession to save her resorting to force; and consequently damaging the sacred edifice in order to get into it? Would he help her, she asked, to prove by the writings in Lord Bacon's hand, which she knew to have been buried with the body, that all the so-called plays of Shakespere were the work of her great ancestor? As I trust that most of those who are tempted by the title of these pages to look through them will be more or less dreamer themselves, with or without imagination, as the case may be, I ask them once more to imagine the consternation of my host, and the difficulties brought upon him that night by the poor mad lady. Then and there he had to hand her over to a custody which unhappily has been life-long. From constant pondering over the one idea her scant reason had given way, and the climax of her misery was reserved for my friend to witness, as I have described.

News of the Week.

**DOMINION.**—Lord and Lady Dufferin are spending the Carnival in Montreal. Nova Scotia has gone almost as a unit for the government. Riot has come out with a manifesto.

**GREAT BRITAIN.**—Gladstone will await the result of the elections before the course of the Government is determined on. A despatch received at the War Office, from Sir Garnet Wolseley states that the King of the Ashantees had accepted Sir Garnet's terms, delivered all white prisoners, and has agreed to pay an indemnity of £200,000. The city of London returns three Conservatives and one Liberal to the new Parliament, in place of the four Liberals who represented the city in the last Parliament. At Dudley, England, a serious election disturbance occurred between a number of imported Irishmen, and the miners. The Riot Act was read, and the military were sent from Birmingham to restore order. Disraeli has declared against the repeal of the Income tax. Six people were killed by the fall of a factory floor at Bury, where a Liberal meeting was being held.

**UNITED STATES.**—Principal through lines from New York to the West have adopted the uniform classification for freights, as regards bulk and costs. A Washington special denies the report that Russia has refused to send goods to the Philadelphia Exhibition. Judge Conkling, father of the Senator, died suddenly yesterday, aged 85. The Scientific Medical Commission, after consultation with the widows of the Siamese twins, removed the remains of the twins to the Railway for transportation to Philadelphia. It is understood between the Commission and the widows that the bodies are not to be mutilated. It is rumoured that the Baltimore and Ohio R. R. are negotiating for the purchase of the New Jersey Southern Road, Jay Gould's unsuccessful speculation. A Philadelphia special says the coal combination have advanced the wholesale price, 15c. on the last year's opening price, to take effect 20th March. The Philadelphia ship carpenters, now on strike, have determined to make direct contracts for repairing and shipbuilding. 12,522 hands are out of employ in the iron and steel trade of the United States. Collector Havard, of Portsmouth, N. H., has received orders from the Secretary of the Treasury to allow the landing of the Atlantic cable at Rye Beach.

**FRANCE.**—The *Univers* is suppressed. M. Buffet was elected President of the Assembly. A sum of \$800,000 has been voted by the Budget Committee for repairing damages to public buildings done in the days of the Commune, including the Tuileries and Palais Royal.

**GERMANY.**—Archbishop Ledochinowski has been imprisoned. The session opened on the 6th at Berlin. At the close of his speech the Emperor says all the European powers are determined to preserve peace.

**AUSTRIA.**—Thirty thousand unemployed workmen in Vienna have petitioned Government for relief.

**SPAIN.**—The Carlists threaten to bombard Bilbao, but the city has two months' provisions, and General Moriones is advancing to its relief. The Carlists are reported to have been defeated with great losses by the Republicans in an engagement near Loyda.

**HOLLAND.**—Latest advices from Sumatra state that the Acheenese chiefs are holding out still, and building forts in the interior. It is reported from Padang that cholera has broken out in Acheen, and that the Sultan has died of it.

**CUBA.**—Captain General Jovellar has declared the Island of Cuba in a state of siege. One out of ten of the volunteers is to be enrolled for active service, and all males between 20 and 45 for the militia. The Cuban insurgents have burned two more large sugar plantations near Trinidad, valued at \$60,000. Description of Cubans and negroes are being made in the interior.

**SOUTH AMERICA.**—The Government of Salvador have been compelled to pass a stringent law to prevent the people from using the telegraph wires for clothes lines. The revolution in Yucatan is gaining strength. The Indians have been raiding and burning the towns and murdering several people. There is a prospect of peace generally in South America, except in Honduras, where hostilities are said to be imminent.

Our Illustrations.

ON THE LOOK OUT is the picture of a man who lives in a life-boat station and watches for wrecks. The stout build of the body is in contrast to the sharp, dreamy expression of the face. Who knows what thoughts pass through that busy brain, as the eyes look out on the stormy waves beyond.

The fire at the GRAMMAR SCHOOL, Lennoxville, was perceived by Mr. Livingstone Morris, on his way to church, and he at once communicated his discovery to the congregation, when a general stampede took place. On reaching the school, the flames were seen bursting out round the cupola, and the fire had made such frightful progress that nothing could be done to stop it. However, much useful work was done by tearing down the wooden covered passage, leading from the school to the college, thereby preventing the spread of the flames to the latter building. At the first alarm, Mr. Macfee (of the St. Francis & Megantic International R. R.) rode over to Sherbrooke for the Merryweather engine, which came with wonderful promptitude, and, though too late to prevent the spread of the fire, did excellent service in saving the surrounding buildings. In due, in less than three hours, Bishop's College School was only represented by blackened and smouldering walls. How the fire originated is uncertain; it probably broke out through the imperfect working of one of the furnace pipes. It is a matter of congratulation that, for this great disaster, no one is to blame. Almost all of the masters and boys resident in the school, to the number of about 80, lost all but what they stood upright in. These losses, however, are but trifling, compared with the terrible loss of life, which might have ensued. The Rector of the school, in no wise discouraged at this apparently crushing calamity, has made arrangements by which all the boys will be comfortably housed in the various buildings connected with the school; and after a brief interregnum, the works of the school will go on as usual. The school was well insured, and will be rebuilt without delay.

Much incredulity has been expressed at the alleged discoveries of Prof. Schliemann of the site of ancient Troy. But whether or not it is really the city of Priam whose ruins he has unearthed, it is very certain that he has found many artistic treasures whose antiquarian value are of the highest value. We present two illustrations in one of which, it is claimed, that the site where the old Trojan King buried his treasure is located, and another giving a view of a row of Trojan amphorae or wine and oil jars.

A Frenchman named SYLAS is the inventor of the luminous LIFE BUOY illustrated on another page. It consists simply of a metallic sphere containing phosphide of calcium. If a man falls into the sea during the night, this buoy is thrown after him, and the water, penetrating into the hollow sphere, decomposes the phosphide of calcium by generating an abundance of phosphated hydrogen. This gas escapes by a tube on top of the buoy, and it has the remarkable property of burning spontaneously on coming in contact with the air, without being extinguished by the water. A bright light guides the shipwrecked man. He can hold on to the buoy till a boat comes up.

BELLE, the champion pointer of England, is a liver and white bitch, pupped June 28th, 1870, by Lord Henry Bentick's Ranger out of his dog Grouse, and is the champion field trial dog of his day. Winner with July (No. 3) of the Bangor Stakes for Pointer Bitches, and of the County Stakes for all aged bitches at Vaynol Field Trials, 1872; and with Grecian Bend (No. 4), of the Acton Reynold Stakes for Pointer Bitches, and of the County Stakes for aged Pointer bitches, at the National Pointers and Setters Field Trials held at Combermere, near Shrewsbury, April 29th, 1873. Also at the Grouse Field Trials, 1873. Second with Roman Fall (No. 5) in the Penllyn Stakes for Bitches, August 18th, 1873. She was first in the Rhiwlas Stakes for all aged Pointers and Setters, beating Mr. Maddona's Ranger, Mr. Llewellyn's Countess and Flax, Mr. Slaters' Rob Roy, and other celebrated performers. Appended are the points she made in the Rhiwlas Stakes.

VALUE OF POINTS WHEN PERFECT.

30	20	20	15	10	5	100
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POINTS MADE AT THE BALA FIELD TRIAL.

Name of Dog	Age.	Pace and style of Hunting.	Breaking.	Pointing (Style and Steadiness in)	Backing.	Drawing on Game or Roading.	Total.
Belle.	27½	20	20	15	10	5	97½

On page eight, we give two scenes of the COUP D'ETAT in Madrid, on the 2nd January. Immediately Senor Castelar became aware of the strength of the majority against him, he and his colleagues resigned the luxury of the "azure bench." Senor Salmeron reassumed his presidential position whilst a Ministry more to his choice than that he had just been successful in wrecking, was in process of formation. Senor Palanca, a member of rather deeper dye than himself, but not quite so "red" as Senor Pi y Margall, was called upon to act as nominal chief. The other members were duly appointed, and everything looked promising, when the Captain-General of New Castile, in which province the city of Madrid is situated, sent the colonel of his staff and another officer to dissolve the Assembly. Nothing remained but for those who were on the point of tasting the sweets of power, to depart from the silent hall sadder, if not wiser, men. The only consolation they received was from the strains of the "Marsellaise," which was sung in the surrounding streets to a group of French Communists, who, however, in their turn were broken up, dispersed by a company of the Guardia Civil, whose measured tramp now became audible in the quiet (save the word!) and brilliantly moonlit night. Scarcely had these appeared in sight when another similar body marched out from the shade of the lofty houses adjoining the "Congreso de los Diputados"—more and yet more came as if by magic into the Plaza in front of the now closed building—the lumbering of wheels was also heard, and then appeared in the strong moonlight, four straight, thin, but awful-looking Krupp guns, each drawn by as many powerful mules.

Belem is situate about six miles to the west of Lisbon, on the right bank of the Tagus. This little town of about 6000 inhabitants has a palace, a church, the magnificent CLOISTER reproduced in the present issue, and the famous TOWER, likewise reproduced, which has always been regarded as a marvel of decorative architecture.

BY THE SEA SHORE and the RAT CATCHER are genre pictures of rare merit. The former especially has obtained a great reputation in French Galleries for the superb free pose of the horse.

Oddities.

How about that "new leaf?" "Seclusion" is the new word for it. Nimrod was a mighty hunter, but he never saw an aunt elope. Honest ducks dip their head under water to liquidate their little bills. The latest dodge in books—returning borrowed volumes as Christmas presents. A photographer requested that his sign, "taken from life," should be his epitaph. A Western newspaper heads its lists of female personal intelligence "Her column." "Sod corn Catawba, vintage of 1873," comprises the entire "wine" list of a Lafayette hotel. "Muggins," says that in these hard times, a five dollar green-back looks as big as a circus poster. A Nevada postmaster has written to Washington to know if he can rent part of the office for a faro bank. Bulwer said that journalism is more fitted to destroy bad governments than to construct foundations for good ones. Josh Billings says: "Success don't kon-ist in never making blunders, but in never making the same one the second time." If you wish to travel cheaply, patronize those railroads which advertise to carry their passengers "through without change." A Michigan newsdealer recently received this order from a young lady: "Send me a Novel called buffalo bill and the dais dais."

At a recent dinner of shoemakers the following toast was given: "May we have all the women in the country to shoe and all the men to boot." "What comes after T?" asked a teacher of a small pupil, who was learning the alphabet. He received the bewildering reply: "You—do to see Liza." The Mount Pleasant, Iowa, *Journal* devil thinks it an all-wise Providence that ordains that religious revivals don't set in until after the stove pipes are all put up. A girl hearing her mistress ask her husband to bring "Dombey and Son" with him when he came home to dinner, set two extra plates for the expected guests. "How fast they build houses now!" said H.: "they began that building last week, and now they are putting in the lights." "Yes," answered his friend, "and next week they will put in the liver."

A solemn warning might be taken from the fate of a Western editor who started out to "astonish the natives" with a lecture; but a snow storm arose, the driver lost his way, the wagon upset, and the lecturer broke his collar bone and two ribs.

Ben Franklin's watch is owned by a staunch old Pennsylvania farmer. This is opening the year with a first-class stock paragraph. For an economical man Franklin owned many watches. We know of four. Perhaps he used to "swap tick-ets."

Peter Van Dyke, an old chap, who died in New Hampshire the other day, worth \$140,000 in cash, requested in his will that no one "should snuffle and shed crocodile tears at his funeral, but cover him over and then hurry home to fight over his money."

Not long since, at Sunday-school, the teacher, after trying hard to impress on the minds of a class of small boys the sin of Sabbath-breaking, asked, "Is Sunday better than any other day?" when the smallest boy in the class answered, "You bet your boots it is!"

"Did you ever," asks a correspondent, "sit down to a good, old-fashioned Kentucky supper, cooked by an old slave of the family, say Aunt Sallie? Well, if you haven't, then never speak of having eaten! Good, drip coffee for the rich cream, as thick as jelly; waffles spread with the yellowest and cleanest butter bluegrass can produce; broiled quail; squirrel; good country ham; a great, big roast turkey at the head of the table, as big as a young ostrich; while at the other end a roast pig, cooked to a turn, and so nicely dressed up that his jaws extended in delight at the situation!"

Music and the Drama.

Capoul, if the London *Figaro* is not misinformed, was a linen-draper's assistant.

Mrs. Siddons, the great actress, was a sculptor as well, and executed the busts of herself and brother, Mr. John Kemble, marvellously well.

A new association is to be started in England, to be called the British Musical and Dramatic Institution. It is for the study of music and the drama.

Parepa took her name from an old estate in her father's family. It is mentioned as curious that the name should include in the Italian language Re (King), Papa (Pope), and Papa (father).

A small but interesting evidence of the resumption of their former intercourse by France and Germany is given by the appearance for the first time since the war of a French company at a Berlin theatre.

One of the most popular English dramatists is about to bring out a play which will present John Knox in a singularly novel character,—that of exhibiting an intense feeling of love for Mary Stuart, and at the same time struggling with the insane passion.

An interesting and valuable discovery has just been made at Prague. Portions of the opera of *Don Giovanni*, entirely in the handwriting of Mozart, have been found in the theatre, where the first representation of the great work took place. The museum at Vienna has purchased the treasure for fourteen hundred dollars.

A few weeks ago Pacini's opera *Sappho* was being played at Rome. At the end of the last act, when Sappho throws herself into the sea, the singer's substitute had so badly arranged his classical robes that the last thing one saw of the Greek poetess was a large pair of men's boots. The curtain fell amid the most uproarious laughter.

M. Albert Delpit, the author of *Robert Pradel*, which has lately been produced in Paris, began his career as a dramatist at the age of eleven, when he sent a MS. to the Odéon, and was as incensed as he was surprised that his piece was not received. He even went to the manager to ask the reason why his piece was not received. "Because it is bad," was the answer. The boy could not understand this. However, nothing daunted, he still went on writing, and, altogether, has written fifty-seven pieces, *Robert Pradel* being the first that has been presented to the public.



WINTER GLOOMS.

The winter morn wakes sad and slow  
Beneath a sullen firmament;  
The cock crew out five hours ago  
But doubtingly, as if he dream't.  
The noon creeps up—no light—no sun;  
The sombre fogs hang chill and drear.  
By four o'clock the day is done,  
And life grows short and shorter, Dear.

The ragged skies are patch with cloud;  
Out roars the echoing waterfall;  
The winds come howling fierce and loud;  
The door creaks hoarsely in the hall.  
The birds are silent in the wood,  
Save here and there some moaning dove,  
Or redbreast heavy with its mood,  
And life grows faint and fainter, Love.

The meadows spread all wan and drencht;  
Black snowdrifts lean against the hedge;  
The knotted fallows deeply trencht,  
Are frozen fast; upon the edge  
Of whitening pools the cattle stare—  
While hoar with icy rime above  
Gaunt bushes meet the tingling air,  
And life grows cold and colder, Love.

Give me your hand. 'Tis true and firm.  
What matter how we thus grow old?  
Or life speeds out? or fret that burn  
Decay so fast? Ah, still enfold  
My life with yours; warm heart, warm hand,  
They thaw the frost of Time, and clear  
All shadows till in happier Land  
Our life grows bright and brighter, Dear.

ALFRED NORRIS.

For Everybody.

Unavoidable Delay.

If ever there was a good excuse for not getting a paper out in time, it is that offered by the Spanish paper, the *Star and Herald*. The editor says that the Government troops were keeping up a continuous fire on the door of his sitting-room, and half a dozen shots did not vary three feet in striking. "To this annoyance," he says, "we must attribute our delay in getting out the edition, for it is difficult to persuade men to work under a steady and dangerous fire."

Hired Goods in Paris.

Everything, it is said, may be hired in Paris, from swaddling-clothes to winding-sheets. Flowers, fruit, china, lace, and jewelry are duly loaned, by very respectable people, who wish to astonish their neighbours and not a little themselves. Aquariums well-stocked are among the recent novelties loaned for the day or the week, with facilities for payment if retained, like pianos and wearing apparel. The very latest wants supplied are cockatoos, love-birds, and various members of the finch family.

A Doctor's Income.

The earnings of Sir Astley Cooper afford a striking example of the slow promotion of even the most skillful and deserving of doctors. In the first year he netted five guineas; in the second £26; in the third £84; in the fourth £96; in the fifth £100; in the sixth, £200; in the seventh, £400; in the eighth, £610; in the ninth, the year in which he secured his hospital appointment, £1,100. The highest amount he ever received in any one year was £24,000; but for many years his average income was £15,000. The most that the famous Abernethy ever realised in one year was £5,000, showing that his vagaries and eccentricities were by no means a source of profit to him.

Marriage Statistics in Paris.

Paris, in addition to making Academicians and Cardinals, has not the less been occupied in making marriages. There was celebrated during the past year in Paris and its neighbourhood nearly fourteen thousand marriages, all made of course in heaven—save the forty-two separations that took place after four months' experience of matrimony. The deaths numbered nearly 40,000; the poorer people rushed with a headlong impetuosity into marriage, but their richer brethren, being in doubt, largely abstained. The provinces also displayed their opinion, by an immense majority as compared with former years, that the world must be peopled.

A Pleasant Picture.

A painting in the Wiertz Museum, near Brussels, represents Napoleon I. in the other world; not to put too fine a point upon it—in Hades. He is surrounded by those whose lives he caused to be sacrificed in his attempts to conquer the world. Bloody hands are thrust out towards him, and horribly mutilated bodies and dismembered limbs, still dripping with gore, strew the ground. Clinging to him, with faces expressive of anguish and fury, are the wives and sisters of those whom he has slain; yet he is represented standing in the well-known attitude, with folded arms, calmly gazing into futurity, and heeding naught of the scenes about him. His face betokens deep thought. The whole picture is terrible in its significance.

An Improvement in Telegraphy.

At the Paris Academy of Sciences, M. Dupuy de Lome has recently exhibited an invention for sending a plan or topographical sketch by telegraph. Over the plan or map is placed a semicircular plate of glass graduated. On the centre is the radial arm, also graduated, which carries on a slide a piece of mica with a blade point. A fixed eye-piece is adjusted; and, looking through this, the mica-point is carried successively over all the points of the plan to be reproduced, and the polar co-ordinates of each noted. The numbers thus obtained are transmitted by telegraph, and they are laid down by the receiver who uses a similar arrangement to that described.

Silver Bricks for School Prizes.

Patrick Keys of Virginia, Nevada, has just had moulded thirteen beautiful little silver bricks which he intends presenting to the public schools of that city and Gold Hill as prizes to be awarded to the best scholars. Each brick, according to the *Evening Chronicle*, has a ring attached to one end, and through this is passed a blue ribbon to be tied around the neck of the little child to whom it may be awarded. The sight of these beautiful and valuable prizes will most certainly excite the ambition of the little ones and stimulate them to renewed efforts to excel, and thus will the interest of education be promoted and the laudable end aimed at by Mr. Keys accomplished.

Political Playthings.

Among the new Parisian toys which point the hatred and contempt of Prussia is "Naive Gretchen," a German lass, with big blue eyes and long flaxen braids of hair. The cunning artisan who created her has managed so as to give her that expression of confiding friendliness characteristic of the Fraulein. But on touching a spring the india-rubber head turns inside out, and Bismarck appears with his pointed helmet, iron jaw, and swollen eyelids. Then there are "Liberation Maps" for the young, with the provinces of Alsace and Lorraine marked out in chocolate, as a temptation to the juvenile mind to recover them.

A New Venus.

The Venus of Falerno, the new acquisition of the Louvre,

has been on view in Paris for some days. It resembles the "Venus de Milo" very closely, with this important exception, that the whole figure is draped, the folds of the drapery being of admirable workmanship. The statue, after all, is little more than a mere torso, but the authorities of the Louvre have eked out its meaning in the best manner by surrounding it with casts of no fewer than ten other statues, or portions of statues, which it resembles in design, or which help the spectator to form an opinion as to its appearance when complete. On the whole, it seems that this figure, like this Venus of Milo, originally formed part of a group similar to that of Venus and Mars in the *Uffizi at Florence*.

Theatres in Paris.

Paris theatres are said to be at present, without exception, the most uncomfortable places of amusement that any one can visit. The boxes are so small that the chairs have to be taken out to allow the ladies to enter, and the balconies are so narrow that it is scarcely possible for a gentleman to pass to and fro; and in most theatres ladies are not admitted to the stalls. So that with the private boxes being all in the shade, and the best dressed ladies thus being placed behind the balconies, and the stall being filled with black coats (unrelieved even by a white tie), a Paris theatre is pleasant neither to the eye nor the feelings. And when you see that densely-packed mass, and you know how difficult the egress is, you cannot prevent yourself imagining what would happen if a cry of "Fire!" went to startle the audience.

Duelling Statistics in France.

During the year 1873 nineteen duels were fought in France; two of them ended fatally, and a few of the remaining seventeen resulted in grievous wounds, the majority of the sword duels being terminated at the "first blood," and some pistol duels after a few (in one case as many as five) ineffective rounds. Twelve of the duels were fought with the sword (amongst which was one military duel with the sabre-sword, or *épée de combat*); in the other seven the pistol being used, (especially in the late Soutou duel at Fontainebleau) the majority of the encounters arose from editorial disputes (Ranc, Cassagnac, &c.), or were prompted by political, military, dynastic, theatrical, and literary differences of opinion. In a few cases the motives are attributed to jealousy and gambling quarrels. The duels continued for eight minutes on an average. The assault between MM. Cassagnac and Ranc, however, occupied fourteen minutes.

Victor Emmanuel's Left-handed Marriage.

The reading public in Italy have been greatly startled by seeing in the *Almanach de Gotha* for 1874 that King Victor Emmanuel, a widower since 1855, was by "a morganatic marriage united to Rosina, Countess of Mirafiori, in 1872." This marriage was often spoken of, and may have been solemnized either in 1872 or several years before, probably in 1865, when the King was ill at San Rossore. Nothing, however, is officially known about it, but it was not likely that the King, even if he married, had his name and that of Rosina entered upon the register of any municipal corporation. What is certain is that morganatic marriage is not among the institutions either of Italy or any other Catholic community. If the King really married the Countess of Mirafiori he must have bestowed upon her his right hand.

A Novelty in Hogs.

The Virginia (Montana) *Enterpriser* has the following: "McGinnis, of McGinnis's Station, at the mouth of Six-mile Canyon, has a hog which is a curiosity in more ways than one. The hog, though quite young, stands about three and a half feet high, and is as slender as a race-horse. It not only has astonishingly long and slender legs, but rejoices in the possession of a snout about half as long as its body. It is peculiarly marked, being black as a coal from its fore-legs to the end of its nose, while the remainder of its body is snow-white. It is a great pet, and is never so happy as when in the house playing with the children. By running with the children and dogs it has learned to do many things a hog is seldom seen to do, as to jump fences and the like. The owner says there is not a fence on his ranch that the hog cannot jump. The hog takes great interest in strangers, and likes to get acquainted with them and have them play with and notice him."

Mr. Bright on Public Speaking.

Mr. Bright has written a letter to a young theological student on public speaking. He is for extemporaneous speaking when a man knows his subject, and has a good hold of it; but for a preacher, who has to deliver a sermon a week to the same people, a written sermon, he says, is almost indispensable. Of his own speeches, Mr. Bright writes out the most important and highly worked passages, and gets them by heart. The rest he fills in as he goes along. He has a small slip of letter-paper with notes on it, and often is noticed in the House of Commons conning over his notes, and rehearsing passages with his eyes on the ceiling. Mr. Gladstone uses notes only for facts and the order of his points, and trusts exclusively to the moment for his words. Lord Palmerston always spoke extemporaneously, and scarcely ever referred to a paper. Mr. Disraeli only uses notes for dates and figures. He prepares his speeches with great care, grouping his points artistically and polishing up his epigrams. Lord Granville and Earl Russell both speak off-hand.

A Materialistic Spirit.

A California paper says: "The truth of the following queer story is vouched for by some of San Francisco's most prominent citizens: A certain lady who has breathed the diplomatic air of foreign courts visited a medium lately. During the *séances* the spirit of the lady's father was announced, and that an important communication would be made. It was revealed that the lady's father had, in a moment of generosity, given away a half interest in a valuable tract of land—1,250 acres—but that the other half was to be held for the donor, and to this 625 acres the daughter, as sole remaining relative, was entitled. The lady was admonished to apply to the well-to-do holder of the land, and ask restitution of the property held in trust. It is further reported that the lady, impressed by the circumstantiality of the revelation, visited the party indicated, and received a deed for 625 acres of land, valued at \$30,000. Visits from the shades of speculative fathers who dabbled in real estate in their lifetime will now be looked for with great pleasure."

Littiputians.

One evening the week before last the wife of Mr. J. B. McCrum, living at No. 58 Parsons street, Kalamazoo, Mich., gave birth to twins—a boy and a girl. The surprise of the parents can be imagined when, on surveying the party, the nurse held up the tiny pair in the palm of one of her hands. They were soon after weighed, and the aggregate avoidupois of the twins was three pounds and four ounces, one of the pair weighing one pound and eight ounces, and the other weighing one pound and twelve ounces. They were less than eight inches long, and perfectly formed. A bed was made for them, which consisted of a minute basket filled with cotton-batting, and clothing had to be improvised for the strangers, that which in expectancy had been made up proving a world too wide for their little limbs. Some doubt was expressed by the physician who attended the mother as to whether they would live, but from latest accounts they are not only alive, but are lively, bright, and wide awake, and claim a place in this big sphere as well as their own immediate brothers and sisters, of which there are several in the family grown up.

A Philadelphia Pitfall.

The New York correspondent of the *St. Louis Republican* has

been doing Philadelphia something as follows: "It makes no difference with the Philadelphia phemal about the weather. She breaks the ice in her pail and goes cheerfully to work glazing those immaculate steps, while the winds howl round her and the mercury goes down to unheard-of depths. Bless her! she slides off the stoop, she skates on her ear into the gutter, and is rescued by one of the occupants who are not scrubbing. Nobody can hold their perpendicular one instant upon the scene of her exploits, and she looks with pleasure on the downfall of the Yorker. The native is all the while inventing things to circumvent the scrubbers. The latest kink is an article called 'creepers,' a little horseshoe-shaped thing, with sharp, short spikes that screws on to boot-heels. The Philadelphia man wears the 'creepers,' and the Philadelphia woman is in a ceaseless stew lest he forget to take 'em off on the steps and goes prodding round on her carpets. Therefore the instant the windows are properly glazed and the stoop iced, she sits in the hall to watch for the 'creepers'—a perfectly harmless life, but one destitute of attraction to an ease-loving, scrub-hating woman like me."

Immorality of French Literature.

"A Frenchman" has recently written to the *Pall Mall Gazette* denying that French dramatic and romantic literature is really any more immoral than English plays and novels. He asserts that he has witnessed indecencies at London music halls which would not be tolerated in Paris, and that Shakespeare and Fielding wrote with an indecency of language to which modern French literature furnishes no parallel. There is a large share of truth in these assertions. French literature certainly lacks the grossness that is found in that of England, and much of the immorality which is imputed to it consists in the fact that French authors handled crimes which English propriety prefers to ignore. It does not follow that England is really any more moral than France, just as it does not follow that because our literature is less gross in expression than it was in the time of Shakespeare we have, therefore, advanced in morality. There are more illegitimate births in Scotland in proportion to the population than there are in France, excluding Paris, and yet no people are more severe in their code of propriety of speech than are the Scotch.

An Artist in Dining.

A Washington correspondent writes: "Sam Ward, of Boston, now here, is said to be the greatest epicure in the United States. He is a connoisseur of art and literature, brilliant in conversation, and further distinguished by being the brother of Julia Ward Howe. His dinners are epochs in the lives of the guests. The courses are not so numerous as rare. The wines are the best of the best, and he knows how to graduate each. 'Take a thimbleful of this with the fish; a glass of that with the soup; so much of the other with the coffee;' 'never drink this till the last,' &c., he tells his friends who suggest the deplorable consequences of 'mild drinks,' and his advice never fails them. Once upon a time a friend gave him a *carte blanche* to get up a dinner for twenty people. It was worthy of the immortal gods, but when a bill for \$2,500 was handed, the host winced, and wished it hadn't been quite so good. 'See here, Ward,' said he, 'don't you call this pretty stiff?' 'My friend,' cried Mr. W., 'do you think that high? Why the "truffle" were cheap at that price!'"

A Pious Conflict.

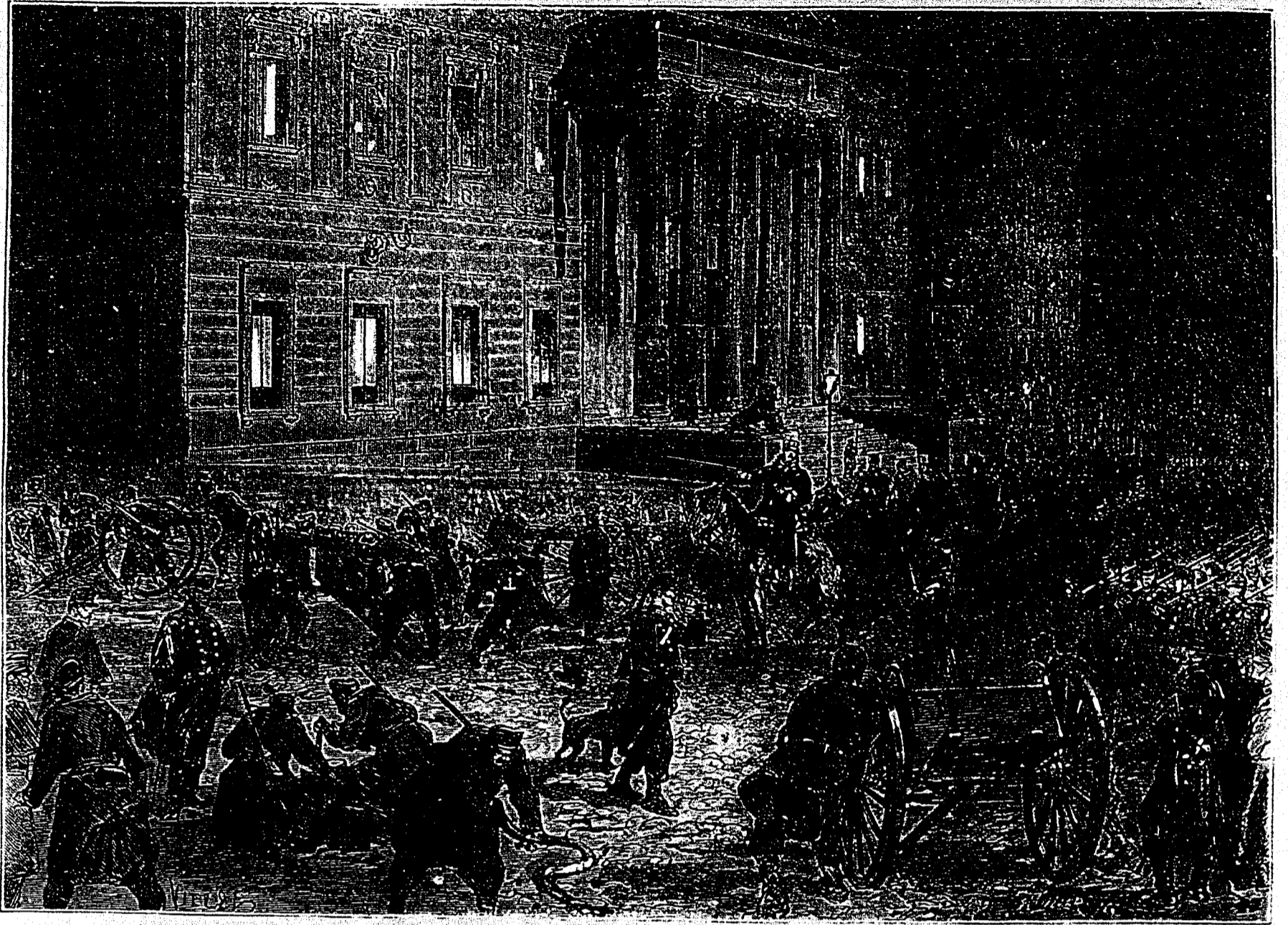
A Paris correspondent says: "In the clerical department we have a fierce battle raging between Mgr. Dupanloup, the Bishop of Orleans, and M. Veulliot, the Ultramontane editor of the *Univers*. That those two holy defenders of the Papal infallibility should fall foul of each other is a curious and edifying spectacle. The cause of the quarrel is simple. M. Veulliot rushed into a pious passion because during a recent meeting at Orleans in commemoration of the soldiers who fell there during the war the banner of the Sacred Heart, which was the fighting flag of the Pontifical Zouaves, was not hoisted in the cathedral, therefore he accuses the Bishop of cowardice, and goes so far as to call him 'free-thinker,' and 'Freemason.' Monseigneur Dupanloup now replies in the *Francs* with a very vehement letter, in which he says it is M. Veulliot who is guilty of infamy, 'scandal and profanation.' After giving the rash editor a long lecture on his general conduct the fusionist Bishop winds up with the following clincher well worthy of mention: 'Nobody, sir—and this is my great charge against you—nobody has contributed as much as you have by your polemics, your insults, and your deplorable confusion of ideas, to the ruin of the work of the monarchical restoration, which only could have saved France from a final wreck!'"

Mourning Reduced to an Art.

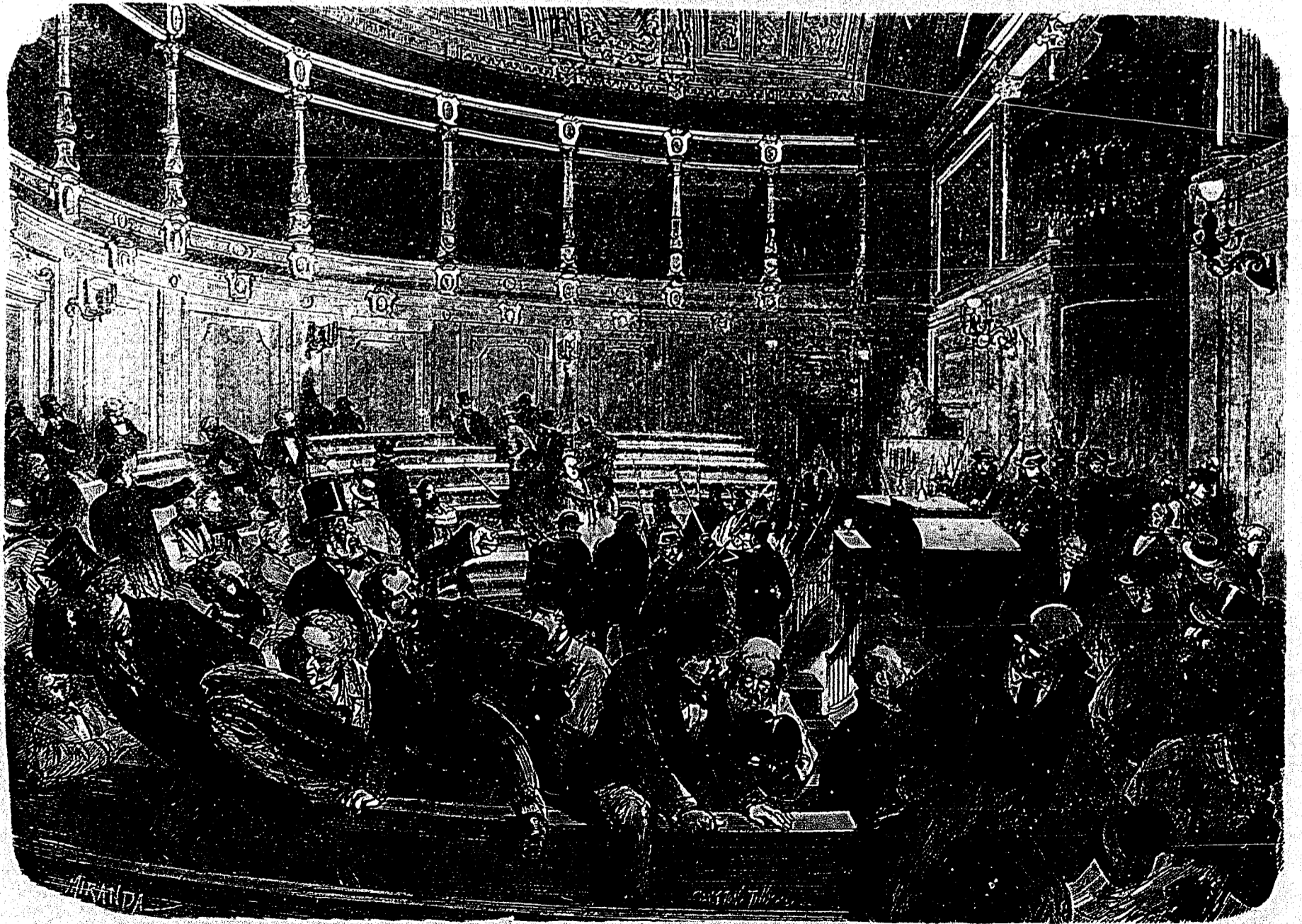
The court mourning of Germany is thus described by a correspondent: "The court and every official wearing uniform go into mourning for six weeks. The ladies wear the first four weeks black woollen, high-necked dresses, gloves of black undressed kid, black fans and head-dresses, and bonnets of black crape. The first two weeks the bonnets are to be made with a deep flange, with a broad hem, and narrow lace; the cap is to have two veils—one to be thrown back, reaching to the ground, the other short, to be worn over the face. The third week the flange is to be smaller, with broader lace and narrower hems and only the long veil. The fourth week the bonnet is reduced to a small flange with deep lace, and the ladies appear in black silk dresses, black gauze head-dresses, glove kid gloves, and black jewelry. The last eight days the head-dresses, gloves, and fans are to be white, and jewelry must be of pearls. The gentlemen belonging to the army wear crape on the left arm, and the first four weeks have the epaulets, agraffes, cords, and sword-belt covered with crape. The chamberlains have their keys draped in crape. The gentlemen belonging to the court alone, and not to the military, wear black clothes, a three-cornered hat with black feather. Those not wearing uniforms at all wear crape on the left arm; the first five weeks black gloves, the last week white."

Ex-Monarch.

He who passes through the upper streets of Prague, the beautiful capital of Bohemia, about noon-time on fine days, will be certain to meet an old, slender man, dressed in a very ordinary suit of black, walking in a painful, shuffling manner, and leaning on his cane every now and then to take breath. Many of those whom he meets stand still and look after the old man with a curious air. The beggars run towards him as soon as they catch sight of him, to whom he gives a few pieces of silver. This aged *habitué* of the promenade, near the Hradsohin of Prague, is no other than the ex-Emperor Ferdinand of Austria, who occupied the throne of the Hapsburgs during that eventful period 1834-1848 when their power was at the highest and at the lowest ebb. He threw down his crown, and retired to Prague, where he has since lived in obscurity. He never goes to public entertainments, and rarely leaves the Hradsohin, except to take a brief walk. His only companions are two old servants, who have been with him from his youth. All the pleasure he has consists in making little ingenious toys in his cabinet-making shop. He has an undoubted talent in that direction. He never reads newspapers, and hardly ever opens a book. Few visitors call upon him, except some priests, who converse with him on religious matters. He dislikes to have his reign alluded to, and whenever it is mentioned, immediately changes the subject. His table is simpler than that of his servants. He never drinks wine, and has never used tobacco in his life. His bedroom looks like a chapel. There are four large crucifixes in it. Such is the life of the modern Dicoletian.



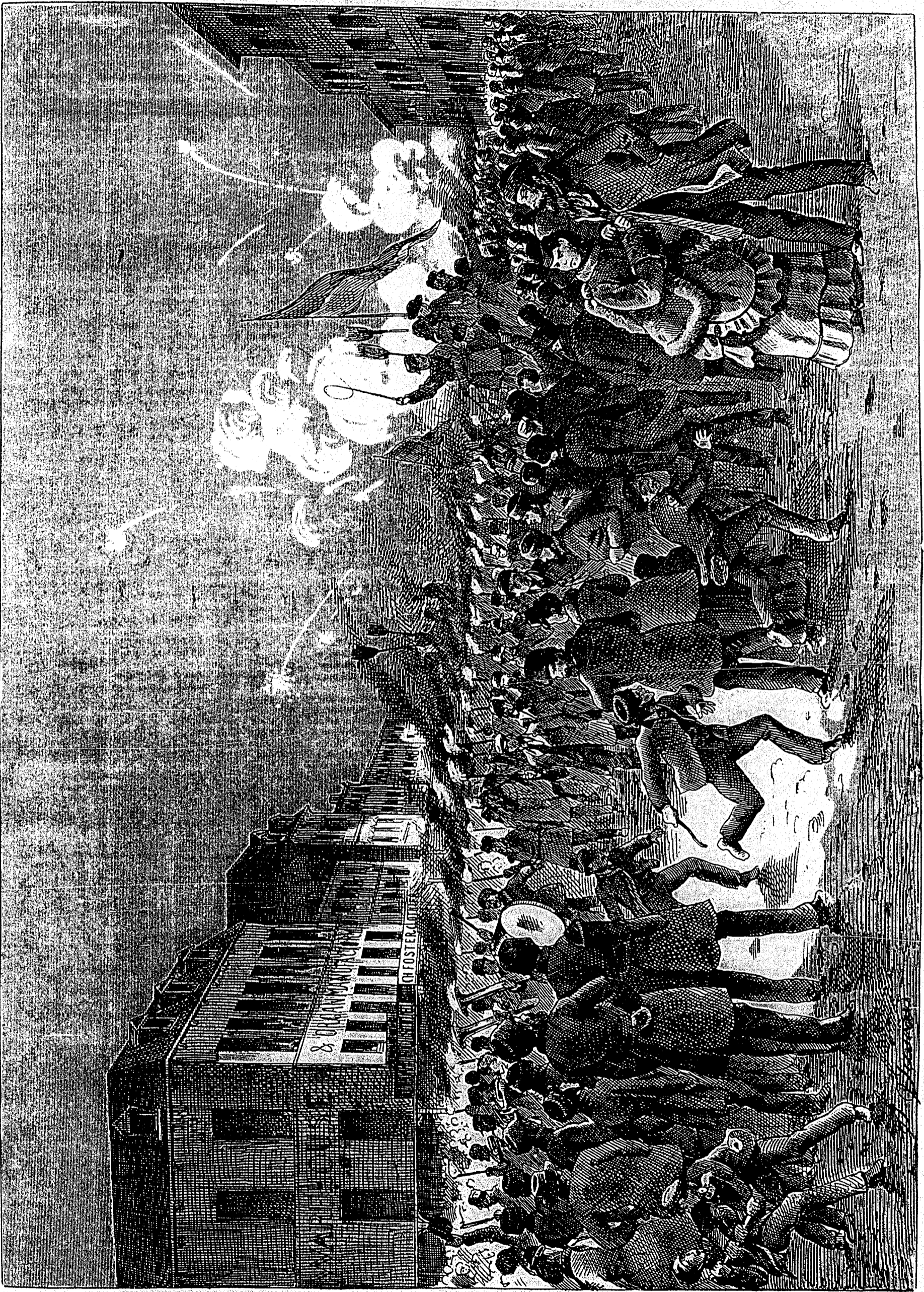
OUTSIDE THE CORTES ON THE NIGHT OF THE 2ND JANUARY.



THE CIVIL GUARD EXPELLING MEMBERS OF THE CORTES.

THE COUP D'ETAT IN SPAIN.





HAMILTON, ONT.—THE ELECTIONS. TORCHLIGHT PROCESSION ON THE NIGHT OF THE POLLING DAY.



(Forth Canadian Illustrated News.)



BY NED P. MAH.

## I.

How often we find a set of people, thrown together by the emergency of a common pursuit, yet to whom that pursuit is the only bond of unity. It is a great pity when this is so, when each, apart from the common object of business, lives isolated, a prey to envy, or jealousy, or dislike of his fellows, the ground for which exists probably alone in his imagination, whenever so little rubbing off of the angles, ever so little forbearance on the part of the units, might make the whole harmonize in a common friendship.

This was the case with the staff of employes at the Head Office of the Holstadt and Kleinborgen Eisenbahn.

They were all picked men, men who had given a promise of future capability, whose energy and talent at home had won for them the promotion in circumstances and prospects which a transplantation to a new and more expanded field of labour gave; men endowed with more or less brains, more or less excellency of physical and social qualities, who only needed to know each other intimately to break through the ice of their native reserve, to form, apart from business, as glorious a fraternity in private life as they were zealous *collaborateurs* in their profession. And yet, with the exception of two or three here and there who clung together, each went to his home at the close of the day shut up within himself, in a miserable and solitary exclusion.

This state of things had existed for nearly two years when Arthur Merryweather came among them. Then there was a change. Young, stalwart, possessed of exuberant health and spirits, with a clear brain and broad views, he found some kindred chord in the breast of each of his new associates, and became the common centre in which the sympathies of all united. He was the keystone of the arch. He founded a boating club, a cricket club, a "novel society" of which the members related their experiences and drew on their imagination in a dramatic form; a whist club, a boxing, fencing, and athletic club, and was, himself, *facile princeps* in each.

And he soon became popular, not alone in the little nucleus of fellow countrymen which formed his more immediate surrounding, but among the natives both of high and low degree. At every public gathering he made fresh acquaintances, at the Schutzenfest, on the Regiebahn, in the theatre. He was the idol of the public balls, the observed of all observers on the Linden Allée. The ladies called him "der schoener Engländer," the photographers besought him to sit to them gratis.

Thus feted and courted on every side in his leisure hours, and with onerous and responsible duties during the day, had he possessed a brain less keen, a frame less Herculean, a temperament less elastic, he must have succumbed for lack of the necessary repose. But his vigour of mind and body was such that he seemed actually to need no rest. No matter how great the fatigue, how exhausting the excitement, how convivial the banquet of the nocturnal hours Arthur was always at his post, fresh, cool, calm, keen, and punctual to the minute next morning. The knottiest points resolved themselves into the simplest questions before his wise judgment, the abstruse calculations were to him but a pleasing pastime. And then he possessed the rare attribute of sleeping at will. While waiting for the execution of some detail by a subordinate he would rest his brow upon the desk and snatch a few moments of repose, awakening at a word with fresh energy and unclouded brain.

Yet perhaps there was a tinge of bravado in all this, and his physical powers owed their exhaustless energy to a pitiless and iron will. Be this as it may one day having sought the store room—a huge lumber room which was the repository of a bountiful stock of office stationery—with the view of hunting up a particular form of material account of which he best knew the probable whereabouts, the temptation to fling himself upon one of the mattresses, part of the household goods of a colleague who had not as yet found a suitable domicile for the establishment of the domestic menage, because irresistible and in a moment his muscles relaxed by the sweet balsam of the gods, he sank into a peaceful slumber.

Naturally graceful in every movement, his pose might have satisfied the exacting taste of a classic sculptor for a model Endymion. And as even Diana lingered a moment, hovering in chaste admiration over that fortunate stripling, so we would defy any merely human woman to pass our sleeping hero without a moment's pause or an admiring glance. So, in effect, pretty little Linda Laurberg, tripping with light footstep to her studio under the tiles, lingered for a moment and confessed within herself she had never before beheld so perfect a type of manly beauty. But as even her light tread was sufficient to rouse Arthur from his slight slumber she was not able to make her escape before our hero's eye had rested on her fresh young beauty and he, in his turn, became conscious that he had for the first time witnessed his ideal of perfection in womanly grace.

As his eyes opened, Linda timid as the young fawn, and covered with confusion, fled, leaving Arthur in doubt as to whether the beautiful apparition were a dream or no; however, a little knot of blue ribbon on the threshold established the reality of the vision. He picked it up and with this talisman in his hand and the bundle of forms under his arm, proceeded to lock up the store room and return to the more prosaic regions of the offices below.

A door, opening into the corridor, near the stairhead stood wide, thus giving a draught of pure air through the room from the little window in the sloping roof a precaution not unnecessary if its inmate would escape suffocation, for the sun poured down with an almost tropical heat on the blazing tiles.

Within, seated at a desk, sat Linda scribbling for dear life. "Fraulein," said Arthur attracting her attention by a little tap, "permit me to restore to you, what I conceive to be your property."

She rose with a startled blush, came forward and thanked him.

She looked extremely pretty standing there in her confusion with her lightened colour. Arthur sought an excuse to prolong the conversation. The papers scattered about the room gave him one.

"Forgive my curiosity. Am I on the threshold of the study of an authoress?"

"Yes. At least it is to my pen I owe my livelihood" said Linda.

"A very pleasant pursuit, doubtless," remarked Arthur.

She told him it was rather a laborious one, which she followed rather from necessity than choice. They had quite a little chat standing there in the doorway. Arthur had such kindly frank eyes and was so courteous she could not send him away, and then Linda was so lonely and yearned so for sympathy, and had so few to take any interest in her, poor child.

I think Arthur's correspondence must have been enormous during the succeeding weeks or he must have had a great many statements to make or have worked very carelessly and spoiled reams of paper, for his voyages to the upper regions became very frequent.

## II.

"La, is that you Zaur Meergervitter?" exclaimed Linda, as Arthur came in through the street door just as she had closed it. "How you startled me. Pray, what brings you back at this unusual hour?"

"Dire necessity, little Fraulein, nothing less. Linda I am getting awfully pious."

"How so?" said Linda making great eyes. You see, it was a proclivity she had never attributed to Arthur.

"Why, if to labour be to pray, I am at my worship day and night."

"Oh, fie, it is only the worship of Mammon. It is always business, business, business with you men. Do you know I have been longing to ask you to spare me five minutes. I want to consult you on some knotty points in my novelette."

"Then I will add another prayer and beseech you to bring down your work and honor me with your presence, while I sacrifice to Mammon."

"But I shall disturb the rites—or the writing," rejoined Linda.

"Not at all. I have a lot of district pay sheets to expropriate, which is Greek to you, but is about equivalent to dividing them into chapters, and this involves a great deal of copying and while I copy I can talk."

So Linda suffered herself to be persuaded and presently came tripping down stairs, fancy work in hand, and established herself, as cool, and comfortable, and completely at home as if she had occupied the same seat nightly for years. Bail not, ye prudes and maiden aunts. No, there was nothing "extremely improper" in all this. There was that pride of purity about Linda which would have prevented any man in his senses from addressing her a disrespectful word and which invested her most unconventional acts with an atmosphere of perfect rectitude. She and Arthur had understood each other from the first and knew that their intimacy was not going to be dangerous.

The subjects which had vexed the spirit of the young authoress, the problems which were beyond her ingenuity to solve, were partly of a legal, partly of a medical nature, and though Arthur had never looked between the covers of Coke or Littleton and had but a vague acquaintance with the rules which govern the compilation of the testimonial literature of Doctors Commons,—though he knew but little of poisons and their antidotes, or whether a person, "shot through the heart" would fall upon his face or his back,—yet he evolved from his inner consciousness such shrewd methods of evading technical difficulties without detracting from the truthful delineation of the 'sensations' or 'spasms' of the story that Linda's novelette, when in due season it appeared in print, was censured by the critics neither for faulty jurisprudence or erroneous medical theories.

This way of putting the case was so droll—the dry humour with which he piled up the agony in an imaginary address to a jury to illustrate his idea of the way out of the difficulty, his ingenious method of getting rid of a troublesome personage that had to be killed for the exigencies of poetic justice, the whole uttered in little sentences, divided by pauses, during which he calculated and compared—was so entertaining that Linda felt she had never enjoyed herself so much, never met with a friend whom she could so thoroughly admire for all the long months of her orphanage.

But as they sat there—Arthur talking and working, Linda animated, happy and beautiful, her face all aglow with excitement as she watched and listened—they heard the hall door bang, a heavy step across the vestibule, and a hand upon the latch of the outer office.

Linda rose, white and terrified, there was no other means of egress, only the huge fire-proof safe gaped a black and hideous cavern from the wall. Arthur, who had risen too, made a sign towards it; she fluttered in, scared and trembling like a frightened bird. He turned the lock upon her and faced the door of the room as it opened.

"Ah, Mr. Merryweather, you are here. I am fortunate to find you; you are the very man I wished to see." It was the chief who spoke.

"Funds are needed to pay the men in the carriage shops at Kleinberg. The enemy has destroyed the telegraph and interrupted the postal communication. It is imperative that, notwithstanding the war, the building of the rolling stock should be proceeded with. A trusty messenger, provided with a pass securing him from molestation as an English subject, must be despatched at once. I want a man with a head on his shoulders for this service. I know you have friends in Kleinberg. In a word, I have selected you."

"All right, sir. I am ready."

"I will write a letter of instruction for your guidance; also a letter to the manager of the works at Kleinberg. If you have any preparations or private arrangements to make, you can go, returning for your credentials in the course of an hour."

"I have indeed some friends I would wish to bid adieu to."

"Very well, then, be off with you. Only tell the messenger as you go out to order an extra post to be at your door tomorrow morning at five. Don't hurry your leave-taking on my account. If you have not returned when I have finished, you will find everything necessary on the table here."

"Then, in view of that possibility," said Arthur, turning back and holding out his hand, "I will bid you good-bye."

"Good-bye, my boy," said the chief, with a hearty hand-gasp, "you will have an adventurous and, I trust, an interesting journey."

"Thanks. I hope I shall prove worthy of your confidence in this matter."

And he was away through the door, had given his instruc-

tions to Carl, and the street door had closed behind him five seconds afterwards.

And the key was in his pocket and Linda in the safe! "She must have patience for an hour. I couldn't let her out before, anyway," he said to himself.

But the hour passed, and the chief engineer had finished his letters and his cigar, and lighted another, and there was no Arthur.

"Up at Jacobi's I suppose, taking a tender leave of the fair Flora. Ah! these boys," said the chief, as he rose and prepared to go homewards—

"All their thought is woman to win,  
Sighing and singing of midnight strains,  
Under bonny belles' window panes,  
This is the way that boys begin.

Wait till they come to forty years!"

And the chief, who was a grided, but by no means crabbed, old bachelor, smiled grimly at himself as he paced homeward in the beautiful moonlight.

## III.

The clock in the outer office ticked away the seconds of the night, pointed the quarters, struck the hours, and still no other sound disturbed the silence, no quick step hurried through the vestibule, no hand moved the closed doors. Arthur returned not. The papers lay awaiting him upon the desk, the pale moon looked in and illumed them, and hovered over them curiously as though wondering what they contained and who placed them there. The dawn came and the first sunbeam stole into the still desolate office, and Arthur came not.

Then the housemaid came to dust and sweep and garnish, and presently the clerks came sauntering in one by one, and wondered why the packages lay there and why Arthur, punctual Arthur, was not at his post.

The books were all locked up in the safe, and Arthur kept the key, consequently the business of the day was at a standstill.

What could have happened? The surmises were numerous and ingenious. Presently one volunteered to go round to his rooms to see if he were ill. He soon came back with the intelligence that Arthur had not been home all night.

"Well, if we are to have a holiday, so be it." Pipes and cigars were lighted, and Carl was ordered to fetch in a dozen of "Bairsk" which were stowed in the convenient cavities of Merryweather's desk.

"The governor won't be here till eleven, and we may as well enjoy ourselves," they said. One or two strolled round to the club for billiards; the rest remained to conjecture and discuss.

A little after eleven the chief came in. "Merryweather not been here and not been home all night? Extraordinary! Nevertheless, gentleman, you need not be idle on that account."

Carl was despatched in a cab for the duplicate key. When brought it was useless. The safe, which was not constructed for us, but was built up with the house, was fitted with one of those absurdly elaborate locks that are secured by an arrangement of letters. Arthur had set it, and we didn't know the combination.

The chief drew from the bank the requisite funds, despatched Paul Elliott on the mission to Kleinberg, and then, though evidently considerably annoyed at Merryweather's non appearance, started as usual for the works.

As the sound of his wheels died away, the surmises were resumed, and all sorts of expedients suggested for opening the safe. That the open sesame was a word of six letters, so much we knew; what those six letters were we might spend a lifetime in discovering.

"Of how many combinations are the letters of the alphabet capable, does any fellow know?" asked Jack Hinton.

"Couldn't we arrive at the solution by algebra? That is the best way of resolving impossible enigmas," cried Charley, sprightly. "Let X equal the unknown, you know, and X plus some other letters, and minus a lot more, will give you the combination, eh? Isn't that an excellent idea?"

There was a general snigger, but the jest set me thinking. The words with X in them which most readily occurred to me were Latin words—mox, nox, vox, etc. Vox Dei, there were six letters; I tried them, without effect. A quantity of other combinations followed. Then I bethought me of the other end of the epigram, vox pop—click went the spring, the key went in up to the hilt, and I flung the door open with a shout of victory.

Willie Singleton, a pink and white youngster of seventeen, who, being junior, and eager to get on, had been chafing all the morning at this enforced idleness, rushed forward to get at his beloved ledgers. With eyes unprepared for the darkness within, he stumbled over something on the ground and half fell. In a second he was back in the room with a terrible blank terror in his face. "My God!" he shrieked, "there is a corpse in there! I touched it," he gasped, "it was cold as ice." He sank on the floor in convulsions. Poor boy, he had never, as he afterwards said, "seen anything dead in his life."

## IV.

The discovery of poor Linda's senseless body in the great safe and Arthur Merryweather's strange absence caused an intense sensation in the office. What was worse for poor little Linda, it would find its way into the newspapers, and cause a sensation with the public.

Meanwhile let us go back to Arthur and see what had happened to account for his strange disappearance.

His first thought, as the governor had surmised, had been of Flora Jacobi. His attachment for her, though it had taken as yet no tangible form, was yet such as to give her a kind of an acknowledged proprietorship in him, and she would have felt slighted had he left her uninformed of any important event in his proceedings. He could not leave the city on a mission, possibly involving some personal danger, without taking a kindly farewell of the girl whom he prized above all the blonde beauties of Hofstadt. The Jacobis lived in a pretty little square white house, beyond Nordenbruck which lay at the further extremity of the Linden Allée. There was not a cab on the road near the red and white, pinnacled, stone-corned bank-building when Arthur passed. It was too dark for him to see this for the moon had not yet risen above the hill with the mill on it behind the city walls, but he knew it when no voice replied to his stentorian hail.

"No matter," said our hero to himself, "I can run up Reichentrasse and catch a cab at the corner;" so settling down to a long stride he sped up the street as if in training for a mile heat.

A street car was just passing as he emerged on the Ganse markot. The little tin flag with "complet" on it, warned him it was full, but Arthur was in no mood to stand at trifles. He leapt upon the little gallery despite the conductor's remonstrances, and clambered to the top. All the cars in Hofstadt have 'knife boards' on the roof. As in this instance, however, there was not a vacant six inches on either side. Arthur perched himself upon the iron rail on the outer extremity of the car, and was soon deep in a discussion of the prospects of the war with his vis-à-vis.

Now the Linden Allée is looked upon by the drivers of cars much in the light of what was called 'hospital-ground' by stage coach Jehus in the good old times. Almost a dead level, with a slight grade towards the Nordenbruck end, and stoppages upon it being of rare occurrence, it presented every inducement for an increase of speed often needed to counterbalance the delays occasioned by dignified passengers in their ascent or descent from the vehicle. With a broad road for carriages and equestrians in the centre, and a train beneath the spreading lindens on either side of the Allée, viewed in the half-light of a summer night, with the fitting vehicles, the coloured lamps of the rapid cars, the hum of voices from the pedestrians on the gravelled side-walks, presents one of the most beautiful sights in Hofstadt. Arthur, stooping for a light courteously offered by his opposite neighbour, had just passed this remark, and was in the act of rising again to an erect position on his precarious perch, when a branch from one of the trees, which in several places barely escape by an inch the contact of the passing vehicles, struck him violently and hurled him to the ground.

He was taken up for dead, his head having struck the metals of the train, and removed to the nearest hospital where he lay for days within a hair's breadth of eternity.

Whom the gods love die young. It would be better, perhaps for most men of Arthur's type if their life might end before the enjoyment had all gone out of it. He was one of those who keep the bow always bent. Better, perhaps, that it should snap from the extreme tension than that it should lose its elasticity, and be thrown aside a despised and useless thing. Better that such a life should be cut off in the zenith of its vigour, while yet its zeal was keen, its affections strong, its capacity for enjoyment large, while its possessor, loved by all within the circle of his influence would be wept and missed, than that, having compressed into a few years the pleasure, the ability, and the experience that serve others for a life-time, he should linger on, no longer possessing the energy to amuse, to entertain, or to love, in a favourless, joyless, solitary, misanthropic, premature old age, flickering out at last unregarded and unregretted.

But it was not Arthur's destiny to die. For him Fortune had yet a host of pleasant combinations in store.

As soon as it was known that he had met with an accident, friends flocked to see him, but he was for days wavering twixt death and life, and was only saved by the greatest care and skill.

Now little Flora Jacobi was almost beside herself with grief. She sent fruit and delicacies for him every day, but when his strong constitution asserted its vigour, and he recovered his reason, his first thought was for Linda.

She had died as soon as she was strong enough, and hidden herself no one knew where; but Arthur conjectured her publishers must know and demanded her address of them.

They demurred, "The Fraulein had wished that it should be strictly private. Her name had been before the public and—"

"And people have dared to talk scandal of the purest woman under heaven," said Arthur. "When I tell you, gentlemen, that I wish to make this lady my wife, if she will have me, perhaps you will no longer hesitate."

He found her looking ill and worried. She flushed and then turned deadly pale when she saw him.

"Have I not suffered enough through you," she said, "that you must return to persecute me. I beg you leave me in peace."

"Do not be angry with me, Linda. I come to you from the brink of the grave. I could not rescue you that night. I could not offer you atonement until to-day. This is the first day I have been strong enough to walk."

Linda was softened.

"Linda, have you read the horrible stories they have told of us in the papers?"

"Yes," blushed Linda.

"I have come to make all the reparation I can. Linda, will you be my wife?"

"Do you think I would be so selfish as to accept such a sacrifice. You do not really love me."

"I don't think it would be very difficult to love you as warmly as you could desire. I will try."

"You shall not, indeed, for I could never love you as a wife should love."

"Your heart is already another's?"

"Yes, you have heard me speak of Carl Tordenheim, the sculptor. Carl and I would have been married ere this, had it not been for the war, but his country called and he was bound to obey. Besides, to have procured a substitute would have taken all our little savings, so that we should have had to wait anyhow. So I am working hard that we may have a little fortune to begin house-keeping on when he returns covered with glory and flushed with victory. Heuchel! how happy we shall be. That is the thought that cheers me in my toil, for it is toil. I don't like it. I should rather scrub floors, if scrubbing floors paid as well; but it wouldn't, so I have to be brave and work on."

"Noble girl, I hope the war will soon be over for your sake."

A ludicrous incident arose out of these, so nearly tragic, events.

Percy Davenport's ambition was to fight a duel. He thought it would be a grand thing. He was always talking about duelling, the only remedy of the weak man against the strong, etc. etc. The worst of it was he was so good-humoured he could never pick a quarrel.

Percy Davenport had been dining, and the fact was sufficiently apparent when he swaggered into the billiard room at the club, where Arthur Merryweather and Paul Elliot, returned from his adventurous expedition, were playing a quiet game. Some remark was made that Arthur played for safety.

"Safety. Ha, ha! Always does play a safe game. Sly dog. Knows how to keep his secrets safe; locks 'em up in the safe, he does," rambled on Percy till he brought out Linda's name. Then Arthur fired up. "I won't have that name mentioned here, or anywhere else, slightly. If you can't behave yourself, go home, you intoxicated little donkey."

"By Jove, Merryweather, you shall give me satisfaction for those words."

"Would a good thrashing satisfy you?"

"You shall hear from me," and Percy strutted from the room.

Nothing like striking the iron while it's hot. He went straight to Ned Wayley's room and asked him to be his second. Had he applied to anybody else, he would have been laughed out of his purpose; but Ned, though with all his faults he really liked Percy, liked a joke better. He smelt fun and humoured him. He went and saw Arthur, who referred him to Paul Elliot, with whom he arranged the preliminaries for a practical joke.

Percy set up all night writing letters, was allowed half a tumbler of brandy to steady his hand at five a. m., and the combatants met in a little valley outside the walls. The signal was given, the shots exchanged, and Arthur fell.

"Not hurt, I hope," said Ned rushing up.

"Egad, I am though," groaned Arthur with his hand on his heart.

"Get your man out of the way, there'll be trouble over this," advised Paul.

Percy who had turned deadly pale, needed no second hint, he was already speeding up the hill towards the carriage that had brought himself and Ned to the spot. Wayley ran after him.

"Twenty minutes to catch the train," said he to the coachman, "can you do it?"

"I'll try, sir," replied Jehu.

They jumped in and the equipage set off at a gallop.

"I hope I hav'n't killed him," whispered Percy.

"I hope not, but these are dangerous playthings," responded Ned, taking a handful of bullets from his pocket.

"Large balls," said Percy.

So they were, far too large for the barrels of the little pistols with which the duel had been fought, but Percy in his excitement never noticed that.

They arrived at the station, just too late, the train was already steaming out of the station. But Ned urged Percy's immediate departure on foot to the nearest village, when he could await the evening express.

"You needn't go right away to England at once. Stop at Fleckensberg, and I'll let you know how things go. I would advise you, however, to adopt some suitable disguise."

"All right, old fellow. I'll write you from Fleckensberg and give you an address."

"Of course you'll change your name, you know. Good-bye!"

They wrung each other's hand, and Percy set off at five miles an hour on the first stage of his flight.

Two days afterwards, a dirty, ill-directed note lay on Ned's desk at the office.

Weisse-Frau, Fleckensberg.

"Cher ami.

"Je ne peux pas acheter ce que je veux. Tâcher de m'envoyer une barbe et 50 (thalers?) En attendant je me suis fait noir."

Votre, HENRI D'ORSAY.

"P.S. Surtout une barbe."

Ned showed this to Paul Elliott and they had a good laugh. They had not let the whole office into the secret of Percy's absence, deeming that it would reach the chief's ears soon enough.

They thought the joke had gone sufficiently far, and Percy was recalled. He came back the most miserable object in existence; pale and trembling, with his naturally blonde moustache blackened with ink.

When he found out the hoax, he was riled at first, but presently made the best of it and joined in the laugh against himself. The lesson was a salutary one. I don't think he will ever fight another duel.

The rest of poor little Linda Laurley's story is very sad. Carl did not come back to her covered with glory, but she received a letter from him instead inclosed in a few lines from a comrade.

"Carl and I," he wrote, "before we went into action yesterday exchanged letters. I gave him one for my mother, he entrusted one with me for you, his sweetheart Fraulein. It was a cruel freak of fate that I should be spared. I, who have no sweetheart, for my Cissa was false and I have nothing to live for, and that he should be stricken whose life was worth so much to him. Could I change places with him now, I would with all my heart, but it was Heaven's will. I mourn him so much that my grief will only be second to yours. God bless you, lady!"

Farewell, HEINRICH STEINHOLTZ.

The blow was terrible. The utter prostration of all her hopes, of all her toil, of all her looking forward to the bright, bright future. The light was gone out of her life, which after a few faint flickerings, went out too. She fled away to join him in that land where she shall be his forever and ever—where there shall be no more parting and no more toil.

Arthur Merryweather has married Flora. He still lives in Hofstadt in one of those pretty little houses with the garden in front, No. 36, Linden Allée. Should you ever travel in Germany, call on him and produce this number of the C. I. N. as your letter of introduction. He will tell you Linda's story far more graphically, and with more pathos than my poor pen can write it.

On the evening train from Albany, recently, was a woman bound for Westfield, who persisted in requesting the affable conductor to inform her when Chester was reached. Every time when the conductor passed through the car, he was greeted with: "Please tell me when we get to Chester." Courteous man though he is, even his patience was finally exhausted, and he politely requested the unfortunate female to maintain silence, as he had heard and would heed her injunction. Chester was finally reached, and "Chester" was yelled at the car door. The train again started, and the conductor mounted the car in which was his persecutor. "Will you tell me when we get to Chester?" she said. "This is Chester," he exclaimed, and, grasping the bell-rope, he had the train back up to the station. "I'm real glad you obliged me," said the daughter of Eve to the exasperated conductor. "My husband used to live here."

Josh Billings says: "I will state for the information of those who hav'n't had a chance to lay in skeit wisdom as freely as I have, that one single hornet who feels well can break up a whole camp-meeting."

SCRAPS.

Ashes of Roses is the new colour. Tobacco ash is also a pretty shade.

The Grand Duchess Marie, it is said, will receive a dower of \$375,000 and \$45,000 a year.

The French soldiers at Cochín-China call the cemetery of Europeans there Le Jardin d'Acclimatation!

The last new club is the "Incineration Club." The members are of the idea that their bodies should be burned after death.

The charities of Glasgow now include a "House for Deserted Mothers," opened last year, and which promises to be very useful.

"The Italians are wise before the deed, the Germans in the deed, the French after the deed."—George Herbert's "Jacula Prudentum."

Cardinal Bonaparte and his relatives had 500 masses said on the 9th ult. in the principal churches of Rome for the repose of the soul of Napoleon III.

Professor Ruskin has sent an address to an Aberdeen Bible-class, which pointedly concludes thus: "Don't think it serves God by praying instead of obeying."

One of the wealthiest members of the Polish house, the Princess Czartoryska, has made over the whole of her immense fortune and vast landed possessions to a Roman Catholic convent at Posen.

The Baroness Burdett-Coutts has nobly offered to devote \$20,000 for the benefit of the destitute boys of London, and the sum is to be devoted to the establishment of a second training-ship similar to the Chichester.

At Dieppe, in France, the following notice has been issued by the police: "The bathing police are requested, when a lady is in danger of drowning, to seize her by the dress and not by the hair, which oftentimes remains in their grasp."

The French are arming rapidly. At St. Etienne 2,000 improved Chassepots are turned out daily. In the new Chassepots the needle is suppressed, and a metal cartridge is used; but there is much secrecy about the character of the gun.

In England and Scotland during December there were 21 railway disasters, out of which there were 18 collisions, causing the death of three persons, the probable death of another, injuring 160 persons, 79 being more or less seriously, and 16 dangerously hurt.

An ingenious use of a wooden leg by a beggar deprived of arms—one of the glorious *débâs* of war, or machinery accident. Attached to the wooden leg is a kind of hollow shoe with an extremely large opening at the toe, down which the charitable are invited to throw a contribution.

A violent Red Republican, with long hair and greasy habiliments, while addressing the mob, gave expression to the following sentiments: "Citizens," he cried, "the political condition in which we live is impossible for patriots like myself. It is not a Republic that we have got! It's a Government!"

The Bishop of Nîmes has received, as a reply to his recent pastoral, two visiting cards, one from Madame Hyacinthe de Loysen, and the other from "Hyacinthe Loysen, curé of Geneva," on which are written the following lines: "With our Christian pardon for the gross insults which you have heaped upon us."

Chess.

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

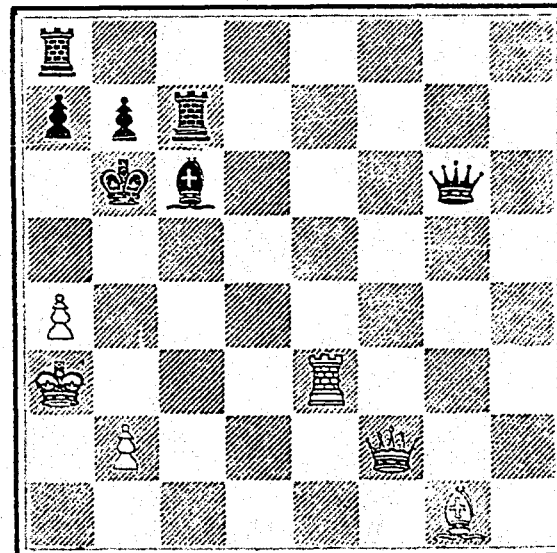
TO CORRESPONDENTS.

ALPHA, Whitby.—Thanks for your problems. Happy to hear from you again.

PROBLEM No. 118.

By Mr. T. J. Leeming, Charlottetown, P.E.I.

BLACK.



WHITE.

White to play and mate in three moves.

SOLUTION OF PROBLEM No. 116.

- White. 1. R to K Kt 4th 2. Kt to Q B 3rd ch 3. R to Q R 5th mate. Black. 1. R to Q Kt 3rd 2. K to Q Kt 6th

- 2. Kt to Q B 3rd ch 3. R takes P mate. 1. R to Q B 4th 2. R takes Kt

- 2. Kt to Q B 5th ch 3. R takes P mate. 1. K to Q Kt 6th 2. R takes Kt

ENIGMA No. 34.

By "Alpha," Whitby, Ont.

White.—K at Q 3rd; R at K 6th; Kts at Q R 4th and Q 5th; Ps at Q R 6th and Q 4th. Black.—K at Q 4th; B at Q 7th; Ps at Q R 2nd, Q Kt 5th and K B 3rd.

White to play and mate in three moves.

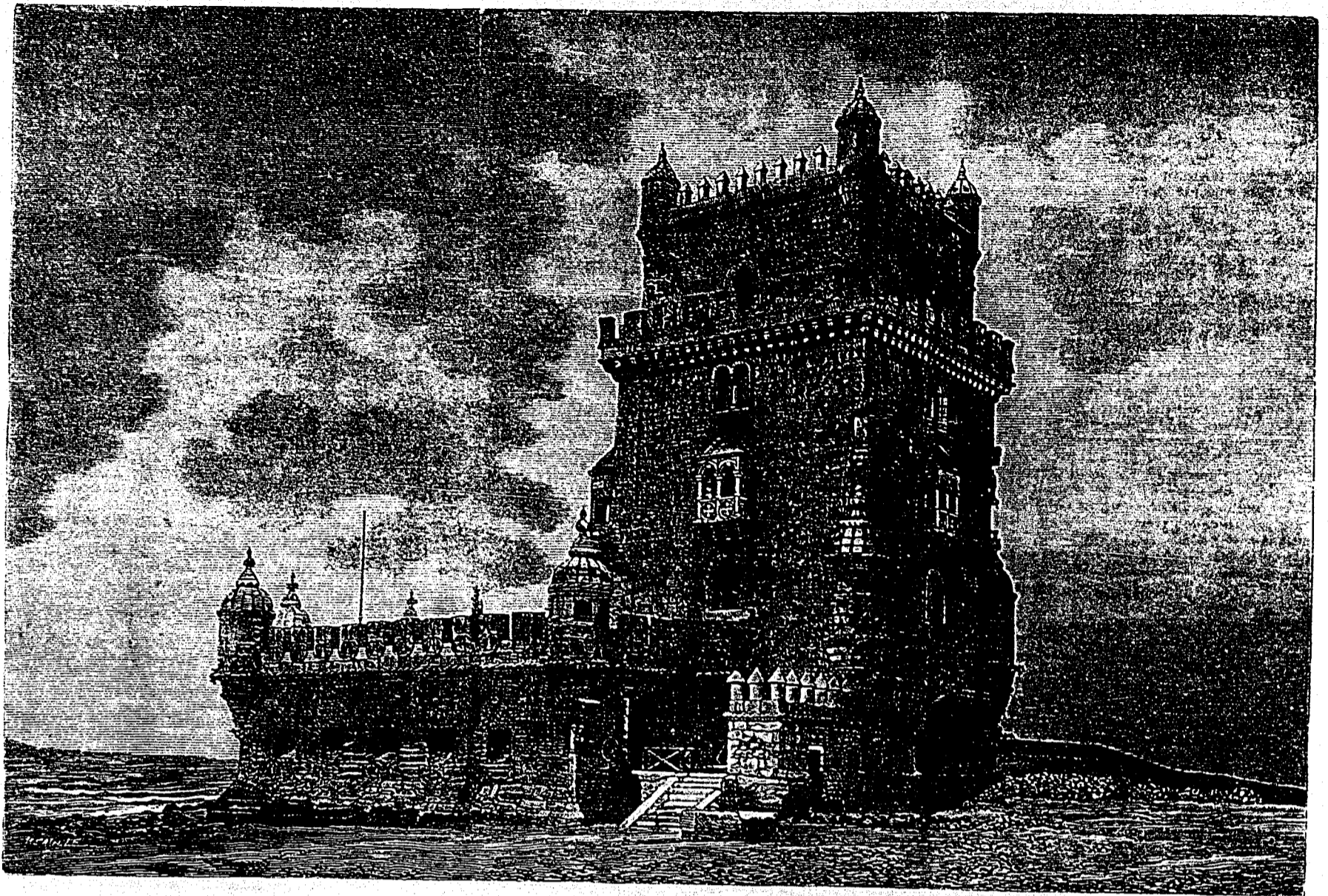
ENIGMA No. 35.

By "Geoph."

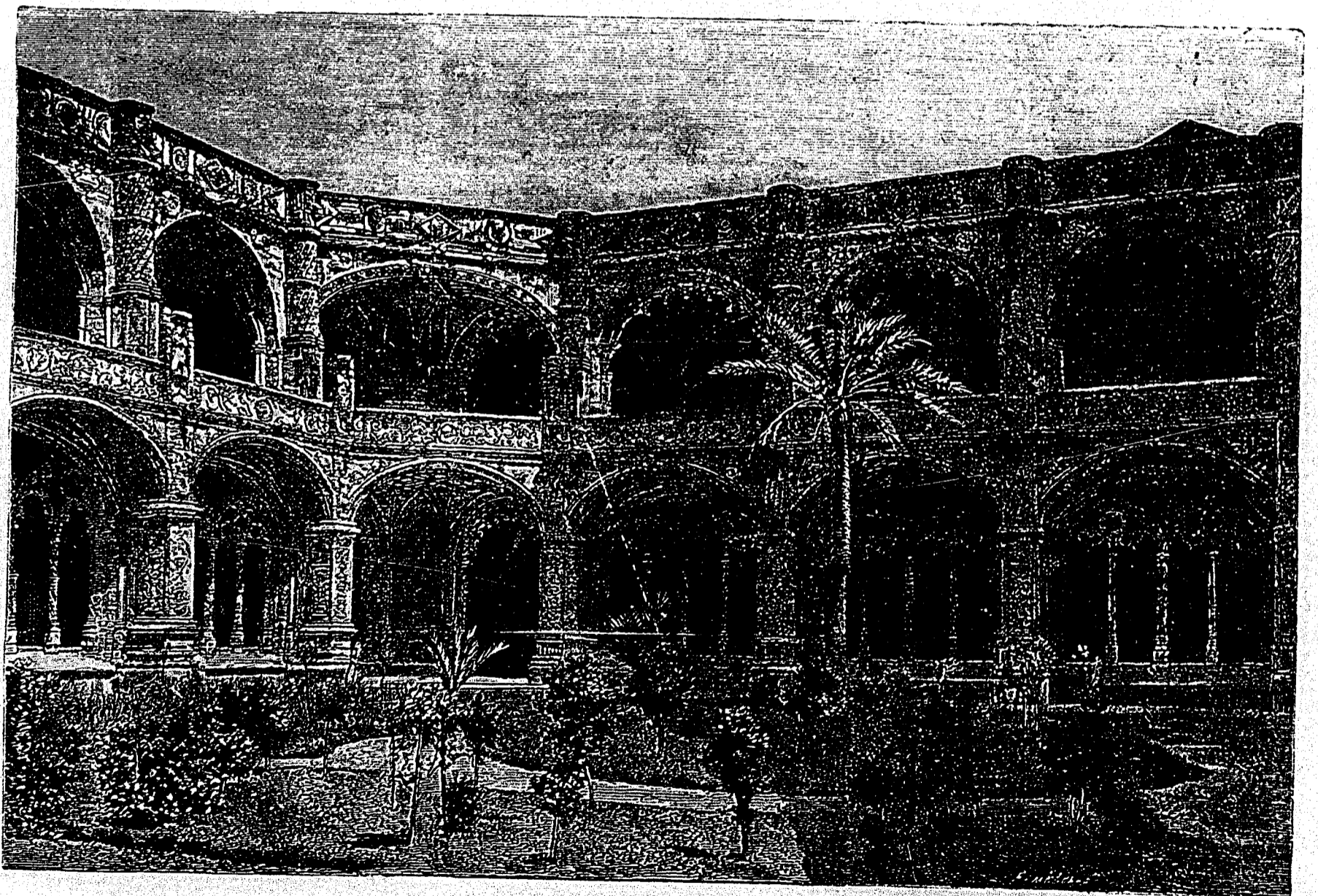
White.—K at K R 3rd; B at K Kt 3rd; R at K B 5th; Kts at Q 6th and Q B 7th; Ps at Q B 3rd, Q Kt 3rd and Q Kt 5th. Black.—K at Q R 4th; Q at Q B 3rd; B at Q R 3rd; Ps at K R 5th, K B 5th, K 3rd, Q 4th, and Q Kt 3rd.

White to play and mate in three moves.



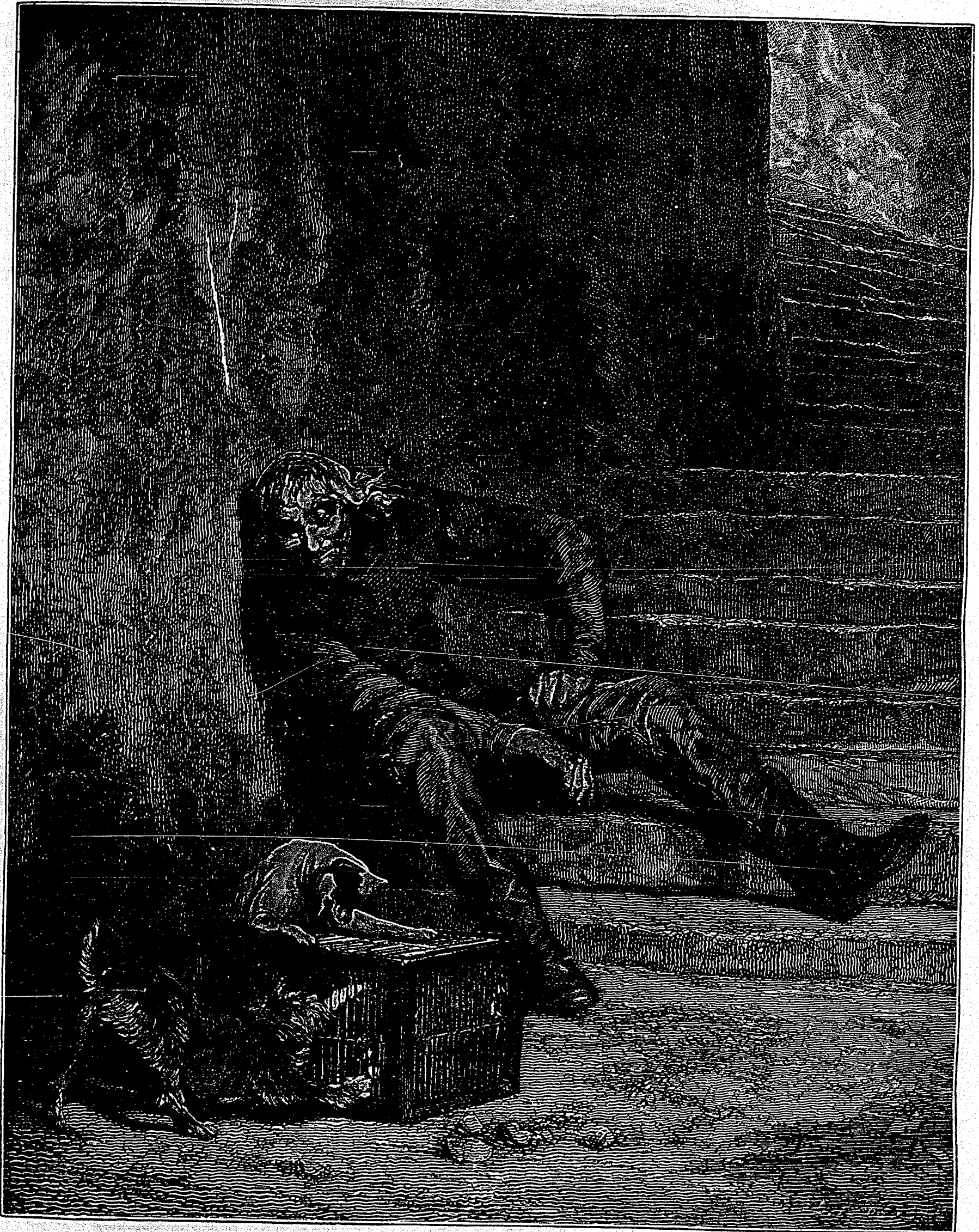


PORTUGAL.—THE CASTLE OF BELEM.



PORTUGAL.—INTERIOR OF THE CLOISTER OF THE CASTLE OF BELEM.





THE RAT CATCHER.

## JAQUES.

Rosalind. They say you are a melancholy fellow.  
Jaques. I am so; I do love it better than laughing.  
As You Like It.

What time, fair Autumn, musing, walk'd abroad;  
She of the dreamy eye and bounteous breast,  
And lip fruit-stain'd and calm brow loosely tress'd,  
Her paths leaf-litter'd, and her gran'ries stored  
With grain new garner'd from the widow'd fields:  
What time thin mist made vague the passing days,  
And sound grew sleepy, through the woodland ways  
He moved, deep pondering as one who yields  
His soul up to that twilight land of ghosts  
And endless echoes, which men call the Past.

"Ay, ay!" he sigh'd, how little while do last  
The glad green lives of all the leafy hosts  
That feed the forest solitudes with sound,  
And make a summer song throughout the land!  
Ay, ay! how soon their corpses strew the ground,  
Till bear and leaf-lorn all the wood doth stand  
To front chill Winter and his winds!

So friendships fall from us and so loves die,  
And leave us naked to adversity!

"A foolish world! a world of little lives  
That dance and leap a season in the sun,  
Then wither from their places, one by one:  
A world where never joy or hope survives  
Its youth, but it is bitten by a frost;  
Where much is missed and more is wholly lost;  
Where love is dwarf'd, and faith untimely starved,  
And death alone is liberal! How halved  
With bitterness are all its sweets! how stain'd  
With sin and suffering all it has attain'd!

Thus mused he in the forest, dim and drear,  
Marking the fall'ring of the waning year,  
Till western skies were fleck'd with cloudy bars,  
And night, broad bosom'd mother of lone stars,  
Stole o'er the fields, bereft of all their sheaves,  
Yet still he linger'd amid ling'ring leaves.

[REGISTERED according to the Copyright Act of 1868.]

## TAKEN AT THE FLOOD.

## A NEW NOVEL.

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

## CHAPTER XLII.

## STARTLING NEWS FOR MR. BAIN.

Before leaving Monkhampton Mr. Bain had taken pains to impress upon his eldest son, a lad of sixteen, who had been exalted from a desk at the grammar school to a stool in his father's office, the necessity of keeping the absent head of the firm well acquainted with anything and everything that might happen at Perriam likely to affect his interests, were it ever so slightly.

"I don't see that anything can happen while I'm away," said Mr. Bain, after dwelling upon these instructions. "Everything has gone on like clockwork at the Place ever since Sir Aubrey's illness, and nothing less than his death could throw things out of gear. But there's no such thing as certainty in life, and one can't be too much on one's guard. You must call twice a week at the Place while I'm away, see Lady Perriam and hear how things are going on from her own lips."

The youth shrank shyly from the idea of such temerity. He had seen Lady Perriam's yellow chariot before shop doors in the High street, had beheld the lady herself come forth, beautiful and in splendid raiment, a being who scarcely seemed to tread the ground across which her graceful form passed. There was something appalling in the thought of making an uninvited morning call upon such a divinity.

"Suppose Lady Perriam refuses to see me?" suggested the youthful law-student.

"She'll not refuse if you say that it was my wish you should see her."

"I suppose she thinks a great deal of you, father," said Pawker. The eldest son had been christened Pawker in compliment to his mother's family.

"I believe I have some influence with her," replied Mr. Bain, with reserve.

"She's jolly handsome, isn't she?" exclaimed Pawker, betrayed by his enthusiasm.

"Jolly is not an adjective to be heard in a respectable household, Pawker," Mr. Bain remarked, sternly. "If I had said such a word in my father's presence, he'd have caned me."

This was a favourite form of reproof with Shadrack Bain. His children had been brought up in a wholesale awe of those punishments which they had just escaped by a generation.

Having given his son detailed instructions as to what he was to do, Mr. Bain left Monkhampton almost easy in his mind. If what Pawker had to tell were unimportant, he was to communicate with his parent by letter, but if the news were vital he was to telegraph.

For three weeks Mr. Bain remained quietly at Cannes, watching Amelia's lamp of life faintly reviving, till it burned dimly, yet with daily increasing steadiness, or so it seemed to the husband.

"She will last another summer," he said to himself, meditating upon this apparent return of strength. "Strange how many false alarms we have had since her health first began to fail. How long the attenuated thread holds out."

Pawker wrote to his father twice a week, like a dutiful son, and the head clerk wrote every other day, forwarding all important documents, or copies thereof, for his principal's perusal. Pawker's letters were as empty of intelligence as it was possible for letters to be. He told of his calls at Perriam Place, and how Lady Perriam had condescended to see him on every occasion, and had told him that Sir Aubrey's health was pretty much as usual. Pawker varied the wording occasionally, but the gist of his letter was always the same.

Three weeks at Cannes had more than exhausted the pleasures of that tranquil retreat. Perfect though Mr. Bain was in his capacity of husband, the monotony and seclusion of his wife's apartment, wearied him, and now that Mrs. Bain was obviously better, he began to meditate immediate flight. His business was not one to be left long with impunity, he told the gentle Amelia.

"You'll have Clara Louisa to keep you company when I am gone," said Shadrack; and Mrs. Bain submitted with all meekness to the loss of her husband's society as a melancholy necessity.

Mr. Bain, anxious as he had seemed to leave Cannes, did

not go back to Monkhampton without loss of time by the way. He had heard a great deal about the delights of Paris, from his fellow-townsmen, more given to pleasure than himself, men who deemed a week's holiday in the gay French Capital, the crowning reward of a year's drudging amidst the dullness of a country town. Heretofore, Mr. Bain had caught only flying glimpses of the wonderful city. But he was now determined to waste four or five days tasting those enjoyments in the way of dinners, *cafés chantants*, circuses, and so on, which his Monkhampton acquaintances had dilated upon so rapturously. He wanted to see if to dine at a noted Restaurant was really to rise to the level of the Gods, he wanted to hear the Theresa or Lolotte of the day—to see circuses which recalled the glories of Imperial Rome—to be able in a word to say, "I too have lived." He was a man who cared very little for pleasure, but he did not like being quite behind his neighbours in the knowledge of life.

So without saying a word of his intention to Mrs. Bain, lest he should grieve that gentle soul by the idea that he could prefer the novel dissipations of the capital, to her society, Shadrack left Cannes for Paris, meaning to put up at an hotel recommended to him by Tom Westropp, the auctioneer, one of the wildest spirits in Monkhampton. As he had said nothing of this Parisian holiday at Cannes, he meant to be equally reticent at Monkhampton; or if he alluded at all to his stay in Paris, he would put it down to the ever-convenient score, business. It was very easy to name some imaginary client as the person who had detained him.

Mr. Bain put up at the hotel so urgently recommended by Mr. Westropp. It turned out to be rather a dingy abode, not quite realizing the glowing picture presented by the auctioneer, who had perhaps unconsciously embellished the discourse of private life with the eloquence of the rostrum. The bed-chamber allotted to Mr. Bain was on the ground floor, abutting on a darksome court-yard. The coffee-room where Mr. Bain took his solitary breakfast of beefsteak and fried potatoes was not a lively apartment. Altogether Mr. Bain thought that he had seen many an English inn more attractive of aspect than this famous hostelry.

He took his fill of Parisian pleasures, saw all the horseship to be seen in the Champs Elysées, heard Theresa and Lolotte, dined to his heart's content, and made himself bilious with new sauces and unaccustomed wines, and in four days had had as much of Parisian life as he cared about. He went home yearning for Monkhampton, his office, his iron safe, his letter book. After the bustle of that strange garish city his native town seemed to him the one delectable spot on earth.

His clerk's letters had been wholly satisfactory, so he went home without any feeling of uneasiness, apprehending no mischief could possibly have arisen from his absence.

He had sent no intimation of return to his household, so that there was no dogcart to meet him at the station when he arrived at Monkhampton, at about five o'clock in the afternoon, having been travelling since seven o'clock on the previous evening.

He left his bag and portmanteau to be sent after him by a porter, and walked quietly home, opened the door, and went in. The house had its accustomed orderly look, not a chair out of its place. Nothing could have gone wrong here, he thought.

It was tea time, always a comfortable hour in homely middle-class houses—an hour of rest and respite from the care and toil of the day. Mr. Bain went into the dining-room, which was cheerfully lighted with gas, and a blazing fire. The healthy tribe of junior Bains was assembled round the capacious table, Matilda Jane ministering to their numerous wants. A substantial quarter loaf was succumbing beneath the slashing cuts of Humphrey, the second boy, while Maria, the third girl, was doling out a plain cake, a cake of such an unpretending nature that but for a few currants and a sprinkling of caraway seeds, it might have passed for bread. Pawker, a boy of luxurious habits, was kneeling before the fire, toasting muffins, bought with his own pocket money, muffins being luxuries which Mrs. Bain considered at once bilious and sinful.

Altogether there was an air of enjoyment in the party, which reminded Mr. Bain of a vulgar proverb about cats and mice, and he had a slightly offended feeling at seeing how comfortable his children could be without him. There was more noise than there was wont to be in his presence, the gas was flaming higher, the fire burned like a furnace.

At sight of the head of the household all mirth stopped. Every father of a family is more or less awful when he bursts upon the home circle without any note of warning.

"Good gracious, pa!" shrieked Matilda Jane, conscious of the open volume of a novel lurking beside the tea-tray, "What a start you did give me!"

"We've been expecting you every minute for the last four days," said Pawker, laying down his toasting-fork in the fender and abandoning his muffin to its fate. "Didn't you get my telegram?"

"What telegram?" inquired Mr. Bain uneasily.

"The one I sent to Cannes last Thursday. I made sure you'd come back as fast as the trains and boat would carry you."

Last Thursday—nearly a week ago. This was Wednesday.

"What did you telegraph about, boy?"

"To tell you of Sir Aubrey's death!"

"Sir Aubrey's death!" echoed Shadrack Bain, aghast. "Is Sir Aubrey Perriam dead?"

"Yes, father. He died suddenly on Wednesday night. We didn't hear of it till Thursday evening, only just in time to telegraph. The clerk said the telegram might not reach Cannes till Friday morning."

Mr. Bain had left for Paris by the night mail on Thursday evening.

"We got a letter from Clara Louisa on Monday to say that you'd left, and would be at home before her letter. So when you didn't come home, we didn't know what to think had become of you."

"You seem to have made yourself pretty comfortable under the circumstances," said Mr. Bain grimly. "Sir Aubrey dead! I can hardly bring myself to believe it. Dead, and I out of the way when he died. I wouldn't have had it happen for a great deal. Dead—buried, I suppose."

"Yes, father. The funeral was this morning—a very quiet funeral. I went over to have a look, though I wasn't asked. There were only Lady Perriam, Mr. Stimpson, and the servants for mourners."

"Mordred Perriam followed his brother to the grave, I suppose?"

"No father. Mr. Perriam has kept his room ever since you've been away. He's been getting queerer and queerer for

a long time people say, and now he's altogether gone—*non compos.*"

"People say! What people?"

"Well, the servants at the Place. I was up there yesterday afternoon, and had a longish talk with the house-keeper. I wanted to see Lady Perriam, you know, as it was your wish I should call upon her twice a week—but she hasn't seen anyone except Mr. Stimpson and the clergyman since Sir Aubrey's death. But I saw the house-keeper, and the old lady was uncommonly sociable, and told me a lot about Mr. Perriam,—and his queer ways. His brother's death has quite done for him, she says, and he won't look at anybody. Mrs. Carter, the nurse, has to wait upon him hand and foot, pretty much the same as she did upon Sir Aubrey."

"Humph," muttered the steward, "that's easily seen through. Mrs. Carter knows when she has a good place, and doesn't want to lose it. Now Sir Aubrey's gone she'll pretend her services are wanted by his brother. Has the will been read yet?"

"No, father. Lady Perriam said it was to be kept for you to read when you came back."

"Very considerate of Lady Perriam," replied Mr. Bain. "And now Matilda Jane, if there's no cold meat in the house you'd better get me a chop—or a steak. I've had nothing since I breakfasted at a coffee house near the London Bridge Terminus."

Matilda Jane flew to obey her father's behest. A sober quiet had descended upon the family circle. The more tender of the olive branches crammed their young mouths with plain cake, and stared open-eyed at the author of their being. Pawker, who being in the transition period between boy and manhood, had an exaggerated sense of his own importance, sipped his tea with affected ease, and tried to look as if he wasn't afraid of his father.

Startling as was the news of Sir Aubrey Perriam's sudden death, Shadrack Bain seemed to take it with admirable coolness. He took off his coat and wraps, settled himself in his arm-chair by the fire, and sat in meditative contemplation of the glowing coals, but with no shade of uneasiness upon his thoughtful brow. Sir Aubrey's death in no manner disarranged the plans which the land steward had made for his future life. On the contrary, it fitted in with them—it was one of the events of his programme—calculated upon ever so long ago. It had only come some years—say about ten years—before he expected it. One of the obstacles upon that broad high road, along which Mr. Bain designed to travel to the winning post had been removed.

About his late employer's will Mr. Bain felt no uneasiness. He had drawn up the document himself, a few months after Sir Aubrey's marriage; and he had no fear of the baronet having made any subsequent will. He knew that he had to the last enjoyed Sir Aubrey's fullest confidence, and that in the decay of thought and memory the invalid had leaned upon him as upon a crutch.

Thus there was nothing uncomfortable in Shadrack Bain's meditations as he sat by his warm hearth while the disordered tea table was restored to order, and cruet-frame and pickle-stand, beer jug and decanter, were set forth on a spotless table cloth neatly laid across that end of the table nearest to Mr. Bain's arm-chair.

Some natural sorrow he may have felt for the death of the man who had been in some wise the author of his fortunes, but in Mr. Bain's practical mind all undue lamenting for departed friends appeared at once foolish and morbid; a diseased indulgence, an irrational sensibility. He would have a band put upon his hat to-morrow, and by that outward mark of woe reduce his regret to a symbol. That done, he would feel he had done his duty to the dead.

Had the Perriam estate been about to pass to the unknown heir-at-law Mr. Bain would have felt considerable uneasiness and uncertainty. The heir-at-law might have cherished particular views of his own about the property and might have dismissed Mr. Bain from his stewardship, but providence, ever kind to the Bain family, had been pleased to bless Sylvia Perriam with offspring, and the existence of that baby boy, still struggling with the advance guard of his teeth, made things very smooth for Shadrack Bain.

Well did he remember the making of Sir Aubrey's will—how just at the last he had ventured to suggest that there should be some trustee named, to protect the estate of the expected heir, or the portion of the heiress—should fate refuse to grant Sir Aubrey a son—in the event of the Baronet's death before the child came of age.

Mr. Bain recalled Sir Aubrey's offended look as he said: "I hope you don't consider me such a very old man that I can't possibly live to see my children grow up."

"No, indeed, Sir Aubrey, I am only anxious to provide for a remote contingency," the steward had answered.

"You men of business are so tiresome. Very well, if I must appoint a trustee, put in your own name. It will do as well as any other!"

This happened to dove-tail into a corner of Mr. Bain's phantasmal edifice—that airy erection—built with profoundest calculation—which symbolised his future.

He put his own name into the will as trustee and joint executor with Lady Perriam. Beyond this Sir Aubrey left him the sum of one thousand pounds sterling, in acknowledgment of his honourable and devoted services during a prolonged period. It was not a large reward for services so untingering, so profitable to the employer, but Sir Aubrey did not make the bequest without a mental wronch. He did not like dividing his money after death; it seemed almost as bad as parting with it during his life.

Mr. Bain eat a well-cooked steak and a couple of pickled walnuts with as good an appetite as if there had been nothing on his mind. He liked this plain English fare, this solid beef and bread, washed down with amber-hued bitter beer, better than the untried kickshaws of the *Maison Dorée* or *Philippe's*. He liked the sober comfort of his home, the deferral companionship of his children, who worshipped him as a superior being, and trembled at the creaking of his boots. He liked the snug retirement of his office, where he spent the rest of that evening, looking through the record of work that had been done in his absence, and wasting some little time in thinking how Lady Perriam would be affected by her widowhood.

"Will she try to lure Edmund Standen back to her?" he asked himself. And this time his brow was darkly clouded, as if his thoughts were full of gloom.







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