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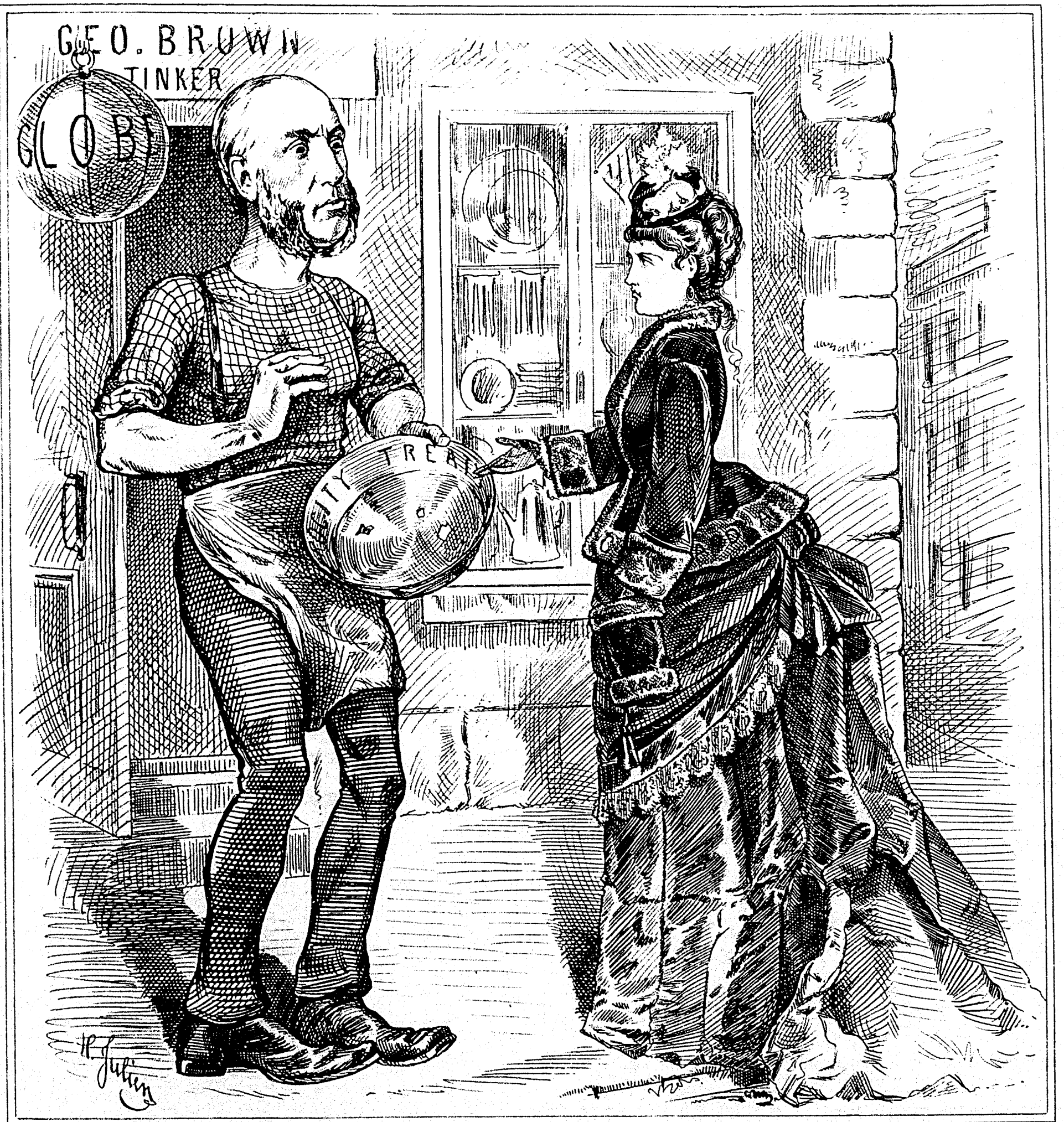
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Illustrated News

Vol. XI.—No. 7.

MONTREAL, SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 13, 1875.

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THE NEW STORY.

In this issue we give a further liberal instalment of WILKIE COLLINS' new story.

THE LAW AND THE LADY.

This story, considered the best yet written by Mr. Collins, was begun in the CANADIAN ILLUSTRATED NEWS of Nov. 7, (Number 19).

Back numbers can be had on application.

We beg to call the attention of News Dealers throughout the country to the fact that we have secured the sole right for Canada of publishing "The Law and the Lady" in serial form.

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In the next number of the CANADIAN ILLUSTRATED NEWS we shall publish a sketch of the

Great Beauport Fire,

and an illustration of the races on the ice on

BURLINGTON BAY,

together with an ORIGINAL CARTOON, and other pictorial attractions of great interest. The letter press will be lively and varied, as usual.

CANADIAN ILLUSTRATED NEWS.

Montreal, Saturday, Feb. 13th, 1875.

THE SPEECH FROM THE THRONE.

The annual Message of the Governor General, which we still persist in calling the Speech from the Throne, embraces not all, but many of the points which have engaged public attention during the past year, and which may call for further legislation during the present year. His Excellency congratulates the House upon the organization of the North West Police force, and the success of its operation. He states that it has materially aided in the creation of confidence and goodwill among the Indian tribes, in the suppression of the liquor traffic, the establishment of legitimate trade, the collection of duties, and above all in maintaining security for life and property within the territory. Another effect of the presence of the Police in the North West has been to enable the Government to largely reduce the strength of the military establishment in that country. We are at present publishing in weekly chapters, the history of this Force and its long march last summer to the Forks of the Saskatchewan. The papers are illustrated by original drawings from our special artist, who was on the expedition. We beg to call attention to them, as from the manuscript in our hands, we believe they will prove very interesting. The Governor next refers to the negotiation of a friendly treaty with the Crees and Saulteaux of the North West for cession of territory, and regards it as a further guarantee for the continuation of

amicable relations with the Indian tribes of the North West. He invites attention to a measure for the creation of a Supreme Court. We agree with him that the necessity for such a measure has yearly become more and more apparent since the organization of the Dominion. It is essential to our system of jurisprudence and to the settlement of constitutional questions. Measures will also be submitted providing for the reorganization of the Government of the North West, and the consolidation of the laws relating to that country, as well as for a general insurance law and on the subject of copyright. We are further informed that gratifying progress has been made in the survey of the Canada Pacific route. Measures have been taken to secure the early construction of the Georgian Bay branch, and to provide a connection with the Eastern railroad system. The report of the surveys of the road from Lake Superior to Fort Garry, which will be ready in a few days, will afford information upon which tenders may be invited for the construction of the Eastern and Western portions of that section, so as to reach the navigable waters of the interior.

Papers will be submitted on the North West troubles, and in reference to the negotiations between the Dominion Government and the Government of British Columbia on the subject of the Pacific railway. Attention is called to the fact that steps have been taken during the recess for a combination of efforts on the part of the several Provinces of the Dominion to promote emigration from Europe under the general direction of the Dominion officials. His Excellency hopes that the effect will be increased efficiency and economy in this branch of the public service.

From the merely administrative point of view, this message will be considered comprehensive enough, and if the Government were left to itself, probably no other points would be touched on. But under our institutions, the Opposition has a great deal to say about the march of legislation, and it may turn out, that it will bring up other questions not mentioned, or only faintly alluded to by the Governor-General. Mr. MACKENZIE evidently looks to a short and easy session. We wish he may have it, but we are by no means sure that he will be thus fortunate. The Reciprocity Treaty has been kept in the dark long enough. Full light must be thrown upon the whole negotiations. The Amnesty question, and the pardon of LEFINE must be thoroughly ventilated. It will be impossible to keep back the New Brunswick School Bill. The production of papers on all these points will doubtless give rise to important debates, and perhaps grave issues. The new Government is now fairly on its trial. Up to the present, it has enjoyed the full sweets of office, but the cares of administration must necessarily follow. Our sincere hope is that it may get through them to the satisfaction of the country.

PACIFIC RAILWAY.

The report of the Minister of Public Works is very early ready for Parliament. It was placed before members at the very opening. Of course, the most interesting matter that it can contain has reference to the Pacific Railway survey; and we find that the important information which we published, as rumour, a few weeks ago, in reference to the route from the Rocky Mountains to the Pacific is confirmed by this authentic document. The surveys during the summer, have led to the discovery of a route along the valley of the Frazer, much more favourable than it was believed, existed,—a route, we opine, which will not involve greater works of construction than those which were necessary for the Intercolonial, in the valley of the Metapedia. This discovery establishes the fact, not only of the feasibility of the Canadian Pacific Railway, but of greater facilities, as a whole, than were found in the construction of the existing railways of the Dominion. It was previously demonstrated that no serious obstacles would

be found north of Lake Superior; and it is now stated in this report, that it will not be necessary to construct a branch to connect with that lake. It is further established, according to the report, that the snow obstacles are less than on the existing railways, except at some points on the western slopes of the two great mountain chains, in British Columbia. And even with respect to the bridging of the large rivers, and the gullies made by them in the easy route across the prairie country, Mr. FLEMING announces that with proper care in the location of these, they will not cause any large expenditure in proportion to the length of the railway.

We will not now dwell on other portions of the survey, but simply say here that it is impossible to overestimate the vast importance of the points we have stated for the future of the Dominion of Canada. It is not too much to venture the prediction in the light of these facts, that with the determination now evinced by the Government to push on the construction of this great undertaking, it will be finished within the limit of time now agreed upon, viz., 1890, that is, in fifteen years, which is a short time for such a work.

THE QUEBEC HOMESTEAD BILL.

The Province of Quebec has taken what may be regarded as a very forward movement in favor of Immigration and Colonization. The following is the substance of resolutions lately laid before the House by the Commissioner of Public Works. A special fund of \$50,000, to be called the Colonization Fund, will be devoted to the return of French Canadians in the United States, and the immigration of European agriculturists. Out of this fund, a certain number of one hundred acre lots will be chosen, of which four acres will be prepared for cultivation, and on which a house will be built of not less than sixteen by twenty feet, the whole to cost not more than two hundred dollars. The price of such lots will be payable, in the usual manner, to the agent of Crown Lands, in whose jurisdiction they may be, and the balance in four consecutive annual instalments with interest from the date of the permit. To be entitled to occupy one of these lots, the settler must be at least eighteen years of age, and must possess no real estate within the Province. The settler must pay his dues regularly, reside on the lot and clear at least an acre annually, otherwise his permit may be withdrawn, and transferred to another. There are several minor clauses to the Bill, specifying particular advantages, and supplementing the liberal spirit of the whole.

The attempt in itself is circumscribed, and \$50,000, for special immigration purposes are not a great sum, but as a beginning it is creditable. The main object of the bill is evidently to encourage the return of French Canadians from the United States, and European immigrants are only added as a second resort, but, unless we are much mistaken, it will be found that the latter almost exclusively will take advantage of the offer.

One would think that no possible exception could be taken to this measure, but outsiders are not aware of the intense party feeling existing among the French population of the Province of Quebec. Everything is converted by them into political capital, and this "rapatriement" of which we have heard so much since the last St. Jean Baptiste day, is traded upon by both parties. The Opposition press, and the Opposition members of the Legislature, not only find this Homestead Bill inadequate, but they go the length of demanding that the Government shall pay the passage money of French Canadians returning from the United States, and give them a lot of partially cleared land with house thereupon, in fee simple. This may seem extravagant, but we are simply citing the facts as they are.

The exodus of French Canadians from this Province to the United States is certainly to be deplored, as it has drained the

country of much of its native energy. But the result is one which must be regarded philosophically, not sentimentally. The vast majority of these emigrants went away of their own accord, to better their fortunes indeed, but never under the stress of dire necessity. We have heard much of the misery of the rural districts which has forced them to take refuge in a more favored climate, but we deny that there has ever existed such deep or wide-spread distress as was sufficient of itself to cause the wholesale emigration of our French countrymen. We deny that the Province, as a whole, is responsible for the loss of so many thousands of her children. The emigration was, for the most part, voluntary and this gives it a new aspect altogether. We should be among the first to hail the return of all our countrymen from across the border, but we doubt both the feasibility and the wisdom of the policy which would give them invidious advantages over other classes of immigrants. We doubt further whether even the allurements of a free passage and of a free homestead, would have the effect of bringing back any appreciable number of them, such, for instance, at would prove some compensation for the immense outlay. Voluntary emigration has this general feature that it alienates from the mother land. The man who was forced from his native home by necessity, may return when fortune has smiled on him, but the man who abandoned his birth place and his village, of his own accord, seldom cares to return. Of the six hundred thousand French Canadians in the United States, we question whether ten thousand could be brought back under any circumstances. It is well to look these facts in the face without prejudice, or overdrawn sentiment. Let us by all means make a trial towards enticing our brothers back, but, in common prudence, let it not be through such special legislation as would check the cheerful and copious incoming of foreign immigrants. We want all the hands we can get, and if by a general measure suitable to all applicants, thousands of our French Canadian friends will be drawn in, so much the better, and they will be cordially welcome.

RIVAL OCEAN PORTS.

Anything which tends to the progress of the trade of the Dominion, and the consequent development of its latent resources, must be of interest to every one of our readers. It is for this reason that we present them to-day with a few paragraphs of information relative to the project of a new ocean port in the Lower Provinces. On this point there is a natural rivalry between New Brunswick and Nova Scotia, the papers of the former advocating the claims of Miramichi, and the journals of the latter holding out for Halifax. The *St. John Daily Telegraph*, with the usual fulness which characterizes all its commercial and industrial articles, gives the geographical details necessary to an accurate understanding. It says truly that the determination of this important question depends, to a great extent, on the distance of the respective ports from Liverpool, on the one hand, and from New York and Montreal on the other. It then goes into the following approximative tables of distances:

	Miles.
Montreal to Liverpool, via Miramichi and Cape Clear	3,028
Montreal to Liverpool, via Louisbourg and Cape Clear	3,310
Montreal to Liverpool, via Halifax and Cape Clear	3,326
Difference in favour of—	
Miramichi over Louisbourg	282 miles.
Do do Halifax	298 "
Montreal to Liverpool, via Miramichi and Innistrathull	2,941
Montreal to Liverpool, via Louisbourg and Innistrathull	3,277
Montreal to Liverpool, via Halifax and Innistrathull	3,293
Difference in favour of—	
Miramichi over Louisbourg	336 miles.
Do do Halifax	352 "

The conclusion naturally drawn from these figures is that Miramichi may be regarded as the most direct route between

Europe and America, following the great circle track, and comparatively little longer than an air line would be. In fact, the distance between New York and Liverpool, by Miramichi, is only 90 miles longer than the direct sea voyage, by the shortest track across the Atlantic. Calculating the land rate of travel at 30 miles an hour, and the sea rate at 12 miles an hour, a passenger or a mail from Liverpool to New York would reach that port via Miramichi in from 25 to 40 hours less time than by the direct voyage, and avoids 700 to 800 miles of a sea voyage.

There have been croakings, of course, against the Intercolonial Railway, but, even in its present unfinished state, it is doing wonders for the coast counties of the Gulf, as well as for the interior of New Brunswick and Nova Scotia. The very outlay for its construction caused a vast amount of money to circulate all along its line and to-day the people of Northumberland have in the Savings Banks \$250,000, while Restigouche has \$140,000. Towns on the coast will gradually connect with the trunk line of the Intercolonial by means of branch railways, built with their own money, and Miramichi is setting the example in this respect. To secure its position as an ocean port, it purposes building the Miramichi Valley Railway, striking the Intercolonial at the most convenient point.

A NEW RAILWAY.

There has long been a rivalry between Montreal and Quebec. The former has far outstripped the latter, though why this should be the case it is difficult to conceive. Geographically and topographically, Quebec has unrivalled advantages as a shipping port and a commercial emporium. Its roadstead is far superior to that of Montreal, because it is natural, while the other is almost wholly artificial. It has no channel difficulties to encounter, while for dockyards and lying-in basins its facilities are abundant. There is no telling, however, what the future has yet in store for Quebec. When the Intercolonial shall be put in regular working order; when the Grand Trunk shall have renewed its rolling stock on the Richmond branch; when the North Shore shall have been built, and the whole of the magnificent table-land, from the margin of the St. Lawrence to the foot of the Laurentian hills shall have been settled, the trade of Quebec will not only revive, but may run parallel to that of Montreal. There is even more. Rupert's Land will not always be a bleak wilderness. In fifty years from now—nay, by the end of this century, the Hudson's Bay Territory will be open to colonization, and its boundless resources will find their natural outlet at Quebec. That unfortunate Gosford Railroad, which has been so badly treated and made a laughing-stock of throughout the Province, is destined to be one of the main arteries of Quebec life. It needs no stretch of imagination to calculate the possibilities of that line. Let it be pushed as far as Lake St. John, as will now at length be done, and a great acquisition will be made. That will be the first station to James Bay and the heart of the great Moose Territory. Everything cannot be done at once. The few emigrants that come to us at present, prefer the prairie lands of Manitoba or the free grants of Upper Ontario. But in time there will be found thousands of hardy pioneers who will fancy instead the wooded tracts of the Abbitibi and the Harricanaw. To reach these they must find a route from Quebec, and to Quebec they must return or send their produce, when the seeds of their toil shall have blossomed and borne an increase.

Such are the sentiments which we have had frequent occasion to express in these columns. We renew them to-day, on the assurance that the Quebec and Lake St. John Railway, is fully organized and will be pushed through. From the prospectus which we have received it appears that it is in the hands of a good Company. The

Quebec City Council has pledged itself, by an almost unanimous vote, to obtain power from the Legislature to subscribe an amount of stock, which, though not quite what the Company had asked for, is however, a very liberal grant, and serves to indicate the strong favor in which the scheme is held by the citizens of Quebec.

The Company's line commences in the suburb of St. Sauveur, where the terminus is for the present situated, until the line can be extended to deep water on the St. Lawrence. Then the line runs west and north, through the parishes of St. Sauveur, Ste. Foye, Ancienne Lorette, and others, reaching the Jacques-Cartier River at a point eighteen miles from Quebec. At this place there is good water power, capable of driving many manufactories. Thence by one of two projected routes to Lake St. John. This is a large sheet of water, nearly circular in shape, covering an area of about 700 square miles. It is fed by six large rivers, besides several of minor importance. The Peribonca, which flows in from the North-East, has been explored for 150 miles from its mouth without arriving at its source. The Mistassini, which comes from the North, has been explored for the same distance, with a like result; this river is the route taken by *voyageurs* to Lake Mistassin, a large lake in the far north, which discharges into the Hudson's Bay. The Chamouchouan, which falls into the Lake from the North-West, is, at a distance of 100 miles from its mouth, still a large river, over 400 feet in width. The Ouatichouan, Ouatichosanish, and Metabetchouan, which flow in from the South and West, are large streams which have been thoroughly explored in connection with the location of this railway. The country around the Lake is said to be equal, if not superior for agricultural purposes, to any in the Province, and is estimated to be capable, with the other tracts traversed by the proposed line, of sustaining a population of 200,000 to 300,000 persons. In that portion alone, there is good land sufficient to serve a population of 75,000 to 100,000 souls. Excellent crops are raised there, including wheat, equal to any grown in Canada, and the climate is milder, the snowfall less, and sowing and harvesting two weeks earlier than in the neighborhood of Quebec.

SIX MONTHS IN THE WILDS OF THE NORTH-WEST.

BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST AND CORRESPONDENT.

III.

DESERTERS.—FLEEING METIS.—INTERPRETERS.—TYPICAL MEN.—THE LANCERS.—GRASSHOPPERS.—PRAIRIE DUST.—EVENING PARADE.—SABBATH REST.

We were fairly in for it. Until now it had been all plain sailing—fresh horses, plenty of rest, easy stages, and untired bodies. But from this point, the real difficulties of the expedition became apparent. The very keeping together of so vast a caravan, with so many sluggish animals as oxen, cows and calves, through an untravelled country, was bound to be wearisome. Then there was the ride itself over hundreds of miles, which, to the unhardy, was no trifling test of endurance. Add to this that the military regulations had to be severely enforced. No wonder then that the chicken hearted in our band began to make wry faces. It would have been fortunate had they done no more. But this was not to be our luck. At Dufferin thirty or thirty-five of the men deserted the service and took leg bail over the frontier, where, of course, they were safe from pursuit. At the first encampment of ours, two miles from Dufferin, four or five more followed their example. There is no doubt that this had a bad effect on the Force, which, for a few days, was quite manifest, but gradually the distractions of the route effaced it, and we all came to the conclusion that we were well rid of these cowardly fellows, who would have bred trouble at every turn. Later, as I shall tell, the men had reason for complaint in regard to rations and general comfort; but at the beginning, no ground existed therefor. Throughout, the treatment of the men, so far as their officers were concerned, was such as every soldier receives in a campaign.

On the 9th July we reached Pembina river, a sketch of which appeared in the CANADIAN ILLUSTRATED NEWS, volume tenth, page 109. It is a muddy stream, the water of which is very bad. The next day we came in sight of St. Joseph, at the foot of Pembina Mountain, where

three persons were killed a few days before by the Sioux. In consequence, the Metis of the whole country were in mortal terror, and we met bands of them fleeing from St. Joseph, on the American side, to Pembina, on the Canadian frontier. There they hoped to be under shelter. Proceeding on our march, we halted at Grant's solitary log house, where a sturdy Scotchman, with his Indian wife and children, sells liquor to wanderers along the border. The officers of the staff bought some milk from him, and, if truth must be told, took a stray glass or two of whiskey, but they gave positive orders that no beverage of the latter description should be given to the men.

It was in the neighborhood of the Grande Coulee that we first encountered the hostility of mosquitoes. We had met them before, of course, but never in the same way. The mosquito of the prairie must be a distinct species in entomology. We had men among us who had travelled in all parts of the world, and who had been pestered by all manner of insects, but they all agreed that nowhere had they seen anything to equal the mosquito of the prairie. I myself, have hunted in the interior of Quebec, and fished in the inland lakes of Ontario, and the visitations of these tormentors I then thought the most intolerable of nuisances, robbing me of fully half the enjoyment of my sport. But the Canadian mosquito is as different from his Manitoban congener, as is the white man from the Indian, the civilized bug from the barbarian. As soon as twilight deepens, they make their appearance on the horizon, in the shape of a cloud, which goes on increasing in density as it approaches to the encounter. At first, a faint hum is heard in the distance, then it swells into a roar as it comes nearer. The attack is simply dreadful. Your eyes, your nose, your ears are invaded. If you open your mouth to curse at them, they troop into it. They insinuate themselves under your clothes, down your shirt collar, up your sleeve cuffs, between the buttons of your shirt bosom. And not one or a dozen, but millions at a time. You can brush them off your coat sleeve in layers. In the Mississippi valley, mosquitoes are warded off by a gauze net. In our Canadian backwoods, the smoke of a big fire drives them away. But up here, they would tear a net to shreds, and put out a fire by the mere superincumbent weight of their numbers. The best proof of their virulence is that they attack animals as well as men. They send a dog off howling with pain. They tease horses to desperation. They goad even the shaggy buffalo as vengefully as the gad-fly vexed the bull of Io. Often in the evening, when our tents were pitched, and we went down to the nearest brook or rivulet to water our horses, hoping that this was to be our last work before turning in for a sweet night's rest, the mosquitoes would rise in columns out of the spongy soil under our feet and begin a regular battle against us. Our horses would rear, pitch and kick. We, ourselves, would be covered with scratches and blood. Our only refuge was to run our horses to their pickets, then hasten to throw ourselves on the ground, and cover ourselves up in our blankets.

On the 13th we halted towards noon, at Devil's Creek, a view of which was published in the tenth volume of the CANADIAN ILLUSTRATED NEWS, p. 109. The scenery of the vicinity is wild and romantic, and sufficient of itself to suggest the odd name given to the water course. There is doubtless some Indian legend attached to the spot, but no one could tell me anything about it. At night we camped at the foot of Calf Head Mountain, a round hillock commanding a good view of the surrounding prairies. The next day, we moved to the eastern branch of Pembina river, crossed it and the whole Pembina Valley, pulling up and down very steep banks. When we camped some six miles further on, we found no water, and, to add to our discomfort, a furious wind rose upon the prairie and the night was exceedingly cold.

At this point, however, we were cheered by the arrival of our interpreters. They were six in number, the most magnificent specimens of the half-breed type I ever laid my eyes upon. The smallest of them was over six feet in height, and stout in proportion. The chief was Peter Léveillé, a prairie hero, true to his name. Genthon was a Hercules, weighing two hundred and seventy-five pounds. This man is known all over the prairie country. He was one of Sandford Fleming's guides on his Pacific Railway exploring expedition, and it is related of him that when his horse stuck in the mud, he would raise him out by the tail and propel him forward. Welsh was a Scotch Metis, who understood neither English, nor his father's Gaelic, but jabbered all the Indian languages, Sioux, Cree, Assiniboine, and weighed two hundred and thirty-five pounds, and, though over seventy years of age, had not a grey hair on his head. Poitras was nervous and muscular. Morin was a famous guide, and one of the oldest buffalo hunters in the North-West. Baptiste Pagé was a right good fellow, and a favorite of mine. These six men had been sent in our train by Lieutenant Governor Morris, with six waggon-loads of presents—guns, ammunition, calico, cloth, beads and knic-knacks—to conciliate the Indian tribes through which we had to pass. They did their wor successfully and well, and took a prominent part in our expedition. They proved a most valuable acquisition. They alone were worth in sagacity and endurance any twenty of our own men.

On the 15th, we passed two good streams, one called Badger Creek from the number of badger-holes along its banks. We stopped three hours there to allow our horses their fill of the rich,

luxuriant grass. On the following day we had to leave the ox-carts and cattle behind, in order to force our marches a little. Several of the carts broke down over the rough roads and considerably retarded our progress. Some of the sick and lame horses were with them. In order to protect this lagging convoy, as also to watch over our ambulances, a corps of Lancers was organized, a member of which is portrayed in the present number. This force was also to act as scouts. It was composed of twenty-two picked men, under the command of Sergeant-Major Miles. They rendered efficient service throughout the expedition.

After travelling twenty-five miles, we camped at the top of Turtle Valley, where, on account of the high winds, we had to sleep without tents. No grass was to be found. An old stack of the preceding year's hay, left standing on the ground, was portioned out to the horses, but they refused to eat it. Government horses, like Government men, being used to feed well, are apt to become too dainty. We left this ungracious neighborhood early the next morning, pushing our way sturdily without grub until two in the afternoon. This was bad, but we were fated to encounter worse. We were attacked by grasshoppers. The depredations committed by this insect, last year, all through the North-West, especially in the territories of Nebraska and Dakota, are so well known and have been so graphically described in the papers, that I need not dwell upon them. But seeing them at work, as I did, with their modes of attack, and the clean sweep of devastation which they carry on, I can form some idea of the locust plagues of ancient Egypt. I was also vividly reminded of the masterly description of their ravages by Dr. Henry Newman in his novel "Callista," to which I would refer such of my readers as wish to enjoy one of the finest pages of modern literature. As if the grasshoppers were not enough, we were plagued with the prairie dust. The men called it infernal, and that is just the word for it. It consists of ashes and coal powder from the almost yearly burning up of the grass. Everything is covered with this dust in a few minutes. Men look hideous with their smutty faces. There is no use washing while on the march, which, I am afraid, was a great relief to many of the men, who were not too fond of the water in any case. To wind up all our sensations on this day, we saw the prairie on fire in our rear. The spectacle was sublime. The crackling flame, the lurid light, the heavy masses of smoke rolling low at first over the surface of the grass, then mounting higher and higher, till, caught in a stratum of breeze, they veered and floated rapidly to the east, formed a scene of impressive grandeur. The day concluded with the evening parade, a sketch of which will be found on another page of this issue. On Sunday, the 19th July, we found ourselves at Moule River, delineated in the tenth volume of the CANADIAN ILLUSTRATED NEWS, p. 177. We had been just one month on the march, and had just passed the last house between Dufferin and Fort Ellice, 175 miles from the former place. It was a fair month's work that we had done, and we rested contented on the Lord's Day.

(To be continued in our next.)

MUSICAL AND DRAMATIC.

EDWIN Booth has been playing in Philadelphia.

LESTER Wallack is to appear at the Boston Theatre soon.

THE farewell representations of Miss Adelaide Philips take place in Boston in May.

LYDIA Thompson is to be the exponent of the delectable "Madame L Archiduc" in London.

A NEW *bijou* theatre, described as "a coquettish little place," has been opened in the Rue Taitbout, Paris.

CELINE Montaland, of the glorious days of the Grand Opera House N.Y., is playing at the Varieties, Paris.

CLARA Morris made her first appearance in San Francisco as *Camille*, and created the expected sensation in the role in which she is to-day unequalled.

THE cancan flourishes at a Chicago theatre, and, although it is described as more indecent than any thing ever seen in that city, the Mayor is said not only to refuse to suppress it, but to attend the performances.

THE celebrated Danish composer, Professor Niels Gade, has consented to compose a symphony for the Birmingham musical festival. Professor Gade will go to England to conduct the performance of his work.

LISZT has just sent to Hans Richter, director of music at Pesth, for performance, one of his new compositions, a cantata for baritone solo, chorus and orchestra, entitled "Les Cloches de la Cathédrale de Strasbourg." The words are those of Longfellow.

M. CHARLES GARNIER, architect of the new Opera House, Paris, has been promoted to the rank of officer in the Legion of Honour, and MM. Jourdain and Louvet to the dignity of knight in the same order, for exceptional services in the construction of that edifice.

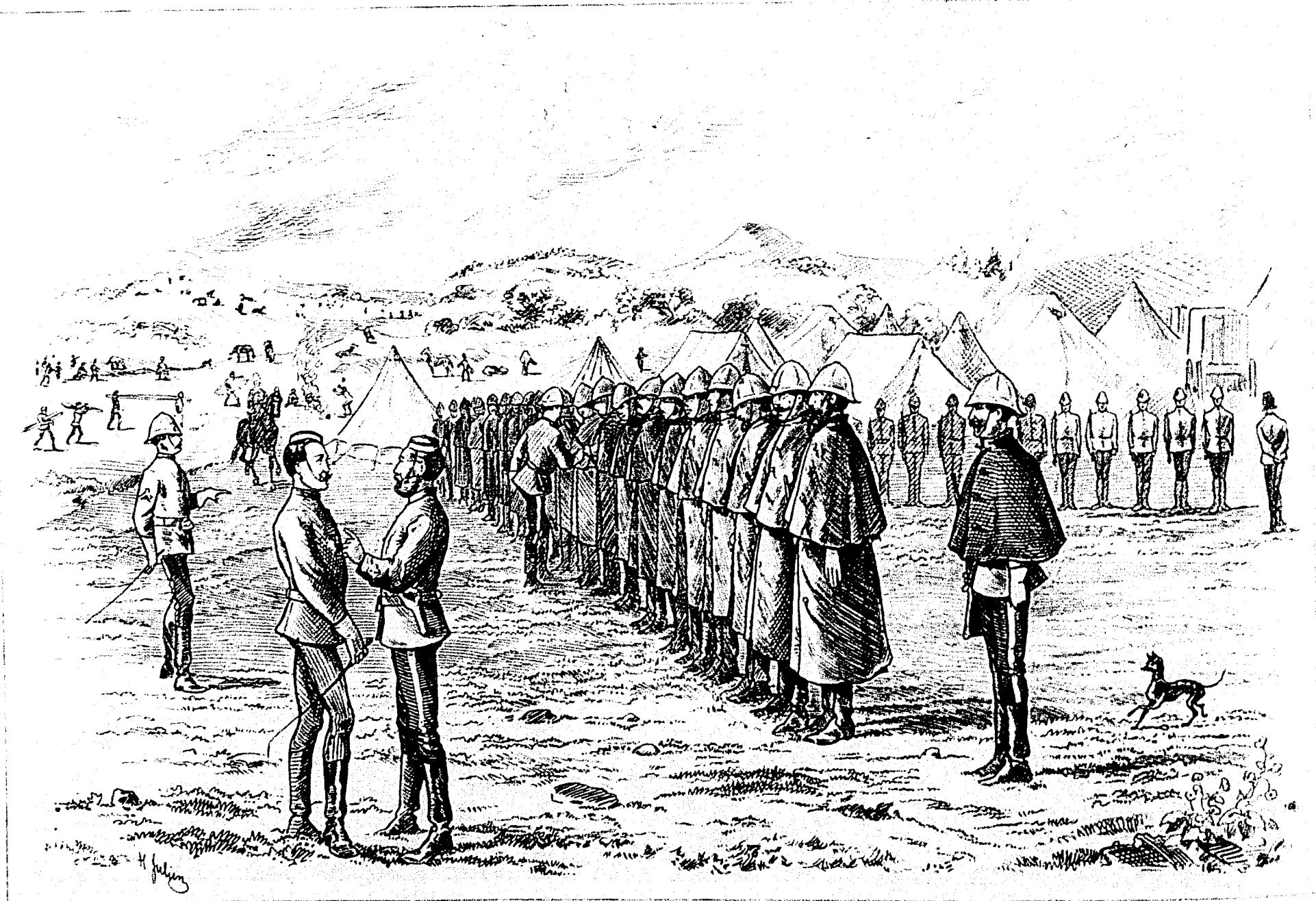
MISS Amy Sheridan having presented "Ixion Rewheeled" at the Opera Comique, London, a critic says that she has been the means of doing more for the destruction of a degraded form of stage entertainment than have any of her contemporaries, and for this, he adds, she deserves thanks.

A SINGULAR discovery was recently made at the Sainte-Geneviève Library, at Paris. In a portfolio, containing several manuscripts, has been found the original copy of the opera "Jonathas" which Charpentier, the author of the music of Moliere's "Malade Imaginaire," had composed for the Establishment of the Jesuits, then situated on the spot where the College Louis-le-Grand now stands. This piece, of but little value as a composition, serves to distinctly mark the period when profane music was introduced into churches in France in conjunction with sacred. The reverend Fathers caused "Jonathas" to be played in their theatre (for they had one).

SIX MONTHS IN THE WILDS OF THE NORTH-WEST



A LANCER OF THE N. W. MOUNTED POLICE.



EVENING GUARD PARADE

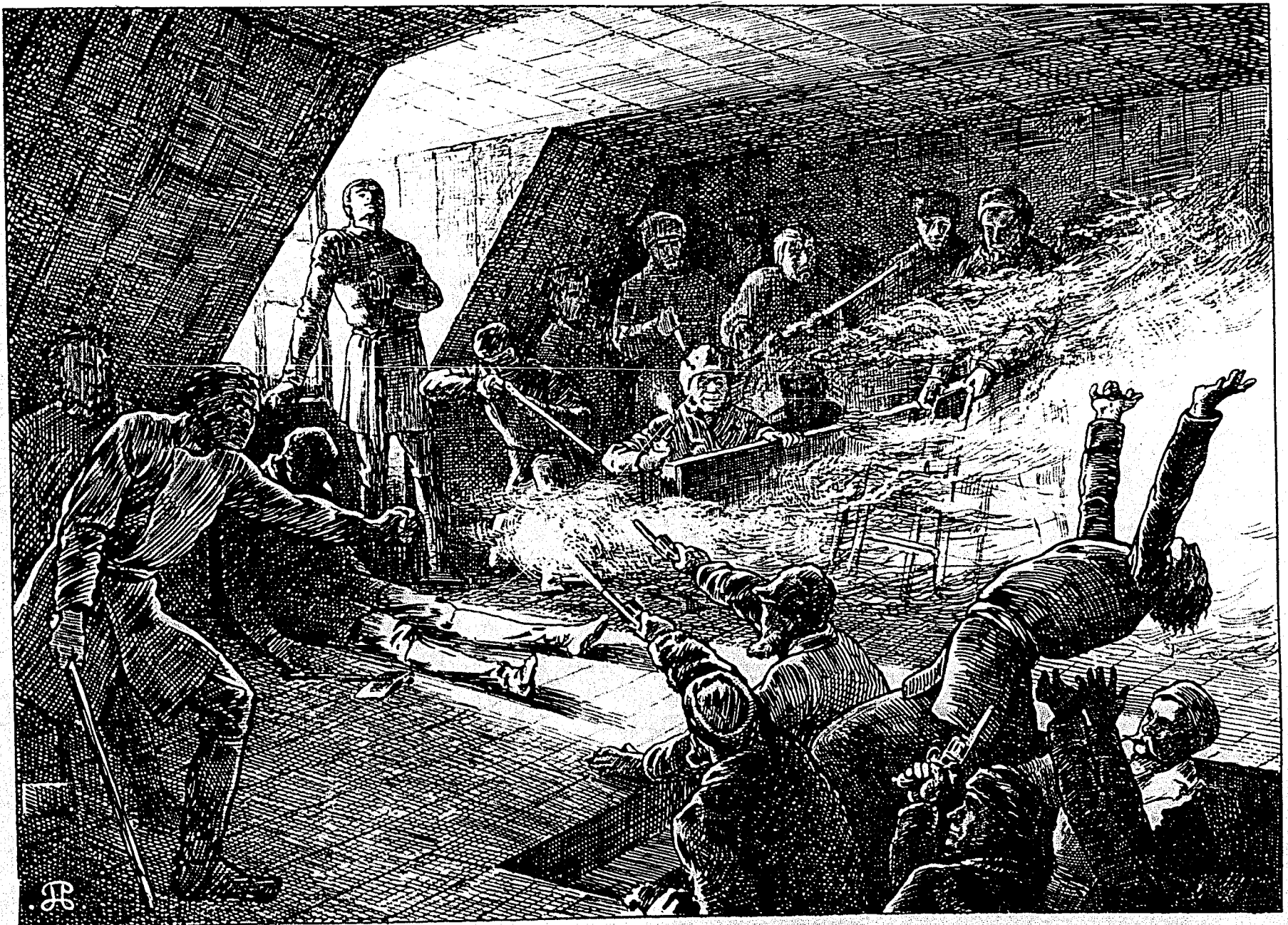
OUR CANADIAN PORTRAIT GALLERY.



No. 217.—HON. R. J. CARTWRIGHT, MINISTER OF FINANCE.

No. 218.—HON. ALBERT J. SMITH Q. C., MINISTER OF MARINE AND FISHERIES.

FROM PHOTOGRAPHS BY TOPLEY, OTTAWA.



NEW BRUNSWICK: THE CARAQUET RIOTS; DEATH OF CONSTABLE GIFFORD.

(For the CANADIAN ILLUSTRATED NEWS.)

IN MEMORIAM.

(On the death of Maud Mary Farmer, aged 2 years.)

Still another little flow'ring
Death has culled unblown, untainted,
Hence in Eden to embower it,
In the Eden of the sainted.

Bright our Maudie was as ever
Sunbeam come from heaven to bless us—
Fairer babe, more winning, never
Won lov'd parents' fond caresses!

Cherub-like in form and feature,
Ever prattling, playful, cheery,
All who saw our darling creature
Doubted on the little dearie!

Tell us not that to regret her,
'Gainst the Angel Court were treason—
How can parents' love forget her!
Nature's stronger here than reason.

Aye, in Mem'ry's dearest guises
Shall her cherished image hover
O'er us, whom her spirit prizes
And, in turn, who prize and love her!

Montreal, January, 1875.

(For the CANADIAN ILLUSTRATED NEWS.)

TRAMP, TRAMP, TRAMP.

A FAMOUS WALK ON SNOW SHOES.

At half past three, on Thursday, January 21st, five of the members of the Montreal Tecumseh Snow Shoe Club started from the city on a forty-five mile tramp to St. Andrews, and by the account we have heard from those who participated in the journey, it was as rough a tramp as they have had for many a day. Starting from McGill College gate, they put on the shoes on the Côte St. Luke road, passed in rear of the Village of Lachine, and striking the River at Pointe Clair, reached St. Anne about half-past eight that evening. The first twenty-four miles were thus accomplished in five hours. Here they were met by two other members of the Club, who had reached St. Anne a little ahead of them by the five o'clock train. After a hearty supper and a couple of songs, the shoes were put on again, and the boys started at one o'clock for St. Placide. Passing through this village they took the river again about half a mile above it, and started for what turned out to be one of the hardest snow shoe tramps that had ever been experienced by any members of the Club. About two hours after they left St. Anne, they entered the Lake of Two-Mountains in the centre of the Lake. The cold was something fearful; it was blowing and snowing so that one could not see a yard in front. The boys had to keep their fingers moving to prevent their freezing. At half-past four they struck the land on the south shore, at five miles above Vaudreuil. After looking round a little, they knocked up an old farmer, and asked permission to enter his house to get warmed. The old man made them welcome and soon the party were gathered round a good blazing fire, and after a little fell asleep. At seven o'clock they were up again, and after eating a piece of sour bread and butter, all the breakfast that could be found for them, they started for St. Placide, passing on the way Como, Hudson, and Oka, and crossing Pointe D'Angle, reached St. Placide, at twelve o'clock, the snowshoers having lost about five hours. After a good dinner, at St. Placide, at half-past two, the travellers, once more, turned their faces towards their final destination, St. Andrews, at which place they arrived shortly after five. Here, they were met by the Committee of Management, and accommodation was provided for them. At six o'clock, the same evening, a dozen friends of the Club arrived by teams from Vaudreuil. Though pretty well tired after their long stretch, all accepted the kind invitation of A. Bell, Esq., to a Ball given by the Ladies of Christ Church, at his residence. About thirty couples were present, and all enjoyed themselves to their utmost. Dancing was commenced at nine o'clock, and continued till midnight, when the doors of the supper room were thrown open. The walls of the supper room were decorated with flags and emblems of our winter sports. After supper, dancing was resumed and continued unto the "Wee sma' hours" of the morning. The object of the Club in going out to St. Andrews was to give a concert in aid of the organ fund of Christ Church of that village. Saturday morning was therefore spent in decorating the Drill Shed, which was used as the Concert Hall. This Hall was the same that had been used by the Montreal Club, at their concert held about a month since. The Hall itself had been considerably enlarged, and an extra stove put up to meet the extra number of seats required. The decorations, under the superintendence of Messrs. Aylmer, Sully and Rosamond, were very tastefully arranged. Each side of the Hall were draped in flags with snowshoes crossed in the centre of each flag, bearing the names of the various Montreal clubs and their colours in the centre—the "St. Andrews," with a tuque of scarlet and blue tassel suspended above a pair of enormous snowshoes, "The Montreal," tuque bleu; "St. Georges," purple and white tuque; "Canada," scarlet and blue tuque; "Emerald," green and white; "Terra Nova," scarlet and blue, and the "Alexandra," white and blue tuque. Above the stage, the name "Tecumseh," in evergreens. Underneath this a bear's head hanging over the photograph of the Club. An illustration of the "Tecumseh" halting at "The Pines," draped with the "Union Jack." The rest of the building was

covered with evergreens, and in the centre a four branch chandelier which had been kindly lent for the occasion.

During the afternoon, a two mile race took place, for a silver cup, presented by the Ladies of St. Andrews' Christ Church. The cup is to be won twice before becoming the property of the members of the club. At four o'clock, quite a large number of the villagers assembled on the North River, where the race was to take place. To ensure the sport, six competitors started, but after the first half-mile all dropped off with the exception of J. C. Bowden, who thus won the race and cup. At the conclusion of the race, Mr. Bowden was introduced to Miss Ella Robertson, who in the names of the ladies made the presentation, and congratulated the winner on his success.

In the evening, the concert took place in the Drill Shed, and was very largely attended, being a success, both artistically and financially, no less than about \$150 having been collected to go towards the organ fund. The following account of the concert we clip from the St. Andrews Progress.

"At the opening of the concert, about eight o'clock, the President of the Club, J. A. Aylmer, Esq., made a speech, in which he stated that the hearty reception extended to some members of the Club, on their visit to St. Andrews, last winter, determined them in again binding on their snow shoes for another visit to this village."

"He hoped that the audience would be satisfied with the evening's entertainment, but asked for their kindly forbearance, as this was their first undertaking of the kind."

"The opening chorus 'Red, White and Blue' was immediately given, and received with great applause. The 'Scout a Sale' from Mr. G. Sully following, was also very well received by the audience. Mr. J. B. Burland, Honorary President of the Club, read 'Father Phill's Subscription List' from Handy Andy, in such a manner, that at times brought down the house. 'Bonnie Dundee,' was then given as a solo and chorus by the Club, and received rapturous applause. Mr. J. Lawson's comic Lecture, was highly amusing, and few, if any, of the audience listened to it without joining in the hearty laugh which greeted that gentleman's comical evolutions and hieroglyphical language. 'Let me like a Soldier Fall,' was ably sung by Mr. George Grant, and was followed by a recitation from Dr. Cameron, entitled, 'Bingham on the Rhine' and the 'Raven.' Dr. Cameron's recitations were both admirably rendered and loudly applauded. He possesses a knack of selecting such pieces as are not without feeling and pathos, and the full meaning of the author is realized at once from the feeling which the actor throws into his recitations. This was succeeded by a Solo and Quartette, 'In waiting my darling for thee' sung by Messrs. Grant, Lemesurier, Sully and Haultain. This piece was well rendered, especially the solo. An operatic chorus by the Club, 'Pirate Serenade,' from the 'Enchantress' received splendid execution and concluded the first part of the Programme. After a short intermission, the second part was proceeded with. First, a Chorus, 'God Bless the Prince of Wales' was well rendered by the entire Club. A song by C. J. Lemesurier was received by the audience with a well-merited encore. A selection from Mark Twain, 'His visit to Niagara,' was well read by Mr. E. Rosamond. 'Silver Threads Among the Gold,' solo and quartette by Messrs. Sully, Lemesurier, Haultain and Grant was ably sung. The Club song, 'Tuque Brune,' written by Dr. W. C. Beers, was well rendered, and immediately followed by a recitation by Dr. Cameron, 'The Raven,' Poe, to which that gentleman did full justice. A comic song, 'Love,' by Mr. Bowden, and a Reading by Mr. Burland, concluded this part of the entertainment. A comic sketch entitled, 'The Two Vagabonds' was well acted by Messrs. Lawson, Grant, Ross and Chapman, each one sustaining his part admirably. The National Anthem was then sung, all joining in the chorus."

Mr. Wanless took the chair, and a vote of thanks proposed by Mr. S. Macdonald and seconded by Mr. Hickson of Lachute, was carried with cheers. The Hon. President, Mr. J. B. Burland, after replying on behalf of the Tecumseh Snow-Shoe Club, presented Mr. Jones, the Mayor of St. Andrews, with a photograph of the Club, taken last winter. The Mayor, in a few appropriate remarks, thanked the Club for their handsome *souvenir* of their visit to St. Andrews, and hoped he would see them all in St. Andrews again, next winter. Three cheers were given for the Ladies of St. Andrews. The floor was cleared for dancing which continued until midnight. On Sunday, the Club attended Church both morning and evening, in a body.

It was the intention of the Club to leave at 3 o'clock, on Monday morning, for Vaudreuil, but a violent storm commenced about noon, on Sunday, and continued nearly all night, making the road almost impassable. Nine o'clock a. m., was appointed, but owing to the time taken up by some of the Boys, in getting photographs taken and saying *Au Revoir* to the fair ones, they did not make a start till half-past eleven.

The road was very heavy, and sometimes they had to get out and give the horses a lift out of the snowdrifts, in some places 6 to 7 feet deep. All arrived at Rigaud, at 1 p. m., where a good dinner was awaiting. At 3 o'clock, they were ready, and off again and reached Vaudreuil at 6 o'clock, all right, with the exception of a few spills which seemed to be rather enjoyed by the Boys, and in the face of a cold wind and snow. At 8 o'clock, they were all aboard the train for home. Here, "bouncing" became the order of

the day. After a little, they got tired and settled down to singing Rolling Home and other old club songs. At 10 o'clock, Bonaventure station was reached and the farewells said, a Tramp having been performed and several pleasant days spent that will be looked back to with pleasure by all those who participated in them.

THE FLANEUR.

Margaret was seated in the cosy drawing-room. Her sweetheart was with her. No harm, mind. Only an old fashioned *le-le-le* not to be disturbed.

"The maid steps softly up to the door.
'The doctor has come, Miss.'
'Impossible to receive him. Tell him I'm sick.'"

Christmas, last year, fell upon a Friday.
'How fortunate,' says Nichols, 'I will not have to spend all my pocket money on presents.'
'Why not?'
'Because they would bring bad luck.'

A scene in a fancy store, on New Year's Day. Williams is pricing a pair of kids. Motley passes by, sees his friend, and steps in.

'Whom are those gloves for?'
'For Julia, of course.'
'What, only gloves? Why, last year, you gave her a splendid gold watch and chain.'
'Yes, but now she is my wife.'
'Oh!'

The editor of the CANADIAN ILLUSTRATED NEWS has published a full and authentic biography of Albani, proving her Canadian birth and education. The Americans have begun to withdraw their claims.

"They are willing to give us Emma, now," said a friend to the editor.
'I don't trust them.'
'And pray, why not?'
'Timeo Danaos et dona ferentes.'
Pity this editor. He has his weaknesses.

Dialogue on St. James Street.
'Madame, allow me to offer you my arm.'
'What will I do with it?'
'You may make a sling of it.'

It is amusing this affected disregard of the liberal professions for the journalist. As if journalism were not the first of liberal professions.

A waggish reporter meets a friend who had just passed his examination with "remarkable success."

"Well, how goes it?"
'All right. I am a notary now.'
'Don't put on so. I have been that for years.'
'You?'
'Yes.'
And the wag pulled out his note-book.

Giovanni Battista Falcieri, or Tita, as he was more familiarly called, was the Italian valet who watched by Lord Byron's bedside, at Missolonghi, in 1824. After the death of the poet, he was taken into the service of Hobhouse, afterwards Lord Broughton, as a courier, and thence passed into that of Isaac D'Israeli, the father of the present British Premier. He was head janitor at the India Office, at the time of his decease, which took place last December. The old man had many anecdotes of his first master, but the saddest of all related to the poet's death, and the exclamation made to Tita by Byron, as he lay suffering from his convulsive chill. *O questa è una bella scena.* The author of Don Juan was sarcastic to the last.

Do you know the origin of the saying "worth a song." Here it is:

Farinelli had ordered a magnificent costume, and when the tailor brought it home the artist demanded his bill.

"I have not made one," answered the tailor.
'But why not?' asked Farinelli.

"Because," said the trembling tailor, "I have a desire for my payment in but one form. I know that what I desire is of inestimable value, and reserved for monarchs, but since I have the honor of working for one of whom none speak, but with enthusiasm, I wish no other payment than that he sing me one song."

Farinelli strove in vain to change his resolution and induce him to receive money. The tailor was immovable. At last the great artist acceded to his request. Resolved that the enthusiast should be fully gratified, he exhibited before him all his wondrous skill, after which the tailor fairly intoxicated with delight, prepared to withdraw, but Farinelli stopped him.

"I am very sensitive," said he, "and it is possibly through that trait that I have attained my superiority over other singers. I have acceded to your wishes, and now you must yield to mine in your turn!"

Saying which, he drew out his purse and compelled the astonished tailor to receive nearly double the worth of the garment.

A good election cry, especially if there is wit in it, is always sure to tell. When Barney Devlin set out for Ottawa, the other night, his friends were at the station to see him off. They cheered of course. In the midst of the acclamation, a wag cried out:

"Hurrah for Ry-an-bitters!"

MISTRESS AND MAID.—I went to dine at some friends', the other night, when in honor of my

visit, the lady of the house told her two little girls that they might take a seat at the table, instead of having their tea with the servant, as on ordinary occasions.

"Did you ask Sarah, mamma?" says Florie.
'No my dear, but I wish you to come,' was the reply.
'But what will Sarah say?' persisted the child.

A lady of this city, who numbers a member of the fourth estate among her friends, was kindly volunteering, the other day, to add sundry stitches to an overcoat worn threadbare in the service of the public, and suiting the action to the word, went on to patch up rents, stitch on buttons, mend seams and so forth. To this her reportorial friend quietly submitted, but when the lady was about to add to the garment a new velvet collar, he exclaimed:

"I can never allow you to do this."
'Why,' was the innocent reply, "I want you to look respectable."
'That would never do,' said the literary Bohemian, "my friends would not know me."

ALMAVIVA.

THE FASHIONS.

WAIST SKIRT WITH VEST.—In Fig. 1st, this garment has short puffed sleeves of velvet. White flowers may be set in the trimmings of the waist. Overlapping pockets of the same material as the dress, with flower trimming. Flowers in the hair. Neck jewels of pearl.

HAT SET WITH PEARLS.—A beautiful style. Flat rim set with pearls, over bows of silk and a side rose. Scarf pendent behind, and large flowers on top. This is in Fig. 2nd.

KERCHIEF FOR PELELINE OR CAPOTE.—Double cape, fringed with heavy lace. Buttons at the gorge. Fig. 3rd.

WAIST-SKIRT WITH BERTHE.—Material of tarlatan, crepe or tulle. Roses and lace around armlets and corsage. Bustle puffed, trimmed with plissé and wild flowers. A rare model.

VARIETIES.

Dr. McCosh permits the students at Princeton to play billiards. The college has purchased four tables.

In the report of the Harvard professors they ascribe the marked improvement in the physique of the scholars to their athletic exercises and sports.

MME. DE GALLIFET, the Parisian beauty with the brown eyes, attended the opening of the Grand Opera. In her white velvet robe she looked like a *bella donna* by Titens.

DON ALFONSO, has received up to the present 1,730 begging letters, soliciting him to make "thank offerings," and to bestow "decorations on those who never deserted him in his exile."

THE Imperial Chancellerie, according to a letter from Berlin, is settling the basis of a new uniform method for writing the German language, which is to be introduced into all schools in Germany.

BOYD and Lunsden, the champion oarsmen of the Tyne, England, have issued challenges to all the leading oarsmen of the United Kingdom, the matches to come off this year.

In a race between a trotting horse and Keen, the bicycle champion, eight miles for £100, the horse was withdrawn on the sixth mile, and Keen finished the eight miles in 28 minutes, 12½ seconds.

HENRY HOWE, a Londoner, walked 13½ miles in 2 hours and 49 minutes, carrying a two-gallon stone bottle balanced on his head. He was to be allowed to touch the bottle six times, but did not find it necessary.

THREE Bottles of Medoc were sold by public auction at Bordeaux, in the midst of the most competent tastes, for 1,800 francs, or £32 sterling, per bottle. The wine was exactly 81 years old, and claret which has been kept for nearly a century is as little likely as a lady to improve by age.

It is stated in diplomatic circles in Paris, that His Majesty Alfonso XII, was betrothed before quitting France, to his cousin, Princess Marie de las Mercedes, the third daughter of the Duke de Montpensier, and the youngest sister of the Comtesse de Paris.

THE Marquis of Ripon, who, prior to his conversion to Rome, was building a large church in connection with the Church of England, has caused the same to be finished, and is about to hand it over, not to the communion he has lately joined, but to that which he has left.

THE census of the Kingdom of Italy for 1871, has just been published, from which it appears that the total number of inhabitants is 26,801,154, of whom 26,291,083 have fixed residences in the country, the remainder, or 19 to the 1,000 being either travellers or temporary residents. The increase during the 10 years preceding was 5,023,820.

A GREAT attraction at private evening parties in Paris at present is a performance given by M. Lemercier de Neuville. Among the personages represented are M. Barthélemy Saint-Hilaire as a public letter-writer, M. Lepetit as a lacquey, and M. Thiers as Signor de Montefascone, wearing the costume of a pifferaro. This last caricature has a tremendous success.

ON good authority it is reported that the Queen of Madagascar has issued a proclamation ordering the liberation of all slaves imported into that country since 1865, in which year a treaty was entered into with Great Britain for the suppression of the traffic in human flesh. The released slaves, in accordance with the terms of this proclamation, may either stay in Madagascar or return to their own country.

If we may believe newspaper report there is a young lady, Miss Clara Hale, a resident of Harrisburg, Penn., both pretty and intelligent, who is a very Diana. She pursues game in fields and woods, brings pigeons down over the trap, and cleverly strikes the bull's eye in target shooting. Says the faithful chronicler:—"Her uniform consists of a tight-fitting light corduroy jacket, a short skirt of the same material, with the inevitable bustle, which she utilises for the purpose of carrying her ammunition, &c., several packets being neatly arranged in it. Her cap is also of light corduroy, with an oil-cloth reversible cover, and her feet and ankles are tightly encased in a pair of India-rubber boots. She carries one of Remington's handsome fowling-pieces, and seems greatly attached to her two canine companions, who answer to the names of Eloise and Skippo."

FROM THE CAPITAL.

SIGHT OF OTTAWA.—RIDEAU HALL.—GOWAN'S OPERA HOUSE.—THE HOLMANS.—OPENING OF THE SESSION.

OTTAWA, FEB. 7.—Here we are again. These yearly visits to Ottawa have just zest enough to keep up a transitory interest. Ottawa is the session and little else to my mind. I hope my Capitoline friends will not be offended at this. Later, there is no doubt, their city will become beautiful and pleasing for its own sake. When that great back country is settled, when that great upper river is made navigable, when the locomotives of the Canada Pacific thunder through its streets, Ottawa must become a beehive of industry, and the centre to which thousands will gladly converge. But at present, those tall, cold, silent Parliamentary towers dwarf the city, and, when they are empty, the city itself looks empty. Au contraire, when they are full, how full indeed is the city. They come from all quarters, manufacturers, traders, importers, contractors, railroad men, this one with a petition, that one with a reclamation, lobbyist, wire-pullers, hangers on. The session is but two days old, and already the hotels are gorged with these men, vampires many of them, come to fatten upon the public thing.

Before entering upon our Parliamentary business proper,—indeed, there is little to write on the subject this week—let us ramble about the town a little. And first, a peep at Rideau Hall. It is situated at New Edinburgh, a little village at the confluence of the Ottawa and Rideau rivers. Hence the name. The building is not much to a look at, being a rather irregular edifice of greyish stone. But the grounds are picturesque enough, the present Governor General having done a great deal towards improving them. He is very fond of curling, a game which he learned, I believe, in Montreal, and he has had a tasty rink constructed for himself. He has also an ice area for skating out in the open air. Tobogganing is a further source of amusement for the vice-royal family, and Lord Dufferin has had quite a break-neck hill made up for the exercise. To reach the top you have to climb three series of short ladders, each of which abuts on a small terrace. The grounds are well set with trees, some of them grand specimens of our native forests. The interior of the "Castle" has been very much improved since the days of Lord Lisgar. The present occupant is younger, livelier, fonder of society, and his tastes are more in accord with modern fashion. The only features which recall the former "reign," is the profusion of flowers, for Lady Lisgar was extremely fond of flowers, especially the wild varieties of this country. The drawing room is elegantly fitted up with rich furniture, rare paintings and countless articles of vertu. In the dining room are the Dufferin family portraits. The dining room can and is frequently converted into a stage, where amateur theatricals are performed. The mode of life pursued at Rideau is simple and princely together, a combination which will easily be understood by those who are aware what true nobility is, and how admirably it is personified in our Governor-General.

Driving back from Rideau, we encounter very little new in the city itself. It has grown certainly since last year, and you feel this, without exactly being able to point where the growth has taken place. The Parliament grounds have that appearance of finish which is derived from use, but they are still far from what they should be.

Marshall Wood's plans were costly, but grand, and I seriously doubt whether that Yankee architect, whose "submissions" have been spoken of, will answer the purpose half as well. But he is a cheap man, and cheapness is one of the elements of Reform.

Ottawa has, however, got ahead of Montreal in one thing. It has a decent theatre, while you have absolutely none. The old Skating Rink has been replaced by Gowan's Opera House. It was inaugurated last week, by the Holman Company, under the patronage of the Governor-General, who attended with a full suite. The opera was the "Bohemian Girl," or Balfé's "Girl," as we fondly term that delicious partition, for short. I have always been a stickler for the Holmans, because they are so painstaking, conscientious, and because they are Canadian. Mr. Geo. Holman, is one of the best managers in America, and it is agreeable to know that he has got on so well in the world. Miss Sallie, in light opera, is always satisfactory, and her renderings this week, in Ottawa, show that the qualities of her voice are unimpaired. When the star system is abandoned, as it will be, by Strakosch, Maretzek and Grau, all of whom are losing money with it, and stock singers will be in requisition, Sallie Holman will then rank with the Kelloggs, the Abells, and other native artists. She will soon be heard in Montreal, I understand, where she is deservedly popular since the winter of 1872-73, and I am certain you will turn out in numbers to give her a fitting reception.

The opening of the session took place on last Thursday, the 4th.

At three o'clock, the firing of the guns announced the arrival of His Excellency, at the Parliament House. After being seated on the Throne, the gentleman usher of the black rod summoned the Commons before the bar of the Senate. The representatives came, when His Excellency delivered the speech from the Throne.

The Staff-Officers who accompanied the Governor General were Major General Selby Smyth, Captain the Hon. Mills Stapleton, Colonel Fletcher, Lieut. Hamilton, Colonels MacPherson, Stewart, Brunet, Bernard, Ross, Egleson, Major Whyte and others.

The interior of the Senate Chamber presented

an animated appearance. There was a large and distinguished assemblage of ladies and gentlemen on the floor of the House, while the galleries were literally packed. The greater portion of the audience was ladies, and their toilets were of the richest. Owing to indisposition, the Countess of Dufferin was not present, but in the evening, she gave a reception in the Senate Chamber which was largely attended. CHAUDIERE.

OUR ILLUSTRATIONS.

THE QUEEN'S HOTEL—TO OANTO.

Some of the hotels of Toronto enhance its good repute with strangers, and none more so than the "Queen's Hotel," for it stands first in the order of merit of all the hotels in the city, and is generally regarded as second to none in the Dominion. This hotel has been closely associated with the name of Captain Dick, in its origin and progress, a name which is held in high esteem by the people of Toronto, and throughout Ontario, for his enterprise in ship-building, and in the establishing of steamboat traffic on Lake Ontario and the upper lakes; besides his efforts for the development of the resources of the country, through the promotion of sundry railway schemes, stamped him as one of the chief pioneers of the commercial and industrial progress of the Province. His energy, perseverance, ability and judgement, were such, that whatever he set his mind to accomplish became in time a realised success. In an eminent degree was this manifest in the establishment of the Queen's Hotel, which from small beginnings has, through gradual advance and steady prosperity, reached its present magnificent proportions.

The original design of the building was certainly not that of a first class hotel, for it consisted of two or three dwelling houses, which were ultimately leased and combined to form that early Presbyterian institution, "Knox College." On the removal of the college to other premises on Grosvenor street, Captain Dick was induced by some old Toronto friends to open a hotel in the College buildings, as the property was his own, and he had become a great favorite with the travelling portion of the community. Thus began the now popular, extensive and prosperous Queen's Hotel, which, since the death of Captain Dick, in November of last year, has been, and will continue to be, under the able management of Messrs. McGaw and Winnet, whose training and experience, for many years, under the former proprietor, give a sure guarantee of the future prosperity of the establishment.

At first there was only one centre block, which was gradually enlarged and extended; then, as the demand for increased accommodation required, one wing after another was added, till now, in its completed form, the building has a frontage range of 220 feet, with garden at each end, giving a total frontage of 344 feet.

The centre portion of the hotel is four stories high, with a tower surmounting it, rising to a height of eighty-five feet. The balcony over the main entrance is to be lengthened to double its present range, and also widened to the outer edge of the side walk. This balcony is to be enclosed with glass, for the purpose of forming a conservatory of choice flowers and plants, thus enhancing the pleasure of the guests, and giving quite a luxurious aspect to the hall on the first floor. Another balcony will also be erected in front of the third storey, and the whole arrangement, when completed, will largely contribute to the beauty of the structure, and give it quite an imposing aspect.

Besides the centre block, there is an extensive wing on either side, to the east and west—the latter of recent erection. These wings are not of the same altitude as the centre building, having only three stories and attics; but this diversity is pleasing, in relieving the structure of any monotony of architectural outline.

The grounds on each side are to be laid out in accordance with a tasteful design in ornamental gardening. Croquet lawns will minister to the amusement of the summer tourists, surrounding which there will be a profusion of rich flower plots, combined with statues, fountains, and grotto-like groupings of shrubbery, rocks, flower and plants.

The interior arrangements and equipments of the hotel are all that could be desired in relation to comfort, convenience and luxury, so that even the most fastidious taste could find no cause for complaint. Everywhere, from the kitchen to the attic, throughout all the ramifications, is there evidence of harmony of design, good taste and sound judgement. The bedrooms, parlours, dining-room, and all else, are richly furnished; and whilst there is even a sumptuousness in the draperies, carpets, bureaus, bedsteads, &c., of some of the suits of apartments for families, there is nothing loud or gaudy. The commercial traveller and the aristocratic tourist, alike, can feel that there are here the aspects of home more than the glare and excitement habitually characteristic of some large hotels. For winter comfort there are double windows, and steam-pipes all over the house, and in every room there are fire-places and grates, to afford, when desired by the guests, greater cheerfulness and warmth. On the various floors there are sundry bath-rooms, closets, &c., and the arrangements on the ground floor, in sample rooms, sitting rooms, bath rooms, water closets, and barber's shop, are unexcelled anywhere in our Dominion cities. Besides the public billiard-room, there is a private billiard-room, held in reserve for special use when desired by any of the guests.

It is not our province to descant on the merits of the culinary department, on bills of fare, on the catering to suit every palate, on the varied vintages in the wine cellar, or on the special virtues of the chief butler and chief baker; but simply to say that in these relations everything is in keeping with the other appointments of the establishment. We have already referred to the new landlords, Messrs. McGaw and Winnet, and may only further add that the old reputation of the Queen's Hotel will be fully sustained through their careful supervision, enterprise and courteous manners.

HAMILTON RACES.

Some of the odd scenes and the odd faces seen at the races on the ice on Burlington Bay on the 23rd ult. Both scenes and faces are typical and must be familiar to all outside of Hamilton, who have attended such sports. Next week, we will give a sketch of the races themselves.

HON. R. J. CARTWRIGHT.

The Minister of Finance is the youngest member of the Cabinet. He was born on the 4th Dec., 1835. He is son of the late R. D. Cartwright, Chaplain to the Forces at Kingston, and grandson of Hon. Richard Cartwright, a United Empire Loyalist, who was a member of the first Parliament of Upper Canada, which met in 1792, and continued to hold a seat in that body until his death in 1815. The subject of this sketch sat for Lennox and Addington in the Canadian assembly from 1863 until the Union. He was returned to the Commons for Lennox at the general elections of 1867, and acted in an independent way with the Macdonald administration for several years, but later, he joined the opposition, and on the 7th of November 1873, he was sworn of the Privy Council and appointed Minister of Finance. He lately negotiated an important loan in England with remarkable success, and, altogether, has so far proved himself the worthy occupant of an office which has been filled by several of the greatest names in Canada.

HON. A. J. SMITH, Q.C.

Mr. Smith was born at Westmoreland, New Brunswick, in 1822. After finishing his education at the Court Grammar School, he was called to the bar of his native Province and subsequently promoted to a Queen's Counsel. He has always held a high position in New Brunswick. From 1856 to 1863, and for a short period, in 1865, he was a member of the Executive Council. He sat in the Assembly from 1852 till the Union, was Attorney-General from 1862 to 1863, and held this same office in his own administration, 1865. He was a delegate to England with the present Judge Fisher in 1858, on the subject of the Intercolonial Railway; to the same country with the present Judge Allan, on public business in 1863, and to Washington with Hon. Messrs. Galt, Howland and Henry, in 1866, on the subject of reciprocal trade. He declined the Chief Judgeship of New Brunswick in 1866, and the Lieutenant-Governorship of the same Province in 1873. He was sworn of the Privy Council and appointed Minister of Marine and Fisheries in November 1873. Mr. Smith is one of the most eminent members of Parliament and of the Cabinet. He has discharged the duties of his department with marked ability.

THE CARAQUET RIOTS.

We gave an account of this unfortunate circumstance at the time of its occurrence. Our illustration represents the death of the young constable Gifford. Along with eight or nine special constables, he had gone up to a room to arrest the Frenchmen who had been pointed out as the chief instigators of the riot. On reaching the landing the door was opened and the room found full of people. A shot was fired, laying poor Gifford low. Then the constables rushed into the room, firing their revolvers and one of the rioters was shot. We are glad to chronicle that the troubles in Caraque have since been allayed.

SEND IN YOUR BILL.

The failure of Reciprocity is good game for fun. It looks so like a *fiasco*, that we cannot resist the temptation of having another squib at it. Brown the tinker has certainly not come up to the expectations of his patrons. His solder is too "soft," his pan leaks, and altogether the job has been poorly done. No wonder that he is threatened with loss of custom. The best thing he can do now is to "send in his bill," which must be a pretty long one, and stop tinkering.

THE SKATING CARNIVAL.

This novel spectacle was exhibited on the 27th ult., at the Victoria Skating Rink, Montreal, in honor of the Governor-General. Instead of any lengthened description we refer our readers to the splendid double page illustration of it in the present issue of the CANADIAN ILLUSTRATED NEWS. The pageant was not so gorgeous as two years ago, but, such as it was, we believe it surpassed anything ever attempted on the continent in all its accessories.

CURLING MATCH AT TORONTO.

The annual match between the Toronto and Caledonian Curling Clubs took place, on the 25th ult., five rinks a side, three on the Adelaide Street Rink and two on the Mutual Street Rink, play simultaneously. The ice was in splendid condition, and the temperature of the day all that the most enthusiastic curler could desire. Both clubs fought bravely, and some excellent playing was made.

The following are the scores:—

RINK NO. 1.	
TORONTO.	CALEDONIANS.
R. L. Cowan,	J. A. Gartshore,
C. W. Moberly,	J. A. Dillworth,
W. Bayly,	J. Malcolm,
J. S. Russell—19	R. Malcolm—19.

RINK NO. 2.	
J. Wright,	J. Forsyth,
Rev. Dr. Barclay,	M. Paterson,
J. L. Smith,	J. White,
J. O. Heward—21.	Rev. W. F. Clark—18
RINK NO. 3.	
T. McGaw,	J. Rennie,
Major Gray,	C. Hunter,
D. Walker,	J. Thompson,
Capt. Perry—32	W. Rennie—19.
RINK NO. 4.	
W. Hill,	D. W. McIntosh,
C. Postlethwaite,	A. Noble,
J. Stovel,	W. Christie, Jr.,
J. Riddell—23.	R. Ramsay—13.
RINK NO. 5.	
R. Shanklin,	J. Ritchie,
G. P. Shears,	R. Coulson,
D. S. Keith,	W. Ross,
D. Forbes—20	J. Pringle—22
Aggregate for the Toronto Club	115
do do Caledonian Club	86
Majority for the Toronto Club	20

PARLIAMENTARY.

The second session of the third Parliament of Canada met at Ottawa, on the 4th inst. At 3 p. m. His Excellency arrived in the Senate Chamber, and that body being summoned together, he was pleased to deliver the following speech:

Honorable Gentlemen of the Senate: Gentlemen of the House of Commons: I have much satisfaction in meeting you at this early and convenient season.

THE N. W. MOUNTED POLICE.

I have to congratulate you upon the organization of the North West Police force, and the success of its operation. It has materially aided in the creation of confidence and goodwill among the Indian tribes, in the suppression of the liquor traffic, the establishment of legitimate trade, the collection of duties, and above all in maintaining security for life and property within the territory. Another effect of the presence of the Police in the North-West has been to enable the Government to largely reduce the strength of the military establishment in that country.

INDIAN TREATIES.

The negotiation of a friendly treaty with the Crees and Saulteaux of the North West for cession of territory may be regarded as a further guarantee for the continuation of amicable relations with the Indian tribes of the North West.

THE VICE-REGAL TOUR.

During the past summer I had the pleasure and advantage of visiting a very large portion of the Province of Ontario, including the whole coast of the Georgian Bay and Lake Superior. This official tour enabled me to form a better idea of the great extent of comparatively well settled country, and of that which is still almost undeveloped. I was everywhere received with welcome, and was much gratified in witnessing the enterprise, contentment and loyalty manifested.

SUPREME COURT FOR THE DOMINION.

Your attention will be invited to a measure for the creation of a Supreme Court. The necessity for such a measure has yearly become more and more apparent since the organization of the Dominion. It is essential to our system of jurisprudence and to the settlement of constitutional questions.

INSOLVENCY LAW.

You will also be invited to consider a bill relating to the important subject of insolvency.

THE NORTH-WEST—INSURANCE—COPYRIGHT.

Measures will be submitted to you providing for the re-organization of the Government of the North West, and the consolidation of the laws relating to that country, for a general insurance law and on the subject of copyright.

PACIFIC RAILWAY SURVEY.

Gratifying progress has been made in the survey of Canada Pacific R. R. route. Measures have been taken to secure the early construction of the Georgian Bay branch, and to provide a connection with the Eastern railroad system. The report of the surveys of the road from Lake Superior to Fort Garry, which will be ready in a few days, will afford information upon which tenders may be invited for the construction of the Eastern and Western portions of that section, so as to reach the navigable waters of the interior.

ESTIMATES.

The accounts of the past year will be laid before you. The estimates for the present financial year will also be submitted. They will, I believe, be found to have been framed with every regard to economy consistent with efficiency in the public service.

CANADIAN TRADE.

Honorable Gentlemen of the Senate: Gentlemen of the House of Commons: I am happy to believe that, notwithstanding the general and wide spread commercial depression which has prevailed over the continent, the trade of Canada is sound, and that the contraction we have experienced in some branches of industry for the past year has not been greater than might naturally have been anticipated.

THE NORTH-WEST TROUBLES AND BRITISH COLUMBIA.

Papers will be submitted to you on the North-West troubles, and in reference to the negotiations between the Dominion Government and the Government of British Columbia on the subject of the Pacific Railway.

IMMIGRATION.

Steps have been taken during the recess for a combination of efforts on the part of the several Provinces of the Dominion to promote emigration from Europe under the general direction of the Dominion officials. It is hoped that the effect will be increased efficiency and economy in this branch of the public service.

CONCLUSION.

I rely with confidence on your prudence and ability and on your patriotic devotion to the great public interests entrusted to you, and pray that the divine blessing may rest upon your labors.

On the return of the members of the Commons to their Chamber, the usual announcements were made by the Speaker in respect to controverted election trials and the return of members. The new members were afterwards introduced, and received with cheers.

After the usual motions in respect to bribery, oaths of office and standing committees had been passed, a motion was adopted, submitted by Hon. Mr. Mackenzie, that His Excellency's speech be taken into consideration to-morrow.

FEB. 5.—The Reply to the Speech from the Throne was moved by Mr. Fréchet, of Lévis, and seconded by Mr. Colin McDougall, of Elgin. Sir John A. McDonald made no opposition.



CANADIAN ILLUSTRATED NEWS, FEB. 13, 1875.

MONTREAL: THE SKATING CARNIVAL AT



J. P. Franckhoff.

THE VICTORIA RINK, ON THE 27TH. JAN.

(For the CANADIAN ILLUSTRATED NEWS.)

MY OWN.

I.

She is full of wayward fancies, blythe and sportive as a fawn,
Sweet as rose buds ere they open to the first fond smile
of dawn;
And she decks my life with beauty as the flowers deck
the earth,
And her presence is the spring-time breathing joy and
warbling mirth,
And her love is set around me like a spiritual crown,
May the angels guard my innocent, my darling one, my
own.

II.

I may watch the sparkling light that dwells within her
azure eyes,
And the archness of her stainless smile so mirthful and so
wise,
I can't read her aerial fancies; who can scan her girlish
thought?
That partakes of all the varied hues within a flower
wrought,
But I know the light and fragrance of her love to me
has flown,
While my ever constant prayers are for my darling one,
my own.

III.

I may touch the soft profusion of her glossy sunny hair.
Till its glory seems to daze the mind and make my world
too fair,
For the sunshine of her presence is the gladdening dawn
of day,
That dispels the midnight shadows, till it shames their
gloom away,
For it stole upon the darkness of my life when I was
alone,
Till my grateful heart evokes its prayers to God to bless
my own.

IV.

There is sunshine in her gravity and in her winsome
smile,
There's a little glimpse of heaven, just to charm us all
awhile,
I love her dear capricious moods, her pranks, her spark-
ling jest,
Till in my wildering joy, I know not what I love the
best,
For I ne'er can tell the happiness which with her love
has grown,
I can only bless her morn and night, my darling one,
my own.

ISIDORE.

Forest Hill, London, Dec., 15th, 1874.

[For the CANADIAN ILLUSTRATED NEWS.]

POOR BAPTISTE.

A CANADIAN SKETCH.

BY CLARE.

I stood one evening, all alone, leaning over the
pasture gate of our farm, at Lakeside, where we
retire in summer to escape the heat and dust of
Montreal, for the three hottest summer months.
I had gone there for company—strange company,
you will think, for a young lady—that of three
cows; but our cows are not ordinary cows, and,
moreover, the house was very lonely, all the
grown-up members of the family having gone
up to Montreal for two or three days on busi-
ness.

It seemed oppressively quiet now, our usually
merry, noisy homestead, with only the ticking
of the clock, and the monotonous whirr of old
Marie's spinning-wheel, to break the silence.
So I flung my tating, and David Copperfield,
which I was reading for about the thirty-first
time, aside, and came into the calm evening
air, to try and shake off the feeling of restless
ennui which had fastened itself upon me.

Bossie, Eva and Bessie, our three milk-pro-
ducers, did not evince any huffiness at my seeking
their society, just because I couldn't find better;
on the contrary, they hustled up to the gate in
great haste, to welcome me seemingly. At least,
to an outsider it would have seemed so—but I
am afraid their movements were actuated by
more interested feelings, as there is every reason
to believe I was strongly associated with salt,
in their bovine minds.

However, on this occasion I had neglected to
bring the customary handful, and felt too lazy
to return to the house for it—so I tried to
quiet my conscience by thinking they had eaten
too much lately, and to make up for their dis-
appointment by any amount of stroking and
petting.

The sun had some time since sunk to rest;
a bright deep golden colour had tinged the
western sky when he disappeared beneath the
horizon, flooding the lake beneath with his re-
flection till every little wavelet seemed burnished.
Now, an hour later, the sky had paled to a light
yellow, the lake, calm as a mirror, and the
hills around, were purple black. There was no
moon, but the days were at their longest; the
lingering light seemed loth to leave the beau-
tiful earth in her early summer loveliness. I
stood and gazed, and my three companions,
also, their large, expressive, melancholy eyes,
looking as if they took in and appreciated the
beauty of the panorama before them; but I am
afraid their musings related chiefly to the
grievous disappointment they had just under-
gone.

Only a cricket's doleful song, and occasionally
a whippoorwill's note disturbed the still evening
air, so I was somewhat startled when a voice
behind me said, "Bon soir mademoiselle."

I turned quickly round, to confront a man
standing in the road—a tall, square-shouldered
young fellow, with a handsome, sunburnt face,
whose most striking feature was a pair of black
eyes, quick and restless, but with a certain
honesty of expression. His clothes were travel-

worn and dusty, and he carried in his hand a
small valise.

"Evidently a *voyageur*—and yet, his face
seems familiar," thought I, as I returned his
greeting.

He seemed perfectly self-possessed, and re-
moved his hat and spoke with the ready grace
which characterises the French Canadian,
belonging to whatever rank.

"Can mademoiselle inform me in what house
Louise Leblanc is living in the village? I have
been away for eight years, and have returned by
Quebec on foot. I want to see her directly to-
night. I am Baptiste Colbert."

I realized the situation at once, and my heart
sank like lead at the task before me. Louise
Leblanc, at once the prettiest girl, and the
greatest coquette in the parish, had been the
 affianced of Baptiste when he left eight years
ago, a penniless boy, to seek his fortune as a
lumberman in New Brunswick. Well did I
remember their courtship, for had it not begun
under our auspices, as it were? Louise was our
maid of all work, one summer, and Baptiste, and
his cousin, Gaspard Comtois, were hired by my
father to make the hay. Of course, such a
pretty girl as Louise received plenty of attention
from both young fellows; and I remember in-
nocently remarking to her how often they were
thirsty—which involved, of course, running to
the kitchen, overlooking the hay field, for a
drink. I was considerably mystified by the
laugh with which the remark was received by
Louise, but a few weeks later understood the
matter better. Baptiste was then her acknow-
ledged cavalier, and came regularly to *veiller*
with her in our great low-ceiled kitchen.

"I am glad it is Baptiste, Louise, and not
Gaspard," I remember once saying to her.
Baptiste was always my favourite. He would
pick up the deserted nests he found, when mow-
ing, and give them me for my collection, and
would allow me to drive the great swaying loads
of hay up to the barn—tomboy that I was, to
care for such a thing.

But the course of true love never does run
smooth. Baptiste had not wherewithal to sup-
port his Louise in the way he would care to
make a wife live, as he said; and I well remem-
ber their tearful parting when he left, with sev-
eral others, to join a lumbering expedition in
New Brunswick.

"Only for a couple of years, Louise!" he said,
as he bade her good-bye; but the two years
had grown into eight, for sickness and mis-
chance had kept Baptiste longer away than had
seemed probable when he left. He had no re-
collection of me, I could see—but he was little
altered, save for his bushy beard and whiskers,
and stouter form.

All the past rushed before me, as he stood
waiting respectfully, but with impatience in his
eyes, for my answer.

"Louise Leblanc is not living in the village,"
I said, at length. "She is living in Three
Rivers, but—"

"Three Rivers! *sapré!* I passed through
there only two days ago. If I had only known?
Well! I must return—that's all," said Baptiste,
turning northward, as if he intended at once to
start on his way, and traverse the fifty weary
miles that lay between him and Three Rivers.
"She told me in her last letter she might chance
to be away," he continued; "but I never
thought she would be in Three Rivers. It's too
bad, especially as I passed through there on foot
two days ago. Well, I must return. After all,
it will only take two days—and what are they
after eight years, especially when we have our
lives before us to spend together—Louise and I."

He had all his countryman's faculty for
making the best of things, and was turning
away with a gay smile after wishing me "*Bon
soir!*" when I called him back. "Eight years
make many changes, you know?" I began.

"People go away; some die; some—"
"Ah! that you may well say, mademoiselle,"
interrupted Baptiste. "I returned to Batiscans
to find my mother, whom I left a strong woman,
promising to live many years longer, away in the
church yard, her place filled by a stepmother,
and a herd of children. My brothers and sister,
were all scattered—some married, some gone
aux Etats to work in the factories, or *à la
brique*. Not much of a home was it, mademoi-
selle, to return to; but, please God, I shall soon
have a real home, with Louise to take care of it
for me. For to-night," he continued, "I sup-
pose I must pass it *au village*, although it is a
mile the wrong way. But to-morrow, hola for
Three Rivers."

He was turning away again when I suppose
the expression of my face arrested him, and he
stood and looked at me questioningly.

"I wish—oh? I wish," I cried, "that I had
good news to tell you. Louise is living in
Three Rivers, but I don't think you need go
there, for she is married—has been married two
months now—to your cousin, Gaspard Comtois."

I often stand at that pasture gate now on sum-
mer evenings, looking down the hay-field at the
lake, and, whenever I do, the figure of poor Bap-
tiste rises before me, as he stands, speechless
and white faced, listening to my recital of
Louise's giddy unfaithfulness, ending in her
marriage with Gaspard, whom she declared she
had always liked best. No doubt, a legacy left
to Gaspard by his master, a rich, eccentric old
gentleman of Three Rivers, helped to strengthen
the preference, particularly as Baptiste had had
doubts of being able to come for Louise that
summer. She was tired of single blessedness,
so accepted the formerly discarded, but now
prosperous Gaspard, and was married three
weeks after. The many presents that Baptiste

had from time to time sent her, served to array
her in finery, that made her wedding the thome
of all the parish for weeks after.

"It was for her; I don't mind that," said
Baptiste, as I commented on this fact. "But
I hope the good God will never permit me to
meet Gaspard face to face on this earth."

He turned his head away for a minute—the
iron resolution inherited from an Ind an mother
came to his aid. He held out his hand, and I
took it, longing to say something to comfort
him, but no fitting words would come—no words
seemed of any use in a sorrow like that which had
fallen on poor Baptiste. I watched his form
borne away by long, steady strides in the darkness,
and stood a long while musing on Louise's dupli-
city and her lover's childish faith, till old Marie
came and volubly ordered me in doors. But it
was long before I slept, for Baptiste's pale,
stern face, as I had seen it last, haunted me for
hours.

Two months later I received a letter from a
friend who had just completed a tour through
the Maritime Provinces. She spoke with all a
novice's delight of the grand scenery of Gaspé,
the bluffs and towering old forests of New Brun-
swick.

"But one incident occurred to damp our
pleasure—an awfully sad one, though. While
we were waiting at one of the stations, a great
lumbering place, (I forget its name,) in New
Brunswick, a cry arose. A little child had
fallen overboard. It was nearly dark, but we
saw a man jump from the wharf into the water.
He dived and brought the child to the surface,
where it was taken from him by a man in a boat.
The brave fellow, however, must have been
seized with cramps, or exhausted by his long
stay under the water, for he sank again instan-
tly, and notwithstanding all efforts was drowned.
We heard afterwards that his body was recov-
ered the next day. He was a lumberman from
Batiscan. His name was Baptiste Colbert."
Poor Baptiste!

COURRIER DES DAMES.

HEAD DRESSES.—A visitor to the last compe-
tition of hair-dressers in Paris writes: "A large
dais was erected in the middle of the hall, so
that people could move about all around it. At
one end of it was a large table around which the
judges were seated, hair-dressers in black coats,
with a president at their head; for there is no
competition in France without a president, vice-
president, secretary and assistant secretary.
All these dignitaries hastened to put some dis-
tinctive badge in their buttonholes; for nothing
delights a Frenchman more than the prospect of
putting something in his buttonhole. Nothing
was lacking, for, as I have already had occasion
to say, there is no good meeting of any kind
without a speech. One of the gentlemen with
something in his buttonhole delivered a speech,
in which he spoke of the hairdressing art from
the most remote times down to the present day
—from Semiramis to Mlle. Nilsson, from Absalon
to M. Naquet of the National Assembly at Ver-
sailles. During this address, the conclusion of
which was much applauded, about forty hair-
dressers, professors and pupils, prepared to dis-
pute the prizes, which consisted of gold and sil-
ver medals, while the Dutch coiffeurs had placed
a gold medal at the disposal of the candidates.
The professors first competed for a prize. Each
brought forward a lady whose hair, type, and
character he knew, and executed on her head a
capillary fancy. The head of hair which carried
off this prize served as a model to the pupils,
who had a specified time allowed them to imitate
it, and the one who succeeded best had the first
prize allotted to the pupils. When a professor
completed the operation he took the lady by the
hand and led her through the hall, so that the
audience could judge of his performance. They
applauded or were silent as the case might be.
Some of these hair-dressers attired the lady in
the style of the coiffure, and a DuBarry or a
Pompadour was from time to time seen walking
with a gentleman attired in a black coat. Others,
less careful of local colouring, matched a pow-
dered head of hair and patches with a dress of
black taffeta, producing often shocking if not
laughable contrasts. All displayed a grave de-
meanor, which subdued the levity of the most
profane of the spectators. Perhaps I ought to
draw a practical conclusion and state the coiffure
adopted for the year; but I leave this to the
Moniteur de la Coiffure, only remarking that on
my asking a competent spectator what coiffure
would be the fashion, he replied, 'The hair will
be worn very high and very low,' pointing out
the medalled lady who was serving as a model to
the pupils. On looking at her I quite understood
his reply. She had hair which fell down on her
back, while in front it formed a veritable dome.
I never saw anything more extravagant or less
graceful. It was as though a prize had been
given for pretentious ugliness, and had I been in
my informant's place I should have said, 'This
year, sir, as nothing definite has been fixed in
politics, art, government, or hairdressing, the
hair will be worn too high and too low.'

HAIRDRESSING.—Speaking of a hair-dressers'
competition at Paris, a correspondent says:
"Nobody will be surprised to learn that there
exists a *Moniteur de la Coiffure*, more fortunate,
indeed, than the *Moniteur Universel*, for it has
not ceased to be the official organ of the capillary
art. It publishes articles from which I have
derived materials enabling me to judge precisely

of all the knowledge and merit necessary to as-
pire to the rank of professor of hairdressing. In
it questions of false hair, combs, and curling
irons are agreeably intermixed with politics,
philosophy, and economic science. It is this
paper which posts up the reader on the price of
false plaits, their preparation, rarity, or abun-
dance. There one learns in how many ways the
immense quantity of false hair which walks about
on the face of the earth is collected, the traffic
carried on in the fairs of Germany, Italy, and
Brittany, where hair-buyers set up temporary
shops with, as their sign, a tuft of false hair
which floats in the wind, and where, in exchange
for gilt jewelry, glass, corals, silk handkerchiefs,
and money, peasant girls are induced to resign
their heads to the travelling hair-buyer's mur-
derous shears. At other times, the tempter, in
various disguises, goes round the villages and
isolated mountain cottages, giving chase to some
fine head of hair of the existence of which he is
aware, and, by stratagem or the seduction of
some gold coins, which he sparkles before the
owner's eyes, he deprives the innocent head of
its splendid ornament. I have been told of a
well-known *cocotte*, whose auburn locks achieved
her a reputation, who paid 3,000 francs for false
hair of extreme length, the colour of which was
identical with her own, and which one of these
hair-hunters had carried off for 120 francs from
the head of a wood-cutter's daughter immured
in the forests of Savoy. But alongside these cap-
tures, which have something grandiose about
them, what horrors and what frauds exist! There
is false hair before which the proudest counte-
nances in the world sometimes humbly stoop, cut
from heads which lie on the pillows of prisons,
hospitals, and surgical amphitheatres. Certain
ladies have such a horror of this suspected origin
that they will only wear tresses made with hair
which has fallen from their own heads, collected
and preserved one by one, during many years,
and formed into a cluster, which relieves them
from exhibiting horrors on their heads. Others,
while undergoing the slavery of the world, protest
against this senseless luxury, and all Paris
could cite the name of a universally known lady
who for some years filled one of the most elevated
positions in society, and who, under certain in-
dispensable circumstances, hired hair for a soiree
of one of the first capillary artists of the capital."

A NEW GLOVE.—It is of white kid, and is
embroidered round the top of its arm with a
wreath of flowers forming a bracelet. It is in-
tended to be worn with ball dresses, and the ball
dresses should be trimmed with flowers to match
the embroidery on the gloves. If this fashion
takes, and it is expected it will, we shall no
doubt be having gloves next embroidered with
gold, silver, pearls, and precious stones, as in
the days of the Medici. But at present the
embroidery takes the semblance of a bracelet of
flowers, and it is both novel and pretty in ap-
pearance.

LITERARY.

THE first volumes of the "Encyclopædia Bri-
tannica," ninth edition, is ready for publication.

MR. JOSEPH Hatton, the novelist, is stated to
have purchased that lively paper, the London *Hornet*.

MR. BANCROFT has in his parlors at Wash-
ington the fine life-sized portrait presented him by
Kaiser Wilhelm.

ALEXANDER Dumas is undergoing an "evolu-
tion;" he is writing a preface to Thomas à Kempis, and
is reported to be editing the *Lives of the Saints*. This is
a topsy-turvy world.

MONSIEUR Paul Féval has written a new piece
for a New York Theatre. It is called the *Cavalier of
Fortune*, and has met with a great success.

THERE was a vacancy in the sporting editor-
ship of the London *Daily Telegraph*, and no less than
800 applications were made for the office.

PROFESSOR Blackie has already succeeded in
collecting £2,000 for the establishment of a Celtic Chair
at Edinburgh University.

SEÑOR PI-Y-MARGALL is busy writing a "His-
tory of Spain," the first volume of which is said to be
ready for the press.

THE new novel, "Sigma," from the pen of
Ouida, will appear simultaneously in Paris, in the *Revue
des Deux Mondes*, and in London.

ABOUT 2,500 advertisements and £1,000 in
money are daily contributed to the advertising depart-
ment of the London *Times*.

THE 23rd Ode of the first book of Horace
commencing "Vitas hincule, me smiles, Chloe," has
lately been set to music as a tenor solo.

It is stated that Mr. Moncure Conway, of
London, the well-known preacher and journalist, has
been specially engaged by the *Daily News* to proceed to
Africa, and explore the interior.

THE Chamber of Commerce of Lyons has offer-
ed a prize of 15,000 fr. for the best essay, written in
French on the "Comparative State of the Cultivation of
Silk in France and Italy."

MR. DURANT has spent 1,000,000 dollars in
building, near Natick, Massachusetts, a college exclu-
sively for the female sex, every officer and teacher in
which is to be a woman.

THE *feuilleton* of the *Illustrated London News*,
contributed by the late Shirley Brooks, under the title of
"Nothing in the Papers," has been resumed by Mr. G.
A. Sala, under the heading, "Echoes of the Week."

AN amusing correspondence between Mr.
Sardou and M. Offenbach has been published in the
Paris Figaro. The author releases the composer and
director of the Gaieté Theatre from the obligation to con-
tinue playing "La Haine," as the tragedy has not drawn
enough to pay the expenses, and takes his leave of high
art, which he laments is not appreciated; while M.
Offenbach graciously accepts M. Sardou's offer, and re-
news the "run" of "Orphée aux Enfers."

Correspondence.

RECIPROCITY IN AGRICULTURAL IMPLEMENTS.

To the Editor of the CANADIAN ILLUSTRATED NEWS.

DEAR SIR,—Some articles in the last number of The Canadian Farmer, copied from the Ohio Farmer, The Oshawa Vindicator, and The Whitby Chronicle, furnish an excellent argument against Reciprocity in Agricultural Implements.

They show that, so far as real ultimate profit is concerned, the more men "seek it in Free Trade, they leave their views the farther."

The article to which I refer, gives an account of the manufacture of The Champion Mower and Reaper, by Messrs Whitley, Fassler and Keily, of Springfield, Ohio, and Messrs. Joseph Hall and Company, of Oshawa. The factory in Springfield was started about twenty years ago, on a small scale. It made fifty machines the first year; it can make about fifty thousand in the same time now.

"CHAMPION REAPERS, from Springfield," says The Oshawa Vindicator, "are this year being sent to France, Germany, Prussia, Austria, Poland, Hungary, Denmark, Russia, Egypt, Sweden, England, East Indies, Chili, the Argentine Republic, and Australia."

"Twenty-five hundred machines are being built at Oshawa for the harvest of 1875," in Canada. How does this come? "Mr. L. H. Lee, who has been connected with the Champion in the States and Europe for the past thirteen years, has come here to reside and take charge of its construction and sale in Canada."

Had Free Traders their way, no Champion machines would be built at Oshawa; nor would Mr. L. H. Lee come there to reside. He would build the machines at Springfield, and export them to Canada, as he does to other countries.

The duty on these machines has compelled Mr. Whitley, the manager of the Springfield factory to take a share in the Hall works at Oshawa. "The Hall Company," says the Vindicator, "not only secures Mr. Whitley's capital, and the exclusive control of his patents and future inventions, but the benefit of his experience, energy, judgment and prestige."

This is just what Canada wants. If we have Free Trade, let it be in capital, labor, skill and experience—not in manufactures. The Joseph Hall works, in Oshawa, will bring more capital, and desirable immigration into Canada, than some of the immigration agencies, maintained by the Government at great expense, in foreign countries.

If any person thinks that profits are large in this country, let him come with all the capital he can command, and all the skilled labor he can employ, and share in the general prosperity. This is the legitimate limit of Free Trade.

This arrangement will have one or two remarkable effects. First, these machines will be built as cheaply at Oshawa, as in Ohio. Hence, the Canadian farmer will buy them cheaper than he would with Reciprocity, because, with Reciprocity they would be built in Ohio, with freight added to their cost, when exported to this country. The farmer saves the freight; hence, here is a case in which duty and protection have actually diminished the cost of a very important article.

Free Traders will, doubtless, say that Reciprocity would not prevent the machines being made in Oshawa. I say it would. With reciprocity, Mr. Whitley would not sell his patents to the Hall Company, or let any Company in Canada, or give them capital, or send a manager there, or give them the benefit of his experience. He would much rather keep all these things to himself, make the machines at home, export them to Canada, compelling Canadian farmers to pay the freight, as he does with the farmers of England, France, and other countries.

reciprocity means twenty cents a bushel on barley, which is not true.

Barley has been as good a price since 1864 as during the ten years of Reciprocity. Free Traders do not tell farmers that Reciprocity means a scarcity of money when their produce is being moved to market. When a bank lends an importer ten thousand dollars, he takes it in gold, and the loanable funds of the bank are diminished to that extent, at once, and during the continuance of the loan.

Supposing the twenty-five hundred champion reapers wanted were made in the States, when a farmer bought one, the bills which he pays for it are taken to a bank and exchanged for gold, which is taken immediately out of the country. Even where a farmer gives his note for a machine, the note is discounted, and the gold is exported precisely as before. Gold is the basis of our currency, and every dollar exported diminishes the currency to two or three times that amount.

As shown, with regard to the reapers, it is doubtful whether farmers would gain in any particular by Reciprocity, while it is certain they would lose heavily on their grain by a scarcity of money at certain seasons.

Free Traders continually assert that duty necessarily increases the cost of an article. I think I have, in the case of these machines, shown that it does not, and why it does not. The Free Trade argument addressed to farmers is: why should Canadian manufacturers be enriched at your expense? This is a powerful argument, when thus stated, and applied to the selfish side of human nature, without a proper knowledge of all the facts.

A farmer goes to Hall & Co.'s shop to buy a reaper; he takes a look about the establishment, thinks he sees a great many evidences of wealth, concludes, for certain, that Hall & Co. are getting rich at his expense, and decides to vote for the Free Trade candidate at the next election. This is the effect of Free Trade fallacies and lectures on him.

Messrs. Whitley, Fassler & Keily, of Springfield, Ohio, have an establishment many times as large as Hall & Co. They export reapers to this country; that farmer buys from them without ever appearing to suspect that they are getting rich at his expense. The Free Traders never told him so, and the idea has not occurred to his own mind. He envies the moderate wealth of the Home Manufacturer, while the much greater wealth of foreign manufacturers does not move his envy at all. This is one of the pernicious effects of Free Trade agitation.

They are not good men who seek office by arraying class against class, telling one that others are getting rich at its expense; or instilling such principles as the foregoing into the public mind. Our interests are all identical. As well might the hand say to the foot, "I can do without you," as for Canadian farmers to say "we can do without Home Manufacturers," without very great loss and inconvenience.

Yours truly, W. DEWART.

Fenelon Falls.

A NEW VENUS.

Writing of the recent discoveries in Rome, a correspondent says: "The gem of these pieces of sculpture, all found together within the space of a few square yards, is the Venus, as it is called. Its only claim, however, to be considered a representation of the Paphian divinity consists, like that of the Capitoline Venus, in its being perfectly nude; but instead of being a statue of a fully developed woman, it is that of a lovely girl of seventeen. To use the words applied by Winklemann to the Venus de Medici, 'it is like a lovely rosebud bursting into bloom,' and might not inappropriately be called a Psyche, did not the style of art suggest an earlier period than the date of the fable. She stands with both feet upon the ground and close together, the left a couple of inches further back, with the heel very slightly raised. A moment before she was erect, but she has dropped into an easier position, with the left knee bent forward and inwards against the right. Her left hand is resting on the knot of hair at the back of her head, while her right holds the fillet she has already passed several times round it. In doing this she has swayed a little over and down to the right, bringing the left side forward. The shoulders are well set back, and the face is turned to the right and a little downwards, showing from the front a not quite three-quarter view. The result of this action is the most beautiful flow of line from every point of view. The modelling is perfect, the contours have that delicious softness given by the gradually increasing fulness of approaching development, together with all the beauty, charm, and sweetness of youth, virginity, and innocence. Altogether, it is the most perfect representation of pure unconscious girlhood I have ever beheld. On the ground at her right is what appears to be a perfume box, ornamented with flowers like daisies, and upon it a slender kind of baluster, upon which her drapery has been thrown. This, of course, serves as the support to the statue, but does not intrude as closely upon the leg as the vase and drapery which support the Capitoline Venus. I may be somewhat unduly impressed by the first sight of this 'thing of beauty,' but I am inclined to think that it will rank above the Medicean Venus. Judging from the execution, which is inferior to the beauty of the conception and modelling, there can be little doubt that the statue is a copy, but

from a masterpiece. The marble, as I have said, is Parian of the rarest quality. The statue is broken across the neck, below the left and above the right knee, and above the left ankle. The nose is slightly broken at the tip, and the right arm has not yet been found."

HISTORY OF THE WEEK.

FEB. 2.—An extradition treaty between Germany and the United States is to be made.

The British Government cannot see that any practical results would follow from the International Code Conference to be held at St. Petersburg, and so declined to be represented thereat.

A despatch from London of to-day's date, says Mr. Forster has withdrawn his name as a candidate for the leadership of the Liberal party, and another despatch suggestively announces that John Bright is to preside at a caucus of the party to-day.

In the Constitutional Bills debate in the French Assembly, an amendment was moved to deprive the President of the chief command of the forces, but as M. Chabaud Latour stated he had authority to say that MacMahon would resign, in such a case, the amendment was withdrawn. The amendment giving power to the President, concurrently with the Senate, to dissolve the Assembly was reported on adversely by Committee as far as the Senate is concerned, but granting the power to MacMahon alone.

FEB. 3.—The Ultramontanes of Germany are to run the Bishop of Paderborn as a candidate for the Reichstag.

The French Assembly, yesterday, ratified M. Wallon's amendment to the Ventavon Constitutional Bill, which amendment vests the power of dissolution of the Assembly in the President.

Hon. Mr. Robertson delivered his Budget speech before the Quebec House last night. The utmost amount of indebtedness that the Province could be called on to bear in connection with the railroad policy would be \$6,000,000.

Thirteen of the persons arrested for being concerned in the Caraquet, N.S., riots have been committed for trial. The jury have brought in a verdict of wilful murder against all the Frenchmen who were in the house at the time Gifford was shot.

FEB. 4.—A Washington despatch says the Senate in Executive Session yesterday had the Reciprocity Treaty before them, and that though there were some expressions of opinion on the matter, the Treaty, having but few if any friends, was rejected without a division.

Gen. Moriones has been successful in his attempt to relieve Pampeluna. The Carlists have received a signal defeat at the hands of the Alfontist troops, who are victoriously advancing.

At a meeting of Liberal members of Parliament, held yesterday, at which 137 gentlemen were present, the Marquis of Hartington was unanimously chosen to take Mr. Gladstone's place.

In a letter to Don Carlos, the Pope expresses his sympathy for him, but considers that the dignity of Spain has been sufficiently vindicated and the rights of the clergy respected by the new King.

An avalanche of snow fell from the rock at Cape Diamond, Quebec, last night, completely destroying one house and the greater number of its inmates of 13 persons, and slightly damaging some of the adjoining houses.

FEB. 5.—Prince Philip, Duke of Saxony, was yesterday married to the eldest daughter of the King of the Belgians.

The Alfontists have taken Puerta la Reina, completely defeating the Carlists, and are now within six kilometres of Estella. The King was under fire for the first time.

The announcement of the death of the Emperor and the settlement of the succession to the Chinese Throne, has been formally promulgated by proclamation.

FEB. 6.—A Madrid despatch says the National troops are still victorious in their operations against the Carlists, who are reported to be rapidly becoming demoralized.

The Civil Rights Bill has passed the U. S. House by 162 votes to 103.

The English Parliament reassembled yesterday. The Queen's Message says Her Majesty will use all her endeavours to conserve the peace of Europe. The question of the recognition of the new Spanish monarchy under Alfonso XII will be settled immediately. Her Majesty recommends the repeal of exceptional statutes touching the peace of Ireland.

FEB. 8.—King Alfonso entered Pampeluna on Friday. Subscriptions for the Paris Municipal Loan amount to 42 times the amount required.

The expenditure of the Dominion for the month of January was \$2,050,521.50 in excess of the revenue.

Arms and ammunition consisting of 12 cannon, 4,000 rifles, and half a million cartridges were landed on the Biscayan coast on Saturday for the Carlists.

In the election for the Department of Seine et Oise for a member of the French Assembly, the Republican candidate is 5,000 ahead of his Bonapartist opponent so far. Complete returns have not yet been received.

Captain-General Concha is about to take personal command of the operations against the insurgents in the Cinco Villas district. The Spanish Government have informed him that they will indemnify the loyalists for all losses incurred by the war by selling the insurgents' property.

OUR CHESS COLUMN.

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

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

Our readers will be pleased to hear that it is proposed to bring about a chess match between two ladies equally renowned for their skill in the game, the one an American lady of Connecticut, and the other an English lady, who, from all accounts, is one of the best lady players in Europe. All votaries of the game will feel interested in the result and whatever that may be, it will, to some extent, take away the reproach, so often made, that chess is a game in which ladies feel very little interest.

J. W. B., Toronto.—Correct solutions of Problems No. 3 and No. 4 received.

H. P. P., Whitby.—Correct solution to Problem No. 3 received; and, also, solution of No. 1 of Problems for Young Players.

O. Trempe, Montreal.—Correct solution to No. 2 of Problems for Young Players.

F. J. A., St. John's.—Not quite right. Shall be glad to hear from you again.

SOLUTIONS.

Solution to Problem No. 4.

- WHITE. 1. Q to K Kt 2nd. BLACK. 1. Any move, and White checkmates either by Kt at Q Kt 7th or by Queen to Q 2nd.

Solution to Problem for young players.

- No. 2. WHITE. 1. Q takes K Kt P ch. 2. B to K B 3rd ch. 3. Q takes Kt ch. 4. Q to K's 4th ch. 5. Q to K 2nd mate. BLACK. B to K Kt 4th. K takes B. K to his 6th. K to K B 7th.

PROBLEM No. 6.

By M. D'Orville.

BLACK.



WHITE.

White to play, and mate in four moves.

PROBLEMS FOR YOUNG PLAYERS.—No. 4.

- WHITE. 1. K at K Kt sq. 2. Q at Q Kt 3rd. 3. R at K sq. 4. B at Q B sq. 5. Pawns at K Kt 4th, K B 3rd, and Q B 3rd. BLACK. K at Q 6th. R at Q 3rd. R at K Kt 4th. Kt at Q 4th. Kt at Q B 3rd. Pawn at K 4th. White to play and mate in two moves.

GAME 9th.

Between two leading players of the Montreal Chess Club.

Evans's Gambit.

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

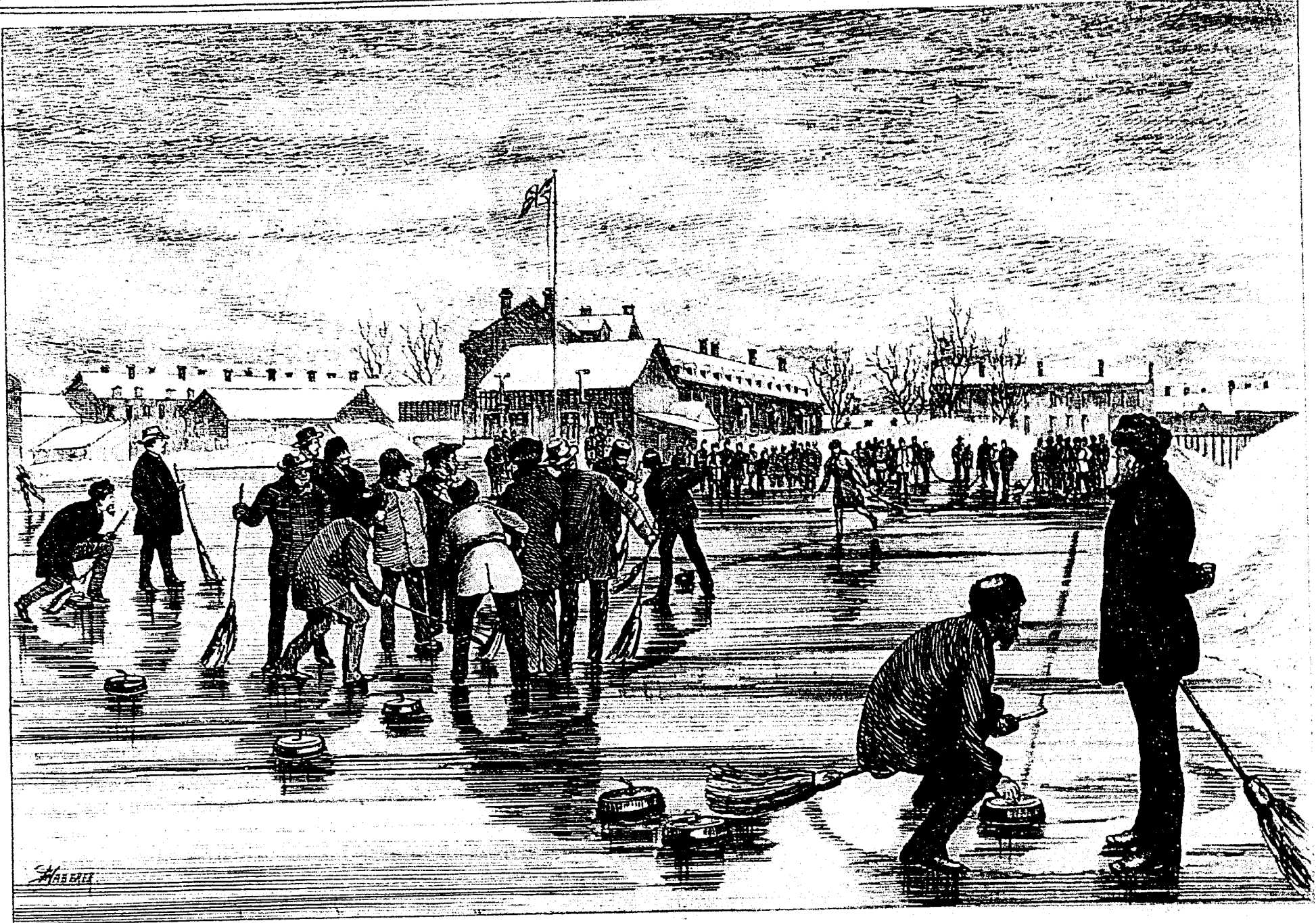
- (a) The right move. (b) Nicely finished off.

GAME 10th.

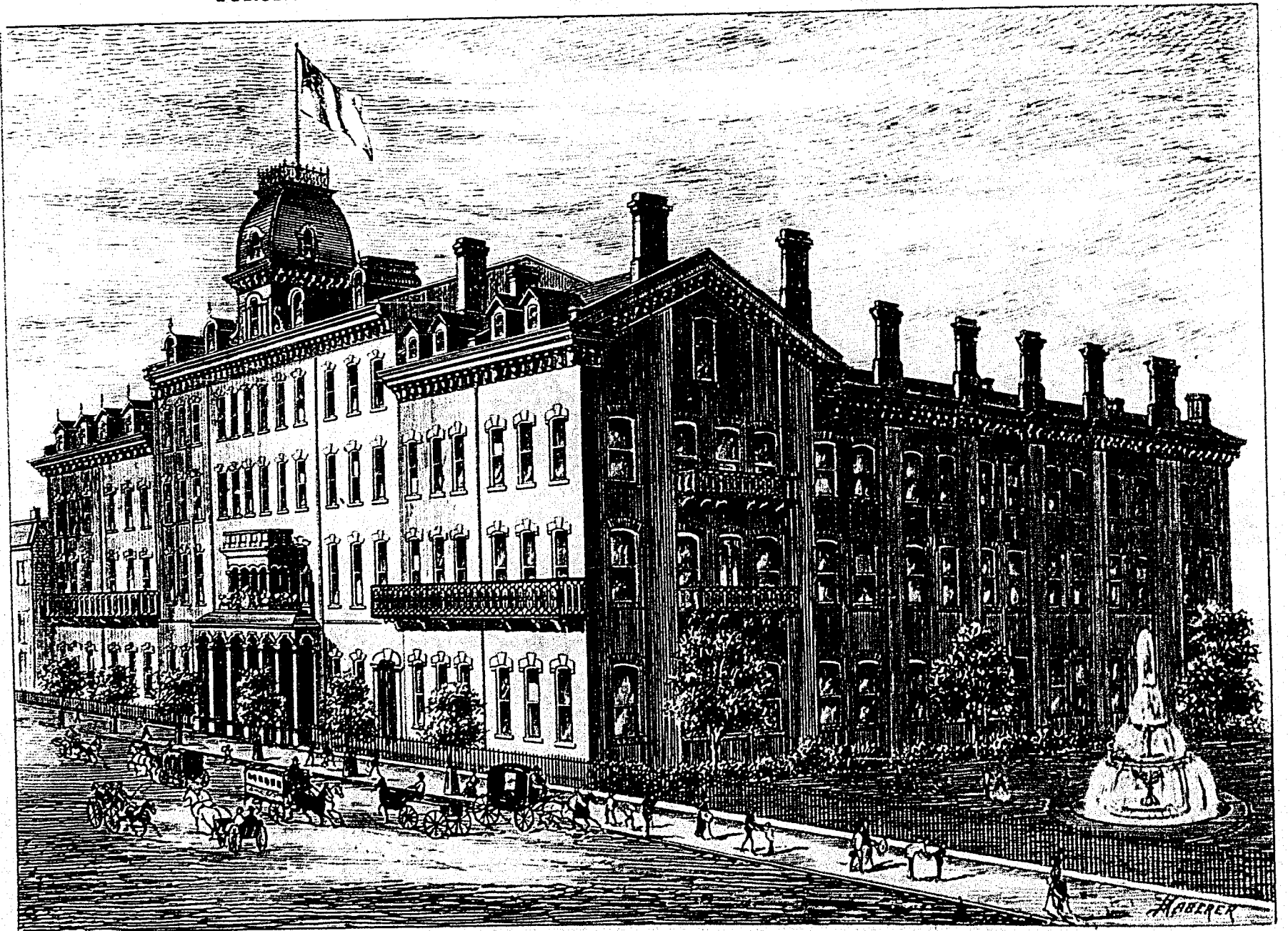
Between M. Janisch and a Russian Amateur.

- BLACK.—M. Janisch. 1. K P two. 2. K Kt to B 3rd. 3. Kt takes K P. 4. Q P two. 5. K Kt to B 3rd. 6. K Kt to Q 2nd. 7. K B to K 2nd. 8. K Kt to Q Kt 3rd. 9. Castles. 10. Q B P two. 11. Q B to K B 4th. 12. Q Kt to B 3rd. 13. Q R P one. 14. Q B to Q 2nd. 15. Q P one. 16. K Kt to Q 4th. 17. Q B to K sq. 18. Q Kt P two. 19. K B P one. 20. Q to Q Kt 3rd. 21. Q B P one. 22. Kt takes P. 23. B takes Kt. 24. Q to Q B 4th. 25. Q to K 4th. 26. Q P one. 27. Q to Q 4th. 28. R takes B. 29. Kt to Q Kt 5th. 30. Q P one. 31. B to K Kt 3rd. 32. B takes K B P ch. 33. B takes Kt ch. 34. Q takes R ch. 35. R takes Q. WHITE.—Amateur. K P two. Q P two. Q to K 2nd. K B P one. P takes K P. K B P one. Q Kt to B 3rd. Kt to B 3rd. Q to K B 2nd. Q B to Q 2nd. Castles. K R P one. K Kt P one. K B P one. Q Kt to K 4th. K B to Q B 4th. K R to K Kt sq. K B to K 2nd. K P one. K Kt P one. P takes K B P. Kt takes Kt ch. Kt to Kt 5th. K to Q Kt sq. Q R to K sq. Q B to Q B 3rd. B takes B. B to K Kt 4th. Q B P one. Q R to K 3rd. P takes Kt (a). Kt to K 4th (b). R takes B. K to R sq. And White resigns.

- (a) An injudicious move. (b) Better to take Bishop with Bishop.



TORONTO: CURLING BONSPIEL, ON THE 25TH. JANUARY.—FROM A SKETCH BY F. M. BELL SMITH.



TORONTO: THE QUEEN'S HOTEL.

ALFONSO XII., THE NEW KING OF SPAIN.

Alfonso Francis d'Assisi Ferdinand, who has just been proclaimed King of Spain, is a youth barely seventeen years old, having been born on November 28th, 1857. He is the son of ex-Queen Isabella and Don Francis d'Assisi, and was nominally elevated to regal rank in June, 1870, when his mother, an exile in Paris—abdicated in his favor. Since that time he has been hard at work studying in England, and has, in particular, devoted himself to the art of war, having gained the rank of sub-lieutenant at Sandhurst. Although there has been much talk of a Bourbon restoration in the person of the Prince, no decisive step was taken until last December, the event, however, being foreshadowed by the recent address of congratulation addressed to the Prince by the Spanish Grandees on the occasion of his seventeenth birthday. Of the pronouncement of General Martinez Campos and its results, we have treated before, and we will confine ourselves to a few personal remarks concerning the Prince. In early youth he seems to have cared little for regal honors, and a story current some four years since represented him as far more fond of play than study, and has having adopted a bicycle as his especial hobby. "Take back your throne, mamma," he is said to have cried; "for my part I prefer my velocipede." Far different is his disposition now, and we hear of him studying five days in the week, from 8.30 a.m. to 8.30 p.m., with one hour and a-half's repose for lunch, Saturday being allotted to the chase and Sunday to amusement. He seems to have devoted much time and labor to the study of English constitutional Government, and, if we are to believe his followers, will import this foreign panacea for all the evils of a discontented nation into the Peninsula. "I am not the King of a Party," he remarked to the *Times* correspondent. "The Ministry is composed of men of all shades. It is liberal and Constitutional, as I have been taught myself, and as I sincerely am." He is said to have grown far more manly during the past year, and has a pleasing voice and manner to all around him, though, as yet, scarcely conversant with royal manners. Alfonso XII., has received the Papal blessing, and carries with him the kind wishes and feelings of the monarchs of Germany, Russia, and Belgium, while the majority of Spaniards, and the army



ALFONSO XII., KING OF SPAIN.

in particular, have accepted him without a murmur, as the last straw by which their country may be saved from sinking into that quagmire of anarchy which has been so surely closing around her for many years past.

A Paris correspondent who had an interview with King Alfonso directly after the receipt of the news of his accession, says: "I repaired to the Hotel Basilevsky to ascertain how matters really stood. I was introduced into the King's study. On the table I remarked English, French and Spanish books—'Lord Clive,' by Lord Macaulay; 'Tactica di Guerrillas,' an English grammar; 'Henry IV., and His Policy'; a history of Spain, and a sheet of paper covered with the Prince's writing. I was told that this had been his employment during the day. He studies from half-past eight a.m., till half-past eight p.m., with an hour and a half for lunch, the rest of the time being devoted to history and geography, English, German, and correspondence. Saturday he devotes to the chase, and I remarked as to Sunday the note, 'Lectures Frivoles.' As I was about to leave, Colonel Velasco informed me that Queen Isabella was retiring to rest, that the young King was about to descend, and would willingly receive me if I desired it. Presently he entered the room. He has grown a good deal during the last year, and his features have become more manly. He has a very pleasing smile on his lips, and has a frank countenance. He apologized for keeping me waiting, as he would not leave his mother before she retired to rest. * * * On my remarking that this time he had not stayed long in Paris, he said he regretted having left England, which he liked very much. There were many things to observe and learn in that great country. I remarked that he had been studying. 'Yes,' he said, 'and I have not finished. I hope I shall still have time to study.' I asked whether the news had not excited him. 'Not beyond measure,' he said, 'because I expected it. I try, moreover, to have *sang froid* under such circumstances, but such an event is always exciting.' There was a moment's silence. I felt that he must be fatigued, and waited for him to dismiss me. The young King, who has not yet the habits he will soon learn, did not understand my attitude, but after some moments he offered me his hand. 'If you come to Madrid, it will give me pleasure to see you and to remember France.'"



FIG. 1.



FIG. 2.



FIG. 3.



FIG. 4.

THE FASHIONS.

THE LAW AND THE LADY: A NOVEL.

By WILKIE COLLINS,

AUTHOR OF "THE WOMAN IN WHITE," "THE MOONSTONE," "THE NEW MAGDALEN," ETC.

(From Author's MS. and Advance Sheets)

[ENTERED according to Act of Parliament of Canada, in the year 1874, by WILKIE COLLINS, in the Office of the Minister of Agriculture.]

PART II.—PARADISE REGAINED.

CHAPTER XXXVII.

AT THE BEDSIDE.

I recall to mind a long succession of men, in our employment as travellers, all equally remarkable for their dirty cloaks and their clean lines, for their highly-civilized courtesy to women, and their utterly-barbarous cruelty to horses. Last, and most important of all, I see again, more clearly than I can see any thing else, the one wretched bedroom of a squalid village-inn, in which we found our poor darling, prostrate between life and death, insensible to everything that passed in the narrow little world that lay round his bedside.

There was nothing romantic or interesting in the accident which had put my husband's life in peril.

He had ventured too near the scene of the conflict (a miserable affair) to rescue a poor lad who lay wounded on the field—mortally wounded as the event proved. A rifle-bullet had struck him, in the body. His brethren of the field-hospital had carried him back to their quarters, at the risk of their lives. He was a great favourite with all of them; patient and gentle, and brave: only wanting a little more judgment to be the most valuable recruit who had joined the brotherhood.

In telling me this, the surgeon kindly and delicately added a word of warning as well.

The fever caused by the wound had brought with it delirium as usual. My poor husband's mind, in so far as his wandering words might interpret it, was filled by the one image of his wife. The medical attendant had heard enough, in the course of his ministrations at the bedside to satisfy him that any sudden recognition of me by Eustace (if he recovered) might be attended by the most lamentable results. As things were at that sad time, I might take my turn at nursing him, without the slightest chance of his discovering me, perhaps for weeks and weeks to come. But on the day when he was declared out of danger—if that happy day ever arrived—I must resign my place at his bedside, and must wait to show myself until the surgeon gave me leave.

My mother-in-law and I relieved each other regularly, day and night, in the sick room.

In the hours of his delirium—hours that recurred with a pitiless regularity—my name was always on my poor darling's fevered lips. The ruling idea in him was the one dreadful idea which I had vainly combated at our last interview. In the fact of the verdict pronounced at the trial, it was impossible even for his wife to be really and truly persuaded that he was an innocent man. All the wild pictures which his distempered imagination drew, were equally inspired by that one obstinate conviction. He fancied himself to be still living with me, under those dreaded conditions. Do what he might, I was always recalling to him the terrible ordeal through which he had passed. He acted his part, and he acted mine. He gave me a cup of tea; and I said to him, "We quarrelled yesterday, Eustace. Is it poisoned?" He kissed me, in token of our reconciliation; and I laughed, and said, "It's morning now, my dear. Shall I die by nine o'clock to night?" I was ill in bed, and he gave me my medicine. I looked at him with a doubting eye. I said to him, "You are in love with another woman. Is there anything in the medicine that the doctor doesn't know of?" Such was the horrible drama which now perpetually acted itself in his mind. Hundreds and hundreds of times I heard him repeat it, almost always in the same words. On other occasions, his thoughts wandered away to my desperate project of proving him to be an innocent man. Sometimes, he laughed at it. Sometimes, he mourned over it. Sometimes, he devised cunning schemes for placing unsuspected obstacles in my way. He was especially hard on me when he was inventing his preventive stratagems—he cheerfully instructed the visionary people who assisted him, not to hesitate at offending or distressing me. "Never mind if you make her angry, never mind if you make her cry. It's all for her good; it's all to save the poor fool from dangers she doesn't dream of. You mustn't pity her when she says she does it for my sake. See! she is going to be insulted; she is going to be deceived; she is going to disgrace herself without knowing it. Stop her! stop her!" It was weak of me, I know; I ought to have kept the plain fact that he was out of his senses always present to my mind. Still, it is true that my hours passed at my husband's pillow were many of them hours of mortification and misery of which he, poor dear, was the innocent and only cause.

The weeks passed; and he still hovered between life and death.

I kept no record of the time, and I cannot now recall the exact date on which the first favourable change took place. I only remember that it was towards sunrise on a fine winter morning, when we were relieved at last of our heavy burden of suspense. The surgeon happened to be by the bedside when his patient woke. The first thing he did, after looking at Eustace, was to caution me by a sign to be silent, and to keep out of sight. My mother-in-

law and I both knew what this meant. With full hearts, we thanked God together for giving us back the husband and the son.

The same evening, being alone, we ventured to speak of the future—for the first time since we had left home.

"The surgeon tells me," said Mrs. Macallan, "that Eustace is too weak to be capable of bearing anything in the nature of a surprise for some days to come. We have time to consider whether he is, or is not, to be told that he owes his life as much to your care as to mine. Can you find it in your heart to leave him, Valeria, now that God's mercy has restored him to you and to me?"

"If I only consulted my own heart," I answered, "I should never leave him again."

Mrs. Macallan looked at me in grave surprise. "What else have you to consult," she asked.

"If we both live, I replied, "I have to think of the happiness of his life, and the happiness of mine, in the years that are to come. I can bear a great deal, mother, but I cannot endure the misery of his leaving me for the second time."

"You wrong him, Valeria—I firmly believe you wrong him—in thinking it possible that he can leave you again!"

"Dear Mrs. Macallan, have you forgotten already what we have both heard him say of me, while we have been sitting by his bedside?"

"We have heard the ravings of a man in delirium. It is surely hard to hold Eustace responsible for what he said when he was out of his senses?"

"It is harder still," I said, "to resist his mother when she is pleading for him. Dearest and best of friends! I don't hold Eustace responsible for what he said in the fever—but I do take warning by it. The wildest words that fell from him were, one and all, the faithful echo of what he said to me in the best days of his health and strength. What hope have I that he will recover with an altered mind towards me? Absence has not changed it; suffering has not changed it. In the delirium of fever, and in the full possession of his reason, he has the same dreadful doubt of me. I see but one way of winning him back. I must destroy at its root his motive for leaving me. It is hopeless to persuade him that I believe in his innocence; I must show him that belief is no longer necessary; I must prove to him that his position towards me has become the position of an innocent man."

"Valeria! Valeria! you are wasting time and words. You have tried the experiment; and you know as well as I do, the thing is not to be done."

I had no answer to that. I could say no more than I had said already.

"Suppose you go back to Dexter, out of sheer compassion for a mad and miserable wretch who has already insulted you," proceeded my mother-in-law. "You can only go back, accompanied by me, or by some other trustworthy person. You can only stay long enough to humour the creature's wayward fancy, and to keep his crazy brain quiet for a time. That done, all is done—you leave him. Even supposing Dexter to be still capable of helping you, how can you make use of him but by admitting him to terms of confidence and familiarity—by treating him, in short, on the footing of an intimate friend? Answer me honestly: can you bring yourself to do that, after what happened at Mr. Benjamin's house?"

I had told her of my last interview with Miserrimus Dexter, in the natural confidence that she inspired in me as relative and fellow traveller; and this was the use to which she turned her information! I suppose I had no right to blame her; I suppose the motive sanctioned everything. At any rate, I had no choice but to give offence, or to give an answer. I gave it. I acknowledged that I could never again permit Miserrimus Dexter to treat me on terms of familiarity, as a trusted and intimate friend.

Mrs. Macallan pitilessly pressed the advantage that she had won.

"Very well," she said, "that resource being no longer open to you, what hope is left? Which way are you to turn next?"

There was no meeting those questions, in my present situation, by any adequate reply. I felt strangely unlike myself—I submitted in silence. Mrs. Macallan struck the last blow that completed her victory.

"My poor Eustace is weak and wayward," she said; "but he is not an ungrateful man. My child! you have returned him good for evil, you have proved how faithfully and how devotedly you love him, by suffering all hardships and risking all dangers for his sake. Trust me, and trust him! He cannot resist you. Let him see the dear face that he has been dreaming of, looking at him again with all the old love in it; and he is your's once more, my daughter—yours for life." She rose and touched my forehead with her lips; her voice sank to tones of tenderness which I had never heard from her yet. "Say yes, Valeria," she whispered; and be dearer to me and dearer to him than ever!"

My heart sided with her. My energies were worn out. No letter had arrived from Mr. Playmore to guide and to encourage me. I had resisted so long and so vainly; I had tried and suffered so much; I had met with such cruel disasters and such reiterated disappointments—an he was in the room beneath me, feebly finding his way back to consciousness and to life—how could I resist? It was all over. In saying Yes (if Eustace confirmed his mother's

confidence in him), I was saying adieu to the one cherished ambition, the one dear and noble hope of my life. I knew it—and I said Yes.

And so goodbye to the grand struggle! And so welcome to the new resignation which owned that I had failed.

My mother-in-law and I slept together under the only shelter that the inn could offer to us—a sort of loft at the top of the house. The night that followed our conversation was bitterly cold. We felt the chilly temperature, in spite of the protection of our dressing-gowns and our travelling wrappers. My mother-in-law slept, but no rest came to me. I was too anxious and too wretched, thinking over my changed position and doubting how my husband would receive me, to be able to sleep.

Some hours, as I suppose, must have passed, and I was still absorbed in my own melancholy thoughts—when I suddenly became conscious of a new and strange sensation which astonished and alarmed me. I started up in the bed, breathless and bewildered. The movement awakened Mrs. Macallan. "Are you ill?" she asked. "What is the matter with you?" I tried to tell her, as well as I could. She seemed to understand me before I had done; she took me tenderly in her arms, and pressed me to her bosom. "My poor innocent child," she said, "is it possible you don't know? Must I really tell you?" She whispered her next words. Shall I ever forget the tumult of feelings which the whisper aroused in me—the strange medley of joy and fear, and wonder and relief, and pride and humility, which filled my whole being, and made a new woman of me from that moment? Now, for the first time, I knew it! If God spared me for a few months more, the most enduring and the most sacred of all human joys might be mine—the joy of being a mother.

I don't know how the rest of the night passed. I only find my memory again when the morning came, and when I went out by myself to breathe the crisp wintry air on the open moor behind the inn.

I have said that I felt like a new woman. The morning found me with a new resolution and a new courage. When I thought of the future, I had not only my husband to consider now. His good name was no longer his own and mine—it might soon become the most precious inheritance that he could leave to his child. What had I done, while I was in ignorance of this? I had resigned the hope of cleansing his name from the stain that rested on it—a stain still, no matter how little it might look in the eye of the Law. Our child might live to hear malicious tongues say, "Your father was tried for the vilest of all murders, and was never absolutely acquitted of the charge." Could I face the glorious perils of childbirth, with that possibility present to my mind? No! not until I had made one more effort to lay the conscience of Miserrimus Dexter bare to my view! not until I had once again renewed the struggle, and brought the truth that vindicated the husband and the father to the light of day!

I went back to the house, with my new courage to sustain me. I opened my heart to my friend and mother, and told her frankly of the change that had come over me, since we had last spoken of Eustace.

She was more than disappointed, she was almost offended with me. The one thing needful had happened, she said. The happiness that might soon come to us would form a new tie between my husband and me. Every other consideration but this, she treated as purely fanciful. If I left Eustace now, I did a heartless thing and a foolish thing. I should regret, to the end of my days, having thrown away the one golden opportunity of my married life.

It cost me a hard struggle, it oppressed me with many a painful doubt; but I held firm, this time. The honour of the father, the inheritance of the child—I kept those thoughts as constantly as possible before my mind. Sometimes they failed me, and left me nothing better than a poor fool who had some fitful bursts of crying, and was always ashamed of herself afterwards. But my native obstinacy (as Mrs. Macallan said) carried me through. Now and then, I had a peep at Eustace, while he was asleep; and that helped me too. Though they made my heart ache and shook me sadly at the time, those furtive visits to my husband fortified me afterwards. I cannot explain how this happened (it seems so contradictory); I can only repeat it as one of my experiences at that troubled time.

I made one concession to Mrs. Macallan—I consented to wait for two days, before I took any steps for returning to England, on the chance that my mind might change in the interval.

It was well for me that I yielded so far. On the second day, the director of the field-hospital sent to the post-office, at our nearest town, for letters addressed to him or to his care. The messenger brought back a letter for me. I thought I recognized the hand-writing, and I was right. Mr. Playmore's answer had reached me at last!

If I had been in any danger of changing my mind, the good lawyer would have saved me in the nick of time. The extract that follows contains the pith of his letter; and shows how he encouraged me, when I stood in sore need of a few cheering and friendly words.

"Let me now tell you" (he wrote) "what I have done towards verifying the conclusion to which your letter points.

"I have traced one of the servants who was

appointed to keep watch in the corridor, on the night when the first Mrs. Eustace died at Gleninch. The man perfectly remembers that Miserrimus Dexter suddenly appeared before him and his fellow-servant, long after the house was quiet for the night. Dexter said to them, 'I suppose there is no harm in my going into the study to read? I can't sleep after what has happened; I must relieve my mind somehow.' The men had no orders to keep any one out of the study. They knew that the door of communication with the bedchamber was locked, and that the keys of the two other doors of communication were in the possession of Mr. Gale. They accordingly permitted Dexter to go into the study. He closed the door (the door that opened on the corridor), and remained absent for some time—in the study as the men supposed; in the bedchamber as we know, from what he let out at his interview with you. Now, he could enter that room, as you rightly imagine, in but one way—by being in possession of the missing key. How long he remained there, I cannot discover. The point is of little consequence. The servant remembers that he came out of the study again 'as pale as death,' and that he passed on without a word, on his way back to his own room.

"These are facts. The conclusion to which they lead is serious in the last degree. It justifies everything that I confided to you in my office at Edinburgh. You remember what passed between us. I say no more.

"As to yourself next. You have innocently aroused in Miserrimus Dexter a feeling towards you, which I need not attempt to characterize. There is a certain something—I saw it myself—in your figure, and in some of your movements, which does recall the late Mrs. Eustace to those who knew her well, and which has evidently had its effect on Dexter's morbid mind. Without dwelling farther on this subject, let me only remind you that he has shown himself (as a consequence of your influence over him) to be incapable, in his moments of agitation, of thinking before he speaks, while he is in your presence. It is not merely possible, it is highly probable, that he may betray himself far more seriously than he has betrayed himself yet, if you give him the opportunity. I owe it to you (knowing what your interests are) to express myself plainly on this point. I have no sort of doubt that you have advanced one step nearer to the end which you have in view, in the brief interval since you left Edinburgh. I see in your letter (and in my discoveries) irresistible evidence that Dexter must have been in secret communication with the deceased lady (innocent communication, I am certain, so far as she was concerned), not only at the time of her death, but perhaps for weeks before it. I cannot disguise from myself, or from you, my own strong persuasion that, if you succeed in discovering the nature of this communication, in all human likelihood you prove your husband's innocence by the discovery of the truth. As an honest man, I am bound not to conceal this. And, as an honest man also, I am equally bound to add that, not even with your reward in view, can I find it in my conscience to advise you to risk what you must risk, if you see Miserrimus Dexter again. In this difficult and delicate matter, I cannot, and will not, take the responsibility: the final decision must rest with yourself. One favour only I entreat you to grant—let me hear what you resolve to do as soon as you know it yourself."

The difficulties which my worthy correspondent felt were no difficulties to me. I did not possess Mr. Playmore's judicial mind. My resolution was settled before I had read his letter through.

The mail to France crossed the frontier the next day. There was a place for me, under the protection of the conductor, if I chose to take it. Without consulting a living creature—rash as usual, headlong as usual—I took it.

CHAPTER XXXVIII.

ON THE JOURNEY BACK.

If I had been travelling in my own carriage, the remaining chapters of the narrative would never have been written. Before we had been an hour on the road, I should have called to the driver, and should have told him to turn back. Who can be always resolute?

In asking that question, I speak of the women, not of the men. I had been resolute in turning a deaf ear to Mr. Playmore's doubts and cautions; resolute in holding out against my mother-in-law; resolute in taking my place by the French mail. Until ten minutes after we had driven away from the inn my courage held out—and then it failed me; then I said to myself, "You wretch, you have deserted your husband!" For hours afterwards, if I could have stopped the mail, I would have done it. I hated the conductor, the kindest of men. I hated the Spanish ponies that drew us, the cheeriest animals that ever jingled a string of bells. I hated the bright day that would make things pleasant, and the bracing air that forced me to feel the luxury of breathing, whether I liked it or not. Never was a journey more miserable than my safe and easy journey to the frontier! But one little comfort helped me to bear my headache resignedly—a stolen morsel of Eustace's hair. We had started at an hour of the morning, when he was still sound asleep. I could creep into his room, and kiss him, and cry over him softly, and cut off a stray lock of

his hair, without danger of discovery. How I summoned resolution enough to leave him...

And then I was sorry for it. Poor humanity! Time has got all the credit of being the great consoler of afflicted mortals.

One to Benjamin, telling him to expect me the next evening. One to Mr. Playmore, warning him, in good time, that I meant to make a last effort to penetrate the mystery at Greenwich.

CHAPTER XXXIX.

ON THE WAY TO DEXTER.

"I declare to Heaven, Valeria, I believe that monster's madness is infectious—and you have caught it!"

This was Benjamin's opinion of me (on my safe arrival at the villa): after I had announced my intention of returning Miserrimus Dexter's visit in his company.

Being determined to carry my point, I could afford to try the influence of mild persuasion. I begged my good friend to have a little patience with me.

I only heaped fuel on the fire. "See him again?" Benjamin repeated indignantly. "See him after he grossly insulted you, under my roof, in this very room? I can't be awake; I must be asleep and dreaming!"

It was wrong of me, I know. But Benjamin's virtuous indignation was so very virtuous that it let the spirit of mischief loose in me.

"Gently, my good friend, gently!" I said. "We must make allowances for a man who suffers under Dexter's infirmities, and lives Dexter's life. And really we must not let our modesty lead us beyond reasonable limits."

"Ob, the new ideas! the new ideas! By all manner of means, Valeria, let us have the new ideas! The old morality's all wrong, the old ways are all worn out. Let's march with the age we live in. Nothing comes amiss to the age we live in. The wife in England and the husband in Spain, married or not married, living or not living together—it's all one to the new ideas. I'll go with you, Valeria; I'll be

worthy of the generation I live in. When we have done with Dexter, don't let's do things by halves. Let's go and get crammed with ready-made science at a lecture—let's hear the last new professor, the man who has been behind the scenes at the Creation, and knows to a T how the world was made, and how long it took to make it.

"I am going to clear my mind of cant," said Benjamin sternly. "I am going into the library."

With that parting shot at the new ideas, my old friend left me for a time.

Having despatched my note, I found myself beginning to revert, with a certain feeling of anxiety, to the subject of Miserrimus Dexter's health. How had he passed through the interval of my absence from England?

"About a week after you had gone away, ma'am," she said, with extreme severity of manner, and with excessive carefulness in her choice of words.

The housekeeper shook her head, and looked as if she thought it in bad taste to mention the subject at all.

"About a week after you had gone away, ma'am," she said, with extreme severity of manner, and with excessive carefulness in her choice of words. "the Person you mention had the impudence to send a letter to you. The messenger was informed, by my master's orders, that you had gone abroad, and he and his letter were both sent about their business together."

(To be continued.)

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INSOLVENT ACT OF 1869 AND AMENDMENTS THERE TO.

IN THE MATTER OF DESMARTEAU & BRISE-BOIS, OF MONTREAL.

I, the undersigned, JOHN WHITE, of the City of Montreal, Official Assignee, have been appointed Assignee in this matter.

Creditors are requested to file their claims before me, within one month, and are hereby notified to meet at the Office of WHYTE, KERR & LEFEBVRE, in Merchants' Exchange Building, St. Sacrament Street, in the City of Montreal, on Thursday, the eleventh day of March next, at eleven o'clock a. m., for the examination of the Insolvent, and for the ordering of the affairs of the Estate generally.

JOHN WHYTE, ASSIGNEE. 11-7-2-97

Montreal, 8th February, 1875.

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LA BANQUE DU PEUPLE. Dividend No. 79.

THE STOCKHOLDERS OF LA BANQUE DU PEUPLE are hereby notified that a SEMI-ANNUAL DIVIDEND OF FOUR per cent for the current six months has been declared on the Capital Stock, and will be payable at the Office of the Bank on and after Monday, the 1st March next.

By order of the Board of Directors. A. A. TROTTIER, Cashier. Montreal, 30th January, 1875.

LA BANQUE DU PEUPLE. NOTICE.

THE ANNUAL GENERAL MEETING of the STOCKHOLDERS of the BANQUE DU PEUPLE will be held at the Office of the Bank, ST. JAMES STREET, on MONDAY, the FIRST of MARCH next, at THREE o'clock p. m., in conformity with the 16th and 17th clauses of the Act of Incorporation.

By order of the Board of Directors. A. A. TROTTIER, Cashier. Montreal, 30th January, 1875.

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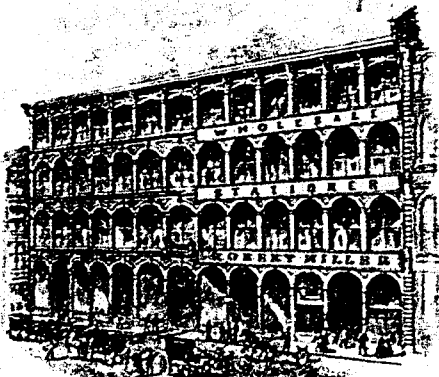
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