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Illustrated News

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THE EPIPHANY.—AFTER PAUL VERONESI.

1874.

THE CANADIAN ILLUSTRATED NEWS.

The month of December of this year closes the eighth volume of the CANADIAN ILLUSTRATED NEWS, under the most favourable auspices. The paper has not only retained the success which it enjoyed from its inception, but it has gone on adding to its popularity, and, at the beginning of a new year, finds itself with a large and

STEADILY INCREASING CIRCULATION.

This state of things is so far satisfactory that we have been encouraged to introduce new and important improvements both in the management and editorial composition of the paper. Henceforward, particular attention will be given to

REGULAR DELIVERY,

so that newsdealers in all parts of the Dominion will be punctually served, and readers may rely upon having their paper in good time, every week. Experience shows that, while this country is well provided with a daily press, there is an ample field for the development of weekly family papers, which shall embrace, besides the usual amount of literary matter, a comprehensive account of the current events of the day. It is our ambition to take rank with the best weekly papers of Britain and the United States, in both ability and influence; and our new arrangements to compass this end are complete. Our political course will be, as usual, independent and non-partisan.

LITERATURE,

in its lightest and most attractive phases, such as serials, short stories, sketches, and poetry, will receive unremitting attention; and an immense variety of miscellaneous matter will be furnished in every issue.

The specific character of the paper will be maintained in the department of

ILLUSTRATIONS.

We have every facility for producing them in a style that defies competition. Besides the pictorial representation of interesting incidents all over the world, we shall continue our gallery of PORTRAITS of male and female celebrities. Occasionally an ART-PICTURE from one of the masters will be produced, and the periodical FASHION PLATE will appear at appropriate seasons. It is intended also to make a specialty of

CARTOONS,

setting off leading events of the day. These will be finished in a style of high art, and, from their historical interest, will form a collection worth preserving.

In addition, then, to a summary of current events, political intelligence, religious news, literary, scientific, and artistic progress, the readers of the CANADIAN ILLUSTRATED NEWS will have a weekly series of pictures and sketches so disposed as to promote, in the highest degree, the great desideratum of art culture.

THE CANADIAN ILLUSTRATED NEWS.....	\$1.00 per annum.
THE FAVORITE.....	2.00 "
THE CANADIAN PATENT OFFICE RECORD AND MECHANICS' MAGAZINE.....	1.50 "
L'OPINION PUBLIQUE.....	3.00 "

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CANADIAN ILLUSTRATED NEWS.

MONTREAL, SATURDAY, JANUARY 3, 1874.

THE DESBARATS LITHOGRAPHIC AND PUBLISHING COMPANY.

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

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

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

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

It seems that the dissolution of the present Parliament is decided upon. The fact merits consideration for more reasons than one. In the first place, it argues an unexpected change in the designs of the party in power. It is remarkable that when the advent of Government took place nearly two months ago, an appeal to the country was hinted at as desirable, but the suggestion came from Conservative papers and was vigorously opposed by the Reform press. At present the tables are completely turned and the Reformers advocate dissolution, while the Conservatives argue against it. What is the reason of this change? We think the recent elections have something to do with it. They have gone so unmistakably for the Government, that high hopes of a stable and lengthy administration are conceived, replacing the natural dubiousness which existed before. It is believed that by taking the public opinion at the tide, and following up the advantages already won, the country may be swept by the Reformers and a powerful Parliamentary majority insured. This would be plausible strategy indeed, and we can quite understand that it approves itself to the judgment of the Cabinet. We go farther and give expression to the belief that such general elections would result in a decided triumph for Mr. Mackenzie. But in such a matter, it is the part of wisdom to look very far ahead and consider ultimate, rather than proximate or immediate results. Would such majority be a real source of strength to the Government and would the Prime Minister be justified in regarding it as the guarantee of a long tenure of office? The answer appears clear. It is in accordance with constitutional usage that general elections, outside of the usual quinquennial term, should be made to hinge on some or other question of policy, upon which the two parties in presence stake their fortunes. Now, in this instance, there would be absolutely no such question. The government have not vouchsafed even a hint of their policy and all that the electors would be called upon to decide is: "Do you or do you not approve of Sir John's conduct in the matter of the Pacific Railway?" Of course, there will be no trouble to obtain a large and influential negative vote on this issue. But clearly this is not enough. It is not a direct approval or endorsement of the new government, or at best, it is such only inasmuch as the new government succeeds the old. The members of Parliament elected on that issue will not and

cannot hold themselves pledged to vote for all measures of Mr. Mackenzie. It is a glaring mistake to imagine, as many leading Reform journals do imagine, that the Conservative party is disrupted and that the country is prepared to recede from the splendid policy which has made it prosperous and great during the past seven years. The Macdonald Ministry has been defeated on a question of management, not on a question of policy. One may not wish to reinstate Sir John personally, but neither is it certain that one wishes to maintain Mr. Mackenzie. For ourselves, we believe that the new Cabinet have a fine opportunity of ruling the country, but they have to be very careful, and we fear for them that a dissolution of Parliament, without sufficient reason, and risking general elections for the sake of a momentary triumph, is not calculated to add to their strength.

The affair of the "Virginus" has entered upon a new phase. It seems that the Spanish Government has furnished evidence going to prove that this vessel, at the time of her capture, had no claim to be considered as American. The facts in the case were communicated to the President of the United States and by him submitted to the decision of the Attorney-General. It is generally understood, at the present writing, that the latter officer has given the opinion that the vessel had forfeited the right to bear the American flag and at the time of her seizure was flying it under false pretences. In view of this opinion the government of the United States will, in accordance with the terms of the protocol, institute an inquiry and adopt proceedings against the "Virginus" and against any of the persons who may appear to have been guilty of illegal acts in connection therewith. The salute of the American flag, on the 25th inst. which was also a clause of the protocol, was dispensed with, as not now requireable, but the United States will exact a disclaimer of the intent of indignity to the flag in the act which was committed. From the proofs submitted by Spain, it would appear that the papers of the "Virginus" were obtained by perjury. Further, but less reliable, despatches represent the feeling in Madrid, consequent on the altered aspect of the case, as so enthusiastic, that a pressure will be made upon the Government to demand from the United States the immediate restoration of the "Virginus." What might be interpreted as giving a colour of plausibility to this intelligence is the further information that General Sickles, American ambassador at Madrid, has tendered his resignation and insists upon its acceptance. From other quarters we learn that serious complications in regard to Cuba have arisen between the Spanish and British Governments, and that in consequence the British West India squadron is to be speedily and largely increased. It is stated that the Havana authorities complain of undue British interference in Cuban affairs. Whatever importance may be attached to these dispatches, it now appears likely that one important result will flow from the painful episode of the "Virginus." That incident has called the attention of the whole world to the lamentable condition of affairs in Cuba, where for the past five or six years an internecine war has been carried on, which is positive despair to civilization. Public opinion will now demand that the law of nations be rigidly enforced in regard to that contest, and that it be speedily terminated.

Some of the Conservative papers are asking whether the Hon. George Brown is "the sort of man who either by nature or training is fitted to take a place among the 'grave and reverend seigniors' of the Senate." As the grave and reverends, however estimable individually, are collectively rather a bore one is disposed to hail with satisfaction and anticipation the arrival among them of a legislator who may be expected to impart to the proceedings of that august assemblage a spirit of greater liveliness than has hitherto characterized them.

It is no use ascribing the success of the Government at the last elections to trickery and corruption. At every change of administration there is some hesitancy, a certain revulsion of feeling, and the party in power gets the advantage of it. On the other hand, the conquerors must not be too elated. Their strength will not and cannot be truly tested till they are seriously at their official work.

What good reason is there for not observing of the law succession on the Bench? Surely the senior Judge of the U. S., Supreme Court ought to be able to succeed Chief Justice Chase, unless physically disabled. And in Quebec, now that Chief Justice Duval's resignation is announced, a politician should not be pitched upon for his successor.

It is said that of the five milliards of indemnity paid by France to Germany, considerably over two milliards have already returned to the former country in the regular course of trade. This is wonderful, if true.

The death of Henri Rochefort, at New Caledonia, is announced. Should this intelligence be confirmed, it would go far to brand with cruelty the authorities who sent the unfortunate man thither.

We see it stated that the contract between the Allan line of steamers and the Grand Trunk will shortly expire and will pro-

bably not be renewed, as the Grand Trunk is desirous of having its own line of steamers to carry its freight.

The freezing of the St. Lawrence is more tardy this season than it has been for many years past. And yet the winter began at least three weeks earlier than usual.

The cost of the Ashantee war is already frightening the English people. Appearances likewise point to an exceptional loss of life, by sickness and pestilence.

The two jokes of the season.—Mr. Mathieu's Libel Bill and the Montreal City Passenger RR. Co's new charter.

THE NEW BUILDING OF THE MONTREAL TELEGRAPH COMPANY.

Amongst our illustrations in to-day's issue will be found that of the Montreal Telegraph Company's new building on the corner of St. François-Xavier and St. Sacrament Streets.

Before proceeding to give a detailed description of this magnificent Block, we think it may be of interest to our readers to peruse a brief sketch of the inception and progress, of the prosperous and enterprising Company to which it belongs.

The Montreal Telegraph Company was incorporated in January 1847 when the science of Telegraphy was yet in its infancy.

Some few gentlemen (most of whom have since departed this life) had the temerity to embark their capital in this, as at that time considered, fanciful enterprise, one of whom was the late Andrew Shaw, Esquire, who became its first President, and retained that office for four years and was succeeded by Sir Hugh Allan who has filled that responsible position ever since.

It may fairly be said, and that without the slightest disparagement to other gentlemen connected with the Company, that its marvellous progress has been due in a large measure to Sir Hugh Allan's great energy, business capacity, and comprehensive views of what the wants of the country were in respect of Telegraph facilities, and to the enterprising spirit in which he, and the different boards of Directors, over which he has presided, have ever been ready to meet those wants. As an instance of the desire of this Company to extend its facilities to even the most remote districts we cannot do better than mention the establishment of the line to Gaspé, and we are assured by persons resident in that district that nothing short of a Railway could be a greater boon than this Telegraph extension has been.

Indeed, it is difficult to say to what extent this Company, while making remunerative returns to its shareholders, has influenced the material progress of the Dominion at large.

Any retrospective glance at the career of the Montreal Telegraph Company would be incomplete that did not refer to Mr. O. S. Wood who was its general superintendent from the commencement of the enterprise in 1847 till 1865, when he resigned. To this gentleman's skillful, careful, and economical management, has been attributable to a great extent its efficiency and consequent pecuniary success, and we may add that Mr. Wood left the service of the Company taking with him the sincere respect and esteem not only of the Directors but of every employé.

On Mr. Wood's resignation, the management of the Company underwent some changes, Mr. Dakers the Secretary, while still retaining that position, undertaking the general management of the Eastern Division, comprising the Provinces of Quebec and New Brunswick, and Mr. Dwight, of Toronto, assuming that of the Western Division comprising the Province of Ontario, and Northern New York, being assisted in their labours of superintendence by Mr. Grant, of Montreal, and Mr. Foye, of Toronto, respectively, and Mr. Bourne was appointed to the duties of Treasurer and Auditor.

At about this same time Mr. Bethune, of Ottawa, and Mr. Pope, of Quebec, were appointed District Superintendents, and this personnel of the Company has continued unchanged.

Our readers may find the following exhibit of the progress of the Company interesting:

	Capital.	Miles of wire.	Number of offices.	Number of messages.	Persons employed.
1847	\$60,000	540	3	33,000	35
1873	\$1,500,000	20,000	1,150	1,750,000	1,700

In addition to the number of messages transmitted, between eight and ten million words of news reports, are furnished to newspapers in the course of a year.

In 1847, the telegraph extended from Quebec to Toronto, with only one wire. In 1873, the main lines are as follows:

From Sackville to Detroit,	1,800 miles.
" Montreal " Portland,	300 "
" " " Oswego,	300 "
" " " Ottawa district	300 "

and on these trunk routes, the wires are of course numerous, and from these branch out, lines in every direction, until there is scarcely a village of any consequence without its telegraph office. Communication is had direct from Montreal to the following important points in the United States:

New York, Albany, Boston, Whitehall, Utica, Oswego, Buffalo, Detroit and Portland.

It is worthy of note that while every possible telegraph facility has been afforded to the country a steady reduction in the rate of charges has been made.

In the early days of telegraphing in Canada the rates ranged from 25c. to \$1.50, but gradual reductions have from time to time been made by the Montreal Telegraph Company until now messages can be sent to any part of the 1800 miles of territory interlaced by its wires for the small sum of 25c., the only exception to this uniform rate being in favour of places within 12 miles of each other, the charge in such cases being only 15c.

It will, we think, be obvious that we in Canada enjoy under a private Company far cheaper telegraph rates, in proportion to distances than prevail in Great Britain under Government management, and we think also that any one who has had experience in telegraphing in both countries will bear us out in our opinion that we also enjoy a more efficient service.

We have understood that Sir Hugh Allan was greatly instrumental in bringing about this uniform rate. He had a conviction that the Company could earn a fair dividend at the low uniform rate and at the same time confer an inestimable benefit on the country at large and popularize telegraphing

indefinitely. In spite of warning notes of protest and disapproval from every Telegraph Company on this continent his opinion remained unchanged, and he succeeded in impressing his convictions on his colleagues, the uniform rate was adopted and the consequence is that to-day telegraphing from being as it were a luxury has become a common necessary of life within the means of every one.

Having finished our brief résumé of the Company's progress and operation, which we trust our readers will have found interesting, we will now proceed to give a description of the building which is the subject of our full-page illustration.

So far as the exterior is concerned we simply refer our readers to the picture itself and will confine ourselves to the interior. A word or two, however, as to dimensions.

The new block has a frontage on St. Sacrament street, of 110 feet, and on St. François-Xavier street of 65 feet, and we understand that the Company have it in contemplation to pull down their present premises, and re-build, carrying out the same design, which will give the block a further frontage of 40 feet.

The portion of the building to be occupied by the Company as a telegraph office, is 65 feet on St. François-Xavier street by 60 on St. Sacrament, and the remaining portion is to be rented until such time as they may require to take possession of it for their own uses.

We think all who have seen the building itself or will look carefully at the illustration we have given of it, will agree with us, that as a piece of a chitecture merely, it reflects the greatest credit on the architects, Messrs. Hopkins and Wiley, who also we may remark designed and carried out the new Merchants Bank, one of the finest buildings on this continent.

The public entrance is on the corner of St. François-Xavier street, and there is another entrance on St. Sacrament street, which gives access to the general offices, as well as to the public office.

We now descend to the basement by a door on St. Sacrament street, and find ourselves in a large, well lighted room—divided by a counter lengthwise—for the occupation of the Delivery Department.

Perhaps the *modus operandi* in this department will be interesting to our readers.

The messages copied by the operators on the 2nd floor, some 50 feet above, are dropped down a pipe of about four inches in diameter, and land behind the counter, a lad takes possession of them, places a damp sheet over the message and passes them through a pair of rollers which are kept constantly revolving, retains the damp sheet which is a *fac simile* of the message, and hands the original to a delivery clerk who records in a book, the address, and name of the messenger who is to take it out. It is then entered in a messenger's book together with the time of its despatch, and handed to some one of the thirty or forty messengers appertaining to this department. The messenger on presenting the message to the addressee, requests him to sign for it and mark the time at which he received it, and thus a valuable check is placed on the movements of the messenger.

This delivery room being entirely separate from the rest of the basement, we must take to the street again, and go round the corner to an entrance on St. François-Xavier street. We do so and find our elves in a large room to be used for a store department, whence are to be supplied the various needs in the way of telegraph materials of the 1150 offices of the Company. In one corner of this room we find the office of Mr. Wm. Bowman, who has charge of this department of the Company's service, the magnitude of which may be judged by the fact, that besides the room above described, the Company has two storage buildings, one in Queen street, and one near the Bonaventure Station.

Leaving this room, we proceed to "view" the remainder of this flat, the keepers room, fuel cellars, and the furnace made by Garth.

We may mention here that the building is heated throughout by hot water pipes.

Before leaving this part of the building, we must not forget to note the Baxter Steam Engine, and the uses to which it is to be applied. It is of about eight horse power, and is used:

1st. For sending a constant current of air up a set of pneumatic tubes leading to the top of the building.

2nd. For keeping constantly revolving the rollers by means of which copies of messages are taken in the delivery department.

3rd. For working the hoist which leads to the top story, the primary use of which is we believe to carry up heavy materials for use about the batteries, but which no doubt will be used by many an employé in preference to the long stairway. At any rate we fancy that if we were an employé working in the top of the building, and had to climb the enormous length of stairway occasioned by the loftiness of ceiling throughout the building, and carrying employees was not considered one of its primary uses, that we should be quite willing to be classed as "heavy materials," and,

4th. For moving a small lathe for the repair of instruments.

Now for the ground floor. We might find our way up by the private stairway, but we prefer regaining the street and walking in by the entrance on the corner of St. François-Xavier street.

We ascend four or five steps and find ourselves in a magnificent room, 65 by 50, divided about equally by a handsome screen of wood and plate glass behind which are to be stationed the staff of receiving clerks, entry clerks, &c. The outside portion is devoted to the public. Lining the windows are desks at which customers may write messages. The floor of this portion is laid in black and white marble. At one end of the screen is the office of Mr. W. J. Graham, the manager of the receiving and delivery departments.

We must not forget to notice the Pneumatic Tube arrangements, which are admirably simple and efficient. A small tube about three inches in diameter runs to the Operating Room some 40 feet above. A customer hands in a message at one of the wickets in the screen. The clerk counts it, marks the time of its receipt upon it, enters the address in a book, places it in a small round box, opens a little door in the pipe, puts in the box, shuts the door, the current of air created by the Steam Engine catches it, and presto! it is instantaneously in the operating room.

We now pay a visit to the General Offices on the first floor.

On reaching the landing we pass through a pair of swinging doors, and find ourselves in a wide passage at one end of which we notice a counter at which transfers of stock are to be made.

On the left hand side is a spacious Board Room.

Reaching the Transfer Counter we find on the one side of

the passage the private offices of Mr. Dakers the Secretary and General Eastern Superintendent, and Mr. Bourne the Treasurer and Auditor.

Adjoining and connecting with the latter office, we find a large Book-Keeping Room where the Audit staff are to be engaged in the multifarious duties connected with the reception, examination and entry through the books of the monthly statements and remittances received from the 1150 offices of the Company.

The Fireproof safes which are very large extend from this flat to the basement.

Leaving this comfortable set of offices we mount to the second floor and enter the Operating Room. This is a very light airy room 65 by 50, the walls of which instead of being plastered are lined with ash finished in oil which certainly has a very pleasing effect. Here about 40 Operators will be constantly engaged, in taking in at their ears the (to other ears) unintelligible clicking, and turning it out at their pen's points—Queen's English or Queen's French if preferred. This important department is controlled by Mr. McPhee as Manager and Mr. MacKenzie as Assistant Manager.

Before leaving this room we cannot help noticing the admirable arrangement of the wires. Knowing that Telegraph Companies earn their Dividends by means chiefly of wires and operators, on going into an operating room one would expect to find wires and operators in about equal proportions, and indeed this used to be the case, wires running all along the ceilings and sprawling down the walls and requiring constant brushing to prevent their being turned into gymnasiums for spiders, but here to our surprise we see no wires, not even the ghost of a wire. We enquire of Mr. Grant, Inspector and Electrician (whose office by the way is on this floor) and learn that the wires are all run under the floors and are brought up under the tables and hence are kept quite invisible and free from any chance of accident.

The "Switch" as it is called is a marvellous looking arrangement by which any one of the 70 or 80 wires coming into the Office can be connected with any other wire.

Amongst the numerous sets of instruments four are pointed out to us, as the celebrated "Duplex." A technical description of which we cannot pretend to enter upon but will content ourselves by saying, for the information of such of our readers as are not familiar with telegraph matters, that this instrument enables messages to be sent and received over the same wire at the same moment, an operation which to our uninitiated mind looks very much like running trains in opposite directions on a single track with out any sidings. However it may be accomplished, it is of the greatest possible service to the Company materially increasing the capacity of the lines on which it is used to the extent of fully one third.

We now take our last upward flight and reach the top story the ceiling of which has a clear height of ten feet.

We find here the offices of Mr. James Poustie, the superintendent of construction and repairs. An idea of the arduous and important duties of this gentleman may be gathered from the fact that he not only has to see that some 19 to 20,000 miles of wire, are kept in order, but has generally in the course of a summer to look closely after the operations of 150 men engaged in the erection of two or three thousand miles of additional wires and poles.

On this flat we find also the battery room which is as it were the heart and lungs of the concern, and which we need not describe further than to say that it is spacious and complete.

We might have gone still higher by ascending the cupola erected for the purpose of bringing in 80 or 100 lines of the Company, but we content ourselves by just glancing up and noticing the admirable and methodical manner in which the wires are arranged.

Before leaving this portion of the building we were shewn into a small room and found ourselves at the back of a large illuminated clock, the dial face being of the diameter of about five feet, six inches. As this clock will, we understand, be kept carefully correct, it will be a great boon to the public, as it can be seen clearly from the Post-Office corner.

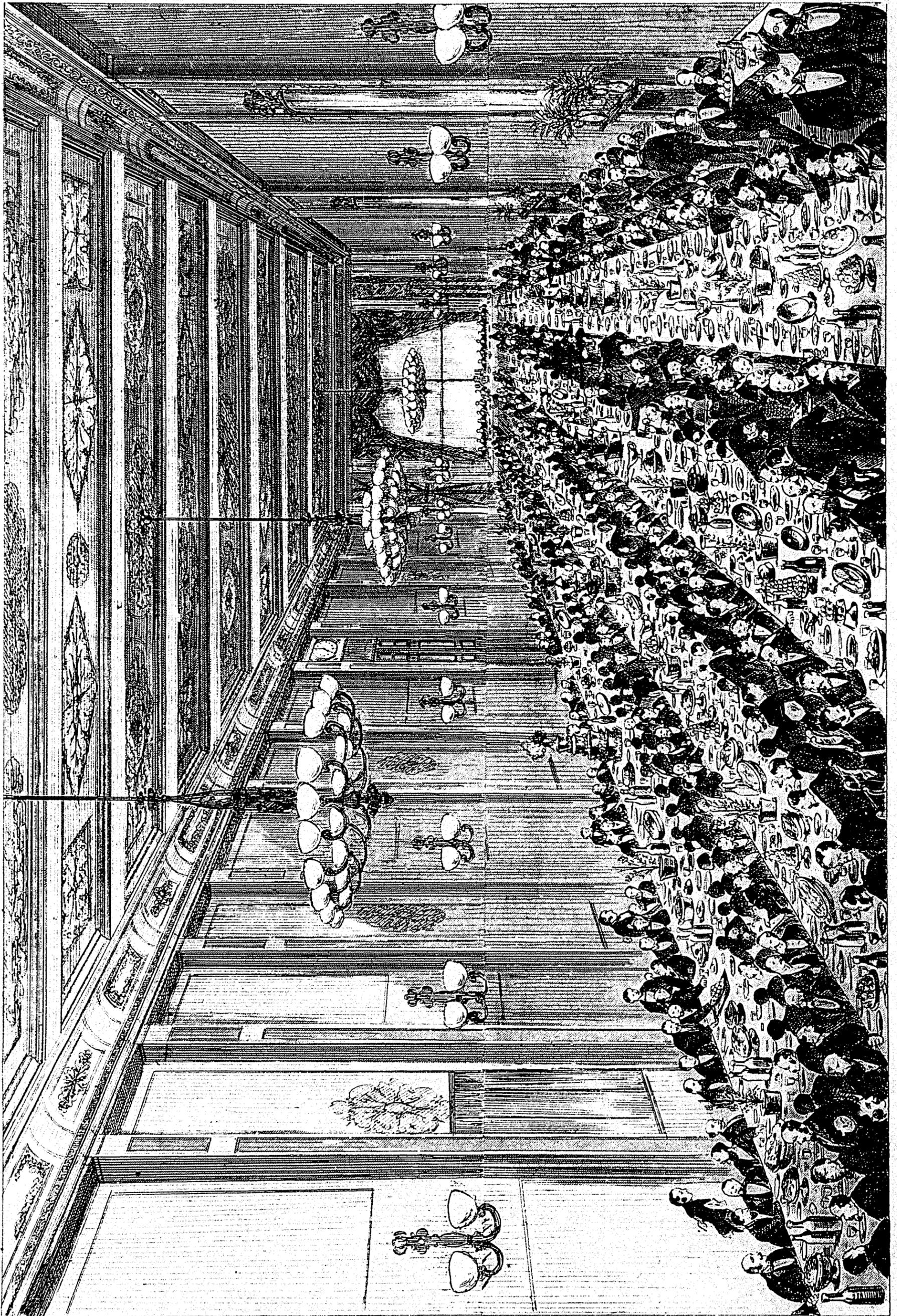
While on the subject of clocks we may add that throughout the building there are dials worked from this large clock by electricity, thus securing uniform time throughout the premises.

In conclusion we cannot help giving our meed of praise to the general airiness, lightness, comfort and strength of every portion of this building, in which it appears to us, that not only efficiency of service, but the comfort of the employes has been looked to, and we think the President and Directors must have recognized the truth not too often recognized by Boards of Directors, that efficiency of service, and comfort of the employes engaged in that service, are very intimately connected. No doubt the President and Directors have the thanks of their employes for the very liberal manner in which their comfort has been provided for, but we also on behalf of the public have a tribute of gratitude and praise to offer them for the liberal manner in which they have considered the public convenience and for the extremely tasteful and elegant addition which they have made to our street architecture.

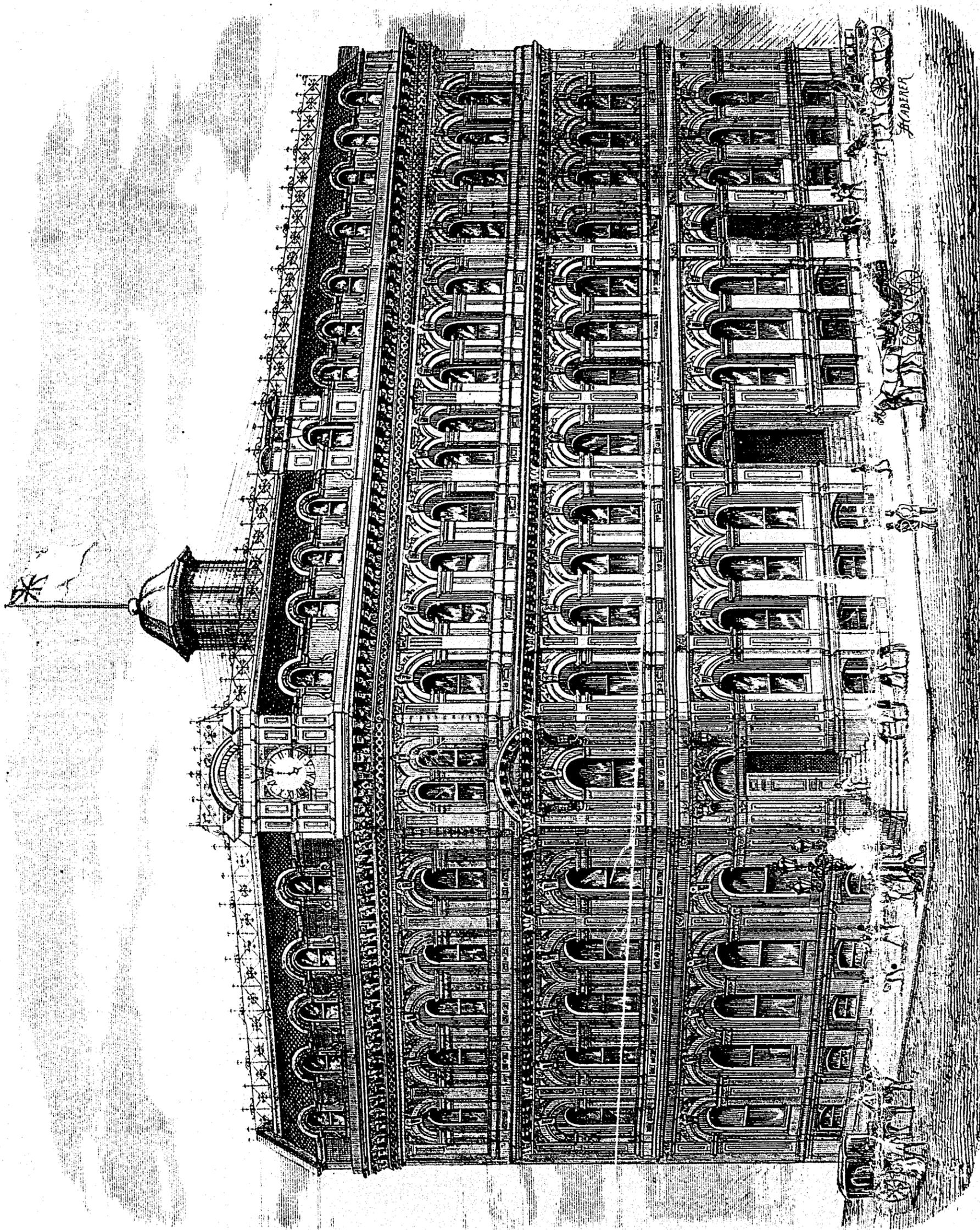
We, as a fitting conclusion to our article, give the names of those who have been engaged in the work of erecting this building and have brought it to such a very satisfactory conclusion, viz.:

- Hopkins & Wily, architects.
- Contractors:
- D. Wilson, stone work.
- Ward & Cowan, brick work.
- John McDougall, iron work.
- E. Maxwell, wood work.
- Phillips & Waud, plastering.
- Garth & Co., heating and plumbing.
- H. Millen, painting and glazing.
- Prowse Bros., roofing.
- E. Chanteloup, clock and other ornamentation.

Messrs. Marcus Ward & Co., of Belfast and London, have issued a number of beautifully illuminated Christmas and New Year's cards, specimens of which may be obtained at Messrs. Dawson Bros'. Some of the cards are got up in fourteenth and fifteenth century styles of illumination, others bear comic devices, and all without exception are designed with much taste and printed with perfect delicacy and accuracy. A novelty in this line is a folded slip, the outside of which presents the form of a book, containing a Christmas carol, words and music, with illuminated border in medieval taste. The cards are by far the best of the kind that we have seen.



MONTREAL.—THE DINNER TO THE HON. L. S. HUNTINGTON.



MONTREAL.—THE MONTREAL TELEGRAPH COMPANY'S BUILDING, CORNER OF ST. FRANÇOIS XAVIER AND ST. SACRAMENT STREETS.

THE WINNING OF MY BRIDE.

At the grand piano seated, lured by fancy into dreaming. While the room is only brightened by the gaslights in the street; And below are people passing and above the stars are gleaming. I will show my heart the vision that has made her life so sweet.

From the agonies departed I can own the present glory. For the world will not deny it me nor rob me of my fame; It can never dim the lustre round the beauty of the story. It can never mar the honour now connected with her name.

What was I, a music master, in my lowly occupation. That I dared to love my pupil in her tenderness and grace; And beholding all her beauty till the perfect adoration Of her goodness charmed my spirit when I looked upon her face?

Oh! the misery of feeling I should leave her on the morrow. And I never might behold her when the lessons were complete; Oh! the agony of parting when I bowed my head in sorrow, And longed to kneel before her in my anguish at her feet.

But the small hand never faltered while the low sun was declining. As we lingered on the terrace by the fuchsia's coral flowers; But the cloud on love's horizon was the one with silver lining. And it covered all the heavens high above the summer bowers.

Then I rose in strength and greatness with the new life dawning o'er me. And the old life with its sorrows by the future glorified; And I felt success was certain with so fair a goal before me. For the height of my ambition was the winning of my bride.

As I thrill the air with music so my heart is thrilled with gladness. But the music in my spirit is the sweetest tune of all; I have long since played a requiem o'er those ancient days of sadness. And its vision now is fading for I watch the curtain fall.

Now I sweep the notes and waken in a minor key and tender. The first piece that I taught my darling in the distant years of yore; And the music charms my spirit: it retains its fadeless splendour. For it is a part of all things in this life that I adore.

(For the Canadian Illustrated News.)

LITTLE CARL'S CHRISTMAS EVE.

It was Christmas Eve. Du-k was rapidly settling down upon the quaint old city of Frankfort, and the lamplights were threading their way with their peculiar rapid trot, through the eager crowd who thronged the streets. Gleams of light flashed through uncurtained windows, showing cheerful tea-tables surrounded by merry faces, for are not the children all happy when the visit of Santa Claus is so near. The shop-windows were brilliantly lighted up, showing magnificent Christmas trees, loaded with everything of which the indulgent old saint could think, or childish heart could wish. Many an overcoat pocket was crammed with irregular parcels, and many a broad, good-natured German face relaxed into a smile, as the owner there of contemplated, in fancy, the joyous mirth of the little people at home.

In the upper part of the city, among the residences of the higher classes, stands a tall, dark house, surrounded by a garden of considerable extent. Every one knows the house, it is the residence of the great Herr Emile Regnard, organist of the cathedral. Certainly Herr Emile should be a happy man, if half the blessings called down upon him, really descended. Not a poverty-stricken household whose case met his ears, but had cause to call down blessings on his "kindly face, and on his silver hair;" not a bereaved widow, or sorrowing orphan was there to be found, but opened her heart to the beloved and respected maestro, and straightway received comfort; not a petted little one, in the houses of the great, but enjoyed a romp with "Mein Herr."

In the interior of the mansion was one room, in which Herr Regnard might always be found, when at home. This was a large, lofty room, wainscoted with dark wood, and lighted by a tall window with diamond-shaped panes. The furniture was heavy and old-fashioned, and one large recess was occupied by an organ, while music was piped upon every available object. The room was almost dark, except when the flames in the grate dart up, and send a lurid glare over everything. The Herr was seated in a low chair before the fire, his head resting on his hand, as he gazed curiously into the glowing depths, that appeared to stretch for miles before him.

"Another Christmas Eve," he murmured, absently, "and I shall be forty-five to-morrow. How quickly the years fly past."

For some time longer he sat there, till he was aroused by the bells of the cathedral bursting into a loud chime, which could be heard for many miles around. As the bells became fainter, and finally stopped, the Herr rose slowly from his seat, still gazing into the fire. It is no wonder that the children love him! They found out long ago that white hair does not betoken age, for the professor's heart is as young and merry as ever it was. After a minute or two he shook his head, as if to dismiss certain thoughts from his mind, and saying to himself,

"It's time I was off, they'll be waiting for me," hurried into the hall, and enveloped himself in a huge overcoat and cap.

"I suppose I shall be in soon, Gretchen," he remarked to a pretty smiling servant girl, who came tripping down-stairs, "the choir have to sing over the grand anthem for the service to-morrow," and as he finished he closed the door, and made his way out to the street. It was much colder than in the afternoon, fewer people were in the streets, and no one stopped to look in at the shop-windows.

Every one hurried on with their coat-collars turned up, and their hands thrust as far into their pockets as possible. A few minutes' rapid walk brought Herr Regnard to the door of the cathedral, and as he passed up the steps, the faint light from the vestibule showed a small figure crouching near the door. The Herr stopped and shook the child gently by the arm.

"What art thou doing here, my child?" he said, kindly; "thou wilt be frozen."

Aroused by the sound, the boy strove to rise, but immediately fell down again. Seeing that he was too benumbed to stand, the professor lifted him in his arms, and carried him into a small room, which opened off the vestibule, and laying him on the sofa, chafed his hands for a few minutes, until the boy, with a sigh, opened his eyes. He was very white and thin, and appeared to be about nine or ten years of age. His clothes were very shabby, though neatly mended in many places, and

his poor little hands had no covering. Whenever he turned his face to the light, a look of intense pain, which was almost immediately subdued, swept over the professor's face. "Hast thou a father?" he asked, after a moment's study of the childish features before him.

"Yes," returned the boy, with a faint look of surprise, "his name is Carl Mühler, and I am named after him."

"And thy mother?"

"Her name is Bertha; my poor mutterchen!"

"Bertha," repeated the professor, and again the pained look flashed across his face. "Art thou fond of music, little one," he continued, abruptly changing the subject.

"Oh, I love it," cried the child, sitting up, and clasping his hands, his blue eyes flashing in his excitement. "My mamma promised to take me to hear the great organ when I had good enough clothes, and I have often prayed that the dear Lord would let me come, but now—oh! mutter-mutter!" he continued, rocking himself to and fro with the violence of his sobs. The Herr laid his head back gently on the arm of the sofa, and stroked his hair softly.

"Mamma has been ill for a long time," continued the child pitifully, the tears running slowly down his white cheeks, "and the father thinks she is getting better, but to-day she told me that she was going to die, and then I thought if I could only hear the grand organ once, I should like to die too and I came and lay down on the steps, and—"

"I will go and see thy mother," said the professor gently, turning his head aside to hide a tear that trickled down to the floor; "but if thou art strong enough now, thou shalt hear some of thy loved music."

The boy rose quickly and the two proceeded upstairs to the organ loft, where nearly all the choir were assembled. The child shrank into a dark corner, and leaning his head against the organ, closed his eyes. For a few minutes the singers chattered and laughed and fluttered the leaves of their music, then after a moment of silence they all rose to their feet and burst forth into the grand triumphal anthem.

In a few minutes, all too soon for the bewildered child, the magnificent chorus was over and the singers gone. Carl crept out of his hiding place, and as he came near, the maestro turned on his bench, and said smilingly,

"How didst thou like that?"

"Is it the new song?" asked little Carl dreamily, passing his thin, small hand caressingly up and down the great instrument. "My mamma has often told me about the angels, and the new song that they sung."

"The dear Lord has touched him," murmured the maestro, pulling out a stop, without ceasing the sweet dreamy prelude, which rose and fell like the strange, weird music of the æolian strings, swept by soft summer winds. And now, as he throws his whole soul into his music, it gradually becomes louder and louder, till to the enthralled child beside him, it seems like the wild petition of a breaking heart. Of what is the maestro thinking as these melancholy strains hover in the air, around the dark columns and niches of the great unlighted cathedral? Is it of the praises showered upon him by all lovers of music? Is it of the perfection at which he aims, or the knowledge that he is one of the most magnificent performers of the age? Ah, no—he is not thinking of that—his thoughts have gone back over many Christmas Eves, back to one long years ago, and he sees as in a dream many faces that he shall never see again; and there, at the further end of the room, who is that fair girl, with her golden hair, her frank blue eyes, her smiling mouth. A few minutes after, how well he remembers, the little mouth was not smiling, the lashes were heavy with unshed tears, and what a weight fell upon his heart never as he then thought, to be lifted more. Then came thoughts of his travels in foreign lands, and of his attempts to outstrip the trouble he carried in his heart, and then how he became more familiar with the picture of her, Bertha, his Bertha, as he had fondly hoped to call her, adorning another's home with her sweet face, and her loving heart, he felt that though his first wild love was gone, there still remained and ever would remain an undefinable reverential love for her as long as he lived. Meanwhile he had never ceased playing, and the strain which had become soft, again rose not sorrowful or wild, but with such a triumphant, conquering ring, that pedestrians lingered for a moment, in their rapid walk homeward, to glance at the glimmering light in the organ loft, and wish it were not such a stormy night, so that they might stop and list-n.

At last all was over, and the boy looked up with a sigh, half pleasure, half pain, as the maestro held out his hand.

"Come, little one," he said, smiling kindly at the child's bewildered face, "we will now go and see thy mother."

Carl slipped his small hand into that of Herr Regnard, and the two, old and young, went forth together. Not a word was spoken as they threaded their way through the streets, until at last they entered one dimly lighted and unfrequented, and stood before a large dark house. Carl opened the door, and motioned the professor to follow him, and when they had proceeded up three flights of stairs, the child threw open a door, saying, "Mother dear, here is a gentleman," he never finished the sentence, for as a lady, poorly dressed, turned from the small fire, there was a cry of,

"Bertha."

"Emile," and in another moment, she was in the professor's arms. The next minute he and Carl Mühler the elder, were violently shaking hands with each other, and two minutes after were both scolding Bertha, so that she might recover herself, for not introducing them properly. Then and there the whole family were invited to spend Christmas with their new found friend. The next day Bertha told him a great deal about how unfortunate her husband, who was a painter, had become, because he was not well known, and how they had moved from Frankfort, while he (Emile Regnard) was travelling, and how a few weeks before the present time, they had come back, but that he was such a great man, she did not like to renew her acquaintance for fear he would think they wanted help. Whether they wanted help or not, Emile Regnard did what he could, and thus brought joy into one more household. Bertha did not die, but grew better with their altered circumstances, and now though her hair is silvery, and her eyes dim, she is considered, at least by his friends, as beautiful as ever.

Many years have passed since the Christmas which witnessed their joyful reunion, and Carl Mühler is now a famous painter, courted by all, while Carl the younger is likely to far outlive his old master, whom he looks upon as his second father.

KATE LIVINGSTONE.

Chess.

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

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

Correct solutions received:—Nos. 108, 109, and 110, from G. F. C., Montreal; No. 109 from J. H., St. L. Liboire, and W. H. P., Montreal; No. 110, from Delta, Rock Island, P. Q.

The following game forms part of a match between Mr. Zytogorsky and Mr. Janssens, played in the year 1854. Another fine game in the same contest was published in the Chessplayer's Chronicle for that year, from which we learn that Mr. Zytogorsky was finally successful, scoring six games to his opponent's four:—

(From Land and Water.)

(Q. B. P.'s game in K. Kt.'s Opening.)

- White.—Mr. Janssens. 1. P to K 4th 2. Kt to K B 3rd 3. P to Q B 3rd 4. Q to Q R 4th (a) 5. P takes P 6. B to Q B 4th 7. P to Q Kt 4th 8. P to Q Kt 5th 9. Kt to Kt 5th 10. Kt takes K P 11. Castles 12. P to K B 4th 13. Q takes Kt 14. P to Q 4th 15. R to K sq 16. Q to Q Kt 3rd 17. B to Q R 3rd 18. B takes B (f) 19. B takes P 20. R takes R ch 21. P takes Kt (h) 22. K to B 2nd 23. K to K 3rd 24. B to Q 4th 25. B to K 5th 26. Q to Q Kt 4th 27. Q to K B 8th ch 28. Q to Q Kt 5th 29. Q takes P ch 30. Q to Q B 5th ch 31. Q to Q 8th 32. K to B 2nd 33. K takes R 34. K to K 3rd 35. B to Q 4th 36. Kt to Q R 3rd 37. P to K Kt 3rd 38. R to K sq 39. Kt to Q B 4th 40. Kt to Q 2nd 41. Kt takes B 42. B takes P 43. R to Q sq ch 44. R to K B sq 45. B to Q 4th 46. R to K B 2nd 47. R to Q 2nd 48. R to K B 2nd 49. P to K B 5th 50. P to K B 6th 51. K to K 2nd 52. P to K B 7th 53. P Queens 54. K to B sq 55. K to Kt 2nd (n) 56. Q to Q B 5th ch 57. Q to Q B 6th ch 58. B to K B 6th ch
- Black.—Mr. Zytogorsky. 1. P to K 4th 2. Kt to Q B 3rd 3. P to Q 4th 4. Q to Q 3rd (b) 5. Q takes P 6. Q to Q 3rd 7. B to Q 2nd 8. P to K 5th (c) 9. Kt to K 4th 10. Q to K Kt 3rd 11. P to K R 4th (d) 12. Kt takes B 13. Q to Q Kt 3rd ch 14. Q B takes P 15. Castles (e) 16. R to K sq 17. K to K 3rd 18. Kt takes Kt (p) 19. Kt to Q B 4th 20. R takes R 21. R to K 5th ch 22. R to K B 8th ch 23. Q takes P ch 24. Q to K 2nd ch 25. B to Q B 3rd (i) 26. Q to K 3rd 27. K to Q 2nd 28. Q to Q 4th 29. K to K 3rd 30. B to Q 2nd 31. R to K 5th ch (k) 32. R to K 7th ch 33. B to Q Kt 4th ch 34. Q takes P 35. Q to K Kt sq (l) 36. B to Q B 3rd 37. P to K B 4th 38. B to K 5th 39. P to Q Kt 4th 40. K to Q 4th 41. R takes Kt 42. Q to Q B sq 43. Q to Q B 5th 44. Q to Q R 3rd 45. Q takes P 46. Q to Q Kt 5th 47. Q to K R 5th 48. K to Q 4th 49. P to K Kt 5th ch 50. Q to Q B 5th ch 51. P to Q Kt 6th (m) 52. P to Q Kt 7th 53. Q to Q B 7th ch 54. P Queens ch 55. P to K 6th 56. K to K 3rd 57. K to K 2nd

- And mates in three more moves. (a) A move invented by Mr. Janssens. (b) Mr. Steinitz plays here P to K B 3rd. Some refer the move in the text, while others hold that B takes P may be adopted safely. (c) Giving up the Pawn here was not necessary, but it affords Black some counter-attack. (d) The advance of this Pawn seems to allow too much time to the adversary. (e) If Black had taken the Queen he would evidently have been mated in two moves. (f) Q Kt to Q 2nd seems less hazardous. (g) A very fine combination, the full effect of which seems to have been overlooked by White. (h) The best move under the circumstances. (i) All this part of the game is finely played by Mr. Zytogorsky. (j) Black now wins the Queen by force. (k) Q to Q 4th seems to us more decisive. (l) Black has played somewhat carelessly after winning the Queen, and the position is now very critical. P to P seems preferable. (m) Mr. Janssens deserves high praise for the skill and tenacity shown in defending an almost desperate game. From this point he is able to force checkmate.

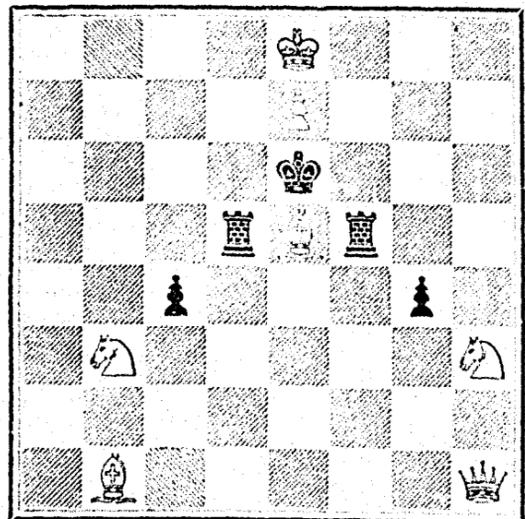
The following is the prize two-mover that should have appeared under No. 109. That Problem was in some unaccountable way substituted for this one.

PROBLEM No. 112.

By Mr. R. H. Ramsey. "The Church."

Dedicated to the Rev. H. Canfield, Belleville.

BLACK.



WHITE.

White to play and mate in two moves.

SOLUTION OF PROBLEM No. 110.

- White. 1. R takes B ch 2. P to Kt 4th 3. Kt to Q B 7th mate.
- Black. 1. P takes R 2. Kt moves.

LOVE-STATIONERY.

Valentines in December seem to be as much out of season as snow in harvest, or partridge-shooting on the 14th of February.

The blind little god who is especially charged with the management of these matters, however, is rarely inactive; and behind the scenes just now he has a great host at his command, making mighty preparations for his forthcoming campaign, which, judging by the nature and extent of his operations, threatens to be as mischievous as ever.

A stroll through a valentine factory is somewhat disenchanting. The dainty, delicate missives, "beautiful as love and fragrant as roses," with which the stationers' windows burst into radiance in the depth of winter, properly speaking ought not to be manufactured at all. They ought to be the creation of some magic wand, or at least should be the work of fairy hands, and should be imported from a region of moon-lit groves, pale flowers, perfumed fountains, and aerial lyres.

This, however, is not precisely the origin of valentines.

The inquisitive explorer who visits the premises of a manufacturer of these fancy goods just now, for the purpose of seeing the process from beginning to end, may perhaps be conducted, in the first place, into a barely furnished apartment, occupied by five or six silent individuals, who might as reasonably invoke the inspiration of Venus as Sophocles might that of Melpomene.

These are the artists of the establishment, and this somewhat cheerless apartment is the fountain-head of pictorial sentiment.

They are not a particularly sentimental-looking group either. It is of course impossible to say what silent raptures may be trembling beneath those white blouses of theirs; but viewed from the outside these artists have a decidedly sedate and matter-of-fact aspect, and, apart from special inspiration, might be supposed to have outlived the tender. At least one of them clearly has done so, and is devoting the experience of grey hairs to the castigation of youthful follies by means of burlesques.

He has a sheet of white paper and a stick of charcoal, and is engaged in producing the rough draught of a very large young lady, with a very small bonnet, a crinoline, and infinitesimal dog.

Another is engaged upon a very clever little water-colour sketch of an amorous subject, while a third has before him a similar sketch which he is lithographing—that is, drawing with ink or chalk on a slab of stone, preparatory to its being printed by the lithographic process.

In the next room this printing is being carried on. Brawny-armed mechanics are turning out a strange medley of lovers and bows, flowers, birds, hearts and arrows, bachelors and pining spinsters.

Some of the sheets produced at the presses in this room are now cut up into sections, and handed over to the superintendent of the valentine makers. Others have to be embossed. For this purpose the engraving of a steel plate is necessary, and this often entails a very serious expense. It is not by any means unusual for a plate, no larger than a sheet of note paper, to cost twenty guineas. The parts of the design to be brought out in relief are engraved in soft steel, which is then hardened and thus fitted to sustain a pressure of several tons.

In the next apartment these plates are being used. An operative sits in a hole in the floor, beside a very powerful screw press, worked by means of a beam six or eight feet in length, at the ends of which are globular masses of iron, designed to increase its momentum. The picture to be embossed is laid upon the steel plate, and placed in the bed beneath the screw, which is then brought down with a terrible thump. There are several of these presses at work in this room, one or two being engaged in the embossing of lace-paper, which enters largely into the composition of valentines.

This lace-paper, however, as it leaves these presses, still requires to be perforated, and the way in which this is done is curious. The embossing plate is fixed upon a bench; a sheet of the paper which has been impressed by it is laid upon it, and carefully though expeditiously adjusted, and is then subjected to a vigorous rasping with a large flat file, wrapped in sand-paper. This rubs away every portion of the paper which is supported by the projections in the plate beneath, and of course, when the sheet is turned over, the parts of the design which were merely depressions have become holes.

Specimens of the entire productions of printers, embossers, and perforators, together with foreign importations in the shape of ribbons, feathers, shells, and ornaments of various other kinds, are now spread upon a table, presided over by one or two clever young women, upon whom devolves the duty of designing the valentines.

The object they have to aim at is, of course, the production of the greatest possible variety of striking and pleasing effects by the combination of the materials before them, and the most successful are adopted as patterns for the other hands.

Nothing, it is said, can be more capricious or whimsical than the selections of the public in any matters of taste, and in the case of valentines this is especially observable. Very frequently the particular designs which the most experienced of manufacturers would pronounce to be triumphs of taste and originality prove utter failures in the market, and the great hit of a season may be some production which barely escaped the waste-basket.

Only a very rash and inexperienced maker, therefore, will produce any great amount of stock until orders come in. Travellers and their sample books are already abroad, however, and the production of goods now on order is being rapidly proceeded with. Here is a large room, fitted up with long benches, and occupied by some scores of girls of various ages. Each girl has on one side of her a pile of incomplete valentines, and on the other a heap of little objects of some one kind, which it is her duty to add—little bunches of flowers, or glittering mottoes, or aching hearts, or breaking hearts, or trusting hearts, or hearts transfixed by arrows, or it may be a heap of unfledged little Cupids. The audacious little god is unceremoniously picked up on the point of a gum-brush, thrust up into the brightest of blue skies, and the sheet is passed on ready for the next stage, each girl usually adding only one feature to the general design.

The poetry of valentines is a study, and so, perhaps, would the poets be if they could conveniently be got at. They, however, are not usually kept on the premises, and it is to be feared that they have not participated in the general progress

of the business; for the experience of shop-keepers is rather against the effusions of the bard.

The longer the poem, the more time is occupied in reading it, and consequently the longer it takes to serve a customer. What with the study and discussion of artistic embellishments and poetical effusions, it is sometimes found to take no small portion of a day to serve a sixpenny customer. Condensed feeling, therefore, compact and concentrated emotion, combined of course with a sparkle and originality, is what is required of the "Seven Dials poet," and for such of his lucubrations as are accepted, threepence a line is the usual remuneration. Not such very bad pay either, one is apt to think, until it is considered what brain-ouddgelling and paroxysms of poetic rapture have probably been expended in spinning unavailing yards upon yards for every line that finds acceptance, to say nothing of the time he may have to spend in seeking out those who are open to purchase lines of any kind.

POSTAL AMENITIES.

Contrasting the pompositives of English and American letter-writing with the different epistolary phraseology of other countries, a writer in *All the Year Round* says that in this respect the French are more sensible. They have no esquires at all, and monsieur is as high a title as they usually bestow. The eldest son of the old kings of the Bourbon line was monsieur par excellence—the monsieur who took precedence over all other messieurs whatsoever. They have, however, a far greater variety of epistolary phraseology than the English, and subscribe their letters after a fashion which to an Englishman seems remarkably roundabout, cumbersome, and affected. If they begin with the "Dear sir," they end with the lumbering phrase, "Receive, sir, the assurance of the high consideration with which I have the honour to be, your very obedient, humble servant." The term of human life ought to extend to at least a hundred and fifty years, if people who write many letters are to append such perorations as this, or others equally wire-drawn, which the French delight to employ. The Germans are even more punctilious, and it requires long study of their language and long acquaintance with the people to be able to decide whether a man is simply to be called sir, or high-born sir, or high and well born sir or nobly born sir, or high, well, and nobly born sir or worst or best of all, most serene. And as in English parlance the strictly grammatical and poetical "thou," the proper pronoun to be employed when addressing a single individual, has been superseded by the plural "you," which means several individuals, so in German the "thou" and the "you" have both been superseded, and a single person is designated "they," as in the phrase, "Wie befinden sie sich?" "How do they find themselves?" Instead of "How do you do?" The courteous Italians designate every equal and superior as "Your Grace," or "Your Excellency," and speak to every one as "she" or "her." "I will visit you" is rendered "I will visit her," the feminine pronoun doing duty for the feminine nouns, grace and excellency, which are always understood, though not always expressed. In business letters the Italians never use the words caro signore, or dear sir, as the English do, but address their correspondent as "Most esteemed sir," varying the style of address by such epithets as "Honourable," "Illustrious," "Most gentle," "Most noble." If you addressed your tailor or bootmaker by letter, neither would be surprised or offended, or suspicious of a joke, if you wrote on the envelope, "Most illustrious sir," and signed yourself "Your most devoted." These are the usual forms employed by the bulk of the people, by tradesmen, artisans, clerks, milliners, servants, and others, and a servant girl would not think well of any lover who did not address her as "Illustriissima signora." The following letter, translated verbatim, was addressed, after a quarrel at a drinking bout, by one angry disputant to another, whom he challenged to a duel:

MOST ESTEEMED SIR: Permit me to inform you that you are a pig. Yes, my beloved one. It is my intention in a short time to spoil your beauty either by sword or pistol. The choice shall be left to you, as both weapons are to me quite indifferent. Hoping soon to have the pleasure of a cherished answer, I declare myself to be, honourable sir, your most devotedly,

CARLAVERO.

The stately Spaniards, in addressing a letter of business to a commercial firm, instead of the "Sir" or "Gentlemen" of the English, or the "Monsieur" or "Messieurs" of the French write "My very sir" or "Our very sirs," and subscribe themselves "Your very attentive" or "Your very obedient servants." It seems to me that in this busy age letter-writers of the world would do well to amend their style of address, and revert to the simple phraseology employed by the ancient Romans. How truly courteous was the Roman method! If Lucius Verus wished to write to Scipio Africanus he did not begin "My dear Scipio," and end with "Yours very truly," but went straight to the point and said, "Lucius Verus to Scipio Africanus, greeting;" after which, without further palaver, he would proceed to business. Would it not be a saving of time if we were to imitate this excellent old fashion? And why should not Smith minimize trouble by addressing Brown after the classical method: "Smith to Brown, greeting. Send me ten tons of your best coals—lowest price;" or "Jones to Robinson, greeting. Will you dine with me next Thursday at the Megatherium, at six precisely?" The one word "greeting," includes all that is necessary in the way either of friendship or politeness, and would answer every purpose in the ordinary intercourse of life. But it would never do for love-letters. These always did, and always will, stand apart as a literature by themselves, governed by their own laws, by their own impulses. Had a Roman lover simply sent a "greeting" to his Lesbia or his Aspasia, Lesbia or Aspasia, if able to read, which in all probability she was not, would have had fair cause to complain of his coldness. So I except the love-letters.

There is now standing against the wall in Westminster Hall a painting of huge dimensions, and containing 450 portraits, the subject being the presentation of the freedom of the city of London to the Prince of Wales in the Guildhall on the 8th of June, 1868. The painting which is the joint work of Mr. and Mrs. Alexander Melville, and is the subject of a lawsuit, has been brought to Westminster Hall for reference. The painting contains the portraits of many living and several dead celebrities who were present on the occasion of the presentation and subsequent ball.

Music and the Drama.

Janasobek is in the South. Bistori will soon appear in Italy. London will hear "Lohengrin" next Spring. Maretzek's loss in New York and Boston was \$4,000 per week. Augustin Daly has given up two of his New York theatres, and will hereafter manage only the 6th Avenue.

M. Pierrot, the famous one-legged dancer, the "unopedian wonder," will appear in the Drury-lane pantomime. The Kellogg Troupe is said to be the only operatic organization that has not lost money in America this season.

Bombay is to have a handsome theatre and opera-house on the Esplanade. It will hold 1,200 persons, and is to be finished by next August.

The Hungarians are developing a taste for Shakespeare. *Richard III.*, with music by R. Volkmann, is now played at the Peath National Theatre.

A new prima donna has appeared at San Francisco. She is the daughter of a Sioux chief, and in quantity and quality of voice is said to equal Parepa-Rosa.

The Indian papers announce the arrival of Madame Arabella Goddard at Colombo, from Australia. She was to go to Madras, and afterwards to Calcutta and Bombay.

The Life, Reminiscences, and Personal Recollections of Edwin Forest, the Great American Tragedian, by James Rees, is now in press, and will be published in book form.

The Royalty Theatre, in London, has a new comedy in preparation which is asserted to be the joint work of the late T. W. Robertson and Mr. Alberry, author of the unfortunate "Fortune."

Salvini will go to New Orleans, and thence to Havana and Mexico. He will then visit South America. His present North and South American tours will occupy two years—this season and next.

Signor Arditi, who usually makes St. Petersburg his professional residence during the fashionable season of the northern capital, is engaged in writing the music to be performed at the marriage of the Duke of Edinburgh.

Madame Patti took her benefit, at Moscow, in "Faust," and obtained 9,328 roubles (81. 74c.) of receipt. She was called forward sixty times, and after the third act received from the subscribers a splendid brooch composed of diamonds and pearls.

The Beethoven Quintette Club, assisted by Mrs. J. M. Osgood, will make a tour of Maine, Jan. 17th to 21st, visiting Gardiner Saco, Lewiston and Portland. Dec. 30th the Club will go to St. Albans, Vt., and Jan. 3rd to 10th, to Montreal, Plattsburgh, etc.

A spectacular opera bouffe on the subject of *Don Giovanni* is the holiday novelty at the Alhambra. Mr. H. J. Byron is the author. A successor to the artist who, under the name of "Colodion," drew last season, at Covent Garden and the Alhambra, a series of sketches every night of popular personages, has at last been found.

Two actors who bore to each other the most inveterate hatred, were to perform in an opera, the one a knight, and the other disguised as a bear, with whom the knight was to combat. Everything went off very well; they fought; the bear, as was fitting, was vanquished, and lay motionless on the ground. But while the very fine instrumental music was celebrating this chivalrous action and attracted for a few moments the attention of the audience, the victorious knight thought it a pity not to embrace this opportunity, and therefore struck his fallen adversary several times with the flat side of his sword. The bear bore it very patiently for some time, but when he found it going too far, he suddenly sprang up, seized the knight, and treated him so roughly that he fell down half-dead with fear. At this instant it was the turn of the orchestra to be silent, and the knight was to sing a bravura in honour of the conquest. Everything was silent, the circumstance had not been noticed in the orchestra, the prompter gave the signal, but as the knight was quite unable to sing, the bear, an equally good singer, without much ceremony, seated himself on the fallen knight, and with a loud voice sang the air, to the no small entertainment of the audience.

News of the Week.

THE DOMINION.—The "Canada First" party is very active. They intend forming a club shortly. They also purpose issuing an evening and weekly newspaper. It is understood they are endeavouring to buy up the *Star* and make it their organ.

James Ross, Collector of Customs at Margaree, C.B., writes to the Marine Department that on the 26th of November several barrels of flour and a quantity of wrecked material drifted on shore near Cape Rouge, C.B. This would confirm the previous report regarding the fate of the steamer "Pictou."—On the 25th the late Lt.-Governor Howland was presented in behalf of 160 leading citizens with an address, expressive of appreciation of the manner in which he discharged his official duties. At the same time Mrs. Howland was presented with a solid gold bracelet, with her initials set in diamonds, and containing a locket with miniature portrait of herself and Mr. Howland.—It was announced at a meeting of the Reform Association that a dispatch from Earl Kimberley to Lord Dufferin in reply to His Excellency's announcement to Her Majesty of the change in the Canadian Ministry contains the following paragraph—"I agree with Your Lordship in the satisfaction which you express that the result arrived at has been reached by a strict application of constitutional principles and by the regular working of the machinery of a free Parliament, and I have much pleasure in conveying to you Her Majesty's entire approval of the manner in which you have acted in circumstances of no ordinary difficulty."

UNITED STATES.—The Prize Court, before which the case of the "Virginius" was brought, has condemned her as a legal prize.—Mr. Caleb Cushing has accepted General Sickles' place as Spanish Minister.—Communication with the "Virginius" prisoners has been prohibited till the examination by District Attorney Bliss is finished.—The engineers on the Cleveland and Pittsburg division have gone to work, and signed papers not to strike again, denouncing the Union as the cause of the trouble.

—Most of the cotton and woollen factories are in full operation at reduced wages. Carpet manufacturers, with very few exceptions, are all closed, owing principally to a reduction of 20c. per yard in wages.—Advices from New Orleans state that the Cuban excitement has subsided, and the legion which expected to go under the leadership of Gen. Longstreet to capture Cuba have disbanded.—It is expected the banks will resume fully the payment of currency on the 1st January, as cotton is fast coming into the market, which makes business more lively than for several months past.

FRANCE.—Marshal Bazaine has left Versailles for the Island of St. Marguerite.—Francis Hugo, son of Victor Hugo, died on the 26th, aged 45 years.—The specie in the Bank of France has increased 13,000,000 francs during the week.

CUBA.—It is rumoured that Gen. Burrel has been relieved of the command of the Eastern Department by orders from Madrid.

GERMANY.—The Emperor William is much better.

THE UNSPECIFIC SCANDAL.

An Original, Poetical, Gritical, and likely to be Historical Extravaganza performed by Her Majesty's Servants at the Great Dominion Theatre, Ottawa.

ACT I.

SCENE I. A newspaper office—In the middle a cauldron boiling—Thunder and Lightning—Enter three Editors as Wizards—They circle round the cauldron, throwing in scraps of paper.

First Wizard.— Round about the cauldron go,
In our facts and fictions throw,
Money by Sir Hugh subscribed,
Names of members foully bribed,
Information basely got,
Boil thou first in the charmed pot.

All.— Double, double, cauldron bubble,
Bring the Premier lots of trouble.

Second Wizard.— Railway contracts wrongly sold,
To Sir Hugh for Yankee gold;
Conversations misreported,
Suppositions much distorted,
Inuendoes rather soaly,
From the great religious daily,
For a charm of powerful trouble
In our cauldron boil and bubble.

All.— Double, double, cauldron bubble,
Bring the Premier lots of trouble.

Third Wizard.— Adjectives from Billingsgate,
From my columns freely take;
Add thereto McMullen's orams,
Stolen letters, telegrams,
All these matters mix and mangle,
To form a great Pacific Scandal.

All.— Double, double, cauldron bubble,
Bring the Premier lots of trouble.

(Enter Alexander, the chief wizard to the other three wizards.)
Alex.— Oh! well done. I commend your pains,
And every one shall share 't the pains.

Now about the cauldron ring,
And Corruption I loudly sing,
That's the cry to bring us in.

Sec. Wizard.— By the pricking of my thumbs,
A wicked Premier this way comes,
Open locks, whoever knocks!
(Enter John A.)

John A.—Hallo! my friends, what is your little game. What is't you do?

All.— A deed without a name!

John A.— "No name," well that's a very clever story,
But Collins used that title long before ye;
I fancy, too, I could suggest a better.
Suppose you call your work "The Purloined Letter."
'Twould be a taking title, and 'tis known
You're great at taking—what is not your own.

Alex.— Excuse me if upon your speech I break in,
You'll find ere long we're great at undertaking,
And we expect the country soon will call
Us to perform your party's funeral.

John A.— Well, kill us first, if 'tis the same to you,
You killed me once at Rivière du Loup;
It vexed me much to spoil your little plan,
And prove your telegram a tall a cram.

All.— Oh! oh! oh!!!

John A.— Excuse the pun—I'm sensible that it
Is rather far-fetched, even for a Grit.
Well now I'm off—Mac, my old boy, good bye,
You'll find there's not much green in John A.'s eye.
(Points to Cauldron.)

After that hash of yours you'd best be looking,
You'll find it wants a precious lot of cooking.
(Exit)

Alex. (Calling after him).—
Dinna be feared but I'll tak care o' the pot,
And when it's ready, then ye'll get it hot.

Music.—Scotch air: "What's a' the steer, kiramer."
(Wizards stir the cauldron vigorously, dance and vanish.)

SCENE II. Anywhere in Ontario.

A number of Grits collected together.—Enter Alexander, who addresses them after the manner of Brutus over the body of Cæsar.

Grits, followers and office seekers, lend me your ears.
From all that I can see it now appears
As if the day which we so long have waited
Has come at last, as we anticipated;
And now with hopes of power I'm so elated
I feel quite overcome and dizzy, pated!
This cry with which we've made the country ring,
I mean "corruption," has proved just the thing.
'Tis true the means we've used are rather base
But that don't matter when the end is place.
At any rate we've gone too far to stop
And have at last caught John A. on the hop;
And you as members of the hop position
Must try to make the most of the position.
Now to your several posts each one repair
And recollect in war all means are fair,
The special charge of Shefford's member stout
Is on McMullen to keep a sharp look out
And carefully my every means provide
He's not bought over by the other side.
West Montreal's member can't I think do better
Than try to find another private letter;
Blake will devote himself, at my suggestion
To getting up the constitutional question,
And hold himself upon the first occasion
Ready to give us a superb oration.



"OH! WELL DONE. I COMMEND YOUR PAINS,
AND EVERY ONE SHALL SHARE 'T THE GAINS."

To all the others I can only say
Make yourselves useful in a general way
And recollect in all your little schemes
This maxim "The end justifies the means."
But wait a moment, I'll not keep you long,
Before you go I'd like to sing a song.

Sings—

"GRITS WHA HAE."

1.

Grits wha hae wi' George Brown bled,
Grits wham Blake has after led,
Welcome to the downy bed
Of the Ministry.

2.

Now's the day and now's the hour
Sees the front o' battle four,
Sees the fall of John A.'s power
And office sweet for me.

3.

Wha do loaves and fishes crave?
Wha sang sinecures would have?
And don't object to be a slave
Let him follow me.

4.

Wha will turn and twist the law
Anyhow, sae it will draw
Us to power and make them fa'
Let him on wi' me.



"WE'RE OFF BY THE MORNING TRAIN
OUR OWN SWEET HOMES TO GAIN."

5.
Though the tools we use are vile,
And their touch must needs defile,
At such scruples we but smile
So to power come we.

6.
Lay the false usurpers low,
Never mind how foul the blow,
When we're in then we will show
How to make it pay.

Chorus of Grits—

We're off by the morning train
Our own sweet homes to gain,
And trust it won't be very long
Before we're back again.
For we are so fond of travel when the country has to pay
When the country has to pay
When the country has to pay
And we love to draw ten cents a mile, and dollars ten per day.
(Exeunt in various directions.)

SCENE III. The Premier's Office in Ottawa.

John A. (soliloquizing.)

This is enough a fellow's heart to break!
A pretty state of things and no mistake.
There's that Committee which we so much trusted



"THIS IS ENOUGH A FELLOW'S HEART TO BREAK!
A PRETTY STATE OF THINGS AND NO MISTAKE."

Of a large number throughout this Dominion;
To express my sentiments is my intent,
My injured feelings must and will have vent,
I say that this projected prorogation
Is of our privilege an usurpation,
And I demand that here upon this floor
We call upon—
Sergeant at Arms— The Black Rod's at the door!
Alexander— Black Rod be blown! I solemnly declare I'll not—
(Speaker and Ministers leave the Chamber.)

Hallo! the Speaker's left the Chair.
My friends, I'm in a state of such disgust
With indignation I feel fit to bust.
As things have taken this unpleasant turn
To the Committee room we'd best adjourn,
And there discuss the proper mode of action
To meet this very scandalous transaction.

Chorus of oppositionists—

Prorogation, prorogation
Has caused us all great consternation;
'Tis of our rights an usurpation
And fills us all with indignation.
We will send a deputation
To present our protestation
And make a strong representation
Against this shameful prorogation.
Exeunt to Committee Room.



"HALLO! THE SPEAKER'S LEFT THE CHAIR."

Would turn out trumps, has been and gone and busted;
And all these telegrams and letters too
Which I was fool enough to write Sir Hugh.—
I little thought when I so much imperilled,
They would be prigged and published in the Herald,—
It is a most disgusting sort of go
I never dreamed Sir Hugh would use me so
And how from this scrape I'm to get out clear
I'm sure I've not the most remote idea.
I can't deny it, that would be too cheeky,
Besides there's no mistake I had the specie,
And that's a fact which enemies factitious
Will make a handle for attacks most vicious.
Of course Sir Hugh had no corrupt intention,
His honus were just a delicate attention;
He felt 'twas for the good of the Dominion
We should remain in power, and this opinion
Was shared by me, so I saw no objections
His funds to carry our elections.
I know this seems a rather slender fiction
Considering the amount of his subscription;
But anyhow we'll have to make it do,
And perhaps by luck we'll manage to pull through
Merrily upon mature consideration
I think we'd best go in for prorogation!

Song by the Premier—

"PROROGATION."
Tune—"I want money."
Prorogation, Prorogation,

That's the dodge for the situation;
It will cause the Grits vexation
And save ourselves much botheration.
When in the house I take my station
I know I shall meet much oburgation;
Blake will make a fierce oration
And hold me up to detestation.
I rather dread an appeal to the nation
In its present state of fermentation
So I think upon consideration
I'd better go in for prorogation.
Prorogation, Prorogation, &c.

ACT II.

SCENE I. House of Commons—The Speaker in the Chair.
Alexander rises and addresses the house in a state of great indignation.

The meanest thing in history, this I call,
That slippery Premier's going to sell us all.
Here's Blake and I bursting with indignation
And we're checkmated by this prorogation;
We don't intend to stand it, that's a fact,
And on this motion call on you to act.
I stand here representing a constituency
And beg to say—

Speak—

A message from his Excellency.

Alexander—

No messenger shall interrupt me here—
This is a breach of privilege 'tis clear—
I stand here representing the opinion

SCENE II. Senate Chamber.

Gov. Gen. (Loq.)—

For very near an hour you've kept me waiting,
While in the other chamber you've been prating;
And even now I much regret to find
The opposition has remained behind.
To keep me here from such suspense a sufferin'—
As though I were a duffer, not a Dufferin—
Is a proceeding which has caused me pain,
And I expect 'twill not occur again.
Now you are here I haven't much to say
Except to mention in a casual way



"COCK A DOODLE DO."

That certain charges of a nature grave
Against my chief advisers have been made;
And as the Committee you yourselves appointed
Has your anticipations *dis* appointed,
I have judged best, considering the position,
To give instructions for a Royal Commission.
If this don't suit I see no other plan
Than let you fight it out as best you can,
Trusting your difference after due debate
Like the *Kilkenny cats* may terminate,
The well remembered issue of whose quarrel
Left scarce sufficient *ta (i) le* to point the moral.

Song "Cook a doodle doo," by his Excellency.

COOK A DOODLE DOO.

A few remarks I'd like to make
Before I leave you now,
And just express my sentiments
About this precious row;
The house is in an uproar
And you make a great ado;
But after all it's nothing more
Than Cook a doodle doo!

Chorus of Senators—

Cook a doodle, cook a doodle, cook a doodle doo.

You say this prerogation is
Of privilege a breach,
And very kindly undertake
My duties me to teach.
Well, talk away, it don't hurt me
And doubtless pleases you;
But I'm quite aware it's nothing more
Than Cook a doodle doo.

Chorus—

Cook a doodle, cook a doodle, cook a doodle doo.

My Ministers have me assured
The charges are not true,
That they've the country's benefit
At heart, in all they do.
Sir John the matter has explained
And very glibly too;
But I fancy much of what he says
Is Cook a doodle doo.

Chorus—

Cook a doodle, cook a doodle, cook a doodle doo.

But anyhow pray rest assured
However things turn out,
That I shall keep myself aloof
From party strife and rout.
I'll not myself identify
With either him or you,
But listen calmly to your cries
Of Cook a doodle doo.

Chorus—

Cook a doodle, cook a doodle, cook a doodle doo.

(A prolonged crow from Black Rod.)

Art and Literature.

M. Guizot, who is stated to be in excellent health, will have another volume ready in January.

Mrs. Grote has intimated her intention to give the MSS. of her late husband to the British Museum.

Mr. Charles Adams has now all but completed the biography of his father, ex-President John Quincy Adams.

Messrs. Macmillan will issue early in the spring Sir Samuel Baker's account of his recent expedition, in two large volumes.

A new edition is in the press of the well-known sporting book, "Jorrocks's Jaunts and Jollities," which has been for some time out of print.

Mr. R. E. Francillon, author of "Earl's Dene," "Pearl and Emerald," etc., is writing a new story, called "Olympia," for the *Gentleman's Magazine*.

It is stated that Mr. B. L. Farjeon and Mr. Justin McCarthy will both commence new serial stories in the January number of *Tinsley's Magazine*.

M. Millais has almost completed a work on which he has been some time engaged. The subject is a girl in white muslin reading a log-book to an old sailor.

Medallions of game and birds, real skin and real feathers are being used for wall-paper decorative. Flowers of wax and linen, tied together with bright-coloured ribbons, are also introduced.

Lovers of German Poetry will be glad to hear that Herr Stodtman, Heinrich Heine's able biographer, is writing a biography of Burger, the author of the well-known poem of *Lenore*.

The *People's Magazine*, published by the Society for Promoting Christian Knowledge, now conducted by the Rev. W. J. Loftie, B.A., F.S.A., one of the Assistant-Chaplains of the Savoy Chapel, is to be discontinued at the close of the year.

It is intended to remove from its temporary site in Waterloo-place the statue of Sir James Outram, with the view of sending it out to Calcutta at once. The scheme for securing a replica to be retained in London has not been brought to perfection, but is not abandoned.

Mr. Wilkie Collins's novels seem to be a great attraction in Holland, in which country they have been almost all translated. It appears that that gentleman's "New Magdalen" has likewise been represented at the Hague by the Royal Troupe of Holland, under the title of "The Penitent."

It is said that Mr. Edward Wilberforce, a barrister-at-law of the Midland Circuit, is about to commence a life of his uncle, the late Bishop of Winchester. Mr. Wilberforce has already made some reputation in literature by his *Letters from Munich*, and by one or two novels which have attained a certain amount of popularity.

It has been proposed at a meeting of the Statistical Society that 1874, the centenary of the great victory won by John Howard, the philanthropist, in procuring the prison reform he contended for, should be signalized by the institution of a Howard medal to be awarded thenceforward annually to the writer of the best essay on some named topic of those in which Howard took so constant an interest.

Religious subjects suggest good works. Mr. Barrillot publishes a volume of poetry where not only each stanza represents the step of a ladder in creation, but also the symbol of development. The "Ascension of the Soul" is the title of the piece. Step by step the soul is represented as mounting and passing through a series of wonderful Pythagorean changes, from a bird to a dog, from a monkey to a nigger; ultimately assuming a vapoury

stage at the topmost step. It disappears like all vapours—in space.

The fourth series of the *Ottoman Bibliography* of Belin, first dragoman of the French Embassy in Constantinople, which has just been published in Paris, contains an interesting notice of the books printed in Constantinople during the years 1871 and 1872. The total number was 169, of which 89 were works on theology and legislation, 38 on moral literature and poetry, 28 on history and biography, 26 on various sciences, and 38 relating to linguistic subjects. The Turkish Imperial printing-office showed the greatest activity in its publications, having turned out from its presses in the year 1871 alone 46,950 volumes for commercial and general purposes, and 74,000 volumes destined for the use of schools; and in 1872 50,880 of the former description, and 45,000 of the latter.

Canon Mouis, author of 'Le Maudit,' 'Le Jésuite,' 'Les Mystères d'un Evêché,' and 'La Religieuse,' who left the Roman Catholic Church from inability to accept the doctrine of Infallibility, is expected in England at the end of this month as the guest of the Rev. R. Radolph Suffield. It is understood that he will make arrangements for preaching and lecturing in London in the French language during the ensuing season. M. Mouis was an Honorary Canon of Bordeaux, and in 1866 refused the bishopric of Guadaloupe. His courage and benevolence were conspicuously displayed in the assistance he rendered to the cholera patients in La Gironde in 1859, and were publicly recognized by Napoleon III., who conferred upon him the Cross of the Legion of Honour. Since retiring from the Roman Catholic Church he has resided at Brussels, conducting religious services, and editing a journal called *La Renovation*. He is a man of scientific as well as literary attainments, and is likely to exercise considerable influence as a religious reformer.

Miscellaneous.

A Curious Mistake.

A curious *lapsus penne* was recently made by a French statesman writing to a political colleague. "You are marked down for a place in our next Ministry, as your well-known *rapacity* demands," &c. The Ministerial whip had written the italicised word with an *r* instead of a *c*.

A New Thing in Law Proceedings.

A new thing in law has recently occurred in the neighbouring province of New Jersey. Mr. Cortlandt Parker, an eminent counsellor of Newark, not being able to be present in the Court of Errors, telegraphed his brief to the Chief Justice. The brief was read to the court, and answered the purpose. It is the first instance of the kind known in legal proceedings.

Wholesale Plagiarism.

The Paris *Figaro* complains that fifteen out of the London theatres are playing operas and pieces by French composers and authors, without paying to them one shilling for their rights. The indignant writer cites the three versions of *Madame Angot* (there are two only), *Les Deux Noces de Boisjoly*, at the Strand, by M. Warnie (qv. Farnie), *Le Chapeau de Paille d'Italie*, at the Court Theatre, and *Le Juf Brant*, by M. Leopold Lewis (played recently at the Adelphi).

Horse Flesh.

Hippophagy appears to be on the increase in France. The following statement is from the committee formed in that country for popularising the practice:—"The consumption of this article of food is making continual progress in France. During the third quarter of 1873, in Paris alone, 1,548 horses, 140 donkeys, and 15 mules were killed, yielding 303,970 kilos. of meat. In 1872, the figures were 1,046, 95, and 3, respectively. In the capital there are forty butchers for this article, inspected by veterinary surgeons. The price is about half that of beef."

English vs. German Artillery.

A contributor to the *Cologne Gazette* observes that while at the last Paris Exhibition English guns were decidedly superior to those of all other countries, the Vienna Exhibition has shown that this superiority is now possessed by Germany, whose guns, far surpassing the English ones, are almost equalled by those made in Russia. All three of these States, says the writer, have 12-inch guns, the heaviest now in use, and in Germany and in England preparations are being made for constructing a 14-inch gun.

An Early Marriage.

A Troy paper says that a few days ago a girl, aged thirteen years, named Farley, and another one of about the same age, left Cohoes for a walk to a place a mile or two east of Cohoes. When about half way they met a boy, aged fifteen years. Miss Farley at once fell in love with him and he with her. They approached each other, and after a brief conversation she resolved to accompany him to his father's farm in the town of Water-vliet, where they would be married. The parents of the girl became alarmed at the absence of their daughter, but on Wednesday they received a letter from her which said, "I will be home on Christmas Day, and bring my husband with me."

A Terrible Picture.

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

Queerly Named Colours.

A certain Monsieur de la Bedollière wrote a strange book some two or three years ago, wherein one finds a list of fantastic names for shades of colour at different epochs in France, which none but the fantastical brains of French men or women could invent. What would one conceive such colours to be as the toad in love, the scared mouse, the spider meditating a crime, the wonderful lamp, the last sigh of Jocko, the flea in childbirth, the suppressed sigh, the mud of Paris, the bowels of a money-lender, the leg of a passionate nymph, &c., &c.? Such appellations were common enough at the end of the last century, just before the revolution, and only one word (puce) has remained as expressing a colour. To-day the taste, if more refined, is still eccentric.

The Retort Direct.

A dog was accidentally present during divine service in a Scotch kirk, where the worthy minister was in the habit of speaking very loud in the sermon, and, in fact, when he got warmed with his subject, of shouting almost at the top of his voice. The dog, who in the early part had been very quiet, became quite excited, as is not uncommon with some dogs when

hearing a noise; and from whining and whining, as the speaker's voice rose loud and strong, at last began to bark and howl. The minister, naturally much annoyed at the interruption, called upon the beadle to put out the dog; and he at once expressed his readiness to obey the order, but could not resist the temptation to look up to the pulpit, and to say, very significantly, "Ah, ay, sir; but indeed it was yoursel' began it."

French Revenge.

Already the two hundred millions of indemnity is flowing back to France in exchange for wines and brandies and *articles de luxe*, and a French fashion has already set in in German dramatic literature. Previous to the war the comedies played at the German theatres were broader, coarser, and quite as stupid as our Christmas pantomimes, but now another fashion has set in. One of the most famous of their playwrights has produced a comedy in the French style, and all Berlin is in raptures. Is it not the old story over again? Græculus Esuriens is making himself felt in Rome and teaching the new men who had beaten him down.

Industry of M. Thiers.

People are surprised at the silence of M. Thiers. The fact is, he is occupied with his long-expected *History of Art*, wherein he writes the history of peoples from their picture galleries; it is art from a philosophical or psychological point of view, where the character of a race and its variations are depicted in its national paintings. There will be found in the forthcoming work the peculiar excellences of his writings, details that never fatigue, and shades of expression that ever charm. He is also occupied with his *Political Memoirs*, living over again, as he says himself, pen in hand. Some assert only ladies can succeed in writing memoirs, as they alone know best how to be indiscreet.

Snuff and Smoking.

A writer in *Le Sport* makes some curious remarks on the de-thronement of the snuff-box by the cigar or pipe, and regards snuff-taking as a Monarchical and courtly institution, and smoking as a Republican and somewhat vulgar habit. Snuff-taking had the advantage of displaying the riches and accomplishments of the *grand seigneur* by the magnificence of the snuff-box, the delicacy of his hands, the beauty of his lace ruffles, and the elegance of his manner of enjoying the favourite powder. There was a peculiar way of letting a few grains of the snuff fall on the lace ruffle that it might be brushed off by a white hand gleaming with splendid rings. Snuff-taking lasted from the end of the 17th century till 1830, when it effectually died out, and the old kingly habit is now almost entirely replaced by the *laissez aller* cigar.

Oscillation.

A scientific writer has recently collated a group of facts illustrative of the effect of oscillation on powerful bodies when not frequently broken by vibration. In crossing large suspension bridges it is esteemed necessary that processions should break step in order to insure safety; and it is told, in illustration, that when the first suspension bridge was building in England a fiddler offered to demolish it with his fiddle. Striking one note after another, he eventually hit the vibrating note or fundamental tone, and threw the structure into extraordinary vibrations. Only recently a bridge went down in France under the tread of a regiment of infantry, who neglected to break step on entering it. Three hundred persons were drowned. The experiment of breaking a tumbler or other small glass vessel by frequent repetitions of some particular note of the human voice belongs to the same class of phenomena.

Two Epigrams.

"Those who like a witty remark, or a pungent epigram," relates Lord William Lennox in his "Recollections," "would join the table at which James Smith sat, and any common-place remarks of the day was immediately converted into verse. I remember once asking him if he was going to the ball at the Mansion House, got up in aid of the unfortunate Polish refugees. 'No,' said he. Then, calling for a sheet of paper and a pencil, he wrote the following lines:

Aloft in rotatory motion whirled,
The poles are called on to support the world.
In these our days a different law controls,
The world are called on to support the Poles.

Again, when asked 'Whose are the best guns, Manton's or Egg's?' he replied, 'Eggs for poaching.'

A Slight Mistake.

A few days since, in Portland, Me., a lady halted in front of a garden, and said to a man at work on some trees, "What are you doing to those trees?" "Girdling them, madam, with printer's ink and cotton to prevent the canker-worms from ascending," replied the man. "How much does it cost?" asked the lady. "About twenty-five cents apiece," answered the man. "What's your name?" was the lady's next question. "Hill," says the man. "Well," said the lady, "I wish you would come and girdle ours." The man gave an evasive reply, and the lady went home. On telling the story to her husband she was astonished to see him burst out in convulsive fits of laughter. "What on earth are you laughing at?" said the lady. "Why," said the husband, "your man that you asked to girdle your trees was Rev. Dr. Hill, late president of Harvard College, one of the foremost mathematicians living, and now pastor of the First Parish Church."

A Novel Cure for the Mumps.

A Pennsylvania newspaper relates a curious circumstance, which should induce some genius to establish a laughing-cure for the benefit of humanity: Two persons were lying very sick in the same room, one with brain fever, the other with an aggravated case of mumps. In the course of the night both watcher and nurse fell asleep. The man with the mumps lay watching the clock, and saw that it was time to give the fever patient his potion. He was unable to speak aloud, or to move any portion of his body except his arms, but seizing a pillow, he managed to strike the watcher in the face with it. Thus suddenly awakened, the watcher sprang from his seat, falling to the floor, and awakened both the nurse and the fever patient. The incident struck the sick men as very ludicrous, and they laughed heartily at it for some fifteen or twenty minutes. When the doctor came in the morning he found his patients vastly improved, and now both are well.

Game in Paris.

Game of all kinds is unusually abundant in the Paris markets this season. The supply of larks, too, is so large that they are to be had for less than a song. A few of them, no doubt, have fallen a victim to the unerring aim of the French "chasseur," but for one lark killed with the gun a thousand are captured in the nets. The mode of procedure is very simple. The nets, generally about 15 yards long by 5 wide, are drawn across the fields at night, and two experts in the bird-catching art can capture as many as twenty dozen if they have anything like good luck. This wholesale destruction is at its height when the nights are dark and foggy, and there is an old tradition among the lark-catchers that they are most fortunate on All Saints' and Christmas Eve, because the ringing of the church bells so annoys the birds that they do not know where they are flying.

Their price varies, of course, in different seasons, for they sometimes can be had for eighteen sous a dozen, while at others they realise four or five francs. The lark pâtés made at Pithiviers have acquired an almost universal celebrity, being exported in large quantities to Russia and the United States.

Joan of Arc.

Joan of Arc is now the gossip of the hour in Parisian circles, and every particular of her life and descent is being carefully raked up for the occasion. Considerable interest is accordingly revived in Joan's house at Domremy. In 1814 the house belonged to a distant descendant of Joan's, who was offered a handsome sum for it by an Englishman, but considering the house a national property, presented it to the Department of the Vosges. The Municipality have kept it in good repair, and placed it under the care of a nun. Over the door are the arms of the family—on one side a scutcheon containing three ploughshares, and on the other a sword supporting the crown with three fleurs de lis. Above is the inscription "Vive labour," with the date 1481, while higher up is a small statue of Joan, evidently dating from the same period. In the principal room is placed a bronze statuette of the Maid of Orleans, the handwork of the Princess Marie of Orleans, and presented to the town by Louis Philippe

Mr. Gladstone's Religious Belief.

Some one having publicly accused Mr. Gladstone of holding views diametrically opposed to the teaching of the Church of England, and of speaking and writing in the spirit of a Papist rather than that of a Protestant, the Premier has written a letter in which he says that when charges, which are either in themselves wholly extravagant, or else advanced upon vague and remote grounds, are made by persons who have political objects in view, it is in his opinion idle to enter into controversy with them, and, therefore, he has only to say that the allegations are wholly and absolutely void of truth.—Mr. Gladstone has also been taken to task by Mr. Herbert Spencer, who, in a recent number of the *Contemporary Review* characterises that portion of the Premier's speech at Liverpool, which referred to Mr. Darwin's theory, as a "typical expression of the anti-scientific view." Mr. Gladstone rebuts this charge by means of an ingenious parallel, but candidly allows that for his own part he cannot yet place M. Darwin's doctrines on the accepted level of Liberty, Law, and Order.

The Empress Eugenie.

Her Majesty continues to enjoy good health, but lives in complete retirement. The Imperial household at the present moment consists of only six persons, the Empress herself, Madlle. L'Armina (Her Majesty's companion), the Duc de Bassano, Count Clary, Dr. Conneau, and Dr. Corvisart. The Prince Imperial, however, arrives at Camden Place every Saturday from Woolwich with his tutor, M. Filon, and remains with the Empress until Monday. The Prince is reported to be making most satisfactory progress with his studies at the Royal Military Academy. One of the voluntary subjects which he selected for study has been the German language, and in that he has admirably succeeded. The Empress seldom goes abroad, but takes walking exercise within the park. Before the Emperor's death she was accustomed to drive a pair of ponies, but she has never driven them since. Once or twice Madlle. L'Armina has driven Her Majesty out in the favourite ponychaise, but the Empress has generally preferred another carriage. Offerings for the Emperor's shrine continually arrive, one of the latest being a bouquet from the market women of Paris.

Absent-minded King.

William IV., like many of the Royal Family have been, was in the habit of lapsing into thought, and, during that time, of giving loud utterance to his mental ponderings. There was one evening a diplomatic dinner at Windsor. Talleyrand was sitting near the King, and the table full of diplomatic gentlemen, when after dinner an important despatch was brought to the King which required His Majesty's immediate attention. It announced the death of the French Prime Minister. The news was given by the King to the company, and there was silence for a time, Talleyrand sipping his wine with the greatest coolness and apparent indifference. The King was deep in thought, and in time the conversation was carried on again, though in a suppressed tone. Suddenly the King spoke—spoke to himself. "Poor Louis Philippe!" he exclaimed; "poor Louis Philippe! what a loss he has sustained! But what will he do now that he will fall into the hands of that rascal Talleyrand?" The sensation these words caused may be imagined; but Talleyrand sipped and sipped on, not a muscle moved, and nothing, as far as he went, seemed to have gone amiss.

The Cat Counts Out.

A French baron, whose tastes are somewhat mediæval, recently persuaded the curé of his parish, much against the good man's will, to sing a regular old fashioned hunting mass at which sportsmen and hounds should be present, in true mediæval style. In gratitude for the curé's compliance with his wishes, the baron promised to give him the first animal brought down by the pack. When service was over on the 3rd November, therefore, all were at their posts in the village church, the priest at the altar, the baron and his friends in the choir, and the hounds, in deference to the "curé's" remaining scruples, in the porch. All went well during the greater part of the mass; the hounds were quite as attentive as the congregation, and the solemnity was drawing to a close, when a cat trotted up to have a look at them. One of the hounds (who was not deep in his missal) caught her eye, he darted forward, dragging the companion to whom he was coupled with him, and the pack were instantly in full cry, found in the nave, and in less than ten seconds the whole congregation were in at the death. At this moment the celebrant was repeating the *Pater*, and, so the *Temps* says, having reached the words, *Panem nostrum quotidianum*, added, "Pray don't let the cat count, baron, for I am sure I can't eat it."

"Dumdreary's" History.

Mr. Sothorn has been interviewed by a St. Louis scribe, who has extracted the following information regarding the conception of the character with which he is most closely associated. Mr. Sothorn said: "When George Jordan, Laura Keane's leading man, left, I joined the company as leading juvenile man and low comedian. That season opened very badly. About this time she obtained a piece called 'Our American Cousin' from Tom Taylor, for which she paid \$1,000. At the reading of the piece Jefferson was given *Asa Trenchard*, he being the comedian; to Mr. Coudock *Abel Murcott*, and to Mr. Sothorn *Lord Dumdreary*. At the conclusion of the reading, which was in the green-room of the theatre, I put my part on the table and walked out of the room. As originally written by Taylor, it contained not more than twenty-seven lines. There was no clue to the character except a memorandum by the author to the effect that the actor who assumed it might, if he chose, imitate the lisp of *Mr. Frederick Blunt* in 'Money.' Miss Keane sent Mr. Burnett, the manager, to me, asking me why I would not play the part. I positively refused to entertain the idea, but just as Mr. Burnett was leaving the room I said to him: 'Stop one moment, if Miss Keane will permit me to alter this third or fourth class old man in any way I choose, and to write in my own scenes and elaborate the parts of those who play with me, I will accept the role.' She eventually agreed to my proposal. I wrote in scene by scene

as I watched the rehearsal of the piece. The conception of the character was entirely the same as it is now, except that it has been polished down by many repetitions. When originally played each act was in five or six scenes. It has since been entirely reconstructed. It is now in four acts, one scene in each. The originals of the best scenes were what are called 'carpenter scenes'; that is to say, while he was acting in them close by the footlights, with the scene in front, the carpenter and property-men were hammering away behind preparing for the next scene. Thus at the commencement of the run of 'Our American Cousin,' my best scenes were accompanied by a chorus of carpenters and property-men rattling their tables and other paraphernalia about the stage."

Wise in His Own Generation.

Snooks had occasion to call on the reverend Dominie Thomas Atrachard while he was at Glasgow. "Is the dominie in?" he inquired of a portly dame who opened the door. "He's at home, but he's no in," replied the lady. "He's in the yard, superintending 'Sauners, the carpenter. Ye can see him the noo if your business is vera precise." Snooks assented, and walked through the door pointed out to him into the yard, where he beheld a carpenter briskly planing a joint, to the air of *Maggie Lauder*, and the worthy dominie standing by. Unwilling to intrude on their conversation, Snooks stepped, unseen, behind a water-cask, and heard: "Sauners!" No answer from the carpenter. "Sauners! I say. Can ye no hear me?" "Yes, minister, I hear ye. What's your will?" "Can ye no whistle some mair solemn and godly tune while ye're at your work?" "A-weel, minister, if it be your will, I'll e'en do it." Upon which he changed the air to the *Dead March in Saul*, greatly to the hindrance of what was now painful planing. The Dominie looked on some minutes in silence, and then said, "Sauners, I hae anither word to say till ye. Did the gudewife hire ye by the day's darg or by the job?" "The day's darg was our agreeing, maister." "Then, on the whole, Sauners, I think ye maun just as weel go back to whistling bonnie *Maggie Lauder*."

Vanderbilt on Pluck.

"Burlingame," the New York correspondent of the *Boston Journal*, communicates a reminiscence of Commodore Vanderbilt, showing how the old gentleman appreciates in others the pluckiness that constitutes so prominent a trait in his own character. Said a steamboat captain to "Burlingame": "I am an elder in the Presbyterian Church. I made a profession of religion when I was very young. Vanderbilt employed me to run one of his boats. It was considered a great thing for a person of my age to have such a position. I was very proud of it, and tried to do my best. One Saturday the agent came to me and said, 'You must fix your boat up to-day, for to-morrow we are going to send you up the North River on an excursion.' I thought the matter over. I was a young man. I did not wish to lose my position, and yet I could not run the boat on Sunday. I said so to the agent in a letter, tendered him my resignation, and prepared to go home. I met the Commodore on the Battery. He said, 'Come down and dine with me to-morrow; my wife wants to see you.' 'I can not,' was the reply, 'for I must go home. I have got through on your line.' 'What does that mean?' said the Commodore. I then told him the story. 'That fellow is a fool. We have got men enough to run that boat whose principles won't be hurt. You go about your business. If any body interferes with your religion, send them to me.'"

Dates of Close of Navigation of the St. Lawrence.

The following table, giving the date of last trip each year of the mail steamers from Quebec to Montreal during the past twenty years, should be preserved:

Year.	Date of last trip
1854.....	Dec 2
1855.....	Nov 28
1856.....	Nov 30
1857.....	Dec 5
1858.....	Dec 14
1859.....	Dec 8
1860.....	Dec 1
1861.....	Dec 3
1862.....	Dec 4
1863.....	Dec 2
1864.....	Dec 1
1865.....	Dec 2
1866.....	Dec 3
1867.....	Nov 22
1868.....	Nov 25
1869.....	Nov 26
1870.....	Nov 28
1871.....	Nov 26
1872.....	Nov 24
1873.....	Nov 18

The Marriage of the Duke of Edinburgh.

The Duke of Edinburgh and the Princess Mary will be married according to the ceremony of the Anglican Church, but prior to that will be married according to the ceremony of the Greek Church. It may be interesting to know the forms thereof:—The ceremony, which is accompanied with rites of a very imposing and elaborate character, is introduced by a selection of appropriate prayers, after which the rings are blessed by the archimandrite. To this succeeds the ceremony of crowning two crowns which have been previously blessed—one being placed on the head of the bridegroom, and the other appropriated in a similar manner to the bride. Each then takes in hand a glass of common wine, during which certain prayers are repeated, and a sponsor or witness to the union then comes forward. The rings and the crowns worn by the bride and bridegroom are then interchanged, after which hymns are sung by an officiating priest. Three circles are then made by the bride and bridegroom, who carry lighted candles, the archimandrite bearing the censor. Another prayer is then offered up, commending the parties to the Almighty, and imploring a blessing upon the union, signifying, in accordance with the rites of the Greek Church, the union of Christ with His Church; and after the archimandrite has conferred absolution the ceremony is brought to a conclusion.

Scalping a Young Lady.

Says the *Evansville (Ind.) Journal*: "This is the season for social parties, and kissing games are raging. In a family up-town where dancing is not allowed there was a bussing-bee the other night, and among those in attendance was a young lady who had recently recovered from a severe illness. When the pawns were sold, and it came her turn to be kissed, she evinced a good deal more muscular strength by her resistance than was expected of one as weak as she was supposed to be. The young lady and gentleman skirmished up and down the room a couple of times, and he seemed in a fair way to get the *duice oculorum*, when, by some sudden movement, the poor girl's head was completely denuded, and she appeared before that company with a pate as bald as a druggist's globe, while her luxuriant tresses hung gracefully from a button on the young man's coat. Some of the girls yelled and others tittered, but the poor girl thus shorn grabbed at her wig, and slid precipitately out of the room. Her hair having come out during her illness, she had it made into a wig, and so artistically was the job performed and the wig adjusted that no one new the difference. It is a couple of weeks since this occurred, and the young man felt so bad about it that he made the only amends in his power by offering his hand to replace the wig."

Scraps.

It takes sixteen men three days to engrave a full page picture for *Harper's Weekly*.

Japanese editors are allowed to carry swords, and a common man has to take off his hat to them.

For Holman Hunt's new picture, the "Shadow of the Cross," it is stated Messrs Agnew have paid ten thousand guineas.

The Railway Guild of the Holy Cross is a society recently started for the benefit of railway employes of Ritualistic tendencies.

The Khan of Khiva's brother is at present at Schourra, in Transcaucasia, learning Russian, and preparing himself for entering the Russian army.

A new London daily paper, to be called *The Oracle*, will be published in January next. *The Oracle* will be devoted to subjects of local interest in the metropolis.

In spite of his double work as Premier and Chancellor of the Exchequer, Mr. Gladstone has found time to study and to write upon Mr. Darwin's theory of evolution.

The burial of a state elephant with Royal honours is noted as an important item of news from Siam. The death of the King would hardly have created greater sensation.

An offer has been made to the authorities to complete the new Opera House gratuitously, if the Government will allow the speculator to set up his roulette-wheel in France.

A convivial party in the provinces sewed up one of their friends, who had already done that thing for himself. They sewed him up in a sack, *à la Bligollette*, and pawned him.

Prince Arthur, who is a captain in the first battalion of the rifle brigade, has been appointed brigade-major of his corps in the room of Captain Robinson, who is proceeding to the Gold Coast.

Mr. Thomas Baring has left about £3,000,000 sterling, which he has distributed in various proportions over a pretty wide circle of relatives, forgetting none. The principal legatee is Lord Northbrook, who succeeds to about £1,250,000.

In a London market, a newspaper made wholly of rag stock does not compare for value in the dealers' eyes with that made in part or wholly from esparto, mainly on account of the thickness of the latter, which is an advantage in handling.

Count Groeben, before challenging Field-Marshal von Man-teuffel, laid his case before a family council of the Groebens, who resolved that there was but one way of obtaining satisfaction—namely, by a duel. Upon that the General sent a challenge.

The Prefect of Police of Paris has replaced the overseers at the cab stands by police agents, who are more capable of settling any dispute between the drivers and the public. This measure realizes a saving of from 800,000fr. to 840,000fr. a year, and will probably render all the coachmen polite.

A paper church building is said to have been built in Bergen, Norway, a city of nearly 300,000 inhabitants. The building is a circular within and octagonal without. The relieves outside, the statues inside, the roof, the ceiling are all constructed of paper maché, made waterproof by saturation in vitriol, lime water, whey and white of egg. The church building has space enough to accommodate one thousand people.

Mrs. Anna Wray, an American woman sixty years of age, and a resident of Lynden, is said to have given notice to the city of Geneva that she is the lawful widow of the late Duke of Brunswick, and will sue for the immense estate which he left that city. She regards herself as one of those "gems of purest Wray," etc., but does not propose with perfect serenity to go without her share of the D. of B.'s assets.

A novel lunch was very nearly prepared for some workmen in Lincoln, Massachusetts, the other day. The men were building a wall for a gentleman near his residence, and sent their dinner cans to the house to warm the contents. The cans were all placed on the stove. By chance one, not specially unlike the others, contained blasting powder, and presently exploded, making a general wreck of stove, furniture, and room. Fortunately no person was hurt.

Lovers of the sensational will be glad to learn that *Le Livre des Maccabées*, or register of the dead bodies found in the Seine and exposed in the Morgue, has been presented to the National Library of Paris. Many of the histories attached to these bodies are gathered from the lips of relatives or friends, and are of the most romantic interest, and will prove a perfect mine to the novelist or the librettist, who are now for the first time permitted to consult the volume. Why it should be called *Le Livre des Maccabées* is still a puzzle to French philologists.

A new way of playing a tune by heart was demonstrated lately at a meeting of one of the London medical societies. Dr. Vivian Poore placed a patient on his back on a table in the middle of the room, set an upright red on his chest, and on the top of this balanced a guitar. The audience were delighted to find the sound of the heart rendered audible by the use of this sonorous instrument. It will be interesting to note the development of the guitar into one of the doctor's instruments, and to watch for the time when the medical man will become a compromise between the troubadour and the physician.

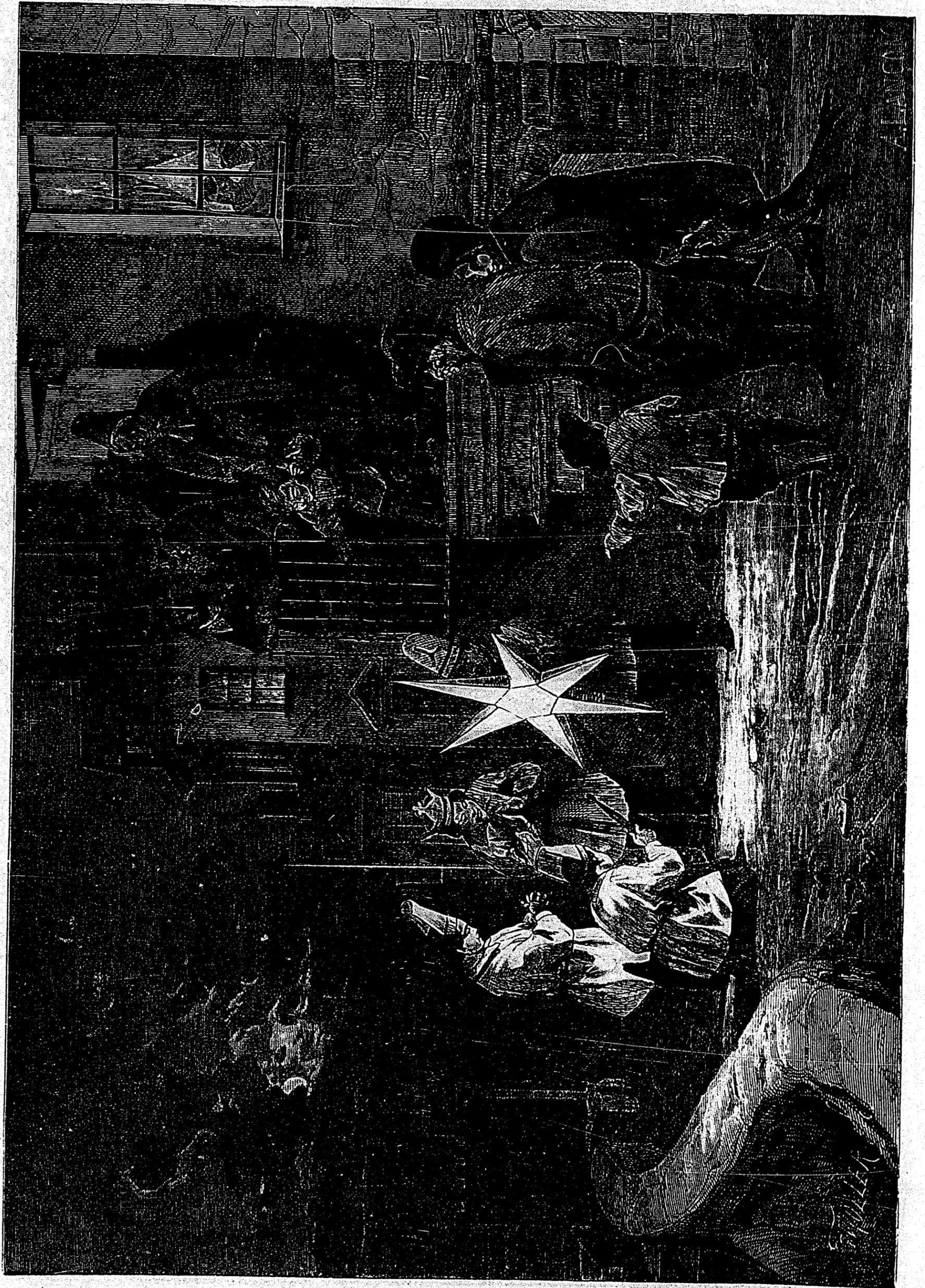
Our Illustrations.

Our front page is graced, to-day, by a charming picture, appropriate to the season, from an original by Paul Veronese. Epiphany or Twelfth Day, which is the last of the series of the festivals, making up the beautiful season of Christmas-tide, still retains its hold on the devotional affections of the people in all lands. The custom of searching the bean in the poundcake is still generally observed and the fortunate finder is crowned King or Queen of the feast.

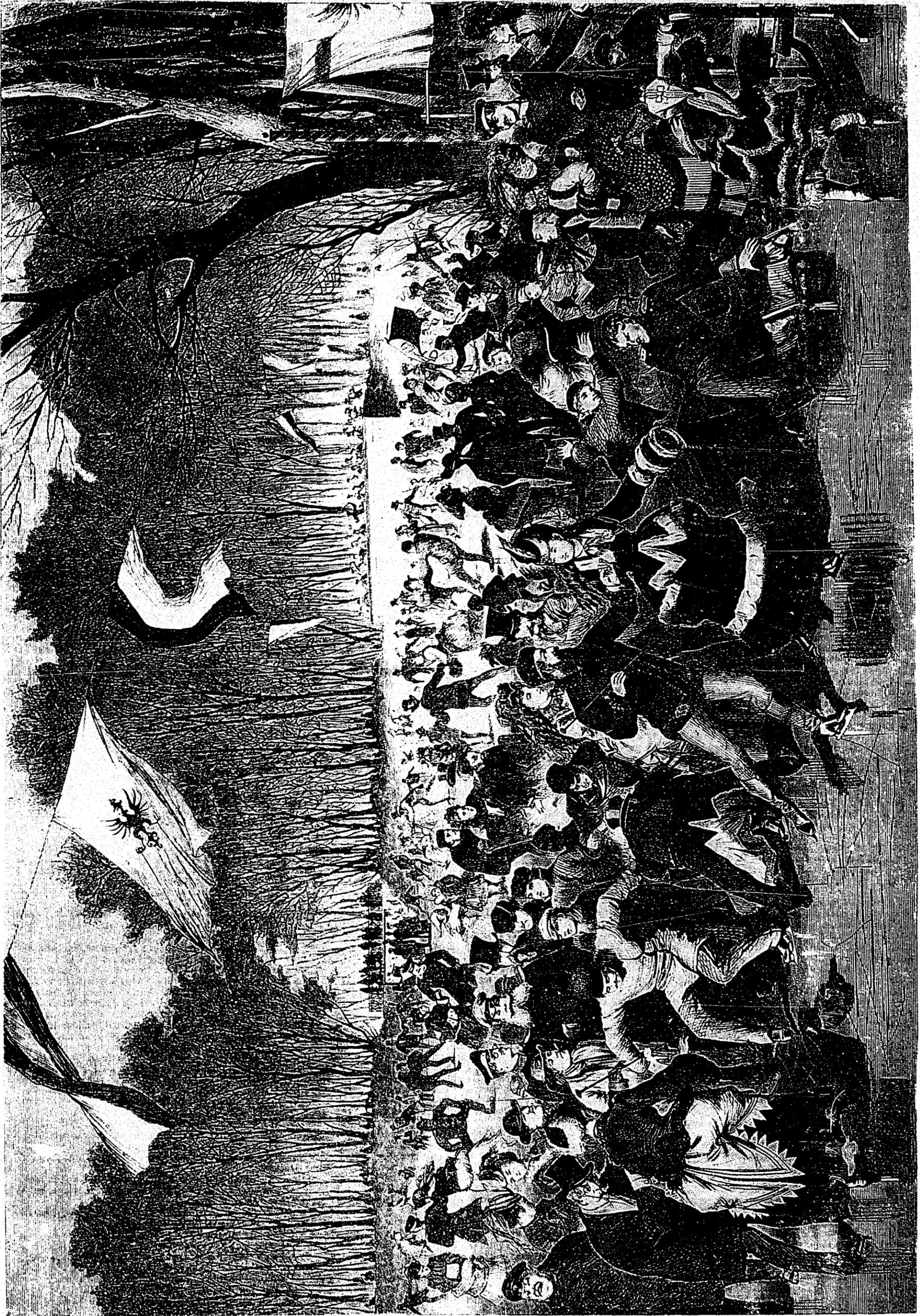
The dinner given by his political friends to the Hon. Lucius S. Huntington is a notable event as connected with the recent change of Government and as closing, let us hope, the painfully overworked episode of the Pacific Scandal. The dinner took place on Tuesday, the 23rd inst., at the St. Lawrence Hall, Montreal, and was attended by nearly all the members of the Ministry and over three hundred subscribers. The principal speeches of the evening were those of Mr. Huntington himself, Mr. Mackenzie and Mr. Blake. Contrary, however, to general expectation, neither the Premier, nor Mr. Blake, gave any inkling of the governmental policy.

The skating scene in Berlin is hardly so characteristic, as one would be led to imagine, differing in so essential particulars from similar scenes in our own country. It is well drawn, however, and as such is worth preserving.

Another incident of the Epiphany is presented in the mode of celebrating that festival in Norway. The history of the Magi is introduced and the light of the magical star symbolized by the resplendence of the illumination.



A TWELFTH NIGHT CUSTOM IN NORWAY.



GERMANY.—A SKATING SCENE IN THE ZOOLOGICAL GARDENS, BERLIN.

TAKEN AT THE FLOOD.

A NEW NOVEL,

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

CHAPTER XXXVII.—Continued.

The Perriam honeymoon had been a very quiet business. The entresol in the Faubourg St. Honoré was not the palatial home which Sylvia had supposed so great a man as Sir Aubrey would inhabit even in the land of the stranger. Sir Aubrey had taken his bride to all the usual shows—the Louvre, Luxembourg, the great old churches, where Sylvia gazed wonderingly at statues, and gold and colour, the *Jardin des Plantes*, the Hotel Cluny, Napoleon's Mausoleum, the fountains at Versailles, and the long terrace at St. Germain. All these things Sir Aubrey had shown her; but, wonderful and beautiful as they seemed to the untravelled rustic, a shadow of dullness hung over them all. The numerous churches tired her, before she had seen half of them. The vast palaces with their endless pictures palled upon her weary senses. Sir Aubrey, with every wish to be kind, instructive, and explanatory, always contrived to bring her away from the objects which most interested her. He marched her from place to place. There was no lounging, no pleasant loitering. No long, sultry day dawdled away in that deep wood at St. Germain. Yet Sylvia fancied that she and Edmund might have so wasted a day had they two been bride and bridegroom.

Sir Aubrey took his wife to the *Théâtre Français* on one solitary occasion to see Molière's "Femmes Savantes," but put his veto against all other theatres as disreputable.

The weather was sultry during the greater part of Sylvia's honeymoon, and the great wide streets of the wonderful city were dim with a warm vapour that whispered of fevers and cholera. Sir Aubrey's habits were early, and the evening, the only period when Paris is tolerable in summer time, was a period of imprisonment for Sylvia. She was playing chess with her husband in the stifling little saloon by the light of a pair of wax candles, while the city was gay with many voices, and music, and light, yonder on the boulevards where the night wind blew freshly. Sylvia went back to England with the impression that Paris was a splendid city, but not a gay one.

They returned to Perriam Place and Sylvia received the homage and obeisance of the household; and in the moment of that triumph it seemed to her an all sufficing joy to be mistress of Perriam, and all these dependants. Whatever surprise these domestics had felt at their lord's strange marriage, had been carefully smoothed out of their faces. They welcomed James Carew's daughter as respectfully as they could have welcomed Lady Guinevere herself.

Those improvements and alterations which Sylvia had planned with so much satisfaction before her marriage were not yet put in hand. Indeed a very short space of married life had shown Lady Perriam how little power she had over her lord, and how little liberty of action she was likely to enjoy; and, perhaps even worse than this, how small was to be her command of money. She knew that her husband had wealth that surpassed by ten fold the measure of his expenditure; yet she derived neither pleasure nor power from his riches.

He looked unutterable surprise the first time she asked him for money.

"My dear child, what can you want with money?" he asked, as if they had been on a desert island where the circulating medium was useless.

"I—I should like a little to spend," Sylvia answered, childishly. She had not forgotten that wretched woman in Bell-alley, Fetter-lane. Tenderness of heart was not Sylvia's strong point, yet it irked her to live amidst all these solid splendours, satiated with temporal comforts, and to feel that in all likelihood her mother was starving.

"To spend for the mere pleasure of spending," said Sir Aubrey, like a wise father—one of dear Maria Edgeworth's model parents, for instance—remonstrating with his little girl. "My dear Sylvia, is not that rather a childish reason?"

"But I didn't mean to say that. Of course, I want the money, or I shouldn't have asked you for it. I thought you would give me an allowance, perhaps, when we were married."

"I have thought of that," replied Sir Aubrey, as if it were a matter demanding profound consideration, "and I intend to do so—ultimately. But really your wants must be infinitesimal. You have the dresses and other garments you bought before our marriage."

"The dresses are getting shabby," said Sylvia. "I wore them all the time we were in Paris."

"A month," said Sir Aubrey. "I have worn this coat nearly eighteen months."

"Then it's time you had a new one," cried Sylvia, sorely tried. "But I'll go on wearing my shabby dresses, if you like. It doesn't much matter; I never see any one except you and Mordred."

"I hope you have sufficient respect for me to dress as nicely to please me as you would to win the admiration of strangers," returned Sir Aubrey, with his offended air.

"I can't dress nicely without money to buy clothes," replied Sylvia. "Women's dresses are not like men's coats—they don't wear everlastingly."

"Then it's a pity women do not adopt more substantial materials. Neither the linsey-wolseys our grand-mothers wore for use, nor the brocades which they kept for state occasions, required to be renewed every three months. The chairs in our bedroom are covered with dresses of my grandmother's. However, it is not your fault that the age is frivolous, and I can't be angry with you for following the fashion of your day. I'll give you a cheque for twenty pounds, and before that is gone I will arrange your allowance of pocket money. There, my love, don't let me see any more tears in those pretty eyes."

Sir Aubrey wrote the cheque, and fancied that he had acted with supreme liberality.

Sylvia sent half this money to Mrs. Carford, in the shape of a ten pound note. She brought a dark silk dress with the remaining ten pounds, for, having talked of wanting a new dress, she was obliged to show Sir Aubrey that she had bought one.

Shortly after this the baronet informed his wife graciously

that he had decided upon allowing her two hundred a year, payable quarterly, for her personal expenditure, and this he evidently considered a most liberal allowance. Sylvia thanked him warmly, and was indeed grateful for anything which should be hers without question. All her dreams of refurbishing the library, and replacing the faded curtains in the saloon with amber satin were quite over. She knew that in Sir Aubrey she had found a new master. It was a more exalted bondage than her servitude to her father, but it was bondage all the same.

CHAPTER XXXIII.

THOU LOOK'ST SO LIKE WHAT ONCE WAS MINE.

Time wears the beauty off all temporal blessings. That stately old yellow chariot, which had been at first a source of pride to Lady Perriam, by degrees became almost loathsome, so dismal were her lonely drives. Sir Aubrey preferred pottering about his farms on Splinter to promenades in the yellow chariot, so Sylvia had that equipage to herself and her own thoughts. It was like a state prison upon wheels. Beautiful as was the scenery round Perriam Sylvia soon grew weary of nature's loveliness. Before she had been a month at the Place she knew the landscape by heart, the hill-sides from which she saw the distant sea, the ferny lanes down which the great coach went staggering and rumbling, into pastoral valleys, whose cob-walled cottages looked the chosen abodes of peace and contentment.

Lady Perriam looked at those rustic houses with a strange perplexed feeling. She had not been happy when she lived in a cottage, yet now that she inhabited a mansion it seemed to her as if those humbler dwellings must hold the secret of happiness. She was very lonely. Her lord's society gave her no delight, the park and gardens of Perriam Place became as a desert to her weary eyes. She paced the Italian terrace day after day, and looking down at the peaceful graveyard below the marble balustrade envied those Perriams who no longer knew life's weariness.

The few county families with whom Sir Aubrey condescended to maintain a tepid acquaintance, paid their formal visits to the new mistress of the Place, and were not a little surprised at the graceful ease of manner with which Lady Perriam received them. She was in no wise abashed by these magnates of the land. But others came as well as the county people. Mrs. Toynbee, and her two over-dressed daughters were among the earliest of Sylvia's visitors. The manufacturer's wife came with the intention of patronising Lady Perriam, but was not slow to discover from Sylvia's icy reception that patronage was not exactly the tone to take here.

"We always said you would marry well, my dear," said Mrs. Toynbee, almost taking credit to herself for Sylvia's elevation. "You had an air so far above your station."

"My father was a gentleman before he was a parish school-master," answered Lady Perriam coolly. "I never pretended to a higher station than that of a gentleman's daughter."

"Of course not, my love; but you know there are lines of demarcation; every one could see how superior you and Mr. Carew were, yet the gentry couldn't associate with you quite on equal terms, however much they might wish it. I'm sure I, for one, would have been charmed to have you at my parties—quite an ornament to them—but one's friends make such remarks if one steps ever so little way over the boundary line."

"Yes, Mrs. Toynbee, no doubt persons of your position must be punctilious. The trading classes are full of narrow-minded prejudices; but with people of Sir Aubrey's rank it is quite different. Their position is not dependent on any one's approval or opinion. My carriage has been waiting for the last half hour, Mrs. Toynbee," added Lady Perriam, ringing the bell; "will you permit me to wish you good morning." And the magnificent Mrs. Toynbee, the richest woman in Hedingham parish, found herself bowed out by the village school-master's daughter.

"Did you ever see such insolence," cried this outraged female as she spread out her silken draperies in the amplitude of their splendour, and settled herself in her luxurious landau, new from the coachbuilders, and with all the latest improvements in landaus.

"Of course not, ma, but you might have saved us such a humiliation if you'd taken my advice," retorted Juliana Toynbee, acrimoniously.

"Nasty thing!" exclaimed Edith, the second sister, meaning Lady Perriam.

"To treat us like that when I was going to be a friend to her, out of right down charity," continued Mrs. Toynbee.

"What can she know about giving dinner parties, or any of the things that become her station. What she wants is a clever and experienced friend at her elbow, to put her in the way of doing things in the right style. My dinners have been talked of from one end of the country to the other, and I shouldn't have minded any trouble to put her in the right way if she'd shown herself grateful."

"It isn't in her to be grateful," returned Juliana; "and as to visiting at Perriam, I wouldn't darken her doors if she was to send us a formal invitation once a week. Besides, everyone knows Sir Aubrey is as close as he well can be, and I don't suppose she'll ever have the chance of giving parties."

And thus these ladies drove home, talking of Sylvia all the way, very warm as to their tempers, and very flushed as to their faces, and it was solemnly voted in the Toynbee household that Sylvia, Lady Perriam, was to be counted among the dead.

The day came when Sylvia was to see Edmund Standen for the first time, since that sorrowful parting by the tomb of the de Bossineys. She heard of his return soon after it happened; heard it from the lips of Mr. Bain, who announced the fact carelessly enough, yet contrived to watch the effect of that announcement upon Sylvia. One bright hectic spot flamed in the delicate cheek, but faded before Sir Aubrey had time to notice it.

"Mr. Standen has gone into the bank," said the steward, not unwilling to prolong the discussion. "The Western Union, as they call it, since its been made a joint stock bank. It has set people talking a little. Nobody thought young Standen would have gone into business. He has plenty to live upon, or will have after his mother's death, though I believe at present he is quite dependent on the old lady."

"I feel no interest in Mr. Standen or his affairs," remarked the baronet, with dignity; so Mr. Bain said no more.

For several Sundays after their arrival at the Place Sylvia and her husband attended the little church in the dell, where

a mild incumbent performed two services every Sunday, for the enlightenment of a sparse congregation drawn from adjacent hamlets. Then came a fine sunny Sabbath at the beginning of December, and Sir Aubrey proposed that they should go to church at Hedingham. "I like Vancourt's sermons better than Smallman's," said the baronet. "We may as well drive over to Hedingham."

Sylvia felt a kind of catch in her throat, which prevented her saying yea or nay to this proposition. She should see him again then, that Edmund Standen whom she had once sworn to love eternally. She dreaded seeing him, yet desired to see him, to look on the unforgotten face, were it but for a moment.

The church looked bright and gay on that wintry morning, bright with the cheerful December sunshine. Sir Aubrey owned a large square pew in the chancel, which was the most aristocratic part of the edifice, a pew placed as near the altar rails as it could be placed, in a manner within the sanctuary; a pew that was sumptuously provided with crimson cushions, luxurious foot-stools, prayer books of largest type, bound in crimson Russia, and emblazoned with the Perriam coat of arms. Prayer books in which good King George was prayed for assiduously.

These chancel pews were on a higher level than the body of the church, and from Sir Aubrey's pew Sylvia commanded a full view of the Dean House party, who occupied a pew in the central aisle. There they all were; Mrs. Standen; the delicate looking widow from Demerara, with a little girl of six years old at her side; Esther Rochdale and Edmund; all in mourning, a very sombre looking party.

Not once during the service did Edmund's eyes wander in Sylvia's direction, yet she felt that he was aware of her presence. Those dark eyes of his were for the most part bent rigidly upon his book. Sylvia remembered his old manner, which, though devout, was scarcely so attentive to the mere letter of the services.

Sir Aubrey and his wife left the church by a little side door; it was one of the privileges of the chancel people to use this door; but in the churchyard Sir Aubrey was button-holed by a brother landowner, and while they were standing in the narrow path, close by that too well remembered monument of the de Bossineys, Edmund and Esther Rochdale passed them. For one moment only the young man looked at Sylvia. Such a look! Contempt so scathing is not often expressed in one brief flash of disdainful eyes, one curve of a scornful lip. Deadly pale, yet with a look of unshaken firmness, her jilted lover passed her by, and the sharpest pain her heart had power to feel Sylvia felt at that moment.

"I hope I may never see him again," she thought, as the yellow chariot bore her back to Perriam, "never unless I were free to win back his love. I know I could win it, though he may despise me now, if I were only free to try." And she looked at Sir Aubrey, and began to speculate how long a man of that age might live—five years—ten—fifteen—twenty perhaps. Nay an existence so placid and temperate as Sir Aubrey's might flow smoothly on for another half-century.

Did she wish him dead? Did a thought so dark as to be in itself a crime ever enter her heart? It had come but too near that with Lady Perriam. She had never shaped an actual wish, but she had calculated the measure of her husband's days, and had pictured to herself what might happen when he should take his rest with those other Perriams in the churchyard in that green hollow, where harts-tongue fern pushed its curved leaves between the crumbling stones of the old gray wall.

What a marvellous change that one event of Sir Aubrey's death would make in her existence. She would have five thousand a year, her very own, to squander as she pleased; instead of a pittance of two hundred a year, doled out to her quarterly. And she would be free—free to recover Edmund Standen's love, were it possible for him to forgive her.

"I don't believe he could be angry with me very long," she thought, "or that he could shut his heart against me. He would remember those happy summer evenings. All the past would come back to him in a breath, and all his love with it."

There was one fear which tortured Sylvia whenever her thoughts drifted that way. What if Edmund should marry Esther Rochdale. She felt sure that Esther was fond of him. She had made up her mind about that long ago; and it was an understood thing in Hedingham, where people knew, or affected to know, the most secret desires of their neighbours, that Mrs. Standen wished to see those two married. What more likely than that she would now try to patch up an engagement between them?

"His sister will help her no doubt," thought Sylvia, "and between them they will worry him into marrying that little dark thing."

She remembered Esther's winning gentleness, her soft dark eyes with their pensive pleading look; not a girl, against whom a man could steel his heart for ever, one might think.

The thought of this possibility added a new sting to Lady Perriam's keen regret. It made even the dullness of her life more bitter. She was glad to keep Mary Peter in her dressing-room for an hour's chat now and then, when that young person brought her home some new garment, and to hear her gossip about the Hedingham people, and sometimes a little about the occupants of Dean House.

Sir Aubrey happened to interrupt this friendly gossip one day, and after Mary Peter had retired, frozen by the baronet's urbanity, he expressed himself somewhat strongly upon the subject of his wife's familiarity with a village mantua-maker.

"I was not familiar with her," pleaded Sylvia. "I let her talk—that was all."

"My love, to let a person of that kind tattle is to be familiar with her. It presupposes an interest in their conversation which it ought to be impossible for you to feel."

"She talks about people I used to see before I was married," said Sylvia.

"But with whom you have nothing more to do, and in whom your interest ought to have ceased with your marriage. Pray let me never see that young woman again."

"She makes my dresses," remonstrated Sylvia; "I don't see how I can get on without her."

"Are you so childish as to suppose that there is only one dressmaker at your service? You can have your gowns made by Mrs. Bowker, of Monkhampton, a very proper person."

Sylvia sighed and submitted. So Mary Peter, who could talk of Edmund, recalling memories that were at once sweet and sad, was banished from Perriam Place. Little as Sylvia had cared for this humble friend, she felt life more lonely without her occasional society. Her father was away still, rejoicing in the sunshine of a warmer sky, on the shores of the Mediterranean, just contriving to exist at a third-rate board-

ing house, on his scanty income. He liked the shores of the Mediterranean even under the disadvantage of a limited income, much better than the village of Hedingham, and had no intention of returning to English rusticity yet awhile. He wrote to his daughter occasionally, not forgetting to hint that any addition to his pittance which she might be inclined to make would be welcome.

Sir Aubrey had given one state dinner to those county people who had called upon his wife, a dinner distinguished by a solemn splendour, but almost as gloomy as that funeral banquet which the Roman tyrant Domitian gave to his friends, where the walls were hung with black, and the paraphernalia of death so closely represented, that many of the amiable Caesar's guests swooned away and died in real earnest, slain by the mere horror of this ghastly jest. After this state dinner there were no more gaieties at Perriam, but Sir Aubrey took his lovely young wife to three or four feasts of the same kind which his friends gave in her honour. This constituted Sylvia's brief experience of the polite world; for now came an event which was to exclude Sir Aubrey Perriam from society for ever.

To be continued.

A TROUSSEAU ON SHORT TIME.

It does not take a long preparation for a marriage if the loving couple mean business. J. Q. Adams, of Michigan, had lived a bachelor till he was forty and had no time to lose. He went into a dressmaking shop in Detroit one morning and asked the head business woman if she could make a merino dress by three o'clock in the afternoon. She said she could. John Quincy went out and came back immediately leading an Audrey-looking girl of about seventeen, wearing a calico dress and a straw hat. She had a bundle of stuff for a dress under her arm. She agreed to help make the dress, and sat down at a sewing-machine and helped. John walked up and down in front of the shop, as a constant admonition that he was superintending the contract. The gown was finished on time and the girl put in it. In the meantime John had halted a preacher-looking man and asked him if he could hitch up a couple for life. He said that was a branch of his business. He was retained. John asked the proprietor of the shop if she had any objection to the use of the dress where it was made. She had not, and so John Quincy Adams and the Michigan Audrey stood up and were married in that dressmaking sanctuary. John emptied his pockets of nickels and pennies, all the money he had, a basket in bulk, \$3.25 by count, and gave it to the preacher for having detained him. And that business pair walked out into the wide world, arm in arm, looking happy. Bliss is cheap in Michigan.

MARK TWAIN ON WOMAN.

Mark Twain, the well-known humourist, replied to the toast of the ladies at the festival of the Scottish Corporation of London on December 1. In doing so, he said: I am proud, indeed, of the distinction of being chosen to respond to this special toast, to "The Ladies," or to woman, if you please. For that is the preferable term, perhaps; it is certainly the older, and therefore the more entitled to reverence. (Laughter.) I have noticed that the Bible, with that plain blunt honesty which is such a conspicuous characteristic of the Scriptures, is always particular to never refer to even the illustrious mother of mankind herself as a "lady," but speaks of her as a woman. (Laughter.) It is odd, but you will find it is so. I am peculiarly proud of this honour, because I think that the toast to women is one which, by right and by every rule of gallantry, should take precedence of all others—of the army, of the navy, of even royalty itself, perhaps, though the latter is not necessary in this day and in this land, for the reason that, tacitly, you do drink a broad general health, to all good women when you drink the health of the Queen of England and the Princess of Wales. (Loud cheers.) I have in mind a poem just now which is familiar to you all, familiar to everybody. And what an inspiration that was (and how instantly the present toast recalls the verses to all our minds) when the most noble, the most gracious, the purest and sweetest of all poets says:

"Woman, O woman!—or—
"Wom—"

—(laughter)—however, you remember the lines; and you remember how feelingly, how daintily, how almost imperceptibly the verses raise up before you, feature by feature, the ideal of a true and perfect woman; and how, as you contemplate the finished marvel, your homage grows into worship of the intellect that could create so fair a thing out of mere breath, mere words. And you call to mind now as I speak how the poet, with stern fidelity to the history of all humanity, delivers this beautiful child of his heart and his brain over to the trials and the sorrows that must come to all sooner or later that abide in the earth; and how the pathetic story culminates in that apostrophe—so wild, so regretful, so full of mournful retrospection. The lines run thus:

"Alas!—alas!—
—Alas!—alas!"

—and so on. (Laughter.) I do not remember the rest; but, taken altogether, it seems to me that the poem is the noblest tribute to woman that human genius has ever brought forth —(laughter)—and I feel that if I were to talk hours I could not do my great theme completer or more graceful justice than I have now done in simply quoting that poet's matchless

words. (Renewed laughter.) The phases of the womanly nature are infinite in their variety. Take any type of woman and you shall find in it something to respect, something to admire, something to love. And you shall find the whole joining your heart and hand. Who was more patriotic than Joan of Arc? Who was braver? Who has given us a grander instance of self-sacrificing devotion? Ah, you remember, you remember well what a throb of pain, what a great tidal wave of grief swept over all us when Joan of Arc fell at Waterloo. (Much laughter.) Who does not sorrow for the loss of Sappho, the sweet singer of Israel? Who among us does not miss the gentle ministrations, the softening influences, the humble piety of Lucretia Borgia? (Laughter.) Who can join in the heartless libel that says woman is extravagant in dress when he can look back and call to mind our simple and lowly mother Eve arrayed in her modification of the Highland costume. (Roars of laughter.) Sir, women have been soldiers, women have been painters, women have been poets. As long as language lives the name of Cleopatra will live. And not because she conquered George III.—(laughter)—but because she wrote those divine lines—

"Let dogs delight to bark and bite,
For God hath made them so."

(More laughter.) The story of the world is adorned with the names of illustrious ones of our own sex—some of them sons of St. Andrew too—Scott, Bruce, Burns, the warrior Wallace, Ben Nevis—(laughter)—the gifted Ben Lomond, and the great new Scotchman, Ben Disraeli. (Great laughter.) Out of the great plains of history tower whole mountain ranges of sublime women—the Queen of Sheba, Josephine, Semiramis, Sairey Gamp; the list is endless—(laughter)—but I will not call the mighty roll, the names rise up in your own memories at the mere suggestion, luminous with the glory of deeds that cannot die, hallowed by the loving worship of the good and the true of all epochs and all climes. (Cheers.) Suffice it for our pride and our honour that we in our day have added to it such names as those of Grace Darling and Florence Nightingale. (Cheers.) Woman is all that she should be—gentle, patient, long-suffering, trusting, unselfish, full of generous impulses. It is her blessed mission to comfort the sorrowing, plead for the erring, encourage the faint of purpose, succour the distressed, uplift the fallen, befriend the friendless—in a word, afford the healing of her sympathies and a home in her heart for all the bruised and persecuted children of misfortune that knock at its hospital door. (Cheers.) And when I say God bless her, there is none among us who has known the ennobling affection of a wife or the steadfast devotion of a mother, but in his heart will say, Amen! (Loud and prolonged cheering.)

Advertisement for A. Lavigne, New Rustic Window Shades. Includes an illustration of a man holding a window shade and text: 'A. LAVIGNE, FABRICANT DE RIDEAUX, CHAMPETRES, Bureau au Magasin de Cigares, 489 RUE CRAIG, MONTREAL.' Also includes 'R R R. RADWAY'S READY RELIEF' and 'THE ONLY PAIN REMEDY'.

Advertisement for Grand Trunk Railway Company of Canada. Includes an illustration of a train and text: 'Grand Trunk Railway Company of Canada. 1873-74. Winter Arrangements. 1873-74.' Also includes 'TRAINS now leave Montreal as follows:— GOING WEST.' and 'GOING EAST.' and 'GOING SOUTH.'

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Advertisement for Joseph Gillott's Steel Pens. Includes an illustration of a pen and text: 'JOSEPH GILLOTT'S STEEL PENS. Sold by all Dealers throughout the World.' Also includes '8-23 Jan-554'.

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Advertisement for Homeopathic Cocoa. Includes text: 'HOMEOPATHIC COCOA. This original preparation has attained a world-wide reputation and is manufactured by TAYLOR BROTHERS, under the ablest HOMEOPATHIC advice, aided by the skill and experience of the inventors, and will be found to combine in an eminent degree the purity, fine aroma, and nutritious property of the FRESH NET.'

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DR. BESSEY, PHYSICIAN AND SURGEON, 8 BEAVER HALL SQUARE, MONTREAL. 7-23 22

Advertisement for Radway's Ready Relief. Includes text: 'R R R. RADWAY'S READY RELIEF Cures the worst Pains In from 1 to 20 Minutes. NOT ONE HOUR After reading this advertisement need any one suffer with pain. RADWAY'S READY RELIEF IS A CURE FOR EVERY PAIN. IT WAS THE FIRST AND IS THE ONLY PAIN REMEDY That instantly stops the excruciating pains, allays Inflammations, and cures Congestions, whether of the Lungs, Stomach, Bowels, or other glands or organs, by one application. IN FROM ONE TO TWENTY MINUTES, no matter how violent or excruciating the pain the Rheumatic, Bed-ridden, Infirm, Crippled, Nervous, Neuralgic, or prostrated with disease may suffer, RADWAY'S READY RELIEF WILL AFFORD INSTANT EASE. INFLAMMATION OF THE BOWELS, CONGESTION OF THE LUNGS, SORE THROAT, DIFFICULT BREATHING, PALPITATION OF THE HEART, HYSTERIC, CROUP, DIPHTHERIA, CATARRH, INFLUENZA, HEADACHE, TOOTHACHE, NEURALGIA, RHEUMATISM, COLD CHILLS, AGUE CHILLS. The application of the Ready Relief to the part or parts where the pain or difficulty exists will afford ease and comfort. Twenty drops in half a tumbler of water will in a few moments cure Cramps, Spasms, Sour Stomach, Heartburn, Sick Headache, Diarrhoea, Dysentery, Colic, Wind in the Bowels, and all Internal Pains. JNO. RADWAY & CO., 439 ST. PAUL STREET, MONTREAL. 6-17-22

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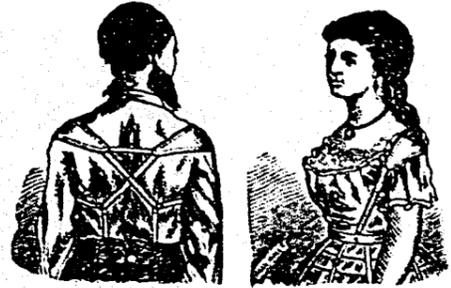
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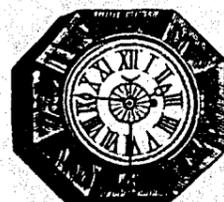
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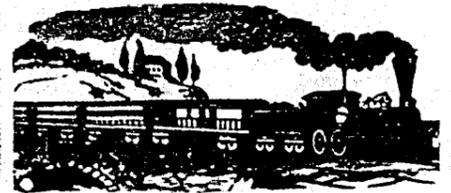
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LEWIS CARVELL, General Superintendent

Railway Offices, MONCTON, N.B., May 1873. 7-2 1/2

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